

## The Sweet Smell of Golden Berries

### Mimi

The wind swept through the quaint village, it swept through the cracks of tree leaves, blowing them to the ground, resting peacefully on the green grass. Red, brown, yellow, and green leaves piled on the ground creating a mosaic of colors. Squirrels scurried along, foraging for nuts and berries, preparing for winter.

Mimi opened the window. Using a rag and wiping off dust that had settled on the bottom. She turned and grabbed her watering can. Carefully bathed her potted flowers, trimming the leaves and stems. *She felt cold, I should bring the plants in before winter comes.* Turning toward her kitchen, she decided to make golden berry pie she was craving. She grabbed her ingredients and pot, just as she was about to load the berries in—*Oh no! My eggplants!* Mimi ran out of the house to her mini garden, checking on her eggplants. Suddenly, blue mist swept through the plowed rows, sweeping pieces of dirt everywhere. Many people in her village, Ankarr, were approached by spirits revealing their fortune. *She backed up, scared of this mysterious spirit, wondering whether it was good or evil.*

### Spruce

Spruce loved the cold, though getting sick wasn't fun. Snow, leaf piles, warm hot chocolate. And the golden berry pie Mimi makes was worth all the sickness. He smiled while thinking of sharing the pie on a cold night. *The taste was always sweet and refreshing and the smell of the pie smelled like home.* He had always thought of home as not only his but also Mimi's. No matter how far away he and Mimi were, he was sure they would be there for each other.

Grabbing his coat, he decided to go on a walk to the nearby pond. He stepped outside and shut the door. Walking on the trail, *the dry cold dirt crunched under his boots.*

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The village was placed in the middle of a forest, where they got resources and traded with kingdoms nearby. Sometimes there's festivals for people in the kingdoms to tour and enjoy. The festivals happened every season and he was excited about the food and spending time with Mimi. They lived far apart but were able to meet halfway in the marketplace. While traveling to each other's houses would take 4 days, traveling to the marketplace would only take 2 ½ days.

Spruce arrived in front of the pond, it was pretty small. But few ducks could fit inside. He always loved going to the pond and feeding the ducks, though now the cold had caused them to migrate. Sitting down at the edge, he looked into the crystal clear reflection of himself and the sky. He wished for wings so he could fly. If he could fly, he thought, he could see Mimi more often.

### Mimi

“Hello Mimi Adgar, I am the spirit of telling and here to bestow your fortune,” the spirit threw its arms up, presenting itself.

“What is my fortune, spirit of telling?” she asked, curious, wishing for luck. The spirit closed its eyes for a moment and then opened them back up.

“Your brother, Ms. Adgar, will fall ill. A deadly sickness from the spirit of death. However, with this potion,” the spirit conjured up paper with the recipe, “and 3 moons to travel to his residence.”

Mimi was shocked, *traveling takes 4 days! How would she make it in time? Would she have the ingredients?* Before she could ask, they vanished. Leaving her perplexed and a sprinkle of blue dust over her eggplants.

### Spruce

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Spruce was a few steps away from his house when he felt a cough develop in his throat. He had probably gotten sick from the cold. Walking up to the mirror in the bathroom, *he thought he looked sicker than he felt. He assured himself he'd be fine and healed by the time Mimi comes to visit.*

### Mimi

With the help of the recipe and her garden, she made the potion. Half the day had passed and she still wasn't done. And while making the potion, she packed for her journey. After finishing, she wrapped up the potion with great care and packed it as well.

When she walked out the door, it was pitch dark with only the moon as her light. She pulled out her map, and looking in the distance, *she was determined to save her brother.*

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It had been 1½ moons so far. Mimi moved as fast as she could through the *damp forest*, trying not to get caught by anything. *It had been raining for a whole day*, slowing her journey. She made it halfway to Spruce's house after hitching a ride with someone. *This might be the last time*, she thought, *knowing she was going to be out of money soon.*

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*It has been 2 ½ moons, or at least Mimi thought.* Her eyes were dark and heavy as she had slept only a few hours during her journey. The forest had been more difficult to navigate as she got closer. Perhaps it was because of the rain or the lack of rest and nourishment. *But at the moment it didn't matter, her mission was to save him.*

She looked at the sun, it was almost halfway down to earth, her heart skipped. *Three moons was almost up!* She started running through the forest, *she tripped causing her knees to cut on the forest floor.* She pushed herself up and ran endlessly through the forest.

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Mimi ran up the slippery gravel, her movements both heavy and quick. Dropping her sack, she slammed the door open. A big banging sounded off the quiet cottage. With huffs of air, she ran to the bedroom, no sign of him. She looked into the bathroom and found him on the cold wooden floor, her breath stopped. His body was too still, emotionless, and cold as the winter that fell upon the village. The color of his face and body was incredibly pale, snow white, and his lips were swollen and blue. He looked like he lost a lot of weight in the past few days, you could see his bones. Her eyes welled up as fat tears rolled down her face, her breath cutting short. She wiped her face and tried to calm down so she could focus on saving him.

Mimi quickly turned his body over and reaching for her bag, she felt nothing on her back. Her heart stopped before she realized she had left it outside.

After grabbing her bag, she was a little at ease. She carefully took out the potion and went back. With shaky hands, she poured the potion best as she could into his mouth, holding it closed so he could swallow.

The room felt cold, quiet, her brother would have broken it with his stupid jokes by now. But his body laid as still as it had before, *was she too late?*

### Spruce

Sounds of clinking, rushing waters, and footsteps sounded from outside his bedroom. He could hear the world around him, but could not see. His eyes were shut tightly like some sort of force was keeping them closed. He tried to move his legs and arms, but his whole body ached *as if he had been sleeping on the floor for weeks, he thought.*

He heard footsteps coming toward him,  
“Spruce..?” it sounded like Mimi’s voice, or well, a really tired version.

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Like a rose's bloom, his eyes slowly cracked open. A loud gasp sounded from Mimi, "Oh my god! You're awake! You're alive!" she jumped up and down before crashing onto him with a hug and tight squeeze. He groaned from the crash. "Oh! I'm so sorry," she quickly got up and patted him on his shoulder. He smiled at her, his throat was too dry for words at the moment.

"Oh actually, I have a surprise for you as a 'you're alive' gift," she smiled, "come on, I'll bring you to the dining room!"

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The table was lined with red cloth, along with plates, cups, and utensils, ready to be eaten off of. The sweet smell of golden berries filled the house as Mimi opened the oven door. The smell reminded them both of home. She set the pie onto the table, its heat warming the red cloth. They sat down at the table. They both cut a piece from the pie, scooping it up and setting it onto their tongue. The pie crust was crispy, the berry filling was soft and moist, and best of all, it was sweet and refreshing.

After finishing, they both went in for another piece, their utensils clinking against one another. They lifted their eyes and looked at each other. The table was long, perhaps the whole town's length built on the table, but not long enough that it would be impossible for both of their arms to meet in the middle, where the golden berry pie was. They both smiled realizing, no matter the distance, they'll always be there for each other.