

The other buns around her were practically like kids! Acting like fools on just two or three drinks. Even if it was time to celebrate the Mochi Moon, a seasoned sailor like Ismaelle could slam down ten—fifteen!—drinks, and still be ok until she turned into a blubbering idiot! That was the pride of being a sailor. When friends asked her to “go drink”, Ismaelle would really *go drink*. She didn’t need the excuse of the Mochi Moon to do so.

But, well—she’d take the opportunity, anyways. Anything to get plastered. And she’d talk all her friend’s floppy little bun ears off about how much liquor she could take before getting smashed. Fifteen drinks turn into sixteen, and by the seventeenth, she’s red in the face and she’s turned into the blubbering idiot!

“Y’kiddos, don’t even know... how to drink properly!” Ismaelle gasps, chugging down yet another rum down her gullet... that makes eighteen. A worried Shibani, who’d ended up going out with Ismaelle for the occasion on account of being the boyfriend of the resident mochi maker, looks at Dan, and Dan looks back, dubious. “I drink like this. EVERY. DAY! I don’t need a ‘Mochi’-wochi... oom... MOON! To drink! LIKE A SAILOR!”

“Ismaelle—” Shibani starts, still attempting to be kind even in the face of his plastered friend. “It’s ok. Eat some more mochi, it’ll help you sober up,” Shibani says, picking up one of Dan’s signature mochi for the new year, glistening orange and gold. It was a gold-dusted mochi, of course.

“It really won’t help her sober up,” Dan says.

“Sssh! Dan, you’re not helping!” Shibani bites his lip, hushing his partner, before turning his attention back to Ismaelle. “Here, Ismaelle, open—up...?”

Ismaelle’s round bunny head has already hit the counter, though, and she passes out to lull into a New Year’s dream, stinking drunk on alcohol and her belly full of Dan’s delicious mochi.

“Oh gosh,” Shibani says, and it’s the last thing Ismaelle hears...

*Don’t ‘oh gosh’ me, you lubber... this is what bein’ a sailor’s all about...*

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“Oop,” Ismaelle says, coming into consciousness.

In Ismaelle's dream, she finds herself aboard her beloved ship, sailing across an endless sea under the radiant glow of the Mochi Moon. The air is filled with the salty mist of the ocean, and the sound of waves crashing against the ship's hull provides a soothing backdrop to her maritime adventure.

Taking a deep breath, Ismaelle says, "Ah... now that's the stuff!"

Ismaelle, now standing at the ship's helm with a mischievous grin on her face, clutches a bag of her favorite mochi: sea salt mochi, made by Dan. Where was Dan, anyways? Well, that doesn't matter. The mochi glistens in the brightness, just like the waves beneath her. As she takes a hearty bite, the burst of flavor makes her shudder. The sea salt perfectly complements the sweetness of the mochi.

"Mm!" She hums gratefully, rubbing her full tummy and licking her lips.

In the dream, Ismaelle is not alone. Sitting next to her is her trusty Remil, Stubb. The small creature twitches his ears in excitement as Ismaelle shares a piece of the sea salt mochi with him, dropping his floaty from around his tubby body. Stubb chirps happily, its eyes gleaming with appreciation for the delicious treat.

As the ship continues its voyage through the dreamy seascape, Ismaelle and Stubb embark on an amazing adventure, all including mochi. They discover new mochi islands where each mochi variant is more tantalizing than the last!

The dream takes an unexpected turn when a fleet of mischievous mochi pirates, led by a cunning mochi captain, attempts to board her ship. Ismaelle, unfazed, brandishes her sea salt mochi bag like a seasoned swordswoman. With a swift and precise motion, she hurls mochi at the pirates, turning the sweet treats into formidable weapons.

Stubb, not to be outdone, joins the fray by biting their ankles, nibbling with his small teeth. The mochi pirates soon find themselves overwhelmed by the duo, and they disappear soon after.

As the dream continues, Ismaelle and Stubb sail into the horizon, leaving the defeated mochi pirates behind. The Mochi Moon shines brighter than ever, casting a warm glow over the victorious scene. Ismaelle, now with a satisfied smile, leans against the ship's railing, savoring the sweet taste of triumph and sea salt mochi. They sail on, as Ismaelle and Stubb revel in the joy of their mochi-filled escapade beneath the Mochi Moon...

Ismaelle wakes up with a start, finding herself not on the deck of her trusty ship but in a cozy nest of pillows. She blinks, trying to make sense of her surroundings.

"Ahoy, where am I?" Ismaelle mumbles, rubbing her head.

Shibani enters the room, carrying some of Dan's fresh mochi. "Well, well, look who's awake! You passed out at the bar, so I brought you here. Welcome to the Pillow Pile Palace!"

Ismaelle squints at him, "Pillow Pile Palace? What kind of sailor jargon is that?"

Shibani shakes his head, playful in his ministrations. "The kind that saves a drunk bunny from sleeping on a cold, hard floor. Now, eat some mochi and sober up."

Ismaelle eyes the mochi, her earlier dream still lingering in her taste buds. It's no sea salt mochi, but... she takes a bite and sighs contentedly, letting the chewy goodness melt into her mouth and indeed sober her up. "So you brought me here, then? Comfy."

Shibani laughs, kind as ever as he explains. "Well, after you went on about how me and Dan were huge babies, you promptly face-planted into Dan's counter and passed out! I couldn't just leave you there, now could I?"

Ismaelle smiles. "I stand by what I said. It took me, what? Twenty drinks to get to that point?"

"Um. Well, seventeen," Shibani says.

"That's still close!" Ismaelle insists. "But, well, thanks. You're a true mate, Shibani!"

Shibani shrugs, "No problem, Ismaelle. Just promise me you won't turn every celebration into a sea shanty-fueled drinking fest, alright?"

Ismaelle winks, "No promises, matey!"