The choir of Artisans home's percussion filled soundtrack drummed away while Rook, the little bunwolf delightedly played his favorite game for the thousandth time. His pet/brother zergling; Nibbles splayed across his lap. Absentmindedly watching the display, while chewing on the remains of an old car tire.

Quietly, Brinley and Toriel cracked open the door to peek inside. Using the two boys distracted state to creep in behind them with that special kind of inability to go undetected, only mothers can do. "Rooookieeeee. Nibblesssss" Brinley whined out with an ear an ear to grin to get their attention.  
 After a distinctive ding of the familiar pause menu, The two boys both turned around and peered over the backside of the chair inquisitively. Almost tipping it over from the combined weight against it. Smiling, Toriel interrupted her excited friend. "We have a surprise for you both."

Rook and Nibbles both lit up with excitement. Perking ears and tusks curiously as they met Brinley's big beaming blue eyes.  
  
 "You remember auntie Zee riiiight?" Brinley lightly wagged, her desire to spill the secret practically frothed from her mouth.

The boys both nodded. Nibbles giving a content growl while Rook piped up, " she's super fun! And she scared a bully at school for me!"  
 Toriel gave her friend a concerned glance, of which Brinley ignored for later. "She got you both a birthday present!"  
 Rooks eyes lit up like Christmas trees, while Nibbles wagged his tail at the speed of sound. "What is it?!"  
"Gurrowrr!?"  
 The chair loudly squeaking beneath the intent, excited bouncing, not until it almost tipped over again did they both stop, letting a subtle thought cross the bunwolf’s mind. "But, it's not my birthday? It's not Nibbles's either?"  
 This realization gave the zergling pause as well. Plopping his weight off the chair to let it stabilize, before sitting and tilting his head.

Brinley just laughed. "Early gift you two." Immediately the boys were back to the rambunctious excitement young children prided themselves on. Begging glances between their mother and their guardian, bright eyes pleading for the secret to be revealed. Knowing her others excitement, Toriel quietly waited too.

"Soo.. Zee's husband.. Was working at the lofty castle fair this year.." The stars in the boys' eyes turned to suns at the mere mention of the festival that they'd both dreamed of visiting since they first heard about it. "And he got all of us some tickets!" Brinley radiated with just as much excitement as her sons did. "I know you've always wanted to-"  
 Brinley was cut short, a high pitched squeal becoming a chorus with an animalistic howl of delight. Rook almost vibrating out of the chair, while nibble hopped up, putting his front claws on the armrest for upright support. "You aren’t teasing me are you?!" Rook whined, childhood wonder sewn tight to every word. Nibbles growling just as full of the same wonderment.  
"Why would we do that, little ones?" Toriel reassuringly smiled.   
  
 "I wonder what the theme is this year!" Rook bounded from his chair to dash around the room. Zergling chasing excitedly behind.  
 "Now now boys. The fair isn't for a while yet." Toriel cooed in effort to relax them just a bit. Meanwhile, Brinley lept into their path catching Rook and hoisting him up in one arm; letting her other ruffle his hair and tiny nub antlers for just a moment; then leaning down to pet the carapace of the too big to carry zergling.  
 "She right Darling. We aren't gonna be leaving today you know."  Rook pouted softly at the disappointing truth; while nibbles gave a soft growl. But all the same, they both opted to relax. On the outside at least.

Although it was several months wait, and several months more before either of their birthdays, the festival finally came, and several hours before Brinley or Toriel was awake, the two rascals were already washed, dressed and with all their saved up allowance mixed into the same bag to share on this trip.  
  
 Patience furthest thought from their minds, as they sat outside the locked door, thumping tails against the ground until the impending earthquake drew a groggy faced rabbit to swing open the door. Rubbing the sandman out of her eyes, twisted matted hair and a deep frown decorated her face. "Go back to sleep" She muttered, walking past them to collapse down onto the couch, half hanging off the cushioned fall.

Rook peered past the towering dreamweaver dragons from atop his mother's tall shoulders. Drinking in the sight of the merchant stalls, art booths, performers, more! while Nibbles ducked beneath. Watching the show from between the legs of the tall dragons. Both of them practically had their jaws locked open at the marvelous sights of Artisans, peace keepers, magic crafters, beast makers, and of course the dream weavers, all mingling between Anthros, monsters, and fairies. They hadn't seen this much going on since the capitol of Home.  
  
 "ooh! Right there!" Rook pointed to an artisan's run stall, with a wide assortment of candies and jams.  
"Don't go too crazy baby. Brinley smiled widely. helping her son down from her shoulders, and gently running her fingers in between those of the equally distracted caprine. Pulling the now surprised blushing Toriel with them.  
  
 Almost entirely ignoring their mothers pleading, the boys loaded up a bag of hard candies, in the shape of every gem the dragon kingdom had to offer. Fruity and covered in powdered sugar, While a nervously grinning Toriel delicately nabbed a few jars of homemade jam made from beast makers fruit.

"all of you, terrible" Brinley Rolled her eyes and laughed. "Hurry up you three, I want to catch the fools dance and the puffer bird parade."  
  
 Again, almost entirely ignoring the request. Rook and Nibbles dashed over to another stall that was selling peace keeper dragon toys. Toriel stayed close, Looking over to the rabbit, while feeling the warmth of their furry hands intertwined. "Well, I would enjoy watching the fools dance with you." Toriel's smile blended with a soft pink across her cheeks.