

The lives of 1880's Julia and modern Andie touch as each in her own time faces relational issues common across the ages as times change and people do not.

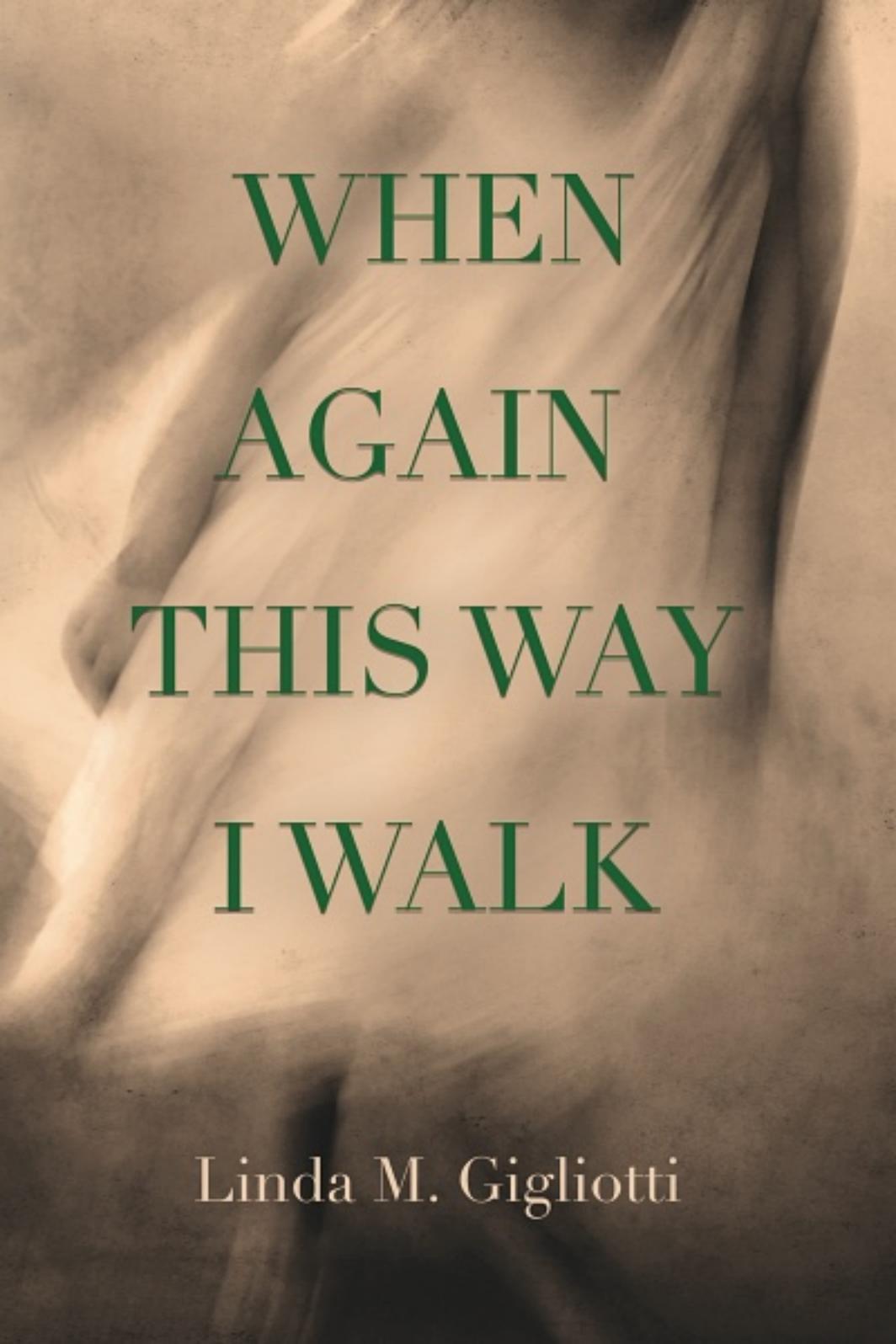
When Again This Way I Walk

By Linda M. Gigliotti

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WHEN
AGAIN
THIS WAY
I WALK

Linda M. Gigliotti

Praise for *When Again This Way I Walk*

Linda M. Gigliotti's novel, *When Again This Way I Walk*, invites readers into the lives of two families, living in the same location but a century apart. The dual-timeline story begins when Andie gazes into the forest and experiences a life-like vision of a woman and girl of previous time. Throughout the story, we follow Andie, her family, and the choices and decisions each must make and the parallel issues that Julia and her family cope with. With touches of mystery and illusion, Gigliotti deftly alternates between eras to reveal how the lives and issues of these two women, and perhaps all of us time unto time, face similar challenges, experience the same joys, and struggle to discover our deepest truths.

-Judy is the author of *Wild Women*, *Wild Voices: writing from your authentic wildness* and *A Writer's Book of Days*

I had the privilege to be one of the first readers of Linda's novel, *When Again This Way I Walk*, and from the first page I was drawn into the story and felt as if I was part of it, thanks to Linda's extraordinary way of describing the scenery and the characters. A beautiful story about life, love, family, traditions and friendship with a twist of mystery and suspense. Linda sends you on a journey between the past and the present, reminding you that life is about being curious and courageous.

