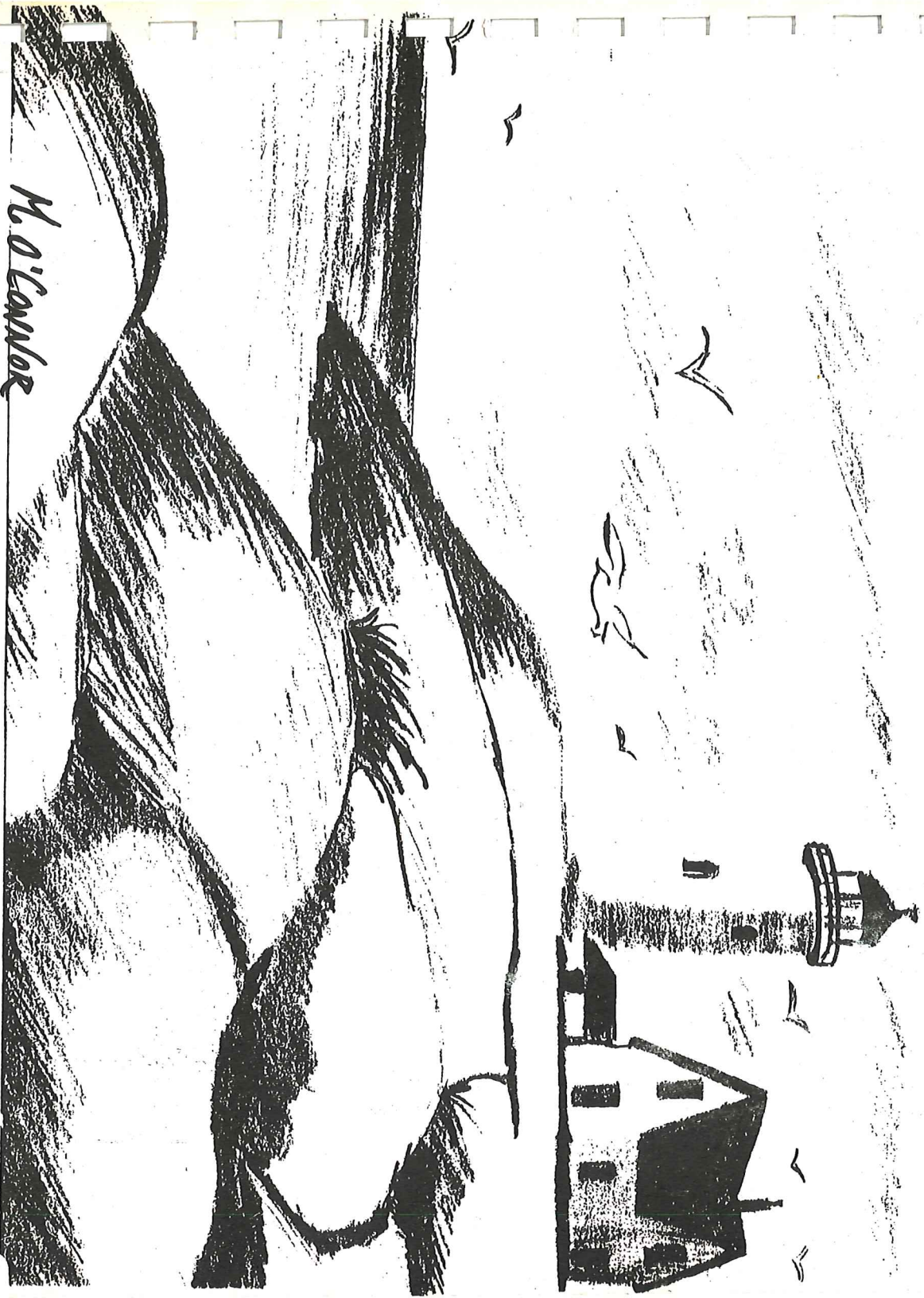
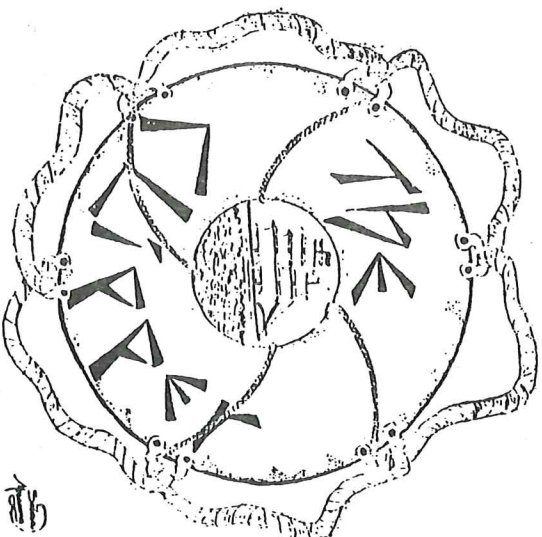


# The Chaparral



M. O'Connor

Fall/Winter '89



## THE CLIPPER

Manasquan High School Fine Arts Magazine

Fall/Winter 1989

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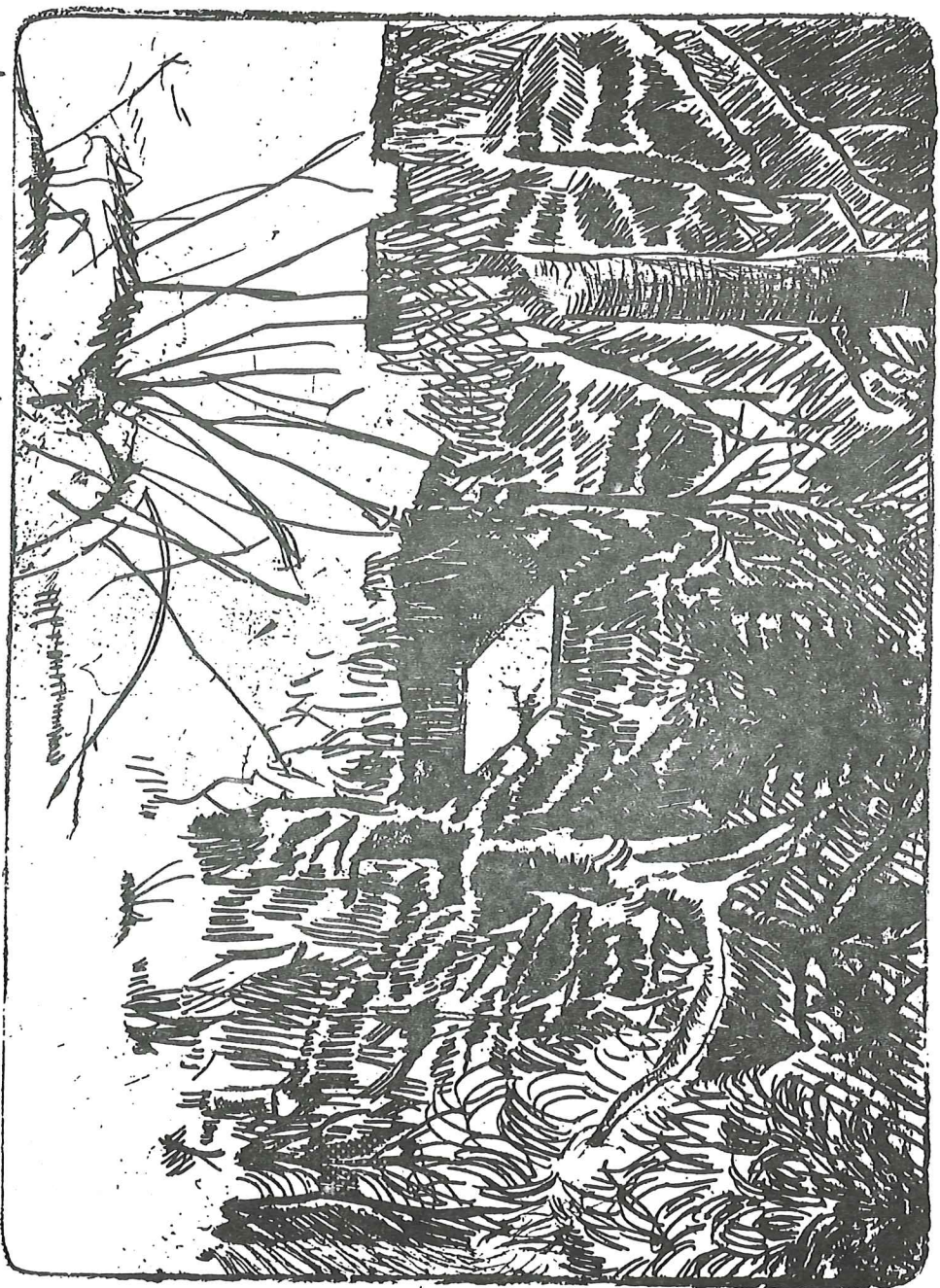
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laura m. m. m.

