

# Marlborough Public Library

SPRING NEWSLETTER 2012

Who's Too Old for Prizes?

## SUMMER READING

Begins in June for Children, Teens  
and **NOW Adults!**

PAGES 2, 4, & 6

SPRING PROGRAMS AT THE



# MPL

MAY AND JUNE  
CALENDARS INSIDE!

PAGES 15 & 16

12 MPL Teen Writing Contest

## Winners

THEIR STORIES  
& POETRY INSIDE

PAGES 4; 8-15

Alvin Ho and Ruby Lu Author

## LENORE LOOK

Here @ MPL, May 7th

PAGE 5



**Congratulations to the winners of the MPL Teen Writing Contest!**

From left to right: Laura Cattarin, Colleen McCarthy, Kayla Ucciferri, Kristen Higgins, Maddy Plante, Elizabeth Smith, Justin Hernandez, Erin Giugno, Courtney Armijo, and Katie Zagzoug.  
Missing: Micaela Garrison-Desany and Jennie O'Leary.

**THANK YOU,  
Mena Hedin**

FOR YOUR **58** YEARS AT MPL

PAGE 7

Here Comes

## EVERGREEN

HOW DOES THIS AFFECT YOU?

PAGE 2

## Top 15 Audio Books

### @ the Library

1. *Wicked Appetite*

by Janet Evanovich

2. *I'll Mature When I'm Dead*

by Dave Barry

3. *Tick Tock*

by James Patterson

4. *The Girl with the Dragon*

Tattoo by Stieg Larsson

5. *The Girl Who Kicked the*

Hornets' Nest

by Stieg Larsson

6. *Private*

by James Patterson

7. *The Postcard Killers*

by James Patterson

8. *Safe Haven*

by Nicholas Sparks

9. *Love You More*

by Lisa Gardner

10. *The Girl who Played with*

Fire by Stieg Larsson

11. *Worst Case*

by James Patterson

12. *Divine Justice*

by David Baldacci

13. *The Hunger Games*

by Suzanne Collins

14. *Catching Fire*

by Suzanne Collins

15. *Mockingjay*

by Suzanne Collins

# Letter From the Director

## Coming Soon: EVERGREEN!

The software that we and all the other libraries in the C/W MARS network use to check out materials is changing over the Memorial Day weekend. The new software is called **Evergreen**.

It's also the software that you use to look for items that you want to borrow, place holds on specific titles and manage your library account.

Some of the changes that will impact you right away include:

- A new user name and password to log into



**Margaret Cardello,**  
**Library Director**

your library account. The user name will be your complete library barcode which you'll find on your library card. The password is your complete last name. You may want to change both once you log in to make

both more secure.

- You will also need to bring your library card with you when you borrow materials.

There are 135 public libraries throughout central and western Massachusetts that will also be moving to **Evergreen**.

We'd love to hear what you think of the new system once we all start using it.

Please e-mail me at [mcardello@marlborough-ma.gov](mailto:mcardello@marlborough-ma.gov) with your feedback. I will compile the comments and share them in upcoming newsletters and on our website.



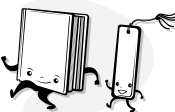
## BETWEEN THE COVERS



This year, in addition to the MPL's children and teen summer reading programs, the library will be hosting a program for adults. Adults 18 and over can enter to win great prizes this summer. Entering is easy! For each book you read from June 25-August 17, just fill out a form available at the library. Every entry is a potential winner!

### Book Lover's Book Swap

Looking for a new book to read this summer? Come to our book swap on **Tues., June 19th, 6:30-7:30pm** to learn about some of the Marlborough staff's favorite books. Share with others your favorite reads as well! Books will be available for



## Adult Summer Reading

check out, so bring your library card! Refreshments will be provided.

### Central Massachusetts Paranormal Society (CMPS) speaker

Have you ever wanted to be a ghost hunter? Come hear a member of the CMPS team talk about their experiences with the paranormal and learn about the technology they use. This program is for adults and teens. Refreshments will be provided.



# Adult & Reference Services

## Reference Help Is Just a Click Away

Please join us in welcoming the newest member of the Marlborough Public Library's Reference Department —  
**Dee Lamoureux !**

Dee comes to us with experience in both public libraries and in the world of teaching. You will find her at the reference desk on Monday nights, Thursday mornings, and Sunday afternoons. So, come say hi, and bring your questions, too!

### Thursday Night Lights!

The Marlborough Public Library is the place to be on Thursday nights! We are developing a series of workshops on Thursday nights from 6:30 to 8 p.m.

Subjects to be covered include:

- eBooks through the library's digital catalog
- Homework help for parents
- Walk-in basic computer skills
- And more!

Keep an eye out for more information at the front desk, on our website, and on Facebook.

We'd love to hear from you ... What do you want to learn more about? We want to keep you and your interests at the forefront of our plans.

**Tell us your ideas!**

Send email to [marlboroughreference@cwmares.org](mailto:marlboroughreference@cwmares.org) or call us at 508-624-6992.

**Coming Soon!**

Join our Book Club! Visit the circulation desk for a copy of the book. E-mail Annie Glater at [aglater@cwmares.org](mailto:aglater@cwmares.org) with questions.

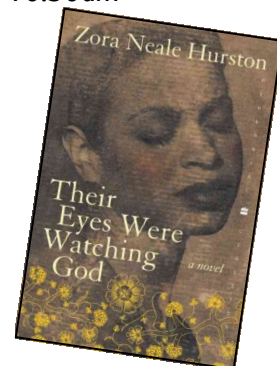


**The Zookeeper's Wife: A War Story**  
by Diane Ackerman

Mon., May 21st at 6:30pm  
or Thurs., May 24th  
at 10:30am

**Their Eyes Were Watching God**  
by Zora Neale Hurston

Mon., June 18th at 6:30pm  
or Thurs., June 21st  
at 10:30am



**The Writings of Tracy Chevalier:**

*The Lady and the Unicorn,  
Remarkable Creatures,  
The Virgin Blue*

Mon., July 16th at 6:30pm  
or Thurs., July 19th at 10:30 am



## Reference Tip of the Month

What do you do when you just can't decide what to read next? Or you have authors that you love, but you've read everything that they've written? This is a great time to check out NoveList!

NoveList provides recommendations of similar titles and authors; book discussion guides; and genre information.

1. Go to [www.marlboroughpubliclibrary.org](http://www.marlboroughpubliclibrary.org)
  2. On the left side of the page, click on "Online Databases"
  3. Scroll down to "Literature" and then click on "NoveList"
- Search by author or title, and this fantastic resource will provide you with other authors that you might enjoy, as well.

Then, come into the library to give that new title a try!

## Writing Group for Adults

Join MPL's writing group for adults on the third Friday of every month. Writers are encouraged to stop by for a few hours, share their work, and critique stories and poetry. If interested, please sign-up at the Circulation Desk or email Jess Bacon at [jbacon@cwmares.org](mailto:jbacon@cwmares.org). Space is limited to 15 writers, so sign up now!

**Upcoming Meeting Dates:**

May 18th, June 15th, July 20th  
All meetings are 9:30am-12pm

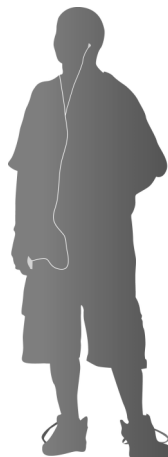
# Teen Services

## OWN<sup>the</sup>NIGHT



The Teen Summer Reading program is from June 25th to August 17th. We're doing something a little different this year. In addition to reading books, you will be given a card with 25 suggestions of different things that you can do to win a raffle ticket for the upcoming prizes. Every week, one prize will be raffled away. You may put your tickets in any prize basket that interests you, but once the prize is pulled for the week, it is no longer eligible.

