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Only

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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 a long 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
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Year Round

Summer

The sun rises; crystal blue sky overhead.
Green lawns shimmer 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.
Now the lawn.
Rising.
Swimming.
Baseball.
Dad cooks barbecued 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.
Sledging.
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

It was another summer on Tyler Street. The Finley's baby cried.
Mr. Moran galloped along on his squeaky rocker. Our spaniel moopped 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, 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."

My feet flew over the wet lawn as I made a beeline for our solitary swing. I did 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 lengths 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 whirl 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
Widow Golebiewski, tried to ride our spaniel, wrangled gumdrops

We go up and postured like ladies, daintily sipping from

m widen . We made a bridge with our hands, and the ladybug crawled

off Momma, and fought, played, giggled and whispered, as sisters

question about bugs or grass or the like.

Tomorrow was sure to be just like yesterday. We spied on the

walking around the yard, pointing to the peonies and the little

white suit and hat, and a woman with the reddest hair I've ever

stared at it, the girl spotted us.

My heart leapt at such an offer. Here was a friend at last.

The man jingled the coins in his pockets as he walked. The

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 redhead 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

cold gazebo visible from the back yard. Me and Moll laid low, so

they couldn't catch us peeking.

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 perched

on top of Gramma's dresser. A small ruby that clashed

against the maroon velvet lining.

It was always there

in a small gold box

on the top of Gramma's dresser.

It sits empty on

donna's or

taken by someone else,

Gramma is gone now.

The ruby is, too,
taken by someone else.

I still have the box.

It sits empty on

dresser. 

I looked down at Molly. She was looking up at me.
Widow Golebiewski tried to ride our spaniel, wrangled gumdrops me for a second and then broke into a huge smile.

We made a bridge with our hands, and the ladybug crawled off Momma, and fought, played, giggled and whispered, as sisters question about bugs or grass or the like.

Tomorrow was sure to be just like yesterday. We spied on the wings. We could share secrets and borrow clothes. And at last, someone tall enough to hold the other end of the jump rope.

"Boo!" 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 Golebiewski, tried to ride our spaniel, wrangled gumdrops 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 Moll laid low, so they couldn’t catch us peeking.

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 perched 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.

"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 Moll!" 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 rock 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..." 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! Scat 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 stared 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.

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.

"Someday," she would say, "I’ll have this set in a ring for you."

"I want to stay with you, Boo." She pouted and then came back. I’ve got lots of pretty dolls in my car. They’re all the way from England. Come rock alone and I’ll show you them all.

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