
Saffire
and the Birth of the Conscious Food Garden

She had decided.

No more waiting, no more wondering, no more shrinking. Tonight, she would call on her magic , not to summon people, but to summon *beings*... the ones who could meet her where she truly lived. Not in shallow conversations or small talk, but in depth, in feeling, in the golden-honey corners of creativity and care.

The room was dim; lit only by the flicker of candles she had placed in a careful circle on the floor. Some were tall and white, others short and honey-colored, dripped with melted wax like waterfalls frozen in time.

A soft smell of rosemary, basil, and wild rose filled the room. Sprigs and petals lay scattered beside her drawings, familiar faces she'd been sketching since she was little. Merbunny.

Melonfox. Flamingarella. Creatures of wonder and whimsy who had lived in her imagination and been her loyal friends through storms and silence.

She arranged her crystals in a ring around the paper she'd drawn them on. Amethyst. Citrine. Moonstone. A crystal shaped like a heart she'd found on a long walk with no destination.

She whispered aloud, steady and soft:

"I don't want popularity.
I don't want to fit in.
I want resonance.
I want truth.

I want kindness that knows my name."

She placed her hands over her heart and then over the drawing of her Conscious Café, the one she had dreamed of building in the hidden parts of Wonderland, filled with healing food and magical company.

And then, with a single breath... she lit the match.

The match flared, golden orange against the soft stillness. She touched it to the first candle, and the flame leapt, hungry, alive. One by one, she lit the rest, until the circle shimmered like a constellation of stars laid down upon her bedroom floor.

The moment the final wick caught fire, the air changed.

A hush fell over the room.

Not empty silence, but *expectant*. Like the whole of Reverie Rouge was holding its breath, waiting.

Saffire closed her eyes and let herself feel it, that deep ache in her chest that had so long gone unseen. The ache of being too much and not enough. The ache of being the one who always tried. The ache of love unreturned, of effort unmatched.

But tonight... she wouldn’t pretend it away.

She let it rise like steam from a simmering pot. Let it move through her fingers and out into the drawings spread before her. She traced the curve of Merbunny's ears, the little bow she'd always drawn around Melonfox's neck, the long, elegant legs of Fla'ming'erella, sketched with such care, it almost hurt.

And then, like a breeze blowing through from another realm... it happened.

The ink shimmered.

At first, she thought it was a trick of the candlelight, but no, the outlines on the page were glowing, shifting, lifting. Her heart stuttered. The paper rustled, though no wind blew. A low hum, like the sound of a teapot about to sing, filled the room.

From the center of the drawing, the *smallest* of movements.

Melonfox blinked.
Merbunny's tail gave a gentle flick.
Fla'ming'erella's feathered body sparkled pink and gold.

Saffire gasped and fell to her knees, tears rising, not from fear, but from the most tender kind of awe. Her magic answered.

And not only that, but her beings had also come.

They rose from the page like steam lifting from warm soup. One by one, they stretched into the air, shaped now in soft glowing form, half-real, half-dream, fully *themselves.*

Melonfox padded forward and nuzzled her cheek.
Merbunny curled softly by her side.
Fla'ming'erella offered her a tiny muffin in the shape of a heart.

"You called," whispered Melonfox gently.
"And we've been waiting," added Fla'ming'erella.
"Your Café is ready to bloom," said Merbunny, "and we'll help you plant it."

Saffire laughed through her tears, hugging them all at once.

“Then let’s go,” she whispered.
“Let’s build the place I dreamed of.
A place where food is love.
Where kindness is magic.

Where no one has to pretend to be smaller just to belong.”

And with that, the Conscious Food Garden began to take root, first inside her room, then stretching into the invisible pathways of Reverie Rouge, unfolding like petals after rain.

The light from the candles pulsed like a heartbeat. The beings shimmered at her side, growing steadier, fuller, each one glancing around the room as if seeing the world for the very first time.

Melonfox sniffed the herbs on the altar with approval, her tail twitching like a cat’s. Merbunny hummed a low, lullaby tune that made the glass jars on the shelves tinkle softly in reply. Fla’ming’erella flitted upward, wings trailing sparkles, before floating back down and landing on the edge of Saffire’s sketchbook.

