

I Died and Was Reincarnated As A Trowel

Erin sauntered downstairs; bright and ready to start the day at a peachy one-past-noon. Sleep was tiring work and it had left her so, so famished. But when she prodded around the kitchen there was nothing there, not at least anything edible.

She did however find a note left there. Written in messy handwriting and littered with doodles, she wondered if maybe she was the only person in the world that could decipher such ancient texts... and yet she smiled; reading a letter from Her meant everything.

"Erbear ^ • w • ^

Dont snack (X)

Dont buy food (X)

Dont cry hungry baby (X) :'(

Im in town

Grab stuff for lunch

Eating at normal time (its not breakfast!!! >:[

Please do garden stuff while wait

Back soon ish

All love ever

-Rem :) <3"

Just like every house in Halfhill, they too had a little plot of vegetables just outside.

It wasn't something she ever really got involved with but it was always nice to help from time to time.

Always one to dress up, Erin put on a straw sunhat and some overalls just like they had back home in Lakeshire and went outside to take a look at things.

Summer wasn't really the best time to start planting stuff... or so she heard.

They had some stuff growing from what they planted in the spring which would be ready in a couple of months but a lot of it was empty. Erin did remember that there was plans to start growing flowers too just because they looked nice. Maybe she could surprise her?

Erin plotted things out like the massively megabraind mage she was and decided on a radical decision. There would be three rows in a new patch of ground round the back of their house where there would be plenty of sunlight for them, and she'd set up some fences so they don't get messed up.

Erin raised her trowel to the sky, ready to literally shift the earth itself to impress her wife!

She thrust it down, and when it pierced the ground on which she knelt before...

The trowel scratched the surface, literally, and sent a shockwave of pain up Erin's wrist.

"Owch!" She hissed. Erin shook her hand and scrunched her nose. The dirt was too packed, too sun-baked. How would she solve this conundrum?

It was almost like she had forgotten the actual only reason for her existence.

"Oh.

Right.

I'll use magic."

Magic was the solution for everything! The only problem was that Erin's water conjuring spell produced about as much liquid as a leaky tap in the women's toilets of Undermines Thunderdome. Thankfully, she had a solution.

The Yan-zhe river ran just by her house, so it only took her a two minute walk... hah, rather a one-instant blink, to make it there. She reached out her hand and formed a particle of energy which soon ballooned out into a spherical cloud. She lowered it into the water, and then raised it out once more. Just as she hoped the whole sphere had been filled with water, as those energetic arcane particles held everything in place as soon as it entered the field. With her water orb Erin returned to the site of the new garden and let the water loose, spraying it over the ground and turning it soft and loamy.

The next step was to actually dig the troughs... but why stop here? Magic was the future, magic would be her savior. Magic surely didn't ruin the point of doing fun things like this- it was the fun thing! With the same spell Erin lifted up pieces and pieces of dirt, setting them aside. The only problem was... this was actually less efficient than just digging it with a trowel. Erin is stubborn but she's not usually the type to refuse to admit when she's wrong. But magic was never wrong, she must have just been using it wrong.

With a trowel she could sort of scrape through the dirt, creating a wedge as she went rather than going scoop-dump, scoop-dump like she did with her spell. But maybe there was a way of doing it. Erin stood back and planted the magic field into the dirt, and pushed it forwards! As it moved, it dredged up more and more dirt to be picked up and pushed along until the end of the trough was reached and the dirt excess could be set aside.

"Did I just make a magic trowel?" Erin asked, staring at her hand. The irony was not lost on her, but magic is always better than not-magic even if it works basically the same.

After an hour, Erin smiled as she overlooked her little garden. She had already set up a fence, chosen some flowers, and planted them in little mounds created by shrinking the magic field as it placed dirt upwards to make a little cone shape. All she had to do now was relax.

"Wow, babe. You really didn't have to go all the way and make the whole thing!" Rem said with wonder when she was back some time later, and admired the care that had been put into it.

Erin blew some hair out of her face and crossed her arms. A rather prideful smirk had come across her... like she had through skill alone avoided an impossible task, and outsmarted the system. She had become a one woman gardening machine, one with the trowel, and could not be more pleased with herself.

"Oh, y'know. That's just the sort of thing I get up to when you're not around!"

Her stomach grumbled furiously, and Rem immediately snorted. "Sounds like someone's a hungry baby..."

"Stars, no, no... we're not making that a thing."

"I'm not makin' it a thing!" Rem said, obviously and obnoxiously holding in her giggling. "I'm just saying... you're hungry..."

"No..." Erin held up a finger.

"And you're a baby." Rem blurted out.

Erin threw her hands up as she was inches away from hysterical laughter and barely was able to keep it in herself as she defended her good character against these baseless accusations! "I'm not a hungry baby!" She exclaimed, and pointed at the garden. "Could a baby do that?"

Erin's stomach grumbled again.

"Maybe a hungry one could." Rem winked.

"Oh my... okay! I'm a hungry baby, I'm starving." Erin snorted... she did love the attention and teasing, and wasn't about to miss out on a lunch just to keep the bit going. Rem placed a kiss on her cheek and yanked her into the kitchen. "Great, you can help me make it! Show off your magicyness when doing the flour or somethin'."

They sat out there together on lawn chairs as they ate. For the record, it was the best spicy wraps they had in forever, with lots of pepper and onion and salsa and cheese with their non-meat chicken alternative. Rem had always found it hard to eat much even despite Erin's insistence, so she only had half a portion which Erin was obviously happy to scoff and argue it was to replenish her mana after all her hard work today.

And then, the both of them relaxed.

"Thanks for this. With all I've had going on recently... sorta needed this." Erin said, looking over. Rem gave a quick smile. "'course! I only ever wanted to make you feel better. All part of my special plan."

They heard a rustling in the corner of their ears, and a... grumbling? It went a little like *'Mrrmrrrmrrmr.'*

Erin plunged a pinky into her ear. "Okay that wasn't me this time I promise."

"Sounds a bit like Sausage I thought..." Rem said and stood up, wondering just where their mischievous pet raccoon had gotten off to. Usually he'd ask for food on his hind legs and grabby hands but this would have been far too hot for him.

"He better not be in the garden..."

Erin blinked over, and just like that she saw the fat lump of fur rustling through her neatly-troweled troughs!

"No!" She shouted. "Sausage you asshole, get out of my garden!"

She gripped him with her magic and yanked him out, butt-first as Rem came over to catch him dangling in the air and wrap him into her arms.

Erin looked over at the damage. The flowers she planted had been all dug out, the fences were somehow already gnawed, the dirt tossed everywhere.

She took a moment to mourn its loss. "But I worked so hard on this..."

Rem came and sat down behind her. "Sorry, babe... if I knew where he was."

"Nah, it's alright." Erin shrugged, clearly not all okay. "That's what having a pet is."

"It is. But this is kinda good, right?"

"Hm?" Erin asked, finding it hard to see the silver lining... but she'd soon change her mind.

Rem grabbed a trowel and a hat before kneeling back down in the dirt. "This time, we get to do it together!"