What counts for summer reading? Doing things like: reading books, listening to a book on CD, read a graphic novel or manga, write a book review, take a picture of yourself reading somewhere, play a videogame from the library, watch a book trailer, and so many more! The library has so much more to offer than just reading. This summer is time to check it out!



### Winners of the Teen Writing Competition

#### Poetry (grades 7-9)

- 1st:** Elizabeth Smith (pg 8)  
**2nd:** Justin Hernandez (pg 8)  
**3rd:** Jennie O'Leary (pg 8)  
**3rd:** Erin Giugno (pg 8)

#### Poetry (grades 10-12)

- 1st:** Courtney Armijo (pg 12)  
**2nd:** Laura Cattarin (pg 12)

#### Stories (grades 7-9)

- 1st:** Kayla Ucciferri (pg 9)  
**2nd:** Katie Zagzoug (pg 10)  
**3rd:** Maddy Plante (pg 11)

#### Stories (grades 10-12)

- 1st:** Micaela Garrison-Desany (pg 12)  
**2nd:** Kristen Higgins (pg 13)  
**3rd:** Colleen McCarthy (pg 14)

Opening  
Event!

## Teen Summer Reading Events

**Own the Night:  
Foretell the Future  
Wed., June 27th  
6-8pm**

Come, sign-up for Summer Reading, collect goodies, and gain insight into the future with palm readings, psychic foretellings, and tarot cards. Ice cream will be provided.

**Make Blankets for Foster Children  
Fri., July 20th  
2-4pm**

Come watch a movie and learn an easy technique of knotting two flannels together to make a blanket. All blankets will be donated to foster children in Marlborough and the surrounding areas through DCF.

*Great for Volunteer Hours!*

**Magic from Your Digital Camera  
Tue., July 24 & Fri., July 27  
10am-2pm**

In this two-part Digital Photography workshop, you'll learn to use your digital camera to create, compose, and capture images with greater beauty and impact. Using examples and field exercises, photographer Artie Fasciani will lead you through fun and engaging workshops that will change how you capture the world through your lens. This event is for students aged 13-18 and requires pre-registration and attendance to BOTH events. Registration starts July 9th. Email [jbacon@cwmar.org](mailto:jbacon@cwmar.org) or call the circulation desk at 508-624-6900 to sign-up. Open to 12 teens. Lunch will be provided but you must bring your own digital camera.

### Do-It-Yourself Teen Projects

Join Allie to make a beautiful spring **Nest Necklace**. Makes a great Mother's Day gift! This program is for Grades 5-12. Registration required.

**Monday, May 7th @ 4-5pm**

Learn to make **Duct Tape Flip Flops** which you can enjoy during the summer. Lots of colors to choose from and a good time for all! Grades 5-12. Registration required.

**Monday, June 4th @ 4-5pm**

### Operation Otaku

Join our anime and manga fan club! Every other Tuesday, 5-6:30pm. Ages 13+

**See Calendar on pages 15-16 for dates.**

### B.L.T. Teen Book Group

Calling all teens! If you like to talk about books, then join Necia each month for fun discussion and a snack. We'll read from different genres chosen by group members. Ages 13+

**May 21st & June 18th @ 7-8pm**

### Musings: Teen Writers

Enjoy writing? Interested in creating your own stories? This is the group for you! We meet the 2nd Thursday of every month, Grades 7-12.

**May 17th, June 14th, July 12th  
@ 6:30-8pm**

 Find us on  
**Facebook**

More events will be  
booked in the  
upcoming months!

For the latest information, follow us on Facebook at  
[www.facebook.com/TeensMPL](http://www.facebook.com/TeensMPL)



# Children Services

## Look Who's Coming—Lenore Look!



American Library Association Notable author Lenore Look will be coming to the MPL! She's the author of the Ruby Lu series, Alvin Ho series, and four picture books: *Henry's First-Moon Birthday*,

*Uncle Peter's Amazing Chinese Wedding*, *Polka Do Penguin Pottery*, and *Love As Strong As Ginger*. Ms. Look will be at the library on Monday, May 7 from 6:30—8:00pm in the Bigelow Auditorium to

talk about her books and being a writer. We will have copies of her books available for purchase and signing. This program is for all ages. Stop by the children's desk or call (508) 624-6902 to reserve your space.

### Hey, Writers!

Ms. Look will also be running a writing workshop for grades 3-6. The Children's department will have more information on this workshop as it becomes available.



**Meet the  
author  
of the  
Alvin Ho  
series!**

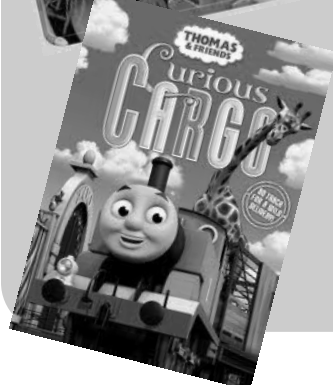
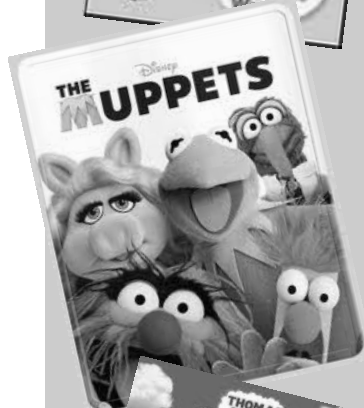
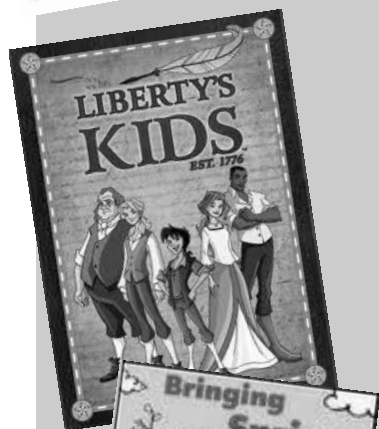
## Upcoming Children's Programs

Please register early! Space is limited. Call 508-624-6902 or visit the Children's Department.

WEEKLY STORIES	<b>BABY TIME</b> Join Debby for stories and bouncing rhymes for babies aged birth through 18 months. <u><b>Tuesdays, 10-10:30am</b></u> Thru June 19th	<b>TODDLER TIME</b> Join Tricia for songs, fingerplays, and stories for children aged 1 1/2- 3 1/2. <u><b>Fridays, 10-10:45am</b></u> Thru June 22nd	<b>PRESCHOOL PALS</b> Join Tricia or Necia for stories, fingerplays, songs and a craft! This program is for ages 3 1/2-6. <u><b>Wednesdays, 10-10:45am</b></u> <u><b>Tuesdays, 1:30-2:15 pm</b></u> Thru June 20th	<b>PJ STORYTIME</b> Join Amanda for stories, fingerplays, songs, and a craft for all ages. <u><b>Thursdays, 6:30-7:15 pm</b></u>
	<b>AFTERNOON ADVENTURES</b> Do you like stories, crafts, and fun activities? Then join us one afternoon a month for Afternoon Adventures! Each month will feature a different activity and snacks. Ages 6-10. <u><b>May 3 &amp; June 7 @ 4pm</b></u>	<b>MUGGLE SUPPORT GROUP</b> If you love to read fantasy then come join us! Please stop by the Children's Room to pick up a copy of the book we'll be discussing this month. Ages 10+. <u><b>May 14 &amp; June 11 @ 7pm</b></u>	<b>MAD SCIENCE</b> Are you mad for science? Then join Debby for some fun science experiments! Ages 6-12. <u><b>May 10 &amp; June 14 @ 4 pm</b></u>	<b>DROP IN CRAFT</b> Drop in and make a new craft each month! Open to all. <u><b>May 1 &amp; June 5 @ 10 am -12pm</b></u>
MONTHLY PROGRAMS	<b>AMERICAN GIRL CLUB</b> Every month we'll read about a different American Girl, make themed crafts and eat snacks. For girls ages 6-10. Caregivers are requested to participate in the program. Dolls of any kind are encouraged but not required. <u><b>Group 1: May 8, June 5 @ 4pm</b></u> <u><b>Group 2: May 15, June 12 @ 4pm</b></u>	<b>THE MIGHTY PEN</b> Attention writers! Interested in learning how to write better, share your ideas, and have fun? Then come join Jess for our monthly writers' group. Activities will include writing prompts, picture inspirations, and more! Grades 5 - 6. <u><b>May 29, June 19 @ 4pm</b></u>	<b>E.B.T.K.S. BOOK GROUP</b> A book group for kids who like to read a little bit of everything! Join Allie as she shares different types of books with you and helps you discover the wonderful world of genres! Ages 10+. <u><b>May 1 &amp; June 5 @ 6:30pm</b></u>	<b>WII FUN</b> Drop in and play Wii at the library! <u><b>May 26 @ 2-4pm</b></u>

