

**Even if you are not ready for the day, it cannot always be night**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37026628) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37026628>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Encanto (2021)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Bruno Madrigal &amp; Mirabel Madrigal</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Mirabel Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Bruno Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Agustín Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Julieta Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">"Abuela" Alma Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Félix Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Pepa Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Luisa Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Isabela Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Dolores Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Camilo Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Antonio Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Madrigal Family (Disney)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Emotional Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Family Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Uncle-Niece Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Mirabel Madrigal Needs a Hug</a> , <a href="#">Bruno Madrigal Needs a Hug</a> , <a href="#">and they get one</a> , <a href="#">Good Uncle Bruno Madrigal</a> , <a href="#">Mirabel &amp; Bruno both have Abandonment Issues</a> , <a href="#">and i stand on that</a> , <a href="#">Bruno Madrigal &amp; Mirabel Madrigal-centric</a> , <a href="#">author is afro latina</a> , <a href="#">author do speak spanish</a> , <a href="#">author also mainly grew up in a black household</a> , <a href="#">so my spanish is rusty and americanizad af</a> , <a href="#">also very proper</a> , <a href="#">mild panic attack</a> , <a href="#">my tags kept disappearing as I added them wtf</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-10 Completed: 2022-02-11 Words: 3,814 Chapters: 1/1

# Even if you are not ready for the day, it cannot always be night

by [shipem\\_all](#)

## Summary

It's been 2 months since the rebuilding of Casita had begun and so far everything has been going well. With everyone in Encanto working together, they were surprisingly nearly finished. Another day and it all would be done.

And she's happy about it

Like so happy

Encantada, even

And everything is great

Perfecto

.....Right?

## Notes

Shout out to the Encanto fandom for breaking me out of my 8 year long writing hiatus and also for having me to remember Spanish past tenses and how to use them. I don't know how long it took in the movie from them to rebuild Casita so I just came up with a timeframe lol. Title is from "Praise God" by Kanye West

Translations:

la familia: the family

Encantada: delighted

Perfecto: perfect

Hermanas/mi hermana: sisters/my sister

hermana mayor/hermana menor: big sister/ little sister

sobrina: niece

Tío/Tía: uncle/aunt

¿No pudiste dormir, tampoco?: you couldn't sleep, either?

Digo yo: I'm just saying

te prometo que: I promise you that

Está bien/Muy bien: it's fine/ very good

lo siento: sorry

no sé: i don't know

Mamá/papá: mama/papa

Abuela: grandmother

Desafortunadamente: unfortunately

desgracia: misfortune

Ay Dios mio: oh lord

Nos iremos: we'll leave

Adónde estarías quererte ir: where would you want to go

¡Isabela, despierta!: Isabela, wake up!

primas: cousins

¡Cálmate!: calm down!

adorable: adorable

voy a volver a dormir: I'm going back to sleep

sus esposas y suegra: their wives and mother in law

pero: but

su cama: your bed

Mis pequeños monos araña: my little spider monkeys

niños: kids

su madre: your mom

Qué: what

por tu nariz: for your nose

A menudo, mamá me regañaba por ser una mala influencia para ellas: often, mama would scold me for being a bad influence on them

mala suerte: bad luck

Tengo miedo: I'm scared

Respira Mira: breathe Mira

almuerzo: lunch

Mirabel gave a soft sigh for the third time that night.

She had been staring out of the blurry front window of the church the familia was sleeping in, desperately trying to rest. While her body was tired from the day's work, her mind just couldn't stop racing. An unknown (or more like unwilling to think about) feeling was pressing down heavily on her chest.

It's been 2 months since the rebuilding of Casita had begun and so far everything has been going well. With everyone in Encanto working together, they were surprisingly nearly finished. Another day and it all would be done.

And she's happy about it

Like so happy

Encantada, even

And everything is *great*

Perfecto

.....Right?

Mirabel gives a final sigh before grabbing her glasses and putting them on. As the room comes into focus, she sits up and looks at the family, noticing a body missing from the circle they've decided to sleep in. Surveying the room, she spots a figure past the pews they moved to make room, sitting on the rug in front of the altar that sits in the front of the church.

