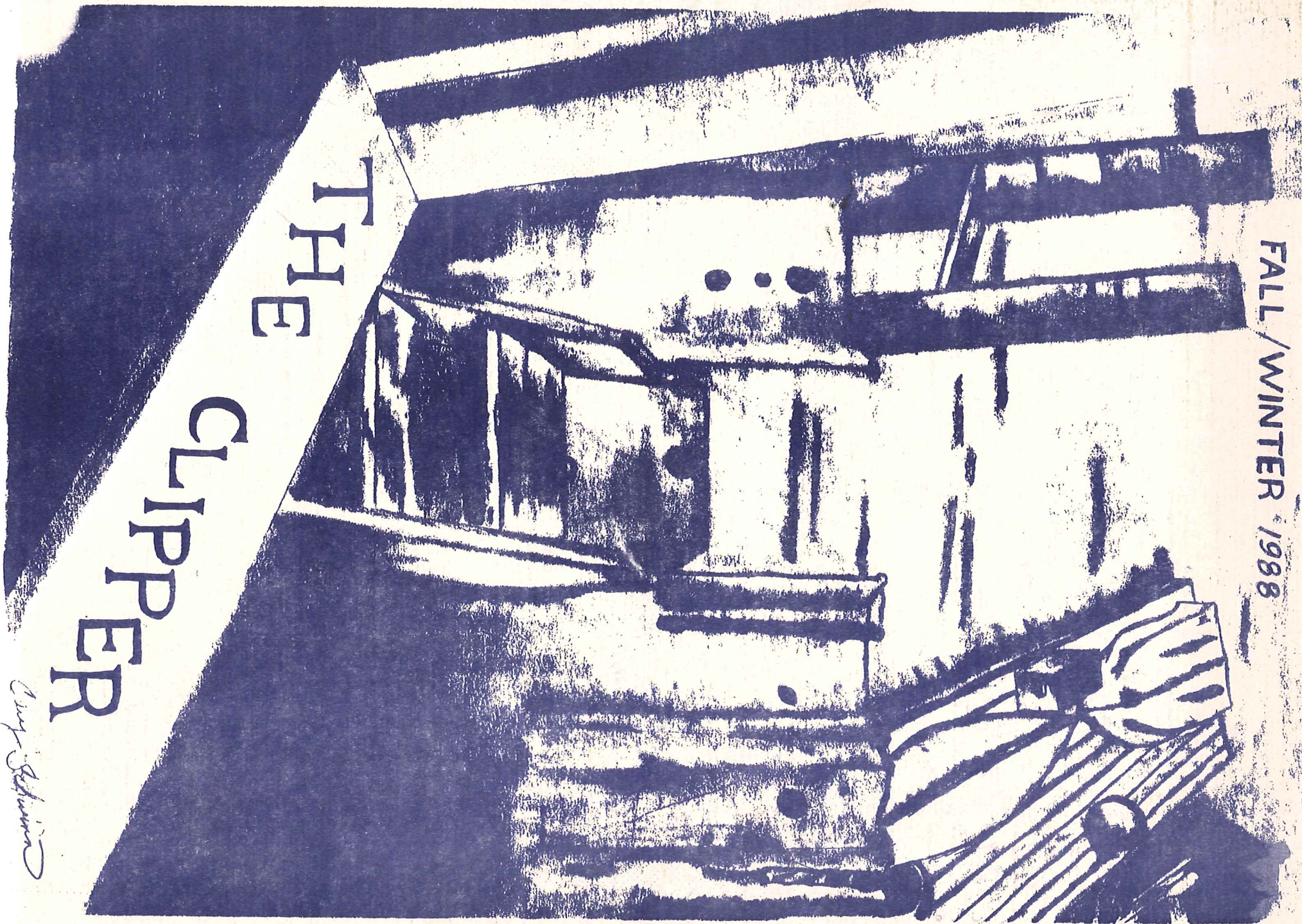


FALL/WINTER 1988

# THE CLIPPER

*Greg Schmitt*





THE CLIPPER

Manasquan High School Fine Arts Magazine

Fall/Winter 1988

A publication of the Writing Class  
of Manasquan High School

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What I remember about snow. . .