# Summer Reading: Dream Big-Read!

Dream Big  
★ READ! ★



Starting Friday, June 1st children 12 and under can begin signing up for this year's summer reading program. The theme is **Dream Big—Read!** Children can choose a small prize or a raffle ticket for every five hours (up to fifty) that they read.

Events kick off on Monday June 25 with our Opening Ceremonies. Come in your pajamas for our all ages **PJ Party**. We will play a game and make a craft. Enjoy a snack while listening to storyteller Diane Edgecomb who will be sharing her favorite bedtime stories with us!

## Weekly Themes

- June 25 *Moonlight Magic*
- July 2 *Light Up the Night*
- July 9 *Up All Night*
- July 16 *Monsters Under the Bed*
- July 23 *Banish the Darkness*
- July 30 *Wish Upon a Star*

## Drop-In Programs:

Each week we will have programs to fit our theme—no sign up required! Tuesday nights are drop-in movies, Wednesday mornings are drop-in storytimes, and Wednesday afternoons are drop-in crafts.

## PJ Storytime

Amanda will continue PJ Storytime throughout the summer on Thursday evenings from 6:30-7:15.

## Campfire Chats & Critter Crafts

Join Amy and Trisha each week for an activity, craft and snack on Wednesday evenings.

## Art Dreams

Create a beautiful work of art with Allie and Debbie on Tuesday afternoons.

## Rockets: There and Back

Join the Museum of Science in one of two afternoon sessions on June 28 to learn about rockets.

## Themed Parties

Throughout the summer we

will we have these great themed parties:



Campfire Party  
Goosebumps Party  
Superhero Party

## Glow-in-the-Dark Racers

You can make your own glow-in-the-dark racer with Debbie on July 26.

## Animal Adventures: Nocturnal Animals

Learn about nocturnal animals and meet an owl, wallaby, lynx, and other animals up close on July 9.

## Stuffed Animal Sleepover

Your favorite stuffed animal can enjoy a fun sleepover at the library on July 13. View pictures of the events when you pick up your furry friend on July 14.

Stop by the Children's Room to learn more about specific programs and times.



# Awesome New DVDs in Children's

Check out these new DVDs in the children's room.

## Liberty's Kids:

### The Complete Series

Set in the late-18th-century America, tells the story of the American Revolution as seen through the eyes of Benjamin Franklin's two teenage apprentice reporters.

(NEW! J DVD LIBERTY'S)

## Peep and the Big Wide World: Bringing Spring

Follow a hatched chicken named Peep, and his friends Chirp and Quack, a robin and a duck, on their daily adventures.

(NEW! J DVD PEEP)

## The Muppets

While on vacation in Los Angeles, Walter and his friends, Gary and Mary, try to

raise ten million dollars to save the Muppet Theater from Tex Richman, a business man who wants to demolish the theater in order to drill for oil.

(NEW! J DVD MUPPETS)

We also have LOTS of new **Thomas the Tank** movies including **Curious Cargo**.

NEW

# After 58 Years of Library Service, Mena has Retired!

Philomena "Mena" Hedin, longtime employee of the Marlborough Public Library, had a wonderful reception to celebrate 58 years of exemplary service. On Thursday, April 12th, family, patrons, and colleagues from past and present gathered to wish Mena well. Mayor Arthur Vigeant led the speeches, followed by Library Trustee Susan Laufer, and Ray Johnson, Library Trustee and President of the Friends of the Marlborough Public Library. Joanne Whittemore, Head of Technical Services, presented Mena with a beautiful scrapbook commemorating her many years at the library.



*Mena, age 16, when she was a Page at the library*

Mena started working in the children's department at the Marlborough Public Library in 1954. Bertha Shapiro, whose portrait hangs above the upstairs circulation desk, was Head Librarian at the time, and Eleanor Jones was the children's librarian. Mena remembers that when she started, the staff was much smaller, only six people. She also remembers when the card catalog was made up of cards and was not online. Circulating books were kept downstairs and were inaccessible to the public. Mena remembers that librarians and clerks had to retrieve items on request. One of the tasks Mena often had to do was to play "library police", going door to door to patrons' houses to retrieve items that hadn't been returned. It's a good thing we don't do that anymore!

When asked what some of her favorite memories from the library are, Mena had a lot of pleasant times to recall. When she worked in the children's room, she loved the groups that came in to visit the library from the Mitchell, Freymen and Hildreth Schools, the Girl Scout Brownie Troops, and ESL classes with John Henley. Mena also started the children's story hour with Dorothy Brewin. She also remembers doll shows with prizes for the children. Her favorite memory, however, is the Christmas tree that was decorated with clothing items that Eleanor Jones made, including scarves, mittens, and gloves to give to the children who came in the library. She also was here for the momentous occasion when the time capsule was buried and also when it was unearthed last year for the 350th anniversary of Marlborough.



*Mena and fellow MPL staff at her Retirement Reception*

Mena hopes to use her newfound free time to relax and spend time with her family. But don't worry, she plans to be around the library, visiting and coming to library events! We will all miss her presence here at the library and will never forget her kind and generous nature. We wish her a very long and happy retirement!

## Friends of the Library Upcoming Programs - May and June

**Antiques Appraisal Day with Paul Royka**  
Saturday, May 12—10am-2pm  
\$5 fee per item—limit of 3

Paul Royka, of Royka's Appraisals, Auctions and Gallery, Leominster, MA, is a nationally known fine art, antiques & collectibles expert with over 30 years experience.

**MetroWest Daily News/Marlborough Enterprise 2012 McConnell Author/Celebrity Series #29—Host Alyson Cox**  
Wed., May 16th—7pm—Scott Helman, Boston Globe Political Writer and co-author of *The Real Romney*

**15th Annual Young People's Performing Arts Festival Concert**  
Wed., May 23rd—7pm

Featuring Chris Syers, trombone, Marlborough; Elizabeth & Ben Anderson, violin & cello, Westborough; Kayleigh Fay, clarinet, Marlborough; Karen Bouchard, piano, Ayer; Fuming Qiu, piano, Shrewsbury

# Winners of the Teen Writing Contest

## Contest Info

Last March teens who live and/or attend schools in Marlborough were invited to send in their poetry and stories for Marlborough Public Library's Teen Writing Contest. Through the support of local teachers and school librarians, the word reached many teens in the area! We were really impressed with the number of submissions we received.

