

The weather was cold, and even far more frigid in the tundra. Yet here Karma was, standing shin deep in the freezing snow in front of a glistening lake that reflected not only her reflection, but the dazzling night sky above her.

She breathed out, a puff of white clouding her vision momentarily before dispersing. The symprite rubbed at her arms, sliding her padded fingertips downward till they met one another on each hand. This *sucked*. Of all places to forage, she had to pick the snowy place!? *Ridiculous*. If she could go back in time and smack her past self on the back of the head for conceiving such an idea, she would in a heartbeat. "I'll go to the tundra because it's easier to find things in the snow! *My ass*-" A cold brisk of wind brought Karma from her thoughts, a harsh shudder running through her body, chilled to the bone.

"Auuurgh! I can't take this," she whined, stomping in place for a moment to get warmed up, but she had lost feeling in her hooves a while ago. She turned where she stood with another clouded huff, and started heading back the way she came. Alas, suddenly, the symprite found herself falling, barely able to feel what her hoof had hit against before she was face first in the nearby snowbank. She whined loudly, wanting to give up and become an actual snow angel when suddenly she felt something beneath her hand.

Karma rose her head, eyes wide and shimmering at the sight before her. A chest! She knew she'd find one! She jumped up to her feet, waving the chest around in her paws gleefully. Yes yes yes! Now she can get home and finish her collection! It was absolutely worth coming out here after all. With a large smile on her reddened and blistering face, she tucked the oil slick black chest beneath her arm, and followed her trail home, for real this time.

The moment Karma was able to return to the indoors of her home she absolutely melted; though it didn't help she really felt like an icicle from her trip to the tundra. But it was all worth it!

Karma stepped through her entryway, making way to the den to put the chest down on the small coffee table. She rubbed her paw pads together, an absolutely hungry look on her face. All she needed to finish her collection was a black pearl statue, and, statistically, she should get it easy. She moved her paw over top the adornments of the chest, feeling the cold ribbon and moon emblem in its center. Slowly, she pulled the ribbon loose, allowing the chest to be opened.

First she removed the pouch of shells, momentarily feeling it in her palm to try and guess how much was inside, before carefully placing it beside the chest on the table. She swallowed now, feeling a bundle of nerves start to croak up her throat. She reached her hand in and pulled out... a delicate fan. It was so delicate, in fact, *Karma nearly crushed it in her paw*.

"Dang it!" She huffed out angrily before calming herself, closing her eyes for a moment to take a breath before putting the fan down.

"One more item.. Please, *please!*" She seethed through her teeth desperately, reaching inside once more to pull out the final item.

*Comet candies.*

Karma tossed the ratchet bag of candies at the wall, the plastic wrap coming loose and all the candies falling out and cascading all across her hardwood floors. The symprite fell to her

knees, in absolute despair, not only for the lack of Black pearl Statues in her clutches, but now for the terrible mess she had made.