I remember snow, piled high in front of the house, the gate almost covered. I remember downed power lines and no school because the buses couldn't get up the dirt roads. I remember warm fires and hot cocoa and watching the snow fall all through the afternoon. I remember climbing mountains of ice to get to the bus, when school finally resumed. I remember giant snowmen and snow angels and snowballs that hurt. I remember chasing the dogs in the snow and being whitewashed by my father. I remember tobogganing down the mountains with my parents and that cold not-really-there feeling my feet had. I remember ruddy cheeks and runny noses and wet mittens with snow caked on them. I remember my first snowman that stayed up and all the bruises I got running around in the snow. Most of all I remember that snow is beautiful just like sun, and I enjoy the snow as much as the beach.

Noreen Murtha

LIFEGUARDING

Endless hours-  
Waiting patiently in the still, swollen air  
Sucking in the hot breaths  
While sweat sticks  
It clings to each part  
My mind wanders  
Nothing new-  
All I can do is wonder  
I wait and live  
Until my day is gone  
And I am released  
To comfort and shade  
Then my eyes do not sting  
And I may leave my prison of sun  
Penetrating heat-  
Will soon go home  
And so will I  
My day is done.

-Kristen Kennedy

SUNSET

An end to the day  
Today's life has disappeared  
Daylight has elapsed  
The horizon disappears  
Darkness has begun its reign

Wendy Kubu



## The Clothes Shopping Blues

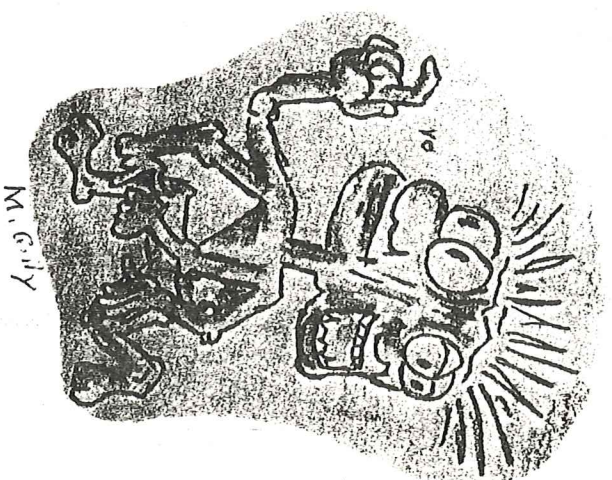
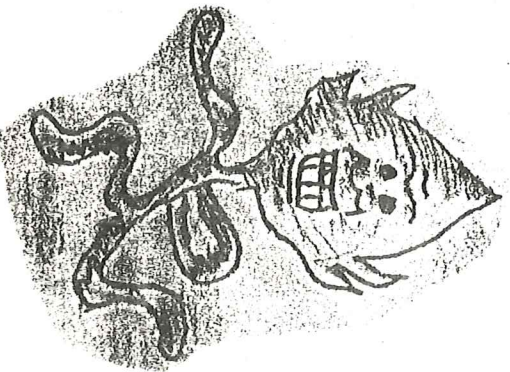
I used to enjoy shopping,  
Until recently.  
Every time I shop the same thing happens  
Again and again.  
When I have absolutely no money,  
Everything I see is what I want.  
Like one time,  
I saw a beautiful, plaid blazer,  
But I just didn't have the money to buy it,  
So I waited for the jacket to go on clearance  
With a markdown on a markdown.  
When I have unlimited use of Mom's credit cards,  
I never see anything I want  
And wind up wasting hours at the mall  
Aimlessly walking around looking for  
"The" outfit to buy.  
It's all so typical.  
I have no joy in shopping anymore.

Kristen Lees

## Last Hours of October

smells of smoke and pumpkin  
the breeze mixes the scents  
dry leaves scatter in the cold air  
rustling  
candy wrappers strewn carelessly  
someone just couldn't wait  
shaving cream and soap decorate homes  
a broken egg is spotted  
spider webs and skeletons cling to awnings  
witches cackle over their caldrons  
cries of anxious children  
permeate the quiet  
monsters, ghosts, and goblins wander  
with bags at their sides  
a fairy princess stands with a soldier  
chatting, comparing treasures  
across the street a dragon wanders  
toppling his companions with his tail  
a clown and a ballerina walk holding hands  
a teddy bear follows  
on the corner, a tiny angel sobs,  
her loot spilled around her  
to her rescue comes a two-headed monster  
and her tears disappear  
the night darkness invades the sky  
and all but a few stragglers go home  
at last night  
the houses and the street go dark  
and tiny ghosts and goblins drift to sleep  
dreaming of next year's haul  
their lips still sweet from tonight.

