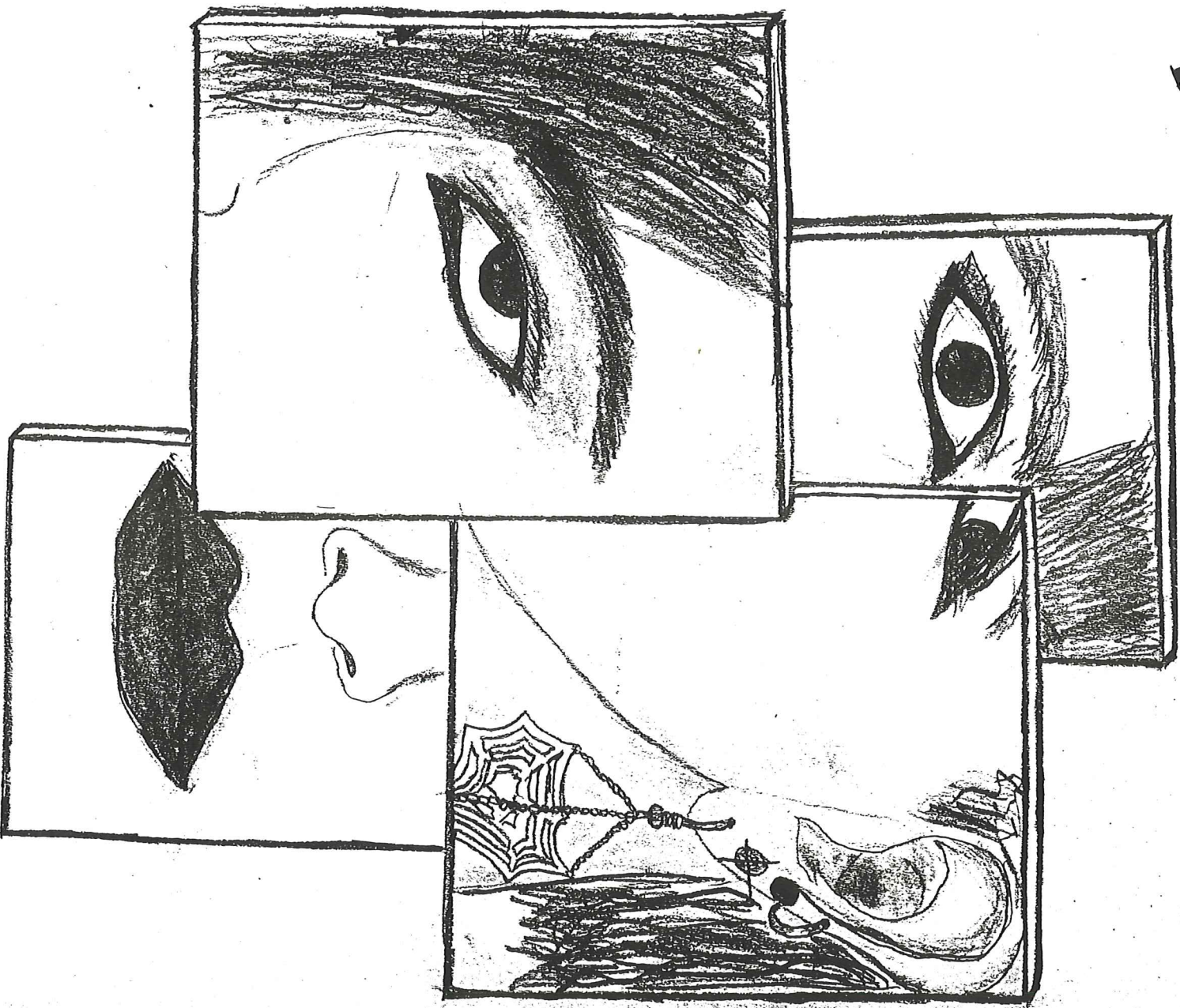


The Clipper



"Self-Portrait #2" = *Justine Wacziarg* =

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ARTISTIC CONTRIBUTIONS:

