

THE NIGHTHAWK

America's *Social* Bulletin

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JoshUrban.com

Write to Us!

Welcome to *The Nighthawk*, a new old-fashioned way to connect, published weekly. You're invited to write back, or just enjoy reading. Let's have some fun! ***It's a social paper! Send stories, etc to: PO Box 783, Rustburg, VA 24588***

Reader Spotlight: Joe L. is not to be trifled with. :) *Cheaper by the Dozen* (the original) changed his view on efficiency. He lives in Lynchburg, VA.

Art of the Week: Dvorak - Violin Concerto in A minor. Composed in 1879 for rockstar soloist Joachim, the violinist refused to perform it. A sticking point: No break between sections for applause.

New Glory This flag was made with a stolen bed sheet and color pencils by American POWs in a Japanese camp - hoisted upon liberation. (Richmond, VA)



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Light 'Em Up

A Time for Beacons

Groundhog Day was overcast here in Lynchburg. Phil predicted six more weeks of winter. A lesser-known colleague, "Staten Island Chuck" ("*Hey, I'm diggin' here*") called for an early spring. I was inside, talking to new buddies at a local retirement community, all of us brainstorming ideas for this paper. "Got back on Twitter" I told 'em. "What did you notice?" Joe asked. "We become the monster we're fighting." I replied. There's so much *outrage* in the national discourse it's easy to overlook our own slide into the muck as we shout. So, what to do about it? This paper is a tiny effort to connect folks, and feature humanity's light. We're all custodians of that flame. Let's share the cultural gems, appreciate the bravery, learn, and grow. Sad about society today? Read a good book. Improve the world by one person. Send your ideas! It's time for beacons. Let's light 'em up.

Happy Birthday, Charles Dickens! (1812)

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." It's always a good time to read some Chuck. Dig *Our Mutual Friend*.

Down the Rabbit Hole

The friends in Lynchburg suggested a groovy idea for a new column: *A weekly subject to investigate further*. Put on your research hat, and head to the nearest computer or bookshelf. The search of the week is: ***Dopamine***, the "molecule of motivation." Andrew Huberman's YouTube videos are a great place to start, and have been improving my days.

Letters from Josh

(A weekly update from Josh Urban's adventures on the farm and in the city. #119)

Howdy, folks! Previously on our story, *Lady Wilkes marches two mysterious trespassers in for a late night interrogation. Claire seems to recognize one. "John, I thought you went to London." "It ain't what it appears, lassie."* Aboard the freight train, *Electro and his pals, joining the timeless ranks of men unable to pacify an angry woman by telling her to "calm down", are surprised to see Walter pop up. He makes it OK. Suddenly, the train slows. This is...*

The Return of Dr. Electro - #14: *Extra Crunchy*

The squeal of brakes filled the night. Electro's "train legs" saved him from tumbling out the open door of the boxcar. Even unflappable Walter staggered, crashed into Charlotte, and was rebuffed with a smart slap. "Sorry, ma'am."

"Whatever, buster. We're five miles from the main yard. I don't like this. Come on, girls, we're outta here. Let's see if we can get to Miss Stella's. She'll be able to help."

With a final clank, the train stopped next to a slumbering junkyard. Three streetlights cast a feeble yellow glow. Rows of dirty windshields winked vacantly in the night.

"Wait, Char, you'll want to help these fellas, promise. You're right, there's something funny about this ol' train. I don't like it, either. We need your help, ladies, more than ever."

Charlotte and Walter's gaze locked. Electro gulped. An air line hissed in the stillness.

"Fine. But you'd better be right, or it'll be worse than jail for you, punk. Follow us, boys, and step lively now. Ten to one says we're not alone." Her boots crunched the gravel decisively. With a collective shrug, the crew added to the chorus. Out of the corner of his eye, a shadow - there, flitting behind a fence. Without a choice, Electro crunched into the Unknown.

Lady Wilkes was just getting warmed up. "Oh ho! *It ain't what it appears*, eh, John? Why, it *appears* that you're here for tea, and it *appears* you were contracted to fix the plumbing a few weeks before my prized Portuguese Citrine went missing, and it *appears* that you're back, snooping around for I don't know what all. It *appears* that you'll have a seat while Claire ties you to this comfortable chair for just a bit."

"Oh, auntie, I don't know about this. John wouldn't do such a thing. I bet Rutherford will straighten this out." The poor girl trembled, holding the rope, lovely in the moonlight.

"Rutherford?" John started from his chair. "Bless you, lassie. I hope he gets here before it's too late." A crash echoed down the stairs. "Oh no, they're back. Quick, we must stop them!" ...*To be continued...*