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“Plague Doctor - The Original PPE” ..... Jennifer Gillooly Cahoon

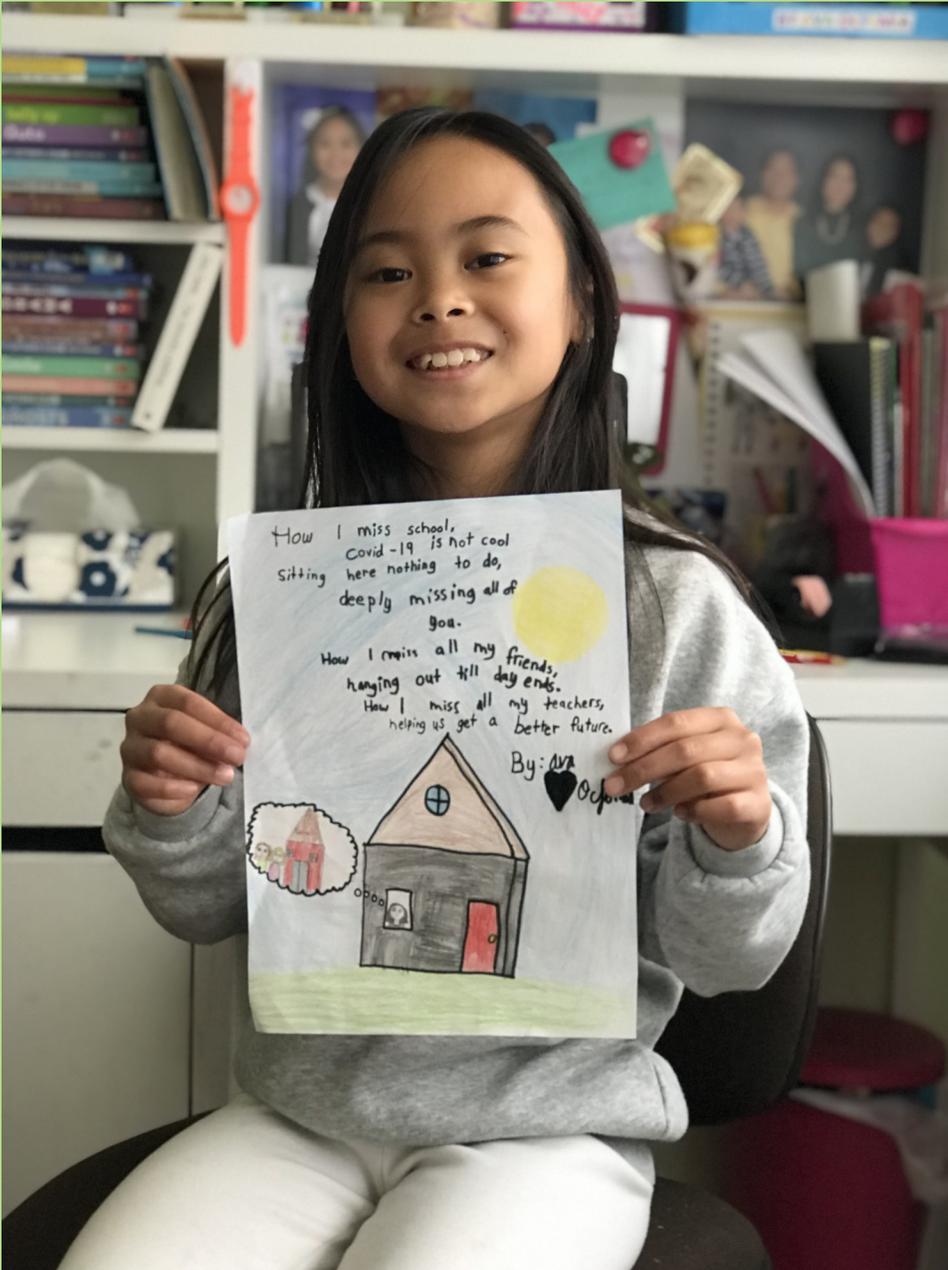
Acrylic on Canvas. 20"x20" One of a series of five pieces exploring the topic created in Week 2 of the lockdown.