The submissions were judged in two age groups (7th-9th and 10th-12th grades) and two genres (story and poetry). Each category had the potential of three winners: 1st place (\$100), 2nd place (\$25), and honorable mention.

The Judges were selected based on their writing experience and interest in young adult literature. A special thanks to them for reading all of the submissions and selecting the winners:

Jenny O'Connell (local YA author), Mary Bonina (local poet and author), Paul Crocetti (editor and writer for Marlborough Enterprise), Lois Black (writer for Marlborough Patch), Sarah Sapienza (co-host for Worcester's Poets' Asylum) Diane McKamy, Necia Blundy, and Bonny Anderson (local librarians).

Many thanks to everyone for their time, support, and interest. This contest would not have been such a success without you!

## The Train Station

By Jennie O'Leary, Grade 8

I am sitting  
In a crowded train station  
Surrounded by carelessness.  
A young man,  
Deemed successful by the world,  
Bumps into an elderly man,  
Who stumbles.  
"Sorrys" are exchanged.  
The young man seems sincere,  
But forgets about it  
One minute later.  
A woman  
Eats a bar  
That's supposed to make her thin.

Past the village, 'round the bend  
up a mountain, then descend,  
into the den of a fiery friend,  
and you will meet your bitter end.

The monstrous beast is thirty feet tall  
his gleaming red eyes see them all  
coming by steed, around the bend  
heading towards their bitter end.

Bones and skulls lie in the dirt.  
The monster is on high alert  
Hungry, truly beyond measure,  
waiting, patiently, for meaty pleasure  
that some armored knights will lend  
when they meet their bitter end.

## Dragon's Ire

By Elizabeth Smith, Grade 7



The honorable nights charge, sword in hand  
trying to bring peace to the land.  
The beast spews fire, and lashes out  
the swift knight ducks aside, picking a new route  
the winged fiend takes to the sky,  
until the valiant hero, he does spy  
then the beast gains speed and descends,  
bringing the knight to his bitter end.

Beyond the village and the bend  
lurks a fiery fearsome friend.  
Creep 'round the turn, the beast you will offend,  
and you will meet your bitter end.

## The Bottle

By Justin Hernandez, Grade 7

Anger, Sadness, Frustration  
they all go in, slowly filling up the bottle  
and when there is too much in the bottle  
BAM! It breaks  
whenever it breaks there is no telling what will happen  
you don't know how long it will stay broken  
or what feeling will come out  
I try to get better at holding in my feelings when the bottle breaks  
But I can't, I have to express my feelings some way  
I don't know what to do because everything causes the bottle to break  
and the bottle has been fixed so many times  
I don't know if I can take much more of this  
I need help but what if people don't listen to me or think I'm crazy  
maybe I'm worrying too much, I don't know  
all I know is I need help



## Joy

By Erin Giugno, Grade 7

Joy  
The warmth in my heart  
It sings with glee  
The feeling overpowers my whole body  
Until all I can feel is...  
JOY



*The Train Station and  
Joy tied for 3rd!*

She drops the wrapper  
On the already littered ground  
Without a second thought.  
A burly man,  
Whom many avoid,  
Sees a half-dead subway vermin  
In a corner.  
He kicks it, and laughs  
To impress  
Those he does not need to.  
I am sitting  
In a crowded train station  
Surrounded by carelessness.  
Why can't others see what I see?



# Winners of the Teen Writing Contest

## Right to the Pointe

By Kayla Ucciferri, Grade 7



I violently bounced in the seat of my mom's car. My excitement was simply unbearable, for what lay in the cardboard box my hands were gripping held a power that so many others had grasped before. The rain outside pounded on the roof of the car like a drum roll, steadily, seeming to slowly increase in decibels. As my dance teacher's car rolled into a space, I could hardly unbuckle my seat restraint fast enough. I sprinted at an incredible speed to the door of the studio, dashed inside, and sat myself down on a couch. Much too excited to notice how soaked I was, I went straight to opening the box. My fingers caressed every corner of the box until I finally found

the perfect spot. I slipped a finger into the box and pulled it open.

A pair of new, satin pointe shoes slid from their cardboard cage onto my lap. They were a soft shade of pink, but appeared white with the gleaming shine of the untouched satin. My ribbons were the same sort of color, extending from the sides of my pointe shoes like limp fettuccini. As my hands carefully and slowly grasped a shoe, I was trembling. My moment was interrupted by a voice from inside the studio.

"Ready girls?" my dance teacher beckoned. As I slipped the new shoes over my padded toes, I realized my peers also had the same expression of unmaskable joy spread across their face. We looked at one another, not speaking, but still communicating. Like we were telepathic geniuses that were far too brilliant to speak, we silently half-skipped, half-tiptoed into the room.

Finally, the silence became a nuisance, driven out by the tapping of brand-new wooden soles and sturdy boxes.

"Oh my God, guys, I am pumped!" My smile would have scared the toothiest shark. My friends and I pulled out the barres, our actions shadowed by the same sound that had brought the silence to its final destination. Calmly, we approached the metal stability tool and slid our hands around the curvature of the barre almost perfectly in sync. My dance teacher stood at the front of the class, with a grin that far outshined ours.

"You all look so determined," she said, her teeth hesitant to let her words slip through that enormous smile, "I love it!"

We all stood there in the studio facing the mirror, our "focused" faces put on like masks. As we initiated a staring contest with our reflections, my dance teacher struck

the play button on the stereo.

"Now remember, you deserve this, and you're ready. Slowly roll-up through your feet and onto the tips of your toes. Keep the technique you always use in ballet class." There was that smile again.

The piano's sound spilled from the speakers, projecting its joyous chants all around the small room. It was loud, but it didn't overpower me, for in that moment, it was only me in the studio, in the world, with my new best friends tied to my ankles. I inhaled deeply, and exhaled an even larger amount of air.

My time for mental preparation was up. Cautiously, I pushed down into the floor, my heels slowly rising like bubbling lava in a volcano ready to erupt. My insides felt like a migration of Monarchs headed towards Mexico to avoid the winter. I reached the three-quarter point of my shoes; my face was still glued to my other self in the mirror. Those last few seconds of rolling up through my pointe shoes were like the few seconds you spend atop a giant rollercoaster, suspended above the massive drop that you know has been approved for safety, but still makes you feel as though you should let out a blood-curdling scream. I refused to close my eyes as I pushed for that last quarter; I wouldn't let my reflection win. With one last burst of extreme willpower, I arrived at the peak of my roll-up. At last, my reflection and I shared a warm, pleasant smile as my feet balanced on my toes.

As I looked at my feet through the mirror, I started to laugh to myself. My feet did not, by any standards, look like Svetlana Zakarova or Misa Kuranaga. They were like solid cement blocks on the end of my legs; there was hardly an arch to my feet. My eyes scanned the three other pairs of feet perched upon their toes. They weren't very arched either.

"We have a long way to go, you guys," one of my peers said; her comment was acknowledged by a frenzy of nods and smiles. Somehow we all failed to realize we were still balancing on our ballet-stilts. As we rolled down to the slowing piano melody, my feet began to get a taste of what the next decade would feel like.

"Ouch, ouch, and ouch," I complained, the tips of my toes beating like a silent drum.

