

Blueberries at the Summer Cottage

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One for the bucket and eat two. Two for the bucket and eat three. Sampsa and Enni were picking blueberries. Midsummer Night had passed in Finland, and blueberries now covered the ground under the pine trees.

One for the bucket and eat two. Two for the bucket and eat three.



"Sampsä! Enni! The sauna is heating up!" Mother called from the summer cottage.

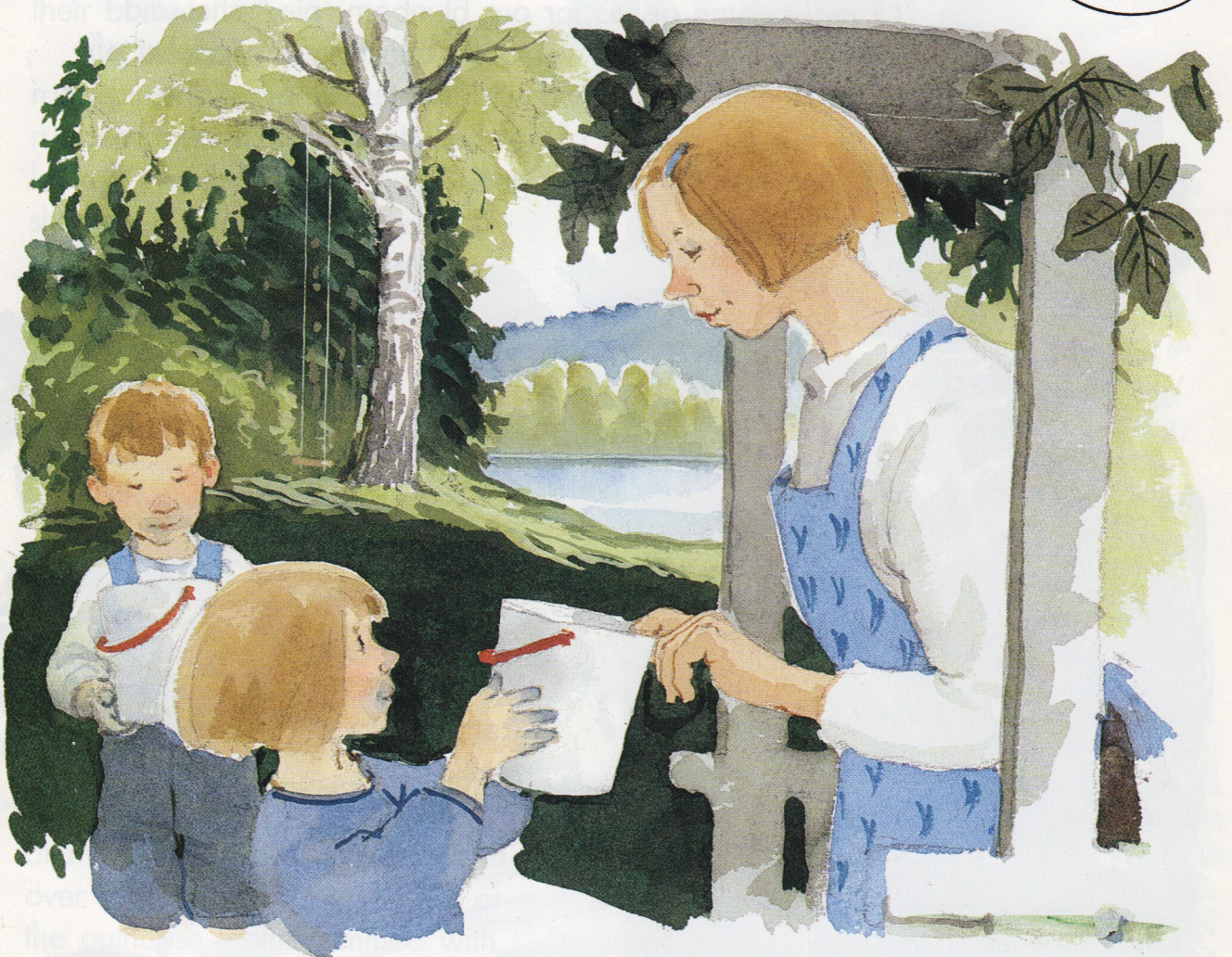
Enni and Sampsä ran toward the voice, shouting, "Äiti! Äiti! Mother! Mother!" The blueberries jounced in their buckets.

