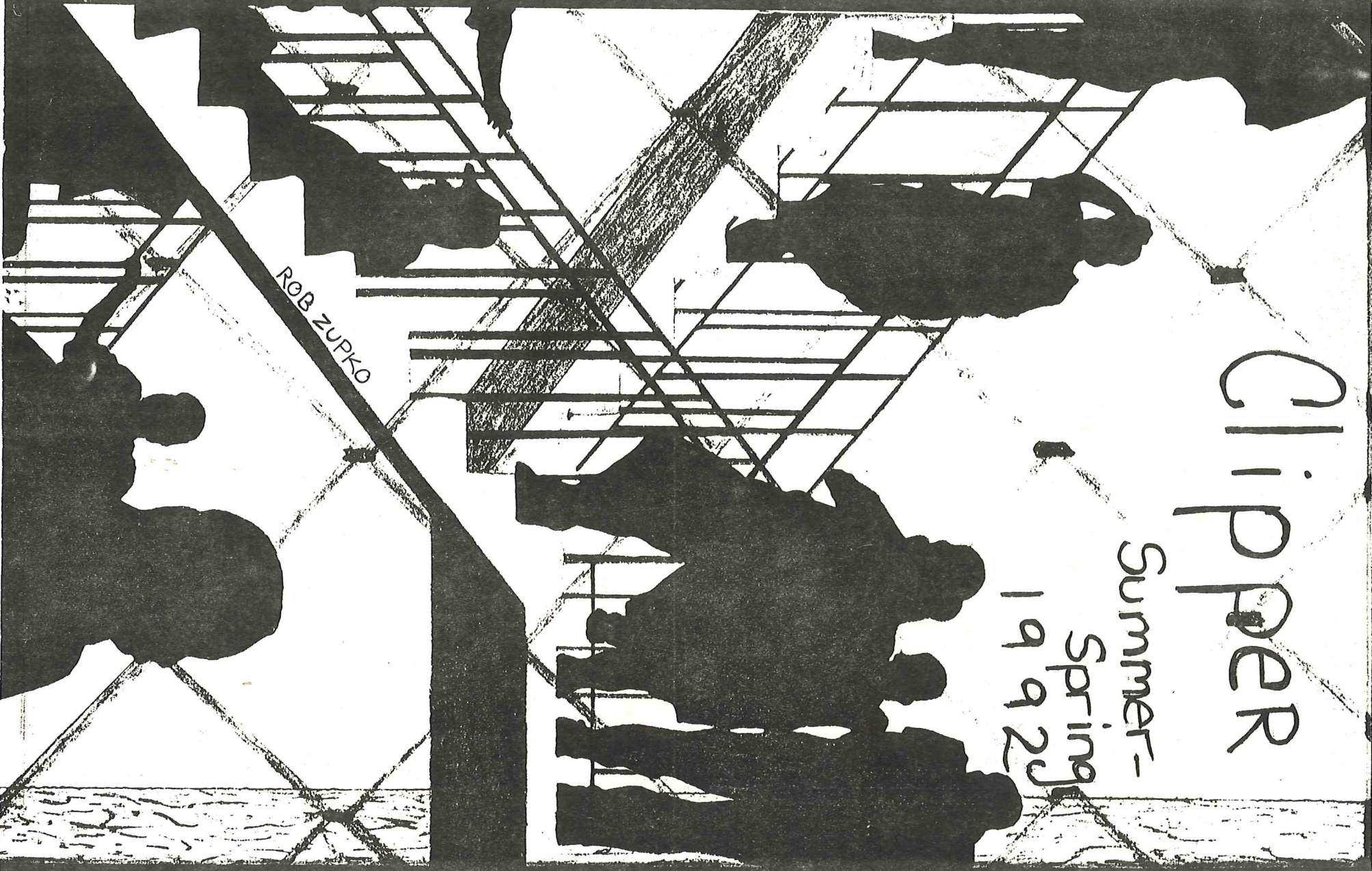


# Clipper

Summer-  
Spring  
1992

ROB ZUPKO



# THE CLIPPER

SPRING/SUMMER 1992



Alicia  
Smith

Published by  
the Writing Class  
Manasquan High School  
Broad Street  
Manasquan, N. J. 08736

EXCERPTS FROM PROJECT SOAR SHORT STORY CONTEST ENTRIES

Chris Gough....."The Cost of Freedom"  
Phil Bloete....."The Ocean"  
Jim Tichenor....."My Story"  
Dan Radel....."The Horror"  
Eileen Russoniello....."Baby-Sitting Bravery"  
Pia Houseal....."Family Ties"  
Lori Rozental....."Losing What is Always There"  
Brad Hazel....."The Adventurous Scuba Diver"  
Madeline Mauro....."The Eighth of June"