1/15

## THE HAND

Running, jumping through time.  
The watch ticks on my wrist.  
Happy, sad my hand watches my every word.  
My hand creates wrinkles that tell my life.  
Slimy and tan my hand plays with what I let it.  
My hand can pour out my life with a flick of its wrist.  
My hands tired and sore with the rings that place a  
burden on them.  
I can only wonder what I would do without them.

Michelle Levenelm





Gina Reme

## EVERY DAY JUST LIKE TODAY

He squinted as bright sunlight glinted off the lake far below. The cars on the highway were much closer. The kid could feel the heat coming off the road and the nauseating smell of hot rubber. He felt his stomach growl and ignored it as he had every day when he came to the hill. He came every day after noon when it began to cool off and stayed until well after dark. He performed his ritual today as he had for uncountable days before this.

As the sun slid down deeper into the horizon, the boy thought of the reasons that brought him to come out here every day, day in day out. Today had been pretty bad before he got the chance to escape to the hill and escape from the reality of life with his stepfather. When he shut his eyes he could see the images clearly, almost like they were painted on his corneas and he wondered if they'd ever go away.

At this point he realized that the dark had crept up on him. He lit a candle, one of the objects sitting on the rock in front of him. As the light flickered, a glimmer of cold metal flashed, but the boy paid no attention. Letting go with a sigh, he gave himself up to the emotions which were usually kept in such close check. Thoughts flooded his brain, evil ones about killing, sad ones about self pity. But the worst were the ones about his sister, Lisa, who had been too young to understand what it meant every time his mother got a black-eye or ran up the stairs to escape the beatings...but she hasn't seen them in two months. She is lucky. She is dead. Thanks to the way their stepfather shows his "love."

At times like these the boy would pray to his real dad to come and take care of them but he knew it wouldn't happen. Then the boy would try to figure out how to stop his stepfather from hitting them, but today like every day he could think of nothing.

As the northern star crossed the sky he realized it was time. Taking the second object from the rock as he'd done every day, he began to fill the chamber with three inch-long cylinders, one every other hole. And today like every day he said, "Dad, I'm sorry I tried to help but I can't. I want to be with you and Lisa. Forgive me."

. . .

Every day just like today if someone were on the hill someone would see a sixteen year old boy lift a Magnum to his head. And every day just like today he spins the chamber. Every day he pulls the trigger just like today.

" Click."



she could feel its wet clamminess. As she tipped her head back and swallowed the little dot she could feel the coat of dry chalkiness it was forming.

Within half an hour she could sense the mesmerizing effects. She started to see tiny black bugs crawling on the ground, and she felt only the thudding of her heart. Within minutes her throat started to hurt, and she began to feel as though time might not end. She started to run, away from herself and toward the bright sunlight in the corner. She felt as though the world were following her, and as though she were running off the edge of the Earth.

Finally, her body was free-falling through a mist of air. She could feel the little splinters of glass as she landed on the sidewalk.

Sean stumbled to the window and looked down at Darcie's lost face. She was lost within his world. She had never belonged there.

Sean ran down the stairs and left the hotel. He dropped to his knees and looked over Darcie's body. He was no longer capable of tears, he was no longer capable of crying for help. He just drooped over the blood and gore of Darcie's flesh until the police tore him away.

Michèle Levenelm



## SHERI

I grew up in a family with two other children, but knew in the dim lights stood a fourth child, the oldest daughter of mom and her first husband. She was the outcast, hardly talked about in the family for fear the other children would end up like her, and I was only able to identify her as my unknown sister. I had seen only pictures, heard only words, and shuddered at the laughter and teasing I faced whenever someone who knew her mentioned her name, Sheri.

I was a toddler, three years old, and Sheri was twelve when she decided to leave her family, friends, and school behind to live life on the streets. Perhaps the death of her best friend, our grandpa Bennett, triggered her urges to be free, but to tell the truth I will never know the real reason. Sheri does not know herself, even to this day. I cannot begin to imagine what life was like for her, but no matter what Mom and Sheri's step-father did, she would not come home. She chose the cold alleys, the vagrants, and drugs over a warm bed, good food, and a family who loved her. When I finally realized what Sheri was and meant, I began to hate her, despised everything she stood for; yet, I loved her because she taught me many powerful lessons.

Many people wonder about the lessons a drug-addicted, streetwise person could teach someone of younger age, but I have learned plenty. I feel a living experience is the best teacher, and Sheri has pulled our family through many terrible incidents. I can remember Mom crying in front of the television one night when Sheri was on the New York evening news telling lies about her family background, and I swore never to hurt my mother in such a way. I learned lessons about drugs, their effects on the body, the trouble they mean, and most of all the harsh conditions of the streets. She stole from everybody to get what she wanted and needed, even took advantage of my young gullibility by bribing me to be with her. At times I wished to God to take her off our planet, let her do just one too many drugs, just so the living nightmare would be over; but at other times I wished He would find some good, down deep inside her and let it surface. I was so confused over Sheri's entire situation, that I often shut her out of my life completely.

For twelve years our family life was denied happiness because there was not a day in Mom's life when Sheri was absent from her mind. There were times when we would not hear from Sheri in months, then the call would come that she was in the hospital with stab wounds or suffering from drug overdose. Sometimes it was the police telling us she was in

THE DAYS AFTER

Throw me deep within a black forest  
Where black consistently prevails  
Give me legs to walk but never rest  
Make my mind blank from all details

Erase my soul from any sin  
Purify the water which I drink  
Help me forget where I've been  
Lead me to reason let me think

To think for myself, me alone  
The fluttering ego has to be crushed  
The seeds of individuality must be sown  
Now I'm a fresh canvas that needs to be brushed

Paint a stripe or two  
I'm reborn with life  
Let me never run to you  
But guide me through the strife

