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SCARY OR CUTE HALLOWEEN COSTUMES?

A GLIMPSE OF WHAT'S INCLUDED:

For October, I thought you might enjoy an excerpt from my work in progress, **Corinne**, that is now with the agent in New York City. The scene is Halloween in 1916 when Gari and Corinne first moved to Belmont.

A parrot template for your pumpkin carving!

Soon they were in town clip-clopping down Caroline Street with a crescent moon shining down on them. Houses and storefronts were decorated with cornstalks and jack o'lanterns made from squash and pumpkins. They could smell a bonfire burning somewhere. On one side of the street, they saw a group of children, one dressed as a witch, a ghost, and a devil. Corinne smiled at the sight of them. They stopped at a crosswalk to let another group of children pass in front of them.

"Oh Gari. Look!" Corinne pointed. There was a little girl dressed in a Dutch girl costume, complete with wooden shoes.

"That costume is so sweet!"

"She's adorable," Gari agreed.

"What kind of costume would you wear, if you were still a child?"
Corinne asked

"I suppose some kind of a pirate or gypsy," Gari said. "And you?"

"I would be a crepe paper rose with a pink skirt with tons of netting underneath and a green hat!"

"That does sound like you, my dear. And all hand made. I can picture it," Gari said.

My husband and I spent most of September in Europe. In France, we visited the WWII D-Day American Cemetery at Colleville-sur-Mer, saw Illuminated Manuscripts at a museum in Avranches, took a boat tour around the Chaussey Islands, went to an Irving Penn Art Expo in Dinard, ate crepes and drank cider in St. Malo and hiked to Chateaubriand's grave site, stayed at an AirBnB which was a converted water mill, spent a morning making clay pottery, and visited Chartres Cathedral. In Germany, we visited the Cathedral of Charlemagne in Aachen visited the Boehm Cathedral, the Bruhl Castle and the Max Ernst Museum, ate a Michelin-starred lunch at Hotel Excelsior in Cologne, visited the Lindt Chocolate Museum, visited the Cologne Dom, toured an underground Cold War bunker, walked through pinot noir vineyards on a hillside in the Ahr region, and visited the Bridge at Remagen where my dad got shot in WWII. And although all these sites were wonderful, the best part of the trip was reconnecting with our friends, most of whom we hadn't seen since before the pandemic.

As a bonus for this month's newsletter, I'm including a stencil of Corinne's parrot, Polly, for you to carve on your pumpkin. If you do carve one, please post it on social media and tag me!

I live in the Church Hill section of Richmond, VA with my husband and my retired racing greyhound. Before I started writing, I worked for 30 years at a nuclear physics research laboratory.





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