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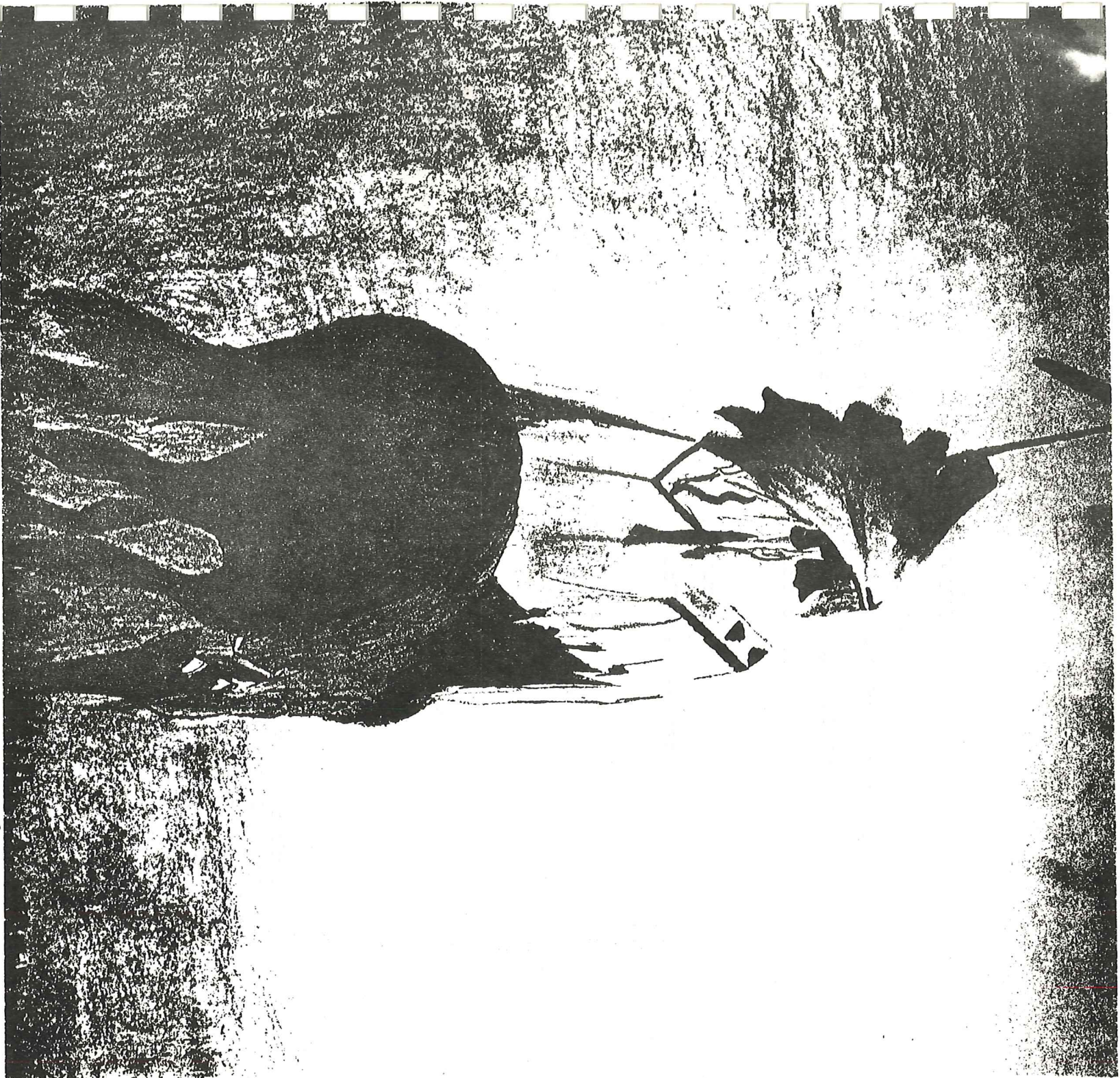
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Sharon Fudge

## When We Were Young

by Tulasi Sisti

When we were younger, the summer was a large gap of time that had to be filled. Much of the time was spent outdoors where there was a small field of tall grass that was next to our house. I can remember the time when my friend and I rubbed mink-weed all over our skin because we were pretending it was medicine. The next day when I went over to her house she had red blotches all over her. I can remember the time I was left alone with my brother and sister. For the whole afternoon we played in the field. When my father arrived home I watched his wife express her disapproval at our not staying in the yard. I remember knowing every word she had said by reading her lips. When I saw that disapproval, I ran from the field and into our yard.

