

# JULY VIRTUAL JOURNAL

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*Another month, another journal of creative writing! We'll be continuing this virtual journal each month, so check back in or send us some writing!*

# Stonewall Rebellion 1969 by R.B. Rose

*“Billy Goats Gruff is my favorite Grimm’s fairy tales written in 1841. It is about three goats who try to get to a greener pasture but is hindered by a mean and hungry troll who lives under the bridge. It is about how to overcome obstacles.”*

Violence is not the answer; it is a result of not being heard.

In a Manhattan club we were dancing and having a good time when several plainclothes police raided the bar and began to bully us.

Like, the *Billy Goats Gruff*, we were detained and had to figure a way to safe passage. Many younger patrons pleaded with officers to let them out of the club. Once outside, these meeker *billy goats* chanted for us to be let loose.

Inside the club, we, the detained and strongest *billy goats*, went head to head with the police, the trolls.

We *locked horns* with authority but our rebellion prompted greater acceptance by the New York Police Department.

Sometimes, like the Billy Goats Gruff, we have no choice but to Stand up for justice to secure greener pastures for future generations.

-----Rusty Rose, Stonewall Rebellion Trailblazer 1969

# Would You Have It Any Other Way? by P. Soper

**The Keeper of the Heavenly Gate asks,  
*Before you enter, do you want to go back  
to change your life so you'll have a different story to tell?***

**I consider her question, turn, and see a trail of  
stumbling awkwardness, disappointment,  
shattered illusions, heartbreak and wounds.**

**But the landscape behind me is not desolate.  
From each scar of despair, fertile growth has sprouted,  
abundant in strength, newfound courage and challenges met.**

**I see blooms of creative expression,  
freedom to expand in new directions, spiritual discovery and depth;  
a fruitful flowering seeded and nourished  
by the compost of what had been uprooted.**

**Though the path of my life is crooked,  
it is rich in color, variety, organic twists and turns...  
a beautiful Divine design.**

**I turn toward the Keeper, my story left intact.  
Her smile mirrors mine. The Gate is already open.**

# The Chinese Symbol for “Crisis” Contains the Word “Opportunity” by P. Soper

The storms of Life smash certainty,  
flood well-worn ruts and force new paths.  
Storms challenge norms followed blindly,  
punish complacency and crumble foundations.  
They shred the fabric of future plans  
and rearrange landscape inside and out.  
Storms show us what's fragile, who's strong,  
send us searching for where to place our trust.  
Crisis brings us to the edge of survival,  
to the drastic choice of what matters.

# **We Will Rise by T. Trapanotto**

**The days seem longer  
the nights are lonely**

**the people that we loved and lost  
now are a memory only**

**the world has changed  
the people are different**

**what was then normal  
in now insufficient**

**our past times and events  
the places that we enjoyed**

**no longer are available  
for it's all been a void**

**but families and friends will stick together  
for we shall overcome**

**what was our lifestyle  
will again become.**

# April 2020: Waiting in the Parking Lot in the Time of Corona by C. Calo

The masks shuffle past, heads bowed, little eye contact, each life bearing its own thoughts,  
A few stopping to talk, social distance battling the human need to share, but most trudge by as I watch,  
Sitting in my truck, forbidden by my spouse to enter the store  
For fear I might die if I get sick, so I look at the guy pulling up in the pickup next to me  
Wearing a Giants' hat and shirt and I think, should I put down my window,  
Me without a mask, and ask him if he thinks we did OK in the NFL draft, but then I see,  
Distracting me, a bunch of toilet paper and paper towels bulging in his open truck bed,  
And we lock eyes, just briefly, and he turns to go toward the Stop & Shop, but suddenly he returns back,  
And he moves all the toilet paper and paper towels to the inside of his truck and,  
Glancing at me as he clicks *lock* on his key chain, as he is walking away, back again toward the store,  
I wonder if things might have gone differently if I had just spoken with him.

