

Grave looked around at the pale white snow, how it fell so carelessly from the sky, landing on the ground and forming piles of itself. He sat on a bench outside, just looking around. He wasn't sure what he wanted to do today, he hadn't made plans for today and it was just a holiday. He tapped his foot against the cold pavement, gazing at the other skires walking the streets. Some using magic, some bundled up in tons of coats and other articles of warm clothing, and some just sitting on benches like he was.

Originally, he'd gone out of town to buy some things for himself and Cirque, and surprisingly a few presents for the season of gifting. He didn't really care for many skires, some yapped too much, others made his eye light ablaze at the sight of them, and others... He didn't like others who injured innocent skires.

He thought about his friends for a bit, Spectre (surprisingly), Sweeney, VHS, Monty, Swash... Damn, he knew a lot of skires. He didn't even realise he'd been making more friends, it just. Happened. He didn't feel as alone. Of course, there was Cirque, if anyone hurt him he'd make sure something happened about it. A small snowflake tapped against his face, melting instantly. What a strange thing snow was.

Maybe he'd get to know more skires, maybe. He'd have to think about it. What other gifts could he get for those he knows...? And how would he even give it to them, it'd seem out of character and confusing... But he wanted to do it anyway. Hm. Well... There was VHS, all he really needs is a chill vacation day, Sweeney needs... What does Sweeney need... Maybe a pair of shiny sharp scissors (as if he doesn't have enough), Spectre... He'd give Spectre a hairbrush.

Huh. Maybe he wasn't so cold-hearted after all...?