

A Place Where Families Are Made

by sara lady dalian

Families are made, sometimes literally, in the coziest of places.

The Burrow's Kitchen

Chapter 1 of 1

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The paint reflects sunlight. Sounds bounce upstairs; the children are being children. Wind rustles over the meadow and through the window, continuously blowing it open.

Floorboards shine from countless coatings of wax. Herbs grow in pots on the window; their scents tinge the air. Cookies bake in the oven. A fire glows brightly and cheerily in the grate. An apron, dusted with flour, hangs on a peg near the stove. Boots, covered in mud, lay in piles near the back door, waiting to be cleaned.

Cupboards shuffle contents around as everything vies for a space to set. Pots bang in the sink. The table finishes scrubbing itself. The clock shows no inkling of trouble.

After years of use, counters, tables and sills no longer cause splinters.

Satisfaction swirls all around and magic hums in the air.

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt: A couple has found a special place to shag. Describe the place in 200 to 300 words using no adjectives. Poetry and pure dialogue not allowed. I didn't quite make 200, but still... *sigh

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