



# September Virtual Journal

## West Babylon Public Library

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! Please be aware that the opinions expressed in the newsletter are not necessarily the opinions of the West Babylon Public Library.

# If The World Were Attacked by C. F. Calo

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If the world were attacked by some alien force,

What would we be likely to see?

Would there be voices of reason or treason,

Would we no longer be free?

If the world were attacked by some alien force,

A force only seen through a scope,

Who would be selfish, who would be selfless?

What would remain of our hope?

So, the world *was* attacked by some alien force,

And we failed to join forces to fight,

And our country, the leader, leads all in the blaming,

And in claiming inaction is right.



# Another Time, Another Era by T. Trapanotto

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If I was able to go back in time, I think that I would have enjoyed the early 1900's living in a small country town. Where everybody knows your name and family. Where town folks would always celebrate the 4th of July with a parade walking down main street, as families, friends and neighbors watched, clapped, cheered and waved their American flag, as the parade passed them.

Where speeches were made by the town's mayor; Where red, white and blue balloons would be hanging everywhere, with fireworks going off in the background. Always the food, that everybody made (not store bought) set up on picnic tables covered in red and white checkered tablecloths. And the smell of hot dogs and burgers being cooked over an outdoor grill. Then after the eating, there would be the three legged race, tug of war event, horse shoe throwing and of course, the watermelon eating contest.

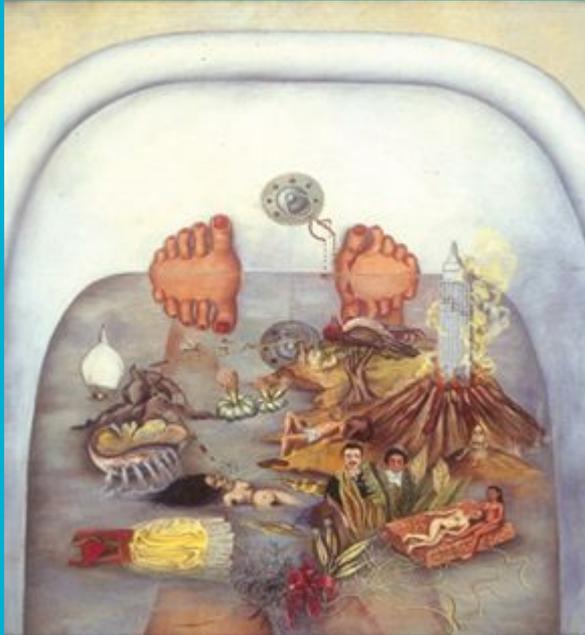
Then to top that all off, there would be home made pies, cakes and cookies. When nightfall comes there is still fireworks going off. There is also dancing in the barn and young people taking a stroll holding hands with love in their eyes. And before you knew it, it was time to go home, it was the end of a wonderful day that was enjoyed by families, friends and neighbors and the town folks that gather for a wonderful day of celebration.

Something that you don't see any more. That to me would be my ideal place and time. I would like to be, just once, to enjoy and experience all the excitement of an era long gone.



# What the Water Gave Me by R.B. Rose

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Water soaks my painted red toes  
bodies of water are everywhere I go  
water has given me father and mother  
lovers and takers of happiness and sorrow  
water soothes and babbles; it calms our fears  
turbulent gushes can reduce us to tears  
flowers and life are quenched by it on earth  
water in womb embraces us at birth  
valuable liquid, spoons of sparkling love  
drip from my body as I rise from this tub  
invigorating and wet it tickles my toes  
Water refreshing, everywhere it flows.

# Grandmother's Legacy by P. Soper

(Inspired by the painting *The Courtyard of a House in Delft*, 1658, by Pieter de Hooch)

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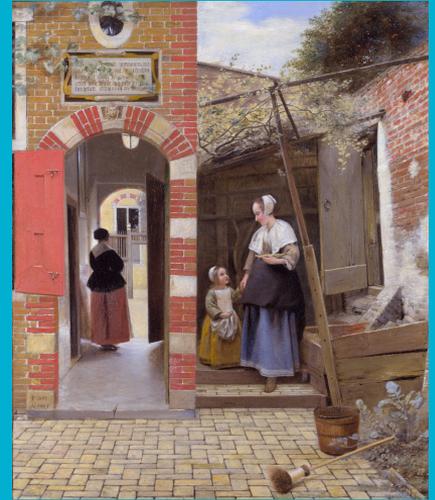
As she reached the doorway, the child suddenly paused. Her one hand tightly clenched the pulled-up hem of her apron so that no chicken feed slipped out. Her other hand was held by the soft, familiar grip of her mother whose foot reached for the step that led from the warm house to the courtyard. Mama said, "Come, Beatrix, the chickens will be hungry by now."

Beatrix did not budge, but stayed glued to the threshold that led from the warm house to the courtyard, sensing that the short step down would lead to her future. Mama felt the child's small fingers tighten around her own and turned. Their eyes met and held. Neither mother nor daughter would ever forget the look they saw on each other's face. Her mother's dewy eyes confirmed Beatrix's fear and she now understood what had happened that morning...