Front Cover - Christina Vilacoba Back Cover - Michael Dzenis
C.L.B. Brennan, Jack Howard, Michael Dzenis, Caralyn Pipala, Jennifer
Plummer, Christine Power, Mike Maccanico, Jill Dalton, Carolyn Grif-
fin, Bridget Patterson, Christina Vilacoba

Teacher: Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS:

<u>Piece</u>	<u>Artist</u>	<u>Teacher</u>
Eyes	Creative writing Class	Mrs. Susan McLean
Stones	Victoria Dzenis	Mrs. Susan McLean
On a Hill	Tom Gough	Mrs. Selly Bramhall
Memory	Patti Wahlgren	Mrs. Susan McLean
Heartbroken Teen	Catherine Schweir	independent
Dreamer	Jenn Lapka	Mrs. Susan McLean
Daydreaming	Chris Hooker	Mrs. Susan McLean
"Buvez-Coca-Cola"	Victoria Dzenis	Mrs. Susan McLean
Friends	Chris Hooker	Mrs. Susan McLean
Pigeon Soup	Paul Gleitz	independent
Views of Lonliness	Maureen Hanusek	Mrs. Susan McLean
	Tara McDonald	Mrs. Susan McLean
	Nora Schappert	Mrs. Susan McLean
Visions of the Future	Paul Gleitz	independent
Poem For A.P. English	Christian Kilpatrick	Mrs. Susan McLean
Ronnie	Dianna Margaritell	Mrs. Susan McLean
Wonder	Maureen Hanusek	Mrs. Susan McLean
Fate	Mary F. Mahon	Mrs. Pat Limpantsis
Tragic Hero?	Bill Patterson	Mrs. Susan McLean
Christmas Snow	Michelle Bareis	Mrs. Susan McLean
Short Story	Greg Foster	Mrs. Susan McLean

EYES

My eyes are my movie screen to life,
for which I have
a front row seat
reflecting the world
in my mind as I see it.

They are a gift,
my little Sony video cameras,
windows to new worlds
I'm dreaming of,
letting me see what I want,
mirroring persons
looking in, revealing
nothing when I look out.

Eyes can be shields of armor,
glass panes,
daggers shooting from the mind,
the judge and jury.

Some say eyes are blind
and it's with the heart
that you must look,
but my eyes can see through things
and read
the secret love poem
that's in your heart.

Fall 1987 Creative Writing Class
Collaborative Poem

On a hill sits a man with a smile
On a hill sits a man with a gun
Waiting on Mischief Night
He's going to have some fun

Last year they kicked his pumpkin over
And made it go splat
They ran and laughed at him all night
But now he's going to get back

They took their bars of soap in hand
and wrote upon his car
On a hill sits a man with a smile
So he can chase them far

Our hero through the night awaits
It's time to start his fun
Now he's sitting in jail, Oh my,
For shooting off his gun

Tom Gough

MEMORY

My memory is a grand piano
that can play any melody, for any person, at any time.

This precious piano I keep in my heart
never forgets special times or leaves me.

It is there when I need it, and even when
I don't wish to hear it.

It gets softer during the day, with others around,
but at night the music pulsates and throbs, until
I think I will go insane.

My memory's piano is sometimes sad, as it
reminds me of old friends and feelings lost throughout
the years.

But other times, the sound is a swirling carnival
which fills my soul with joy as I listen, smiling, and
thinking of yesterday's fun and games.

I know that one day we must part,
but I will have my memories, and it is with them
that I shall remember and keep you always.

For you are my favorite familiar tune -
my loved one - my theme song,

And all my notes and lyrics have been composed
of you.

