

Chai had never been good at arts and crafts.

However - the Halloween festivities this year were at an all-time high, and it made him want to try something new this year. He usually had a couple of pumpkins resting on his porch around this time of year, but he'd always considered himself far too clumsy to even consider making Jack-O-Lanterns but the spirit, and seeing Frisk around town had him curious. How hard could it honestly be?

Sitting down on his floor with his newly-bought pumpkin carving set and one of the biggest pumpkins he could find at the market, Chai stared at the orange vegetable, trying to figure out just where to begin. Sure, he could look up a guide, but where was the fun and challenge in that? Taking a marker, the Grem took a deep breath and got to work, making a rough guide for himself to follow. Ah, wait. Wasn't he supposed to empty out the pumpkin first? Chai frowned a little, getting up and getting himself a bowl and spoon in preparation for the task before him. Cutting off the top, he began to scoop out the insides, groaning at the waste. Well, he could always make pumpkin pie with the excess.

After far longer than he'd like to admit, the pumpkin was finally empty and ready for carving. Psyching himself up, Chai took his carving tool, and slowly, painfully, meticulously...he began to carve his vision into the pumpkin. He got oddly transfixed by the entire process, focusing FAR harder than he'd ever thought he was going to. This was just meant to be a silly project to try it for the fun of it, not something he put his whole back into.

He didn't know how much time had passed before he realised he was done, and snapped back to reality. He held up the pumpkin, eager to admire his handiwork. To his surprise, it was...okay! Surely not perfect, but it was certainly a Jack-O-Lantern; no one could deny that. Laughing a little at how silly he felt for being proud, he opened his door and placed the pumpkin down on his porch, before returning inside and covering the innards before placing them into the fridge, then stepping out once more to really take in his masterpiece.

Perhaps this could become a tradition, he thought.