Äiti stood on the front porch of the log cottage. She inspected the berries. "Ei! No! That's not enough," she said. "If you want blueberry pie tonight, you must go pick more."

Say: Ay-ee-tee



Say: Ay
(rhymes with
day)



Sampsä scratched his blond hair with his blue fingers. Enni looked longingly toward the sauna cabin by the lakeshore. Smoke curled out of its chimney. Then both children thought of the delicious blueberry pie they could have after their nightly sauna.

"More blueberries!" they shouted and raced back toward the woods.

One for the bucket and eat two. Two for the bucket and eat three. Enni and Sampsa picked their way to the edge of the lake. A stork rose from an aspen tree. A mink splashed nearby.

The children waded into the water up to their knees. Soft clay squished between their toes. Enni scooped out a handful.

"I'll make some dishes for our blueberry pie," she said.

Sampsa removed a sweet *pulla* bun from the pocket of his shorts. He held the bread underwater. One by one, small pikeperch fish darted out of nowhere to nibble at the bread. One nibbled on Sampsa's fingers.



"Sampsä! Enni!" Äiti called again. "The sauna is almost hot enough."

Sampsä and Enni charged toward the cottage, swinging their buckets.

Äiti stood by the porch railing, scrubbing the cottage rugs she had hung there. She looked into the buckets and shook her head. "Ei! Still not enough blueberries for pie!"



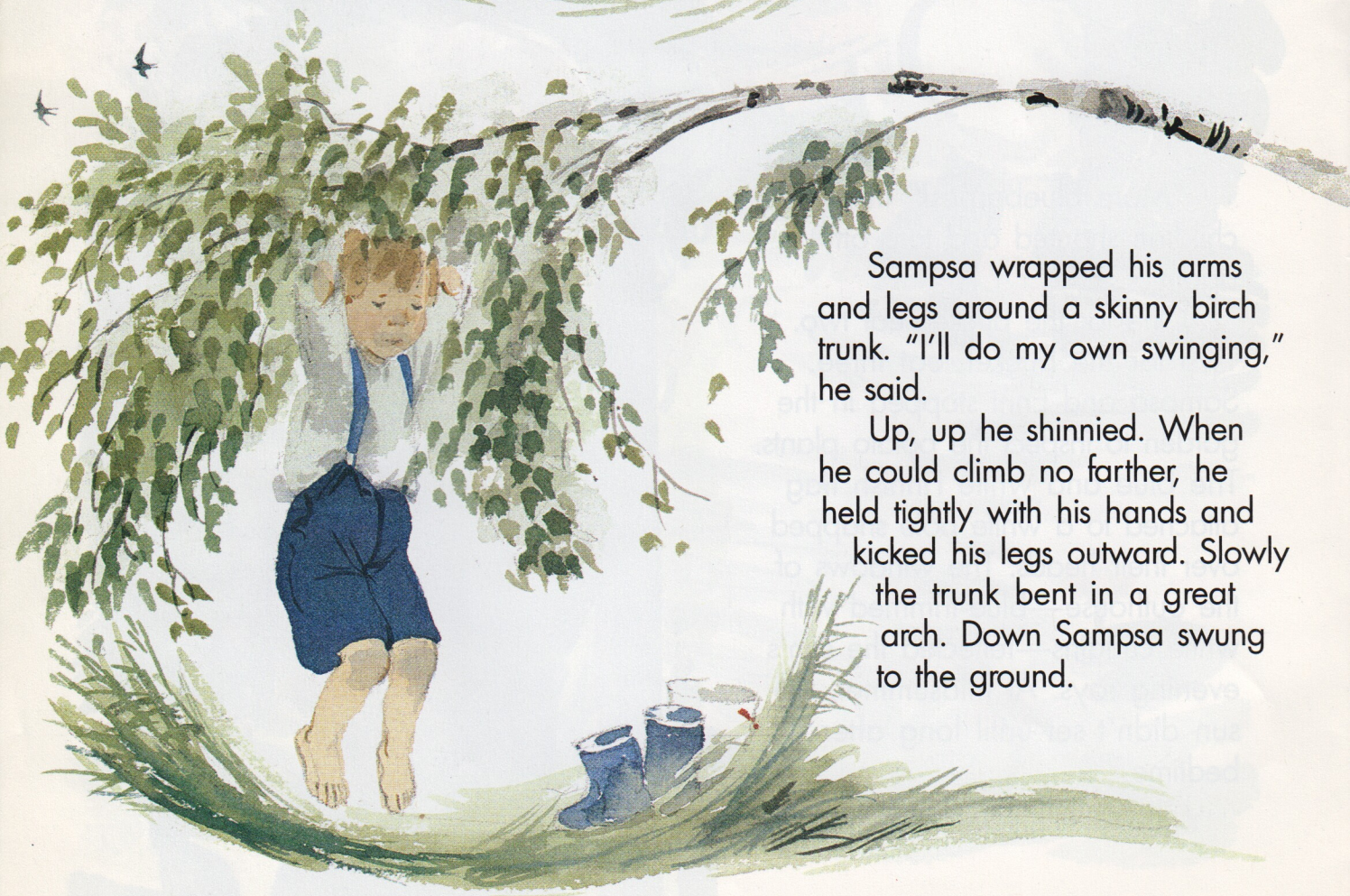
"More blueberries!" the children shouted and tore off again.