As Papa was finishing his breakfast, Beatrix had bounced back into the room and shouted, "Didi and Piet are going fishing with Freddy. Can I go too?" At first Papa laughed and affectionately answered, "No, no, liefje." She thought his warm tone invited her persistence. "Oh, please, please," she endearingly smiled. Papa's face grew more serious, "Oh no, little girl." Then he looked at Mama giving her a message with his eyes. Mama said, flatly, "Beatrix, young *ladies* don't shout...and don't go fishing."

Beatrix wondered why, but hearing her parents' tone, she dared not ask. She stared at her mother hoping her question would be answered anyway. It wasn't. Instead she saw her Mama's face cloud over and her eyes look round the room as if searching for something. Then, her mother's face brightened with an idea.

"I know, Beatrix! Today, when we go to the chicken coop, *you* can feed the hens!" Beatrix imagined a cacophony of clucking and a frenzy of feathered heads surrounding her, eagerly pecking at her skirt the way she had seen them rush at her mother. She felt excitement mingled with some fear of actually going *inside* the pen, but with her parents' eyes upon her, she smiled enthusiastically.



Story continued.....

Mama continued, seemingly talking to her precious child, but her gaze and sarcasm fell angrily on her husband, "Anyway, it's time...time you began to learn women's work." Hearing her Mama's tone and words, the little girl lost her smile and reached for her belly where she felt a queasy twinge.

Beatrix's grandmother was also in the kitchen as all this went on. She said nothing, but stopped kneading her dough and shifted her eyes back and forth from her daughter, Ingrid, to the child. When Mama and Papa left the room, Beatrix looked at Oma. The old woman averted her glance, looked down and began kneading again. Then she said, with that same tone of Mama's sad flatness, "And soon I'll teach you *this*, my child." Beatrix also suspected that the morning's events had something to do with the expected visit of Freddy Steur's family. Freddy was the same age as Beatrix's older brother, Didi. Beatrix had noticed that Freddy's father called Papa aside after church the previous Sunday. Mr. Steur was an investor in Papa's business. When Papa had rejoined his family, he sent the children on ahead while he slowly walked home with Mama and Oma. And then, Beatrix remembered, it had been very quiet around the Sunday dinner table.

All she recalled made Beatrix's feet cling even more solidly to the doorway step. She wished she could grow roots that would connect her forever to this home and her mother's gentle hand. Ingrid saw and felt, in her daughter's young eyes, a plea for reassurance that she could not give. She looked away and forced cheerfulness. "Come, liefje, don't you hear the hens cackling for you? And later, while Mr. Steur is here, you can tell him and Papa all about feeding them...and the boys can tell us how many fish they caught...Isn't Freddy a nice boy!" Beatrix stood still and silent. Oma had left the house earlier and was standing at the street entrance to the courtyard but she overheard her daughter's nervous chatter about Freddy. Oma stared ahead but her inner sight was looking back in time. She heard Ingrid's words as an echo of her own twenty years before, but the name of that boy was Diederich and *his* father was the partner in her husband's fledgling print shop. Yes, the marriage agreement had kept the business in the family and secured her care in old age, but...

She stopped her thoughts midstream. The past is over but that lively, creative little Beatrix who fed her grandmother's spirit with her endless chatter of "When I grow up..." dreams of all that she would "someday" be and experience...that cherished child must be free. So the old woman closed her eyes and in her mind, she hugged her grandchild to her heart. She sent Beatrix all the power, strength, and courage she kept there, bottled up for years. She sent it on the doorway breeze to the little girl standing on the threshold of her life.

Beatrix waited until Mama stopped speaking and their eyes met once more. With one hand, Beatrix tightened her grasp on her mother's fingers. Now *she* was the one offering comfort. Then, gradually, her other hand loosened its grip on the apron full of chicken feed. The linen slipped between her little fingers and the grain began to spill out.

# Reflections of the Pandemic by M. Goff

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So many people dying

So many people crying

Isolated from the world

President with insults hurled

Federal government that does nothing

Leaving State governments to bring

What little relief they can bring

President has delusions

A country open by Easter, yeah right

He has no plan to fight

Does not listen to anyone's advice

Take what he says with a grain of rice



# About the Authors' Six Word Biographies

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*C. F. Calo:* Pondering life's journey; enjoying it more!

*C. Colligan:* Star-drop in a cosmic sea.

*M. Goff:* Always writing from the heart.

*J. Newman:* Perceptive, honest, kind and open-minded.

*N. Peters:* Forging the road ahead, endless skies.

*K. Regina:* Shelving books, writing stories, exploring worlds.

*R. B. Rose:* Resilient, Perceptive, Honest, Kind, Sage

*P. Soper:* Discovering mystical wisdom in nature & crone-hood.

*T. Trapanotto:* Energetic, Helpful, Friend, Companion, Dad, Grandparent