

Reading Nook

Coral Cove carried her favorite book into the warm, cozy bedroom. The rain spattered on the large window, and she could see the wind blowing fiercely outside. Candles lit around the room, which was tucked away in the back of the house. They cast a warm, gentle glow in the dim room. The room itself smelled of strawberries, matching her long, strawberry colored hair that fell around her shoulders. Her long, winding tail slid along the oak floor, then the lush red carpet as she walked into the room, hooves clip-clopping, then turning to muffled thumps as she walked. She made her way over to the right, where a wall to wall, floor to ceiling bookshelf sat embedded in the wall. Coral tucked away the book she had been reading, and gently tapped her nose in thought as she perused the remainder of her collection. She licked her lips as she looked over the hundreds of books she had yet to read.

“Good thing I stocked up.”

She said with a soft giggle, raising her head to stare at the top shelf. A book stood out to her, large, black with golden lettering. She hadn't read THAT one yet, and it seemed like the perfect spooky book for a rainy day. She stretched upward, her tail slapping the floor lightly as she picked the book off the shelf. Coral made her way over to her bed, which was a soft mess of cuddly blankets and tousled pillows.

“Ah, one more thing.”

She said to herself, and trotted out of the room. Thunder rumbled overhead, signalling the start of an even worse storm. She smiled to herself as she approached her kitchen, clicking on her coffee maker. As it brewed she took out a few things, milk, creamer, and sugar. Some had joked that she should add coffee to her creamer, but the delicious, thick taste made her ignore their playful jeers. The coffee maker dinged, and she placed her mug on the counter. Coffee, three sugars, a splash of milk, and enough creamer to nearly overflow the cup. She sipped the warm drink to get it down enough to carry, then trotted back to her room. Another loud rumble of thunder came passing through, this one almost shaking the house. Coral clambered onto her bed, her tail resting on a pillow at her side. She took a sip of coffee and nestled it beside her, then settled down into the blankets, and turned to the first page of her book. Overhead the storm raged on, howling winds, pelting cold rain, and the loud roaring of thunder. But Coral remained in her bed, cozy, sleepy, and excited for the story she was about to dive into. All was right in the world in those moments.