

SPRING 2023

the clipper

MANASQUAN'S LITERARY AND ART MAGAZINE



FEATURING ESSAYS, POEMS,
DRAWINGS, PAINTING, SCULPTURES,
AND MORE

Mission Statement

"We, on The Clipper staff, believe that everyone's voice should be heard. Through this publication we are trying to allow everyone's candle of imagination to shine and make life a little brighter. From vowels twined with consonants our journey begins with the few willing to help and those who care. This is the bearing of our soul, mind and hearts.

Hopefully, what you will find in here will hold some meaning for you, for many talented writers have expressed their point of views on many subjects, which isn't always as easy as it seems. Love, loneliness, loss, desperation, deceit, excitement, happiness, helplessness, misunderstanding, and need. There are so many emotions that are expressed in this publication. Prepare to be dazzled by what the members of MHS can produce! So sit back, relax, grab a cup of coffee and travel into places where the words can take your mind. Don't fight it!! Let it flow!! And even though countless trees have been murdered to support our creativity, we think you'll find that it was well worth it. We can only hope that this issue can inspire as much creativity in you as it has inspired in us. Thank you from the entire staff of The Clipper, fall 1996."

Our mission statement still remains the same today. While we have not been active in recent years, we are back to continue our goal of inspiring creativity and making a place for new voices to be heard. We are back and better than ever, especially now not killing more trees with our digital publication! We hope you enjoy every piece of art and literature in this issue. If you would like to participate, we will be back next year! Thank you from the entire staff of The Clipper, spring 2023.

snow

Narrative by Olivia Maes - Grade 11

The snowflakes were so big they were unmistakable. The ones where they look like the fuzz from a cotton gin, bouncing off of your skin and not sticking the white powder to the ground. The sting of the cold felt like being struck by hard ice. Of course, it wasn't hail. It will never be hailing here; ice does not exist except that blank stare.

Your smile was so big it was unmistakable. I miss our collective happiness. Of course, this isn't about my nostalgia and yearning and self-hatred and how much I miss you and how I want you to be the first person to read my work and my lack of self-control. This story is for healing, I should probably leave you alone.

Maybe I outgrew you. My dreams were always different than yours, after all. Not like *that* makes you any bit of a lesser person, but we did not match up a single bit. Somehow, my future was a sort of twisted joke to you. The future has quickly become the now and I feel something has changed.

Yet, people do not grow that quickly, I have learned in our time apart. I am not a butterfly. I will not metamorphosize in a simple month or so. Our time together did not make me into a different person who is too much for you, it just made me long for you more.

If I had to say, I think you are a butterfly with beautiful orange and black wings. A Painted Lady, although you would lose it if you heard me call you anything less than a man. A Painted Lady dies in three weeks. You have lived a long seventeen years. *Mr. Science Teacher, what's a human life in butterfly years?*

Estimating your age, I would guess you are a butterfly of 10 days. You have been here and conscious for a week. You are decent at flying, yet still bumping into the occasional tree. You have no room for change.

You will continue living your life the same until another girl, who you care for more than you thought you could ever care for anyone tells you that "*it's you, not me*" and you finally choose to do what I begged you for. Change. Then, you'll die.

Did I not plead enough? What did she do that I missed? Were the tears not fat and salty enough? I can become a crocodile for you, but I simply may choose to bite.

I thought about you today when the snowflakes became colossal and the walk across my classroom to the best window felt like miles away from my seat. Usually, on my walks, I had you to think about with a skip and a giggle. But, my usual pep in the step has become a trudge, waiting to finally collapse from the weight of my emotions. You felt like snow to me the last time I saw you, sticking to me even when my brain said to let go. You even had a runny nose, the epitome of winter.

On my trek to the tundra today, I felt abandoned. You left me posing for cars. Of course, this is most likely an inconceivable fact to you. You never have had any idea on how you affect people. The joy you create through your open mouth and wide-eyed stare which translates to "you look pretty". The anger you create through your forgetfulness of meaningful things like flowers and hugs. The grown-up woman you created when you put me on the highway, naked and afraid.

Where did my love go? Well, of course, you are not the love of my life. I am just sixteen. Yet, one year out of sixteen translates to 6.3% of my entire life. That was the time I spent on you. It feels like it is all

the love I can ever give.

You see, I wrote this piece when the wound was fresh and when I thought you were still a good person and when I foolishly believed I was the one who made every mistake imaginable. And that was wrong. But will I ever be right? I thought you were right. Right for me, right in every argument, right person at the right time. And maybe you are still good, but I'm done with believing in things I know do not work for me. Things come when they work. And that is why I sit here alone writing this, not curled up into your old, faded tee.

Yes, I'm ready to be happy again. I'm ready to go down the street without remembering which driveway is yours. I'm ready to have good things happen to me and not want to tell you about them first. I'm ready to be loved for the most vulnerable version of myself that I put out in this world. I'm ready to forget what day of the month was ours, turning it into just a normal 24-hours. I'm ready to be free.

I loved the winter, but after a long, sunless year, I have to say I may be more of a summer girl today. I want the sun to beat down on me with kisses and promises of a better future. I will not be withered by you anymore. Seasons change persistently, and so will I with hopes of growth.



Book of Spring

*Art by Sophie Krebs - Grade 12
(Art w/ Ms. Herman)*

Le Monstre de la Cupidité (The Greed Monster)

French Myth by Lukas Nordell - Grade 11 (French w/ Madam Virok)

Il était une fois, il y a un jeune garçon cupide. Le garçon est privilégié et ses parents le gâtent. Il a tous les jouets qu'il veut mais il n'est pas satisfait. Il se réveille, il se brosse les dents, il se lave le visage, il s'habille, il se peigne, il joue avec des jouets, il s'amuse, et il s'endort comme les autres enfants, mais il veut toujours plus. Il va chez son ami pour jouer et faire ses devoirs après l'école, et il est toujours jaloux des jouets de son ami. Un jour, il vole un jouet de la maison de son ami. Jour après jour, il vole un jouet. Il commence à réaliser qu'il se sent malade et effrayé quand il touche les jouets. Il regrette ses actions, mais il est trop tard. Enfin, après une semaine, il y a des conséquences. C'est tôt dans le matin quand le garçon se réveille. Il voit que son lumière de placard est allumée mais il ne se souvient pas d'avoir allumé la lumière. Il se lève et il va au placard. Curieux, il ouvre la porte. Dans le placard est un grand monstre poilu sans yeux et avec une bouche. Il se souvient d'une histoire que sa mère lui a dit des mauvais enfants qui volent des jouets. Avant qu'il crie, la bête prend le garçon.



French Town

Drawing by Emelina Davolos-Guillen - Grade 9 (Art w/ Ms. Herman)

Bad Morning

*Poem by Ava Pizzonia - Grade 11
(inspired by the drama, A Raisin in the Sun)*

What seems like a
Bad morning, turns into a
Bad day, and eventually a
Bad night. I am convinced,

Life is against me.
It's hard to overlook my negative
Thoughts, and continue on
Like everything will workout fine.
My hope is fading, and I have

Yet to wake up and have a
Good morning.