Noreen Murtha





Bert's Home

The  
w a s  
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s

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is ready 2 c r u m b l e  
but  
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Herbert Murray  
wouldn't trade  
his home  
4

1  
million bucks  
or even  
2.

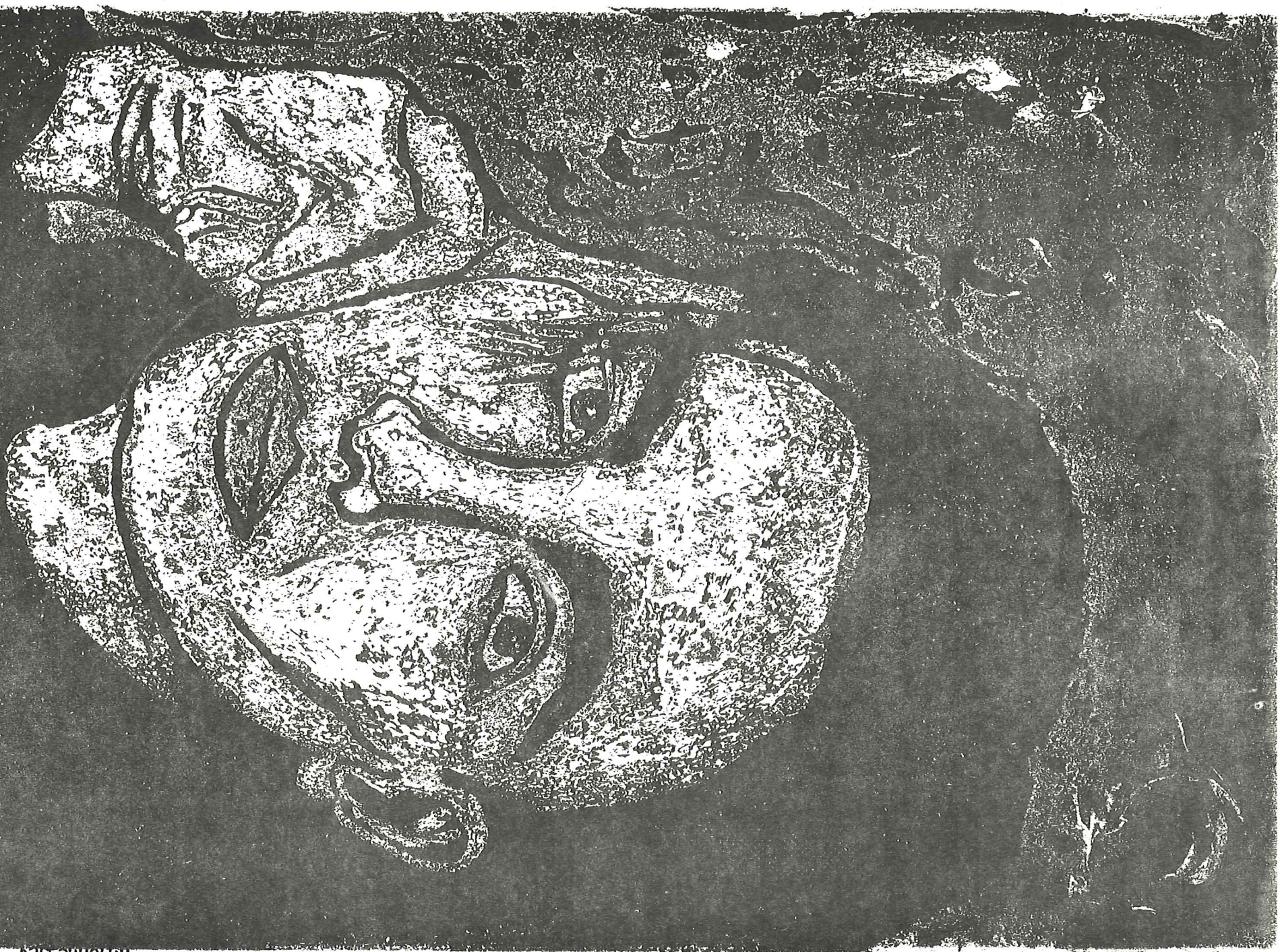
Jared Lister

# REMEMBERING YOU

Long walks along the beaches are often what we shared  
The sweet words we whispered, we knew the other cared  
You'd hold me in your arms for hours at a time  
The feelings we shared proved that you were mine  
The wonder it was, just to hold your hand  
Or even just considering...you'll forever be my man  
Once the relationship formed, love began to play its part  
I knew right then and there...we shared both mind and heart  
The two of us were like the sand and sea  
We were as one...you and me  
If this bond we share is both wonderful and true,  
Then why is it that I'm so depressed and blue?  
Well...you being miles away doesn't exactly help  
Especially after experiencing the feelings that I've felt  
No matter what happens in the end  
I want always for us to remain good friends  
In other words, what I'm trying so hard to do,  
Is tell you sweetheart...just how much...it is that I miss  
you.