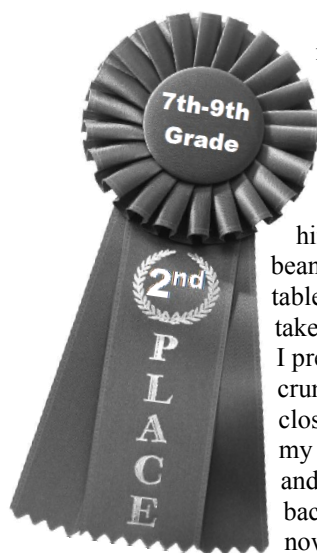
"Get used to it, girls," my dance teacher warned in a joking tone. "It'll be a while before your feet are used to this kind of torture."

We completed the rest of our roll-ups, our hands with a death grip on the bar. It wasn't anything spectacular, but my achievement came with a feeling of self-fulfillment and pride that couldn't have been earned any other way. As we wrapped up our very first pointe class, I found myself only thinking of one thing: tomorrow's class, my second pointe lesson. And sure enough, the next day I sat in my mother's car, failing at containing my excitement to take those shoes out of their box and slip them on again. ■

# Winners of the Teen Writing Contest

## Untitled

by Katie Zagzoug, Grade 8



Ever since I've known him, Ira's told me he wouldn't live long. And ever since I've known him, I've refused to believe it, because I can't imagine life without my best friend.

"Juney, could you hand me that water?" I jump at the chance to help him, stumbling over my own string-bean legs to get the glass off the bedside table. His shaking hands grab it, and he takes a sip. Water drips down his face, but I pretend not to notice. I curl up in the crunchy hospital chair, hugging my legs close to my chest and resting my chin on my knees. I pat down my crimson red hair and it scratches at my legs. I brush it back. Ira looks sadder than usual right now, his hair sticking to his forehead sweat. Ira's eyes probably look saddest

from the of all, though, brown and pleading. They're always moist—he always seems to only be one pinch away from crying. His limbs are pail and swollen, bruises from IV's popping up on every inch of his body. His lips are chapped and bright red, like he's just drunk a whole gallon of Kool-Aid. I can see every bone in his body through his tight-stretched skin, the color of the moon. I can tell that none of this is a good sign, but I try not to think about it.

"Juniper," Suddenly, he's sitting up. Hunched over and frail-looking, he smiles at me weakly. "Will you tell me a story, Juniper? Please?" The tears pool in the sockets of his eyes, but I ignore them. He's just asking for another story, I think, no one said anything about it being his last. I'm known for my fantastic stories in the hospital. Before Ira was moved to a private room, he was in the Children's Ward, and I would tell them all stories of dragons and love and knights and heroes.

"Sure, I. Any suggestions?" Ira rocks himself back into bed, and rests his head on the puffy white pillow.

"One about-about you and I. A story about us." I bite my lip.

"Of course," I say, and then I begin.

The stars were strangely bright, I remember, one night during one summer of my life. My favorite thing to do with Ira was stare at the stars. We called it Night Gazing. In the summer, we had the most time for Night Gazing, because our parents didn't need us and bed, and we didn't need to be doing school things. So at around six every night, we'd head out to the big field in the middle of town with a towel and some grape soda, and we'd Night Gaze.

"Ira," I had said on that night where the stars were strangely bright. "Ira, where do you suppose the idea of stars comes from?"

And then he sat up, and his brown curls were glowing in the light of the stars, and I thought he looked just perfect. "What are you asking?" I sat up with him, put my arms on my knees, and shrugged. He rolled his eyes. Ira sometimes did this. He never liked it when I didn't know what I was asking a question for. "You can be so...so dull sometimes, you know." I shrugged again. Ira rolled his eyes again. Another thing he doesn't like: when I don't get upset when people make fun of me. "God, Juniper. Why don't you ever stand up for yourself?"

I begin to shrug, but stop myself. I open my mouth, to give him a real answer. "I see no point in fighting, because no one ever really wins. Even when they think they do."

He turns onto his stomach and picks at the grass. "Standing up for something is different than fighting, Juniper." He mumbled. I army crawled across the towel and over to him. I looked at the side of his head. His ears were pink. I remember this because Ira's ears only ever turn pink when he's cold, and it was so warm that night.

"I don't think it's different. And maybe someday, when there is something to stand up for, that's important enough, I will stand up. I will fight." We flipped back over again, to where we had started. We both let out a long sigh, and he coughed.

"Would you stand up for me?" It was almost a whisper, like maybe he hadn't meant for me to hear. But I answer anyway.

"Of course," I paused, and stared into the stars until their brightness burned my eyes. "Would you for me?" He had chuckled a bit, and then he'd answered.

"I already do, June."

"Oh. Right."

We had laughed for a while after that, not sure why either of us were laughing, really, because it wasn't that funny. After a long silence, Ira spoke again. "The stars sure are brighter than usual tonight, huh?" And we were back to our usual kind of conversation, as if the whole thing before had never happened.

"Yup."

"That was a wonderful story, June." I nod and Ira coughs. A horrible kind of cough. A cough that you can feel spreading through your whole body. A cough that could kill. At that thought, I close my eyes tight, and don't open them, even as people rush in to check on him. Even as they wheel him out and away, to some other room, to make him better—to make him well. And as I'm thinking right now, with my eyes closed, my heart tied shut, the tears pushing themselves against the lids of my eyes, I'm thinking that maybe if I never open my eyes again, Ira will never die, because he will stay in my heart, and I will never have to live one day without my best friend. Because only in my heart will Ira live forever. ■

# Winners of the Teen Writing Contest

## The Tree

By Maddy Plante, Grade 8



I was born on a small abandoned farm alongside my sister, Thunder, a broad shouldered mare with a strong heart. When I first opened my eyes, I saw Thunder, her tattered black coat; mud caked in her mane, yet her soft brown eyes still held emotions. She welcomed me into the world, yet something made me feel uneasy. Staring intently into her eyes, I noticed redness of them, how puffy they were, I thought that odd but paid no mind to it. My mother greeted me next, she too had red eyes, yet they held warm love as she licked me clean and got me to my feet. I suckled for

a bit before she allowed my father to sniff my fragile body, but she made uncle Bone wait longer, swatting him away whenever he came to near.

It had been four months since my birth when I noticed my mother and father getting ill. My sister often told me it was due to the lack of grass and water making them ill, although she often reassured me they would pull through; but she had told me it with uncertainty, making me believe otherwise. Several days later, I awoke to see mother's and father's body, lying next to each other, unmoving. No one had to explain it to me, it was clear they had passed on, and so, Thunder and Bone buried them underneath the cashew tree where they still lie to this day.

After many months had passed, Thunder and Bone were all I had left. Thunder was my best friend, but when she got ill, I couldn't bear to see her off. I lay with her for those 21 days, she herself too weak to move, and on a warm spring day she called me over.

"Be strong my beautiful sister, and never give up." Thunder's soft brown eyes glazed over, as a tear ran down her cheek and I watched her chest rise for a final time. I buried my face in her mud caked mane and stayed there for days until the hunger pangs grew too strong and my uncle Bone ripped me from her rotting body.

After that day, it has been me and my uncle Bone, trying to survive on what little the humans left us, and so, our journey continues.

The blistering sun shone down upon my field as I sought shelter under the final standing tree, the cashew tree. Bone's nose was hoof deep in manure searching for food that we had not yet eaten, the sour excuse for food

was coated in drying feces while yet still soggy and lifeless from years of rain coating it. Sighing, I made way toward the collapsing barn, a chipping structure with rotting beams falling onto any creature living there. Lapping the tinted rain water my hunger pangs began to start up, piercing, snarling, vicious pains that drove me mad. Bone trotted over, huffing, out of breath from years of strenuous labor.

