

The burner of his stove clicked as he turned it on, setting the pot of apple cider on top of it. The kitchen was quiet, not counting the sounds of him shuffling around to grab the ingredients to add to it.

Cold autumn days were a good time for hot apple cider. Cinnamon sticks, maple syrup, cloves, orange peel, lemon peel... was he forgetting something?

He glanced at the recipe card again. *All-spice berries.*

*Good thing he had brought the card shopping with him,* he mused as he retrieved the required berries.

It was a new recipe for him. He had always just drank plain cold cider. Why wouldn't he? It was a perfectly good cold drink!

But then, he had found this little recipe card in one of his parents' old cookbooks and decided, meh, why not? Might as well try something new for once.

He had plenty of cold cider left over in case this recipe wasn't something he liked so that he could fall back to comfortable, reliable things he knew he liked.

After a few minutes, he pulled a mug from the rack and set it down on the counter, clicking the burner off once again.

He will admit, even if he doesn't end up liking the flavor, just the feeling of holding a warm drink in his hands is quite comforting.

After settling down onto the couch and pulling a blanket over his feet, he finally takes a sip of the drink in his hands.

He likes it, he thinks. He's not really sure, but it smells nice and it's warm and he thinks he likes it. He'll probably be more sure by at least half way through the drink. He's never been very good at judging whether or not he likes something from the first sip unless it's particularly bad.

For now, he settles into the comfortable warmth of his house, blanket, and drink. It's nice to relax for an evening.