

“Dag-FUCKIN-nabit,” Herbert grumbled, tugging her boot further up her leg, wiggling to get her hoof seated properly. She hated it- always has, always would, dressing up was never her forte to begin with, and it certainly wasn’t her favorite now... But the cold was something she’d always loved just as much as the cold- which was to say, about as much as she’d love someone burning off her wooden hooves, or a feral manticore chewing off her arm.

“There, and gods both blast it,” she hissed as she got the worn leather settled, stamping her hoof impatiently to make sure the fit settled well before throwing on her duster, small frame now hidden quite fairly- there was, at least, the benefit of pockets. Tex first, naturally, the familiar weight of the trusty lighter slipped away into her breast pocket for safe keeping.

Soon followed by dynamite- simple, bulky, but effective if not elegant. Neatly hidden within the inside pockets, followed by rags, small cotton squares that would be of well use if something of more... flash was necessary. There were always booze at such festivities, after all. The rest was simple- bases and acids of varying degrees shuffled away into various pockets.

It was enough to ponder- the exploding pumpkins of last festival had been quite the hit, perhaps snowmen? Or, even better, an explosive snow battle... There was that musical gal at the pumpkin exhibition, she’d be good for it Herbert bet. But the most important part, as Herbert shuffled out of her tent, wandering towards the festival, was the color.

The sky was ablaze with the likes of nothing Herbert had ever seen before- Sure, folk said it was just the aurora, it happened every year... And sure, Herbert had never seen anything like the aurora before, but she was certain no normal auroras were anything like this.

If only due to the great amount of strange creatures that arrived with the aurora. A fair few also congregated around the festival, making it the perfect stage for an oversized scavenger hunt- with living prizes, even early as now, Herbert ducking around various venders and hosts setting up for the Winter Solstice Festival, quite glad she hadn’t decided to host a lecture again. The impromptu explosions were simply so much more fun!

.... Besides, if she was going to make for an explosive snow battle, it was best to spring that upon the unsuspecting.