

The truth is...we gather on the Third Monday of each month to practice our writing skills. We listen and share in each other's work. We are small in number and our commitment is strictly to produce and foster creativity among our members.

We started in July 1999 and consist of adults that enjoy writing memoirs, commentaries, essays, poems, and/or prose. Our simple method each month is to use a pre-selected word or phrase as the basis of a story, an idea, an opinion, a derivative of, or an implied essence of and write a document of no more than 1000 words (approximately 2 pages). We share our stories, comment, and in that way build up our writing skills through practice and presentation. The atmosphere is friendly and supportive, and the feedback is gentle.

Curious? Always wanted to try writing for fun, entertainment, or even profit? Come visit with us at any of our open meetings. Bring a sample of your work. Sit in and see what we do. If you like it, join us every month and become a member. Contact Nancy at nestewart@ameritech.net for information. [The Pen & Ink Writer's Group returned to the Eisenhower Library on July 18, 2022.](#)

**Original Works by Members of the Pen & Ink Writers' Group
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July 17, 2023

Word: Lazy

State Dept.: Roger Waters has history of denigrating Jews

By J. Smetana

What the hell is this?

It's grammas potato salad, least that's what it says on the box.

Is she working for the Taliban? Is she working for Al-Qaeda? Is she trying to kill us?

She used to work for the 'phone company but I think she's retired now.

Well, she's got to pick up her game—I don't know if she got LAZY or what.

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Return to Gummi Glenn Part 3

By Mark Moe

Princess Calla walked to a nearby wall and pulled a rope connected to a bell on the other side of the double oak doors. The bears responded by reopening the doors and filing back into the library with their guests. The princess relayed Kylie's story with such veracity to the Gummies that Kylie found herself mostly nodding with everything Princess Calla explained.

When she finished, she asked Zummi, “Do you think the Great Book of Gummi could help Kylie get back to her own time in her future?”

“Oh, my! Oh, my! I am sure the answer could be contained within it, but I will have to research it. I have a feeling the great Gummi Medallion will be the key to it as well. As for the question of our eventual disappearance, I would tell you that the Gummi Bears are not immortal, although we live for a few thousand years. It is possible that we just passed on from this world to the next world,” replied Zummi.

After a few days, Zummi did find a vague reference in the library about time travel and the medallion as he suspected was the key. He went to the guest room to inform Kylie. “My dear, the Great Gummi made one reference to time travel though it was difficult to find. We will need the light of the full moon and the medallion to send you back to your own time. As for our disappearance in the future, I have no answers. Do not worry, we will figure it out. I will send a message to Princess Calla as well. She was concerned if you would be stuck here in the past, but that will not be the case.”

A few hours later, Kylie, the Gummi again waited for Princess Calla to meet them in the Gummi Library, but this time, a scrawny, brown-haired young boy was with her. As soon as Kylie saw him, she realized that must be Squire Cavin and the princess’s introduction confirmed it. He was awkward, but friendly to her and knew the bears well because, he started conversing with all of them about different topics. Princess Calla sat down and waited on Zummi to explain what he found.

“Okay, everyone. Let me get started here. Now I have found a way home for Kylie and she will be able to go home on the next full moon a couple of days away. I was trying to find a way to solve our future disappearance issue and the best idea I have is to send one of us to the future with Kylie. This will allow someone to access the quick tunnels and be able to figure out what happened to the rest of us. I believe our disappearance will probably be noted somewhere in the future. I do not think we would just disappear without a trace. The bear I believe should go is the one although, not “*lazy*” by any means, she may be our best chance. So Sunni, it must be you my dear.”

“Zummi, why me? I would much rather stay and enjoy the sounds of nature than to go to an unknown future where we all do not exist. What am I supposed to do, I am not a magic user like you, or a fighter like Gruffi.”

“My dear, it is quite possible that Gruffi, Tummi, and Cubbi will be the ones defending Grammi and myself to the very end so that we can leave you the tools you will need to solve our disappearance.”

“Alright, Zummi. I trust you, but I do not know if it will work out the way you hope.”

A couple of days later, Zummi, Kylie and Sunni went to an ancient clearing, waited for the moon to rise to its full height so that Zummi could send Sunni and Kylie to Kylie’s time period. “Okay, Kylie hold onto Sunni’s paw with one hand and hold the Great Gummi Medallion in the other as I recite the incantation to send you both to the future.”