Patti Wahlgren

Heartbroken Teen

prayers
dreams
unspoken thoughts
feelings returning
found and then lost.
imaginary
only in dreams
not receiving what's wanted
or so it seems.
differences
strangers
it's all the same,
one idol for everyone
but nothing's attained.
spoiled
rotten
overindulged
one person hidden
the truth is untold.
special
unique
what you can't have
mind against body
heart leads the path.
goals
sunset
one golden dream
love not reciprocated
heartbroken teen!

by
Catherine Schwier

Dreamer

I am a dreamer.
I wonder if King Arthur existed.
I see the moon shining over the sea..
I hear soft whispers calling me.
I am a dreamer.

I am a dreamer.
I pretend I am soaring lightly in the clouds.
I feel the embrace of someone who cares.
I touch the words so often spoken.
I dream of a knight in shining armor.
I try to do what cannot be done.
I am a dreamer.

Jen Lapka

Daydreaming

When the problems
Of everyday life,
Get too much for me to handle
I slowly drift off
To a world of my own
Where all is peaceful.

Chris Hooker

"BUVEZ COCA-COLA"

He walks
Ebony body
Absorbing the sun
Shock of white shorts
Crisp
Cut away
At darkness
Just as he
Cuts away
At the red and white
Sign
Behind him.
But this is every day to him
"Buvez Coca-Cola"
As his sharpness
Cuts through
My dream.

Victoria Dzenis

Friends

Friends are like the pillars
that support a house
for without them
I would collapse.

Friends are like the buoys
that guide boats through a channel
for without them
I'd be beached on an
unseen obstacle.

Friends are like the candle
that guides people safely
home during a storm
for without them
I'd be lost.

Friends are like the love
that fills one's heart
for without them
I'd be empty.

Chris Hooker

Pigeon Soup

"Excuse me, my dear waitress, there's a pigeon in my dish."

"Why my word you're right sir, you may have anything you wish."

The man sat there thinking hard of what he would decide to get. He would settle for nothing cheap. Something great he'd get you bet!

He thought it over thoughtfully and said, "I'd like a wife."

Someone to love and cherish, someone to live with all my life."

"I'd probably have some kids and I'd have to settle down. I couldn't go out drinking." His smile turned to a frown.

"I couldn't stay out every night and I couldn't stay out late. I'd probably have to stay at home and her food I just might hate."

Then he thought, "A big safari! I'll go hunt a great big cat but, he might decide to eat me and I would not go for that."

"Perhaps I'll take an expensive car, maybe a Cadillac or a Porsche. But, I might get in an accident and that would be much worse."

"Maybe I'll get some stocks or bonds and rake in lots of cash. But, the market could hit some troubled times and there could be a crash."

"I thought it over really well and you've thrown me for a loop. But, now that I have thought it over, I'll keep the pigeon soup."

Views of Loneliness

I.

The sky was gray and the beach was lifeless. It was the weekend after Labor day and for the first time all summer no excitement existed. All of a sudden it seemed as if people had been evacuated. No one was around to meet, hang out or go swimming. Now the arcade was closed and the boardwalk was empty. For the first time since May no one was on the boardwalk.

Maureen Hanusek

II.

Loneliness is a homeless child with nowhere to go. The boy is only seven, but he walks the streets all day, alone. His hair is black but you can see the dirt. His skin is rough and flaky to the touch. When you get near him, he smells of dirt and sweat. His clothes are just rags, layered for warmth, and he wears an old overcoat to protect himself from the wind. His pride and joy is the hat he found on the street, which he shows off like a crown.

Tara McDonald

III.

Silence; a subway goes by far away. Back in a garbage can, in an alley filled with mysterious shadows, a single beam of sunlight falls on a pair of canvas sneakers. Worn with age, each of the sneakers' rips and tears and stains holds a summer memory. Replaced by new, "more-suitable-for-school" sneakers, the discarded sneakers sit alone, never again to be worn dancing or carried along a moonlit beach.

Nora Schapert

Visions of the future

Imagine a classroom
with eyes on a blackboard,
Armageddon wandering,
just beyond the horizon.
What visions lie in their eyes?

Look at the puppet
sitting in the leather chair.
Doing just what he's told,
not what he wants to.
What visions lie in his eyes?

