

It really was raining a lot this month wasn't it?

Not that rain was a particularly uncommon occurrence; especially not at this time of the year. Rain was good; rain was important, but this? This was too much. *Way* too much. Mynte's poor garden was *drowning* and had been doing so for a good couple of days at this point!

Not that the hermit just sat within the comfort of his shack and just let that happen, oh no. Dressing up in appropriate, if a little raggedy, rain gear the sloth bun regularly made trips out into the downpour to salvage as much of the situation as he could at any given moment. Sometimes he'd wait for the rain to let up a little before heading out, but more often than not? He wasn't going to wait.

And these usually weren't short trips outside either. Mynte spent *time* out there. Removing as much excess water as he could, digging and the likes. Despite his best efforts the sloth bun *did* anticipate he'd suffer a few casualties, but... That was just the way things went sometimes, y'know? That's just how nature was sometimes, and you can't really fight nature. Mynte had *tried*. In the long run it was just...easier. Better. To say, 'I did my best. I have no regrets.' And move on.

...*sometimes*.

Not that it stopped him from fighting tooth and nail from time to time, like he was doing right now. Weathering the weather while caring for his garden best he could; and it was no small garden.

Usually, and to no one's surprise, by the time he was done out there he came back into his house an absolutely sopping wet mess. Clothes? Thrown onto the floor before drying himself off and changing into something dry.

...considering how much it was raining, the fact that he had no washing machine or dryer, and that this pattern had been going on for a *while* at this point... Mynte was steadily running out of dry clothes to change into. There were more wet and drying clothes strung up in various spots in his shack than there were dry ones. A pretty concerning thought... One which he did his damndest not to dwell on too much.

One thing at a time, Mynte.

He sighed... "*It probably would be a good idea to get a couple of upgrades...*" he muttered to himself as he dried his long hair off, before looking for a spot to hang his towel up.

When he wasn't braving the weather to make sure his garden didn't drown, there... Actually wasn't a whole lot for Mynte to do, to be completely honest. He didn't have any cable, or even a television for that matter. He was the owner of a couple of books, but truth be told Mynte wasn't *that* big of a reader either. At the very least; not the ones he currently owned.

He kind of regretted not buying anything the last time that traveling merchant came by. Or rather, he regretted not buying any books. And with this weather? The sloth bun highly doubted *any* merchants were crazy enough to try and peddle their wares all the way out here. He could hope, but he wasn't holding their breath.

That, and he'd be so worried for them.

Hmm... This weather did remind him of something. Or maybe rather someone? An event. A happening...

A wonder...

Wondering what the chances were of *another* bun knocking on his door; seeking refuge from the weather. He wouldn't turn them away; how could he? He was awkward, but he wasn't some kind of *monster*.

What were the chances of that happening again, though? And would it be an equally...curious experience as before? Hmm...

A crash startled Mynte to attention as he quickly turned to look where the source of the sound came from— Ah.

Cinnamon. His pampki.

...

How did that pampki even manage to get up on the table to even knock one of his bowls of potpourri over? Or rather... Honestly? Mynte *should* know better than to ask himself that kinda question. Of all of his imps, Cinnamon *was* kind of a menace and an enigma rolled all into one small, green pampki. It did seem like Beebee and Bloom, his bimple and erose respectively, might've made some kind of attempt to stop the wild pampki, but... He wasn't mad.

There was also so much the ground bound Thyme, Angelica and Cottonball could do to help. Judging by their positions, it seemed like the three of them might've made *some* kind of attempt to catch the falling bowl, but... Well, he had been in the middle of spacing off and thinking about what ifs. A contemplativeness brought on by the weather.

That being said, it was probably also said weather that was causing Cinnamon to act up more than usual. Mynte sighed, before smiling shortly after.

At least...he wasn't alone. Right now.

There might not be a whole lot to do in his shack, his garden was constantly being threatened with drowning and he was running out of dry clothes to wear, but... He wasn't alone.

With that thought in mind, the sloth bun finally pulled himself away from the window; kneeling down near the shattered pieces of his experimental potpourri bowl. He gave each of the ground bound imps a loving pat on the head; thanking them for doing their best... And plucking a couple of stray petals, seeds and the likes from his freign, stellaram and phloof. Poor things. And, when Beebee and Bloom came down towards him? He offered them the same kind of gratitude, before getting to work with picking up the broken pieces off the ground. Careful to not cut himself in the process.

And Cinnamon? Cinnamon was probably off elsewhere; continuing to be a menace in their own right.

Hopefully the rain would stop soon, or at the very least let up some, so that he could let his imps run around some outside. Not that it would make Cinnamon any less of a menace, but, well... It might help.