

01 - Prepare for the long night - MYO-CCCAT-810 - Jester

655 Words

Sand shrouded the skies above Uto, each grain sparkling like stars against the city's bright lights. Jester lay with his head resting atop his arms, watching the swirling mass as it overtook the sunny lavender. The long night had returned once more, and slowly the festivities would crop up around them, and perhaps one of the visitors to the city would take some pity on his sorry self, and maybe give him some of their time. Vendors throughout the day slowly set up their shops, decorated with strings of glowing lights, candles of varying colors, and general merriment that Jester desperately desired to be a part of.

Jester sighed, resting his elbows wistfully on one of the stands as its vendor walked right through him without a single thought. Their stand was full of exactly what he wanted: sugar. Small mints wrapped in plastic, bags of sour-sugar gummies, lollipops shaped like bugs, and jawbreakers bigger than Jester's eye. He reached a hand out, popping one of the candies into his mouth, glancing over at the stand's owner, who milled about without a care. They tucked a string of cut paper carvings across the front of their stall, hanging in between each a colored pennant painted with illustrations of candy. He took another piece of candy before quickly standing and turning on his heels.

The center of fever was awash with purple light, welcoming residents from their homes, and drawing visitors alike from every corner of Skire. It was terribly painful to watch everyone mill about in their costumes, hang decor from every inch of space, and enjoy each other's company. Jester strolled up to a pair of crooks that chatted idly, one of them throwing popcorn into her mouth with precision. He tapped her shoulder, his hand phasing right through. Grumbling, he strutted off again, hoping that at least one of the festival's participants would give him the time of day.

Jester hunkered down next to one of the merchants, who's stand was filled with breads of countless kinds, and decorated with countless ornate lanterns. He straightened out the sign hanging on the front and hung one of the segments of lights back atop the nail it had fallen from. The shop's owner paid the movement no mind. They took one of the cinnamon buns from the stand and placed the roll's end in their mouth, unraveling it bite by bite. It was delicious, so he took another. He would walk by multiple times throughout the night and take more. At least being invisible had some benefits, even though Jester felt a little bit bad about it. If they had any money, they'd leave it, but most of the time that just came from the pity of those who could see them, or the pockets of unsuspecting folk who wandered through.

Strolling through the back alleys, they found themselves passing a stand with a knocked over sign that leaned awkwardly against the stand's wall, having dragged a string of lights down with it. Jester picked it up and spent a minute finding its perfect placement, completely unaware that the owner of it had been staring at them for nearly the entire time.

"Thank you, strange one," they chuckled, leaning their head on one of their hands. He watched as their eye emerged from their mouth, but it didn't seem like that was what was seeing him. Something else rattled around in their chest, pointing his way.

"You can see me?" His ears perked up, jingling the bells that sat at their end.

"A bit," they chuckled, "You're hazy."

"I've not been more excited to hear that in a long time," Jester beamed, reaching up to fix the string of lights. "Mind if I stick around?"

"By all means," they shrugged.

For the rest of the long night's first evening, they fluttered about the market, always returning with goodies and treats to gift their newfound friend.