# A Two Part Story by T. Trapanotto

## The way the groom describes it...

I got to the church called Our Lady of Grace a half hour early as I wanted to make sure that I would be there before my bride. I wait there so patiently with my brother who was my best man, we both look great in our black tuxedos and white shirts, and fresh haircuts.

After I said my vows that brought tears to everyone's eyes and kiss my bride so passionately, we then walk down the aisle to leave the church and are greeted by family and friends, and thank them all for coming. After that, we got into our black limousine to take us to the wedding hall. It was called the Regents Towers. The room was all decorated in white and blue and every table had on it a large fancy flower arrangement.

After the wonderful seven course dinner on fine imported china dishes and drinks in beautiful crystal glasses and all the fine music (a seven piece band) and dancing, and the wedding cake that was just the best and largest that I have ever seen, we left to go on our honeymoon to Niagara Falls, in our limousine that was still there for us.

When we got to our hotel called The Grand Manor, we had the best room in the place, the honeymoon special, with a heart shape bathtub and flowers and champagne waiting for us, and the bed all covered in red rose petals.

That night was a night I will never forget, just the two of us making love all hours of the night and morning.

## The story told by the bride....

At the small hole in the ground chapel called Last Chance, I waited so patiently for my husband to be, as he was now a half hour late, and the minister kept looking at his watch. When he finally arrived, he was dressed in blue jeans and a bright red shirt that was hanging out of his pants, his hair has not seen the barber in months, still hungover from last night's bachelor party, and along side of him his best man, his brother that could hardly stand up.

After saying my vows, my husband to be, forgot his and said, yeah, whatever she said, mine is the same as hers and smiled. As we left the church to be greeted by family and friends, my husband kept burping in their faces and smelled of liquor, and kept yelling out 'I did it, I did it.' Outside of the chapel sat our transportation to the wedding place, my husband's red Ford pickup truck, that hasn't been washed in months, with a broken side window, off to the hall we went. The wedding hall was a place called The Burger Shack, as I entered it, there on all the tables sat plastic flatware, and paper cups for the drinks, and in the middle of every table was a small flower pot with dirt also on the table. Dinner was I think, chicken, I really couldn't tell, it was burned beyond recognition and the drinks were from a two liter bottle of soda. The music was non-stop and you could just barely hear it coming from someone's iPod.

After dinner back into the red pickup Ford to go to our honeymoon place. As we drove up the driveway, all I could see was the name of the place called Bates Motel, and water all over the dirt road. The room was smaller than my bathroom at home, it had two small cots side by side, and there sitting on the chair was a bag of peanuts and two cans of soda, there across the bed was someone's dirty shirt.

That's a night I will never forget, as my husband, after eating the peanuts and drinking the two cans of soda, looked at me and said dear I had a rough day, I'm going to sleep now.

# What Scares You by T. Trapanotto

The dictionary defines the word scare as: “*sudden fear, become frightened*” - yes that's me all right. I fall into both of those categories, and that scares me.

**Scare is:**

Getting my test paper back in school and seeing an A+ on it. Is this my paper? Was I that good? Then I saw it, the teacher gave me the wrong paper! Oh yes, I got mine and there it was, my usual C- on it, now that was scary!

Seeing my dad early in the morning just getting out of the shower, naked, hairy body and all! Now that was not just a scare, that was a nightmare - one that will stay in my mind forever!

Next, there was my mom in the morning at the breakfast table. Sitting there with no make-up on, big pink curlers in her hair and that thing she calls a robe with a piece of bacon hanging out of her mouth, that scared my appetite away! So I left the table.

Then there is the picture of my mother-in-law that she gave to me, what did I do wrong to deserve this. That didn't scare me as much as it did the birds. I hung it up as a scarecrow in my vegetable garden to scare away the birds. It did scare them and the neighbors as well! I was given a summons by the police and was ordered to take it down.

My wife, what can I say about her, she scares me to death and everybody else. I once took her to a real scary bloody horror movie. As we entered the theater, the people took one look at her and went screaming out the exit doors! The movie picture itself stopped!

‘Scare’ comes in all forms and for me, it will always be there for me to enjoy as a friendly (and funny) scare, being scared is what you make of it!