



Encanto Shorts

Encanto (2021) · Not Rated · 3516 words

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Fandom: Encanto (2021) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Mariano Guzmán/Dolores Madrigal, Mariano Guzmán & Isabela Madrigal, Bruno Madrigal & Julieta Madrigal & Pepa Madrigal, Camilo Madrigal & Dolores Madrigal, Bruno Madrigal & Camilo Madrigal, Bruno Madrigal & Dolores Madrigal

Characters: Dolores Madrigal, Mariano Guzmán, Isabela Madrigal, Bruno Madrigal, Bruno Madrigal's Rats, Julieta Madrigal, Pepa Madrigal, Camilo Madrigal, Mirabel Madrigal, "Abuela" Alma Madrigal, Casita (Disney: Encanto)

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Encanto fics under one thousand words.

Chapter 1: Still Best Friends

Mariano and Dolores are talking in the living room.

Isabela walks into the room and sits next to Mariano on the couch, leaning against him. "Dating is horrible, tell me I'm pretty."

Mariano looks at Dolores. She shrugs, stifling a giggle. He turns back to Isabela, smiling. "Absolutely gorgeous, mí florita."

Isabela smiles back. "See, that sounds so much better coming from someone who doesn't want to get in my pants."

Dolores fails to stifle her giggles.

Chapter 2: You're Very Sweaty

You know how Bruno's first interaction with Mirabel was very to-the-point and involved him saying the first thing that caught his attention (sweaty hands) rather than a normal sentence for the situation (are you okay?, I've got you, Hi)?

I know he's socially awkward and has been living alone for ten years, but what if that isn't why he's Like That? What if the Triplets all act like that, at least with each other?

Bruno walks into the kitchen, humming to himself, and spots Julieta. He smiles. "Your hair is frizzier today."

"You have more rats," she replies, pausing in her cooking to smile at her brother, who indeed has rats covering his head and shoulders.

"It's good for them to get out once in a while," Bruno explains, sitting on the counter. He swings his legs, watching her cook in silence.

Soon after, Pepa enters, muttering to herself. She stops when she notices her siblings. "How do you get ash out of cloth? I fried part of my wardrobe."

"No idea, sorry." Julieta shrugs. "Arepas?"

"Sure," Pepa says, sitting on the counter on the opposite side of Julieta than Bruno. She stares quietly at her brother for a moment before saying. "Your ruana is about to get caught in the drawer."

"You have mascara on your cheek," Bruno replies, moving his ruana. Without a word, Julieta hands Pepa a napkin, which she then uses to clean her cheek.

The three remain silent for several more minutes. Julieta keeps cooking, Bruno pets his rats, Pepa hums and looks out the window. Casita sets up plates just as the arepas finish, and the three share a meal in silence, smiling at each other.

"Bye," Pepa says after a moment, abruptly sliding off the counter and exiting the kitchen. The other two reply in kind, but she doesn't wait long enough to hear them.

Julieta goes back to cooking. Bruno switches to the floor so his rats can run around easier. They don't start a conversation, only occasionally sharing glances and smiles. Sometimes she hands him some food, knowing he never eats enough, and sometimes he tugs on her dress to get her to look at something funny the rats are doing. Any words exchanged are short and to the point.

Bruno smiles to himself. It's so good to *be home*.

Chapter 3: A Basket Of Arepas

"Can you believe he actually stuck it up his nose, though?" Camilo asked from his place flopped dramatically on one of the many plush couches that littered Dolores' room. "Man, I love babysitting, but those kids are so weird sometimes."

"Hmm." Dolores nodded in sympathy. She blinked, looked straight up, and held out a finger to stop Camilo from continuing. "Tio Bruno," she yelled (or as close as she got to yelling) upwards, "are you in my ceiling?"

Ah, that explains it, Camilo thought. Typically, Dolores couldn't hear anything outside her room once the door was shut, but things inside her ceiling or walls apparently counted as 'inside' her room. And the only thing ever inside her ceiling or walls was Bruno and his rats, her room being one of the only ones his tunnels could access.