The Amare (Lover)

*Poem by Arianna Vazquez -
Grade 10 (English w/ Mrs. Fenlon)*

A Lover of pale silk stood in the lights
With kisses of dark to match his lips of
bleeding nights
An ocean of moss hidden in his eyes
Flame of dying stars in his hair blazing in
the sun that cries
A gown of red he wears upon fragile skin,
His breath waiting for words to once
begin.
Here he stood on the sun kissed floor,
Wearing a soft stare and not too much
more.
He was a child of the loving Cupid.
A child of those who were too stupid.
He's a goofy man with a charming note
The smell of fruit hung in the air when he
sang from his own throat
A whisper of gentle guidance he shall only
forever give
The soft lavender of his scent demanding
all those to live
Sweet berry on his lips with jam on the
side
A recipe in his hand to decide
Sugar too sweet to bare like honey from
bees
It probably had been gathered himself
and shown on the knees
While silk can bleed with dawning of
lights
He was to be a lover of those in the
darkest of nights .



Seaside Sunrise

*Painting of the Manasquan Beach by
Lily Ducharme - Grade 12*

Loving v. Virginia's Impact on Segregation

Essay by Helen Greco - Grade 11 (Criminal Justice w/ Mr. Fagen)

In 1967, the Supreme Court brought up the case of *Loving v Virginia*, struck down state laws that banned interracial marriage in the United States. The Fourteenth Amendment (granted citizenship and both equal civil and legal rights to African Americans and slaves who had been emancipated after the Civil War) was brought into question throughout the hearing of the case. *Loving's* impact goes beyond just interracial marriage as it has been applied to cases dealing with same-sex marriage, such as *Obergefell v Hodges*.

For some context of situation, Richard Loving and Mildred Jeter traveled from their home in Central Point, Virginia, to Washington, D.C. and married on June 2, 1958. When they returned to their home in Virginia, the Lovings were abruptly woken up in the middle of the night by police officers, who arrested the couple for having violated the state's ban on interracial marriage. Loving pointed out their marriage certificate, which hung on their bedroom wall. They were told that the certificate was not valid in the state of Virginia.

In January of 1959, the couple was tried for having violated Section 20-58 of the Virginia State Code, prohibiting interracial couples to be married out of state and then returning to Virginia. The Lovings were also charged under Section 20-59, classifying miscegenation as a felony which could be punishable by a prison sentence anywhere between one and five years.

For a long time, anti-miscegenation laws had been in place in certain states since the colonial period. During the Reconstruction Era (1865) the Black Codes were enforced across most Southern states in the United States, which made interracial marriage illegal. These laws repealed after new Republican legislatures came to be, but in 1894 the Democratic Party in the South returned to power, and the restrictions were reimposed, this time even stronger. Segregation

was one of the more important laws that Virginia imposed, and since the Lovings broke their interracial marriage law, the state of Virginia did not skip a beat in charging them.

On January 6, 1959, the Lovings pleaded guilty to "cohabiting as man and wife, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth" (Virginia State Code, Section 20-58). Both were sentenced to one year in prison, with the sentence suspended on the condition that they had to leave Virginia and not be able to return as a couple for a minimum of twenty-five years. After their conviction, the couple moved to Washington DC. However, on November 28, 1963, the defendants filed a "Motion to Vacate Judgement and Set Aside Sentence" alleging that they had complied with the rules of their suspended sentences but stated that the law under which they were convicted was unconstitutional and the sentences given to them were invalid.

On October 28, 1964, the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) attorneys filed a federal class action lawsuit. A class action lawsuit is a type of lawsuit where one of the parties is a group of people who are represented collectively by a member or members of that group. This lawsuit prompted the county court judge Leon M. Bazile to issue a ruling on the long-awaited motion to vacate. Bazile denied the motion when he stated, "Almighty God created the races black, white, yellow, malay and red, and he placed them on separate continents. And but for the interference with his arrangement there would be no cause for such marriages. The fact that he separated the races shows that he did not intend for the races to mix" (Bazile). Bazile also referenced *Kinney v. The Commonwealth*, another interracial case that the Virginia Supreme Court decided on October 3, 1878. The court upheld Virginia's laws that prohibited interracial marriage and affirmed the priority of-

Virginia's laws over the jurisdiction of the court. The court in Kinney's case concluded the hearing with the words, "this unmistakable policy of the legislature founded on wisdom and the moral development of both races, has been shown by not only declaring marriage between whites and negroes absolutely void, but by prohibiting and punishing such unnatural alliances with severe penalties" (Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals, 1878). This quote demonstrates the position the Supreme Court of Virginia had towards the situation, causing them to immediately overturn the conviction. The court believed that the laws of the State were rational, and interracial marriage was irrational.

While the Lovings appealed Judge Bazile's decision, a three-judge district court panel postponed decision on the federal class action case. Shortly after, Justice Harry L. Carrico wrote an opinion for the court, upholding the constitutionality of the anti-miscegenation statutes. Carrico cited as authority the Virginia Supreme Court's decision in *Naim v. Naim* and ruled that criminalization of the Loving's marriage was not a violation of the Equal Protection Clause, because both the white and the non-white spouse were punished equally for miscegenation.

In *Naim v. Naim*, decided on June 13, 1955, the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals granted Ruby Naim, a white woman, an annulment for her marriage to the Chinese-born Han Say Naim on the grounds that interracial marriage had never been legal in Virginia. In the Lovings case, Virginia's primary argument against the couple was the question of whether interracial marriages could harm Virginia's population, possibly creating a "mongrel breed of citizens," ultimately leading to "the obliteration of racial pride" (Carliner). Virginia argued that even if its law violated equal protection, the Supreme Court should defer to the state legislature regarding their so-called "scientific evidence" used to create their racist law.

When stating that the Lovings marriage was not a violation of the Equal Protection Clause, Carrico's reasoning echoed the United States Supreme Court in 1883 in *Pace v. Alabama*. This

case was brought up to identify whether Alabama had the authority to issue these codes. In Section 4189 of the Code of Alabama, the state prohibited a white and black person from living with each other in adultery or fornication. Tony Pace, a black man, and Mary J. Cox, a white woman, were indicted under this code. Both were tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the state penitentiary. On appeal to the supreme court of the state, the judgement was affirmed, and Pace brought the case on writ of error, insisting that the act under which he was indicted and convicted conflicts with the concluding clause of the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment, declaring that no state shall "deny to any person the equal protection of the laws."

The Lovings, still supported by the ACLU, appealed the state supreme court's decision to the Supreme Court of the United States, where Virginia was represented by Robert McIlwaine of the state's attorney general office. The Supreme Court agreed on December 12, 1966, to accept the case for final review. The Lovings did not attend the oral arguments in Washington, however, one of their lawyers, Bernard S. Cohen, conveyed the personal message he had been given by Richard Loving. The message was "Mr. Cohen, tell the Court I love my wife, and it is just unfair that I can't live with her in Virginia."

On June 12, 1967, the Supreme Court issued a unanimous 9-0 decision in favor of the Lovings, overturning their criminal convictions. It also finally ended Virginia's anti-miscegenation law. The Court's opinion was written by Chief Justice Earl Warren, and all the justices joined it afterwards. The decision also includes a two-sentence long opinion written by Justice Potter Stewart. He stated, "No state criminal law can be valid, which makes the criminality of an act depend upon the race of the actor," (Stewart). This was written in his concurrence in *McLaughlin v. Florida*, a similar case in 1964.

The Court addressed whether Virginia's Racial Integrity Act violated the Fourteenth Amendment's Equal Protection Clause. The Equal Protection Clause states, "nor shall any

State...deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.” Virginia officials had argued that the Act did not violate the Equal Protection Clause because it punished both whites and non-whites. To them, the punishment for violating the statute was the same regardless of the offender’s race. A white person who married a black person was subject to the same penalties as a black person who married a white person.