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Special Thanks to EPPL Librarians:

Audrey Duarte | Meredith Bonds-Harmon | John Carney

# How I Miss School by Ava O.



How I miss school,

Covid-19 is not cool.

Sitting here nothing to do,

deeply missing all of you.

How I miss all my friends,

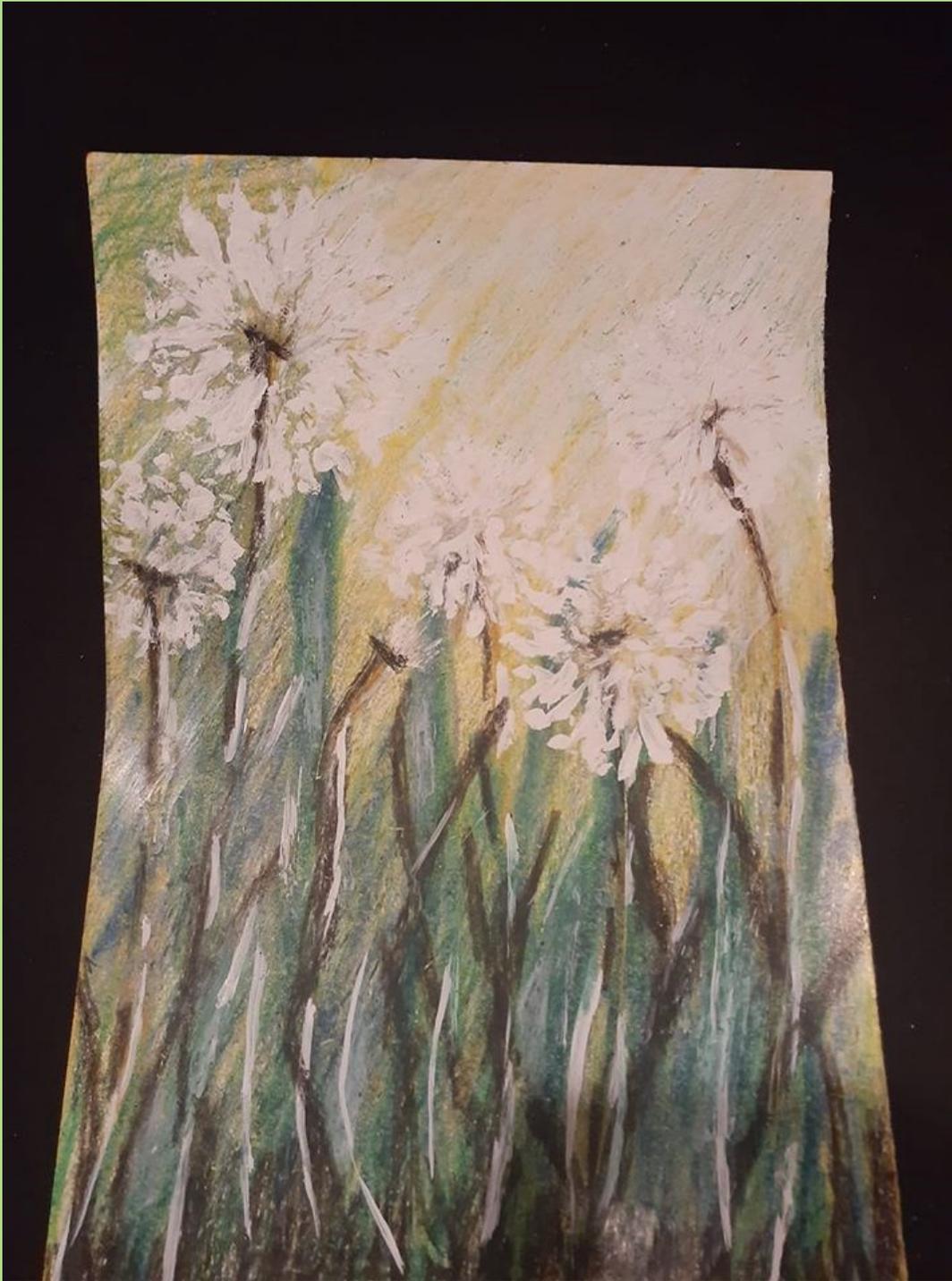
hanging out till day ends.

