

March 2022

HEGGAN HAPPENINGS

FOR TEENS AND TWEENS

VIRTUAL WRITING CLUB FOR TEENS & TWEENS

**Come join our conversation about
writing!**

The Writing Club gives young writers support in their quest to become the next great American writer!

Thursday, March 10

5:00 pm on ZOOM



TAB VIRTUAL CHAPTER CHAT

Thursday, March 24 at 5:30 pm

Six Crimson Cranes
By Elizabeth Lim

TAB Chapter Chat is a book club run by and for teens.

This reading group meets monthly to discuss popular YA Fiction.

IT'S VIRTUAL GAME TIME!

Thursday, March 17

6:00 pm

Come play Among Us—a social deduction party game with traitors on Zoom!

Use your smart phone, tablet, or computer to play!

Register on-line or call the library for assistance.



CALLING ALL TOWNSHIP POETS

The Margaret E. Heggan Free Public Library and the Township Creative Team are seeking submissions of original poems about nature to be installed in a Poetry Walk at Washington Lake Park.

Submit poems by

Friday, March 11, 2022.

Washington Township residents in grades 6-12, and adults may submit a poem.

All submissions must be original compositions, written by the submitting poet.

Poems should be no more than 24 lines.

The author retains all copyrights to the submitted poem. By submitting a poem the poet consents to the publication of his/her work in the park and other mediums used in the library.

Poems may be emailed to pr@hegganlibrary.org by March 11, 2022.

Please include your name, address, phone number, and grade.

Did you know there's after school help for research, using library databases, computer skills, college or job searches, writing essays, and completing applications?

Consider Homework Haven or Teen Librarian by Appointment on Wednesdays.

Check the library calendar online or reach out to the teen librarian at bpilling@hegganlibrary.org for more information.

Register online via the event calendar at www.hegganlibrary.org under **PROGRAMS** for all events.

Please contact Librarian Barb at bpilling@hegganlibrary.org for more information.

A ZOOM link will be provided to join virtual programs.

All programs are virtual at the time of this printing. Please check the website or social media for any changes.

MARGARET E. HEGGAN FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

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A Cup of Cocoa by E'lon Rodwell-Simon

Dad's eyebrows were knotted with worry as he looked out the window. It was the first snow of the season, and it was already coming down in fluffy flakes. The snow was odd. Not even the top weatherman in the country expected it. It had been sudden, too. Dad glanced at his watch.

"Sorry, Will, but I have to go to my meeting now," he said. "Will you be okay home alone until the babysitter gets here? She's probably late because of the snow."

"Urgh, Dad. I'm eleven years old, which is definitely old enough to stay home alone." I grumbled.

"I love you. I should be home around 5:45." He pulled his coat on and planted a kiss on my forehead. He opened the door, letting the cold inside. I shivered.

I hopped off my chair and ran into my dad's office, hoping to find his stash of candy. Jackpot! I thought as I opened a candy-filled drawer from his desk. I rifled through M&Ms, Hershey's, and Starbursts until I found my favorite: Snickers. I stuffed a few into my mouth as the doorbell rang. I jumped, startled. Must be that dumb babysitter, I thought, walking to the door. As I opened it, a gust of snow blew into the foyer.

"Hello! I'm Jackie. I'll be your babysitter today." Jackie looked magical. Fallen snow glimmered on her hair like a crown. Her pale brown coat looked sparkly, and there was something special about the way she smiled.

"U-uh, hi. I'm William, but you can call me Will." I stuttered, momentarily taken aback.

She came inside and pulled off her coat and hung it on the banister. "You have a bit of chocolate on your face!" She giggled. I wiped it off, and I went into the kitchen to wash my hands. She followed me.

"Where do you keep your carrots?" she asked, peeking into the fridge.

"Right here," I said, handing her one.

"Thanks!" she said. I realized that my guard was down. I needed to toughen up, so I wouldn't seem immature. "So, what would you like to do?" She smiled.

"You could leave, and I could go hang out with my friends," I hoped.

"It's a gorgeous snowy afternoon. We could go outside and build a snowman!" She grinned excitedly and went into the foyer. I followed her.

"No, thanks. Going outside is for little kids," I muttered sternly. She shoved her feet into her boots.

"Growing old is mandatory, but growing up is optional," she said with a twinkle in her eye.

I thought about this for a moment. There was something about Jackie that made me feel like I wanted to be a kid again. Something that made me want to feel the nostalgia of throwing a snowball. "You know what? Let's do it. Let's build a snowman." I decided.

She smiled from ear to ear and grabbed her carrot. "We can use this for his nose! Let's go, let's go! Get your winter gear on, Will! It's a chilly one out there." She laughed. I quickly found my old snow pants, and somehow they fit me. I pulled on my hat and gloves and we ran into the snow.

"OH MY GOSH! IT'S SO WINDY!" I yelled over the wind, picking up some snow. It was the perfect texture for snowman making.

"I KNOW, RIGHT??" she shouted back, happily throwing a snowball at my chest. I gasped in mock-anger and threw one back.

For the rest of the afternoon, we played outside. We had snowball fights, built an army of snowmen, and tripped over the snow- a lot. When we went inside, I sat in the warm living room for a minute to defrost while Jackie made us hot chocolate. My fingers felt like icicles, but it was worth it. It had been an amazing day! "Will! Cocoa's done!" I got up from my cozy spot and stretched. As I walked to the kitchen, I saw that the snow was almost gone.

"Hey, Jackie? The snow's disappearing!" I called. But when I got to the kitchen, she wasn't there. The only thing that was there was a cup of cocoa and a post-it on the counter. I picked it up and read it...

Hey! Sorry I had to leave so soon. Being Jack Frost's daughter has its perks, but he never lets me stay in one place for too long. I hope I see you again! –Jacquelyn Frost