In this instance, the Court rejected the equal burden argument, even though in 1883, for the case of *Pace v. Alabama*, the court had accepted the argument. Their statement was,

The State [of Virginia] finds support for its “equal application” theory in the decision of the Court in *Pace v. Alabama*... However, as recently as the 1964 Term, in rejecting the reasoning of that case, we stated, ‘*Pace* represents a limited view of the Equal Protection Clause which has not withstood analysis in the subsequent decisions of this Court (Chemmerinsky).

They issued this because the Virginia Racial Integrity Act used racial classification as a basis for imposing criminal blame. The Equal Protection Clause required the Court to strictly study the Act’s provisions.

Applying the strict scrutiny standard of review, the Court concluded that Virginia’s Act had no visible purpose other than racial discrimination, designed to “maintain White Supremacy”. The Court therefore ruled that the Act violated the Fourteenth Amendment’s Equal Protection Clause, as well as its Due Process Clause. They further stated that the freedom to marry is a fundamental constitutional right, and it held that depriving Americans of it on an arbitrary basis such as race was unconstitutional. “The freedom to marry has long been recognized as one of the vital personal rights essential to the orderly pursuit of happiness by freemen” (Chemmerinsky). Interracial marriage was banned not only in the state of Virginia, but soon became a nationwide law.

The case of *Loving v. Virginia* impacted not only all interracial cases, but it also impacted the public debate on same-sex marriages in the United States. In *Hernandez v. Robles*, the majority opinion of the New York Court of Appeals declined to rely on the *Loving* case when deciding whether a right to same-sex marriage existed. In their defense, the “historical background of *Loving* is different from the history underlying this case” (Smith). Up until 2014, five U.S. Court of Appeals considered the constitutionality of state bans on same-sex marriage. In doing so, they interpreted the *Loving* ruling differently.

In *Obergefell v. Hodges*, the Supreme Court referenced *Loving* as a precedent for its holding that states are required to allow same-sex marriages under both the Equal Protection Clause and the Due Process Clause of the Constitution. The court’s decision in *Obergefell* cited *Loving* nearly a dozen times and was based on the same principles- equality and an unenumerated right to marriage. It can be concluded that *Loving* had a major impact on many different cases, and continues to be an influential case today.

Gone Girl

*Poem by Samantha Arbeit -
Grade 11 (inspired by novel,
Gone Girl)*

The Beginning

Was passionate, loving, wild
We were full of adventure and discovery
Romance and lust
Most importantly, it was pretend

The Middle

Was tiring, bearable, fine
We went through moving and
termination
Disappointment and loss
We let our guard down, and showed our
true colors

The End

Was wretched, demanding, burdensome
We made mistakes and wounded each
other
Our actions cannot be undone
But we are bound together through
everlasting bonds
And we will be intertwined for eternity

Tall and Faithful

*Poem by William Minervini -
Grade 11 (inspired by book,
Rebel Yell)*

Tall and faithful

Soul piercing blue eyes
Never fearful
A trustworthy man who never lies

Always up at dawn

Soldiers looking for his applause
He prefers brain over brawn
A man of honor who never withdraws

In battle he will never fall

Brave and unbroken
He stands firm like a stone wall
Even with craters around him smokin'

A family man

He loves his wife dearly
His wife is his one woman
He loves war and his wife,
... but his wife more sincerely

Surfing Helps Treat PTSD

Essay by Audrey Iglay - Grade 11 (Historical Research w/ Mr. Fagen)

Vietnam veterans use surfing as a treatment for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Surfing is a joyous sport that brings happiness to veterans. It exposes veterans to high-stress situations in a safe way. Surfing helps them learn to manage their moods and work through problems while exercising and getting fresh air. Many organizations have made surfing a mainstream treatment for PTSD. Operation Beach Head is a local organization that has a focus on veterans surfing.

In the 1960s, surfing was sweeping across America and becoming more popular than ever. California became the hotspot for surfers. The Californians loved it and it became a vibe they were known for. Surfing and skateboarding had taken over the California beach scene and that is all the young people wanted to spend their time doing. Surfing was also popular in other places, like the East Coast. Although, it was centralized in Southern California and these Southern California surfers are who brought it to Vietnam.

In Vietnam, some American soldiers surfed as a recreational activity. Southern California surfers were drafted and then stationed in Vietnam. With all the horribleness surrounding them, they missed their favorite pass time. The Californians were watching amazing waves go unriden, while they were fighting for their lives and their country. The United States Military

Lifeguards requested surfboards be sent to them for life-saving purposes. This was their way of getting surfboards to Vietnam, so they could surf the amazing waves. These rescue devices made it possible for the soldiers to surf during the war and were not used in any US Military lifeguard rescues.

Surfing was a relaxing activity for the soldiers and a well-deserved break from the trenches. There were not a lot of surfboards in Vietnam because only a couple got there categorized as "life-saving devices". They just wanted to surf, and these boards were sacred to them because they

were so scarce, and it was the only way for some soldiers to get their minds off the war that engulfed their daily lives.

Seventy-one-year-old Vietnam veteran Rick Thomas is known for being one of the founding fathers of paddle boarding, but what many do not know is that he is also a Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder counselor and a firm believer that surfing can treat trauma. While recalling his time in Vietnam, Thomas said, "if someone sent you a copy of Surfer magazine – you could have people pay you money to read that sucker. There was that duality between keeping the focus on your job and doing what you were doing and needing to break away and go into this other world". This shows how important surfing was to the soldiers and the contrast between recreation and fighting the war.

Surfing was a western custom that the Vietcong did not know about. The Americans were showing surfing to a whole new culture while having these rare moments of fun. There is music that describes this dynamic as well. A famous song by The Clash called "Charlie Don't Surf" is about how the Vietcong do not surf and the Americans think they should try it. This song explains the importance of surfing and the imperialistic nature of America at that time.

Surfing is now helping veterans with PTSD treatment through the regenerative qualities of the ocean. In Hawaiian culture, the ocean challenges and heals people. Veteran, Rick Thomas, explained, "all the warriors in Polynesian cultures were part of the ocean – it was their playtime, but it also challenged them and healed them".

It is a sport that makes you feel good because the ocean relieves anxiety. Being in nature lowers your blood pressure and stress hormone levels. Therefore, spending time in the ocean helps relieve anxiety for veterans. Severe anxiety is a PTSD symptom, so surfing is a great way to help cope with this.

Vietnam veterans were treated very poorly when they got home. Surfing has a strong community that gives veterans a safe space to express themselves. It makes them a part of something and gives them something to work hard for. The community aspect shows veterans the support they need and is an important part of the treatment programs. It is an incredibly rewarding feeling to catch a good wave, so getting to commit themselves to the sport is a good outlet for veterans suffering from PTSD.

