

“Books”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
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Day 15: “Books”

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She hadn't realized how many books she had accumulated in the past couple of years, since moving into the house, until decided it was time to sort through them. Glen had constructed a new bookshelf for her—a short, wide one, that spanned the entire length of the wall in her bedroom.

She crossed her legs where she sat in front of it and breathed in deeply. It still smelled strongly of fresh pine, of sawdust, and the not-quite-overpowering scent of the varnish Glen had used to finish it. It smelled like the woods, when she thought about it, and there was comfort in that. She wondered if Glen had done that on purpose, appealing to her wolf side as he did her human side.

“This *should* hold everything,” he'd told her when he put the shelves in, wiping sweat off his brow with the back of his hand. “Unless you're planning on buying an entire bookstore.”

He joked, but Vivian gave her cousin a coy smile. “You never know. I just might.”

Now that everything was out of storage and pulled from boxes and random piles around the house, it became suddenly clear to her that this bookshelf was nowhere near big enough. She drew her bottom lip into her mouth and gnawed on it for a moment.

“Glen, can you come here a minute?” she called—not too loudly. It wouldn't take much for him to hear her, even if he was outside. While she waited, she picked up a random paperback off the floor and held it to her chest. When Glen appeared a couple minutes later, he leaned against the open door.

“Hey, what's up? Something wrong with the shelf?”

“No, no. It's great. It's fantastic actually. But its... not enough?”

“Not enough? What?” He laughed a little and rubbed at the back of his neck. “So you *did* buy out the book store.”

“Nope. I just have too many books as it is. I need another shelf.”

Glen laughed again. “Damn. Really?”

“Yeah, really.” She looked up at him with a sheepish grin. “Please?”

Glen laughed again. “Oh, I guess.”