How I miss all my teachers,

helping us get a better future.

Ava O. from East Greenwich, RI

# Art of Improvisation



When the virtual painting class requires paint and all you have are crayons and white-out in the house, but don't want to go out because of the pandemic -  
Art of improvisation!

Irene T Vanner

# COVID19 Personified



If COVID19 was a person. Inspired by the anime "Cells At Work".

Lillie Emmett grade 7

# Magic glasses

Imagine you have magic glasses

Now you can see

Glitter, glitter everywhere

On the swings

On the slide

On the bench

On the grass

On your steering wheel

On your phone

On the sidewalk

On your shoes

On your steps

On your doorknob

On your light switch

On your screen

On your couch

On your hands

On your face

On your pillow.

Now take off your magic glasses.

The glitter is still there.

Glitter, glitter everywhere.

*J. Tierney*

*We will build a wall...*



*John*

## *On the Front Lines*



Collaboration between Jennifer Gillooly Cahoon and Paul Morse.

Acrylic on Gallery Wrapped Canvas. 36"x36".

Sold as part of an auction to benefit the Teddy Borges Memorial Fund.

*Jennifer Gillooly Cahoon and Paul Morse*

# Isabela y Sam

## Un Perrito Caliente



by Polly Bosch

## Una Rana



by Polly Bosch

### Un Perrito Caliente

¡Muy delicioso!

Este es mi primer perrito caliente.

### A Hot Dog

Very delicious!

This is my first hot dog.

### Una Rana

¡Esto es muy divertido!

¡Oh! ¡Una rana!

¡Seamos amigos, pequeña rana!

### A Frog

This is very fun!

Oh! A frog!

Let's be friends, little frog!

Polly Bosch

# Corona Ramona

Like sixth grade isn't tough enough. You go five years with the same kids, room, and seating plan, and since my name is Ramona Ramirez, I'm always near the back. Then you graduate to a school where every hour you run to a room about 30 lockers away or even on another floor. And don't get me started about lockers. Ugh.

Classes aren't bad, though. Language Arts is my second favorite, because I love to read. I sail through math equations. Science is fine, since we don't dissect frogs. History is interesting, but five tests on Mesopotamia? Let's move on.

Computer Lab is the best. Maybe because Mom is some kind of computer whiz. Not that she brags about it. She says it's learning another language, like Dad teaching me Spanish to help talk to Abuela. He's a mechanic, but fixes anything, which is good because my bike loses its chain.

I was hoping for a new bike for Christmas. Not gonna happen. Thanksgiving night, we're eating turkey sandwiches and Mom says, "Ramona, we have a big announcement." I'm thinking, 'Baby brother or sister!' No. We're moving. New year, new job. What?

Dad said, "It's an adventure. Like 20/20 is perfect vision, year 2020 will be perfect, too."

I don't think so. "I've spent my whole life here. Where are we going?"

Mom stroked my hair. "Rhode Island."

"Long Island? That's not far." I wiped my face with my sleeve.

"No, honey, Rhode Island. A few hours away. Wouldn't it be nice to live near a beach?"

For vacation. "You work from home a lot, why do we have to move?"

"My company asked me to run a new office." She touched my cheek which made me feel worse. "I know it's hard."

I shook my head. "Dad, you love working at Lou's Garage."

"I'll love working somewhere else, as long as I'm with my two best girls." He wrapped one arm around me and the other around Mom and pulled us close.

Happy 2020, hello Rhode Island. Our house is 10 minutes from a beach. My bedroom is bigger, with a window seat, where Mom says I can read, or just think. I think this doesn't feel like my room.

Middle School. Mrs. Correll introduces me in Language Arts. "This is Ramona Ramirez, who is transferring from New York."

Silence.

Jean M. Medeiros

Mrs. Correll moves to the front of her desk. "Class?"

A chorus of "Hello, Ramona." I sink as far down in my seat as possible.

Who do I sit with at lunch? Talk to between classes? Hang out with? No one. Everyone made their friends in September.