One for the bucket, eat two.
Two for the bucket, eat three.
Sampsä and Enni stopped in the garden to inspect the potato plants. The blue and white Finnish flag attached to a white pole snapped over their heads. The windows of the outhouse—blue-trimmed with white curtains—reflected the sun's evening rays. At midsummer, the sun didn't set until long after bedtime.





Enni dove into a hammock stretched between two birch trees. "Time for a swing," she said, rocking wildly back and forth.



Sampsu wrapped his arms and legs around a skinny birch trunk. "I'll do my own swinging," he said.

Up, up he shinnied. When he could climb no farther, he held tightly with his hands and kicked his legs outward. Slowly the trunk bent in a great arch. Down Sampsu swung to the ground.

"Samps! Enni!" Äiti called. "The sauna is hot!"

The children found Äiti inside the cottage rolling out pie dough. They held out their buckets and smiled with purple lips.

"Are these berries enough?" they asked.

Äiti looked at the blueberries. Then she looked at the children's muddy ankles and blue fingers. "I'll take these berries," she said. "And you go straight to the sauna to get cleaned up."



"Kiitos! Thank you!" said the children. They stripped off their clothes and ran straight toward the sauna hut.



Say hard k as
in skim; rhyme
with Fritos.

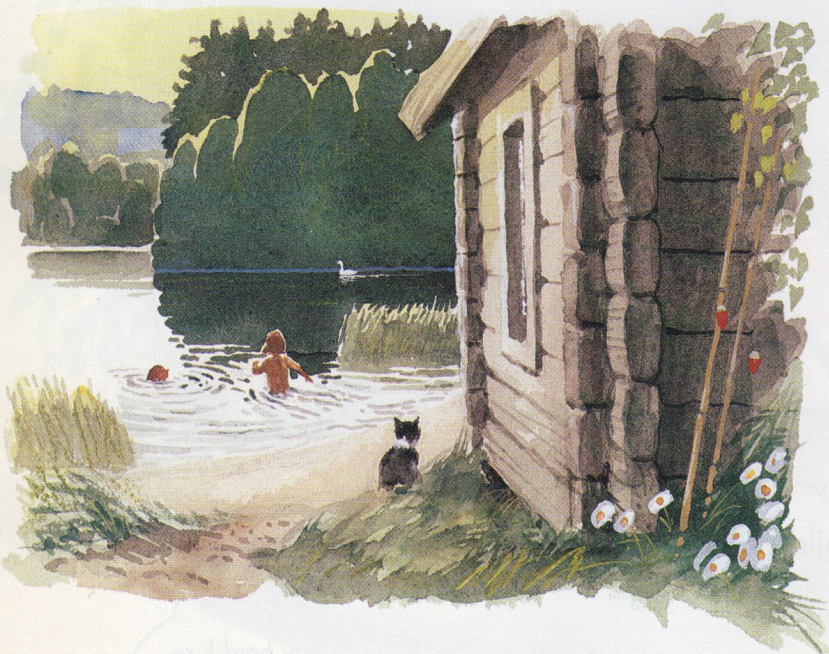


Inside the wooden room, the air was steamy hot. A fire roared in the sauna stove. Sampsu and Enni sat on the top bench. Sampsu dipped a ladle into the water bucket and poured water over the hot rocks on the stove. The water hissed, and hot steam billowed out.

"Eeee!" the children squealed as the hot mist swirled around them.

Enni grabbed a bundle of leafy birch twigs. *Swoosh! Swoosh!* She whisked the leaves across her brother's back.

"Yieeee!" Sampsu shouted. His pink skin tingled.



When they were sweaty, the children raced out of the sauna, ran down the dock, and plunged into the lake.