Karin Lindstrom



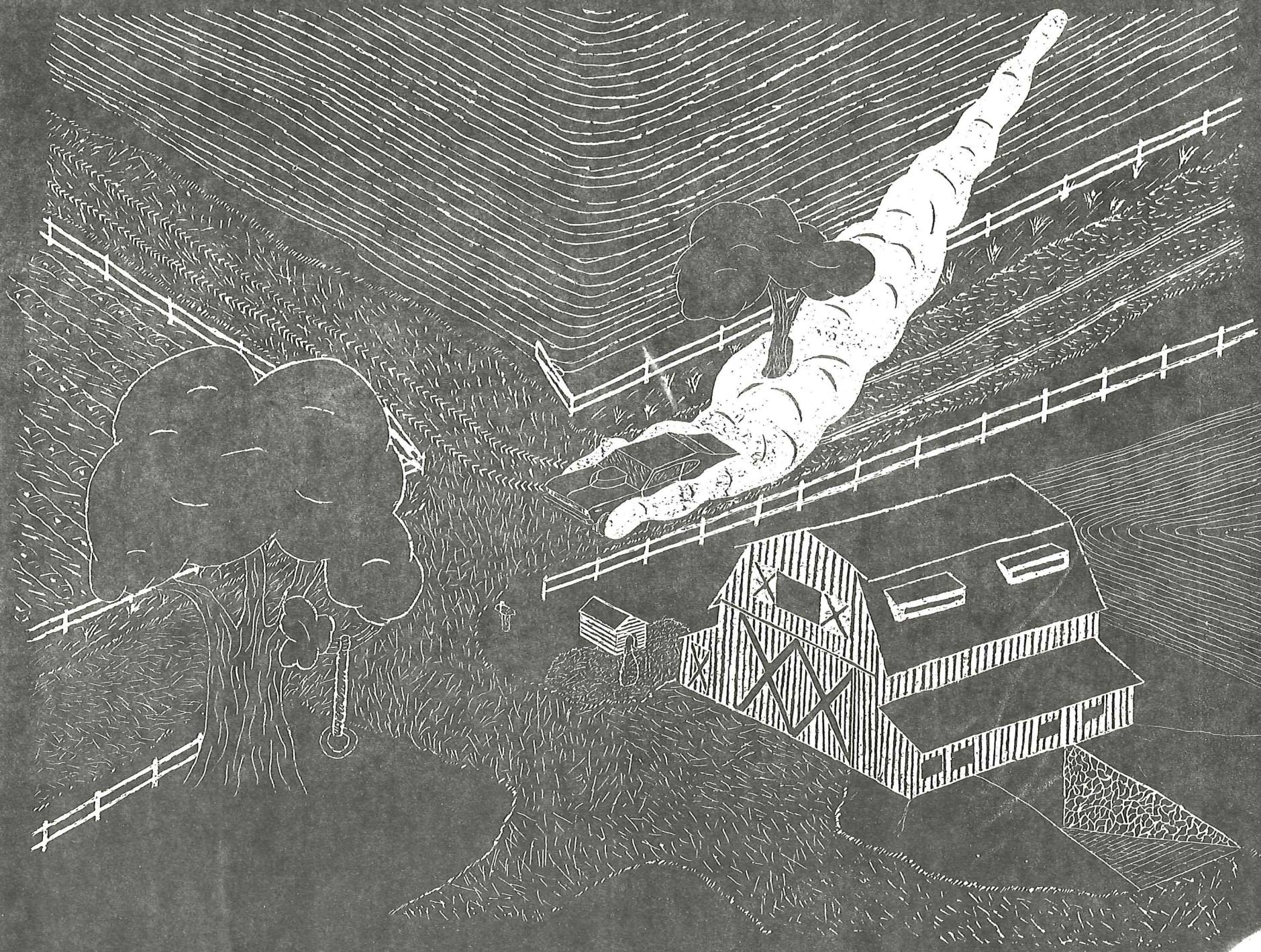


K. Hennessy











### One of Those Days

It's one of those days, again, I think  
For I dropped my earring down into the sink  
Lost my contact and banged my knee  
Why do these things always happen to me?

