

Now don't get Mynte wrong; the sloth bun *loved* pretty much anything nature-themed. Plants, flowers, herbs, trees... Hell, even fungi! Which was technically its own thing, but still tended to play an important enough role within the realm of nature and all that was natural. After all, whether he actively went out of his way to cultivate some shrooms himself or not, it wasn't exactly an uncommon sight to him. Seeing some of them sprout here and there around and within his garden, his shack... And that was fine.

What was a little *less* fine, though... Was the *sheer amount of mushrooms* Mynte could see sprouting outside, from within the comfort of his little shack. Completely and utterly *shocked* at the sight.

So many... There were *so many* of them...

There wasn't much more Mynte could bring himself to do but stand and stare through the window. Stuck processing the sight in his usual fashion. Sure it had been raining quite a lot this month, more than he could remember from previous years, but this... This was still a *lot*. Like a lot a lot. Before going to bed last night Mynte was *fairly* certain there hadn't been *nearly* this many mushrooms outside... Sure, mushrooms tended to grow fairly fast, but this?

This was some kinda exponential growth of the *n*th degree. ... Whatever that meant exactly.

Were there other places affected with this kind of mushroom growth? Mynte wondered to himself at a certain point. And if so... What was causing it? It couldn't *just* be the rain, could it? It had to be a little bit of something else? His brain was working on overdrive as he came up with more and more questions... And almost no answers. How could he?

Getting answers required him to leave the safety of his shack, his home, and go out... Anywhere. Which, *that* wasn't the terrifying thought. The terrifying thought was mostly leaving the outskirts and heading towards the city, because if the city *also* seemed to struggle with some sort of... mushroom boom of sorts, then, well...

...honestly? Mynte didn't really know what that would mean. Other than that there were *too many mushrooms* in Burrowgatory, knocking everything way out of balance... Probably.

...what if the mushrooms would just keep growing and growing and growing until they, eventually, overtook all of Hell. Was this the mushroom-pocalypse? The beginning of the end?

...at least he managed to make...*one* friend before the end...he thought. Maybe.

...should he really be adding more complicated feelings on top of already complicated feelings?

The sloth bun shook his head.

'*One thing at a time, Mynte. One thing at a time...*' The sloth bun thought to himself in an attempt to psyche himself up. After all, just sitting here and watching the mushroom overtake his garden wasn't going to do anything. And, even if this was the beginning of the end... The least he could do was play his part in trying to prevent it... Or, at the very least, slow it down until some other succubuns came up with some kind of solution to this madness, or something.

Okay, he could do this!

Mynte went ahead and got himself dressed proper to brave the outdoors. Making sure to grab some of his garden equipment before heading on out. With his weapons in choice in hand, and various formidable foes before him, Mynte...

Needed to take a moment to take some deep breaths, but once he was done with *that*, the sloth bun got to work.

The 'easy' route would probably be to just smash the fungi into smithereens. Something which his pampki, Cinnamon, was well into the process of doing without his input, but then again that pampki was always kind of... Wild. But no. Mynte *wouldn't* be smashing any mushrooms. And he'd honestly appreciate it if Cinnamon stopped their madness, but the sloth new better than to try and tell the pampki what to do. That just tended to make the pampki rebel even *more*.

No, instead Mynte got to work carefully pulling the mushrooms from wherever they grew. Carefully. Slowly. Taking a moment to study them, while also resisting the urge to put any of them in his mouth. Once done investigating, he then proceeded to store them away in a container. To properly investigate later. An act he repeated with the first two or three mushrooms, before eventually picking up the pace.

He wasn't entirely sure *what* to do with the shrooms, but that was more of a future Mynte problem anyway. Maybe he could sell them. Cook them. Make...*something* out of them. It wouldn't do if he tried to eat one right now and made himself sick, though. Nor would stressing himself out thinking ahead on what to do with them later.

So, he'd do what he did before. Take it easy. Deep breaths. One thing at a time...

...and *really* wish Cinnamon would stop tackling every single mushroom they saw and could get to.