



She was running late and so she went through the automatic doors faster than she should. She grimaced an apology to the smiling librarian behind the desk before slowing to observe the serene environment before her.

A middle-aged lady pushed her mother through the shelves in a wheelchair, a comforting hand occasionally resting on her cardigan clad shoulder.

A second librarian was attempting to get earphones working on a computer that was being difficult, for a surprisingly patient 10-year-old boy.

A tutor was quietly praising a teenage girl for her secondary school English submission which he was perusing.

A young couple sat side-by-side at matching laptops, their headphones on but their arms brushing together in silent communication.

A homeless man was safely ensconced in a tub chair with a western novel, obviously grateful for the warmth and tranquillity.

There was love to be found in the library.

And as she rounded the shelves in the children's area and two little blurs launched themselves at her, she was grateful for the love that she too found there.

With a quick kiss for her husband and many for her sons, she sat on the floor with them and they immersed themselves in books.

Lauren Watkins

