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

WRITINGS

Rob Collins Sheila Irving Amy Beth Dambeck "My Grandmothers" "Society"

Randy Newman

Evan Bossett

Shaun Ellis **Greg Couglin**

Nicole Tillman Jim Groener

Danielle Terebey Letitia Cooper

Pia Houseal

Elisabeth Wilson

Stacy Meyer Dannan Bernard

Joe Accisano Thomas Hart

Tiffany Bettencourt

Tulasi Sisti Holly Goss Dan Radel

Stephen Jarrantow

Jen Smith

"A Tree"

"The Perfect Painting"

"Flight"

"A Queer Foible"

"Why" "Not Knowing"

Peter Foster

"Greensleeves" "A Fable"

"Jezebel"

"Sleeping on Trains"

"Writing"

"My First Adventure in a Land They Called America"

"Way of the World"

"Peace?"

"Second Generation"

Poem

Paul Lalis

"Starry, Starry Night"

"Words of Society/Parents"

"Society"

"Bleeding Skins"

"Good-bye"

"Divine Intention (God's Plan)" Poem

"The New Generation"

"Time"

Poem

"Society's Kids" Poems

"Childhood"

"Merchant's 'Gun Shy' Brother"

Poems

"Greensleeves" Shaun Ellis

Yes, -of it is of it is that I don't know the words, nor do I want to. The is the love story. It creates great images in my mind of a man serenading a beautiful princess with a lute and a rose it is my Anglo-Saxon heritage that leans toward they made us all sing in grammar school. However, one song is very dear to me. I don't even know if it was originally a Christmas song but is usually titled, "What Child is This?" It's also called "Greensleeves," which I think is a much more appropriate name. "Greensleeves,"
"Greensleeves" holiday. I must admit, I'm not a was. I especially dislike those practicing instruments it is my Anglo-Saxon her interpretation, but the tune is compare it to any great moment leeves" is probably the greatest love s surpasses the Beatles and Frank Sinatra that I don't know the words, nor do I w in order to their after Christmas Thanksgiving have them perfect I'm not a fan of C so beautiful that many people in their individual lives. carol corny We pieces Christmas Rudolf or start in time g song do The for that special carols and never Santa ones their ever written. strange part The musical Celtic music could Maybe that

myself through the notation. However, it in love with the song. In fact a month about the would was To be a good o be honest, playing it song മട song I moved along further on guitar. My song for me to the first time that I ever heard "Greensleeves" to learn. However, it ΜV guitar in my guitar was not teacher later I actually I went home and then that thought studies. and that i pushed I fell forgot

came on my grandfather's little radio. It was a classical piano and violin rendition. I asked myself if it were the same song that I had plunked out on my guitar a month occir. definitely "Greensleeves" in a I heard this version it made my evithe song was " song playing it back to me. my guitar a month earlier. Yes, i ves" in a most glorified rendition. We made my eyes water remembering my life When

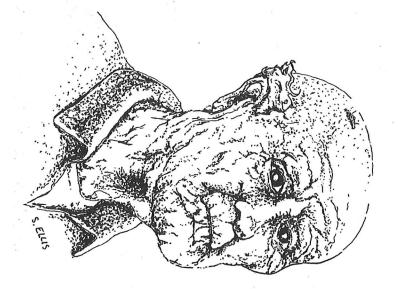
and play "Greer cold Christmas ear whitewashing Christmas listen until catches "Greensleeves" atmosphere. have the <u>†</u> the is over. sound window been my mood at of that Ιt for my relatives Someday I could song Whatever have been the will in the around the the air, I mus learn to play the case Ħ Massachusetts may have Н may be, fireplace must the violin gots been when my on a Mous the and



TIME

"Oh to be young again?"
Cry the old in defiance.
"Why can't I be older?"
Question the young.
"Why can't they be happy?"
Cry the Gods, as they weep
And wonder why these strange
Beings called mortals can't live life for now.