Carefully, she gets up from between her hermanas and wraps her blanket around her shoulders. Isabela makes a soft noise of protest before rolling over and settling down while Luisa gives out a soft huff but otherwise doesn't wake. Mirabel gives them both a small smile before making her way to the front of the room. Her footsteps are quieted by the carpet that runs down the aisle. She stops next to him and sits on her knees.

Bruno, not surprised to see his sobrina appear, turns to smile at her before turning back to the altar, his rosary held in hand, and gives a quick prayer. The teen closes her eyes then once he finishes, they both lay back on the floor. Niece and uncle lie back in comfortable silence, looking up at the stained glass window sitting high on the ceiling until Bruno speaks,

"¿No pudiste dormir, tampoco?"

She shakes her head.

"Want to talk about it with your old tío?"

She doesn't answer for a bit before saying, "I don't really know where to start."

He gives a hum, "Well from what I know, the beginning is usually a good place."

Mirabel turns her head and shoots him a playful glare. He just gives a cheeky smile.

"Digo yo"

She huffs then scoots closer and lays her head on his shoulder. He puts his hand out and she puts her hand in his, giving it a squeeze.

"Tomorrow, we'll basically be done with rebuilding Casita and that's great. I should be happy about it. I should really be really happy about this situation! Well maybe not the whole situation considering we lost our house and everyone lost their gifts but no one was hurt. Abuela saw how heavy handed she was on everyone, promised to do better and even apologized. You're out the walls and are able to be a part of the family again. Both la familia and Encanto see now that I can be amazing without a gift. And that's wonderful! It should be enough but...", she makes a quiet, frustrated noise.

Bruno doesn't say anything but just lays his head on top of hers to show he's listening.

"It..just doesn't feel like enough. I-"

"You feel like you should be happy, grateful even that everyone finally treats you with the love and respect you deserve but it doesn't feel right because you had to basically prove your worth in a big way to get it?"

Mirabel looks up at her tío in shock. "Sí, that's exactly it. How-". She cuts herself off. "Oh"

He chuckles quietly. "Yeah 'oh'. You're definitely preaching to the choir kid."

She scoots back a bit then rolls on her side facing him. Keeping their hands together, she squeezes it in encouragement. Bruno's other hand starts to play with the fraying edge of his ruana. Taking in a calming breath, he starts talking.

"Um, we both have gone through a lot of the same thing. O-of course not having a gift is a completely different situation from me having one and te prometo que I'm not trying to undermine your experience! Or make it-"

"¡Tío!" Mirabel whispers, yells. "Está bien. I know you're not trying to downplay what I've been through and I agree that we've been through similar stuff."

He gives her a sheepish smile and gently taps on the leg of the pew. "Sí, l-lo siento. Like I've said before, my gift was considered more of a curse than helpful. When I first started having visions, it was good but as it went on things started to get taxing. I was exposed to some, well up, *mature* things waaay earlier then I think I was supposed to be as a kid. People were getting mad at me for not telling them what they wanted to hear or for not always giving out happy news as if I could control it. Or! Or they took completely normal comments and blew them completely out of proportion! No one ever remembers the good visions. Not to mention the drawbacks of getting visions. The migraines, shakiness, sleepless nights, nosebleeds, out of body experiences, involuntary visions which hurt way more than regular visions-", Bruno closes his mouth with an audible click and lets out a deep breath out of his nose.

"Sorry mira, I shouldn't be putting this all on you. You need someone to listen to you, not me-"

"No! I want to hear this. You need to get all that out just like I do. It's hard to talk about this but even more with people who wouldn't really understand. The family has their own individual problems and it feels too much like a burden to bring up past actions at this point but....no sé. I still have all these negative feelings inside and the more I try to push them down or ignore them, the stronger they get." She rolls back over on her back and stares at the ceiling.

"I remember after my ceremony, Abuela didn't really let me go back into the village for a month to let things cool down until mamá and papá convinced her that enough time had passed. That I shouldn't be locked away. Everyone had their duties but Isabela's schedule was light enough to allow for me to tag along. Usually I would be excited but she had started treating me differently. We went from being inseparable to her blowing me off or giving me mean looks."

