

The barren branches of trees reached towards the sky like outstretched claws, scraping the air in eerie creaking and rustling. The wind hitting them in such a way to cause a vacant howling noise. Through this forest a lone carnival creep walked, dry leaves crunching under foot as she travelled down a dirt path. Dull colored leaves blowing by her mouthed ears as they performed little movement, save for the occasional slight opening and closing.

Agatha glanced up towards the cloudy sky as ghostly shapes drifted above. Wayward spirits traversing the land and more prominent this time of year. Even to her, her species being known for submerging their victims in the lake of liquid metal within the wandering forest to turn those unfortunate to find themselves there into one of their own, the wispy entities appeared more unnerving. Ever since the fracturing, just like everyone else she had to adapt to the new changes and even then there was more yet to see of what has been affected by the new geography.

She found peace within the new twilight of the Eternal Night. It reminded her a bit of her home within the wandering forest and darkened canopy. Though try as she might and even if she wanted to, she couldn't reliably return there.

In her walk, she passed by some growing wild pumpkins. Taking a glance at them, she picked one up, cutting the stem that rooted it to the ground. Since it was that time of year, she may as well make something out of it. Walking further along the path, she came to a stop in the middle of a clearing and placed the pumpkin down on the ground. She then headed back to the patch and grabbed a couple more before returning to the clearing and setting them both beside the first one.

Using her claws, she began to carve out faces on the pumpkins.