Mom says she's happy with her new job. Her office smells like fresh paint and new computers.

Dad says he's happy, too, working in a bigger garage. He likes being the new guy and showing them what he can do.

I don't tell them I'm not happy and don't like being the new girl. Go to school, do homework, search online for cat videos. Repeat.

Then everything changed.

In February, my parents told me about the Coronavirus. Weird name. They didn't want me to feel scared. No one had it near us, but we should all be careful, wash our hands more, cough into our elbows. Mom tucked hand sanitizer in my backpack.

Next week, the school nurse said she would send anyone home that even had the sniffles. Then school moved up spring vacation to March. Mom and Dad said not to worry because kids weren't getting sick, but I worried about them and Abuela.

We didn't go back to school. We switched to remote learning, using our Chromebooks to sign in to online classrooms. Mrs. Correll popped up in the corner of my screen and my classmates were in other squares, like a bunch of stamps on an envelope.

Mrs. C. discussed "Wonder" and the importance of kindness. "I don't see any book reports in the homework folder, so please submit them now."

Emily said, "I submitted mine." Everybody started talking at once. I said, "I have it on flash drive, so I'll submit it again."

Mrs. C. tapped her keyboard. "Nothing. Stay online and discuss the book. I'll come back after I get tech help." Her square went black.

Emily faked a high voice, "Class, what have you learned? Ramona, you have an answer for everything." Kids laughed. "I have it on my flash drive, because I'm perfect!" My face burned.

"You brought the Coronavirus with you, didn't you, Corona Ramona? Cor-o-na Ram-o-na!" Emily laughed so much she couldn't talk, but some kids did. "Cor-o-na Ram-o-na!"

I shut my Chromebook. I didn't cry until I felt my mom's hands on my shoulders.

"I'll talk to Mrs. Correll."

"That'd make it worse."

"I won't." Mom hugged me. "For now."

My phone vibrated, but who would call? "Hello."

"Ramona? This is Brooke, from class. Those kids were jerks."

"Thanks."

"Um, could you show me how to use a flash drive?"

I looked at my phone. "Sure."

"I don't know what to do with them. Can I call you after school?"

I nodded. "Mrs. C. sent a text. Class is back."

"Thanks! See you in the squares!"

I logged on. Emily smirked right at me.

"Good news! The school fixed the problem so I have all your reports." Mrs. C. flashed a thumbs up. "Questions?"

"Mrs. C?"

"Yes, Brooke."

"Ramona's going to teach me how to use a flash drive to backup my homework."

Brooke smiled.

"Lovely. Ramona, maybe you could show all of us."

I swallowed. "Sure. If everyone wants."

"Lovely, Ramona." Emily grinned.

"By the way, Emily, I received a few texts about a certain nickname you have for Ramona." Mrs. C. took off her glasses. "We'll talk."

Emily looked down. "Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. C. waived at the camera. "See you tomorrow. Take your break before next period."

Mom was standing in the doorway. "Feel like a snack?"

"I'm starving." Peanut butter toast, here I come.

# Cookie's Tea Party



Kate Bosch

# Life Goes On Despite Everything

## *A Short Story About How the Average Filipino Passes Through the Day to Day*

It's 8:00 A.M, the beginning of another day. He woke up from his sleep, disturbed by the heat that had made him feel like his skin was boiling. Slowly, he got up from his bed, a small mattress on the floor of his small room. While staring at the sky through the curtains, he noted the iron bars blocking the window. What had once been set up to prevent thieves from getting in, they now served as a reminder to stay inside.

Earlier in the quarantine he had relished the freedom, the escape from the everyday routine, staying up till the morning and waking up deep into the afternoon. Now, he wanted nothing more than a return to form. There was something off about waking up this early and having no urgency to do anything.

It's 9:00 A.M. As attractive a longer nap may be, there were other responsibilities to take on. As he opened his door, a plump black and white cat meowed at him. His older brother, the only other person sharing this house, would still be sleeping at this time. It was his responsibility to take care of the cats, he thought, scooping up the litter and placing food in their bowls. The sound of the kibble falling attracted the other cat, a fluffy orange-haired Persian who crept up closer.