Joe Accisano



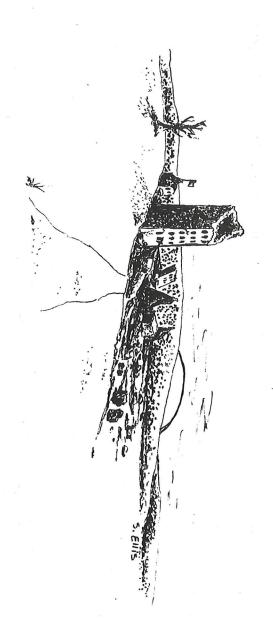




To cc.
To proct.
Speak you.
The soldier the the first t Fear flowed A Deluge of "What right The His The Just Eye Your "But By before Consuming Brown-green The wall Issuing hollow commands?" With some "Where an for truth last soldier then age old we're in then both were blinded impenetrable light. soldier was frigid in the ast stand against truth rulers do tearing an O Fi buildings, ed through t which your wooden deity in еуе!" panic, nul have you? e with your attacked What right have you?" thought - bewildered, dominion over this land monsters machines justification the right! time feeling he found his him loyalties had nullifying to smacked him in tl the land and people, thė our devoured advanced, in the truth power-wielding sticks:
this land and people? rulers lie?" for truth. timeserving ensuing the sin. the land he face, bits. inferno, vindication spirit.

A new pack of thirsty wolves Rose out of the bloody horizon.

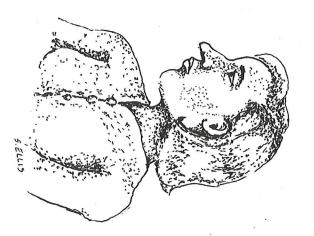
--Paul Lalis



Author's Note.

still has her nose, and all of one, not one person, has made its area and any remark

The end.





James Barraud

parties or and go for white special. would which Bible. socializing with the for my My Grandmother Marie was usually involved a large teach me how to cook. my Grandmother gloves and the me She മട My Grandmother Marie great-grandmother. Often we would lunch and ice cream afterwards. for she had been, always accompanied by a clean pair of s and the knowledge of the most popular verses in the would often tell me what her hopes for my future were, church. other Marie was serious. community women. Unlike my She Together we would do the was family. Often we would visit the nearby would teach me how to dress very proper Unlike my Grandmother and At housework her home Was her best always she for was 200 and of

my Grandmother Marie. true Christian, I have or will Church and she raised her family pristian, as she lived what Grandmother Marie ever meet a more fair Was an she as active member in the strict Catholics. preached. I do not feel that or compassionate person than I do not feel the She was Catholic a

that Was discipline college. schoolteacher and was manners, freedom of politically involved in her could Grandmother Marie She tud speech and women's and pride. not. preached education and was a great humanitarian. She ly involved in her community seeking justice for those not. From my Grandmother Marie I learned self she Was one of very Н came did not the few rights. caring to understand women of her time who tolerate and helpful. disrespect the importance She attended 20 self e of rood

were never priority in life was newere all taken care of the contract in her life. Grandfather was an entertainer, so she had to a fairly hectic schedule. Her day-to-day changed. When not it church or tended to changed. When not at was her hours thome or at work, my grandmother here the elderly at a nearby nursing home. the elderly at a nearby nursing home. Her number the day for her. Her number the day for here only who er immediate family. It we that she would attend to my grandmother helped at the school children. My co cook and live around It was schedule the only other various number constantly when There they

grandmothers Grandmother attain any realized families Catholic have not only value very very strict, and my Grandmother Rose was very lenient. both, however, very kind people who took great pride in lies and in themselves. They both were willing to h n any goal I set for myself and both cared a great wear Both of my grandmothers placed a high value on education; grandmothers grandmothers were very different. while the other was a devout Jew. of religion as well as proud to have had them even I am Marie herself had very different faiths, they both i religion as well as what it means to be I set for myself and both cared a great deal sure met intended. and loved that they have was them, മ as grandparents school taught but they both instilled in to have teacher. me more МУ One and very e learned Grandmother than both a good person. Was Although grateful in their help much Marie They for me me Λm mУ

