

Cassie's Sweet Berry Pie

A Civil War Story

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“SWEET, SWEET BERRY PIE . . .” Cassie made up a song as she pressed soft, sticky dough into the pie tin. She picked a plump huckleberry out of the bowl and popped it into her mouth. *Squish*. Sugary syrup burst over her tongue.

With war raging between the states, Cassie couldn’t remember the last time there had been pie. But when she had picked these huckleberries, Mama had carefully measured out just enough precious flour and bartered three potatoes for a little sugar and butter so Cassie could make her pie.



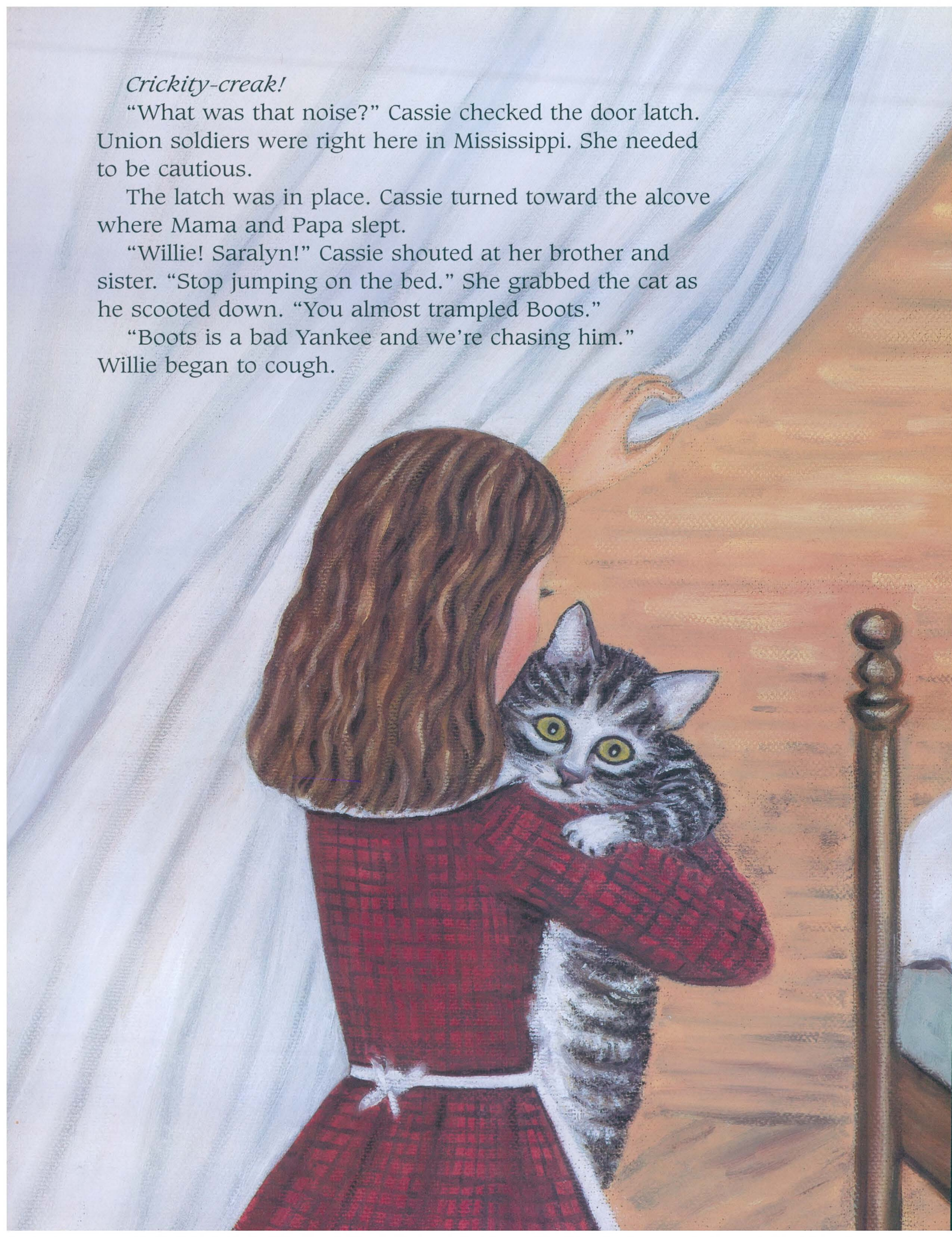
Crickity-creak!

"What was that noise?" Cassie checked the door latch. Union soldiers were right here in Mississippi. She needed to be cautious.

The latch was in place. Cassie turned toward the alcove where Mama and Papa slept.

"Willie! Saralyn!" Cassie shouted at her brother and sister. "Stop jumping on the bed." She grabbed the cat as he scooted down. "You almost trampled Boots."

"Boots is a bad Yankee and we're chasing him." Willie began to cough.





"All that moving around is making you sick again," said Cassie, stroking Boots' fur.

"When is Mama coming home?" Saralyn rubbed her eyes.

"When she's done feeding our wounded soldiers at the hospital." Cassie lifted Saralyn off the bed and set her down on the floor.

"Is Papa there?" Willie reached out for the cat.

"Thank goodness, no!" Cassie said. "Papa's off with General Lee's army, far away in Pennsylvania." With a pang, Cassie whispered a silent prayer for Papa.



She went back to her pie, cutting long strips of dough for the lattice top. "Sweet, sweet berry pie," she sang.