The clothes I had wanted, the cat slept on  
I looked for my books and they were gone!  
My alarm is broken, I got up late  
Tried to eat breakfast, it slid off the plate!

To top it all off, it's raining out  
Which makes my hair look scattered about  
I got out of my car, stepped into a puddle.  
It's one of those days where my mind's in a muddle.

Kristina Whipple



## LOVE

The furry thing only loves to purr  
Laughter simply takes over your body  
White almost unable to be seen  
The smell of spring fills your lungs  
A field of flowers looks like a bed  
The harp-the music of angels  
Water, pure and clean, clears your system  
A table full of love and happiness.

Kimberly Lockenmeyer



EVENING

Peace - tranquillity  
Stars glisten in the moonlight  
A moment to share  
An end to the beginning  
A beginning to the end

Karin Lindstrom

Love  
enduring, elation  
enamored, infatuated, captivated  
head over heels  
abhorrence, aversion, antipathy  
despised, detested  
Hate

Karin Lindstrom



### The Brat

I can not do a thing  
without getting mocked by my sister.  
With a friend it is even worse.  
I guess it is because she thinks she is cool.  
When I tell her she is upsetting me,  
it just motivates her.

The night my family had French Dip for supper,  
my sister and her boyfriend  
made noises as I ate.  
Steam was coming out of my ears by now.  
Anger made me throw my au jus in her lap.

By herself  
she is a different person,  
without a boyfriend to defend her.  
The mocking still exists but it is less consistent  
I guess she knows  
I'M GETTING PISSSED!

I stomp out of the room  
sit alone in mine  
she comes to the door  
"Get a sense of humor, I was only kidding!"  
She dislikes the silent treatment  
says that she is sorry.  
For now she is pleasant,  
but it is only for a day or so.

Jared Lister

## Paradise Found

One day I want to go  
To an exotic far away island.  
With its profound red and blue Tucans and pink flamingos  
White Lotus flowers and breathtaking falls.  
Where the air is filled with tropical breezes that flow  
Through you hair.  
I am not sure how I will get there,  
Maybe soar through the air or swim through the seas.  
I want to lie about on the warm sandy coves,  
and soak the luscious sun.  
Swim through the refreshing blue-green waters,  
where dolphins play in the surf,  
And native people plunge off cliffs to the water below.  
There is a mysterious sense about it, yet peaceful too.  
Sometimes it calls me in my dreams  
When I am troubled, sometimes I think about it.  
Close my eyes and feel its warmth, see its beauty,  
And then I don't feel so bad.  
It is a TRUE paradise  
And I feel that someday I will go there  
When that time is I will never know.

Steve Hahn



JACK O. LANTERN

I went out in a great big field,  
and found the biggest one.  
It had no bumps or blemishes,  
and I could barely pick it up.

Once at home, I got a pencil,  
a knife and other things.  
I sat right down, and began,  
to cut the top right off.  
I scooped out all the slimy goo,  
not a seed was left inside.  
Then I took my pencil in my hand,  
and began to draw his eyes.  
I felt like a sculptor with his clay,  
as I drew his crooked nose.  
Then I drew his crooked grin,  
including a nice big tooth.  
I took the knife and cut him up,  
kind of like a jigsaw puzzle.  
I got a candle just the right size,  
and put it in the center.  
I brought it outside and lit his light,  
and watched him start to glow.  
I went inside, and began to clean up.

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s	mm	mm	a a	s	h	h
sssss	m m m m	aaaaa		sssss	hhhhh	h
s	m m m	a a	a	s	h	h
sssss	m	m a	a	sssss	h	h

I went outside,  
and began to cry.  
For all over the porch,  
was the remainder of Jack!!

Peter Knight



Through his childhood he was beaten.  
That's how he had been raised.  
He'd witnessed the death of his mom;  
His diagnosis-crazed!