"STARRY, STARRY NIGHT"

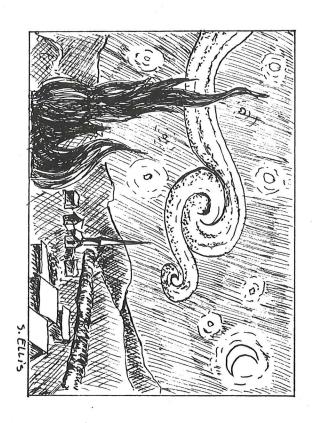
Stars twinkle in the backround as the tree grows off the page, blues and greens combine for harmony.

This is a picture of reality, a beautiful, picturesque scene. The sky is undeveloped, left open, clear for the imagination.

sometimes Everything can each day a The in the distance, day approaches trees are be are compared to a twinkle of hope, changing days, s a new horizon. 20 right this scene. beside you.

I see the future, I see my life.
Stars twinkle in the background
as I look behind me, and grow off the page.

Pia Houseal

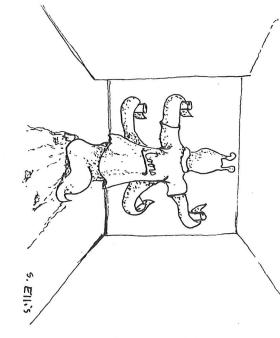


through the wall seemed communing around the T.V. probably smoked heavily and Alcohol depicted blonde pieces of meat basting on some alcohol wanted blended into not was blonde the her for and cigarettes and cigarette in school because suspended in the darkness a to be regression those looking glass. She g she sometimes Jezebel wondered whether sluggish beings. He was always she did not submit to their famil like. be popular. However, that's what the obviously they had total controbillboards and magazine ads which to were some more of the aliens' inventions to 0 I to and because she was not as popular as he human She glanced back at her hair. darkness as she society. The Paul Klee she looked at Her always on her call family ritual resort in Florida. father control over he print on her it backwards drank Was usually Ιf aliens a spy case she and

She wore didn't while others marveled at contrast aliens summer. wondered if he was started to think about Ralph. figured gured there comes a time when we all must submit calling and maybe they weren't such bad slugs after t o Instead she was indoors stared s marveled at them.

Istead she was indoors reading. The brack of stead she was indoors reading. The brack of stead she whiteness of her complexion any less apparent make the whiteness of her complexion any less apparent to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. This summer they we had been so to think about Ralph. ared at her her big blue was right be growing s right and w white eyes. complexion wh . Some people m 1. She hadn't y apu... whether she we all which made fun t gotten must fun Was being immature submit to the of a her eyes, sun this startling all.

met planted her foot on actually seen sounds. She came to the conclusion, while letting the warm water trickle down her body that she would try not to let herself believe in the aliens no matter how appealing it seemed. After all, it had was the only place where singing at the top of her coming out of their anci uŢ family Jezebel seemed closer foot line She cool sticky substance. as she like a felt decided now was slug-creature with WOYK inspection down the hallway. മ the aliens? dried silly idea when shirt. top of her new herself and steppo the other side of herself sense her lungs. ancient sho was a good time to she could really get 0f She four obvious shower nozzle clusion, while Αt side of the bathroom door, her s Looking down she noticed that it she thought about it. enlightenment couldn't The stepped into the arms each holding a that screeching sound of the end of take a remember the drowned out this and slug was her emotions shower. line hallway. ever respect can of all, lu all she ane. When slithered a seeing one wearing The all for As shower out beer water other sole ran her