"I can't find anything Dakota, not one thing," Bone licked his lips with anguish. "I don't know what we are-," cutting his sentence short Bone started to hack, red liquid came from his throat as I backed away, afraid of the disease, I instantly knew something was wrong. "I'm sorry Dakota, I don't know what we are going to do, honey. Right now, it seems we have no food to support us." Looking down I saw his eyes well up with tears, nuzzling him I huffed, my breath wheezing.

"We will find a way Bone, we always have."

"Oh I hope your right honey." Bone sighed looking defeated.

The next morning I awoke to see Bone, looking out toward the forest, a forlorn look spread across his face, downy mane blowing back in the wind. Walking over to him, his breathing sounded hushed, barley audible as the wind whipped around us. I stood with him for hours, but all too soon, unable to keep my vigil, I walked away as my hunger pangs returned.

After walking round the field for some time, still in pursuit for any type of food, I noticed Bone had moved from his fence post. Scanning the rocky field, I noticed him lying beneath the cashew tree. Walking over to him, I scanned his body. It was littered with flies, buzzing around him like a pack of hungry vultures. Ears pinned I shooed them away and washed him, and with a heavy heart, I accepted it, my last friend was gone, and so I allowed him to join my family, beneath the cashew tree.

Weeks went by, and my pangs become dulled, the sharpness of them seemed to disappear completely. Half the time I stumbled around the field, eating the fallen dead leaves that had blown into the pasture from the great oaks that stood not 100 yards away.

On one particular day, my legs gave way; I dragged myself to the shade as the sun's heat became unbearable. As the day progressed I started to drift into a slumber where I was met by a dream...

I was trotting in a forest shrouded in mist when I saw a horse with a pitch black coat, glossy and clean, it had taken me some time to figure out that this beautiful horse was my sister.

"Sister, your time has come, the time to let go of this pain, to come with your family."

"But Thunder, I'm afraid-," she cut my words short.

"Don't be my beautiful sister, let the warmth consume you, follow me into the forest, and we can once more be together." Tears welled in my eyes, as three figures appeared, and took me away.

"John, stop the car!" two men pulled to an abandoned farm, spotting a lump lying in the middle of the field. Only when the two men went and inspected the lump did they realize it was the carcass of a young black filly, lying underneath an old rotting cashew tree. ■



# Winners of the Teen Writing Contest

## A Leaf

By Courtney Armijo, Grade 10

A leaf floats by my face without a care in the world  
I stare as it drifts down, down, down, into a shallow lake  
It gets washed farther and farther away from shore  
Oh, how jealous of that little leaf am I

I close my eyes and feel the wind whip my face  
Oh, how free that wind is  
Free to go wherever it wants, whenever it wants  
Oh, how jealous of that wind am I

A pine cone falls from a nearby tree and lands at my feet  
I pick it up and marvel at it, as if I have never seen one before  
It creates a sense of euphoria in me I can not begin to describe  
Oh, how jealous of that pine cone am I

The sun begins to set  
As I sit on the ground, I stare  
Fascination dwindling as the sun sets further down  
Oh, how jealous of that sunset am I

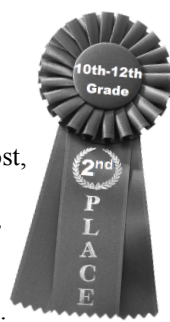


## Empty Sentiment

By Laura Cattarin, Grade 10

If words are too distressed, if thoughts too lost,  
Speak low and share each solemn sentiment.  
If you will just rest here, I'll bear your cross,  
And we shall know each others' true intent.  
We'll sit too long and talk too long and live;  
Each kiss we'll trade is ours to take, to share.  
A fact, a name, a tale are gifts we'll give.  
I'll cast my shyness off and show I care.  
You'll be the one of whom the words all speak,  
For words exist to please you only, dear.  
You need not wait an ho'r, a day, a week,  
To prove I will be ever waiting here.

As sweet as this may sound, it cannot be,  
For love is just an empty word to me.



## Wooden Nickels

By Micaela Garrison-Desany, Grade 12

They were shirtless, lights beating down on their vaguely toned bodies, a crowd screaming like they were at a cock-fight. Alton was

something of a legend in this part of town from his college days with Moishe. Every time he came to Boston, he'd knock down one or two up-and-coming boxing stars and a handful of nobodies. Alton was a snake in the conference room and even meaner in the ring. He had this one in the bag.



Etienne certainly had size on his side though. As they came together to bop knuckles in the pretense of good-faith, he noticed for the first time the expansive seven inches he had on Alton. Not to mention the 100 extra pounds. He was ready to count out that \$200.

The ref, a factory worker in a scrappy suit, glanced over at the pair and then sounded the bell.

Etienne had no idea what to expect.

Before he knew it, the "East Side Hurricane" descended upon him. Alton was too fast. As Etienne put up his dukes to block, he realized that, not only was Alton a veteran at this, he had anger issues to spare. Etienne pulled off, moving back to the far side of the ring. His lip was split; it tasted like a penny party in his mouth.

"You're pretty good," Etienne muttered between quiet French swears as he spit out a chunk of lip.

"You didn't think I'd bring you here, of all places, by happenstance, did you?"

"I knew you were shrewd. You and Moishe are similar in that," he swallowed hard the rest of the pennies, "respect."

"Except I'm not gay," he took the opportunity to jab at Etienne.

He parried, "Do you have a girl in New York City?"

"Hardly," He jabbed in again, face contorting a bit in disgust.

Etienne took notice, "What's her name?"

"It's arranged," He lunged in fast, hitting Etienne hard in the nose. His fists were bloody now, his hair falling in his face, a far cry from the polished suit he had once been.

His nose was broken, the blood seeping through his fingers, tiny stains on his dark pants. He had to stay awake, though the woozy feeling in his chest wasn't helping, "It's not necessary that you hate her," he said between wheeze and gore.

"It's an unfair situation," Alton came in again, angrier than before, "you two get to be fairyfriends, and I can't even—"

Etienne got him hard, straight in the forehead, knuckles hitting the eyebrow ridge smack-dab. Before Alton registered the blood, Etienne returned the nasal favor. Alton coughed hard, eyes blurring between the blood and the brunt force.

He stumbled for just a second, before regaining a bit of balance and going in again. Etienne didn't expect the quick recovery, and he took a hard hit to the jaw.

He felt his body spin and go down, face colliding hard with the blood-spattered mat. He saw the referee come into the center and declare Alton the victor amidst the crowd gathered at the edges. For a split second, he caught sight of Alton's face. Despite the trickles of blood, he looked square at Etienne and gave him a look he couldn't quite put his finger on. It must have been something between shame and envy.

Etienne woke up to a bright circle.

*"Wooden Nickels", continued to next page*



# Winners of the Teen Writing Contest

## Wooden Nickels, continued from page 12

The circle divided into three or four.

And then he noticed the lead wiring and the flickering aluminum casings. Oh. Electric lights.

He blinked a few times and noticed a pink blob in the corner of his vision. He looked over and took a couple more seconds for the blob to turn into a person. Oh. Alton.

Etienne took a deep breath as he noticed the large barriers. Oh. The ring.

He staggered up, hunching a bit from the pain and some shame. He took a few seconds to remember just what happened that night, but when the \$200 flashed in his mental movie, he jolted to Alton's direction, "What—!"

"You lost, kid," smoke rings puffed up to the harsh electric overheads, "you went down like a sack of potatoes."

All he could manage to say was, "What?"

Alton began putting himself back together, "I beat you in the ring."

"But that means—"

"Don't worry about it."

"What?"

"Jesus, do you know how to say anything else?" He snapped at first, then sighed, "Look, don't worry about it."

Etienne took a moment to process while Alton asked a waitress for a towel, "But--! Moishe and I can—?"

