Be My Guest

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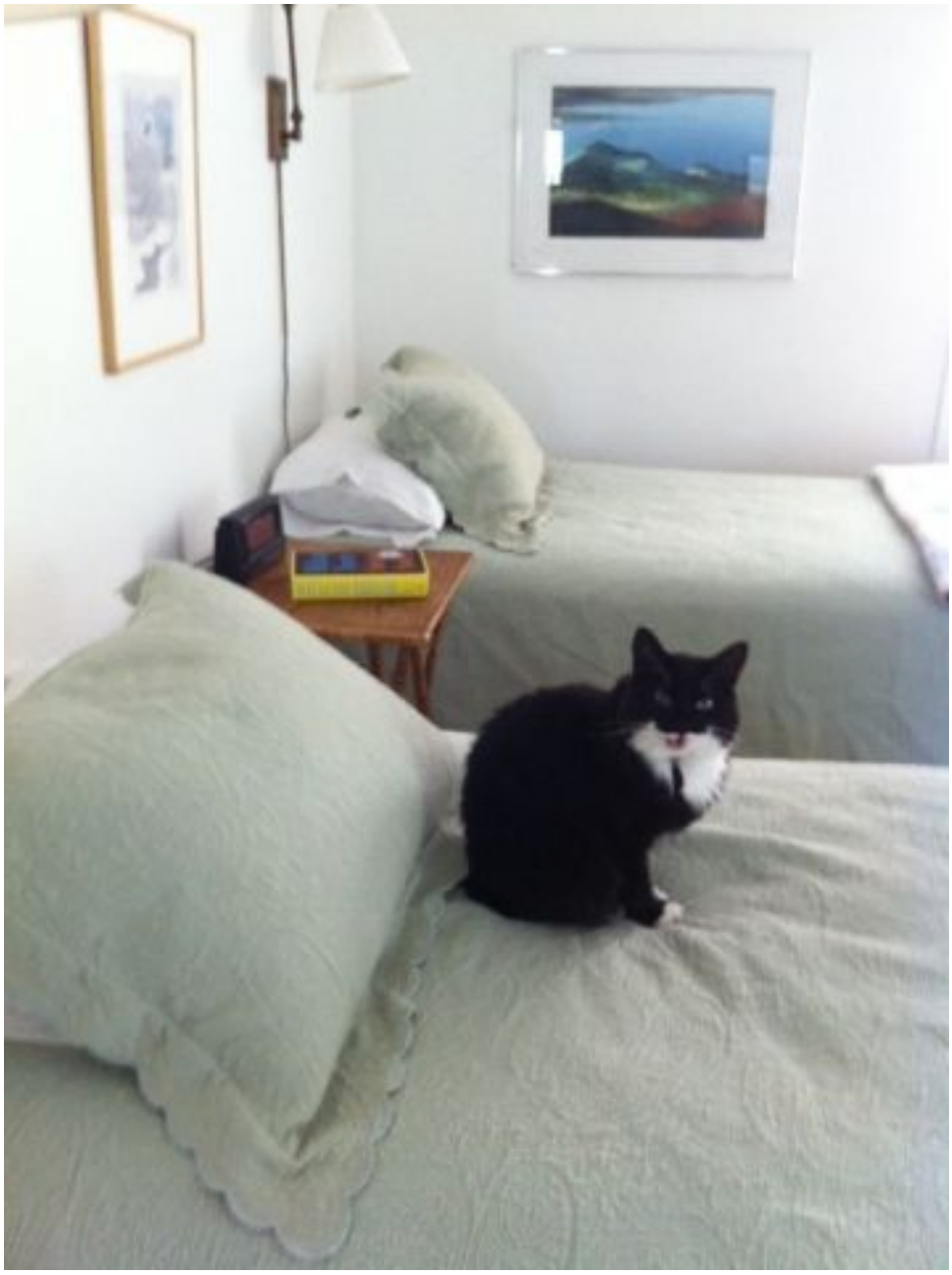

I was tidying up a guest room today because previous guests have gone and new ones are arriving on Monday. I was thinking about how much I enjoy having guests...and about guest rooms in general, and what they shoud have in them. (Not a cat! Begone, Lulu!)

But they should have an alarm clock (check) and good light for reading (check) and also some good books (check)

And that brings me to the topic of books. Yesterday I went to our wonderful local bookstore, Bridgton Books, on the town's one main street. I entered through the back door, as I usually do, and made my way oh-so-slowly to the front, where I handed my armload to Justin and said, "You got me again. Impulse buyer." Justin and Pam, the owners of the store. place a lot of things there near the back...discounted (I can't call them remainders) books...cookbooks, and I am a sucker for those... All that good stuff. Yesterday I bought two half-price cokbooks AND..a real find (now in the guest room): William Trevor's short stories.

Short story collections are a good choice for guest rooms, I think, because the guest doesn't have to put a book back half-read, sometimes in the middle of an exciting part; or ask: "Can I take this home if I promise to return it?"...or (worse; and I have done this, I confess, once at a B&B): steal it.

So there, on the table between the two beds, is William Trevor, one of my all-time favorites.

Contemporary guests probably often have an e-reader with them. I do, I know. I've loaded up my iPad for this coming weekend in Nantucket. But I bet anything some of them, at least, will pick up that volume of short stories, leaf through, settle in., and...purr.

Tags: Untagged