-Tina Mundelsee is author of *Yoga Coaching: Use your practice to resolve emotional baggage, master your mind & create harmony in your life & relationship* and *Think Happy, Be Happy - A Yoga Coaching Pocket Guide*. As well Tina is a life coach at www.tinastools.com

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AT THE ENDING

Their memory echoes where destruction flew in choking puffs with every breeze. They say there's a reason for things to happen, a message to give or receive in the known upturned like stones along the banks of the creek. What would they think of this ruin? Would knowing have made a difference?

The heady scent of undergrowth and last year's leaves scraped the back of my throat as I walked that last day towards the bridge. Countless the times I crossed the arched wood and ran my hands along the wide slatted railings while a red winged blackbird sent out its distress call. Now on that last afternoon she called without knowing her doom while a squirrel ran up a spruce and water bubbled over timeworn stones. How could birds and squirrels know would happen tomorrow? Where would they go to start over?

A truck rattled along the dirt road on the other side of the creek as I stepped closer to the bridge and sat on my favorite log where new graffiti dripped white onto the grass. Strange paintings and noisy trucks no longer mattered and in a few minutes the old magic of nature took hold as I tried to stuff every color and sound into memory.

Once in a while it happens that life moves along like it always does and then with no warning comes stillness, a dead zone where even the birds go quiet. Everything stops. Nothing moves and then something, a vehicle maybe, breaks the silence and the world roars back to life. The freeze was different that afternoon, deeper and pulling in a hush you have to strain to hear. A path different since my other visits began at the opposite creek bank and led into the trees. Soon they would tear out the bridge too and replace the wood slats and high arches with cement and metal railings. There would be buildings of concrete and steel and modern benches for a townhouse

community so people could stop and watch the water flow under the bridge.

The bridge.

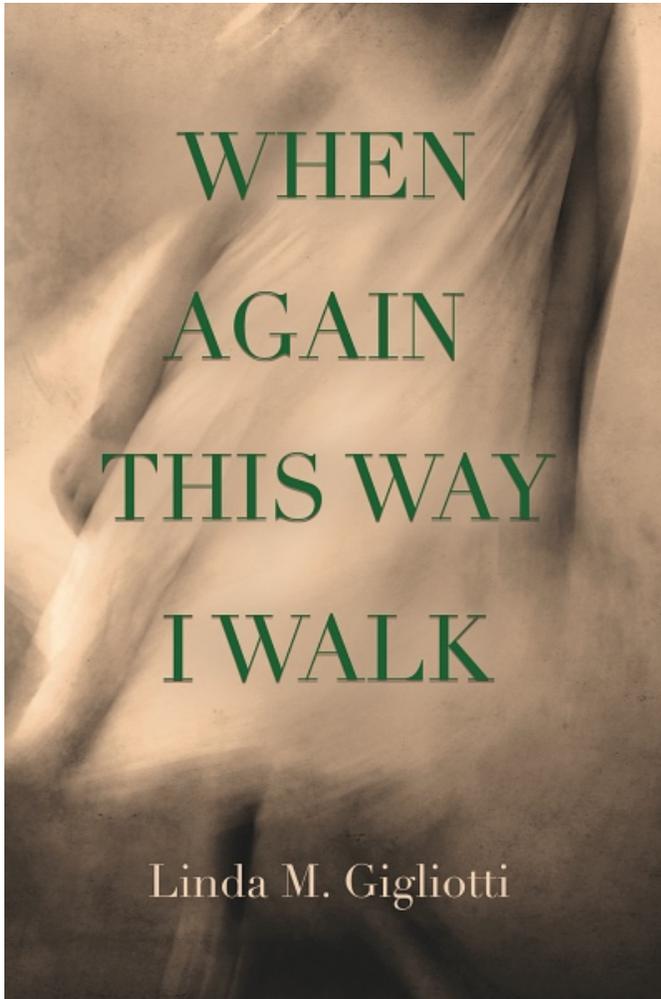
Somehow I didn't see right away that it was already replaced with rough boards and a single low railing on each side. Why would they do that? Why tear out the bridge and replace it with something temporary when there's already one there? When I tried to get up from the log for a better look my entire body buzzed with impulses like soft electricity. And then I saw the little girl.

There she was on the other side of the creek holding her dress to her knees with one hand while in the other was the handle of what looked like her great-great-grandma's wooden bucket. She ran into a grove of spruce and then poked her head out to look behind her before she pranced around the trees and after a few turns she stood on one foot to scratch it with the toe of her other boot while her shadow bounced over the grasses. A short distance behind her a woman looked up from where she bent to pick up something from the ground. She stood with the item in her hand and her skirts caught on the weeds behind her as took a couple of steps towards the girl. The woman smoothed back her pinned up hair while in the turn of breeze came the sting of urine likely from the smaller structure beside the cabin. Behind that I saw what looked like part of a corral and caught the unmistakable smell of horses. The woman looked as if she called to the little girl who turned to run towards her and then looked back across the bridge and straight into my eyes as if to say, "Hi. What's your name?"

The tremor of footsteps over wood distracted me and when I looked back the girl and the woman were gone and birds called to one another as they flew among the trees while a raven tugged at a bit of plastic wedged under a stone. A group of people left the arched bridge and ambled towards a spruce where seconds ago a cabin had been.

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The strange path was gone too and my hand shook as I reached into the weeds to pick up my camera.



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