To anyone else listening, Zummi sounded like he was doing incoherent mumbling, but to Sunni and Kylie they heard, “Dashing and daring, courageous and caring, thoughtful and friendly

with stories to share...We are the Gummi Bears.” The magic began to pour out of the medallion and course through Kylie and Sunni. Golden electricity flowed between the pair until a golden flash of light lit up the clearing as if it were high noon. Zummi shielded his eyes as best as he could during the flash and when he was able to see again, the duo was no longer standing there.

“I hope I sent them to the right time period. I would hate to find out I sent them back further in time to the time of the giant reptiles where they would probably be eaten alive in no short order,” Zummi said out loud to himself. “All we can do now is hope that when the critical event happens, that between Grammi and myself we are able to do our part to spare Sunni a painful death and give her the tools to undo the future tragedy.”

Once the flash of light cleared, Sunni and Kylie were temporarily blinded, but found themselves near an excavated section of Gummi Glenn. While they were still recovering, some old man in a beige suit came running and screaming up to them.

“Kylie! Kylie! Thank God you came back! I held out hope you would return, but it has been over a week! I knew I could not inform the authorities, because who would believe my story. I sent my crew home so that I would not interfere with you possibly coming back from wherever you went. Who is that yellow bear next to you?”

“It is a long story, but I would like you to meet Sunni,” replied Kylie.

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**A Lazy Haiku
By Carol Karvon**

I'm feeling lazy,
cannot decide what to write
for short word "lazy".

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**The Old Oak Tree
By N. Stewart**

(Dedicated to Linda)

It was picnic time, summer time, beautiful weather time. It was an occasion for the Outdoor Girl's club members to take a walk in the woods to visit the old oak tree with its far out-reaching limbs. There were 6 of us that hung together in the summer of '68 in Wisconsin. We were always looking for something to do because we were girls that loved to spend time in the outdoors. We swam in the lake, hiked, sun-tanned on the beach, played “king of the raft,” went boating, and played “kick the can.”

One day we decided it was time for a picnic in the woods at our secret hideaway. After we had made preparations for the outing, early the next day we left the subdivision's back road and began walking up the woody path to our destination. The path was narrow. We walked in single file as we were warned to stay on the path for Poison Ivy and Sumac covered the surrounding ground. We had on socks, donned long pants and wore a light-weight long sleeved shirt for the walk. We covered our exposed skin area with suntan lotion and sprayed our clothing with insect repellent against the annoying mosquitoes, ticks, and pesty flying gnats. It took about 10 - 15 minutes of walking to reach our special tree.

As we approached, the field where the old tree sat was covered with lacy, white daisies and yellow Brown-Eyed Susans. We stopped to pick a few; twisting the stems to form a crown for our heads. We felt the immediate coolness in the air as we moved in under the tree's umbrella. With our lunch goodies inside, we set the picnic basket down on the ground. We unfolded and spread the well-worn Indian blanket under the tree's expansive branches, offering us shade from the hot morning sun. We had peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, lemonade in covered Mason jars, fresh wild raspberries that we had previously hand-picked. We took the paper plates and the red checkered napkins out and set our table under the majestic oak. The crustless sandwiches were quartered and individually wrapped with loving care by our mothers. The cookies for dessert were fresh-baked chocolate chip and sat in the sun with the chocolate chips getting to be the right amount of soft for eating.

The robins seemed to enjoy a carefree day, darting in and out of and through the branches of the oak tree. A red cardinal sat on an upper branch calling for his mate. We listened to the various bird songs as we ate our PB&J sandwiches and devoured the cookies.

The sun peeking through the leaves of the tree, warmed our faces and we felt lazy as the afternoon hour approached and we stretched out on the blanket. We talked about boys, hair styles, clothes, and the coming school year. Soon we slowed our enthusiastic talking and allowed longer pauses to develop. The wind gently rocked the branches creating a lullaby, causing us to close our eyes and fall into a tranquil doze. The oak tree watched over us as we each dreamed of past summers or of summers to come.

A large darkened cloud moved overhead and blocked the sun from streaming through the tree. The wind shifted direction and became stronger. The leaves of the old tree began to stir. The air temperature dropped first going from warm to cool and then becoming bone-chilling cold. Tiny drops of water fell on our faces, startling us awake. The big, old oak tree stood mightily, protecting us from the heavier downpour, falling just beyond its leafy borders.

We hurriedly gathered our things, putting the leftover food, used paper plates, and the empty lemonade jars in the basket. We moved as fast as we could. As we started to pick up the blanket from the ground, the dark cloud passed beyond us and the sun reappeared. It had only been a sun shower and it had now quickly moved on. We sat back down on the blanket to enjoy the remainder of the afternoon under the wide-spreading oak tree. We were not quite ready to let this lazy summer day, under the old oak tree, go.