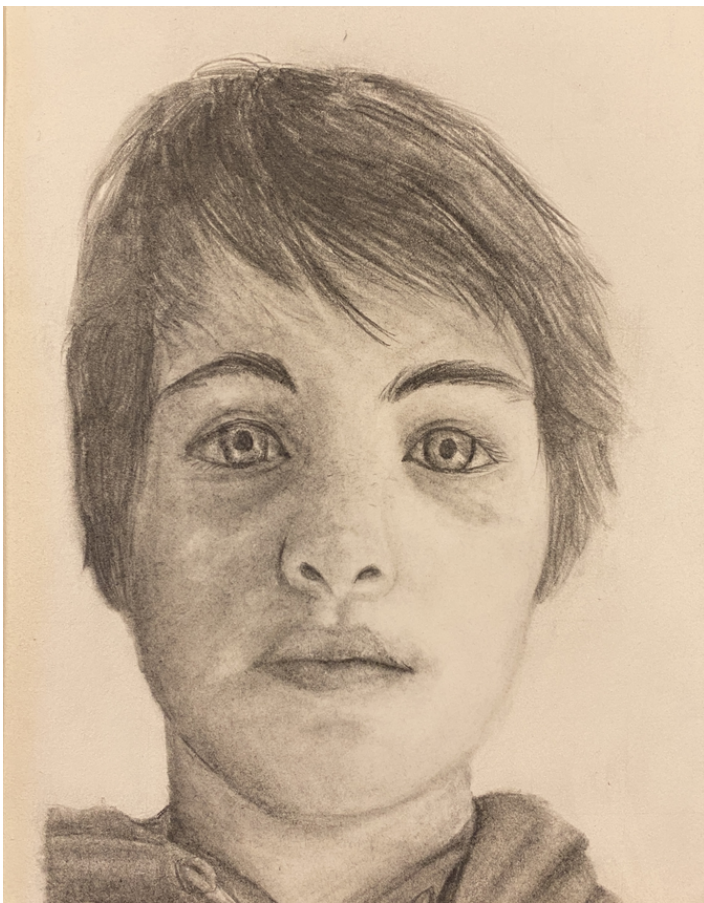
Surfing is scientifically proven to improve mental health. The physical activity of surfing helps the body and stimulates various parts of the brain. It is a great aerobic exercise that improves mental health because humans are happier when they are healthier. Surfing helps our brain health by changing responses in the amygdala and hippocampus. These are the main parts of the brain involved with our stress response systems (fight or flight reactions). Exposing veterans to stressful situations in a safe way is a great way to improve their PTSD symptoms.

Proximity to water is strongly linked to your brain releasing feel-good hormones including, dopamine and oxytocin. Surfing helps veterans physically and mentally through being in the ocean. The ocean has lots of minerals that improve skin and hair health, which in turn makes us happier. This is good for veterans suffering from PTSD because their mental health will suffer from the effects of PTSD. Surfing encourages veterans to be active and we are biologically inclined to our spirits to be lifted by being in and around the ocean.

A local organization called Operation Beach Head (OBH) has made PTSD treatment through surfing available on the Jersey Shore. It is a nonprofit founded in New Jersey that offers summer and winter recreational activities for veterans. Surfing is their most popular activity, and they do many veteran surf days along the Jersey Shore in the summer. They were founded out of the desire to provide fun to the most deserving individuals. These individuals are our veterans who sacrificed everything for our safety.

Operation Beach Head realized safe instruction was not readily available for veterans in action sports. Their experience is called "storming the surf". Storming the surf involves a beach day with local surfers volunteering to instruct any veteran interested in learning to surf. They provide all the necessary equipment to make it possible for veterans with any disabilities to have a fun beach day and learn to surf. OBH is fully supported by donations to continue its program and expand its operations.

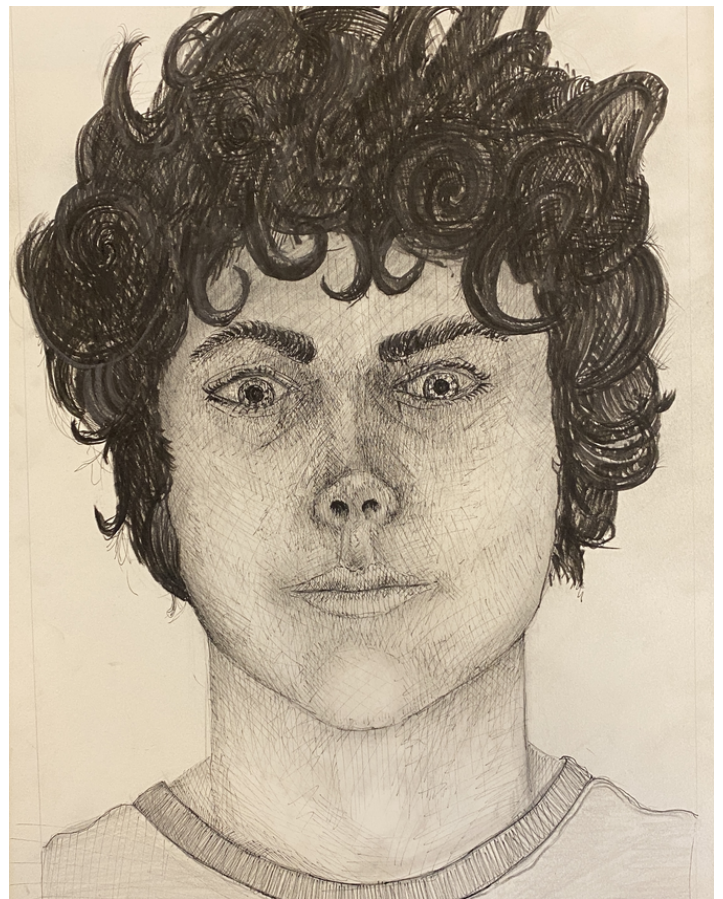
Surfing was a part of veterans' lives before, during, and after the war. For science to prove it helpful as a treatment for PTSD is great for veterans and our local communities. Surfing was a part of many veterans' lives before being drafted and then it helped them get through serving in Vietnam. By getting to surf in Vietnam they got moments of happiness amongst the chaos of war. Surfing is a great way to reduce stress and face fight or flight situations in a safe environment when with an instructor. It is available locally for PTSD treatment and allows veterans to get relief from the horrible symptoms of PTSD. Surfing improves the mental health of our veterans and has proven to be a great resource for the treatment of PTSD.



*Self Portrait by
Erika Yasenchak -
Grade 10 (Art w/
Ms. Herman)*



*Self Portrait by
Max Beer - Grade
10 (Art w/ Ms.
Herman)*



Constellation de Félis (Constellation Felis)

French Myth by Charlotte Dery - Grade 11 (French w/ Madam Virok)

Il était une fois, il y a un chat. Ce chat est aimé de sa famille. Jour après jour, le chat se réveille, et ensuite il se lave. Puis, le chat fait la sieste. Ce chat est un chat, content d'un rayon de soleil.

Mais, dans cette sieste, le chat rêve. Le chat est visité par Artémis, déesse de la nature et de la chasse. Artémis dit au chat, «J'ai besoin de ton aide, petit chasseur. Il y a un grand serpent de mer, qui attaque mon terrain de chasse sacré. Le serpent cherche un challenger, mais il ne s'attend pas à une créature aussi petite que vous.»

Le chat accepte d'aider Artémis, et il quitte sa maison pour la quête. Près des terrains de chasse, il y a une ville. Quand les gens de la ville voient le chat, ils se moquent de lui. «Comment est-ce que ce petit chat peut sauver la ville d'un monstre?» «Il n'est pas fort, il n'est pas grand, il va échouer.» «Ce n'est pas un soldat, ce n'est pas un héros.»

Artémis arrive pour arrêter les disputes du peuple. «Ce chat est rapide, sournois, et a des griffes acérées comme des rasoirs.» Le chat passe la ville, et entre dans les terrains de chasse sacré. Au loin, le chat voit le grand serpent, l'armure bleue comme l'océan qu'il nage. Le serpent regarde le chat, et il a ri. «Les dieux ne peuvent pas envoyer un de leurs enfants aujourd'hui? Ils doivent envoyer une petite créature?»