by Gene Weiss





Robert Bogdan

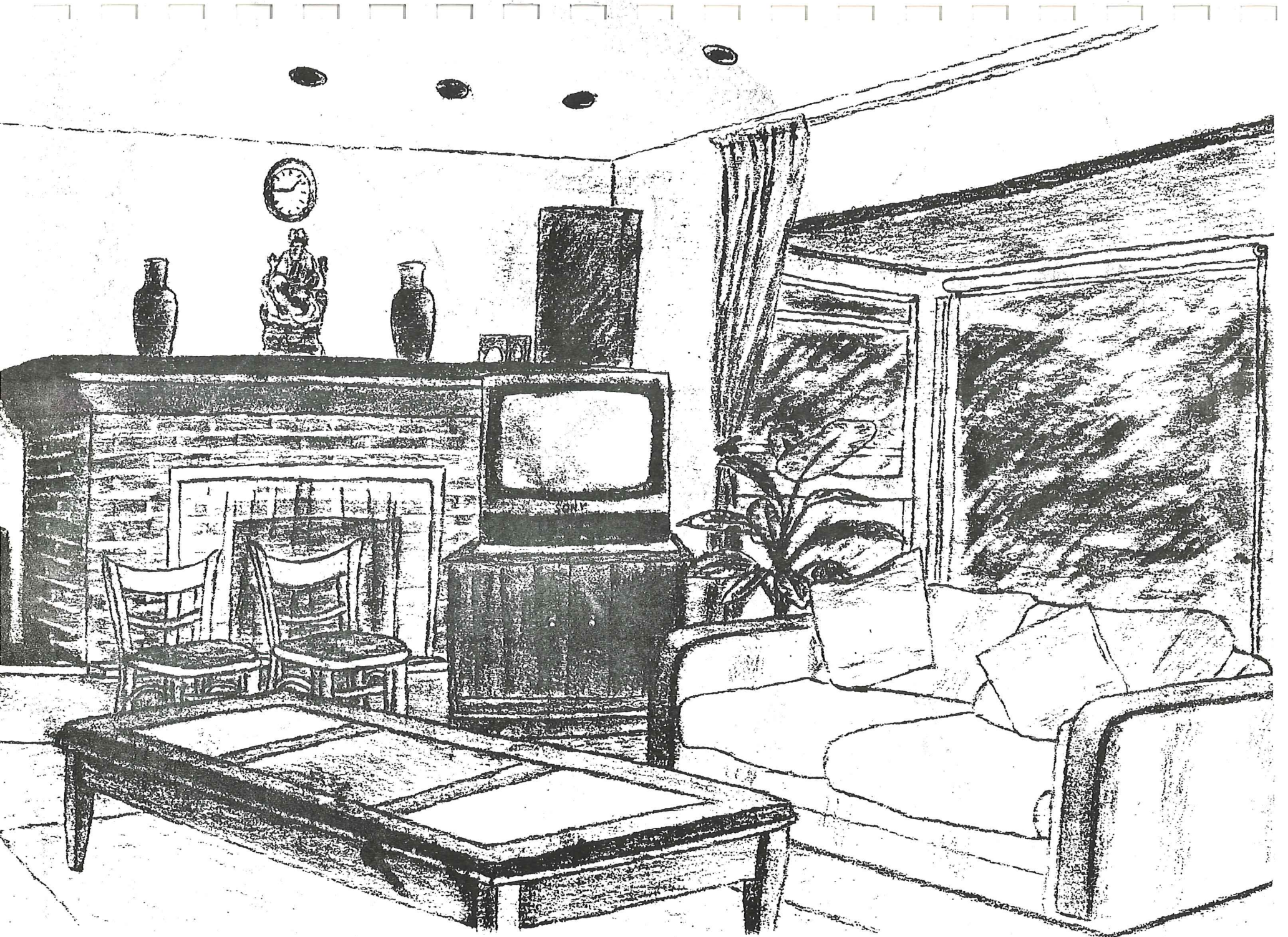


# No Nukes.

Forever screaming,  
I'm trapped inside.  
My heart is dreaming,  
I run and hide.  
The world is dying,  
my life's a mess.  
Children are crying,  
I try my best.  
The sky grows cold,  
my eyes closed tight.  
I do what I'm told,  
shaking with fright.  
I'm full of laughter,  
I can't hold on.  
it just doesn't matter,  
I'll soon be gone.  
3 minutes to go,  
before it's all over.  
the times going slow,  
there's no four leaf clover.  
I lose my sight,  
I lost my will.  
I don't want to fight,  
if I can't fulfill.  
My head is spinning,  
my body shakes.  
they are winning,  
what sense does this make.  
I appear to be flying,  
I'm turning in space.  
there are people dying,  
It is the human race.

By Kerry Bennett.





Phillip I



FREE AT LAST

'Twas the day before vacation,  
and all through the school,  
Not a student was sad,  
not even one fool.

The books were all stored,  
in the lockers with care,  
in hopes that the bell,  
would soon ring there.

I, with my bookbag, all  
ready to go,  
with the happiness in my voice,  
and my eyes all aglow.  
The thought of no school rings in  
my mind,  
the great call of freedom,  
I soon may find.

All of sudden there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang up from my desk,  
to see what was the matter.  
I ran through the classroom,  
and right to the door,  
to hear the stamp of each foot,  
on the dull tile floor.

All the kids racing to their lockers  
with glee,  
screaming and hollering 'cause they're finally free!

by Kerry Bennett



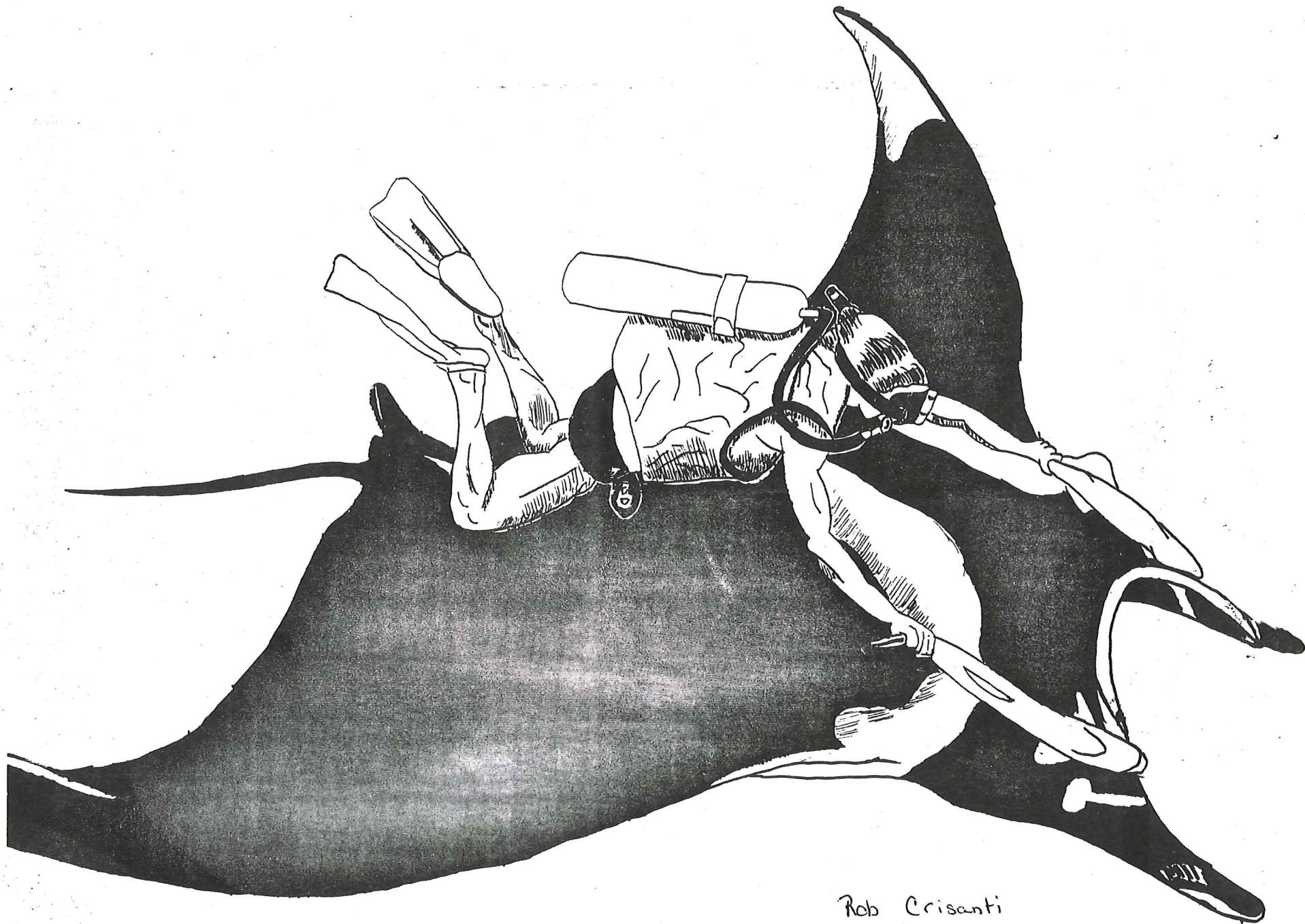
Feelings change  
Life goes on.  
Madness strikes you  
You feel alone  
There's nothing I can do.  
It's just the way it is  
It's not fair  
Most things are not.  
Take cover  
The bomb has hit.  
You're freed  
It's over  
Start again.  
But don't come back.

Jessy Mauro

Winning Is Everything  
If You Have Nothing To Lose

Beyond the jurisdiction, dare I move?  
Will there be no change?  
Among the wit and strength  
Which bring me power  
Upon the stage, psychology and demand  
All the slaves  
Of a great mind  
Consist of not power but diligence  
To bring out your greatest fears  
To overcome, to succeed

R. Scott Clayton



Rob Crisanti

I DREAM.....

