

They walked together hand in hand, Hollis only wore a pair of pink overalls, they'd been used to the cold since last July. Capucine wore their orange jumper, her short body fully consumed by its size. Hollis hummed a sweet-sounding song, perhaps from some old cartoon. Brown and red leaves softly cracked beneath their feet, the noises seemingly going along with the melody. "It sometimes feels like our whole lives are spent stomping on leaves, never seeing them float." she said, looking down at slightly unmatched shoes.

Hollis' eyes fluttered shut and said, "Sure. Floating leaves are pretty, but end up being pretty meaningless at the end of the day."

"...yeah." This seemed to be deeper than she wanted it to be. "What did you want from the shops again?"

"Flour, milk, and eggs. Maggs wanted us to make a cake tomorrow. He said Bunny was looking down the past week." Hollis said with a small grin falling into its old place.

"Ha, he probably didn't realize that Bun had finals this week. Always paying attention to the small things, ain't that right?"

They started following the waves of people towards the golden tipped awnings and dark stalls. Hollis walking ahead of her to find the old farmer's shop while Capucine walked the familiar loop to her friend's shop. Neely's

small stall was crowded full of people, her copper hair peeking through. “Capucine!! Over here!” She waved her over, exaggerated movements making her customers move away quickly.

“Hey Neely. . . we just need some of your good ‘ol milk.” Capucine said stiffly as she carefully stepped through the crowd. Neely leaned down to grab the familiar glass bottle of creamy oat milk and slid it across the splintered stall. Capucine counted out the few dollars it costed and dropped them in the empty tomato can labeled with a piece of stained paper.

Neely softly said, “I guess I’ll see you at practice tonight then, Capucine.” She looked at her and smiled, her yellowing teeth shining brightly.

Capucine nodded slightly and quickly moved past the large amount of people that seemed to just keep on coming. Hollis rounded the corner and grabbed ahold of her hand, a small paper bag held tight to their chest. “Ready to go?” They asked despite knowing what her her answer would be.

“Yes. Let’s go home, love.”