First Adventure T B ա Land They Called America

by Nicole Tillman

the nothing least bit no We Island. came that could from one of the poorest wretched boat for about be worse than staying aboard it, at first I wasn't nervous about landing on a place the strangers called about five weeks. sections 0f Since I f England, figured and

I later f stood by faces. We My first We all needed those found begin the rail glimpse Was the with of America was this giant s Statue of Liberty). A tears few happy moments, for of Liberty). of happiness streaming myriad of a statue a nightma**re** of down families (which their Was

enter heartbreaking cowere being torn sickness chairs. uniforms empty, spirits. the :y, almost jaws of h were made For hours we sat, great they all Although the cries, su had acquiter ries, however, were th apart because some far land and others were a apart land a hunger impersonal feeling in the air. Children cried unloaded go into ripped മ room was in the a large looking them family re not. apart. around us, trying to filled with people, those room same their and sit place. uttered members journey. Adults trying to on hard, by families were Various cried allowed there The from brighten wooden most the who out

but, two days immigrants t 0 as I During After make the (which was look back, er all, it came. all, the time We Was more than enough for me... I feel the place we were housed in was was our only passageway into America, of it. stayed in mУ family that horrible and I were there, place for more a įt and total not so then, of

processing beg seashell wonderful Finally, that time, I pra nat? We were all began. news, after examined prayed that days all allowed to pass relief engulfed me Different ned us tho and nights engulfed me thoroughly we would not people of uncomfortable living, into the asked for way everything possible. get separated. Do you America! When I heard sn മ മ wave engulfs multitude

good Did we immigrants f good citizen learn and the to We and the currency to earn. Where would we get it and how? really have enough love, hope and strength to accomplish all suddenly wanted feeling? en in the we have just about nothing. We currency to earn. Where would to? land But, How were most the importantly, woul free and the home all the other, le had they the language get it and ho 0 f less ended and gave the ever make fortunate brave?

Society's Kids

My eyes can only see the mask they wear,

My mind wants to know what's going on.

My ears can hear the words they swear

I know that there is something wrong.

is fear behind eyes,

They think no one cares.

When they say, "Oh I'm fine," they speak lies,

They have nothing to share.

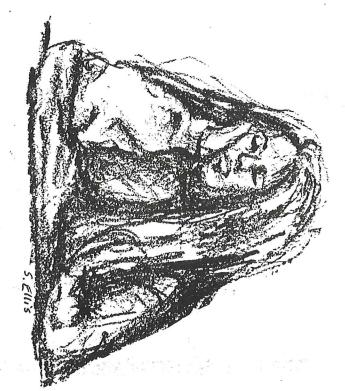
They want us to believe that there is only a darkside,

They don't want us to understand what their world is about.

But we know they have something to hide

Their clothes, the way they talk, the music they listen to, there is no doubt.

These are society's kids.



--Holly P. Goss

Sleeping on Trains

Shaun Ellis

The Shadows of houses day dims and fades and trees into മ still scurry across the window splattered palette on the horizon.

But I am the motion.

a motion picture

There 1s a group of girls laughing and disturbing

the man seated next to me.

His face is skewed and he pulls his black trenchcoat

Over the POLO tie that he wears.

He is a man of power and success.

He seems lonely in this musty train,

But he has his briefcase to cuddle with

He glances my way.

Seeing me looking at him,

He pretends to sleep.

He eyes drops his head back on the hard plastic seat and closes his

think to myself, "Who can sleep on a train?"

It bumps too much

Too much goes on outside the window

H could Sleep be on Trains that only men of power and loneliness are able ţο

Way of the World

When Have Some Living Negative When Life each no уа We There ya drea leaves we given up live safeheaven wake with harshest reality. 18 ya dream the sweetest must day everyday are dream thoughts be life opening far, the few freed. dn 'n p hope, next day. with to that the on enstilled in us, മ run each sweetest the new wound. believe. imaginary to. other? same dream, gift fear, battle, 0f all.

