

Chapter 2: Fall-Moon Harvest Festival ~ Sulow's Eve

Autumn evenings are like that of a seasonal treat. They're cooler in nature, not overheating the average Siberian, but not too cold where a Mangrove will freeze. Trees throughout the grove put on their fantastical show of warm colors, painting the world with rich, red hues, and bright, yellow tones. As the moonlight shines through the forest, these colors are only further highlighted, creating a warm feeling that only autumn could give.

Though most would be sitting, cozied up by the fire on such a night, this particular time of year brought about a different array of activities. After all, it was the season of the Fall-Moon Harvest Festival... where lights adorn the fabled trees of old, and Willows from across the globe gather around to participate in all sorts of spooky fun. Settled between the roads of Sulow Grove and Blissful Mountain lie the center of the event, with merchant stands and wonderful games lining the ground. Willow and Spoon were no different than their fellow townsfolk, as the two had chosen to attend, albeit with some encouragement from Willow... and some curiosity from Spoon. After all, the last event was okay, in her mind. More okay than she thought it would be, anyway.

As the two ventured their way through the entrance, Willow immediately spotted a painting booth, advertising portraits of Willows in their costumes. Example paintings lined the walls of the stall, showing others dressed as ghosts, Munchkins, Conglomerates, Companions, or their favorite characters.

"Spoon, Spoon!! We should get a portrait... that way we can remember this evening forever! Andddd the costumes we made..." he cheered, looking up at her. Tiger snorted in agreement, and even Scarf seemed to be interested in such an idea, perking his head up. After all, what better way was there to catch his marvelous glory?

"Willow... I'm not too sure about this. You know I'm not one for pictures..." she crossed her arms, raising an eyebrow.

"Aww... I just think you look really pretty tonight... or... w-well, you always do, but..." he put his hands together, as Scarf and Tiger sighed.

Spoon looked at the trio for a moment, thinking about it. She then

adjusted her gaze to his expression. It was hard to say no to such a face, or to such "irresistible charm".

Releasing her pose, she "rolled" her eyes, and even chuckled a little. "Okay, you've won me over. Just for tonight. Deal?"

Willow nearly jumped three feet in the air, he was so ecstatic. Taking her hand in his, he began to run over to the booth.... Though, truthfully, Tiger was pulling him, too. Thankfully, there was no one else in line, as they then took their seats in the provided chairs. Tiger hopped up to sit himself in Willow's lap, as Scarf remained tucked on Spoon's neck. A moment went by, as Willow looked around, confused...

"Oh... Spoon, I don't see anyone. Do you think they're on break?"

Just as Spoon got ready to answer, a little voice peaked out from behind the canvas. A small figure hopped out of the chair, laughing. "I'm here, sillies!!"

It was Vivian, the daughter of the local carpenter, Macadamia. She had her paint brush in hand, with splotches of paint on her arms and face. "I was waiting for Dad to come back, but I think it'll be awhile... Chestnut lost his prosthetic thingy because some of the little kids stole it and kept running around, so he's trying to help him..." She giggled a little, mischievously. There was a likely chance she had somehow been involved in instigating such a heist...

"Anyway, Dad's been letting me paint all the pretty costumes everyone has. I guess I could start, though... neat costumes!" Vivian held her hands out in a rectangle, taking a moment to memorize them. "Stay rightttt here." She wagged a finger now, then hopped back into the chair.

Despite her young age, Vivian was an aspiring artist, helping her father decorate the furniture he constructed for clients. It was as if she was born with the talent, working like a decade-old, experienced extraordinaire. Not only that, but she was fast, too, finishing in record time. Once the final stroke was set, Vivian spun around the canvas, smiling proudly.

Willow gasped, amazed by the sight. Her choice of colors and style was near-perfect to their real life counterparts. The deep red captured Willow's "Winnie The Pooh Outfit", which truthfully was just a red shirt and a clay pot of honey he made with some help from a friend, Ruckus. The black

and orange of Tiger's costume was perfect, down to the placements of stripes that matched exactly where Willow had painted them onto the real thing.

Then there was the way Vivian had painted Spoon; admittedly, it was hard to see her costume in the dark because of its subtle colors, but the pink bow on her tail and grey shirt was depicted just like the very Eeyore costume Spoon wore. Scarf, not wanting to differ from that of her, had the same look, in which Vivian even painted him with a faux frown to fit the character.

Their costumes were nothing big or out there like some others, but it was the speciality of dressing together that really counted. Now, they had a painting to capture that for.... forever.

"That'll be... five hundred amcorns!!" Vivian held out her hands. From across the way, she noticed her dad giving her a look, and gesturing at the sign. With a groan, she crossed her arms. "Okay.... yeah... it's two hundred and fifty..."

Willow dug into his pocket, handing her three hundred and fifty, with a big smile. She squealed, running off to find Macadamia now to show off the tip.

"How much did you give her, Willow..." Spoon looked at him, as he laughed.

"Enough."

Spoon couldn't help but smile more, picking up the painting and looking at it. "I should've known... t... thank you for convincing me to do this."

"Thank you for joining!" He stood on his tippy toes and planted a little kiss to her cheek, then took her hand, as the two ventured further into the event square for the night.