There was often a sign of disapproval in someone's voice or face, so we, my sister and brother and I, often spent our time running from the chaos. At times, that field wasn't far enough away.

\*

\*

\*

"We want to eat our food in the living room and you can't tell us what to do!" he said. He was our younger half brother. He had been constantly put above my sister and me as if he were Zeus on Mount Olympus. He shared the same father with us, but not the same mother. That made all the difference.

"If you both don't go into the kitchen and eat, I'm gonna tell mom." I referred to her as "mom" because she had said my sister and I could, though when she expressed her approval of that reference it seemed more like a demand for our loyalty.

"So, we'll just tell her that we weren't; she always believes Prahlad." My sister was very right. I was angered that she took his side instead of my side; Prahlad's word was the sign of truth, and ours was insignificant. That was the black and white outcome of every situation.

I waited angry and upset for my father and her to come home so I could be avenged. At the time I felt extremely helpless, which is an awful feeling. I had an instinct to be violent when I got angry; but if I hit someone, then I was doomed. They finally came home.

I could hear him unlocking the door. I would always listen for the door wondering what type of disaster would follow upon my father's or her arrival. My father entered first and quickly disappeared somewhere; his wife followed slowly behind. Her pale limp hand dropped the bag that she

vulnerable. Unfortunately, both my sister and I had learned to accept her tool of obedience, which hurt beyond the nerves of our skin. This was the way she showed that she cared, the way she loved, and the way she had learned to love.

I decided to go inside, and perhaps be able to put an end to the hurt my sister was going through, though at that time I tried to be as callous as possible. I thought that maybe our "mom" would be embarrassed to be seen hurting someone and would stop. When I entered the back door, though, all was quiet. I went to the refrigerator, mainly to be able to look for that demon. I saw that she had lain down for a nap. She often did this because my father and she were expecting a baby. I stared at her gigantic stomach that rested beside her in the bed. Her head rested on the back of her arm that lay across the pillow. She continuously stroked her stomach, slower and slower as the moments passed. Her eyelashes fluttered for a second, then she drifted off to sleep. I stood waiting to see if her eyes would suddenly open, though they did not.

I moved towards my sister's room, stepping quietly on the wood floor that felt so cold beneath my feet. The room was kind of dark; the only light was from the window that let in some of the afternoon sun.

"Did you get in trouble?" I asked.

I purposely said it in such a way that made me seem as though I was glad that she had, as if I didn't care. I did care.

"Yes." she said sternly. Her little face was filled with spite and anger. It was making me feel quite guilty, but I ignored that feeling. I suppose that I wanted to be on the side of our "mom," which we both thought was the good side. No matter what we thought, we were certain that it was the safer side. As I watched my little sister folding her clothes, I wanted to give her a hug, but I didn't.

thought being transferred from one side to the other.

"Are they really that stupid to start a war with America," he thought as the intensity grew with each passing minute.

Cho-Ming, Commanding Officer of the Army of Korea was smoking his brain as he thought what to do. "I wonder if these...Americans know what they're going up against," the commander thought to himself.

There was a blaze of fire from both sides. Bookman hadn't a clue what to do now. The Americans were outnumbered and the foe knew exactly where they were. The attack was no surprise any more.

At the top of his voice he yelled, "Everybody start to move east to the DMZ!" (demilitarized zone.) The troops could tell from the tone of his voice that he was not kidding. They were all wondering why but knew if Sergeant Bookman ordered it, then it was the right move.

The company of about fifty-five people were up and running carefully to get to that safe mark. Now all that could be heard was gunfire from M-16's and screaming from the injured and the dying. The sad part was that most of the screaming was coming from the Americans.

The Americans came up short a few people as they reached their destination. They now had a better angle at the enemy. The North Koreans had tanks and armored vehicles attacking.

Sergeant Bookman knew that even if they stayed in this position, they would still not be safe. It would just delay their massacre for the time being.

Now it came time for hope. There were shells landing nearby taking the lives of at least three fourths of their company. "Start emptying your ammo and stay down!" The crew decided not to listen because it was just not worth it.

"Doghouse, this is Knife, over."

"Knife, this is Doghouse, we read you, over."

"This is a no-win situation. You either have to get back-up troops here in a hurry or a helicopter to get us out of here. If you don't you can be charged with murder! We have about one hour left until you are another company short."

"Knife, we read you. Out"

That's what he said but would he come through?

