

*Hungry...*

Today, she woke up hungry.

Minim was always hungry. Hunger was a sensation not too far behind every other emotion they've ever felt in their life. In fact, for a good while in childhood, everyone was practically convinced it was the only thing she ever felt at all.

How do you feel when something nice happens? *Hungry*. How do you feel when something bad happens? *Hungry*. How would you feel if someone was mean to you? *Hungry*. What do you want to do when you meet someone nice? *Eat*.

It was an inevitable feeling, really. At this point it was simply a staple of her life that she wouldn't know how to live without. Granted, you'd probably never notice at a glance. Since the empty pit that was her stomach was always present, they were quite accustomed to occasionally going hungry for extended periods of time. It's not like she needed to eat every time she felt hungry, although they wouldn't deny that they had a penchant for the odd snack here and there, that much she was well aware of. The hunger was something beyond a basic biological need to survive, it just simply *was*. And that was what life was for Minim.

*Hungry...*

That being said, today was perhaps a little different. They slowly but surely roll themselves out of the comfort of their bed. *Clunk*. Her head lands on the floor as she tumble out of it backwards, ears barely cushioning the fall as the rest of her body follows suit. For a few minutes it laid there on the ground, the energy used to get up from the bed seemingly entirely sapped away by the floor. A rambunctious rabebe suddenly dashes out from beneath the pillows, leaping right off the edge of the bed to land squarely on top of her face. Minim grunts slightly, pinching the scruff of the little imp's neck and lifting them off of her before sitting up. "...Good morning to you too, Chi." She sighs, giving the imp a boop to its nose, to which it responds with mild amusement. "My face isn't a good cushion, you know." Minim pouts. "What if I end up biting you? It won't be as funny then." But, the rabebe was clearly very aware of the risks to have done so to begin with, and it wasn't like she was *really* going to ever eat them anyways...but she was indeed still very hungry.

Minim gets up and reaches into the nightstand drawer, fishing out a small granola bar of sorts and tearing the packaging open with her teeth like paper and practically chewing through the rest with just as much ease. She thought it would be easier to just have snacks in arm's reach if she ever felt peckish, which was a correct assumption, though it did also mean needing to clean up crumbs a little more often than she'd like. Convenience aside, she was still hungry.

A rattling sound came from the kitchen as she walked her way down the hall, just in time to see her sunny side egghead run its usual rounds through the cupboards yet again. She grabs the little imp and sets it aside to rummage her pantry for anything and everything to eat at all. It didn't really matter what, it just had to be edible, because what she needed was to simply eat right *now*. Her imps impatiently run into her hands in protest, as if to complain about not searching for their share of snacks as well. Granted, that was the usual arrangement when food was involved, but today was a little bit different. "Yaya...Chi, not now." They mutter, gently pushing the two aside yet again.

Minim digs through the cookie jars, managing to break off a few pieces for the hungry little imps whilst she chews through the rest of the week's snacks she kept stored up. Chips, cookies, puffs, and pastries, she somehow manages to go through nearly everything, it was near

unbelievable. Where was all that room in this stomach of hers? She eats and she eats and she eats...but she was still hungry.

Soon there simply wasn't much left for her to go through, and she had to at least slow down. Minim took a deep breath and simply poured herself a tall glass of water, as if it would fill the space all that food somehow could not. After taking a short break from her sudden frenzy, she contemplates on how exactly she should solve her current conundrum. After all, it didn't seem like eating more food was going to help her any. Truly, what was a bun to do.

"Mmmm..." Minim pouts, laying her head down on the table, her two imps quickly crawling all over her in an attempt to get cozy. "I wanna bite somebody." She states out loud, the rabebe and egghell suddenly freezing in place from her words. "Not you guys." They sigh, grabbing them both yet again to set themselves down and off of her head. "I'm just...hungry." And if food wasn't helping, usually people could. Thinking about it now however, perhaps that was a rather strange affliction for her to have. It's a little unsure if anybody has ever heard of anything like it frankly. After all, she's met plenty of other buns over the years, but nobody ever seems to understand the particular way she feels. Well, in a way they did, however they would often describe it with their own words and experiences that they believed were at least vaguely adjacent, which typically did not encompass the entirety of how she felt. It was hunger, plain and simple. She would describe it another way if she could, but no other word ever felt right. Just like right now, she was still very hungry.

"...I'm going back to bed." Minim declares, taking another bag of chips with her on her way back to her room. This was simply unbearable and she couldn't possibly manage to go out like this. They decided that the best option was to simply wait it out for a while, because even if the option was unappealing due to its inevitable discomfort, it was the least disruptive method of solving the issue. She's sure she'll feel better once she awakens once again; it's not like the hunger was related to a biological need after all, considering she's eaten the larger half of her pantry already. If anything, perhaps she'll simply forget about it.

She climbs back into bed and lays there, entirely spread out across the entire surface, the empty pit in her stomach still beckoning her to find something to satiate its appetite. Perhaps someday she'll find a way to fulfill it...but today, it seems like she'll just have to remain hungry.