Look at the children
playing in the sandbox,
lackadaisically unaware
of the danger everywhere.
What visions lie in their eyes?

See in the mirror
how the people are happy.
Why can't we join them?
Well, we are all hypocrites.
What visions lie in our eyes?

I sit here pondering
the thoughts of a thinker.
Hey, mister answer man,
where are you going?
What visions lie in my eyes?

Paul Gietz

It seems to me that I've got a disease,
I wish somebody would stop me please!
It is just so terrible to lie in bed,
While millions of rhymes run through my head.

I really can't stop it; God knows I tried;
Maybe I'll just copy some other guy's.
But then I thought as I sat in bed,
How silly I've been, and so I said:
IT'S GETTING LATE; I WANT TO GO TO BED.
INSTEAD I MUST STAY UP AND WRITE A POEM.
THE PROBLEM IS I ALWAYS WANT TH RHYME.
I THINK THIS TIME I ALMOST GOT IT RIGHT!
Alas, I must give up and say "GOOD NIGHT"!

Christian Kilpatrick

RONNIE

His job is presiding, his aim
is not to do the job he seems to do.

His passion how to avoid the press,
his technique is to "not recall."

The others try to do right. He
just laughs at them.

Yet not at all too obvious. Not mean or evil
but all-American Joe.

Not to help
making the people see too late.

Deanna Margaritell

WONDER IS THE STARS IN THE SKY

The night clear and cold. The sky full of stars
and the place quiet. Why are there so many? How did
they get there? They look so small, but just think,
they light up an entire solar system like ours. Millions
and billions of stars fill that universe we know so
little about. They twinkle like small lights on a
Christmas tree, countless, never ending. Is there other
life out there? Do they have a sun like ours? I wonder.

Maureen Hanusek

FATE

The vision in your heart was afraid.
As the newborn grave made you cry.
The red shoe made the clown limp,
While the hatred of the house was intense.
That is not a dream, but fate
Praising the wall you hold up.

Mary F. Mahon

What Makes a Tragic Hero?

A tragic hero is
like a stick of dynamite
without a fuse,
built up and hyped
to the point of disbelief.
Capable of producing
great amounts of energy
as he waits to explode.
But, for some reason he never reaches
the point of explosion.
It is given.
Everyone knows that the explosion
will never occur.
Is this what makes him tragic?
Or is this what makes him a hero?

Bill Patterson

CHRISTMAS SNOW

The beginning is a snowflake. Wet and icy cold, a single flake sails through the winter air. It lands on the pitch-black street, and slowly it melts away. Like a funeral procession, a few more flakes follow. Doomed, they quickly disappear.

It is the night before Christmas, and the world is awaiting a snowfall. Hours pass away, but nothing happens. Suddenly, the sky turns white. A shower of beautiful white snowflakes covers the frozen ground. Each one is as perfectly shaped as a newborn baby.

After the last snowflake has fallen, an eerie glow pervades the sky. Translucent white light filters through the dark sky.

On Christmas morning, children peer out their frost-covered windows for a glimpse of the new day. They are greeted by billions of shimmering snowflakes that blanket the frozen earth.

Michelle Bareis

F O O T P R I N T S
by Greg Foster

I'm not going to start off with any fancy introductions. I'll try to make this short. This is what happened.

It was 6:00 and getting dark. I was over at Bob Kilford's house drinking Jim Beam and playing our weekly poker game. Bob owns a small ranch on the outskirts of a small town called Larson Springs, Nevada. Bob was willed the ranch by his mother when she passed away, two years ago. My name is Herb Renshaw, and I own a liquor store on Main Street. Nothing fancy. I bought it with a loan I got from the Government in '62. It's a small place, just right for a man who loves peace and quiet. The game was getting good around 6:15. For some funny reason I can remember my hand (although I would be hard-pressed to tell you what I had for dinner last night.) I had three aces and two sevens. I raised Bob \$2.00, and he called. I laid down my hand. He only had two eights and a bunch of other cards.