As far as he was concerned right now his world was limited to this little system, aside from the people over the internet that felt more and more distant as the quarantine went on. He missed basic human interaction, more than he would let on. And so, any interaction at all, even if limited to these two cats and his brother, was deeply appreciated.

It's 10:00 A.M. He sat on the couch, peeking at the conversations his friends were having. There was so much going on in the outside world, but he couldn't help but stop paying attention as time went on. Even the shutdown of ABS-CBN, a topic he would have loved to talk about, would become as insignificant as one of the multitude of memes he would quickly scroll over through the course of the day.

It's 11:00 A.M. He went inside the bathroom, stripping himself and taking a shower. If the previous days had taught him anything it's that this would be the first of maybe three to five times he would shower in this day.

It's 12:00 noon. He sent a message to his girlfriend, greeting her good morning. This had become one of the other routines, something that he made sure never to miss. They said that the quarantine would be hard on some people mentally, but it had been especially hard on her, someone who'd already been struggling before the pandemic struck. He made sure to

*Taj Samuel A. Lagulao*

treat her as well as he could in the conditions they were in; he owed her that much. Her birthday had taken place a couple of days ago and he had given her nothing else but a short message, something he was still feeling guilty about.

It's 1:00 P.M. He cooked himself a cup of rice and opened up a can of sardines. The taste of sardines had started to sicken him now, but it was better than having another meal of hotdogs and eggs like he just had last night and the day before. Afterwards, he took a quick shower.

It's 2:00 P.M. He got on his phone and started looking at pictures of dogs and cats.

It's 3:00 P.M. When could he go out again? Vacation had already started, right?

It's 4:00 P.M. As the quarantine pass was in his name, he had the responsibility of having to find out how to pay the bills. His brother badgered him about it, warning him that the water and electricity and internet might get cut off anytime. Instead, he pretended not to listen, even though this was something that deeply bothered him.

It's 5:00 P.M. While lying in his bed he couldn't help but feel tears welling up in his eyes. He cried, careful not to make a sound. Turning himself off over so that his crying was muted by the pillow, he slowly drifted off to sleep.

It's 6:00 P.M. He woke up, his attention set on the cobwebs on the ceiling. His girlfriend messaged him, asking him how he was feeling. Hearing from her and talking to her made him feel better.

It's 7:00 P.M. He turned on his laptop and watched a movie. When he started the day he thought that he could watch at least four movies. Maybe he would have better luck tomorrow.

It's 8:00 P.M. Putting on his facemask and I.D, he got out of the house and carried a large bag of plastic garbage, which as he walked hit him on the legs and covered them with something wet. The stench of the trash invaded his nostrils, and so he hastened his steps. He got back inside and took another bath.

It's 9:00 P.M. Memories of the day escaped him now, fuzzy memories too insignificant to keep in his head. Back in his bed, freshly showered, the room completely dark aside from the bright light of the phone he kept too close to his face. Pictures after pictures of things he wouldn't be able to recall days after. The days had become so monotonous, so boring, so painful and so mundane. A sigh escaped his lips.

It's 10:00 P.M. Through his window the stars shined so bright against the night sky. Today was just like any other day.

It's 11:00 P.M. Was he wasting his time doing nothing?

It's 12:00 midnight. Would tomorrow be any different?

It's 1:00 A.M. He slept now.

*We need a little laughter*



*Holly Ferreira*

Quarantine - it's all about basketball!



Luke Schwieger

# A Sonnet for the Current Situation

One hundred thousand people now have died  
And that is just in this country apart  
The toll the virus has taken worldwide  
Should move even the hardest stony heart  
Together we will work to make it through  
Each doing our small parts as we our tasks -  
At least the ones "essential" - we go do  
While always washing hands and wearing masks  
Our Governor, with guidance, helps us weather  
This storm with limits that do keep us well  
But when will it be safe to get together?  
The answer to that only time will tell

And though we all want "normal" when we're freed  
Perhaps a better normal's what we need

*Audrey Duarte*

# Girl in a Circle



Polly Bosch

Polly Bosch

# Weaver Library Quarantine



Jennifer Iwasyk