"Sure."

"Do I still get the \$200?"

Alton laughed, "Are you kidding? Nice try," he said as he wiped his face, trying to think of a good excuse to explain his banged up nose to his father later. "Go and have fun with him. Just," he paused to add gravity, "Don't mess around with him."

Etienne nodded, unsure of the right response, "Thanks."

Alton shrugged, "Just don't let it get out that I let you off the hook for a bet."

"You can trust me."

They shook hands and Alton was off into the night, wind whipping around at his pressed lapels, leaving Etienne to find his way back home.

When he made it back to Moishe's, it was late and his face was swollen, black and blue with all the trappings.

"Hello?"

"There you are," Moishe was curled up under the covers.

"How are you feeling?"

"This came for you," he changed the subject as he picked up a fat letter. In a scrawl was Etienne's name on the dirtied paper.

Etienne took it in his hands and twirled it over once, twice, then opened it, "From you?"

"You think I would bother?"

Etienne smiled at Moishe's sass as he pried it open. Bright greenbacks laid all neat inside, Jackson's face seemed to be smiling at him.

"What is--?"

"Alton just dropped it off."

Etienne slowly smiled as he counted it out, all 100.

"Split the difference." ■

## Untitled 2

By Kristen Higgins, Grade 12



By the time Alex was two weeks acquainted with the electric, stainless steel hospital bed, he knew exactly how many flies were caught between the window screen and the pane. He could see the parking lot outside that window, and he counted all of the parking spaces at least twice a day. He knew that by the time he could hear the nurse's voice in the hallway, there were exactly twenty six square tiles between her and his room- enough space to close his eyes, steady his breathing and act like he was asleep.

The monotony was hard to bear the first few weeks, but he came to accept it, and look at it as a comfort. Or, at least... that's what he tried to tell himself.

The truth is, there was really no comfort in the flies trapped in the window; everyday they were more skeletal than the last. Or the parking lot- especially the parking lot- in which he has seen the rest of the healthy world depart from; to which he would gladly plummet, had his condition even allowed him to walk to the window first. His contentment with their existence was nothing short of a facade.

The truth is, there was no amenity in these unchanging observations; it was easier to feign unconsciousness than it was to listen to the nurse ask him how he was feeling an innumerable amount of times, or have his family look at him as if he was a wounded dog in the street.

Truth is, Alex didn't care about his condition. We've been dying since the day we were born; he was just winning the rat race.

Banishing those reflections to the doldrums of his frail mind, Alex threw his head back to the pillow. He took notice of the digital clock beside him on the nightstand as it blinked with the numbers "2:05." His daughter, Anne, would be arriving soon, undoubtedly to give him that look- the same worried look he'd given her years ago, when she began to take off with strange boys and started wearing skirts six inches above the one inch rule. A look not only worrisome, but also a look that questioned whether or not things would always be this way, forever.

He would tolerate this for just one reason: Maggie, his four year old grandchild often accompanied Anne. In her eyes he saw no pretense or caution- just a blue ocean of curiosity; an endless bounty of judgment-free innocence for which he'd suffer a thousand illnesses to possess himself. Unlike Anne and the nurses, Maggie did not want to remedy his ailments with a glass of water, prescription pills and a pillow fluff. Instead, he knew she would have resolved to open him up herself and remove the affliction that was responsible for his declining health, if she only knew how.

Life was like that, wasn't it? At least, to her it was. And that was the beautiful thing about childhood. In life, you take what you've got for what it is and discard the rest. Alex longed for her to discard the cancerous stone sinking in his body; for her to navigate her tiny hand through his stomach, pull it out and toss it in the trash as though it was nothing more than a weed in a bed of roses.

"Untitled 2", continued to next page

# Winners of the Teen Writing Contest

As this thought finished, he heard the sound of heels gently kissing the tile- the same, hesitant harmony every time that lets Alex know his daughter is coming.

"Twenty six," he whispered, followed by a long, exhausted sigh.

For all of the traveling his mind had just done and so often did, Alex was half surprised to find himself still in the bed when Anne entered the room. Or, rather, when she was led into the room by none other than Maggie. It was as though the roles of mother and child had been reversed. Maggie was dauntless, whereas Anne was timid and afraid to breathe, so as to avoid spreading a germ her father could no longer defend himself against- as if he was now made of porcelain glass rather than flesh and bone; as if the reverberation of her footsteps would wrack the bed ever so slightly and shatter Alex into a million pieces before her.

Maggie paused at the door, with Anne behind her, her hand on her daughter's shoulder.

"Puppa!" Maggie squealed. Alex could not hold back the grin that instantaneously spread on his face on hearing her voice. It had been so long since anyone had spoken to him so

informally; he could not withhold the outward joy it had wrought.

"C'mere, kid," Alex grunted as he managed to prop himself up on the godforsaken bed, in anticipation for his granddaughter's embrace. Maggie ran to his side, and without missing a beat, she lifted one of her short legs in an unprecedented attempt to climb into Alex's bed.

Anne lost any control she kept beforehand.

"Maggie!"

Anne's voice was shrill- so shrill it caused Alex to jump, subsequently knocking Maggie backwards off of his bed. Within seconds, Maggie was making her own shrieks, in between incessant sobbing and wailing.

While the nurses, having heard the commotion, rushed in the room toward Alex, Anne bent down to Maggie, taking her by the shoulders. Yelling over her cries, Anne scolded Maggie for her attempt.

"Puppa is sick, Maggie! Very sick!"

Maggie gazed at her through wet eyes. She tried to respond, but was drowned out by an onslaught of hiccups. Anne continued.

"If you climb on his bed, you'll upset

him! You could pull a wire loose, which is very very dangerous, he could...he could..."

She couldn't find the word, although she knew what it was. Everyone in the room, except Maggie did- the nurses, who, after having their hands swatted away by an impatient Alex, are satisfied in his well being knew it, Alex knew it, Anne knew it. It was what caused his face to go red with anger.

Not because she was about to say it. Oh no. No. Because she didn't say it. And why? Did she not think Maggie had caught on by now?

Apparently, no one knew better than Maggie, who immediately withdrew her crumpled face from her tiny hands. She looked at her mother, then at Alex. She blinked once, and said, "he could die, couldn't he, Mommy? Puppa's dying, isn't he?"

Anne immediately recoiled at her daughter's question as though she had been struck across her cheek. The nurses ducked their heads, averting their eyes from the scene. Alex, however, looked at Maggie, and smiled. ■

## "The Old Thief's Tale"

By Colleen McCarthy, Grade 10



In a old Texan town, where everyone knows everyone, where everyone's family. On that morning you'd hear the sound of pounding feet, there's a boy running. He's clutching a bag, he looks scared, he keeps looking over his shoulder.

"What's a matter boy?" said a voice, the boy nearly jumped out of his skin. The voice laughed. He looked around, and his eyes finally settled on the figure on the porch, he relaxed. It's just old man Jack, he thought. "Well?" old man Jack asked, the boy stared at him blankly. Old man Jack looks toward heaven, "What's got ya so spooked Henry my boy?"

The boy Henry puffed out his chest with bravado he didn't truly feel. "Spooked? ME?" he snorted. "If anything I should look like the cat that caught the canary..." he trailed off.

"You sure don't look so sure of yourself," said old man Jack. "Come on boy, why don't you tell me your story?" Henry looked at him, like I'd tell you, the guys'd kill me.... "Well?" He said. "I'm waiting, or maybe you want me to tell your Momma you're up to no good?"

Henry's head snapped up, "NO SIR!" Old man Jack laughed.

