



Amelia and the Mug-O-Sphere

By Preeti Bajpayee



Amelia was an exceptional student, a loyal friend, and a champion sleeper. But she had one... quirk. She was a mug-leaver.



Her roommate, Inès, tried to ignore the growing collection. A lone mug on the desk. Two more on the window sill. One hiding behind the microwave, like a ceramic spy.



Soon, the mugs were everywhere. They lined the floorboards like tiny, ceramic guards. They sprouted from the bookshelves like porcelain fungi. There were more mugs than actual plates.



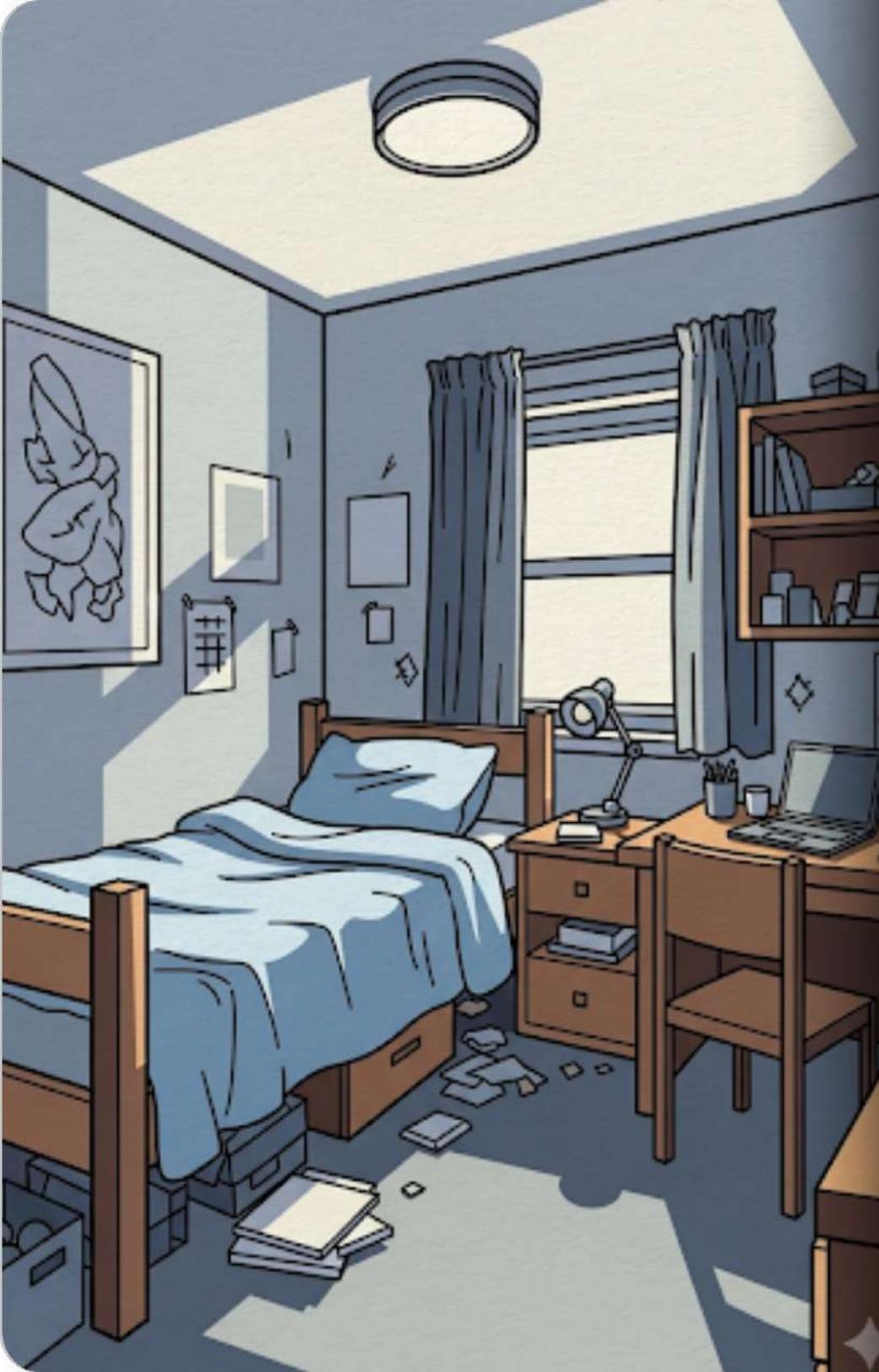
The room developed a strange, humming energy, what Inès called the ‘Mug-O-Sphere.’ It was the distinct smell of old tea bags and wishful thinking. Inès had to drink her water from a travel thermos.



One day, Amelia decided to be "helpful" and consolidate them. She stacked every single mug into one impossibly tall, wobbly tower next to her bed, a monument she proudly christened "Mount Caffeine."



Inès walked in, saw the monument, and simply sighed. But then, a low rumble started. Amelia had forgotten she'd left a single, extra-sticky mug under the tower.



With a great CLATTER-
CRASH-CLINK! the tower lost
its structural integrity. Mugs
rained down. Amelia dove
under her duvet, praying the
mug avalanche would spare her
life and her laptop.



When the rattling stopped, the room was silent. Amelia emerged. The sight of her entire life scattered in ceramic and sticky residue finally hit her.



The room was spotless. The mugs were gasp in the cupboard! Amelia learned her lesson: sometimes, the easiest way to solve a big problem is to deal with it when it's still just a little problem. But every now and then, a single, lonely mug would still appear. Old habits die hard, even for a champion sleeper.