--Letitia Cooper

Society

Like a withered tree i stand alone dying unwatered by humanity uncared for

the sun's radiant light failing to shine upon my stem leaves turning brown and hard bark, a mean shielding crust

age has worn and battered wind wiped away all smiles the harsh cold winters have stolen my heart away

no longer do i breathe the air polluted lungs suffocated caring not for life

pain bleeds
loneliness of nights
everlasting days
left alone to die
forgotten

by society...

Me-

no one knows me except for-

Observations-

To observe
No surprise
what to do open your eyes

Clouds-

nature's clay, formed by
the sky's mighty blue hands,
contorted into various shapes,
sizes and dimensions, into clouds

Sarcasm-

Writing about sarcasm is so fun I really don't have anything better to do than write about it. I would love to spend the rest of my life writing about sarcasm--Hey,

I'm being serious!

Irony-

a piggy bank made in Japan.

Jim Groener

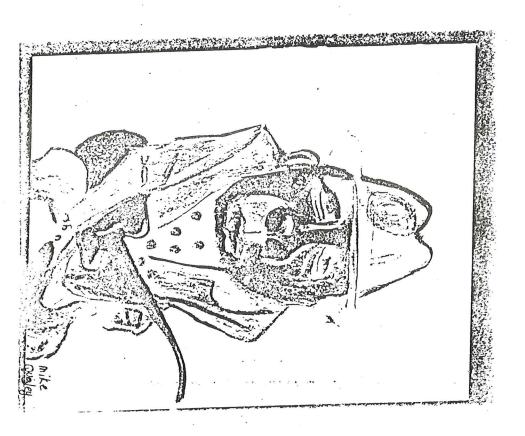
THE PERFECT PAINTING

Randy Newman

area painting painted. and One he really day Was Well man liked. walked known into The for artist was one of his perfection i an art perfection studio in hope in the every finest Of finding a piece he

Off that painting. displayed store, asked contained, price hesitant the studio. anything he really enjoyed. she The room. he noticed a dusty man took to Was artist how much he could purchase with all At this the man decided and When he sell unhappy with He Was walked over his the the considering time and piece, other unframed piece the art ţ but he painting study it looked As was disappointed that reusing she he he was Ļ. had to did carefully because room. and lying and the it for. about to go asked have the picture they The in canvas O.f at the why artist The some each settled back to he artist flaws the next Was did not replied corner on Was not and new

too perfect, reality. better. liked the the The picture but man man this one contained flaws. Was replied SO leaving the much that when there all the studio were many others in the For artist him it others the asked gallery were that were he





role.t Zupko

Emotions

Mrs. Mangan's English II Mentor class

Can you guess what emotion each vignette describes

-

left heart page again; left him. disbelief And turned live. filled with it away a t Was away mУ I strode. travelled no me rebellion. matter. മ new desire book of My head onward; That Н experiences. knew that I part he watched held high ζt 998 of my life the and my me, his mout could never new So was over, his mouth I began again, world footing ni turn back sure, another which

-- Kerri Danskin

2

beams of started t adorned The Was day we day that I a. a beautiful to go down, ourselves sunshine to would be always with flowers our day ith flowers and danced around in the the song of our hearts beating. When our departing kiss said that this was together. with remember al1 was said the the day sensations it was just he and 0f the the luminous I first When the spring. beginning. not met. sun We

-- Melissa Argyelan

ω

from other classmates sadness In u, but മ society. hung about her. She t now it seemed hopel small corner by herself, seemed hopeless.
She was all alo rang through once wished for a alone. മ There girl her seemed head. sat friend to Echoes D gloomy of place call cloud laughter her

-- Tanya Foley

.4

was no nearer outstretched my with sweat. more. looked bones The doors no way not to became The sinewy tendons cracked me with more and more pressure until hold like out. As. pressed down with force and my shirt the doors became closer and closer I realized there there back arms groping the desc Was began screaming groping for the descending no hope. for of my under weight. cold and shouting the thrust of the doors. forearms steel Ht my arms and found that came became drenched began to for help. nearer could tear. bear

