

## Chapter 3 Part 1

### Chapter 3 - Dessert of Another World

"We are home!"

"Oh, you're back? Welcome home!"

"How was it? Did you manage to pick some fruits?"

Father and Mother seemed to be in the kitchen, but they were peeking out from behind the counter. Marie climbed onto a chair at the dining counter and opened the hemp bag, showing them what was inside.

"Look, Mother, Father! I picked so many!"

"Oh, aren't those raspberries? There are really a lot. Great job, Marie."

"It's true. With this many, we can eat to our heart's content. Shall we have them after dinner, all together?"

"Yeah! I'm excited!"

Marie is transferring the raspberries into a large wooden bowl that Father gave her. She looks incredibly happy with a big smile on her face. She must really love raspberries. I want to eat them a little sweeter. If only I had some sugar, I could make jam... Maybe I should ask Mother about it.

"Mother, do we have any sweet seasoning?"

"Sweet seasoning? Why?"

"Well... I thought if we had sweet seasoning, the raspberries would become even sweeter."

It does not sound too unnatural, right? Please have some sugar!

"Well, let's see... honey or sugar, I guess."

"Huh? We have sugar!?"

"Leon, do you know about sugar?"

"N-No, I just happened to hear about it. That sugar is a sweet seasoning."

"I see. But they don't sell sugar or honey around here."

"Huh!? Why?"

"Commoners aren't wealthy enough to spend money on sweet things, so sugar and honey don't sell well. They're more expensive than other seasonings."

Oh no... That is disappointing. But sugar does exist. It is not something that does not exist in this world. In that case, the only thing left is figuring out how to obtain it!

"Then, where do they sell them?"

"I think they sell it in the central district of the royal capital."

"The central district of the royal capital?"

"Yes. This place is on the western outskirts of the royal capital. The central district is where the king and the nobles live. There are many fancy shops there, so they should sell it."

So, the king and the nobles really exist. Does that mean only nobles can eat sweet things?

"Then, if I go there, can I buy it?"

"You probably won't be able to. Many shops in the central district only allow nobles and their acquaintances to enter. And even if you manage to enter, it would be too expensive for us to buy."

"Is that so..."

"Moreover, the central district is far away. It takes more than two hours by the carriage."

"I see... Well then, I guess I'll give up."

"That's good. Leon, since you're already eight years old, let me tell you this. If a noble sets their sights on you, it can be troublesome. They don't usually come to this area, so I think you'll be

fine, but don't do anything rude. There might be good nobles, but there are also unreasonable ones."

Nobles are scary... I do not want to get close to them if at all possible. But sugar is with the nobles! It seems like finding another place that sells it would be a better idea.

"Thank you, Mother. I'll give up on the sweet seasoning. Raspberries are delicious on their own."

I smiled and reassured Mother as I said that. She had been looking scared since earlier.

Upon hearing that, Mother relaxed and said with a sigh of relief,

"Then let's have some raspberries after dinner."

"Yeah!"

But it is tough to eat those raspberries as they are. I wonder if there is any way to make them taste better without sugar...

What would be good? Putting them over French toast or mixing them into pancakes... Hmm... I think mixing them into pancakes actually sounds pretty good. With that idea in mind, I quickly asked Mother if I could use the kitchen.

"Mother! I came up with a dish using raspberries. Can I use the kitchen?"

"It's fine, but... did you really come up with it? You've never cooked before..."

Was it strange for me to come up with a recipe when I had never cooked before? But I definitely want to try making it! The raspberries are too sour as they are.

"Because I watched Mother and Father cook."

As I innocently looked at Mother, she smiled and gently patted my head.

"Well then, let's make it together."

"So, Leon is going to cook? I'm looking forward to it."

Father said with a smile, giving his approval. I have to do my best!

"I'll make space for you to cook, Leon. Put away your things and wash your hands first."

"Yeah!"

"Marie, go put away your things with Leon, too."

"Got it! Big Brother is going to cook? I'm excited!"

Marie innocently looked forward to it. The pressure is building... I hope I can make it delicious.

Marie and I went to the storage room on the second floor and put away the things we had brought for our trip into the forest. When I put down the basket I was carrying, I realized that I had forgotten about the firewood. It would be better to take it to the kitchen, so I need to go back downstairs.

"Marie, I forgot about the firewood. Let's bring it downstairs."

"Yeah! We need to get our allowance, too!"

Marie seemed to have shifted her attention from the raspberries to her allowance. She was already contemplating what she would buy with her allowance.

"Then, let's go downstairs."

With Marie and the firewood still in the basket, we went downstairs, and Mother happened to come out of the kitchen.

"Mother, we brought the firewood, too."

"Oh, really? Thank you. Could you put the firewood in the kitchen's firewood rack?"

"Yes!"

Marie and I happily replied and entered the kitchen. We stacked the branches in the firewood rack at the corner of the kitchen.

"So you brought the firewood, too. Thank you."

"Yeah! I picked up a lot!"

"Marie, you're amazing."

said Father, as he gently patted Marie on the head with pride.

"I'll go and put the basket down and wash my hands."

"Me too!"

We returned to the second floor to put the basket away and entered the living room to go to the courtyard. There, Mother was waiting for us.

"Both of you brought the firewood, so here's your allowance."

"Yay~! Thank you!"

"Thanks, Mother."

"It's okay. Go buy something at the food stalls."

"Yeah!"

Marie and I held our allowance tightly so we would not lose it and put it in our small wooden crates. There are four small wooden crates in the living room, each serving as our personal storage for our precious belongings.

After putting the money in the wooden crate, Marie seemed to want to rest a bit in the living room, but I still needed to make pancakes. I will do my best to make delicious pancakes!

"Well then, I'll go to the kitchen."

"Yeah! Make something delicious, Big Brother!"

"Got it. I'll do my best."

Saying that, I headed to the kitchen.