

The Written Word

Faculty from the Newburyport Literary Community...

authors, poets, & essayists

GETTING STARTED AS A WRITER—Author and high acclaimed poet, Alfred Nicol will lead this class, especially designed for those who always wanted to write but got side-tracked along the way. It is sensitive to the beginning writer's anxiety. The class will include exercises along with discussion and on-on-one review. There will be an emphasis on voice, style, and syntax. *Eight, 2-hour sessions: Mondays, 7:00-9:00 p.m. Begins September 26, 2016. Nock Middle School. Cost \$190. Class limit: 10.*

NEW JOURNEY TO THE SELF: EXPLORING JOURNAL WRITING—Keeping a journal with a focus on our inner world of feelings and thoughts can benefit us in many ways. It can help us make better decisions, clarify our thoughts and feelings, gain perspective on our lives, provide a way to tap into our intuition, and give us a safe way to express the most difficult feelings. Whether you have never kept a journal or are an old hand at it, join us in a safe, supportive setting to explore several methods of inner-focused journal writing. Join this new class given by Carrie Schmidt, Ph.D., retired psychotherapist and university professor, who greatly values the ways journaling has enriched her life. *Two, 2-hour sessions: Wednesdays, 6:30 - 8:30 p.m. Begins November 9, 2016. Cost: \$60. Class limit: 12.*

WRITER'S WORKSHOP—Elizabeth Barrett, long-time writer, editor will lead the workshop for experienced writers. The class is intended for anyone with some writing experience—publication credentials are not required—who wishes to expand and hone his/her writing skills. Students present material to the class, which is then critiqued in class. Long-time writer and editor Elizabeth Barrett leads the class, and provides lessons on plot, character development, point of view, editing and revising, and more. Fiction and nonfiction writers are welcome. *Elizabeth's Website: www.wordsflyup.com*
Eight, 2-hour sessions: Wednesdays, 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. Begins September 28, 2016. Nock Middle School. Cost: \$200. Class limit: 8.

THE WRITING CONTEST WINNER

What's Happening to the Moon? by Susan Reslewic Keatley

As she peered at the sliver of light in the black sky, Delilah wondered why the moon was getting smaller. The matter was especially troubling as she would turn 8 in three days. Would the moon be around that long? "Mommy, what's happening to the moon? Why is it getting smaller?" "The moon changes, sweetie. It's just what happens." "Why?"

"Delilah, no more questions! It's time for bed."

And after a kiss & a hug, Mommy turned out the lights. Delilah looked out her window, wondering about the moon. If Mommy couldn't explain it, she would find somebody who could. The next morning, she found Daddy in the kitchen. "Daddy, what's happening to the moon?" "Hmmm?" he said, glancing over his newspaper. "The moon," Delilah said. "It's getting smaller!" "Well, darling," Daddy began, munching a piece of toast, "the moon is made of green cheese! Didn't you know? And Martians are taking bites of it, every ... single ... night!" He leaned over, gave her a kiss, and hopped up to grab his briefcase.

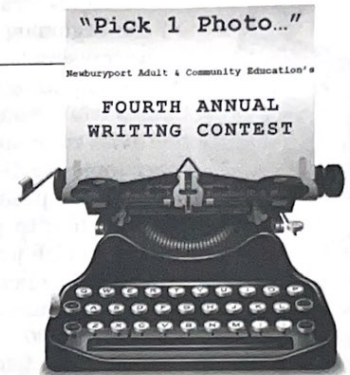
Delilah rolled her eyes. Didn't Daddy realize she

was nearly 8 years old? She knew the moon was not made out of green cheese! At school, she found her teacher in the art nook. "Miss Helen, what's happening to the moon?" "Well, what do you mean, dear?" Miss Helen asked, over the thin glasses resting partway down her nose. "It's getting smaller!"

"Oh, Delilah, you don't learn about the solar system until the sixth grade!" And Miss Helen went back to organizing construction paper cornucopias. That afternoon, Delilah stormed into her apartment, slammed the door, and threw herself on the couch. "WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE MOON?!" she wailed.

"Maybe the people at the Planetarium know," said her brother Darren. "The Planetarium?" "At the museum. Our teacher told us about it today."

During dinner, Delilah told Mommy she did not want a birthday present, but wanted to go to the Planetarium instead. Mommy agreed to take her, tomorrow, after work. They raced into the museum at 4:45 PM. They followed the signs that said, "Planetarium: This Way". When they arrived, it was empty, and quiet. Then, another sign: "Last Show 4:00 PM". Angry, thick tears filled Delilah's eyes.



She didn't hear the clunk-CLUNK clunk-CLUNK of the janitor and his mop bucket. "What's the matter here?" asked the janitor, surprising her. "I want to know why the moon is getting smaller. I've asked all these people, but no one is taking me seriously!" "Hmmm," said the janitor. "Well, let me try." He placed his mop aside, stooped down, and told her all about what was happening to the moon. He rotated a brush around a rag, and rotated all of that around Delilah. Mommy listened too.

The next day, Darren asked, "Mom, what's an eclipse? I have a quiz tomorrow." "Why don't you ask Delilah?" Mommy offered. Delilah beamed.

And that night, she said goodbye to the sliver, knowing it would return when she was 8.