The teen stares up sightless as the memories take over.

"When Abuela told her I was going to be with her for the day, the look she gave me made me want to slide down in my seat but I was still determined to fix whatever I had done and get mi hermana back."

She gives a humorless laugh.

"She told me to just follow behind her and not to say anything and for the first half of the morning I was doing OK. I stayed out of the way and didn't talk at all to anyone. When she should talk to people I kept my head down and just tried to keep up with her stride. Desafortunadamente, I didn't get the same courtesy. When adults saw me following Isabela, they tell her that 'they felt sorry for her for having to be stuck with such a *'desgracia'* or how she's 'such a good person for still allowing me to be around her' *or* even ask that 'isn't she worried that whatever problem I have will rub off on her?'"

Miracle didn't even realize she was crying until a hand wiping her cheek.

Bruno turns on his side then lifts up his arm. His sobrina only looks for a second before pushing her way into his embrace. She grabs onto his ruana and lays her head on his shoulder, trying to quiet her sniffles. He wraps his arms around her shoulders and whispers some soothing words. He runs his fingers through her hair, which helps her relax further.

Once she feels like she more in control the young girl continues,

"Hearing the comments from the adults and kids, having either pitying or harsh looks sent my way, and having my own hermana mostly ignore it all but never coming to my defense was too much. Next thing I knew, I was running through the front doors of Casita. I went upstairs into my room, shut the doors and crawled under my bed and just cried. I must've fallen asleep because I woke up to mamá shaking me awake for dinner. Since no one really asked what happened that day, I guessed Isabela came up with a story. I don't think I even asked who had moved me."

She rubs her eyes on the back of her hand.

Bruno doesn't say anything at first,

"I remember that day". Mirabel looks up in confusion.

"N-not that I s-saw what happened pero I had just come through the painting with almuerzo when I heard the front doors slam open and quick footsteps coming up the stairs. I was confused on who was home but was going to ignore it until I heard crying as the person went by. I knew it was you when I recognized that it was a kid crying. I waited to see if any was coming in after you but I didn't hear anything else after you went into your room. I-i climbed back out but kinda hesitated about going but, well, Casita decided for me when it brought me up to the door of the nursery, heh."

He continues to run his fingers through her hair

"I leaned against the door to see if you were still crying but the door swung open and the floor tiles urged me in.", he said with a fond eye roll.

Mirabel gives an amused huff against his shoulder

"I looked in the room and almost panicked when I didn't see you but then the floorboards waved and when I bent down I saw you curled up asleep. With help of Casita, I picked up and laid you on su cama or at least I tried but you had latched on like you or Camilo used to do whenever I tried to put either you down. Mis pequeños monos araña.", he laughed.

"I knew it would be pointless to try and pry you off so soon so I just sat in your room for a bit. Eventually, Casita warned me that the family was heading back. I managed to put you down without waking you, gave you a kiss on the top of your head, and left before I could get spotted."

"....thank you", Mirabel whispered.

He smiles down at his sobrina. "Anytime kid. You definitely did NOT deserve to go through something painful like that."

She took in a shaky breath. "Did you ever have to go through anything like that, too?"

He nodded. "No matter what I tried I couldn't make anyone satisfied. My reputation was pretty much shot by the time I was 10. Parents would tell their niños to stay away from me, not that they needed to be told. Me and Pepa were usually the odd kids out and I was always on the receiving end of bullying. Julieta and Pepa always stood up for me and on one memorable occasion, punched a kid in the face."

"Tía Pepa?". Bruno smirked.

"Su madre"

Mirabel leaned back in shock. "Qué!?", she whispered.

“Yeah, many people assume that between the three of us that Pepa is the only one to look out for because she is quick in showing her displeasure. And even though I'm pretty much non confrontational on my own, we've always been protective over each other. Also Julieta and Pepa share the same temper, she's just more quiet with it. So one day I was being cornered by a girl named Gabriella and she had just shoved me to the ground and thrown dirt in my face when Julieta found us. Mi hermana yelled my name trying to run to where I was but the other girl had blocked her and told her to 'just go back to her kitchen' and how this 'didn't concern her'. Your mamá told her to leave me alone then tried to run past her but Gabriella grabbed mi hermana by her hair and pulled her back into the ground, saying that she 'wasn't gonna tell her again to leave before she ends up like me'. Then before I could even get up to help, POW, Julieta hits her right in her nose. Gabriella is lying on the ground with a bleeding nose, shocked that the “good triplet” just did that and guess what your mother does?”

