

“WOOFWOOF”

Part 1



https://youtu.be/o_SZm2C5Fvw

(Song By: SHINee From SHINee World IV DVD)

See it's serious,
I'm a pacifist, but I'll be jealous of you
Can't keep it all to yourself.

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



10:55 P.M. – SPARE BEDROOM – WU HOUSE

FATE AND TIME'S 'FOOLPROOF' PLAN, CON'T.

“**TIME.** What are you doing? Wake him up! HURRY.” Quivering with anticipation Fate hovered over Minho peering into his deliciously handsome sleeping face. “You know I can do a lot of things but, manipulation of the brain waves isn’t one of them.”

Trying not to expose her level of adoration for the young, teenage Trainee to Father Time, she waved one hand in front of Minho’s closed eyes, (lids twitching in the middle of a dream). He was so attractive . . . whew! The Gods had been good to him.



“I don’t quite know what you expect me to do Fate.” Swinging down off the top bunk, FT floated around in mid-air behind her, not sure why waking him first was so essential to the plan.

Her head swiveling to meet his puzzled expression, the little girl flipped around grabbing the middle-aged man by the strap of his time guitar, pulling him toward her swiftly.

“How the heck should I know? I devised the plan, now YOU have to help me orchestrate it. Sit on him! Kick him in the shins. Yell in his ear. Stop acting so clueless. He’s the soundest sleeper in the Universe.” Finger to her chin she paused, “Not sure who decided THAT was a good idea. Anyway . . . short of a freight train barreling through this room, he’ll probably sleep through the entire incident if you don’t do something.”

Frustration now evident in her blustery voice she dropped to the floor pacing back and forth, hands behind her back.

“Hmmm . . . does he respond to the smell of food?” Time’s eyes followed her step-for-step, his curiosity peaked to Minho’s physical sensitivities. “The need to pee? Maybe a scary dream? Surely you can do that! After all, haven’t you successfully been giving both young men dreams and visions so far?”

Her ghostly figure outlined in the moonlight pouring through the uncovered window, Fate stopped dead in her tracks swinging around, snapping one finger in the air.

“That’s IT. Food. He LOVES to eat. Why didn’t I think of that? Do me a favor and freeze time long enough to fetch something.” Shooing the already rotund man toward the window she giggled heartily. “That’s why we’re partners FT. See I can’t do this without you. Chicken. Go get some fried chicken. Anywhere close by. But, hurry, Keis is currently parked downstairs next to the pool with a cigarette in her mouth, we don’t want her to choke to death while you’re gone.”

Impatiently tapping her bare toes on the wooden floor, she watched her partner disappear, relinquishing herself to the foot of Minho’s bunk while she waited.

And, what of the blonde-headed Key? Earlier she’d put him in the throes of a summer dream date with his soul-mate, splashing through the warm ocean waters . . . about toooo . . . well . . . pffft . . . strip.

Hmmm, was that such a good idea considering (aside from Minho's) HIS issues were, he sported the smallest bladder in the Universe? Who in the world had fashioned these guys anyway? How would they fare in the Idol world? Welll . . . wasn't her problem. Right now, was all that mattered.

She'd been following these souls since they were born. This should've been an easy assignment, instead it was turning out to be her worst nightmare. But, after tonight . . . she'd be home free.

With time halted long enough for FT to bring back food, she had a few moments to calculate her next move. Keis would be headed into the kitchen shortly, digging for a late-night snack of her own. Then back upstairs to her room. Fate patted herself on the back smugly, good thing she'd intervened urging the girl out of bed (and away from the trashy novel she used for an insomnia crutch) by sending her downstairs to smoke. *Ahhh, just another reason why SHE was in charge of souls!*

IlSeok on the other hand was another story entirely. On the mend from a headache, she would need a much bigger push to be woken and maneuvered out of her room. *That was it! How easy would it be to give her a dream about peeing? With FT eating his chicken in the hallway, like Minho, she would emerge from the bathroom to investigate.*

Clapping her hands again, Fate could already picture Minho scuffling out of bed, making enough noise to awaken Key. Even with their normal boyish disdain for each other, common sense told her they would tumble out into the belly of the hall, met by Keis and IlSeok, arousing all four souls into the perfectly, unexpected encounter. BMMM, kismet!

Averting all other obstacles, The Red String of Fate would be fulfilled at long last.



LURED herself by the incoming smell of chicken and french-fries, Fate floated off the edge of the bunk wishing she had the ability to sustain herself with 'real' food like humans did. Even though Father Time wasn't human he had managed to learn the art of digestion (i.e. his bulging belly), usurping his celestial tendencies. She was envious.

“Oh myyyy . . . that smells divine. Look. Minho’s nose is twitching even as we speak. This is bound to work.”

Snatching a drumstick out from between FT’s pudgy fingers she waved it around the room solicitously sensing the smell drifting about them and under the door. “Get ready. The fun’s about to begin.”

“NO. WAIT. Give it back. I’m almost finished. A few more seconds won’t make any difference.” Begging for the chance to at least get through the meal, Time parked himself cross-legged in the middle of the floor, quickly scarfing down fries, wiping his greasy fingers on the front of the dark t-shirt. “Don’t we need to make sure EVERYONE is in place first?”

Feeling more Godlike than ever, he grinned . . . realizing that he alone held the key to re-setting the clock that made Fate’s plan an ultimate success.

“Okay, okay. Stop talking and eat. I know Keis, it won’t take her but a few more moments to get inside and then the rest will wake up.” Rubbing her chin in anticipation of what was to come Fate bounced up and down running the scenario over in her mind yet again. “Let’s hurry and coordinate one last time to make sure we’re both on the same page.”

“Mmm-huh . . . okayyy.”

“SO, it’s ridiculously simple, not sure why I didn’t think of it sooner. Everyone arrives smelling food. IlSeok leaves the bathroom first, followed by Minho headed to the stairs, with Key at his heels. We just have to make sure Keis hits the top step at exactly the same moment. You’re the Master. Let’s make this happen.”

Slapping the floor in front of him her eyes rolled up to the clock over the wooden dresser. Stopped at exactly 11:08 A.M. she couldn’t keep from smiling. By 11:11 they would have finally managed to grind the Devil back down into the pit he came from.

“NOW!”