Le chat regarde le serpent et il montre les dents. Le serpent se penche plus près pour regarder le chat. Le chat saute sur le grand serpent, accroché à son visage avec ses griffes, puis, le chat monte sur la tête du serpent et il gratte les yeux. Le serpent tombe et meurt, et le chat atterrit sur les pattes.

Artémis arrive de la forêt, et il parle au chat, «Merci, mon petit chasseur, pour votre grande action aujourd'hui. Je vous dois une dette, et donc je vous accorde l'immortalité dans les étoiles.» Le chat se souvient que sa famille l'aime, alors le chat parle pour la première fois. «Puis-je aller voir ma famille une dernière fois, ils me manquent.»

Artémis sourit, et accepte. «Quand votre constellation touche le sol tous les six mois, vous pouvez retourner dans votre famille et chez-vous.» Et ainsi, le chat est devenu la constellation de Félis.



*Sculpture by Jane Marks - Grade 9 (Art
w/ Ms. Herman)*

Protest Music During the Vietnam War

*Essay by Gavin Jackey - Grade 11 (Historical Research w/
Mr. Fagen)*

"Fortunate Son", "War", and "Masters of War" were just a few of the most popular protest songs during the Vietnam War Era. Today, these songs are still popularized and are enjoyed by millions of Americans. The one thing about these songs that many do not realize today is that they have a hidden meaning behind their catchy tunes. Even today, prominent artists use their abilities to spread a message about current controversial events. This includes the works "Glory" by John Legend and "Formation" by Beyonce.

Protest music was and still is a way for artists to convey their views through the music they write. This was directed toward making an impact on the American people. Whether it was students, officials, or the soldiers fighting the war. The music was produced in hopes of changing everyday Americans' views on the war and putting pressure on higher powers to reevaluate their decisions and reasons for partaking in the war. Hopefully, this would lead to leaders pulling out of the war in total. To represent some of the conflicting views of the era, I interviewed both of my grandfathers, James Lonsdale, and Robert Jackey. Both men are similar in age but had very different experiences and views on protest music of this era.

First Class Infantry Lieutenant Charles J. Lonsdale was drafted in 1966, just twenty days after graduating from college with a bachelor's degree in business and economics. Soon after completing basic training, Mr. Lonsdale went through Officer Candidate School in Fort Benning, Georgia. In May of 1968, he was deployed to Frontline Combat in the Northwest region of Saigon where he would serve on active duty until April of 1969. He was stationed amongst other units at Saigon Electric Plant and Saigon Remote Plant. This would serve as a Remote Night defensive location.

Being that Mr. Lonsdale was an officer in the military, he believed that "our mission was honorable and understandable to me and my

troops."

He defined the mission as "to reunite Vietnam, and Vietnam's democratic government including North and South." Mr. Lonsdale had previously been acquainted with protest music. Being that he was deployed and actively serving in the war, he said that he "didn't pay any attention to them." In comparison to the true intent of the songs, Mr. Lonsdale believed these songs and movements were counterproductive to the military's actions. Mr. Lonsdale did not believe that the government would change its ways due to the music produced in opposition of the overall war effort. He found that the music hindered and "undermined our ability to conduct our missions." Not only that, but Mr. Lonsdale believed that the protest music boosted the longevity and ability of his enemy whilst simultaneously damaging the morale and capability of his troops who for the most part, did not have a say in being there.

With that, it is important to consider the lasting result that protest music has left on the American people and the war effort. Though, many would consider it a scar rather than a result. After asking Mr. Lonsdale of his opinion on if it affected the outcome of the war, he responded with "There's no question about it; The enemy knew the protestors were causing descent and disturbing our ability to conduct the war to win."

There is one catch to Mr. Lonsdale's opinion to protest music. He does not believe the people supporting it were in protest for what was right, but rather to protect themselves from the same reality of those serving overseas. Many of the people contributing to protests and in opposition to the war effort were those in line to be drafted. A majority of which were students. Additionally, he claimed that "a lot of these protestors wanted to be a part of something and the excitement of group dynamics similar to a riot caused by self-interest because they did not want to serve when they were called." With that,

a majority of the protests were useless and not meaningful. These protests were typically backed by the words of many protest music songs.

In conclusion, Mr. Lonsdale's perspective shows how the protest music affected the people he was serving with in the field and at the same time the people he was fighting. If one thing can be taken away from this, he is certain in the fact "that protests, signs, slogans, songs, and flags will not deter enemy soldiers from injuring and killing US troops" - "All of these protests directly affected the men who were given the job of unifying the country" - "These protests in the eyes of the soldiers were absolutely meaningless because they were in the arena of battle and had no choice in the matter whatsoever." All in all, he found protest music to be counterproductive to his mission and meaningless to the people the songs were aimed towards.

Bob L. Jackey was eighteen to nineteen years old at the time a lot of these songs were released. During that period, these protest songs became anthems for the anti-war movement and reflected the intense feelings of anger, frustration, and resistance that many people felt. Mr. Jackey was challenged with the idea of entering the war. A mix of emotions with thoughts of not coming back home went against his fierce patriotism for his country. Mr. Jackey attended a singular protest on Cedar Avenue of Monmouth College in the fall of 1969. He partook in the protests "because I really was concerned about going to Vietnam and a couple of my friends had died there, and it did not really look good on your chances of getting home." He also hunkered down on the fact that he, amongst millions of others, started to question why the United States was even there and what purpose did it serve the people of our country. Although in opposition to the war, Mr. Jackey firmly stated that "I would have fought for my country if it came to that. I am a patriot and believe in America. But I do not believe it was right being there and we lost thousands of guys."

With that, Mr. Jackey outlined his familiarity with protest music. He continued to highlight his fondness of the song "War" by Edwin Starr. When asked how he felt in regard to protest music he

claimed "I did not connotate the songs to war, but I liked the songs more rather than jumping up and down talking about the war. It was not connecting me to the war." This piqued my interest and begged the question; How effective is protest music? Are the songs true meanings being fulfilled? After questioning Mr. Jackey on his opinion of this thought, he stated "-Yeah it did, a lot of people were tuned in that way. Probably. The majority of those kids used those songs to underscore the fruitily of the war." Overall, Mr. Jackey believed that many Americans were indeed moved by the art of Protest music alongside and equal part who did not associate the music with the war opposition.

After conducting my research and interviews, it is clear to me that protest music did indeed make a temporary effect on many people in America. During this time, protest music played a crucial role in expressing the sentiments of those who opposed the war and advocated for peace during that time. Today, these songs stand as pieces of American culture, but do not represent the same meaning as they once did. Protest music is still used as a method of reflecting the diverse range of political and social issues. Songs such as "Alright" by Kendrick Lamar and "American Idiot" by Green Day are used to promote alternative and sometimes obscure views of marginalized groups. This proves the undisputable fact the protest music is still an effective and popular way to prove certain points.

Into Thin Air

Poem by Finn Dougherty - Grade 11 (inspired by the book, Into Thin Air)

The last day of my work, my passion
I tried to help, hopeless.
The mountain overpowers any man,
The mountain decides if I can start my descent.
The fear of losing myself is not just fear
But frustration.
An incident that could have been prevented
Who else could I blame?
The wisps of air and snow created a whiteout of nothing
The occasional booms of lightning reminding me I am still alive.
My hope rises like the sun this morning,
I patiently wait for help to guide me to safety,
However, the mountain was against me
No one can control the mountain
The mountain wants me.