Or at least Camilo hoped he couldn't get in the others this easily...

A moment passed in silence, before a muffled voice answered, "...no?"

"Too bad." Dolores shrugged, pulling out a basket, "Guess that means that I'll have to give these arepas to Camilo instead."

Camilo had never seen a grown man scramble out of a secret door faster than Bruno did at that moment. And he'd seen his uncle scramble out of a lot of secret doors before.

Bruno froze when he saw him, swallowing. "C-Camilo. Hey."

"Hola, Tio Bruno." Camilo waved, feeling uncharacteristically awkward. Despite Dolores telling him about their uncle's living situation years ago, it was always unusual to actually see him. They didn't interact much.

Bruno stared at him for a moment, unblinking, before turning to Dolores. "Here's the, uh... The thing."

He pulled a glowing green tablet out of his ruana, handing it over to Dolores, looking nervous. She looked at it for a moment before nodding in approval, slipping it into her bag. Bruno visibly relaxed.

Camilo's eyes went wide when he realized what it was. "I thought you didn't do visions anymore?"

"I don't," Bruno answered, wringing his hands and looking everywhere but Camilo. He gestured towards Dolores, chuckling. "But! But it's, you know, for Dolores. So..."

Camilo nodded his understanding. There was very little Tio Bruno would not do if Dolores asked. She did know his secret, after all. And though she'd never tell on him unless someone was dying or something, giving in to blackmail you both know won't actually be used is a part of being family.

Camilo had seen Bruno do everything from fold Dolores' clothes to play lookout while she stole a midnight snack. A part of Camilo wondered if his tio would do the same for him, but a larger part was sure the man would pass out from stress if they interacted for more than two minutes, so he never asked.

"Ah!" Bruno made a happy little sound as he looked in the basket of arepas, immediately biting into one. He hummed in delight, tearing off a smaller piece to share with one of his rats. "There's so *many*. Are, are you sure no one will notice these missing, Dolores? I don't want you getting in trouble just for me."

"Just for you," Dolores repeated as if he was being ridiculous, chuckling. "Tio, getting scolded for taking too much is a lot better than you starving."

"My rats and I are perfectly capable of scavenging—" Bruno began, pushing the basket back towards her without so much as a forlorn glance at the food inside of it, but Dolores interrupted him.

"Relax, Tio, it's all taken care of," she assured him. "I pretended to eat seconds at meals, took some *approved* snacks, and asked Tia Julieta for a few to 'feed birds'. It's fine."

Camilo had helped, actually. He usually did. But he always asked Dolores not to tell Bruno that. Their relationship was awkward enough without some sort of debt between them.

Bruno smiled, pulling the basket close to his chest. "Ay, Dolores, you're much too good to me." A nice moment passed before Bruno spun on his heel, heading back towards his secret door. "Bye."

"Why don't you stay and chat with us?" Dolores asked, making Bruno freeze and curl into himself just a bit. "Camilo was just telling me about how babysitting went today, it might be nice if he had an audience that didn't already hear it happen."

Bruno turned slowly, looking between them. "That's... not exactly how exile works."

Camilo was fairly certain that Bruno didn't know how exile worked. The creepy 'watching them eat through a crack in the wall' thing was his evidence for this. But the poor man looked terrified right now, like a rabbit cornered by a fox, so Camilo didn't crack a joke about it.

"Okay, see you later, then." Dolores sighed. Then she smirked. "But first, Tio?"

"Yes?" Bruno asked, more curious than nervous now that the prospect of staying was no longer there.

"Say 'thank you for the basket, mí wonderful, amazing sobrina'."

Bruno chuckled, actually amused rather than the awkward laughter from before. "Thank you for the basket, mí wonderful, amazing sobrina." He turned to Camilo adding, "It... was nice to see you. Both. Bye."