## Obversity

I stopped leaning on the fence as she walked to the bus stop. I could hear her steps in the heels that she wore, so I stole a look over the top of the fence to make sure it was who I wanted it to be. I did the same thing all this week, checking out her clothes and wondering if she had to dress that way for work. I always liked her dresses. She looked a little tired, and hot. She stood there, by the pole, and waited.

I took one swig of wine and put down my bottle. I walked around the fence, straightening out my hair at the same time. I hoped I looked okay, but then I knew that I wouldn't look half as good as she did in that dress. When I reached the sidewalk, I noticed her long shadow on the concrete. I wiped the sweat from my chin and started towards the other side of the street. I walked up slowly, so she wouldn't be frightened of me or anything. I just thought I'd sit on the bus bench like I was waiting for a ride home, too, then say something to her...

\* \* \*

I had to get home. I had to get a shower, out of these shoes, into a chair.... And I couldn't sit or I'd never be able to walk up the step. I stood, by the pole, then thought I smelled sweat and cheap liquor. A strange-looking, dirty, stooped man staggered to the busstop. I bet he didn't have to work feeling lightheaded or for eleven straight hours. I just wanted to get home, as quickly as possible. So I waited, as the cretin crept closer. Why couldn't he at least shave or wash? Anyway, it was too hot to move around, I had enough trouble just walking to the bus stop. I shifted uncomfortably as he sat on the bench. Just as long as he stays over there. Why was the bus taking so long? My dress stuck to my stockings. I think he noticed that. Great. In the dying sunlight with a lech. I felt nausea sweep over me, my knees--all of a sudden they were weak. I held onto my purse, and hoped the bus would be on time. I had Monday off for the holiday. I starting thinking about three days away from here, no heels, no strange men.... The bus stopped for me, I trudged up the steps, showed the driver my pass and sank into a cool seat, on my way home. I was the only one to get on. If he was on the busstop bench, why didn't he board, too? My feet...

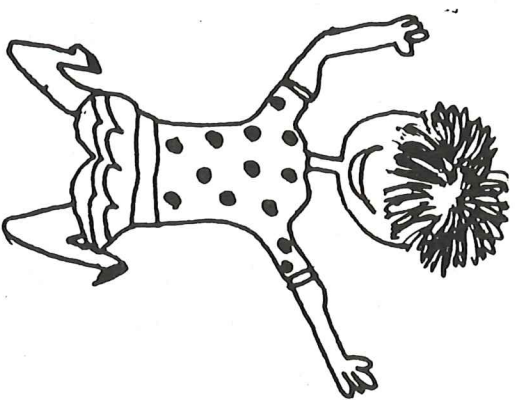
Jennifer Dunne

Your twenty-five tests  
I corrected last night.  
The results--so amazing  
they brought me delight

Even correcting tests  
can be a ball  
with results such as these  
!!One Hundred for all!!

You sweated, you struggled,  
it was such a great pain,  
but look at the thrill--  
Wasn't it worth the pain?

Not using your brain  
is such a great sin,  
the pride in your work  
MUST COME FROM WITHIN."



Art by W. B. Hazel

## The City and Its Many Faces

The city is filled with lights  
that protrude through the darkness.  
The shadows come down from the sky  
to fill up the night.  
The smog feels like sin-filled souls  
when it hits my face.  
When I see the people I feel as though  
Virgil is guiding me through the Inferno.  
I walked down the street to see the sorrowful  
sights that plague the streets.  
The hopeless faces of despair look  
at me and stare.

