

The Book

A very small story

The book sat there on the shelf quite happy with itself and what it had to give. It was expectant, yet calm. By being what it already was it had succeeded in its view, and its brothers and sisters had been read and appreciated; you could even say valued.

It knew that if it helped its reader grow, and started conversations, that would fulfil its purpose. It knew it was deeply valuable to anyone who would caress its pages and savour its words.

It then remembered that its author was not so sure about it, but the book had always been sure. Creative flow and endless hours had been put into it and the book was confident, yet accepting of what its fate may be.

James D Connolly

