

Pocket watched the merchants taking down their stalls with a lumbering pace, the dark warm night hanging above the few willows still wandering about. She rocked faintly from the spot on her bench with her knees tucked under her arms, she wasn't quite ready to leave yet. She didn't even hear about the festival until it was practically already over, it wasn't fair.

Her legs sunk back down to the stone patterned pathway with a defeated sigh, interrupted by a lick to the side of her face. Her puptual still rested in the nook of her hood, in the prime range to attack.

"Wait! Epper stooooop, puppy kisses, ewwww"

Her arms flailed around in an attempt to dislodge her suddenly very affectionate companion, to no avail as the pup was quite literally attached to her. When the complaints turned to giggling, only did Epper stop, leaning in to sniff her face and produce a happy yip.

Pocket immediately started rubbing at her face, wiping off the pup slobber with a startled laugh, "Love you too".

It was startling enough to shock her into a newfound energy, at least enough to move from this bench. She hoisted herself up, giving into a stretch that had her arms reaching back over her head, tugging a yawn from her. A quick sweep of her gaze back across the festival grounds proved no more than what she already knew, the party was over.

"Guess that means it's time to go on home, huh Epps?"

Epper didn't respond, merely resettling his head on her shoulder, with his big wet peepers staring right up at her.

"I'll take that as a yes," she gleefully replied as she turned to grab the small sack she had left on the bench with a wide grin on her face, "At least we won't be going back empty handed, we got ourselves enough food to last us the whole week!"

Epper nuzzled deeper into her neck fur as she lifted the sack to rest on her other shoulder before making her way into the dark alleyways she typically used to traverse home. Her pace was slightly more energetic for the time of night, provided by the weight of the food that said they were going to eat good for the next few days. It was within this daze that she almost didn't recognize the feeling of soft plush beneath her foot.

Tilting her head down, Pocket could barely see the shape of a stuffed Fydear, worn by the weather and time. It was dirtied to a dull pink, with a dark purple splotch of some stain on its left flank, and fur scrunched like it was washed wrong. Two of its eyelash stitches had seemed to have fallen off at some point, along with small tears in the seams of one of its ears and legs, showing dirt-fuzzed stuffing. She stared at it for a second. It was dirty, perhaps at one point very loved, but it was here now, in an alley that willows hardly ever walked. She would know.

Wordlessly Pocket picked up the Fydear, lifting it to look straight into its poorly sewn eye with a smile, "You're gonna come home with me".

Pocket tucked the limp Fydear stuffy snugly between the clasp of her hood before turning back to the far off distance of the festival clearing, merely a faint light at the end of the alley.

"From now on you're one of the scruffy crew, got it?" The stuffed animal remained quiet. "Good." Pocket said, nodding with another smile. The festival was fun, exciting with so many willows, but it wasn't where she belonged. That title was reserved solely for the dingy spot under her tree, with too many things and a few too many leaks, but it was home.

With that thought she turned her back on the faint light in the distance and walked.