

Chapter 2: Fall-Moon Harvest Festival ~ Eerie Sound

The sounds of the forest began to pick up more, as the symphony of Mother Nature's nightly creatures further awoke. Willow couldn't help but catch the sound of a rather big rustle, his left ear flicking towards the dense foliage behind the picnic table. Setting the stick of what once was his candy apple to the side, he turned his body more towards Spoon, as she was very carefully eating the apple... or, well, her second apple by now.

"Spoon...? I heard a sound... can I go check it out? I'll be quick, I promise!" Willow put his hands together, pleading.

Spoon raised an eyebrow, then looked out to the forest. "I'm not so sure that's a good idea, Willow..." she replied, a tinge of concern staining her voice.

"It's just in the bush right behind... I'll even go with Tiger!"

"...alright. But shout if you feel unsafe, please."

Willow sprung up, taking Tiger in his arms, then setting him down. Tiger began to sniff and guide Willow in the path ahead, towards where the sound was coming from. A mere few steps into the woods, and the noise was louder, as if the culprit was making their way through the larger bushes. As Willow and Tiger ventured more towards the sound, the life of the event faded away behind them, along with the warm, welcoming lights. Now, only the blue moonlight guided them, as it fought its way through all the branches and leaves of the grand trees that littered the environment.

Tiger raised his head, more alert of the increasing sound. He veered their movement to the right, locating the precise bush that it came from now. Stomping his feet, Tiger's fur stood up on his back, slowly inching to the bush... when out sprung nonother than a little Munchkin, that began to yip at them!

Willow spotted the little fella, surprised to see one out here. It's been a long time since he or Spoon had... what was it doing here? That's when Willow's sight caught the second issue; the poor little fella had a branch tangled in its fur.

Willow's frown grew tremendously bending down and holding out a

hand to the scared thing. "Hey... come here, let me help you..."

The Munchkin was hesitant, backing away at first as it's eyes darted between Willow and Tiger. Willow sat down now, reaching into his shirt pocket, as he held out a carrot, much to Tiger's disliking at what was usually his treat. It now began to approach, before moving into his lap, as Willow untangled the branch while it savored such a delight.

"There you go little guy..." he set it down now, standing up. "Gave us quite the scare, didn't you? But you were pretty scared too..."

The Munchkin yipped again, staying close to Willow.

"Oh! No, come on... you ought to go home..."

It refused, snuggling in closer...

"Okay... I can't say no to such a face! I hope Spoon won't mind..." he picked it up now, as Tiger led them back to the fabled table.

"Let's call you... Spookley."