Sampsu scrubbed his hair with a bar of soap. "The sauna is good and hot tonight," he said.

"And soon it will be time for pie," said Enni.

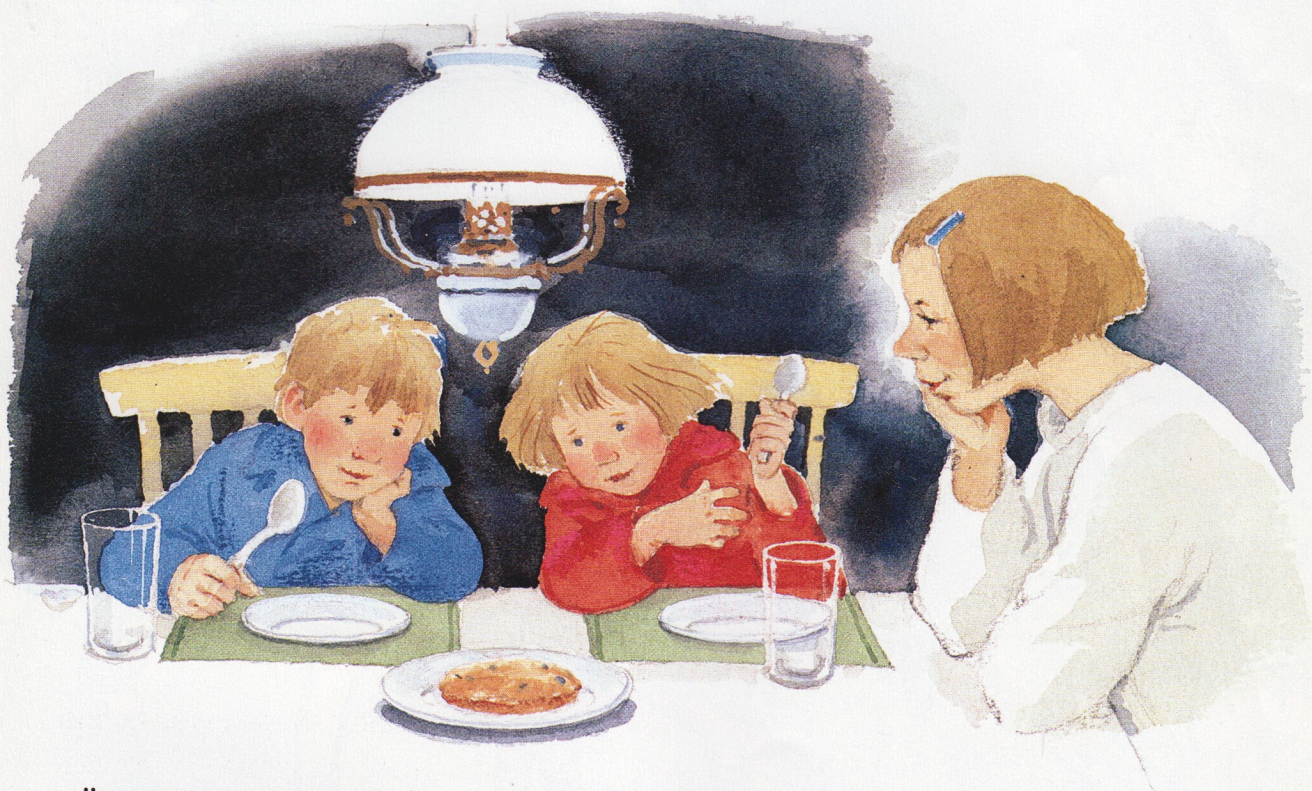
After another trip to the sauna and another dip in the lake, Sampsa and Enni put on their terry-cloth robes. Back in the summer cottage, they sat down at the large wooden table. An oil lamp lit the single room.

Äiti was bent over the gas oven. "Are you ready for the pie?" she asked with a grin.

"Kyllä! Yes!" said Sampsa.

"We spent all afternoon picking the blueberries," said Enni.

Say: Kuh-lah



Äiti removed the pie from the oven. It was pitifully small—no bigger than the horseshoe hanging over the summer cottage door.

"What happened?" asked Sampsa.

"Why isn't the pie bigger?" asked Enni.

"The pie fits the number of blueberries I found in your buckets, children," said Äiti. "I used every one of them."

The children looked at each other and laughed. Äiti laughed, too. Even without much blueberry pie, it had been a fun day at the summer cottage. 🐞