“Where to?” she asked with a gentle smile.

Saffire looked around. Her bedroom, full of meaning, of years, of late-night doodles and early morning tears, had always been a cocoon. But tonight, it felt too small. The magic was too big. Too alive.

She closed her eyes.

“Take me to the place I’ve been dreaming of.”

At once, the room began to dissolve, not fall apart, but soften, like sugar melting in warm tea. The corners blurred, the ceiling stretched into sky, and the floor beneath her became wild earth dusted in star-pollen.

She was still standing, but now it was somewhere *else*.

The garden had arrived.

She was in a clearing encircled by soft trees—leaves shaped like spoons, with bark that smelled of cinnamon and oats. Beneath her bare feet, the soil was warm, and small sprouts peeked up with curious green faces. Hanging above her were lanterns made from fruit peels stitched together with glowing thread, lighting the glade in a peach honey glow.

The Conscious Food Garden was *becoming.*

Saffire gasped.

To the left, soft garden beds unfolded like patchwork quilts, rows of lettuce, kale, rainbow chard, lavender, mint, wild strawberries, sugar snaps, and golden tomatoes. But they weren't *just* plants. Each one seemed to *feel*. They turned toward her when she looked at them, like sunflowers drawn to sunlight.

To the right, there was a small kitchen hut, open on all sides, built of smooth clay and driftwood beams. The oven glowed with a quiet blue flame. Jars of herbs lined the shelves. Above the sink, mugs of all shapes and colors hung from branches like fruit ready to be picked.

“This is it,” Saffire whispered, eyes wide.

The beings gathered close around her, glowing in the evening air.

Fla’ming’erella took her hand. “You made this.”

“We made this,” Saffire corrected, smiling through the tears she didn’t need to hide.

A tiny sound rang out, *ding!* like a café bell. She turned.

Where there had been only grass now stood three round wooden tables, set with enchanted plates and handwoven napkins. Each table bore a small vase filled with edible flowers, nasturtium, pansy, violet, and each one smiled when Saffire looked at it.

"We'll need a menu," said Merbunny, who had already started making chalkboard sketches.

"And a welcome bell," hummed Melonfox.

"And a rest area for those who need to cry while they eat," added Fla'ming'erella thoughtfully. "We'll call it the Corner of Courage."

Saffire burst out laughing.

"I *love* that," she said, clutching her chest. "Yes. All of it. And a joy station. And a story corner. And maybe even a gratitude

table where guests can write what they're thankful for on pastry paper.

"Done," they chorused.

And just like that, the garden responded wooden counters unfurling like scrolls, ovens blinking open like sleepy eyes, windows flowering into being, trees reshaping their branches into shady spots for tea and toast.

Everywhere she looked, the Conscious Café was rising to meet her.

Not just a dream.

Not just a sketchbook hope.

But a living, breathing part of Reverie Rouge, planted from her pain, watered with her magic, blooming in full color.

And just before the moon reached its peak, she sat on the round step of the kitchen, her hands resting on her apron, her eyes wide with wonder.

“I’m not waiting anymore,” she whispered. “If the world I want doesn’t exist yet… I’ll build it myself.”

And the garden around her pulsed in agreement.

Meanwhile, beneath the Inkwell Tree... Peyton was weaving. Not with thread, but with stems, long wildflower stalks and bits of vine she'd gathered from the Glade of Soft Mornings. She worked slowly, barefoot in the moss, her fingers moving instinctively as she created a kind of lantern cradle from honeysuckle and ivy. Noomi, the little owl she often whispered to, sat on a nearby branch clicking her beak softly in rhythm. "Something's changed," Peyton murmured, pausing mid-weave.

The ground beneath her vibrated, not with danger, but with resonance. A gentle hum, like the garden soil had started to sing. She closed her eyes and listened. It's here, the wind seemed to say.

A puff of pollen passed over her bare knees, glowing faintly with pink and gold threads. And then came the unmistakable flicker, a glimmering thread of light, like a firefly's echo, spiraling through the air.