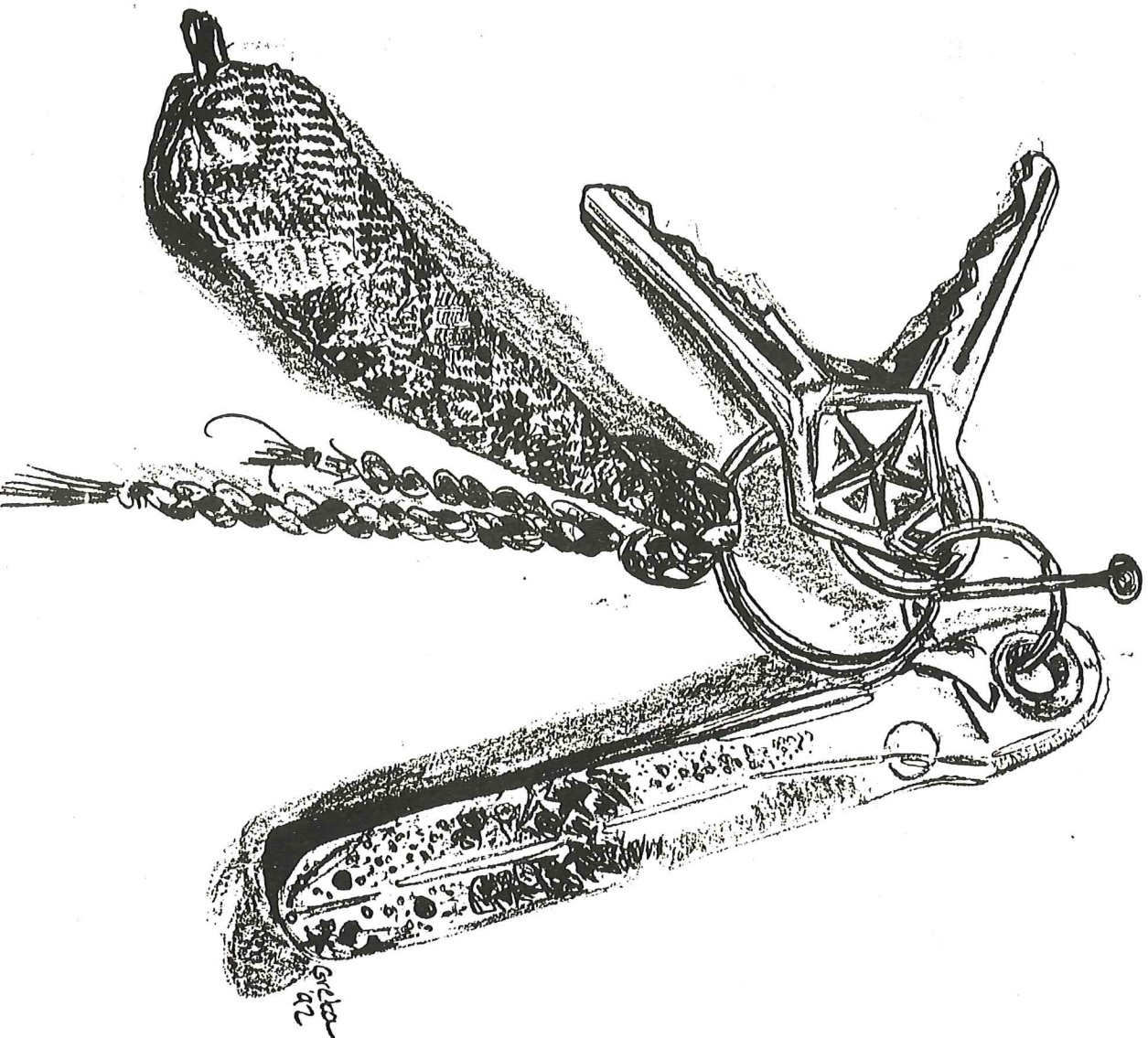
The pushers sell their poison to  
the children of the night.  
The lustful ladies sell their souls  
for the power of money.  
The addictive personalities  
stick needles in their veins.  
The city has many faces...  
and all are filled with pain.

-Patrick J. Keeley

As we lay in bed recovering from the sunburns, we could tell who was getting better faster if they were able to lift their arm to change the channel on the TV. Every morning we would take a vote on who was going to open the curtain and see if "Mr. Sun" was still in the sky!

As the week drew to an end, we had one day left that everyone felt pretty well. So, my dad arranged to have all the activities we wanted to do for the week fit into one day. Every hour on the hour we had something else to do. Not to copy any quotes from Chevy Chase, but to compare the idea of "YOU WILL have a good time whether you wanted to go parasailing or not!!!"

Wally World had nothing on this vacation!!!



Under blue moon I saw them  
Alive with bright reflection  
Up in the sky, too late to grab them  
Their beautiful lights flourish in the dark  
Flying in heaven, across the trees  
Raindrops of light throughout the sky  
Magical moments in the quiet woods  
Their light all hung with virtue  
All through the night they are there  
The woodland's stars caress the acres  
Dawn is now awakening here  
And mysterious they leave

I'd cancel their departure,  
Though I know I won't miss them. . .  
. . .The fireflies will come here soon

madeline mauro

### Time For Bed

G This has been a long day  
o It's time for me to sleep..  
o Just lay my head down on the pillow, close my eyes  
d Dream a wonderful dream and wake in the morning,  
o To the sound of whistling birds outside in the air  
N The night awaits to take me away up to the stars  
i And let me be soothed by a soft lullaby in my ear  
g I must leave you now, for my blankets await for me  
h So that I may be brought to the world of my dreams  
t It's time to go to sleep for it's been a long day!

