

The library was quiet as per usual this evening, except for the faint humming coming from the library's sole inhabitant, Altair.

Altair had been spending all of his time in the library today.. more than most days. He strolled over to his work desk, keeping his walking as steady as he could out of fear that he might drop what he had been carrying. What exactly was he carrying? A small porcelain plate with a small purple cupcake.. along with matchsticks and a candle.

Using his tail, he carefully pulled out his chair from his desk. The plate clinked against the table as it was gently set down, Altair sighing in relief as he too sat down, staring at the cupcake like it was his own child.

He took the small, spiraled candle, sticking it into the frosting at a perfect angle. It had to be perfect for him to be satisfied. Swiping a matchstick against the desk, he held the small stick up to his face for a moment, watching the flame as it flickered.

A few moments passed, and the candle was finally lit as Altair held the match up to its wick. The candle hissed, sparkling as it was lit.

This made Altair smile, as he sat there admiring the cupcake he had baked himself, he finally felt content. Looking at the candle now, he blew it out, clasping his hands together. Today was his birthday, and he was able to celebrate it in one the place he loved. This brought him true joy.