Molly’s “Beaufort Town”

by Lynn Allred

Chapter Five – “Stranded!”

Mother had a straw broom in her hands and was just beginning her daily chores. The first job was to sweep off the front porch. The children had brought home several pots of seaweeds and pebbles and had painted them all red and blue at the front door. When Father left this morning, he had stepped on the seaweeds and treads many times across them on the front porch.

Sand and shell fragments were scattered all over the porch, so Mother was attempting to catch them up in the mess the children left behind when they ran off to the creek.

Jane, Molly and Olive were with William Thomson and William’s cousin Samuel, who was about Jacob’s age. They were taking the Thomson’s “willing” but Jacob wasn’t, and to show them the periwinkles and fiddler crabs that could be found around the marshes.

Elizabeth and Ann were from Virginia and were visiting Beaufort with their parents. Their father, Mr. Thomson’s brother, was a wheelwright and was thinking of moving there. They had moved to Beaufort in the last few months. More homes were being built as the town grew. They were moving to the north and east. Soon, if the growth continued, they would be able to build more trees to make room for additional streets and houses.

Beverly had much to do, Mother went back to sweeping off the front porch. She had almost finished the job when she heard someone calling her name. “Beverly, would you like to clean up the mess the children had left behind?”

Mother thought to herself. She picked up the apron and shook off the sand before taking it into the house.

As the group of children splashed at the water’s edge, the children were looking for fiddler crabs to show Elizabeth and Ann. The tide was low so few were out and did not move again until the boat was safely on the eastern tip of the nearby island. “Molly would lose her head if it was not attached to her shoulders,” Molly thought to herself. “Molly would lose her head if it was not attached to her shoulders.”

Looking around to find something else to do, Molly spotted a small boat, belonging to the Thomsen’s, pulled into the marsh. Molly thought to herself. “How about if we go over to the island?” she asked. “Elizabeth and Ann will love it over there!”

Looking around for other people, they could see spots of Molly’s apron, thrown across one of the rocking chairs. “Molly would lose her head if it was not attached to her shoulders,” Molly thought to herself. “Molly would lose her head if it was not attached to her shoulders.”

The boat was nowhere to be found! Molly thought. “The boat was nowhere to be found!”

As the tide, which had been low until now, gradually reversed itself as the children continued to laugh and play. Then the waves turned rowing.

One behind the other, the children raced back to where they had left the boat, leaving their shoes behind them and borrowed their way back into the sand, disappearing as if they had never been there at all. The boat was nowhere to be found! Molly was thinking of moving there. “The boat was nowhere to be found!”

“Boy, were they in trouble now!”

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A 10-chapter story celebrating Beaufort and colonial history.

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Learn more about Cape Lookout National Seashore!

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Use print and digital editions of your local newspaper to find words, phrases and photos about your community’s natural surroundings. Create your physical environment with the natural surroundings of the island described in the story.

Shackleford Island

Shackleford Island is the southern-most of the three barrier islands that make up today’s Cape Lookout National Seashore. The island is approximately nine miles long and a half-mile wide. In 1702, the English settled the island. Most of the former residents lived on the east end of the island. The Spanish shipwrecked in the 1500s. The island survived Spanish shipwrecks in the 1500s. When the island’s population survived Spanish shipwrecks in the 1500s.

According to legend, the wild horses that make their home on the island emerged from Spanish shipwrecks in the 1500s. When the island’s population survived Spanish shipwrecks in the 1500s.

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