I dream of white flowers falling like rain  
They heal all the hurt and ease all the pain  
Falling in circles gentle and slow  
Blanketing the earth in soft fragrant snow  
They fall on everyone regardless of race  
Indifferent to the money or a pretty face  
Bringing with them a calm sort of peace  
Those under bonds now find their release  
One after another again and again  
I dream of white flowers falling like rain

Liza Baskin





Kim. Nguyen

Pressing  
melting into the fabric of your flesh  
I feel every fiber

Isolated  
needing your hand  
in the heart of my hand  
Calling  
in my mind  
God! This night of all nights!  
this feeling, this closing-in  
I need your hand  
in the heart of my hand

Every cell, every fingerprint  
complete  
memorized  
forever in my mind

Insane for you  
craziness spinning tales of woe  
but happiness  
is with you,  
your hand in  
the heart of my hand  
feeling your essence  
terrible need of you  
oh this agony  
help me

by Deanna Margaritell



## BALLAD

Leaves are falling, my love is gone  
Left for life in the sky.  
Alone for the rest of my days  
I'll just sit here and cry.

My love was brave, handsome and strong  
His eyes were a deep blue.  
He was loving, caring and kind  
His love for me was true.

My love died the night before last  
I broke his heart in two.  
He had asked me to marry him  
Something I could not do.

A tear rolled lonely down his face.  
I knew he would soon die  
For he was brave, handsome and strong.  
My love would never cry.

Tracy Paterson

## The Highway

The girl blinked in the glare of the hot sun. She slowly awoke from her trance, and looked around. She saw she was again walking down the highway. She gazed at her dusty boots, the leather cracked from age and heat. She realized she had no idea how long she had been travelling--days? weeks? months? She didn't know. All she knew was that once again she was walking on the grit and gravel on the side of the road. She looked at the pavement and saw it all, the rocks encrusted in the tar, the stains from the exhaust of the cars that once tore down it, the heat rising in an effort to cool the hot burning road. She noticed her eyesight was sharper than it had ever been. She picked up all the details around her. In her skin, she could see the pores, the veins pumping her blood through her body, and the dirt caked on from the dust that swirled lazily in the air.

She concentrated on putting one foot before the other. Once there had been a destination, but the more she tried to remember it, the farther the memory would go, retreating deeper and deeper into her subconscious.

There had been other travellers, long ago. They had walked together, laughed, talked, communed, making the journey seem not so long and lonely. Faintly she remembered the happiness she had felt. Now they were all gone. They had left her to the road, when they reached their destination. What had been their destination? She couldn't remember. The past was hazy, the future uncertain, and the only thing that counted was the minute she was in.

She used to come across small highways stops, filled with vacationing families, weary truck drivers, and lunching travellers. Now they were deserted, or gone.

She remembered a time of childhood, obliquely. Swinging on a tire, with dandelions entwined in her hair, the wind sweeping her into his innocent embrace. She thought of the other children with whom she had played, shrieking out their joy, crawling around in a huge sandbox, building lopsided castles and fortresses. But then the memory faded as quickly as it came. She couldn't remember anything, except for the brief beautiful flashes, besides this time, now, walking down the highway, her footsteps echoing hollowly on the pavement.

It had been a long time since a car had passed, bringing its stink of sweat and humanity. Once she had scurried down the gullies when cars passed, but now she longed for one, to see another human face. It felt like she was the only one in



She cured the rabbit's hide that night by the fire, and hung it from her backpack, so as to dry it. The dog lay by her, resting his head on her knee. She settled to sleep, with the dog's body heat drifting into her, making her feel loved and belonged to by the dog.

For an undeterminable amount of time, she and the dog travelled together. She was having thoughts of stopping her neverending travels, and settling someplace. The dog gave her reason to put down roots. She still felt she had to reach someplace, but perhaps the woods was her destination.

Every day the dog would hunt down a rabbit, a squirrel, or some other small animal. They would eat solemnly together, and they would walk together. She had no idea of how far or how long they had walked, but they were together. That was the only important thing.

She started to remember things. Maybe the companionship the dog gave her made her memory return, if it ever had been. She felt the knowledge of her destination was just out of reach. It got closer every day, but it still hung away from her, like the stars in the sky.

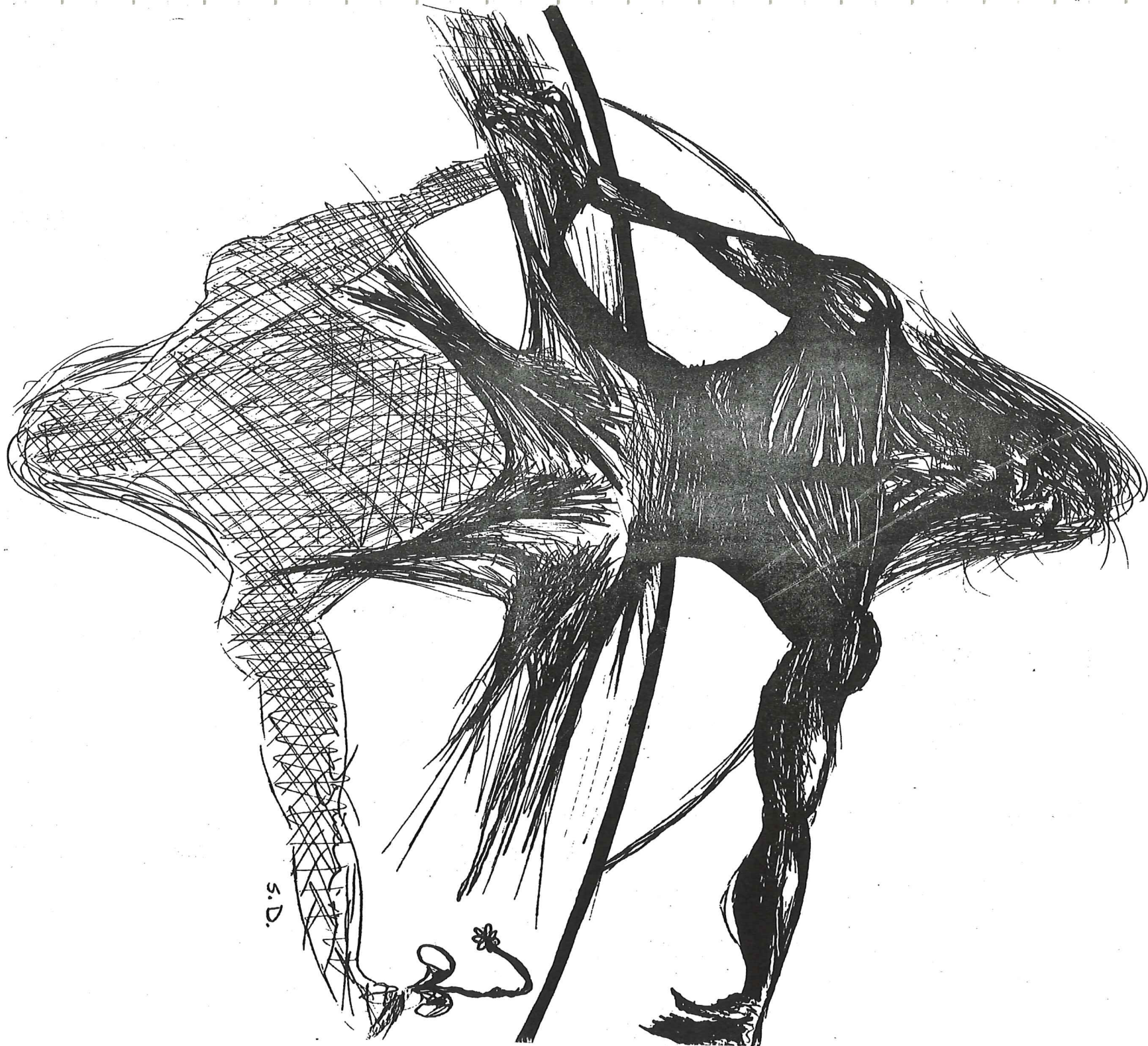
The only living thing she had seen was the dog. No cars had passed them, and they hadn't come across any signs or towns. She knew that it should seem odd, but it didn't, not to her. All she needed to do was to keep walking and be with the dog, and nothing else mattered.