New York City

Poem by Charlotte Dery - Grade 11 (inspired by the book, City We Became)

The wind carving through the city carries
a chorus,
A fleeting and flickering chorus.
It harmonizes with the chatter down on street level,
And the honking of traffic.
And I join this chorus, the lead vocalist
Tying together this lovely song
And the city breathes with me.
It breathes in, holdings its breath
As the sun glows bright,
And releasing that breath,
As the clouds cover the sky.
The rhythm of this chorus
Is felt deep in your bones.
It's the tap-tap-tap of heels on the sidewalk,
Or the ringing of a cyclist's bell,
And the rumble of tires on the road.
And even if not consciously,
The people of the city, who live and breathe New York
Know the song in their heart.

La Fée (The Fairy)

French Myth by Jacquelyn Stewart - Grade 11 (French w/ Madam Virok)

En l'année 1768, une jeune fille habite dans un cottage en pierre en Irlande.

Elle s'appelle Claire et elle habite avec son père et ses deux frères. Les Britanniques possèdent la ferme de famille. Cependant, la ferme est en faillite qui cause la faim pour la famille et la colère pour les Britanniques qui possèdent la ferme.

Claire se réveille souvent en entendant son père et ses frères se disputent de la manque de nourriture. Presque à chaque fois la dispute finit avec un cri de rage de son père. Claire se lève, elle s'attend un mauvais jour quand elle voit une petite lumière qui passe par la fenêtre. Claire avait entendu de la fée mais, elle n'en a jamais vu. Elle se peigne les cheveux en pensant encore de la fée possible. Quand elle descend de l'escalier il y a un coup à la porte. Un homme britannique debout dit, "votre ferme est en faillite et nous n'en voulons plus".

Par l'escalier, Claire voit la fée derrière un homme encore. La fée part avant qu'elle peut y aller. L'homme britannique part et son père pousse après Claire et il claque à la porte derrière lui. Elle sait que la nourriture est manqué que mais elle ne sait pas que la situation est si mauvaise.

Une semaine plus tard, Claire s'habille pour le jour et pendant qu'elle se brosse les cheveux elle voit que la ferme semble différente. La ferme semble nourrie et très verte. Sa famille ne se réveille pas déjà alors elle se dépêche en descendant l'escalier et elle va dehors. Qu'elle voit une belle vue! Une petite lumière où la fée vole autour du jardin, alimente la ferme. Les pommes de terres sont mûres et parfaites à manger. Claire est surexcitée! "Merci la fée! Merci! Merci! Merci! Tu nous as sauvés!!" Claire court par la ferme, en rigolant.

Son père vient dehors, "Qu'est-ce que tu-fais?" Puis, il regarde à la ferme. "La ferme! Comment?" pose-t-il la question.

"La fée, papa! Elle a réparé la ferme!" elle dit.

"Il n'y a pas de fée Claire. Nous ne pouvons pas dire à quelqu'un ou les Britanniques vont vouloir notre ferme." Son père lui dit.

Mais, Claire voit la fée dans la ferme. Son père ne voit pas la fée. Tout est génial. La ferme saine est un secret de famille. La fée les a sauvés et elle suit Claire pour la protéger.

Rethinking the Holocaust

Poem by Noah Mammeri - Grade 11 (inspired by the book, Rethinking the Holocaust)

Scared,
All alone,
Trying to fight back
Through day and night
I watch the sky and ask myself,
Will I ever be the same.

Depressed,
I stay alone,
in a small cot
Wondering the next meal, I will have to
eat, and
I am tired of speaking out and being beat.

Alone
By myself I cannot sleep,
I Have no friends nor any enemies.
I'm trapped, I'm losing all hope for me
and my friends,
I can't take this anymore when does this
end.

Alzheimer's Poem

Poem by Elle Duffy - Grade 11

I stare at her sunken eyes, her cracked lips,
her hollow cheeks.
It's as if she is a broken mirror,
Fragments falling out every day,
Losing more and more clarity until she
becomes unrecognizable.
She wakes, and her confused eyes search
mine.
That quick moment of unfamiliarity like a
dagger through the heart.
She remembers me after a second,
smiling warmly.
But I can't get the image of her foggy eyes
out of my mind.
I fear for the moment when she forgets
my name,
My throat closing when she forgets simple
words.
I fear for the moment when I have to
remind her who I am,
Explaining that she gave birth to me long
ago.
I fear for the moment when I have to care
for her,
Turning the roles of mother and daughter
on its head.
I cry for the loss of my mother.
I cry for the loss of her memories.
I cry for the loss of myself.

Lune et Soleil

French Myth by Casey Finnegan - Grade 11 (French w/ Madam Virok)

Il était une fois, il n'y avait ni soleil ni lune. Il n'y avait que des étoiles. Un jour, un jeune garçon est tombé des étoiles. Il est lumineux. Il s'appelle Soleil. Une belle femme habite dans une maison. Elle s'appelle Lune. Elle était fermée à clé dans le grenier pour la moitié de la journée. Elle est fermée à clé pendant plus de temps en hiver et durant moins de temps en été, parce que ses parents pensent que le monde est dangereux pendant la nuit. Cependant, elle peut explorer pendant la journée.

Un jour, Soleil prend un bain dans le lac. Il voit une belle femme à travers une fenêtre. La fille semble triste. Il la regarde se peigner les cheveux et chanter. Il tombe amoureux avec sa beauté, son élégance, et sa voix. Il attend le matin, quand elle peut partir de la maison. Nuit après nuit, il attend le matin. Il est trop nerveux pour dire 'bonjour'.

Un jour, elle sort de la maison, et inspirer l'air du matin. Il l'appelle. "Salut, belle fille," il dit. Elle le regarde et elle rigole. "Bonjour, beau garçon," elle dit. "Je t'épouserai un jour."

"Tu ne me connais pas," elle se moque. "Mais je veux." Elle sourit. Il dit, "Danse avec moi". Il saisit sa main et ils dansent.

Ils explorent le monde ensemble jusqu'à la tombée de la nuit. Elle dit, "Je dois rentrer chez moi." "Reste avec moi," il dit. Elle sourit. Elle tombe amoureux avec Soleil. Elle ne voulait pas partir. "Je reste avec toi," elle dit. Ils s'embrassent. Ils s'aiment et ils ne se quittent pas.

Le temps passe, et un jour, Soleil dort. Il se réveille, et il ne peut pas voir Lune. Il l'appelle. "Lune!" Il court vers le lac, effrayé. "Lune!" Il la voit. Elle flotte. Elle est morte. Il pleure. "Lune!" Son cœur se brise. "Je t'aime," il dit à Lune. Il marche dans l'eau. Il la suit dans la mort. Ils ne se quittent pas.

L'esprit de Soleil cherche son amant, pendant la journée, quand ils ont exploré. Sa lueur cause le lever du soleil et le coucher du soleil.

L'esprit de la Lune cherche son amant pendant la nuit, quand il l'attend par la fenêtre. Sa tristesse cause le lever de la lune et le coucher de la lune.

Soleil et Lune sont la raison du jour et de la nuit.

goodbye

Narrative by Olivia Maes - Grade 11

This is a goodbye letter to you that I will never send.

I passed your house at 4 AM on Saturday without looking for your blue light. I was with a boy you've never met or heard about and I told him that this is where you live. He still loves his ex, I feel indifferent. Neither of us can move on completely and we accept that. We can fill the gaps in each other's souls when things get lonely. He didn't mind that you were nearby, and for once I didn't either. It felt nice.

Up until recently, I had made conspiracy theories of what happened to us every day since we lost our great war. Most of it had become distorted to the point where I did not know what was real and what was a figment of my imagination. I performed autopsies on our old conversations in an attempt to discover the location of your head and the location of my heart. Our corpses, left to rot months ago, could barely be considered scraps of humanity anymore. They were just the shells of two ghosts who would never meet again.

