

“WOOFWOOF”

Part 2



I sing and close my eyes,
where are the treats?

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



11:09 P.M. – WU KITCHEN

THE clock ticked down the minutes to 11:11 A.M. Grateful her few moments of indiscretion had gone unnoticed Keis stepped back across the thresh hold, turning at the low roll of thunder off in the distance. Remembering her balcony doors were open, she reset the alarm, determined to hurry, get a snack and beat the oncoming rain.

Her nose zeroing in on the pungent odor of chicken coming from the stairwell she wondered who the hell had brought take-out into the house in the few minutes, she'd been outside? Daddy? Was he up? Nooo, not right after the 'SM' dinner. It had to have been Suni, (the poster child for Colonel Sanders himself).

But, Seoky's light wasn't on when she'd passed. Eh, it wouldn't be the first time they'd holed up in the dark with food, especially in the face of a good thunderstorm. Maybe she'd bribed him with chicken, so he'd forgive her for the outlandish Korean boyfriend idea. Slapping the side of

her head she giggled out loud at the thought. Sure, why not? It was a well-known fact, Suni would ignore just about anything for a 6-piece bucket of Kentucky Fried.

Her adventurous side wanted to go disturb them, but her practical side said ‘no’. Besides, she really didn’t want to run the risk of getting caught smelling like smoke her first night in the house. Come to think of it, she needed to hide the lighter.

Dropping it down inside the potted palm at the end of the counter she found her way to the fridge. While Seok was snacking on a delicious concoction of wings, legs and mashed potatoes she was eating fruit and salad. A dieter’s nightmare. But if she was going to keep her girlish summer figure she’d have to settle.

Biting down into the fleshy part of a shiny red apple, the juice slipped out the side of her mouth, winding a trail down her chin to the front of her thin, satiny top.

“Dammit”. Cussing quietly, she swiped the sticky liquid with the closest hand towel. Repositioning her earbuds, she darted nimbly toward the stairs, jacking the piano Sonata on her IPOD to full blast, (to drown out the frequent thunder) the remaining piece of apple clutched between two fingers.

I do sort of feel sorry for you sister. Suni’s a heavy cross to bear right now. Me on the other hand . . . I’m headed back to sleep to catch up with a sexy, blonde boy on the beach.



DREAMING she was peeing, IlSeok bolted upright in bed, to the rumblings of thunder outside her French balcony doors. Hopping over the side, scattering covers to the floor, she brushed scraggly strands of hair from her eyes. Glancing toward the closed glass she watched momentarily as the strong wind bent and whipped the supple palm branches into the balcony railing. Obviously, the storm she’d sensed coming earlier had finally arrived.

11:10 P.M. - BUNK ROOM

THERE was the sweetest poignant smell of fried chicken wafting under the crack of the guest room door. With no fore-knowledge of the invisible entities encamped around them, the two trainees were about to succumb to a rude awakening.

Ignoring the oncoming storm Minho, in a sleepy haze, (his nose twitching at the familiar scent) seemed to have forgotten exactly where he'd bedded down for the night.

“What the hell? Did Onew order chicken? Bastard. Never wakes me,” he grumbled. Thinking he was back in the Trainee dorm, he curled to a sitting position, slamming his head harshly against the mattress rails of the upper bunk. “OW, SHIT!”

“YAH! WHAT THE FUCK?” Key's indignant squeal rang out in the partially lit room, at being awakened to the rattling of the mattress beneath him. Hoping to quiet his hyung's outburst, he flung his leg over the side, intending to meet with one or more of Minho's body parts. Head, shoulders . . . didn't matter. Anything to shut him up.

FATE AND TIME

IT worked! Giggling uncontrollably Fate punched Time in the arm, her face registering pleasure that Minho's craving for food had done just the job she'd intended . . . rousing the scrappy Kibum out of a dream, his bladder full to the brim after dinner.

As Minho's feet hit the floor (used to following his insatiable instinct for food) Key bolted off the top bunk desperate to escape to the nearest bathroom, both scuffling for domination of the bedroom door knob,

However, much to her dismay it was the hasty Key who swung the door open first, nearly smacking Minho in the jaw. Already out of her predetermined order she watched them tumble into the deserted hallway (with only seconds to spare).