“What?”, Mirabel asks in wonder.

“She gives her some tissues, says ‘por tu nariz’ then helps me off the ground and we go home.”

"Whoa. Did mamá get in trouble?"

He shook his head. "The girl never told for some reason but she didn't bother me or really go around us anymore, ha. Pepa was mad that she didn't get to see it."

His expression quickly turned melancholy. "Eventually, I stopped telling them when the kids would mess with me and would sneak some of Julieta's food when I could so they wouldn't find out. Mamá didn't like it whenever they confronted people and I didn't want them to keep getting in trouble for me. A menudo, mamá me regañaba por ser una mala influencia para ellas. As we grew older, the rift among us grew bigger as our duties got more heavier and as I started to avoid everyone. Pepa's wedding was really the final nail in the coffin. But I was happy that they were able to find people to be there for them."

Bruno sighed.

"Adults have always called me ‘creepy’, ‘weird’, and eventually ‘mala suerte’. Of course you a-already know that but....maybe it wouldn't have hurt so much if your Abuela hadn't agreed with them. I tried so hard to make her proud of me but it all just seemed so pointless in the end."

They both lay there, lost in their own thoughts.

"You didn't either"

Her tío blinks. "Hm?"

"You didn't deserve to go through that either. I hate that you had to give out apologies when you should've gotten them."

Bruno doesn't say anything, he just hugs her tighter, eyes filling up with tears. She hugs him back just as tight.



Mirabel takes in a breath

"Tengo miedo, tío"

"Of what, mija?"

"Of the future. Of how people are going to treat us after Casita is finished. You had to leave for 10 years and your name was treated like a curse. You were basically a boogie man. I was constantly belittled, pushed to the side, and had to almost die to finally get noticed. W-what if, with or without the gifts, things go back to the way it was before for us? I d-don't want to be forgotten again, tío. I-I don't think I could handle it again! I can't-"

"Respira Mira. You're safe. I'm right here with you. Just follow my breathing. Muy bien, just like that."

Mirabel shakingly took in deep breaths, focusing on the way her tío's chest rose with each exaggerated breath. Soon, the buzzing in her ears died down and her heartbeat returned to normal.

"I'm sorry I keep crying on your ruana", she groans.

"Eh, don't worry about it. Believe me when I say that isn't the worst fluid you kids have gotten on it."

That gets a giggle out of the teen. She pulls back but stays curled up on her side. He reaches out and wipes away a stray tear.

"As for your fear, no sé. I...can't say that I don't have the same fear. To think that all of this can be taken away at any time or that as soon as I make a mistake, I'll be told to actually leave this time. That fear is very real to us because it has happened before. And sometimes it seems like those mean voices in your head won't be quiet or that they seem *loud* but ya just gotta see that t-that's all they are, just voices! T-they aren't the truth or anything and *Ay Dios mio* I'm getting off topic...my point is, healing/working through this is going to take effort from both the outside and the inside. It's gotta be a give and take. And healing, forgiving isn't a, *pshew*, straight shot. It takes time and conscious effort from those who've wronged us. We can't just give it to them nor are they entitled to it. But if you're gonna let them work for it then you actually gotta give them a chance. Whenever you're ready, por supuesto! I don't even know what I really wanna do myself but just know you aren't alone."

Mirabel looks off into the distance. "Us family weirdos gotta stick together right?"

Bruno smiles and nods.

"But what if we give them a chance and they don't actually change?"

His smile drops. He turns to lay on his stomach and stares out of the window near the church entrance. "I...don't know."

She suddenly looks straight at her Tío, a look of resigned determination settling her face.

"Nos iremos"

Bruno looks over at his sobrina in surprise. He opens his mouth but doesn't say anything. He looks into her eyes before closing his mouth and laying his head on top of his folded arms. He gives the pews another set of gentle taps.