When I went past your house, I remembered the walk down the street for us to get ice cream with your dad's money, the cold scent of fresh laundry and cheap cologne from your room, and every feeling I felt with you. Usually, I would have some visceral reaction to the slow rush of past serotonin, yet it never came. I didn't think instantly about the bad times and the fights and the missed chances. The good came to my mind. While I didn't miss it, I smiled at my nostalgia.

I promised to keep trinkets of our old happiness forever, whether we hated each other or not. We basically do hate each other now, but you would take my opinions as a compliment. I don't actually want to know your thoughts on me, I can tell by your sneers and laughs when I pass. But, our polaroids are hidden under my bedside table. The first earrings you got me are at the top of my jewelry box, even though they broke six months ago. Your sticky notes to me, passed when we saw each other in the school hallway, stay in my notebook. I kept each physical piece I could hold of you. I will never get myself to throw them away. They hold the girl I used to be in them, letting me mourn my loss and celebrate my growth.

I will weave the invisible strings and threads of us into my new tapestries of life. I have never let anything escape my grasp without leaving scratches from my claws, but it seems yours have healed. That is enough for me. I don't have to like the girl you're with now or the person you have become in recent times. I just have to learn from my past and not let our history repeat. Neither of us want that. My face makes you want to punch a wall and your face makes me want to wilt away like a rose. That's fine.

You weren't supposed to see this letter. Truthfully, I doubt you will read it. If you do, you probably won't care about the melancholy lyrics pounding from my heart. It isn't your responsibility to think about me. I shouldn't think about you anymore, but I will always have some capacity for you in my mind. I hope one day this changes, but, *you know me*, I could never treat you like somebody I've never met. Anyways, please don't be a stranger but please don't try to bring something like us back to life. Frankenstein was never supposed to be alive again. Neither should we. Ok? Ok. This is a goodbye. My goodbye. Goodbye. Bye.

Biology Fun

Various Biology Classes w/ Mrs. Crowning



The Average Teenage Girl

*Poem by Anonymous - Grade 10
(English w/ Mrs. Podos)*

Her hair is filled with fake blond and bleach
She just tells everyone it's from all the time spent at the beach
She spends hours picking out an outfit for school
Just to wear leggings a sweatshirt with shoes that are "cool"
Her skin is stained orange from all the fake tan
She hopes one day that it will just get banned
She wears the bracelets that every girl piles on their wrist
Are they worth all the money, she should just thrift?
She sprays 18 squirts of her new perfume
Hoping no one notices the very strong fumes
She puts on this face of perfection in front of her peers
Meanwhile all it does is bring her tears
She looks and the mirror and does not see herself
Why does she do this? Is it to please herself?
She gets a job babysitting because that's what she's expected to do
But deep down she hates kids, but there is nothing else to do
She's expected to keep her grades up and stay quiet
But really, all she wants to do is start a riot
People see her as this nice polite person
But all she wants to do is scream and make a big commotion
There's nothing left to do but fit in to society
Because if she does not, it will give her a lot of anxiety

Poem on My Birthday

*Poem by Scarlett Morton - Grade 11
(English w/ Mrs. Fenlon)*

In the sunny bright town,
By the beach and marina
Where the seagulls squawk
In Belmar on uncrowded public
And untouched sand
This beautiful, gorgeous day in the pretty
seaside
She smiles walking
She flowers 16 petals turned age.
Trees sway and whistle.
And happily, she goes peaceful
In the bright, famous light of great
And friendly, dear Scarlett.
Dark is a path, and light is a home,
Confidence that never was
Nor will be ever is always generous,
And, in that kind person,
Plenty as seashells in the water,
The blossom grows for her happiness.



Golden Rectangle

*Still Life by Emelina Davolos-Guillen -
Grade 9 (Math w/ Mrs. Martucci)*



Blueberries

*Still Life by Chase Hearon - Grade 12
(Art w/ Ms. Herman)*

Poem on My Birthday

*Poem by Finn Dougherty - Grade 11
(English w/ Mrs. Fenlon)*

In the light of insects,
By the dimly lit tree and the overgrown
blades
Where the mourning doves cry,
In his house, lowered beneath the rest,
And flocks of carpenter bees
The cherry blossom day that falls to coat
the rough asphalt
He runs around the yard clueless to reality
His 6th firefly caged
And resistantly he goes to dinner
In the mysteriously smelling, local light of
great
And reliable, dear Old Red.
Dark is a thought
And light was a memory
Past that never will return,
Nor will ever be again is always true.
And, in that innocent crevice
Plenty as Cheerios under the sour seat
Nostalgia gains life.

Growing Up in Paradise

*Poem by Ava Pizzonia - Grade 11
(English w/ Mrs. Fenlon)*

In the warm breezy town of Avon,
By the beach and busy main street
Where the seagulls flew
In the ocean on the salty sea
And rocky sand
This bright day in the quiet town
She laughed, walking.
She rocks seventeen shells turned age;
Waves rush and crash.

And cheerfully she goes quiet
In the beautiful, famous light of great
And lovely, dear Ava.
Dark is a mindset and light is a
destination,
Paradise that never was
Nor will ever be is always calm,
And, in that breezy town,
Plenty as clouds in the sky,
The beach grows for her happiness.

Room Designs

Interior Design w/ Ms. Morris



Amelia McGuire - Grade 10



Emily Black - Grade 10



Mea Stehle - Grade 12



Sadie Tuzeneu - Grade 11



Mary Gleason - Grade 12



Izzy Myklebust - Grade 10

Poem on My Birthday

*Poem by Parker Sowul - Grade 11
(English w/ Mrs. Fenlon)*

And quickly he goes on his path
In the truncated, famous light of
great
And extraordinary, dear mother
nature.
Dark is a way and light is a place,
perfection that never was
Nor will be ever is always
imperfect,
And, in that bright uninhabited
Plenty as pinecones in the pine
trees,
The trees grow for his satisfaction.

Life of a Girl in the Marsh

*Poem by Maia Bradle - Grade 11
(inspired by the book, Where the
Crawdads Sing)*

Kya the marsh girl,
Little brown eyes in a forest of green,
All alone and scared-
Wishing he cared enough to stay.
Drawing as her only comfort,
On her own since five,
Left alone to fend for herself
In North Carolina, a place full of
judgement.
Her family giving no remorse,
Leaving her no life skills-
Only nature to learn from--
Imagine that.
"Most of what she knew, she'd learned
from the wild."
Nature nurtured and protected her when
no one else would,
Consequences leading to lack of the
fundamentals of life.



Quiet Evening

*Art by Elliot Chivers - Grade 9 (Art w/
Ms. Herman)*



Book Sculpture

*Sculpture by Meg McCafferty - Grade
9 (Art w/ Ms. Herman)*

Jackson Congestion

French Myth by Grace Buckley - Grade 11 (French w/ Madam Virok)

Un jour, Jackson Congestion se réveille. Puis, il se lave le visage et les cheveux avec du savon. Il se peigne avec un peigne. Alors, il mange le petit déjeuner. Enfin, il part pour le travail. Il travaille comme coiffeur. Il est toujours tôt pour le travail. Son premier client arrive à douze heures. Jackson se rend compte que son client a un gros nez et il fait un commentaire méchant à son collègue. Jackson continue à se coiffer. Jackson se brosse les cheveux avec une brosse. Il se lave les cheveux avec du shampooing. Plus tard, Jackson rentre chez lui et il s'endort. Il se réveille et son nez est très congestionné. Il se demande où il se trompe. Il commence à pleurer. Il ne peut pas se regarder dans le miroir. Il est humilié par ses traits. Il envisage de se maquiller. Il ne pourra plus jamais faire mannequinat pour les émissions et les publicités. Il ne fait pas mannequinat parce que son nez devient moche. C'est sa faute d'avoir fait ce commentaire grossier. Sois gentil ou Karma vous hantera.



