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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"It was another summer on Tyler Street. The Finley's baby cried. Mr. Moran galloped along on his squeaky rocker. Our spaniel moped in the shade. Ice cream could melt down to your elbow before you knew it. After a short rain, Molly and I scuffed outdoors. Momma had urged me, "Take your sister outside, sweetness. Teach her to play that game you love--chili peppers, isn't it?" Her face was suffused with color from the heat of our small kitchen. Her oak-colored hair frizzed at the temples from standing over the hot stove. She worked like a pinball, going from task to task as she fixed our dinner. Popping ice cubes into our upturned mouths, she shut the door behind us with a last reminder to me: "Mind your sister, Brigid." She lightly tweaked my nose. "She's the only one you've got, you know."

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1990.

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1990/iss1/10
Year Round

Summer
The sun rises,
crystal blue sky overhead.
Green lawn shimmers as the morning dew

evaporates.
The dog up the street barks at the paper boy.
Leaves rustle in the breeze.
Rises.

Temperature
The

Parents leave for work.
Children wake later.
How the lawn.
rushing.
Swimming.

Baseball.

Dad cooks barbecue chicken for supper.

Surprise! A drive-in movie later.

"Summer's great but I can't wait for
winter."

Winter
The sun rises.

Too bad it's cloudy.

Parents and children wake together.
Six inches of new snow overnight.
No school!

Snow Day!

Paper boy's late.

Dad snowblows the driveway early.

Children discover weekday morning cartoons.

Hot cereal's ready.

Parents leave for work...late.
The sun breaks through the clouds.
The snow sparkles.

Shovel sidewalk and porch.

Sledding.

Skiing.

Hockey.

Mom makes spaghetti and meatballs.

Windows are steamed up.

Christmas lights blink.

News during dinner.

Weather.

It's cloudy again.

More snow by tomorrow morning!

"Winter's great but I can't wait for
summer."

Keith Hahn

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by Elisabeth Maloney

It was another summer on Tyler Street. The Finley's baby
cried. Mr. Moran galloped along on his squeaky rocker. Our
spaniel moped in the shade. Ice cream could melt down to your
elbow before you knew it. After a short rain, Molly and I
scuffled outdoors. Momma had urged me, "Take your sister outside.

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small kitchen. Her oak-colored hair frizzed at the temples
from standing over the hot stove. She worked like a pinball,
going from task to task as she fixed our dinner. Popping ice


cubes into our upturned mouths, she shut the door behind us with

a last reminder to me: "Mind your sister, Brigid." She lightly
tweaked my nose. "She's the only one you've got, you know."

My feet flew over the wet lawn as I made a dead line for our
solitary swing. I didn't mind my sister. I minded her following me
everywhere I went and doing everything the same way I did. Momma
was always telling me to have patience with her, to take care of her.

"Boo, Boo!" Molly's voice sounded funny from the ice cube.

"I'm trying to catch up!" When she was a baby, she couldn't say

"Brigid." The closest she could come was "Boo," so there I was,

stuck with the dumbest name in the world. My longer legs

brought me to the swing length ahead of her. I hopped on and
twisted myself 'round and 'round until the chain was a single,
twisted rope of metal. "Boo, Momma said to wait for me. You're

not supposed to run ahead."

She had finally made it. Her voice sounded more sad than

whiny, but I ignored it. She was wearing her favorite nightgown

and old brown shoes of mine. Under her arm was an old doll with

half a head of hair and one eye.

"Look out. I'm going to spin back around with this and you

might get hit," I said, holding tight to the chains. I crunched

my last bit of ice between my teeth, wishing it was candy. Then

I gave up my body to the shift of the swing. Head back and legs

outstretched, I enjoyed the feeling of being enclosed in my own

space, away from the heat, the dry grass, my sister.

When my ride ended, there was Molly, watching me with a big

smile, laying on the grass and resting her chin in her palm.

"You looked like a big helicopter," she said, and whirled her

little golden ponytail like a helicopter blade. "Helicopter"

then became the theme of our day as we spun around the yard with

arms outstretched. I held Molly up like an airplane on the soles

of my feet.