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Lazy?

By M. Frank Avila

I retired in December, 2020 at the age of 82 years, and I did not have any goals set at that time even though I did think I might possibly relax somewhat and take it easy. However, I am Blessed to have mobility and good health allowing me to do more than some my age. Some people think that when you retire all you have to do is be "LAZY." I guess I am "LAZY" with some things, and busy at other things. Could this be a matter of perspective or values? My Father told me that he was more busy when he was retired than when he was working.

I continue on three committees: MOTHER JONES STATUE CAMPAIGN that promotes erecting her sculpture and unionizing; THESE STREETS ARE HOLY that partners with churches, foundations, organizations, and events, to spread the message of hope instead of violence through community building via music, message and urban gardening; and WATER AND WASTE MANAGEMENT that provides a global platform for Governments, Industry, and the Public to share the knowledge and expertise for sustainable living and environmental development.

I enjoy Virtual Exercise of stretching, lifting weights, and cardio on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30 am and 9:15 am, and sometimes I Virtual Exercise again at 1 pm. In addition, Tuesdays and Thursdays, in-person I Chair Exercise at 9 am and Line Dance at 10 am as well as work out on various Machines in the Fitness Room such as the Treadmill. I am thankful that all of these various exercises are provided for free virtually and in-person through the Norwood Park Satellite Senior Center on Natoma Avenue in Chicago.

Twice a month on Wednesdays from 10 am to 12 pm except during the summer, I attend a free Irish Cultural and Educational Senior Group which includes a Monthly Musical Gathering and a Speaker once a month sponsored by Irish Community Services at the Irish American Heritage Center. Sometimes, I Ceili Dance which is somewhat similar to fast Square Dancing with sets of eight at the Irish American Heritage Center on Knox Avenue, Chicago on Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:30 pm for \$5 a person.

I also attend various education and entertainment activities of various speakers, musicians, and bands some of which are free and some charging a fee at the Niles Senior Center on Civic Center Drive, Niles.

I have six grandchildren of which the youngest are one-year Analena and two-and-one-half year Francesca in Chicago whom I babysit occasionally when they return from Day Care during the week or on Saturdays and Sundays or when they are sick which sometimes conflicts with other planned activities. I also drive our 12-year-old Granddaughter Thalia to school, home, friends, and various activities. I guess my "LAZY" is at home when I do not get anything done. I'll start something and sometimes not finish it, because I start doing something else. My mind wanders off.

During the COVID Period, I felt that I did not accomplish much around the house, and perhaps this was the time I consider I was "LAZY". I had the opportunity to organize my papers, declutter my house, and garage for past few years, but I did not.

I was on Laughter Zoom almost every day 2 to 3 sessions a day to stay healthy, maintain a sound mind, and virtually socialize with people from all over the world and USA. I also watched up to four church services a Sunday including (1) Our Lutheran Missouri Synod Church, Park Ridge, IL; (2) Edison Park Methodist Church, Chicago, IL; (3) St Mary's Anglican Church, Chatham, IL (where my wife's cousin's husband is the Pastor); and (4) Various Catholic Churches.

"LAZY" is a matter of opinion. Who says that I am "LAZY"? Myself? My Wife? My Friends? Strangers? Just because something does not get done, is that "LAZY"? Sometimes what I do some people may think it is "LAZY,, but it is not "LAZY" to me.

###

Lazy
By Edward Schefler

Four years in High School seemed
like a long duration
For enrollment in the gym class was sheer torture.
How I hated the repulsive Locker-Room Talk.
Along with this sickening odor of sweat
from basketball courts.

Recalling Coach Farber, For I can see him yet in
my memory,
Wearing a clean white T-shirt. Holding a clipboard
with a silver chain and whistle round his neck. As
he would bark commands directing us to run
back and forth to the point
of exhaustion.

Should any of us fail to comply, Coach Farber would
shout profanities and whack us on the head
with a wooden paddle.

Then in my senior year a blessing in disguise
was encountered.
Severing the tendon in my hand, I was unable
to participate in gymnastic activities. And
placed on administrative leave in what was
referred to as
'Special Gym'
Located in a small room with other handicaps.

Considered
Lazy Man's Environment.
There amongst fellow disabled students we
were given no supervision.
There beset with no strenuous activity
other than Shuffleboard and Slumber.

I experienced but a Taste of Heaven,
To live a life for oneself.
With a freedom from degradation and that from
oppressive controlling adults.

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