-Shea O'Donnell





## Bummer in the South Pacific

### My life

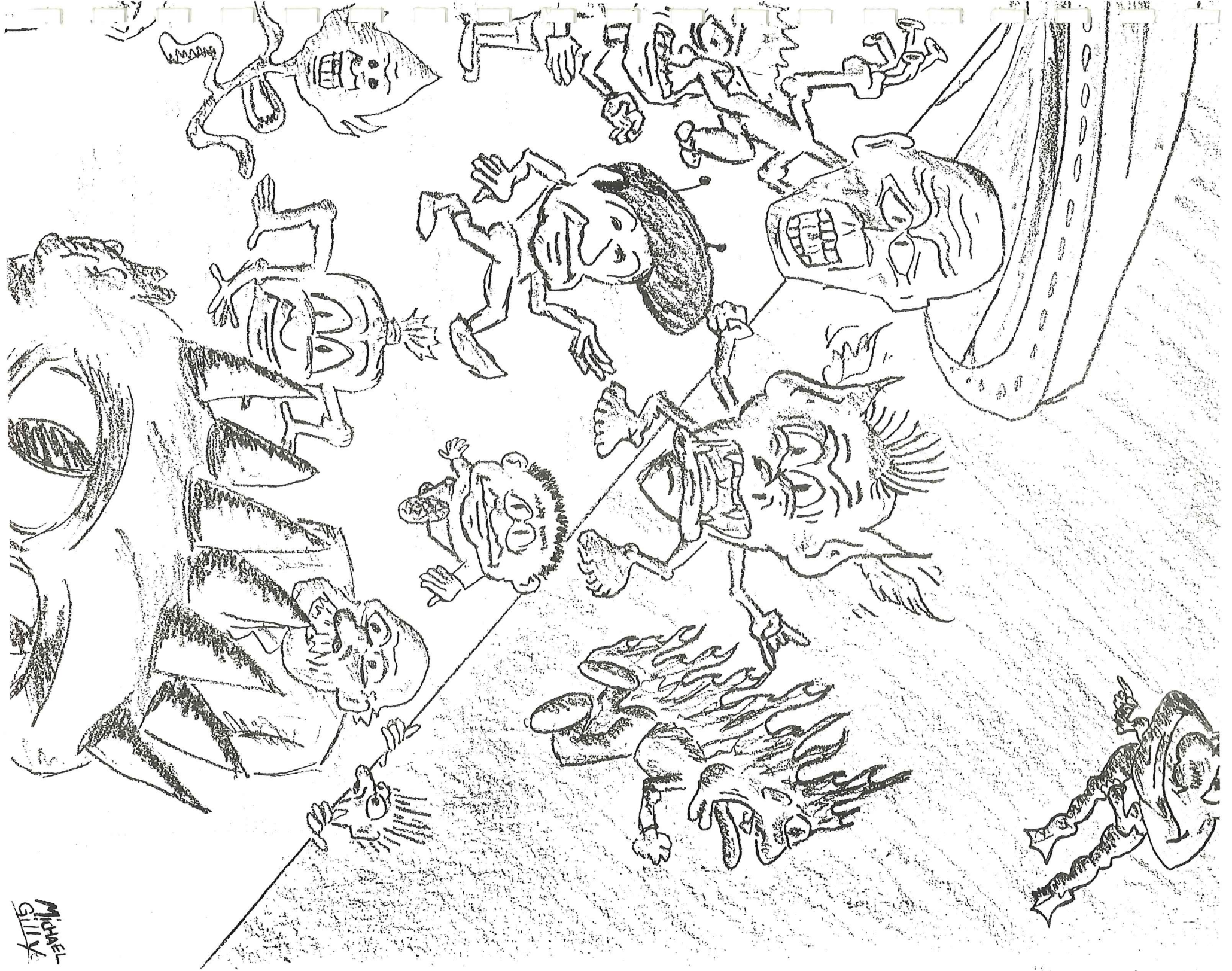
A tree-fort,  
A beach in Tahiti,  
No worries, No cares.  
Surf by day,  
Sleep by night.

No expenses,  
Nothing to buy.  
Catch my own food,  
In crystal clear water.

Then I get there.....  
Tired of lobster,  
Tired of coconut.  
Reef-rash on my back,  
Worries galore.  
Sea snakes,  
And sea urchins.  
Native thieves,  
So you sleep with your surfboard.  
Crave a ten ounce hamburger,  
Vanilla shake not coconut milk.  
You miss your family,  
No money to fly home.

Bummer,  
It is not how I thought it would be.

Jared Lister



MICHAEL  
GILLY



## Oh, No, Not My Birthday

Rose Murray

It was around three o'clock, October 2, 1980, and the cold air lay like a blanket over the scene of what soon would be a birthday party. My backyard appeared dreary and dull because of the dead trees draping over the yard. The dismal darkness of the sky was outlined by streamers straggling from tree to tree, and the bright and colorful balloons hanging for their lives along the gutter of the house. Fiercely, the occasional gusts of wind blew away the blue paper cups and plates. This disorganized scene was just the beginning of a sorrowful and calamitous birthday.

