

Clove waves off Suteo as she departs from his designated camping spot, leaving him alone once more with his own company and his empty trailer. Honestly, he likes the solitude. It's a nice change from constantly being surrounded by people at the circus, where he lives and works. While usually he'd be out at a party for The Long Night, this year he's chosen to keep out of any potential drama on purpose.

He's ready to relax and have his own personal little celebration. But first, he checks the colorful little pouch that Suteo gave him as a reward. Inside of it is a piece of candy, but not one that he's ever seen before. It looks like a massive gobstopper. He tucks it away for later, thinking he might give it to a friend that he likes since he's not big on candy himself. It seems like an odd reward, but he didn't really help Suteo out expecting a lot of compensation.

A number of colorful moths have congregated around his lit-up trailer, attracted by his shitty string lights and the brighter light coming from his headlights and windows. He'd left it lit up on purpose before going wisp hunting, so he wouldn't come back to an uncomfortably dark motorhome. The silly construction paper cut-out decorations he taped to the windows also help to make it a cheerful scene, as does the bonfire still smoldering in the fire pit nearby. The generator he brought buzzes cheerfully from where it's hooked up to the trailer.

He smothers the bonfire since he won't be outside to watch it, covering it with shovelfuls of dirt. Maybe the next day he'd buy some marshmallows and make himself a dessert treat over the bonfire, but he doesn't want to be outside for the darkest hours of this particular holiday. It gives him the willies just thinking about it.

He heads inside once the fire is out, setting his new homemade lantern on the narrow counter and grabbing a cold beer from his fridge. He pulls the slightly squashed, discount cake from the fridge too after a moment of thought, not bothering with a plate. It's only him, and the cake isn't that big compared to his proportions, so he settles for just uncovering it and getting a fork. After popping the cap off his drink with a claw, he settles on the old patched seat in front of his tv and sighs comfortably.

The TV is still playing the holiday-themed horror movies he'd had on earlier, but a new one is on now and it's just starting. It's campy enough not to be actually scary, but funny enough to not be corny. He's happy, despite being tired and dirty from running around the woods hunting for wisps. The orange and red cake tastes like blood oranges and satisfaction, and when he's done washing it down he lights up a clove cigarette.

After a bit, he starts grooming himself, picking the leaves and twigs and bugs out that had hitched a ride during his woodland jaunt. The leaves and twigs get binned, while any unwanted hitchhiking bugs get tossed out the window to fend for themselves. He changes into a set of pajama pants, and gets cozy to wait out the rest of the night.

He stays up all night watching horror movies and finishing off the contents of his fridge, knowing he'll have to go on a grocery run the next day. That's a problem for later, though. For the holiday,

all he wants to do is get through The Long Night pleasantly full and comfortable and feeling safe.

He accomplishes this goal, celebrating in his own understated way.