One night the dog came back, several hours past his usual time, with nothing. She was worried. This had never happened before. She knew he had tried hard, for his coat was matted with leaves, sticks, twigs and burrs. She cleaned him off and offered him some water, but he turned his head away, unable to put his swollen tongue in his mouth. She took a few swallows, then they both fell asleep, with the sky and the stars and moon as a blanket.

She awoke in the morning, and the dog had not risen. He was always up before her. She stood over him, and he lay there, glassy eyed and stiff, and she saw that he was dead. She stared at him and felt all the knowledge and feelings she had gained slip away. She sank down on her knees and stroked his fur. She looked at the road and then looked back at the dog. There was no tears, she wasn't capable of it anymore.

She picked up her backpack and walked into the rising sun, gazing at her cracked and aged boots.

by Deanna Margitell



S.D.



Mother Before Time

LOVE! TOGETHERNESS! PEACE! but most importantly FREEDOM!  
The teenage girl walking around carefree  
Not caring about anything that was negative  
Blocking it all out of her mind  
Her hair hanging straight and long  
Walking on the street being looked at crazily  
Not considering it at all  
At home she hears her parents' constant nagging  
Making a promise she will NEVER be like that  
Doing things unresponsibly  
Knowing it annoys people but not thinking about it  
She thinks it brings her out of the "common" race  
Swearing, like all other generations, this is not a  
passing trend  
Not like many others, is what she is thinking  
But there are many others like her  
Loving and sharing peace throughout themselves  
Knowing and fantasizing the World will end tomorrow  
Not caring

I look at this figure and see an unconservative  
breakfree child  
Even seeing someone I could look up to  
Questioning if it's really my mother  
Is it  
Or is the joke on me?

Ali VanNest

## Love Lost

Searching our souls  
For lost love  
We blame it on everyone else  
Look to the sky

For the answers in the stars  
No one hiding love will be regained  
now she's far away  
No one helps, No one cares

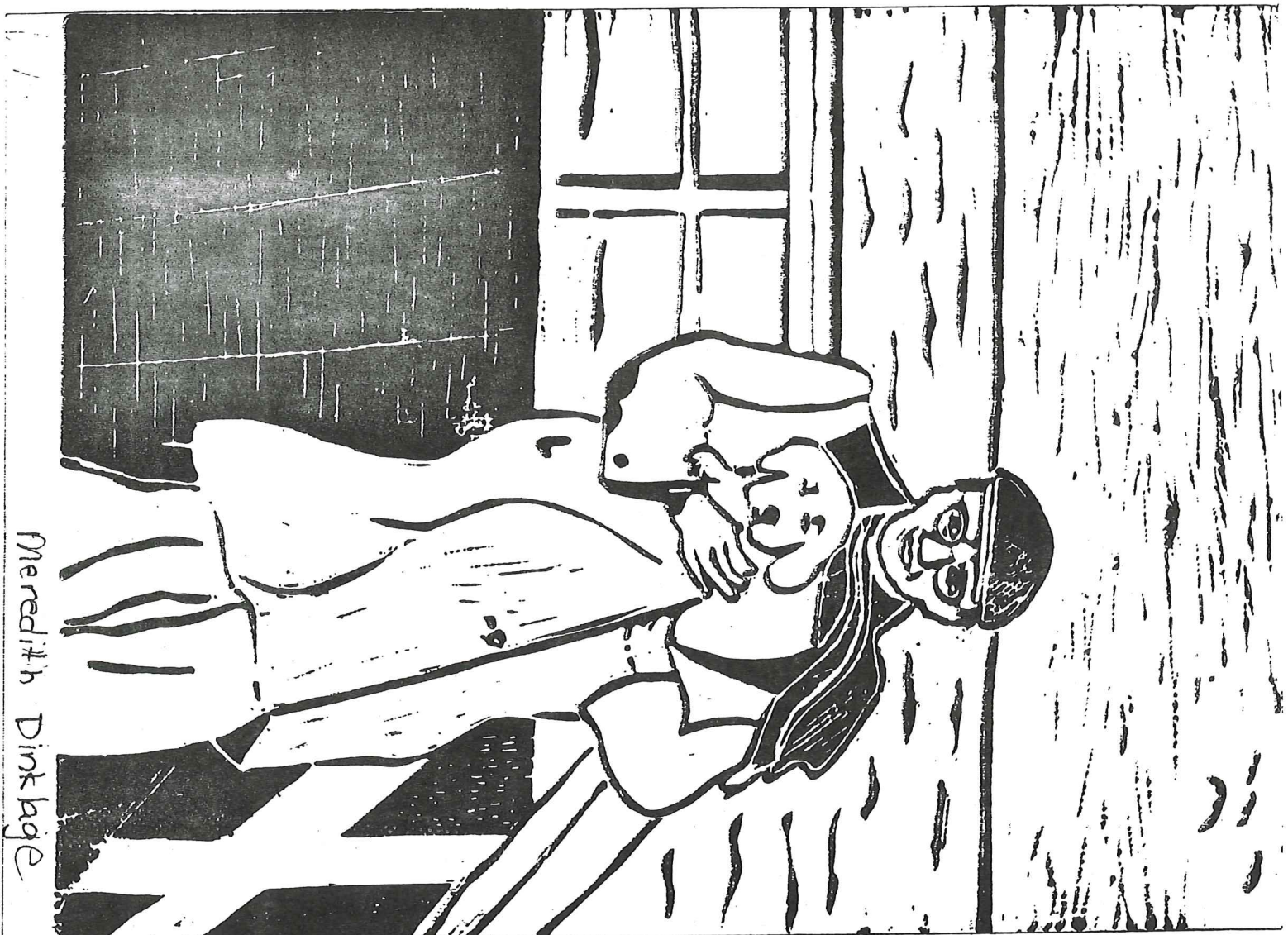
I've said good-bye to all love  
Said good-bye to friends  
No one can save us  
Love is lost, Love is gone

If love doesn't return  
A soul will be lost  
Suicide is Your way out  
No one knows what it's about

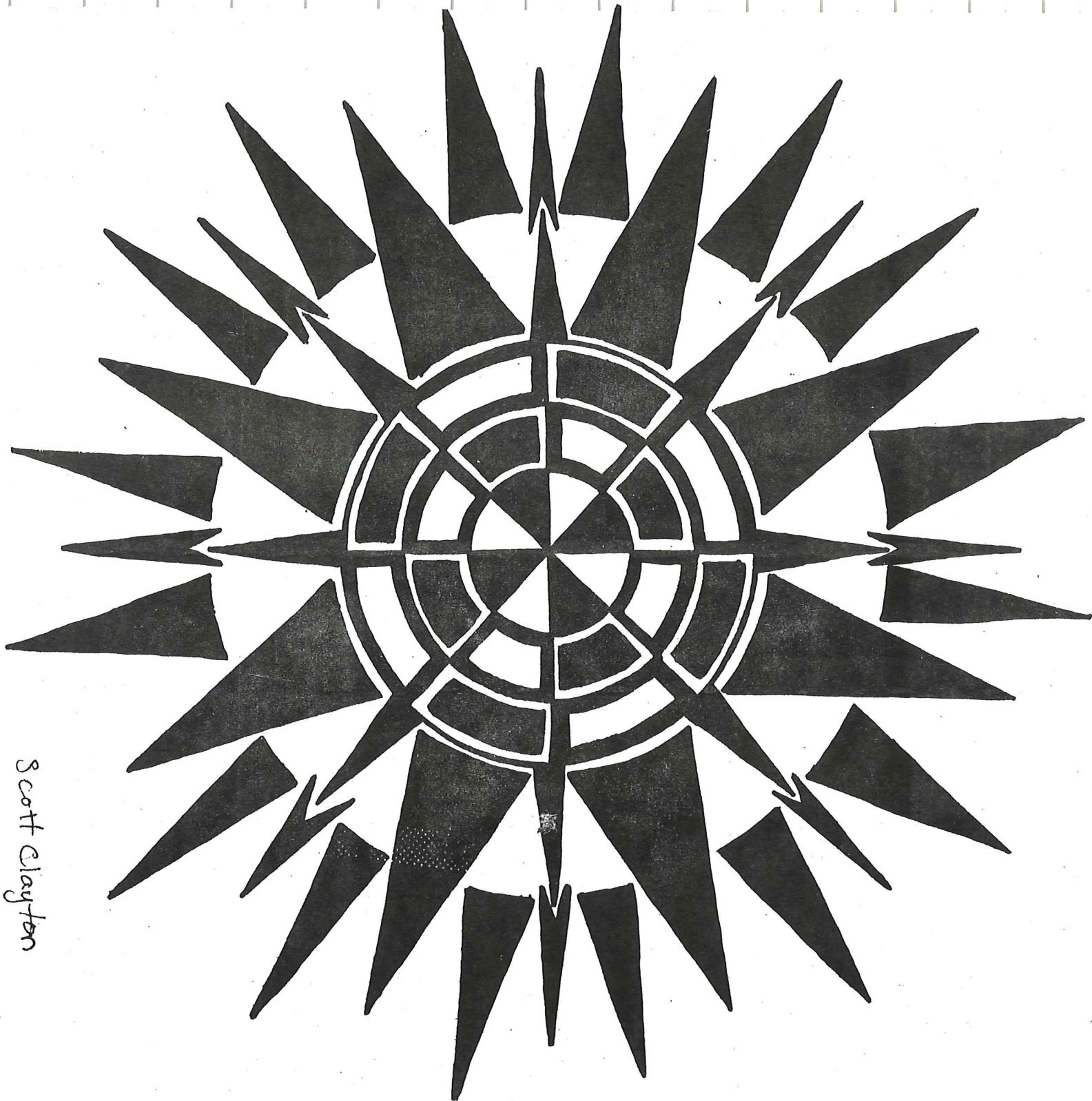
Hiding, screaming for the pain  
No, This is not the end  
It's the beginning of a new relationship