*Sculpture by
Maddie
Heald -
Grade 12 (Art
w/ Ms.
Herman)*

Poem on My Birthday

*Poem by Cormac Robedee - Grade 11
(English w/ Mrs. Fenlon)*

Spring Birthday

On this day of spring, the world awakes,
A birthday celebration, your heart it
shakes.

A year gone by, yet another to come,
The future unfolds like a beating drum.
With each passing year, you grow in
might,
Wisdom and experience, your guiding
light.

A life full of laughter, love, and glee,
And memories that last eternally.
On this special day, the world's at peace,
As you blow out the candles, a moment
to seize.

Time slows down, as the world stands
still,
And all is calm, with no need for thrill.
With the sun's first rays, your heart is
glad,

A celebration of life, no reason to be sad.
As you mark this milestone, another
chapter unfolds,

A journey of discovery, as the future
holds.

May your heart be full, and your spirits
soar,

As you embark on another year, and the
world adores.

Spring Birthday

Ode to Disney

*Modern Sonnet by Kiersten Olsen -
Grade 9 (English w/ Mrs. Onorato)*

Disney fun and crazy rides, amazing
Disney pins, endless smiles and so much
more

So fun, even though the sun is blazing
Character Winnie the Pooh, I adore.

Wow, Mickey and Minnie are my two friends
The ride Pirates of the Caribbean,
In fantasy of magic never ends.
In this ship of dreams, I am a starring

Splash Mountain, it's super fun I am told,
Big Thunder, its epic scenes I explore,
Lots of thrills run swiftly, your fears unfold.
Adventures in rides that have me galore.

Among the characters I can assure Winnie
the Pooh, is my favorite for sure!

Slipper Scandal

*Current Event Sonnet by Finley
O'Neill - Grade 9 (English w/ Mrs.
Onorato)*

The play Wizard of Oz stars Dorothy
Her famous red slippers were stolen
The shoes were everyone's priority
No one cared for the law that was broken

After ten years the shoes had been found
Five years later the culprit has been
sentenced
Taking the heart of the play from the grounds
Causing this big mess ends in resentment

Everyone will remember this moment
We know the die-hards from the movie will
Terry Martin was the main component
The ruby red slippers have been restored
until

Never to be bothered again they stay
Ruby and secure they shall stay that way

Sonnet for Ukraine

*Current Event Sonnet by Madeline
Marcucci - Grade 9 (English w/ Mrs.
Onorato)*

Ukrainian air defenses stand brave,
They defend against Russia but it's hard,
Loud booms shake windows, the sound is quite
grave,
Missile parts fall, harming people shard by shard.

The strikes can be heard across the city lights,
Twenty minutes of hell, too tough to bear,
A near perfect response, Patriot flights,
More air and long-range weapons need there.

The enemy attempts to reach its goals
As they try to attack from air, land, and sea
Unfortunately, Ukraine takes the tolls
They try their best to protect their country

As Russia tries to invade and attack,
Just know that Ukraine will always fight back.

Met Gala

*Current Event Sonnet by Jordyn
Hollawell - Grade 9 (English w/ Mrs.
Onorato)*

The Met Gala, the first Monday of May
All round fashions most extravagant night
These are iconic designs some might say
Doja Cat arrives, what a gleaming sight
Then comes Kim in nude dress, dripping in
pearls
Jenna Ortega with striking goth-glam
Cardi in puffer dress, hair full of curls
Sydney Sweeneys sparkling pink dress says bam
Gigi Hadid in draped corseted gown
Emma Chamberlain fitted in blue suit
Dua Lipa made sure no one would frown
Textured dress, black and silver trim so beaut
Closers shock world, Rihanna and ASAP
Valentino dress, red kilt, that's a wrap.

Pasta Mystery

*Current Event Sonnet by Julian
Fisher - Grade 9 (English w/ Mrs.
Onorato)*

Hundreds of pounds of pasta found in woods
Mounds of spaghetti, ziti, and others
They lay there among the endless dogwoods
They sat in the woods with confused mothers

Same with Nina Jochowitz last Wednesday
To Facebook pasta pictures were sent
Neighbors are curious, they lead the way
So much even a truck couldn't make a dent

Residents concerned for health of water
Should not have been dumped in river
Need to save wildlife, such as the otter
Thought would be helpful, only a sliver

Luckily pasta mystery was solved
Hopefully we can keep it resolved!

SpaceX's Starship Catastrophe

*Current Event sonnet by Ciara Dunne
- Grade 9 (English w/ Mrs. Onorato)*

The only star ship standing up so high,
Close to the sky and flying to heaven.
Please, Starship do not wring out SpaceX dry,
It is supposed to hold one hundred men in.
Texas held the engineering wonder,
Supposed to soar gloriously above the earth.
It will definitely survive the scary thunder,
Showing the public, the company's worth.
Eventually returning to the water,
So, it may one day be used again later.
Elon Musk the billionaire is Starship's father,
He is paid so much more than a waiter.
Oops, it accidentally blew up on the launch
pad,
It was all worthless, but at least it looked rad.

Arsenal Sonnet

*Current Event Sonnet by Emelina
Davolos-Guillen - Grade 9 (English
w/ Mrs. Onorato)*

Arsenal in first, title dreams were high,
So convinced we were the Premier League's
best;
Still, we let our promising dream fly by,
And we ignored the competition left;
We let Mitoma's sight control the game,
Enciso escaped his mark to get there,
Trossard's ill-conceived tricks were put to
shame,
1-0, Kiwior couldn't seem to care;
I fear City will hold the cup once more,
We tried so hard, only to fail it seems;
Our eager winning hopes will turn to lore,
We lost focus we have crushed our own
dreams;
Even when glory seems so near,
With a lack of passion, it can disappear.

The Beauty Industry

Current Event Sonnet by Gabby Battaglia - Grade 9 (English w/ Mrs. Onorato)

The beauty industry's products we admire,
Yet more celebrity skin care brands?
Their praises sung to long, now we require
New products, new ideas, fresh demands.

The creams and serums promise to fix flaws,
But do they create more insecurities?
The beauty industry profits from our pause,
Our self-doubt, their profit, impurities.

Over fifty celebrities and influencers have
launched brands in the last three years alone,
But it is getting to become way too much
The beauty websites have way too many
products and are in the zone
And now they beauty stores are not coming in
clutch.

Beauty is so rare, fare, and bright
But having to much product is overwhelming
and not a delight.

King Charles III's Coronation

Current Event Sonnet by Jose Ruiz - Grade 9 (English w/ Mrs. Onorato)

In regal halls where crowns have come to rest,
The solid gold headpiece made for his King.
King Charles the third, with noble grace
impressed,
The great power the red crimson might bring.

A monarch's burden, heavy on his brow,
The weight of history upon his throne.
With measured steps, he steps up to his vow,
With his people he never is alone.

Then later passes from his mother's hand,
The Queens reign of grace, passed to royal heir.
A new era begins, across the land,
Kings embrace, towards a nation to share.

The thousands of Loyal gathered together.
The nation will come altogether.

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