"Adios, Tio Bruno." Camilo sighed as he watched Bruno disappear back into Casita's hidden inner areas.

He wondered if he'd ever live in a world where his interactions with his uncle involved more than stolen food and simple greetings.

Chapter 4: Parkour!

"Parkour!" the man in Bruno's dream-vision shouted. He then proceeded to do some of the most *spectacular* jumps and flips Bruno had ever seen.

"Parkour!" Bruno shouted, jumping off a chair in the kitchen, much to the confusion of his sisters and Mamí.

"It's called parkour," Bruno told his rats, teaching them to jump and flip around his room.

Guess all that *parkour practice* finally paid off, Bruno thought to himself when he moved into the walls full time, leaping between support beams with ease.

"How are you this nimble??" Mirabel yelled incredulously, chasing after him. "You're fifty!"

"Parkour!" Bruno replied, disappearing further into the darkness that was the world behind the walls.

Chapter 5: Shortest One Yet, But It's Hilarious/Adorable

Bruno is showing someone his room. For some reason.

IDK, I just headcanon that he weirdly adores his overly long, super tiring staircase.

"These are my stairs," Bruno said proudly, eyes shining.

Chapter 6: Arepas Now, Yelling Later, She's Bleeding Out

An alternate way that Bruno could've come back to the family.

Technically a little longer than 1k words, but since the last one was so short I figured it was fine.

I only now realized that I made a major miscalculation when I wrote this. It shouldn't be ten years, as Mirabel is still small enough to not immediately be seen when Bruno is carrying her. I've reread this so many times and only noticed this just now. I can't decide how long to actually make it, though. Maybe five years? Whoops...

"Don't worry, hermana, we'll find her," Pepa promised, rubbing her hands up and down Julieta's arms before leaving to join the search.

Julieta sighed, returning to her cooking, staying behind just in case her daughter came back. Mirabel hadn't been seen since breakfast, no-one in town knew where she was, and it was already well past sunset.

A door slammed open, startling Julieta. She whirled around, not knowing what to expect, and froze at what she saw. It... It couldn't be. But it was.

"Bruno?" Julieta whispered in disbelief. Her brother was standing in the doorway, green ruana and all, a little scruffier but almost exactly the same as she last saw him. His eyes were wide, his body tense, as if he hadn't expected to see her any more than she had expected to see him.

Her nervous, flighty little twin brother was the one to move first. She expected him to run away, but he ran towards her instead, his face twisted in panic. "Arepas now, yelling later, she's bleeding out."

It was then that Julieta saw the bundle he had clutched in his arms. Mirabel, precious Mirabel, *her* Mirabel was unconscious, covered in dirt and blood in her uncle's arms. He held her in one arm, his other reaching to rifle through cabinets.

"Gracias, Casita," he mumbled as the house brought food to him. Julieta cleared off the counter for him to set Mirabel down, helping to prop her up (*oh God the blood so much blood what happened what-*) and get the food down her throat. Bruno let out a sob as the injuries cleared, covering his mouth with his hand, apparently uncaring to the dirt and blood on his fingers. "It worked, she's fine, I did it, I wasn't too late, she's fine."

"Bruno, calm down. Bruno!" Julieta laid Mirabel down carefully and shook her brother as he started spiraling, trying to stop him from having a panic attack, the action instinctual even after... ten years. How was *he* here..? His eyes, less green than she

remembered but not quite the brown they once were, snapped to her. "What happened, why..? How..?"

"D-dream," Bruno stuttered, looking away and hunching into himself. It broke Julieta's heart to realize that he wanted to be anywhere but there. "I had... Saw her. I saw her, in a dream. She was at the mountains, I don't know why, and she fell badly. I went as fast as I could, but she was so far away, I wasn't sure... But I got there, and I got her here, and she's fine, a-and my vision didn't mean..."

"You did good, hermano," Julieta promised. Her brother straightened a little, gaze meeting hers once again, a tiny smile tugging at his lips for just a moment before disappearing entirely. He always reacted like that to praise, so gleeful and a little surprised, and the sight warmed a place inside Julieta she'd thought had died long ago.

