

This night was a sleepy kind of night. Everyone seemed to stick to themselves in the nooks and crannies that they had found most to their liking. The old library, once part of a monastery, now only part of a memory, was such a place. The arched ceiling made the sound of carefully turned pages in an ancient book carry through the room. The sound almost made it seem as if the shelved books all along the walls sporadically whispered to each other in carefully chosen words. A careful, strangely sweet, shuffle of pages. Although no (other) voices carried through the room, a book was read out loud.

The large room was dimly lit. What once were torches, but now vessels of magic, were giving the room enough light to distinguish the words along the old pages. The old reading tables, cautiously placed in the center of the room, were abandoned a long time ago for a more comfortable reading spot. The hard chairs with uneven legs had not scraped the hard, stone floor for centuries, untouched by all. Between the large, heavy and dark bookshelves, small spaces had been reused. The main reason for these compartments had not been to have comfortable reading places, but as a way to let the sun into the room. The windows were large in a tall sort of way but what once must have been a beautiful view of the sunny serenity of the Italian countryside, was now only a view of hazy memories slowly rolling by like waves of fog a humid morning in early spring. The window recess (*Wow, det här ordet tog mig fasen en evighet att hitta, eller liksom vad konceptet med fönster där fönsterbräden är en del av väggen, woub, ord är inte lätt ibland*) where once many books had been piled, had through hard work been transformed into a book corner, with plump pillows and fluffy blankets: a very modern commodity in the old room. The soft fabric made a large contrast to the cold, hard stone in the room but everyone would be lying if they said it did not give the room a homier vibe. They also contributed with some color to the otherwise quite dull room. Since the person who had bought all this had absolutely no sense of home decor, the colors ranged from soft pinks to neon oranges, giving the space an almost comical look.

The large, open space carried the scent of old books, a scent only old antiquarian booksellers has, heavy through the air. The air had not moved in the space for a long time and the smell settled through the room just like the dust on the old shelves. But as if the memory had been made an evening in late summer, other smells could be found throughout the room, if you were looking for them that is. A sweet scent of just bloomed chamomile and lavender lingered in the corners near the windows, as if this evening the window had been opened, looking out over the monastery's gardens.

Between soft blankets, sweet scents of a late summer evening and dimly lit magic two figures were huddled together. They sat by a window, one reading a book while the other carefully made tiny braids in the others hair. One back along the large stones that cornered the windows, one back on the others legs, they were comfy where they sat. The room may have been silent other than the flipping of pages, but a conversation was still happening. Through their mind, the two girls read the book together. One read the book while the other as a response sent imagery of what she thought it would look like. Reading glasses were perched upon the very tip of a nose, allowing the user to both see in them and above them and out into the room; always ready in case someone came to visit. However, on sleepy nights as this one, no one ever came to bother the two figures in the window, reading fairytales to each other through their conjoint mind.