

Walking through the cloistered and thickly packed streets of the Burrowgatory, the small white and blue bun felt the ever present chill in the air, nipping at his nose and tail and causing him to shiver. Hells, this was miserable! Why had he not just had his driver take him over again? Oh right, yes, *Titania*. He could still hear the annoyed clicking of her heels down the marble floor, as she whipped herself around and into his office. Making sure he knew she would not stand for not having her tree. Demanding he go get one this very instant, and shoving a slip of paper into his hands. He had not seen the point in it really, some silly festivity or another, if it did not cause people to give him money or praise he really could not care.

But nothing was worse than an angry Titania, so he grabbed the coat and scarf that he always kept in his office and hopped to it as fast as his hooves could carry him. However, due to the fact Oberon never really went out in anything that wasn't climate controlled, he had forgotten how absolutely *bitter* winter was. Who could stand this?! Better yet, who would want to celebrate any holiday that took place at such an awful time of year. Hardly seemed like a time worth celebrating...

But as a sneeze took him by surprise and Oberon clutched his coat closer, the sloth bun realized he was too far into this to back out now. Titania would be livid with him, and well, looking at the scrap of paper in his hand with the directions, he was already halfway there. Turning back now seemed like a waste of his, extremely important, time and effort. So, muttering curses under his breath and adjusting his crown, the sloth bun stuffed both his hands and the note into his pockets and hurried off.

Pine wafted through the air, as the clean and well kept Burrowgatory cobbles turned into a ruddy dirt path. Oberon just stood at the cobbles edge for a few moments, whether gathering his willpower or shoving down his rage at the indignance he felt being forced to walk through this he couldn't decide. But finally, his better judgment had him cautiously putting his hoof in the dirt. Feeling the granules in the dirt beneath his toes nearly had him giving up on his quest entirely. Until a sound caught his ears. Rustling from the bushes right to his left?!

Taking off at a breakneck pace down the dirt road in front of him on all fours without thinking, Oberon put all of his energy into getting as far away from that sound as he could. Oh, of course there would be something foul out here! This was exactly the reason why nobody in their right mind left the Burrowgatory! Everything outside of it was dirty, and cold, and just-terrifying! In hindsight, he really should have been paying more attention as to where he was going in the middle of a forest. The next thing he felt was the sharp sting of his face ramming into a pine tree, and the blanket of snow that fell off of it covering him, and chilling him to the bone.

A small pulling sensation on his cloak brought the bun out of his frigid slumber. How long he had been out, Oberon could not tell. But the splitting headache, frozen numb limbs, and his still flaming face meant it couldn't have been that long. Looking towards what his cloak could have been caught on, the buns black eyes caught on the figure of something shadowy moving along the edge of the pristine blue fabric causing his breath to hitch. Hells, did that *thing* have teeth? Was it trying to eat his cloak? More importantly, was it trying to eat *him*??

With a new shard of panic his heart went into overdrive again, as he tried to shake the creature from him. If he could get it off maybe he could still have a chance to get out of this hell hole, tree be damned! Unfortunately for him, the snow around him was packed in a bit too tight to allow any such quick movements. And with a startling realization, Oberon came to the conclusion he was, indeed, well and truly stuck.

He watched as the small figure grew in size, his shaking amplifying, now definitely not from the cold as his heart beat through his ribs. The creature's shadowy appearance giving way to what looked like horns, a demon?! Hauntingly blue eyes stared at him as it... rubbed its head against his arm? Hang on. Was that an... imp?

Picking himself up as much as he could from underneath the pile of snow, Oberon gave a good look at the little creature. He'd never really cared for imps personally, why would he waste time taking care of anything other than himself? But as the tiny, horned deer-like imp tilted his head at him, Oberon could almost understand their appeal. Reaching out a hand, Oberon grabbed onto the tree in front of him and took a deep breath as he put all his effort into pulling himself free.

With a thunk, the snow fell into the hole he once had occupied as Oberon successfully pulled himself free. The imp trotted up to him, seemingly delighted to see he was out of his predicament. Holding out a hand, the imp sniffed it before lightly putting its head down onto his open hoof. "Well, I might as well have some help finding this bloody tree..."