madeline mauro

Dreamer  
Hopes, wishes  
Falls in love  
Thinking it will last  
Anyone

By Jen Winemiller

Big birds and blue skies  
Flying above the big clouds  
In the afternoon  
By Patti Jourdan

Rose  
Soft, beautiful  
Enchanting everyone near  
Red with blushing color  
Flower

By Patti Jourdan

Tree  
Green, tall  
Towering over all  
In gentle breezes swaying  
Oak

By Patti Jourdan

Bird  
Graceful, swift  
Swooping down divinely  
Captivating all who watch  
Eagle

By Patti Jourdan

Wind  
Cold, piercing  
Blowing trees harshly  
Singing its songs intensely  
Air

By Patti Jourdan

Her warped curved fingers  
Painful look on her old face  
Made me feel her pain  
By Amy Calhoun

EXCERPTS FROM PROJECT SOAR SHORT STORY CONTEST ENTRIES

As he was making his final systems check in the cockpit of his aircraft, out of peripheral vision he saw something flash by the bow of his enormous carrier, in a split second it and the luminescent trail to the left vanished. Berkley rubbed his eyes. What could that have been? Was it some type of omen? He had seen this before. Men that were weary from the continuous strain of battle, certain that their luck was soon to run out, would imagine to see something, hear something, or dream something, and they would be sure it was a message. Aviators were usually superstitious and you could really lose concentration on an important mission.

- Chris Gough  
"The Cost of Freedom"

After a few more sessions, the locals came out. I think they all experienced what I had earlier in the day. Just for a while we were all making our own decisions, the world wasn't controlling us anymore. When I finally left the ocean, I didn't go home, I stayed right there near my usual spot and watched the ocean.

- Phil Bloete  
"The Ocean"

I am quickly reawakened to reality by the cold sweat rolling down my face. I begin to douse the floor with gas, dripping it everywhere into all the small and minute cracks. Once the whole area is full, I exit with the small amount of gas I have left.

The remaining gas I use to leave a small trail to the street. I bring this trail directly to the pile of leaves and stop for a minute to look and see if there is anyone watching me perform.

- Jim Tichenor  
"My Story"

She was remembering a few years back when she and her sister used to love playing in the sand. Two innocent little children whose lives were occupied with fun and games. However, they had both grown up and had also grown apart. Emily and her sister, Lisa, had gone separate ways once Lisa had entered high school. Instead of playing with Emily, she would go out with her friends. Emily also changed when she reached school only two years later than Lisa, and they were both becoming adults.

- Lori Rosental  
"Losing What Is Always There"

Thomas participated in many competitions and was rated the best in the state and would soon try out for the national competition that would be held down in the Caribbean with twenty five of the best scuba divers in the country. Thomas was only a junior at the time and was excited about competing in the national event. Although the previous year Thomas took second, he feels he is ready to accept the challenge that lies ahead of him.

- Brad Hazel  
"The Adventurous Scuba Diver"

"I shall never forget you, darling," he said softly aloud to himself. Her perfume still lingered in the air, sending chills up and down his back. "You always made me feel like a child. So full of life and charm, never any room for hate. How I hate this cruel world and this damn war for forcing you away from me. Bring yourself back to me; the eighth of June seems so far away." He paused then collapsed on the bed crying. "Darling," he spoke, "I love you, too."

- Madeline Mauro  
"The Eighth of June"

## Existence

The silent tears swell in my head,  
It seems I'd almost die  
But I could never change my ways,  
Let down my guard and cry.  
And so I shake with silent pain,  
The friendless life I live  
I've known a life with nothing lost,  
yet nothing left to give.  
A loveless life can only seem existence,  
Never known.  
Since all your life you've aged but,  
Never really grown.  
All alone you face life's trials  
With nothing left to do.  
Your visions lost quite long ago  
Were all you ever knew.  
You're learning more and more each day,  
Like how to deal with pain.  
You cry only in storms at night,  
your tears become the rain.  
It seems a waste of heart and soul,  
On beings such as this  
you hate the things you have right now,  
And love the things you miss.  
The sweat of life becomes your thirst,  
yet never are you quenched.  
You're dripped upon by hopes and dreams  
Still longing to be drenched.  
An evil glance is all that's real,  
The only kind you know  
Escape is just a feeble dream,  
With no where left to go.