Scott Lipman





Meredith Dinklage



Scott Clayton



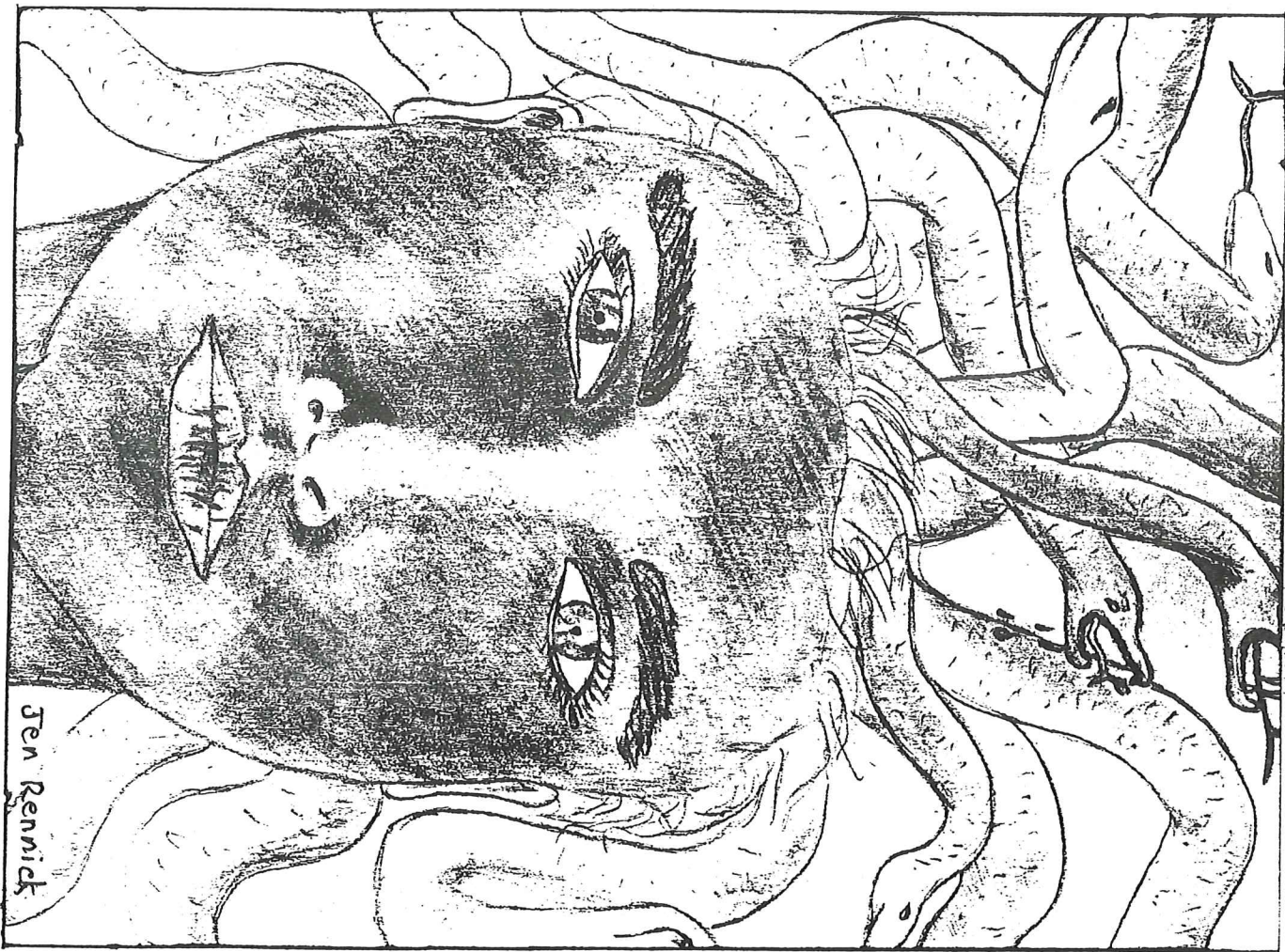
lost mare and foal we took the afterbirth from the childless mare and placed it on the orphan and introduced them to each other. The afterbirth would give the foal the mare's scent, but it was a longshot that she would accept the foal as hers. I guess we were lucky, though, because we beat the odds that February night. Twin foals survived and an orphan was accepted as a mare's child. What luck!

We were even lucky to have someone emotional in the barn, like Aunt Kristi, because if it weren't for her abundance of tears, one of the twins would have been destroyed. I can't tell you how badly I wanted to cry when I saw that stillborn foal, but I knew I had to wait until my job was complete.

To this day, I can still picture that cold and windy night in the barn. Dr. Divine was giving shots, cousin John and I were rubbing dry newborns and cleaning stalls, while Uncle Mark comforted Aunt Kristi and two crying young girls, who, at the time did not understand the laws of life and death. Now three years later, I still face death with the same bottled up emotions, just as my cousins John, Rebecca, and Desiree do. For you see, we are now the official night watchmen and foaling staff at Uncle Mark's Shappens Acres. As for Aunt Kristi, she wanders into the stable on a quiet evening, but on a rough night she stays in the house and prepares a hearty meal for us to enjoy when work is completed!

Denise Mihalic





### HELLHOUND ON HIS TRAIL

There was a young man naive and vain.  
He longed for fortune. He longed for fame.  
To the prince of darkness his soul was for sale.  
And now there is a hellhound on his trail.

His frame was lean. His clothes were patched,  
Until he met the man called Scratch.  
"Unless you're mine, you're doomed to fail."  
And now the hellhound is on his trail

In the reddest of ink, the pact was signed,  
And so escaped the daily grind,  
His days filled with lust and ale.  
But now a hellhound is on his trail.

His evil deeds; they took their toll  
And caused a wrenching in his soul.  
His need for pleasures became his jail.  
But still a hellhound is on his trail.