She reached out a hand, cupping his cheek. He flinched before leaning into the touch, so quickly she *knew* it was to make sure she didn't think he was scared and pull away, and she couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry when he did it. He always flinched when he was nervous, even with family, and the moment was just so *familiar*...

Julieta decided on crying, pulling him into a hug. He tensed for just a moment before melting into it, sobbing as his arms tightened around her. "Lo siento, hermana, lo siento. Don't cry, please don't cry, I-I'm sorry, don't--"

"Where have you been?" Julieta asked, her breath hitching. He was here, he was here, he was *here*. She could feel him, he was *real*, this was actually happening. "Hermano, where have you been? Ten years... It's been *ten years*."

"I, I, I know. I'm sorry, lo siento," Bruno gasped out, struggling out of her hold and backing towards the door. She was too taken by surprise to stop him. "I shouldn't have... I'll go, I'm gone, you don't have to... Don't yell at me," he ended in a whisper, wincing.

He was leaving. He was almost to the door. He was almost gone. Again.

"Casita, don't you dare let him leave," Julieta said quickly. Bruno made a betrayed sound deep in his throat when all the doors and windows slammed shut, locks clicking. She glared at him, making him cower. She ignored the part of her, the large part of her, that wanted to comfort him. "Tell me you are joking, Bruno. Tell me you weren't just about to leave all over *again*, after *ten years*."

Bruno opened and closed his mouth a few times before weakly replying, "I... don't really like lying, y-y-you know that."

"I'm going to ask you again, hermano," Julieta said quietly, her voice bringing to mind one of her sister's storms, "and this time you are going to answer me. Where. The Hell. Have you *been*?"

Bruno swallowed, looking resigned. Still, he tried one last time, "You can say she found her way home. Say something magical happened. It can be like I was never here, no-one has to know, you can just forget me again."

"Forget you?" Julieta laughed, broken and humorless. "Forget you? Not one day has passed where I haven't thought about you, Brunito."

"But... The ban..." Bruno looked disbelieving. "You only talk about me to warn people. The Curse Of Encanto. My own sobrinos barely know I exist. My room is a forbidden place. Of course you forgot me. Why wouldn't you?"

"Bruno, I—" She paused, eyes wide. "How do you know about your room?"

Bruno went silent.

"Only the family knows your room is off limits, you couldn't have heard that from anyone else," Julieta whispered. "How do you..?"

"...Did you know there's tunnels in Casita's walls?" Bruno answered quietly, looking down.

"What?" Julieta knew she was still breathing, her heart was still beating, but she felt as if everything had stopped. He couldn't be saying... He wasn't... It wasn't possible.

Silently, Bruno approached her. He gently grabbed her hand, not meeting her eyes, and led her out to the dining room, to the painting of their family tree. He pointed to a crack she'd never noticed before. "Look. Just... look."

She did.

Mirabel woke up to the sound of her mother's wails.

Chapter 7: In The Middle Of The Night/Reboot

And that's where it ends because I STILL can't decide what he should actually have a vision of.
XD

Bruno woke up, gasping, with his head *pounding*.

"No. No no no no no..." he muttered, even as he rushed out of bed and started getting dressed. This couldn't be happening. It hadn't happened since he was a *child*, he thought he'd outgrown it!

"Ay, ay, I'm coming! Yeesh." He waved at the air as if warding something away, then yelled as the pain in his head pulsed viciously. He grabbed Ratito and put the half-asleep rat into his pocket, ignoring his squeaks of protest.

He pushed open the door of his bedroom — hidden behind one of the sand fountains shaped like his face in his temple (he loved secret doors) — and ran into his vision cave as fast as he could, crashing to his knees hard enough to hurt.

Whatever, he'd get a snack from the kitchen if it kept bothering him later. It didn't hurt worse than the headache — few things did. Though, luckily, the pain in his head had receded slightly once he got to his vision cave.