"Okay, okay." Henry gulped, and sighed. Might as well get this over with... "Okay, me an some fellas were over at the gas station, you know just hanging out," he gulped again, "When some pretty lady pulled up in a convertible an went inside, Phil nudged me an' said, "Hey, I dare you to go grab her purse." Thought I

heard 'em wrong, when the guys started whooping an' saying 'Yeah! Totally, do it! Do it! Do it!' I just stood there. But-but, they were going on an on! Suddenly, I found myself running to the car, the purse was in my hand, n' I was racing around the corner, running for all I was worth! What else could I have done!?"

"Not have done it," old man Jack said.

"WHAT?" Henry said.

"Not have done it, just walked away," old man Jack said. "Certainly what I should have done..." he muttered.

"What YOU should have done? W-What do you mean?" Henry asked.

"Well, I guess I have a tale to share, too," said old man Jack. "I had this system for getting exactly what I wanted out of people,

*"Tale", continued to next page*

*"Tale", continued from page 14*

know what I mean?" Henry looked at him blankly again. "Where are the young people's brains these days?" He muttered.

"Manipulation, boy, felt like I had the whole world in the palm of my hand. An' it still didn't feel like enough, so I tried my hand at the riskier things, smoking an' the like, but most of all shoplifting. Whenever we could, anything you can think of, we nicked, until that day.... There was a mother an' a daughter came in the store we were scoping out, before we'd only lifted things off shelves, my pal got it in his head that it would be a blast to nick something off a person. And he wanted ME to do it!"

"What'd you do?" Henry asked.

Old man Jack glared at him. "What do you think? Let me get back to my tale. So anyway, he had convinced me to do it. He was gonna make the little girl spill her ice cream, an' while the mother was tending to the tears, I was supposed to nick the bag, an' when I did, the mother started to panic, an' she started to have an asthma attack. Can you imagine how that was for me? Imagine someone gasping for air, an' the only way to help them is in your hands?"

But to help THEM you have to sacrifice yourself. I just stood there at first, watching her gasp for breath an' with her kid there sobbing hysterically next to her, I made a decision."

"What'd you do?" Henry asked wide eyed.

"I did what any GOOD person would do, I helped 'em. I give the lady her bag back, she got her inhaler an' she was fine."














































"An' you didn't get in trouble?" Henry asked.






"Course I did, you idiot! The point of the story is, I shouldn't have been in that situation in the first place!" He shouted.

"An' you should never take something that isn't yours. One because it isn't YOURS! Two you never know what's in something like a bag, an' what importance the items it holds for the owner. Ya get what I mean?"















































"Yes, sir, I think I do," Henry said, "An' I think there's something I have to do." Then he ran off, back to the gas station, to look for the lady. He found her and told her everything. Amazingly she wasn't that mad, she did scold him of course, but it wasn't as bad as he thought. He actually felt pretty good! Especially after she told him that she was so lucky he brought it back because she's a diabetic, and her meter was in there! So his lesson's learned, just like old man Jack. ▀


# MAY 2012

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		<b>1</b> 10-10:30am  Baby Time 1:30-2:15pm  Preschool Pals 6:30-7:30pm  EBTGS Book Group	<b>2</b> 10-10:45am  Preschool Pals	<b>3</b> 4-5pm  Afternoon Adventures 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime	<b>4</b> 10-10:45am  Toddler Time	<b>5</b>
<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> 4-5pm   DIY: Nest Necklace 6:30-8pm   Lenore Look Author Visit	<b>8</b> 10-10:30am  Baby Time 1:30-2:15pm  Preschool Pals 4-5pm  American Girl I 5-6:30pm  Operation Otaku	<b>9</b> 10-10:45am  Preschool Pals	<b>10</b> 4-5pm  Mad Science 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime	<b>11</b> 10-10:45am  Toddler Time	<b>12</b> 10-12pm  Drop-in Craft
<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> 7-8pm  Muggles Support Book Group	<b>15</b> 10-10:30am  Baby Time 1:30-2:15pm  Preschool Pals 4-5pm  American Girl 2	<b>16</b> 10-10:45am  Preschool Pals	<b>17</b> 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime 6:30-8pm  Musings: Teen Writers	<b>18</b> 9:30-12pm  Inklings: Adult Writing Group 10-10:45am  Toddler Time	<b>19</b>
<b>20</b>	<b>21</b> 6:30-8pm  Adult Book Club 7-8pm  B.L.T. Teen Book Group 	<b>22</b> 10-10:30am  Baby Time 1:30-2:15pm  Preschool Pals 5-6:30pm  Operation Otaku	<b>23</b> 10-10:45am  Preschool Pals	<b>24</b> 10:30am-12pm  Adult Book Club 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime	<b>25</b> 10-10:45am  Toddler Time	<b>26</b> 2-4pm  Wii Fun
<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b> 10-10:30am  Baby Time 1:30-2:15pm  Preschool Pals 3:30-4:30pm  The Mighty Pen Writing Group	<b>30</b> 10-10:45am  Preschool Pals	<b>31</b> 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime		

All Ages =  Teen =  Tween =   
 Adult =  Children = 

# JUNE 2012

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
All Ages =  Teen =  Tween =  Adult =  Children = 						1 10-10:45am  Toddler Time
3	4 4-5pm   DIY: Duct Tape Flip Flops	5 10-10:30am  Baby Time 1:30-2:15pm  Preschool Pals 4-5pm  American Girl 1 5-6:30pm  Operation Otaku 6:30-7:30pm  EBTGS Book Group	6 10-10:45am  Preschool Pals	7 4-5pm  Afternoon Adventures 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime	8 10-10:45am  Toddler Time	9 10-12pm  Drop-in Craft
10	11 7-8pm  Muggles Support Book Group	12 10-10:30am  Baby Time 1:30-2:15pm  Preschool Pals 4-5pm  American Girl 2	13 10-10:45am  Preschool Pals	14 4-5pm  Mad Science 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime 6:30-8pm  Musings: Teen Writers	15 9:30am-12pm  Inklings: Adult Writing Group 10-10:45am  Toddler Time	16
17	18 6:30-8pm  Adult Book Club 7-8pm  B.L.T. Teen Book Group	19 10-10:30am  Baby Time 1:30-2:15pm  Preschool Pals 3:30-4:30pm  The Mighty Pen Writing Group 5-6:30pm  Operation Otaku 6:30-7:30pm  Book Lover's Swap	20 10-10:45am  Preschool Pals	21 10:30am-12pm  Adult Book Club 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime	22 10-10:45am  Toddler Time	23
24	25 June 25th, 6-8pm  Children's Summer Reading Opening Ceremony	26 3-4:30pm  Art Dreams 6-8pm  Drop In Movie	27 10-11am  Drop In Story Time 1:30-2:30pm  Drop In Craft 6:30-7:30pm  Campfire Chats	28 6:30-7:15pm  PJ Storytime	29	30

**June 27th, 6-8pm **  
 Teen Summer Reading Opening Event:  
 Foretell the Future (with ice cream)

## Marlborough Public Library

### Regular & Summer Hours

Monday-Thursday:  
--9am to 8:30pm  
Friday:  
--9am to 5pm  
Saturday:  
--9am to 5pm  
--9am to 1pm (June 2-Aug 25th)  
Sunday:  
--1pm to 5pm  
-- Closed (June 2-Aug 25th)

**Mailing:** 35 West Main Street  
Marlborough, MA 01752

**Parking:** 22 Witherbee Street  
Marlborough, MA 01752



### Contact Information

Circulation Desk: (508) 624-6900  
Children's Room: (508) 624-6902  
Reference: (508) 624-6992  
Director: (508) 624-6901



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