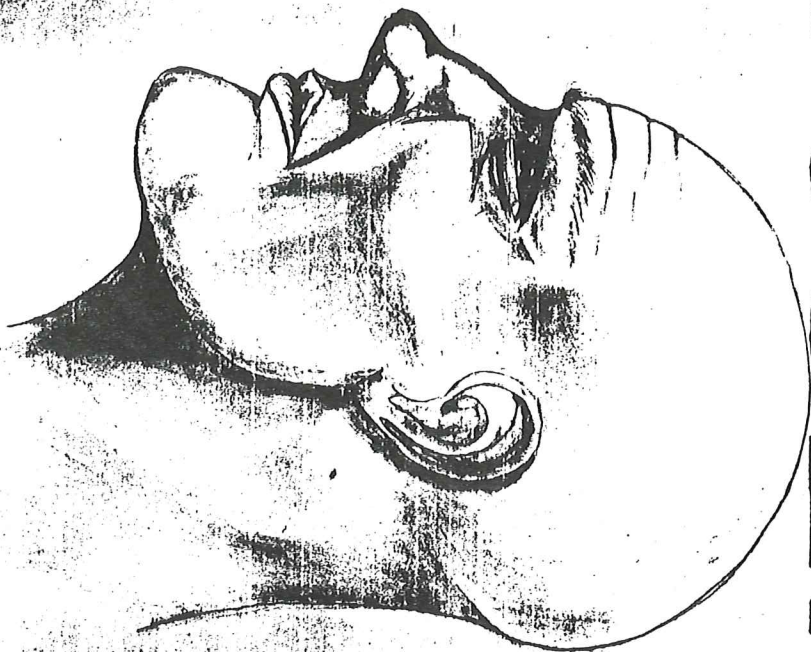
Confounded by his miserable state,  
His days were filled with hate.  
He begged for freedom; ashen and pale.  
But "No", said the hellhound on his trail.

Filled with fear, he tried to hide  
But the yellow eyed beast stayed at his side  
He knew his efforts were to no avail;  
So he faced the hellhound on his trail.

David Venino



SOCIAL



IN  
REPOSE

REPRESSION

Steve Desimon





Mary O'Connor

## HATE LIES AND A GUN

hate lies and a gun  
colour fighting colour  
hate breeder picks up a gun  
bang bang all gone dead  
what has it solved?  
another child cries as his mother dies  
drive-by shootings are so much fun  
cops try to help  
just doesn't work  
the chief is in on it  
"let's get rid of the niggers  
fill their kids with hate  
turn them on to the snow  
they'll kill off each other  
make it easier for us"  
parents hearts tear  
they tried so hard  
made life so much harder  
the white skin glares  
the badges make you blind  
stand and watch the children die  
reach out and touch someone  
get your arm blown off  
hide in the suburban cave  
just keep running away  
cold wind blows through  
scrub and scrap to feed the babies  
old before you are young  
learn to fear before you love  
cold steel barrel is the power  
just can't stop it  
keep running  
the dream will never become reality  
Martin would cry if he could see  
no little black boys and girls holding the crystal white  
hands of little white boys and girls  
it makes me sad  
it makes me sick  
it makes some wanna pick up a gun  
blow hate breeders out of the streets  
then you become one

Deanna Margaritell

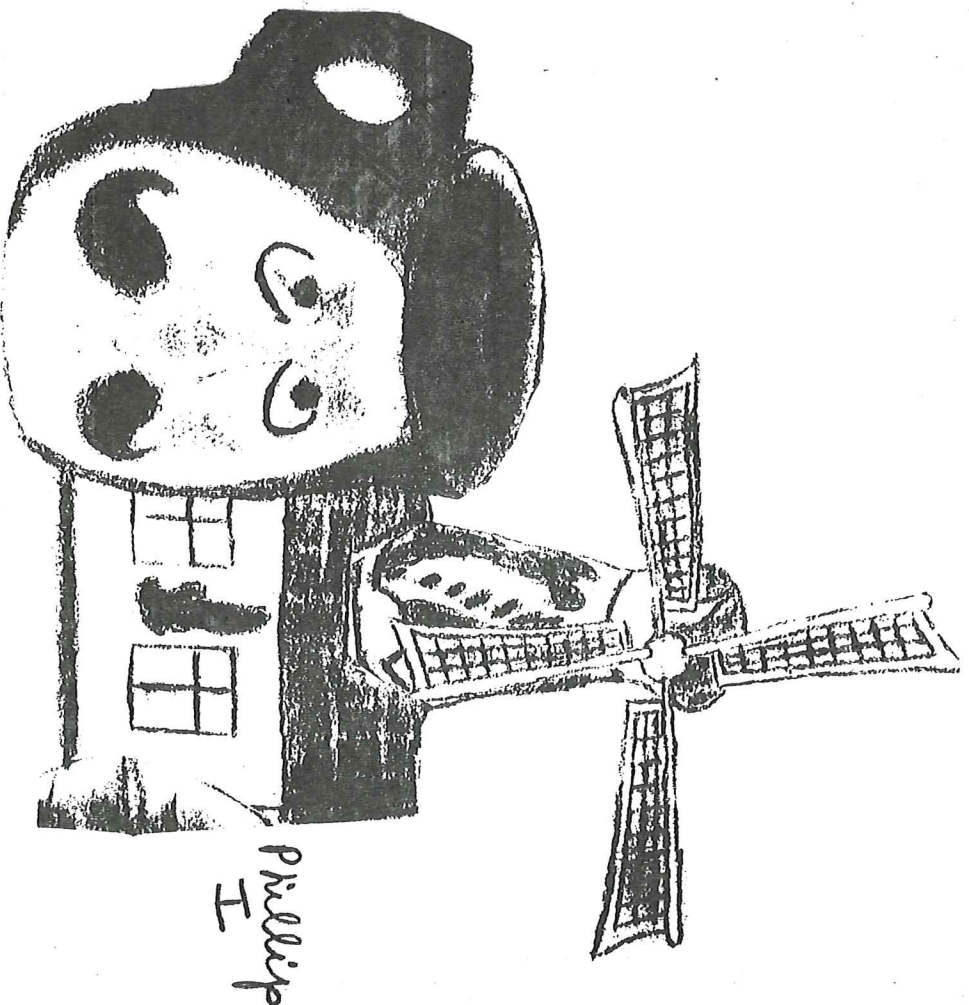


because besides teaching, I don't know what else one can do with a degree in history. I also don't want to go into English, because I'm not interested in teaching English and I don't want to be a writer or journalist. I do have a little bit of interest in being a teacher of some sort, but even that is not definite.

So, I'm caught in sort of "career choice limbo-land." I guess I could go into college as a liberal arts major, but that sounds so indecisive. However, I guess that characteristic fits me well.

What I would really like to do is open up a store that sells T-shirts, candles, tie-dyed apparel, and lava lamps, but I don't think that my parents would really go for that idea.

Wait...I just had a brainstorm. I'll be a garbage man! No, that won't work. I can never even remember to take out the trash at home.



POEMS

by Leona Bartlett

STARS

The tiny point  
of light  
in the sky  
traveling at  
Great speeds  
by,  
year after year  
tear after tear  
Greater than you and me  
Shaping our Destiny.

TEAR

I would like to be a tear  
one of joy  
not of fear  
one from a child laughing so hard  
that it hurts  
not from a beaten child crying in  
the dark.

MONSTERS

Monsters need love  
The same as you and me  
They have a heart  
The same as you and me  
Do looks matter?  
How about what's inside  
Rocks Hurt  
Love doesn't