No . . . no . . . no . . . slow down Kibum. You're supposed to FOLLOW Minho. OH DRAT! Why must you be a sprinter?

With too many variables and so much riding on the clandestine meeting, the mistress of souls followed his slight form making headway toward the girl's Jack and Jill bathroom. Where was IlSeok?

“Father Time, go check on IlSeok, make sure everything's okay,” she hissed frantically. With luck she wasn't already headed into the bathroom because they wouldn't be able to stop Key. Her (seemingly) well laid-out plan was unraveling quicker than the strands of red yarn atop her

desperately wagging head. Suddenly, it appeared as if both couples were on the fast track to the wrong soul mate.

COUNT DOWN . . . 15 SEC . . . BACK ON THE STAIRS

SIMULTANEOUSLY focused on the dizzying piano crescendo in her ears, Keis bounded up the stairs two at a time, anxious to get back to the solitude of her room. Prone to clumsiness she tripped, stumbling to her knees, the half-eaten apple bouncing into the corner of the landing below, iPod skidding across the newly waxed floor in the dark.

Out in the hallway, a scantily dressed Minho headed briskly toward the staircase, unable to stop his momentum at the sound of thumping and scraping of plastic, followed by a female announcing, “OW, I’m good! Nothing to see here.”

With his foot projected in the direction of the stairs the owner of the voice lurched forward unexpectedly taking a nose dive directly into his shins.

FATE HEADED INTO ILSEOK’S BEDROOM

THE thunder was all the proof Fate needed that her ‘new plan’ was exploding between the heavens like fireworks on the 4th of July.

“Why do you hate me?” she squealed, questioning the soul-less SungWoo, who (even in his absence) had somehow aided in causing further disruption.

Clenching her teeth in horror, she bounced across the dresser top twisting one strand of yarn hair at a time, pleading, “Please don’t IlSeok, go back to bed . . . go back . . .” as the slightly incoherent girl (combing through long, tangled strands of bedhead hair) reached for the bathroom door knob.

There could be no more stopping time to rectify the disaster. One lone tear (finding its way down her rosy cheek) dropped atop the furry rug below as Fate silently counted down the seconds . . . *five, four, three* . . .

5 SEC TO GO . . .

IF ever there was a young man, (no matter his nationality) raised to be a gentleman, respect girls and keep his hormones in check Choi Minho was the poster boy for decency. However, startled and embarrassed, he suddenly found himself caught in the worst scenario imaginable.

Startled by the unexpected clap of thunder overhead he scrambled to regain his balance against the driving force of the female, sprawled awkwardly out across the hardwoods at his feet. Was she hurt? Should he stay to help her up? *ANI.*



Even as the thought flashed through his mind, she was already bouncing to her knees in the tiny sphere of brightness from a well placed nightlight. In another second, she would instinctively glance up, focused directly on his barely covered crotch, piling on even more humiliation. *DAMN . . . RUN, MINHO, RUN.*

With more flashes of lightening and the sound of heavy rain overhead, he swiveled on his heels in one swift motion. Bounding nimbly across the landing way he was grateful for the agility of his long legs. Desperately attempting to remain neutral over the state of the girl behind him, he lunged for the bedroom door.

Surely, she lives here, traipsing around late at night, but didn't the Wu's have 'little' girls. Obviously NOT.



ROLLING back on her heels, grappling for one side of her dislodged earbuds, Keis looked over her shoulder just as the bunk room door slammed shut. Her previous assumption of Sungjae bumping around the house was probably true. But, why had he just run her down without stopping? Was he drunk? It wasn't like him not to be gentlemanly, especially knowing she was there. His talk with Seoky must've gone south in a hurry.

With the sound of pounding rain, it wasn't surprising he'd retreated to the back room to spend the night and lick his wounds. No doubt, in the light of day the truth would come out. Best to leave well enough alone. Straightening to a standing position, she readjusted her skewed pajama shorts reaching for her iPod.

