

“Hey, wake up lazy bones!” squealed the mouse festive spirit, as it jumped on all fours on the head of the poet which rested on the writing desk, “We’re already entering the new year and you’re four stories behind!”

“Ugh...” the cat groaned, and flicked his ears to dismiss the rodent.

“You’re pathetic,” the mouse scoffed, and tickled the tips of his ears, “Come on, you can make it.”

“Why do you care?” Qat asked groggily, as he weakly sat up.

“Cause when you stop caring, evil triumphs,” the mouse speedily retorted, and brushed her head.

“What are we even gonna write?” the poet questioned, swishing his tail curiously, “I know we got the last four days planned out, but you never mentioned anything past the fifth except for the twelfth.”

“Uhm, well...” the spirit stuttered, darting her gaze around for a response, even an excuse, “I mean, we could wrap up Nex and Cheera’s story line, do some canonical things perhaps. But for now... Why don’t you... Write your reflections on this year?”

“My reflections?” Qat repeated, and fiddled with his hair in consideration. Perhaps he seemed too agreeing.

“Great,” the mouse uttered cheerfully, and scurried off before the feline could protest good luck.”

Qat reached out but the rodent had already dove back into his journal. The housecat sat as still as a statue before slowly turning his attention to the viewer.

“Well...” he began nervously, “Where do I begin?”

*First off, thanks each and everyone of you for the faves, watches, and comments; heck, even just y’all’s support is enough to be praised. This has probably been one of my most tough years both online and offline. Depressing moments, periods of bleak hindsights, lack of faith or hope, or even simply a lack of inspiration when coming to writing. On the bright side, I will also say this has been my most productive year: finally posted the beginnings to one of my most [behind-the-scenes stories](#) I’ve been working on, started a [fantasy story](#) while also getting back into transformation, and also finally joined the [Thursday Prompt](#). Also have gotten quite a ton of art pieces done this year, ranging from different qualities.*

*As for plans of what I hope to do this coming year, they remain uncertain beyond the remainder of this holiday series. Been plotting another Grossheim tale, but feel like it might take more time and research before I feel confident to post (I know*

*drafts aren't meant to be like the final product but I just don't feel fine with simply posting anything without thinking it was well-written). Maybe if I really lack any motivation, I might get to one of my more serious works; I have been plotting a war novel for quite some time but don't feel like it would be best to share especially when it has a excessive amount of blatant bigotry and racial slurs in it, but that's a bridge I cross if I ever dare to reach it.*

*Outside of the internet, the only thing I have coming up that has been on my mind is my birthday, and it has been quite the paranoia inducing thought. Last two months of being a kid... You know, when I was still single digit aged, time seemed to take forever now it seems to go by too fast. If only man hadn't fallen far from Eden and we still had a life expectancy of nine-hundred years, I'd be better off.*

*Oh, one thing I also forgot to mention: friends and associates. Slowly been getting to meet new people here and interacting with others. Been very fun and emotionally comforting to get other like-minded, and even unlike-minded folks. I really appreciate you all. I would list you as many others tend to do, but that's not my cup of tea for now; perhaps eventually.*

*Well that's all I have to say for this story, praying that I do get that backtrack of stories up before it's too late. Till we meet again, and may you all have a happy new year!!!*