He spent a moment panting in relief, but didn't dare waste too much time, experience telling him the pain would come back with a vengeance if he did. A shaky hand sought out the box of matches in his ruana and began lighting the incense. He was more thankful than ever that he always kept the space ready for a vision — take that, self, it *wasn't* just his paranoia!

He breathed in deeply, watching the smoke twirling into the air, and grinned even as the pain increased once more. He could do this again. He could do this without anyone *caring* again. With a thought, he had sand flowing out of the wall fountains in his temple, curling around the edge of his vision cave.

"Let's go," he muttered, eyes flickering to green, hair whipping around his face as the wind picked up.

Why don't you cut it? so many people asked.

What? And ruin the aesthetic? he always wanted to reply.

He didn't, of course, that sounded far too much as if he liked his 'curse', and the villagers wouldn't like that. But that didn't change the fact that he *wanted* to say it.

The pain faded quickly as the sand and smoke formed an almost solid mass around him, green images shining and shifting within them, with the occasional pop of gold. The gold thing didn't used to happen, but then Mirabel and her butterfly and the reboot on the magic, and well...

Reboot. Maybe *that* was why this was happening again. Bruno sighed, leaned back on his hands, and waited for his powers to show him whatever was so important as to wake him in the middle of the night.

He'd get used to the forced visions again, he knew. He wouldn't have a choice. A part of him was almost grateful, actually; at least this way he wouldn't be able to come up with excuses to avoid using his powers for another ten years. Because he would do that, if he could.

Using his powers only ever led to people being angry at him. Cursing him out, *calling* him a curse. Wanting him gone. Using his powers almost never led to anything good, and it was better for everyone if he just *didn't*.

But, oh, how he loved using them. Feeling possibility, tasting paradox, seeing all of time stretched out before him in an incomprehensible mass and *making* a part of it understandable, if only just — there wasn't anything else like it in the world.

He would avoid it if he could. But it looked like that wasn't going to be an option. And he was grateful for the impending forced visions every bit as much as he was dreading them, which was admittedly a lot.

Chapter 8: Desert

Silly and short. I just really want to see Bruno end up in a desert and absolutely freak out over how much sand there is. Can you even IMAGINE what his powers would do in a real, proper desert??? 😊

OR THE BEACH. Everyone else is enjoying the waves or the sun, meanwhile Bruno is just wondering how much trouble he'd get in if he interrupted everything with a vision-induced sand-storm. 🌪️

Bruno was honestly surprised that none of the Madrigals had gotten teleportation as a Gift sooner. Dolores' first little one had been so excited about her new abilities, of course she wanted to show off. And when considering his luck, it really wasn't shocking that Bruno had accidentally gotten hit by her power.

Bruno's mind worked quickly, a side effect of constantly having to think about things no human was supposed to comprehend, and he made many guesses as to where he'd end up in the few seconds it took him to fall through the portal.

Perhaps he and his rats were doomed to freeze in the arctic circle.

Too many of the townsfolk thought he came from Hell, so maybe he'd end up there.

Possibly he'd land somewhere closer, still inside the Encanto or even Casita. The five year old's powers couldn't be *that* strong yet... right?

Absolutely none of Bruno's guesses involved paradise, but that was the first word his brain used to describe the place he fell.

It was nighttime, cool and dark with a soft breeze. There was absolutely no-one around, not a single building in sight. And there was sand as far as the eye could see.

Bruno's Gift tingled under his skin as he took in his surroundings. He could almost imagine it was dancing with anticipation.

So much sand... What would happen if he had a vision with so much sand around him? Would it block out the moon and stars? Would the windstorm be strong enough to lift him into the sky? Would it make a *massive* tablet?!

Bruno grinned, reaching into the pockets of his ruana for his incense and matches.

He had never in his life been in a desert. And now, he never wanted to leave one.

— end of "Encanto Shorts" —