by  
Christine Martin

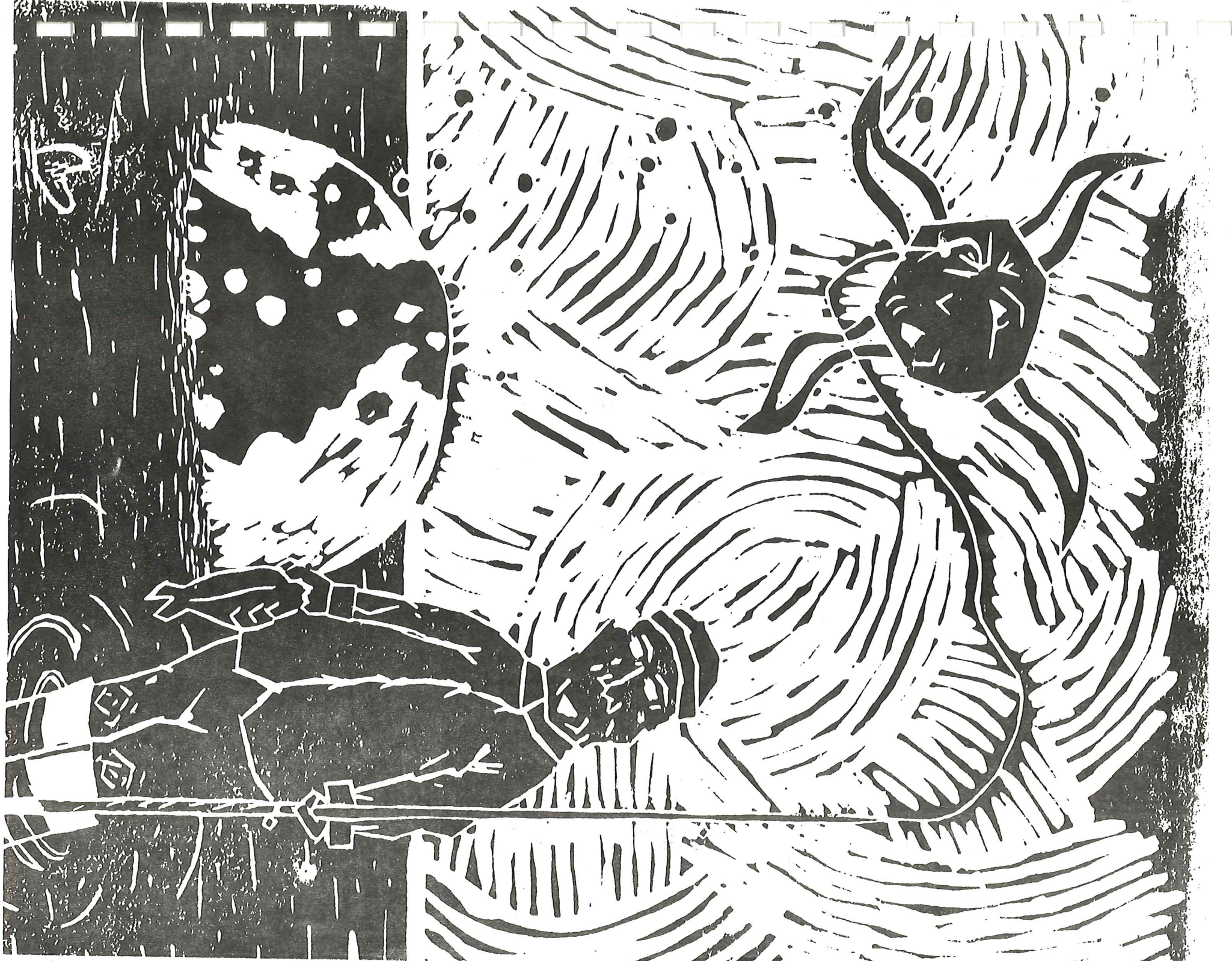
My eyes can hear  
Every word you say.  
My mouth can see  
Your graceful motions.  
My ears can smell  
Your unforgettable scent.  
My nose can taste  
Your gentle lips.

I can not recognize  
Imperfection.  
It is your love  
That makes my life so right.  
I would not have it  
Any other way.

-Sue Kammerer

I used to believe that  
Without you near,  
Misery  
Was my best friend.  
I would cry until  
You returned. But  
Our love has grown  
So much stronger  
So quickly.  
Now and always  
I know that  
Without you near,  
We are still so close.  
Contentment  
With the love we have,  
Near or far apart,  
Is now my ally.  
No distance  
Between us.

-Sue Kammerer



Ayn Rand Better Like This

The lawn mower is on the  
driveway,  
Next to its red can  
of gasoline.  
We unscrew the lids and pour  
life into action  
as the car pulls in.  
Their shadow hovers  
but not for long enough.  
We begin to mow,  
Taking care of the surrounding  
flowers.