It danced and twirled before her, brushing her cheek like a curious breeze. She stood. "Is someone new arriving?" she asked aloud, speaking to the Realm as if it were alive. (Because it was.) The thread curled around her wrist, tugging her gently. Noomi flapped once and then glided down to Peyton's shoulder, clearly approving of the quest ahead. "Alright then," Peyton smiled, "Let's go see who's come to plant something new."

She followed the glowing thread through groves and hollows, across steppingstones and beneath ribboned arches.

The further she went, the more the air smelled of herbs and honey, like warm kitchens and forgotten memories.

Until she found it.

Nestled in a ring of softly glowing trees stood the Conscious Food Garden, alive and bursting with warmth, flavor, and life.

Wooden tables curled from tree roots, and laughter echoed faintly from the kitchen where hybrid beings stirred, stacked, poured, and sprinkled.

At the heart of it all sat a girl in a flour-dusted apron, barefoot and shining. Peyton's breath caught. "You did this…" she said softly, stepping forward. The girl looked up, startled, then curious, then calm. "I think I did," Saffire replied. "I just… stopped waiting." Peyton smiled. She remembered that feeling well. "Then welcome," she said, "to Reverie Rouge.

You’ve made something truly sacred.” Saffire blinked, as if she hadn’t been sure until that moment whether this place was real.

“Can I name it?” she asked. Peyton nodded. “You created it. It’s yours to name.” Saffire looked around, at the sun-sprinkled leaves, the soft humming oven, the enchanted muffins dancing in the warming trays. She placed her palm on the ground and whispered: “The Conscious Café.” And with that, the Café shimmered gently, as if settling into its name. “There’s space here,” Peyton added, gesturing toward the garden path. “For others. For more stories. You’ve just opened a new chapter.” Saffire smiled. And overhead, the lanterns swayed in quiet agreement, each one softly glowing with gratitude.

The Enchanted Breakfast Ritual

Later that morning, beneath the Conscious Café's morning canopy…

Saffire had tidied her garden kitchen with a hum and a skip, placing final touches of edible petals and polished wooden spoons beside the breakfast platters. She'd never had an audience before—but today, Peyton and Amelia sat cross-legged at a long moss-woven table, watching her every move.

Amelia, still glowing from her night of discovery, held a sketchbook in her lap. She'd already drawn the teacup trees and honey jars, and now she turned her page to sketch Saffire's hands as they worked.

“Is this… a ritual?” Amelia asked, blinking at the glittery mist swirling up from the berry bowls.

Saffire nodded.

“It’s called the Morning Honoring. I made it up when I realized how sacred breakfast really is, especially when shared.”

She poured warm blueberry oats into tiny acorn bowls, each one engraved with symbols of courage, calm, and creativity. Then she added tiny spoons dipped in moonlight syrup, setting them in front of each place like offerings.

From the center of the table, she pulled out her **Conscious Candle**, a short, chubby wax pillar with swirling fruit scents and a soft flame that danced like it was listening.

“We light this,” she said, “to wake up the magic in our minds and tummies.”

She whispered something, soft and secret, and the candle flared gold for just a moment before settling to a soft pink glow.

“Then,” she grinned, “we say our sacred words.”

Peyton tilted her head.

“Words have power,” she said quietly.

Amelia nodded, writing that line down in her book.

Saffire placed her hands on the table.

“I speak these words each morning. You can say them too, or whisper your own.”

She closed her eyes and said, slowly and with care:

“I honor the food that chose to grow,
I honor my body, fast or slow.
I honor the hands that stirred this spell,
I honor the magic that helps me be well.”

A small breeze lifted the edges of the tablecloth as if in approval. The muffins giggled. A starfruit slice did a small spin.

Amelia smiled wide, then held her own smoothie goblet up.

“To magic breakfasts,” she said.

“To growing gardens,” Peyton added.

“To being seen,” Saffire whispered.

They clinked their cups and shared the first enchanted breakfast ever served beneath the Conscious Café's open sky.

And as the mist rolled in again, soft and silver around the trees, the Café nestled into its rhythm, knowing that this was only the beginning.

Soon, others would come.
Others would gather.
And stories, so many stories, would unfold.

But for now, there were warm oats, soft laughter, and three girls who had finally found a corner of the world where they belonged.

✨ *The End… for no?, in truth here in wonderland we say there are never any endings, so until next time* ✨