

## The Library

The library is in the shape of a tunnel, with an alcove roof that reaches up to 30 feet. Looking up, cobwebbed and dimmed stained glass arch over the ceiling. Meager slants of light pierce through the air and shine down on the carpet. The carpet is a long stretch of pale cream with large caramel crisscrosses. Around it is a dark burgundy border, finished off with a row of knotted beige tassels. On the carpet, in the middle of the room, there is a row of round coffee tables with a few sofas. The sofas have old floral prints of peonies in different shades of pink, now faded into grayish purple. Positioned on each sofa is an old square pillow

On each side of the room, there stands a massive row of bookshelves, a light tan with pinkish and gold swirls, carved from Dalbergia wood. If you lean in close to the Dalbergia wood, you can still catch a whiff of the aromatic oils hovering in the air. On the shelves are rows upon rows of books, some small and skinny others large and stout. Once, they all shone with hues of metallic red, blue and gold. Now, all turned into a shade of rusty brown. At the end of each bookshelf is a tall metal ladder with small rubber wheels.

At the very far back of the room is the study. A large rectangular desk made from mahogany stands in front of a tall leather chair. Flung across the desk are articles, newspapers, and pages torn out from books. Four large candelabrams sit at the corners of the desk, with half-melted candles and dried wax running down the side. It is said Einstein himself once read a book here.