

Corestrike off season. A time of year Luna was actually quite looking forward to as it meant she could have more time to work on building and improving her rockets. Or so she thought.

Luna sat at her workbench in her room, staring at a blank piece of blueprint paper and tapping her pencil against the desk while she fought for motivation to actually draw up a schematic. The young inventor could barely visualise what she actually wanted a new prototype of this rocket to look like, and any ideas she did have were skipped over as they weren't exciting or cool enough.

Luna looked over her shoulder to see if Juno had woken up from her nap, hoping for an excuse to not have to work on things right now but to no avail. The slime was still out cold in a lava lamp-esque tank she called a bed. Luna sighed heavily and dropped her head on the table in defeat, tools and pens on the desk jumping from the impact.

After some time, Luna got up from her desk, pushing up her glasses and rubbing the sore spot on her forehead. *Maybe a snack would help...* she thought as the little scientist left her room. Despite not being hungry and there probably being something to eat in the minifridge next to

her workbench, Luna headed downstairs to at least get out of the room.

Walking into the kitchen, Luna passed any healthy options for a snack in the fruit bowl and freshly harvested vegetables from her brother's garden. She opened the fridge and just stood there looking at all the options. Nothing very interesting but it was certainly food.

Frustrated, Luna slammed the fridge door closed and stomped off...

Then came back and checked if she broke anything. Then stomped off again.

Atlas was reading a novel in the living room by the electronic fireplace that heated the room.

He peered over his reading glasses as his little sister entered the room and threw herself down on the sofa next to his armchair with an exaggerated groan.

"Is something the matter, Luna?" Atlas said while he used a worn bookmark with scribbles and space stickers to keep his page as he set the novel aside.

Luna looked up at Atlas with a frown, then laid on her back and stared at the ceiling as if this were a therapy session.

“No matter what I do... I can't get myself to work on drawing or building my rockets... and I feel... bad?? For not working because I feel like that's what I should be doing right now.” Luna struggled to find the right words to convey how she felt, it frustrated her further that she didn't understand any of this.

Atlas gave a sympathetic look to Luna who was trying to play off wiping away tears as just having an itch on her face.

“I see... Well this sounds like a case of burnout, which is to be expected given how many hours at a time you spent working on rockets during the Pro League and the lead up to it. The best thing you can do right now is let yourself rest and focus on other things.” Atlas pet Luna on the head to reassure her.

Luna gave him a small smile which faded as she became lost in thought. Atlas waited patiently for Luna, assuming she wanted to say more but couldn't find the words.

The artificial fire crackled and the wall clock ticked faintly while the two were silent, a rare occasion considering how Luna normally was.

After enough time, Luna pulled her thoughts together and spoke again rather quietly.

“Hey Atlas..?”

“Hm? Yes Luna?” Atlas snapped out of his own thoughts.

“If I take a break... will you..?” knowing how many late nights Atlas spends working on his tech, Luna wanted to make sure he at least got to rest every now and then.

Atlas exhaled and gave Luna a small smile.

“I’ll see if I can reschedule things to allow that.”

He then stood up from the comfy armchair and looked even further down at Luna.

“Why don’t we watch a movie? You can bring your pillows and blankets down here and I’ll make some tea.”

Luna’s eyes lit up. “Ooh!! Can you make me some-”

“Hot chocolate?” Atlas cut her off. “Of course I can, Luna.” he smiled and pet Luna on the head again, lightly messing up her hair in a playful manner which got a laugh out of Luna.

Atlas walked over to the door and as he turned the handle, the sound of something small running at him could be heard momentarily before Atlas felt something hug his side.

Atlas looked down at Luna and kneeled to give her a proper hug.

“Thanks, Atlas.” Luna’s cheerful demeanor shined through again.

“You’re very welcome, Luna.” Atlas replied with a smile as big as hers.