

Charlie couldn't help the laughter that bubbled out of him once he finally stumbled into his house at the end of the evening. Tanner would likely be picking hay out of his and Pyrrhus's fur for *days*. He's still not quite sure how the two even ended up *in* the haystacks!

Regardless, it was a good day. Most days when he went to spend time with the twins were good days, he supposed. He was still kind of properly adjusting to the fact that he had *friends* now. Real friends who liked spending time with him and made any days spent with them *good* days.

Even when one of them falls into a haystack despite being one of the smartest people Charlie knows. Being smart cannot save you from being clumsy, it seems.

Shaking himself from his thoughts about the day, he fished the plush fake hay rolls from his bag to place up on his shelves with every other collectible he had to mark certain good days.

Is it depressing to commemorate good days with little trinkets? Is it depressing that he doesn't have that many— *yet*, he harshly reminded himself. He doesn't have many, yet. He's going to! That was the goal, anyway.

Commemorate good days and slowly he'll start to have more of them! He probably won't ever tell them but Tanner and Orion really were pulling him out of a rough patch in life that he was still trying to shake off.

His shelf of strictly fall dedicated things was starting to look much more full though.

He is once again pulled from his thoughts as Cola headbutts his leg, reminding him that her and Pebbles need to be fed now that he's home.

"I'm coming, don't worry. It's dinner time, I know!" He chuckled, following her scrambling paws towards the kitchen. "Let's see what we can get for dinner, yeah?"