Coming home from school to such a horrible sight filled me with unhappiness and displeasure. I nervously began to gather all of the plates and cups scattered throughout out my backyard. I placed them on the picnic table and went to retrieve a brick which I could place on top of them to prevent their flying away. While picking up this brick, I turned around to find the plates and cups where they had been previously, on the ground. As a result, I knew that it was not going to be a good day.

While waiting for my buddies to arrive, I began to ponder on past birthdays. My feelings were negative ones. I began to remember that the sky seemed to fill up with dark thick clouds that shadowed over my house like a film on every one of my birthdays. Then, after a while, the sky seemed to give way and the rain would pour out fiercely. Such inclement weather causes my family to be in a dismal mood and not up for partying. This usually makes it hard for me. I don't complain anymore, because I am used to it. After my birthday was a complete flop, I became accustomed to its failure.

Some of these failures that I can remember so vividly are my fourth birthday when the rabbit I just received died in front of me. Another was my sixth, when my mother refused to have a party for me because of my aunt's funeral. Finally, I can remember my seventh birthday, when my family ignored me because of the horrible outcome of my report card. But in the long run it basically boils down to this: I was not born to have birthdays.

myself by trying to swing higher and higher. As I swung, I pretended I was a jet pilot flying a combat mission. At the highest point of the arc of the swing, I decided to bail out. So I jumped. My flight through the air seemed to last an eternity. I remember the wonderful feeling of flying like a bird. But as they say, what goes up must come down. And come down I did - right on my back!

As I stared up at the sky, the wind knocked out of me, I noticed that the sky had become cloudy. I stood up slowly, and walked over to where my father was sleeping. All around us mothers were calling their children out of the water and rolling up blankets, preparing to leave. Then I noticed the volunteers from the community center were looking around anxiously.

I sat down on the sand next to my father and waited for him to wake up. I fell into a light doze as I stared out at the peaceful lake and thought about my joyous - but brief flight on the swings.

A shrill cry of "Oh my God!" snapped me back into the real world. I looked around. The volunteers were dragging something out of the water. Trying to get a better look, I half kneeled, half stood, and in doing so, tripped over my father, waking him up.

I ran over to the little crowd of people gathered at the water's edge. I elbowed my way into the crowd to see what all the commotion was about. The image that greeted my eyes will always remain imprinted in my memory, burned in, complete with technicolor.

The small boy lay on the beach, his toes just inches from the water. His skin was dead white, and his frail limbs were limp. A shock of brown hair covered part of his angular face. His purple lips contrasted sharply with his white skin. A volunteer knelt beside him, trying to revive him. Everyone was talking at once, ordering each other to get a policeman or call an ambulance. I just stood there, silently surveying the scene, not really comprehending what was happening.

I don't know how long I stood there. I do know that my father came and took my hand, leading me to the car in silence. We didn't talk about it on the way home, and not a word was spoken of the drowning at the dinner table that night, or ever again. I don't even think my mother knows about it.

I have always wondered if the boy would have drowned, had there been a lifeguard present. From that day on, I have had a desire to become a lifeguard, not for the money, but out of a sense of duty to help prevent tragedies like the one I witnessed that summer day from ever happening again.





Joe Dalton

## A Walk In the Park

The boy found the statues quite interesting. These copper people sitting on a bench posing for a picture. He put his hand against it and was startled by the warmth. He placed his head against it and delighted in the heat on his cheek. The boy climbed up and sat on the woman's lap and put his head on its shoulder. He began to mumble.

"I got a mama, but she don't look as pretty as you. She is always tired and mad about somethin'." She hit me yesterday. All I did was spill my cheerios on da floor and she hit me. I didn't mean it. I don't mean to make mistakes, it just happens sometimes.

"Do you hit your little boy. I don't think so. He looks happy. He got a daddy. I ain't got a daddy. If I do I ain't never seen him. Mama calls him bad names. I just sit there and wonder what my daddy is like. He sure is a lucky boy to have a daddy.

"Do you cry lady? My mama cries. After she comes home from work at da building, she's a cleanin' lady. She sees me doin' my homework and pettin' my dog and she starts to cry, so I asks her,

'What's wrong, Mama?'

'Nothin' baby, Mama is just tired and happy to see you doin' your homework.'

'Why do you cry when your happy about me, Mama?'