-- Heather Le Roy

that the pained faces were my family, all except me. Seemingly unnoticed, in a dream-like state, I wandered toward the casket. My family's anguished weeps transformed into spine tingling shrieks as the casket was slowly lowered into the ground. I exploded in fear the nonexistent. 1 But as stepped the obtain a lifeless corpse. lowered and a sickening cackle My shrieks and cries were soon moved pit in which I would become entombed forever. less corpse. But my start was gazed upon my own. I was body and its eyes snapped open and gazed upon my own. I was body in the casket. Sheer horror overcame me as I clawed at body in the casket was fully screamed the dark clouds hung oppressively low closer to the dejected mourners and around closer again better for someone to impede the casket's gloomy descent. in my anguished cries were unheard as if I were I leaped upon the sinking coffin terrified of who it as I threw the lid open my eyes looked upon the se. But my stare snapped as a sickly smile arose from the mourners view of the for escape. But the casket was fully ackle arouse from the body in the coffin. soon muffled when dirt began piling into service. in their ghostly black of Looking around, and cold rain fell, dismal garments funeral. I realized

--Ryan Pharo

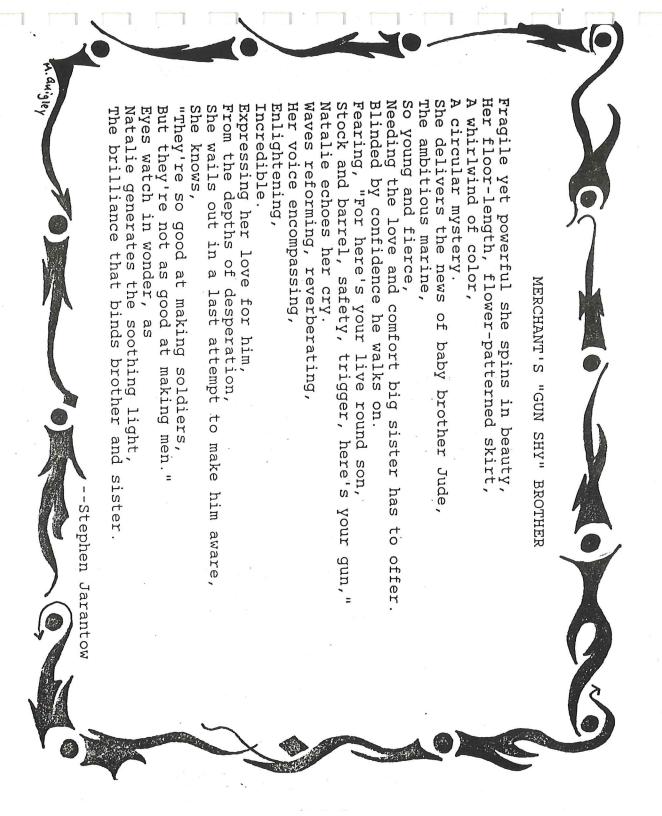
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lighter. As he rotated the tribute sending a flickering light over the place where the terrible mutilations had occurred. He felt the dripping again, and reluctantly peered upward. He then recognized the body of his missing sister, strung up by her feet, slit throat dripping blood on him, like a piece of meat in a slaughter house. It was then on him, like a piece of meat in a slaughter house in the shock of warm, thick liquid dripping onto his body, emanating from the ceiling. He knew there was someone, many someones around watching him. He fumbled in the pockets of his well-known jacket for some source of light. He let out a sigh of relief when he found an old lighter. As he rotated the flint, a spark ignited the butane fuel, omnipresent force about him. He scanned the darkness tand right, yet his sensitive eyes could detect nothing. scene. As he slowly entered the consuming darkness, scanned the darkness to the he could feel an He felt left