"Jesus!" he said as he threw down his hand. He filled his glass from the bottle (which I had supplied).

"That makes \$23.50," I said contentedly. Actually I was savoring this victory. "The way I see it," I chuckled, "I only have to win back \$20.00 to make up for last week's game."

"Uh huh," Bob replied not really listening, as he started to shuffle the cards. "That was a real pissar of a storm we had yesterday, huh, Herb?"

"Yeah. It was," I said. That's when the sheep started bellowing.

"What the Hell was that?" asked Bob as he rose from the table.

I drained the rest of my drink and followed him out to the living room with the great picture window facing south towards the mountains.

"It was probably nothing," I said starting to turn around.

"I'm just going to step outside to check things out," Bob grunted.

the corral. He did it with the air of a professional rancher, never looking down, only straight ahead with a stony-eyed stare. Me, I half-walked, half-stumbled over to the first pen on the right side. I had to be careful not to step into any sheep flops that seemed to be every two steps. (I didn't want to get my new pair of Hush Puppies smelly.) As I stumbled my way over to the pen, I saw what Bob had been staring at. Out of the pen's opening protruded two hind legs of a sheep. I'm no vet, but when I saw that a whistle inside my head went off. No ordinary sheep would be lying on its side on the cold, snowy ground. But then, I reasoned, this was no ordinary sheep. This one was dead. I followed Bob's gaze as it rested on something on the side of the pen. I stared and stared, but my mind would not comprehend it. Some things are just fed from the eye to the brain too fast, and when this happens the brain spits the information back half chewed up and all distorted. My legs locked and my jaws flew open as if they were on well-oiled hinges. There was a track print the size of a serving platter imprinted in the snow. The tracks, except for their size, were normal footprints leading off to the northwest.

In a small western town like Larson Springs there is always superstition. In this town our Boogieman is the Sasquatch or Bigfoot. I can distinctly remember my parents telling me when I was a child that if I was bad, Bigfoot would come get me. At night I used to lie in bed hoping that I had been good that day. As I grew older I thought less and less about Bigfoot. Occasionally, I would read in some supermarket tabloid that someone had shot one, but I never gave it more than a second thought. Until now.

I looked over at Bob. His eyes had taken on a gleeful, almost childish look.

"Come on. Let's get into the house," he said and briskly walked toward the house, forgetting to shut off the lights. I reluctantly

Ten minutes later I found myself in the passenger side of the jeep with a loaded 12-gauge shotgun on my lap. Bob was driving slowly northwest following the tracks with the highbeams on his Bronco blazing. The truck smelled of a mixture of gun oil and coffee. We hadn't said a word since we left the house. Bob was intently peering over the steering wheel, looking out at the tracks. I vaguely remember that I saw it had started to snow again. Bob uttered a curse and stopped the jeep. I looked ahead and saw that the flatlands ended. We were now in the hills. I got the two highbeam flashlights from the glove department and threw one to Bob. He caught it and switched it on. We started up the hill, leaving the jeep idling in the snow. As we climbed up the hill a deep sense of foreboding filled me. At the top of the hill the woods started.

"Oh, my God!" Bob said and pointed his flashlight down. I looked. The snow was tramped down here as if there had been a fight or a lot of THEM here. There was also a strange, foul odor, as if a sewer pipe had broken. Bob slowly raised his beam and pointed it straight ahead about 30 feet to reveal a huge lump of brown fur. As he walked toward it, I heard the distinct click of the safety on his gun being turned off. I turned mine off, too. Bob was about 15 feet away and walking steadily toward the lump. After that it all happened very quickly. A tall hairy thing stepped out from behind a tree and grabbed for Bob. That was all I needed to see.

I turned and fled running back toward the jeep. I dropped my flashlight. "Too bad," I remember thinking. About three steps after I turned around, I heard Bob's muffled scream and a shotgun blast. I just kept running. At the top of the hill I tripped and rolled down the hill. I just lay there for a second in the snow before getting up and picking