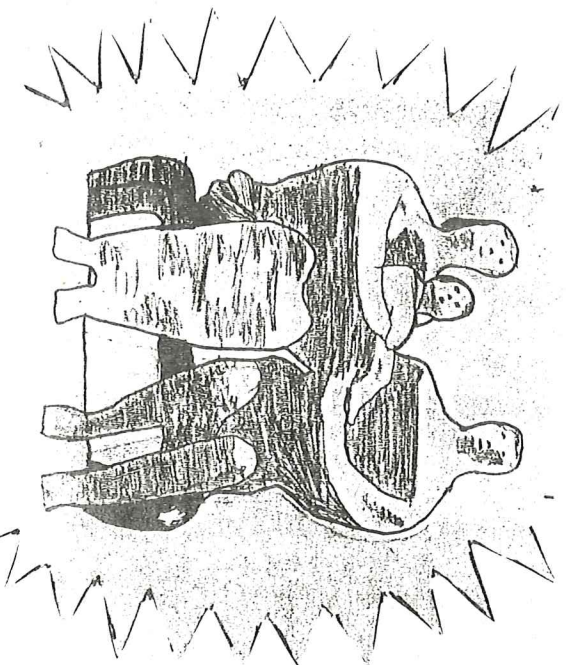
'People cry sometimes when theys is happy and I just wish I had more for ya, honey. I wish I had more for you that's all. I wish I could get you a big house with a front yard for you and Pirate to play in, but we's just poor and I can't do nothin' about it.'

"Well, lady, I's got to be goin' now, so I'll see you later."

The boy hopped down and skipped along the sidewalk towards home.

Paul Gleitz

Drawing and story based on a sculpture by Henry Moore.





## A DREAM

A beautiful island hide away, where I am alone with the man of my dreams. Light trade winds blow off the brightly, orange lit sunset sky. The smell of luscious tropical fruits fill the air. The palm trees set the atmosphere of romance. I can hear the clashing of the waves as they roll to the shore, the cry of ocean birds and the rustle of leaves.

A stroll on the beach with that special someone. A paradise only I dream of, hoping one day my fantasy will be reality.

Walking hand and hand, whispering sweet words made only for each other. Love and romance are in the air as night approaches. Soon the break of daylight will appear.

Dara Hahn

## MY FRIEND DEATH

by Rick Fittin

On that eerie morning there seemed to be a lack of oxygen in the air, the sun just peeking through the trees enough to highlight the mist rolling out of the morning onto the road. The road seemed to be empty, but there was something or someone riding along close by to me. I could feel the strong presence, the spell that it was casting over me. It was warmer now. No matter how loud the music it seemed lulling and it was becoming more relaxing; my guard was slowly being let down, not aware of the danger ahead. WHAM !!!!! The reaper took my hand. I was out of my body looking upon myself watching Death do his job.

I saw the car slam into the pole with incredible force, broken glass ripping through the flesh, blood flowing like tributaries running out of my heart. Bent twisted steal sealing my fate.

But wait... there was no pain, there was no feeling. I just wanted to sleep, set up on a rock where it looked like I was looking through the negative of a picture. Finally I saw them pulling the lifeless body from the wreckage and laying him beside the road, just like a dream; but then the light that held me seemed to fade away and the warmth became a cold shivering feeling. The feeling of numbness became a sharp awakening pain. Death was only visiting.

Days later when asked what happen the eerie sight seemed to be the only explanation I remembered. The scariest part is that what I remember matches exactly what an eye witness described.

It took a while for me to realize that I had walked with Death and come back to tell you what it was like to literally see your life on a thread in front of your eyes. It took something as powerful as Death to show me that I should never try to burn the candle at both ends.



much decided that it was time for me to go back home. I was sitting under a tree watching some kids playing, and thinking how happy and free they seemed. It was exactly what I, and all the people I had met on the way, were in search of. Then it dawned on me. There is no " universal answer. " The answer to who a person is, why he or she exists, and what a person chooses to believe is an individual thing. The " answer " comes from within a person. It cannot be learned or taught, only felt. It was not necessary for me to go on the road. All I had to do all along was look into myself.

I can not say that my experiences on the road were a waste of time. They were not. They helped me to learn things about myself that otherwise might have remained repressed within me. I do however wish that I had been wise enough to see then what I know now. Thoreau once said that nobody can teach anybody anything, one person can only guide another. Taking this into consideration, I guess my days on the road were truly a learning experience.