--Eric Hillman

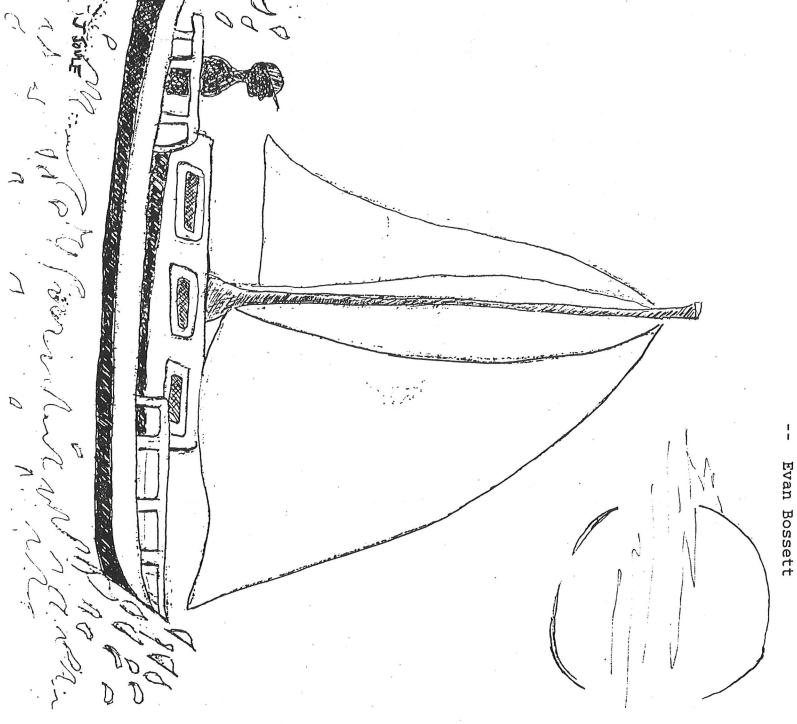
10,

morning. intimidatingly estranged features of reminisced of Yesterday, seemed to her ming, jagged rock. The ascent left physical pain was the first She hurried along the damp cobblestone path, with her hands in of her face to block the icy breath of this cold autumning. She prepared herself for the strenuous climb up the below crashed upon to be a mirror, reflecting her and the thoughts were the rocks on which she stood, where sne the sky into which she peered her hands torn and bleeding, entire existence. up the The



To the and as He saw edge the s his e e of the sailor entire the horizon. looked about, world dyed a deep shade 0f crimson.

Thus Yet he knew or The wild wind Heavy heart Yet he knew soon he heart forced knew on the found and wonderful himself back to the morr morn port.
in he would with return court.





through the was Russian classroom f Racism mine who them. I

Mike Quigley

Words of Society/Parents

"Do the "Stop pouting" laundry"

"Turn off the TV"

"We

are

SO

proud

0 f

you!"

"Listen to me"
"You can't wear me"

that to school"

to church"

"Say thank you" off the pho

"Stop crying"

"Two "Ungrateful children"

"You're spoiled brats"
're grounded"

"Don't ever יייפן adain" א you away" ארניפא"

"We were "We'll send worried"

> "We love you!"

"We know you're good kids!"

"How proud W O are!"

Because S O care!"

Elisabeth Wilson

The by Tom Hart New Generation

The Memories Still He looks playground pure of youth from his and unknowing z: swarming with a new generation, knowing from their unstoppable fate. window return to across o his with mind. the street.

For Ϊo Brought flood look their at 0f g childhood droplets by the tr them now Λq true will stain innocence is pain to his harshness will their of eyes, soon disappear life. cheeks,

That And For That who will tell that their only duty love is just a r that Heaven is si the simply novel, in life children now, in life is to മ comforting to die tale.

And And That the with joy there is their life is just the vast eyes of exi who will tell the existence. children always മ meaningless pain. now, blink,