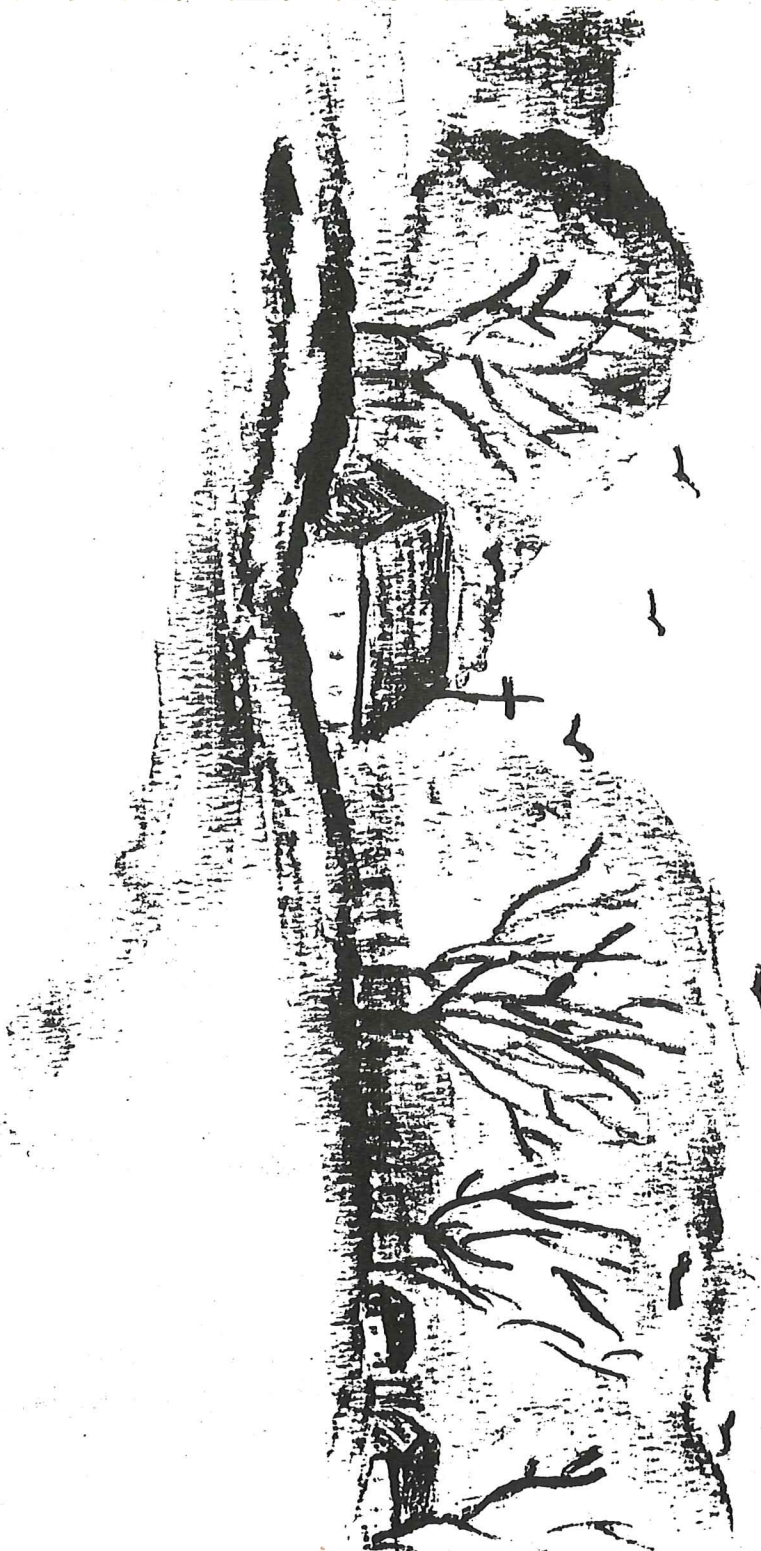
SPACE

What is space?  
Is it going to waste?





Mary O'Connor



STATE OF NEW JERSEY MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.  
COMMEMORATIVE COMMISSION  
STATEWIDE ESSAY CONTEST  
-Jay Mulian

Yesterday, the major problems of society were crime, drugs, and especially racism. Today they are still the same- only larger.

When it came down to letting everyone know what was going on in the world, Dr. King showed his expertise. He was a man of courage and a man who would not let anyone judge him by the color of his skin. He was one of the best Civil Rights leaders in the world.

"Let us move on in these powerful days," King said, "These days of challenge." We have to start facing our problems. We can not just put the problems of racism and drugs off to the side until we find time to deal with them. It is necessary for our state's survival to face the troubles that surround us. "We have an opportunity to make this a better nation." How true this statement is! We do have an opportunity to make where we live a better place. But we have to take advantage of it now, while we still have a chance, for if we continue to neglect all that is going on, it will get out of hand. So, it is now or never for the state of New Jersey.

"This is no time for apathy or complacency." Another true statement Dr. King made. There is no room in our society for people who won't concern themselves with the issues at hand. We need people who are interested in working with others in attempts to better our society. We can't have citizens sitting back, living in their little fantasy worlds, while just outside their windows, there is the real world filled with struggle and conflicts. "This is a time for vigorous and positive action." King replied. We need people with energy, spirit, and vigor to begin the process of wiping out crime and racism.

"In a multi-racial society, no group can make it without the other," stated Dr. King. Every race in the state of New Jersey is involved with the cause of these problems. "Organized strength will be effective only when it is consolidated through constructive alliances with the majority group," he finished. A group working together, on one problem, to achieve a certain goal, can accomplish much more than a single individual. The



FURTHER REFLECTIONS FROM MARTIN LUTHER KING ESSAYS

Everyone knows that Martin Luther King Jr. said, "I have a dream," yet not everyone knows what his dream was. Studying several of his other quotes and analyzing their implications may give us a clue to "the dream" as well as showing how his philosophy is faring in our state of New Jersey today.

. . .

"Let us move on in these powerful days, these days of challenge, to make a better nation."

This quote exhorts us to return to our Christian values. All people are created equal in God's eyes because that is how he thought of our race-as human. All people deserve an equal chance in life. This chance should not be destroyed because a person is black, white, green, purple, male, female. In these days, females are equally as capable as males of holding any job. Last, a person should not be put down because he or she is Catholic, Protestant, Atheist, etc. No matter what color, sex, or religion we use, we are the human race.

-Robert Sislian

\* \* \*

The United States has an opportunity to influence [South Africa's] policy of racial discrimination. New Jersey also has this opportunity. The United States' companies, including New Jersey's, supply the major imports of South Africa, and South Africa is supplying us with imports. This means that we are supplying economic support to the policy of apartheid. What would happen if we suddenly stopped this support? If New Jersey's companies stopped buying goods from South Africa, the government may not remain the same. South Africa cannot survive alone; therefore, they would have to change. Through economic action, New Jersey has an opportunity to make a better world. You, the individual person, have an opportunity to make a better world by not buying South African imports.

-Pia Houseal

## The Drivel and The Strong

by Ayme Yaiser

Early one morning, two men were seen walking down a dirt path. The two men were complete strangers and ignorant of each other. The true identity of the two men is irrelevant to the story; however, in order to distinguish them from each other, the man walking along the left side of the road is "the strong" whereas the man on the right side of the road is "the drivel." In time the two men fell into a mild predicament. A fork was found in the road, interrupting their journey. On one side of the fork, the road appeared to continue just as before, straight on as far as the eye could see. The other side of the fork, however, was quite different. It gradually climbed higher and higher into the beautiful sunset.

At this point the two men were forced to come to terms with this obstruction in their path and choose a path best suited to them. Time passed as the two men pondered this situation. Not once did either man look to the other for input. Without uttering a word, the two men faced each other, nodding their heads in unison, and parted, each going his separate way. "The drivel" chose to continue his journey on the straight road, which was similar to the one he had been traveling all day. On the other hand, "the strong" opted to continue his journey on the road that climbed high into the golden sunlight, the warmth of which had been absent on his previous journey.

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Both Mikhail Gorbachev and Jimmy Carter have opted to take the road of the strong rather than the monotony of the drivel. For these men wanted to improve the shortcoming they saw in their world, in order to establish peace. As Jimmy Carter abolished the barrier of hostility between Egypt and Israel, and as Mikhail Gorbachev dissolved the state of isolation created by the Berlin Wall, they have transformed into great peacemakers with immense power. Because of their great efforts, they have established a road of their own that will one day accommodate society on its journey toward a golden and peaceful future.



by relinquishing its military control and settlements in the Sinai. Without these necessary compromises, it is doubtful whether the Camp David Accords would ever have been completed.

Thus, the world can see from history that peace can in no way be forced. The United States must enter into all peace-making endeavors with clear knowledge and definition of intention and with a willingness to compromise. Moderators in world affairs also need to accept the fact that peace cannot be thrust forcefully upon nations that are not ready for it. Extreme care must be taken and the future must be anticipated. An immediate peace is pointless if it creates future hostilities. This is especially important with the overwhelming threat of nuclear war looming over the entire world. John Lennon once asked the world to "give peace a chance." That is exactly what the United States government, and governments across the globe, must do. There is no choice. In today's world, peace must be coaxed, nurtured, and encouraged along like a tiny, sickly baby born into a harsh environment. Like the baby, peace must be adored, coveted, and loved. And when that same baby grows strong and healthy, when peace is emblazoned across the hearts of all mankind, therein will lie the victory.



Jason Kolojeski