We wait for them to see  
the job we've done  
but it is too late  
to start the motor again,  
Our lives are shorter than the  
bleeding grass.  
But our souls?  
We stand in the puddle of  
gasoline, smiling emptily  
until we are paid our meager fee  
and gentle words  
next to a red shell of  
life. We want to be a  
Blade that the Blade would not harm.  
And better yet, we want to be  
Leaving, like a sacred flower.

Jennifer Dunne

Shadow :  
Wavering image  
Flatters the sidewalk below  
A distorted me.

JENNIFER DUNNE

## AMAZEMENT

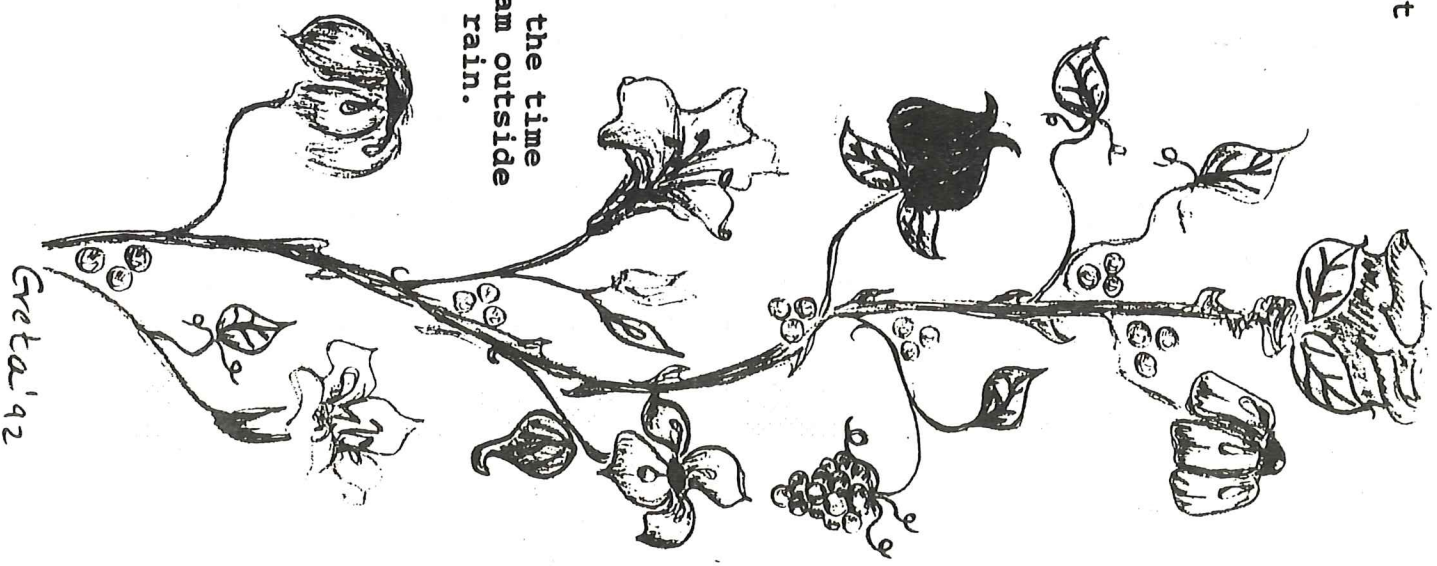
As my feet barely touched the soft carpet  
The plush, refreshing strands of yarn  
called my name  
My hands quickly followed, stroking  
the very tips of this amazing loom  
A fabulous feeling- feeling as if  
I was at home  
Surrounded by this simple luxury  
I experience its feeling once more...  
the silky threads against my cheek  
and lay my head to rest  
in the house that was  
not mine.

Greta Schulte

## BEST FRIENDS

Thinking about the time  
We ate ice cream outside  
in the pouring rain.

Greta Schulte



I met Gutter-land's mayor,  
who was a light-bulb of blue.  
He gave me a key to the city  
(which was a stick of glue)  
I took the stick in hand,  
and went to the city's lock,  
The key did not open,  
as quickly as my knock.  
Gutter-Land, Gutter-Land  
Land of 1,000 pleasures,  
I love swishing down a gutter,  
with a cat dressed in leather.

Gutter-land, Gutter-Land  
Home of opulence bold  
Your fast gutters warmed me,  
When my world grew so cold.  
Gutter-Land, Gutter-Land  
Where money is love  
You were the city  
I have always dreamt of,  
So Gutter-Land, Gutter-Land  
I hope, and I pray,  
That you will be generous,  
and allow me to stay.

--Peter Ryan



Yu Nguyen