"¿Adónde estarías quererte ir?", he gently asks.

Mirabel's eyes widen at the question in shock then she gives him a watery smile. She curls back into his side.

"I've always wanted to see the ocean"

The two talk well into the night, unknowing of the 3 pairs of ears listening to everything.

---

**(the next morning)**

Luisa slowly wakes up to the sound of hushed voices. She lay there for a few minutes basking in the darkness the blanket thrown over her head gave her. She really didn't feel like getting up to work but knowing that today would be the last day of them not sleeping in their home gave her the final reason she needed to brave the morning.

She moved to cover, grimacing at the early morning sunlight hitting her face. The strong woman stretches out, making her back pop. She waves at some of the family she sees standing in the entrance of the building and they wave back.

She reaches up to push her hanging hair out of her face then looks over to begin waking up the others only to completely freeze.

She blinks

And blinks again

Luisa feels her heart start to beat wildly in her chest as her eyes don't move from the empty spot that her hermanita was in.

"Isabela"

"Mmm"

"Isabela"

"Mmwha"

"¡Isabela, despierta!"

Her hermana mayor groaned, pulling her cover tighter around her as she rolled over to face where Luisa's voice was coming from.

"It's too early to start working. Why don't you bother Mira-"

She lifted up the blanket to point to their hermana menor only to freeze herself when she sees the empty spot between them.

Both of them stare at the spot then make eye contact for a few seconds before scrambling to get up. In their rush they accidentally trip over Dolores who lets out a startled yelp. Camilo is startled awake by the noise then suddenly finds himself buried under his primas. Their parents rush inside at the commotion only to pause in confusion of finding their niños laying in a pile on the floor. They asks what happened but a voice come from behind and interrupts them,

"¡Cálmate!"

Everyone looks to see Abuela standing there with an amused look on her face. She signals to them to be quiet before saying,

"Your hermana is right here, still sleeping", she walks up to the front of the church and gestures to the figures on the floor.

The two girls get up and make their way towards the front. Once they get there, the scene in front of them puts a serene smile on their face.

Bruno was asleep on his front while Mirabel was snuggled up against him with her back pressed against his side. Somehow Antonio had made his way up there too and was sprawled out on his back, asleep on top of them.

Julieta and Agustin hug their kid's shoulders. "Aren't they precious mijas?", their padre asks.

Camilo walks up next to them with his cover over his head.

"Yeah, adorable. Now if you'll excuse me, voy a volver a dormir.", he yawns.

Instead of heading back towards the entrance, he walks over where Mira is sleeping, lays his head on her side and quickly falls back asleep.

Dolores walks past them with a yawn and nestles up against Bruno's other side and falls back asleep too.

Abuela quietly shoos them back towards the door.

The two girls clean up their area then make their way outside with the rest of the adults.

Once everyone sits down, they both apologize for all the noise.

Pepa snorts

"You two caused no more noise than these two did.". She points to Félix and Agustin, who rubs their necks in embarrassment.

Julieta speaks.

"Your father woke up and saw both Mirabel and Bruno missing. In his panic, he steps on Félix who wakes up then starts to panic then *panics even more* when he sees that Tonito wasn't there either. Me, Pepa, and mamá had to basically stop them from waking up everyone, including the people of Encanto to go looking for them."

Everyone laughs while the two men in question groan.

"When did they get up there anyway?", Luisa asks.

The adults all share a look. Once sus esposas y suegra had calmed them down, they explained everything that they heard. It was bad enough that they heard what was obviously supposed to be a private conversation, the adults didn't want to continue to invade their privacy by telling the others. Rather Bruno and Mirabel tell the family in their own time, if they choose to.

"Had to be in the middle of the night. They probably were feeling restless.", Félix explains.

"We'll let them sleep in for another hour then we can eat. After, we finish rebuilding Casita."

Everyone nods in agreement.

They sit on the steps of the church in a peaceful silence, watching the sun slowly rise over their home. A Peaceful yet excited energy sits among them.

Whatever happened today, they were ready to face it together as La familia Madrigals.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!