

# FALL-SEASON FINDINGS

## PART TWO: THE GAMES

Oh, the Fall-Harvest Moon festival! Decked with all kinds of decorations and baubles strung about. It was just midnight, sleepy yawns from spouts and heavy feet from their parents littered all around the town center. But this was PRIME time for Mittens, who had her girlfriend, Shell along with her!

This year was their typical fantastic (somewhat) games and stalls to waste your money on: contests, apple bobbing, the works. They had already played most of the evening games, now on their way out. But what caught Mitten's eyes were the beanbag toss stations standing slanted on the hills, the bags already worn with ages of games.

Mittens tapped Shell's shoulder with the back of her hand, looking back towards them, "You ready for a tail-whooping?"

Shell was surprised, "Oh, but what for? —" Then looked towards the stations, "— ohh... Well, if you insist."

With that, Mittens tossed a few Amcorns to the teller, "Just the two of us, please"

"Alright!" They said, picking up some of the bags and handing them to Mittens, "You know the drill: 3 points in the middle, 1 point on the board, and ZERO on the ground! Try to knock each other out like curlin'."

~ Mittens stretched out her shoulders for a moment, a deep blue beanbag in hand. The tension was so dense you could cut it with a knife. Yes, it's true, Mittens is one of the most competitive Willow folk that she knows, and Shell is no exception. Turning to them, they looked just as determined as she was.

"You're going down," She said, smirking a bit, "You stand no chance!"

"Gah, finally... you're a worthy opponent..."

Shell was up first being the youngest, tossing the bag the best they could to the board on the other side. An easy one with a *thud*, almost slipping into the middle. Shell subtly but gleefully kicked their feet, trying their best not to show any weakness...

Mittens countered with a three, trying her best not to tip Shell's beanbag into the hole by accident. Thankfully, she's skilled at the bag...

Shell lifted up their eyebrows, swallowing. *Oh my, she's legit about this...* They glanced up at Mitten's stone-faced expression, intimidated. Shell took a short step forward, throwing their bag just a *little short* to hit their other.

Mittens snickered, "You're going pale," She teased, "You missed a wide-open target." Almost immediately she tossed her bag, just planting itself onto the headboard with another heavy-handed THUD. Shell chuckled a bit at the irony.

Shell's last bag in hand, they hoped and prayed on it. Taking a small hop forward to throw it... It was like the world was moving in slow motion -

Bam! The bag dragged itself along and BOTH of their bags just secured themselves in the bucket. Mittens and Shell gasped in awe at how beautiful the throw was. Mittens, not to give up her competitive 'tude' tossed hers with desperation, but alas it fell off into the muddy grass.

"Yay!" Shell threw their hands up in glee, "Wow! That was my best throw yet!"

"No way I lost?!" Mittens was distraught, falling to her knees, "My perfect Girlfriend-V-Mittens streak is lost!! It can't be?!"

Shell just chuckled a little, putting their hands to Mitten's shoulders to just rock her back and forth in excitement, "Teehee, seems like someone owes me a sweet treat!"

Mittens melted out of her disappointment, looking up towards Shell with a heart-warmed expression, "Yeah sure, but I pick the place."

"Where?" they cocked their head to the side.

"On our couch," Mittens said calmly, swooping Shell right off their feet. Shell was just a giggle fit, attempting playfully to get out of her hands.

"What! No more games for today?"

"I'll kick your ass at boardgames at home."