

## First Arrivals

I smoothed down my plaid skirt as I patted my curly hair down and checked my wristwatch. It was currently four, that meant I had one more hour until the library closed.

I walked up to the doors of the library and pushed it open, my eyes widening at the sight.

Books! Books everywhere, rows of bookshelves stacked with books from all genres.

There were large sprawling windows in the back of the library, allowing for there to be a pleasant stream of sunshine, the perfect spot to read.

Old oak tables were set up with a lounge area for readers, with comfortable couches where people were nestled into already, reading their novels and being transported to a whole new world.

“Hello there.”

I turned around and saw a woman in her mid forties with a bright smile and blonde hair tied back walk up to me.

“Oh, hello, is this-”

She nodded enthusiastically and pointed at the bookshelves.

“Yes, this is the library. My name is Agatha, I am one of the librarians here. If you would like some book recommendations, or need help finding a specific genre, feel free to ask.”

I thanked her for her assistance, feeling a sense of awe, as I continued staring wide eyed at the atmosphere this cozy library had created.

I had to travel out of town for books regularly, but now that Milton had finally opened one of their own, I could come here more regularly and pick out more books.

My smile could no longer be contained as I breathed in the scent of fresh books, and listened to the sound of whispered laughs and pages turned.

I walked up to the shelves and fingered the spines of the books, as I looked through the various genres offered.

*Fiction, western, travel, study.*

It was as if the entire world came and stopped by for the day.

I picked up one of the books labelled under the fiction section, the title sounding familiar, and went to the lounge area to read.

“Lily,” I heard someone call out my name.

I turned my head to identify the sound, and saw some of my friends waving at me in the lounge area.

I waved back and walked up to them asking, “Did you come here to borrow some books.”

Penelope nodded, pointing towards the book in her hand.

“Of course, I have already borrowed this book and am waiting for the library to close before I return home. The spot here is just amazing, I feel as if I can spend endless hours here.”

“I felt the same too,” Jane said, chiming in, “this place feels like one of the magical libraries in my favorite novels.”

I shook my head eagerly as I sat beside them.

“Upon entering this place it feels as if it’s already my second home. There’s something just wonderfully cozy about the library, that makes it feel like home. Or perhaps it’s because I have always loved reading since young, that my home is wherever I find the perfect spot to read a book.”

All of a sudden Penelope clapped her hand as she seemed to remember something.

“Lily, have you borrowed the book in your hand yet? You will need to personally go to the station up front to borrow it so that you can bring it with you.”

Penelope pointed towards the station at the front of the library, where a kind looking librarian was sitting, as I hurried towards the desk at the front and introduced myself to the librarian.

He looked at the book in my hand and nodded appreciatively.

“That’s a good book you have there,” he said.

He ran over the steps on how to borrow the book, including the membership fee, and the four week duration I will have the book borrowed for under my name, and if overdue a four cent fine is placed.

He handed the book back to me saying, “I hope you enjoy it.”

I thanked the librarian and walked back to my friends, overhearing their discussion on a particular book as they talked about the novel’s content, laughing at the others' opinion.

I buried myself within the couch provided, and pulled my shawl closer towards me, feeling the sun hit my face pleasantly, as the light illuminated the pages, inching me towards the pages and pulling me into the ambience of a new story.

I flipped through the pages intriguingly, as the rest of the world quieted in the moment and filled with adventures of stories not bound to the limitations of realities.

Before I knew it, I heard someone calling my name, as I pulled myself away from the book and lifted my head.

“Lily, the library is about to close,” Jane said, as she picked up her purse and placed her book within it.

I blinked my eyes, focusing on my surroundings and noticed many people leaving, as I looked outside the window, and noticed the sprawling land behind it.

*So much to explore, both in this library and in the content on these shelves.*

I smiled, feeling a rush of happiness as I hugged the book tightly to my chest.

*Finally, I can afford this luxury, the luxury of reading these books close to home, the chance to regularly pick out new arrivals.*

I got up and walked towards the door of the library, where I had entered an hour ago, feeling a sense of longing.

I stepped outside and allowed the breeze to blow through my hair, as I breathed in the changed atmosphere, and walked across the sidewalk, imagining scenarios from the book as I whistled a tune and smiled to myself.

I can truly travel anywhere because of a library.

I can explore the whole world, and world's which have never been discovered. I can learn new skills, or study new topics. Knowledge is at my fingertips, and I have never been happier in life.