

Pocket crawled into the crawl space under the twisted tree she's called home for the last couple years. The tight entrance opening into spindly roots twined together to form the walls, many of the crevices holding old dusty knickknacks.

She shook her hair rapidly to clear the specks of dirt from her knotted hair, shaking her limbs in tandem as she walked further in, Epper circling around her feet with happy yips.

"Bleh, it's about time I dug that entrance a bit deeper, huh Epper?" He replies with a small bark before sniffing at the stuffed bag she brought in with her.

"Yeah yeah, I get it" She laughs, shifting to a crouch with a big grin as she moves to open it, "they're not for you tho".

She sticks out her tongue playfully before dumping the contents onto the ground, revealing an alarming amount of moss and a handful of miscellaneous items that could only be assumed to have been swiped from around town: a couple pumpkin shaped cut-outs, a clump of fake spiderwebs, a chipped wooden carving of a duck, and a mug with a broken handle sprouting a proud "Worlds Best Dad".

She picks up the duck and holds it up to Epper giddily, "Look at what I found tho! A great haul for real, I wonder how anyone tosses half of this stuff." She leans over to fit it into a nearby crevice before turning back to her findings again, this time picking up the mug and holding it next to her face, puffing out her chest with a posh voice, "AND I'd make a fine Dad I dare say".

Epper looks up at her with his adorable little blep, the confused tilting of his head triggering an eruption of giggles from Pocket as her smug facade broke. With the receding of her giggles she twisted to place it into the designated tower of mugs, a bold "Epper DON'T Touch" sign slapped on the wall beside it.

"Anyways, willows have been decorating for fall. Which means..." she pauses, "Scraps!! We gotta be festive y'know, we got cut-out pumpkins and spider webs... and also uh moss. That's more for the insulation tho, you know the drill, but after that we can start decorating!"

She leans down to lift an arm full of dried moss to bring to one of the bare walls of her den, they'd been at it preparing them for the last few days as the frost started coming in. Epper bounded behind her with a small mouthful of moss, dropping it and rolling beside her as Pocket sat down to get to work. It was monotonous work, weaving the bunched moss between the roots and twine she had swiped from long abandoned crafting tables, but it'd be worth it.

By the time she got about four feet of the wall covered she began to yawn, looking down at Epper to see him snoozing away against her leg. Pocket fell back into a stretch, laying back onto a weathered blue blanket that Poppy had snuck into her bag a while back, one of the many that made the floor of her home.

She grazed her eyes against the wall she had left to cover, huffing to herself after evaluating that it'd only take a couple more days, that's better than last year. She turned her gaze to the now old contents of her bag, staring at the decorations with a small smile, it'll be nice to be festive this year.

Pocket yawns again, shifting more comfortably against her padded floor, subconsciously curling around Epper. Tomorrow, tomorrow they'll decorate.