Steam rose off the road in the distance. Bugs popped out

with a vengeance now that the afternoon rains had stopped. Molly

was running the last bit of her ice over my shoulders as I

slapped at stinging insects. When a ladybug landed on my knee,

we decided to salvage her in order to inspect her shiny, dotted
Every day, I nodded my head toward the direction of our yard. She shook her head so hard her ponytail came around to slap each round cheek. "No! I want to stay with you, Boo. Can't I see the Gallies too?" She looked at Caroline for the first time. Caroline had already started to walk away. "I don't play with babies." She stared at me. "If you don't want to play with me..." Her shiny black shoes made squeaky sounds on the grass as she walked.

I didn't want to lose this chance at having Caroline as a friend. She could make my summers really fun. I gave my little sister a hard shove toward the hedge opening.

"Go! Stay you little pest!" "Boo," she said with a startled look showing on her smudged face. "Boo, you don't want that mean old girl for your friend." She pulled my skirt as if to bring me with her.

I slapped her hand away and shoved her, harder this time. She fell on the ground. "If I want her for my friend, it's my business! Now go!" She stood up at me for the longest time and then crawled through the hedge real fast. My chest felt tight as I saw the old brown shoes finally disappear behind her.

"Brigid!" It was Caroline. It sounded good to be called Brigid, not dumb old Boo. I smoothed my jumper and walked over to where she was waiting.
wings. We made a bridge with our hands, and the ladybug crawled from hand to hand. "Hi, little lady!" she whispered, studying it carefully. "Someday we'll be ladies, too, Boo. We can wear hats and go to lunch together, just like Momma and Auntie Jo." We got up and postured like ladies, daintily sipping from imaginary teacups and affecting false cigarettes.

"Boo," I could tell she was going to ask me some dumb question about bugs or grass or the like.

"Brigid," I corrected. "Br-r-igid. Say it." She looked at me for a second and then broke into a huge smile.

"Boo!"

Laughing, I grabbed her, but fell so that she landed on me, rather than the hard, wet ground.

There seemed no difference between the long summer days. Tomorrow was sure to be just like yesterday. We spied on the Widow Golobieszki, tried to ride our spaniel, wriggle gumsdrops off Momma, and fought, played, giggled and whispered, as sisters do.

As we crawled through the narrow tunnel in the hedge, which lined the edge of our property, the car went by. It was big and shiny and it pulled into the driveway next door. A man with a white suit and hat, and a woman with the roughest hair I've ever seen, and a girl all got out. They looked at the house for awhile, which had been empty for years. Then they started walking around the yard, pointing to the peonies and the little old gazebo visible from the back yard. Me and Molly laid low, so they couldn't catch us peaking.

The man jingled the coins in his pockets as he walked. The girl, as they came closer to our hiding spot, was dressed in a pretty dress of yellow organza, with a matching ribbon perked atop her head. Every time she licked her piece of stick-candy, it rattled the bracelet on her wrist. It was a really pretty bracelet, with lots of little charms dangling off of it. As I stared at it, the girl spotted us. She walked straight over to our leafy hiding spot.

"Come on out." She stood directly in front of us, and I saw that her socks had a lace edging.

"What's your name?" she asked, looking at my handmade jumper.

"Boo!" Molly piped up, hiding behind me.

"Shut up with that Molly!" I stepped in front of her. "My name's Brigid. Where are you from?" I didn't want to look stupid in front of her. Everything about her seemed so polished and crisp. I guessed she was about my age, too.

"You talk funny out here in the country. My name is Caroline, and I'm moving here." She pointed to the house. "You can be my friend, if you like."

My heart leapt at such an offer. Here was a friend at last. We could share secrets and borrow clothes. And at last, someone tall enough to hold the other end of the jump rope.

"No little kids, though." She wrinkled her nose as she looked at Molly and her sad little doll. "Take your sister home and then come back. I've got lots of pretty dolls in my car. They're all the way from England. Come back alone and I'll show you them all."

I looked down at Molly. She was looking up at me.

"I want to see the dolls, Moll. I can't if you're along."

"Go on home." I nodded my head toward the direction of our yard.

She shook her head so hard her ponytail came around to slap each round cheek. "No! I want to stay with you, Boo. Can't I see the Gallies too?" She looked at Caroline for the first time. Caroline had already started to walk away. "I don't play with babies." She stared at me, "If you don't want to play with me..."

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Gone Now

It was always there in a small gold box on the top of Gramma's dresser. A small ruby that clashed against the maroon velvet lining.

"Some day," she would say, "I'll have this set in a ring for you."

And she would close the lid.

Gramma is gone now. The ruby is, too, taken by someone else.

I still have the box. It sits empty on my dresser.

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