



# THE CLIPPER

**Manasquan  
High School's  
Literary and Art  
Magazine**

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2023-2024 issue

# 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."

The mission statement written in 1996 still remains true today in 2024. Ending our inactivity in recent years, we are back to continue our goal of inspiring creativity and making a place for new voices to be heard. Plus, our publication does not kill any trees! We hope you laugh, cry, and feel inspired by what you read and see. If you would like to participate in the future, please reach out. Thank you from the entire staff of The Clipper, 2023-2024.

# TOM

ANONYMOUS, POEM IN PERSPECTIVE OF TOM  
FROM THE GREAT GATSBY

This imbecile tried to tell me  
They have loved each other for years,  
But they haven't seen each other for half a  
decade.

"Not seeing," said Gatsby. "No, we couldn't  
meet."

The buffoon tries to say she never loved me,  
But I know this isn't true she loved me when  
we wed.

"Even alone I can't say I never loved Tom,"  
I stood with defeat.

But Daisy's words showed me hope.  
He asked too much and I took advantage.  
I showed her who he really was,  
And with that I had won...

"But you've got something on now that  
Walter's afraid to tell me about."

# DAISY

SHEP COOPER, POEM IN PERSPECTIVE OF DAISY  
FROM THE GREAT GATSBY

"Your wife doesn't love you," said Gatsby.

"She's never loved you. She loves me."

I stood in shock, a tear running down my  
cheek as my husband looked at me in terror.

From the ballroom beneath, muffled,  
suffocating chords were drifting up on hot  
waves of air.

There was a moment of deafening silence  
before I said,

"I never loved him."

A lie.

A Tragic night, filled with tragic lies and a  
taken life.

The "death car" as the newspaper called it,  
didn't stop.

What they don't know is that I was the driver  
of the "death car".

The horror in the woman's face matched the  
horror in Tom's early that day.

I was living in a nightmare.





# COLORS OF THE HOMELAND

YIXUAN ZHU, ART FROM PROJECT "COLORS OF THE  
HOMELAND"

# GATSBY

GAVIN DUQUE, POEM IN THE PERSPECTIVE OF  
GATSBY FROM THE GREAT GATSBY

He was a son of God, a phrase, which  
means just that-

An instinct toward his future glory.

He had discovered that people liked him  
when he smiled.

Perhaps his presence gave the evening  
its peculiar quality of oppressiveness.

For Gatsby,

one moment of magical encounter-  
would blot out five years of unwavering  
devotion.

His heartbeat faster and faster-

as Daisy's face come up to his own.

She blossomed for him like a flower.

After years of devotion,

the incarnation was complete.

# MYRTLE

YIXUAN ZHU, POEM IN THE PERSPECTIVE OF  
MYRTLE FROM THE GREAT GATSBY

On my ordinary day, I met an extraordinary person.  
His dress suit and patent leather shoes were out of  
place in the chaos of trains.

It made me so excited; I had never seen a man like  
this.

He would buy everything I want; even though I  
didn't care about that dog, it was just a little trick for  
me to prove that he still loved me.

I know it's wrong, but I am willing to make it to the  
end.

His noble status made me hate his famous lady.

I could even see the reflection from the window as  
I looked at the woman's distorted face.

I will flee, flee to our utopia, away from deception  
and poverty, until the end of death.

The flickering light, the spray of the red liquid,  
poured all over my body.

Unwilling tears eventually nourished this land that  
I hated to be dirty.



# GATSBY

ALEJANDRO PALACIOS, POEM IN THE PERSPECTIVE  
OF GEORGE FROM THE GREAT GATSBY

Here I am, looking at the dock where the green  
light glistens.

Hoping that one day Daisy will one day see my  
love for her.

I wonder everyday if she completely forgot  
about me.

One day, however, she and I will rekindle our  
love for each other and be happy just like the old  
days.

The day of the party, I'm having a great time.

With dancing and partying, life is good so far.

All of a sudden... I saw Nick, that old sport.

Not only that, but I saw Jordan.

I think to myself that this is my chance to reunite  
with Daisy.

I go and talk to Jordan, hoping for the best.



# A VISION UNFOLDING

QUINN CHAPMAN, POEMS READ DURING THE  
CHOIR CONCERT

## Prologue 1:

Each and every one of you are the  
pieces of a song not yet written  
of a world not yet sung.  
That world beckons us all.  
A future of opportunity,  
Of community, of acceptance,  
Of all that one could dream.  
Come with me, towards that harmonious  
place. A world where freedom reigns,  
and justice lies true in the hearts of all.  
It won't be easy to sing this song.  
To breathe life into that world.  
Discordant notes of injustice,  
Of hate, of frivolous desires, stand in the way;  
screeching against the vision unfolding before us.  
But, reach down with me,  
beyond the comfortable lives we live.  
Reach down past our pride, our class, our race,  
and lift each other up, grasping hand in hand  
Surpassing the superficiality that divides us.  
The song calls you.  
To walk the road less travelled and bring others along too.  
To make equality reality.  
To stand united  
For together  
We sing this world into creation.  
We compose this future.  
We are that song.

## Prologue 2:

There's calmness in the quiet.

An empty space, devoid of idea.

We are all one in silence.

But to make noise is to be human.

The rattle of a snare reverberates,

Word becomes debate.

Lips meet brass,

As stillness fails to last.

Each note struck into existence

Warns of a grievous past,

An unjust future,

And the uncertainty of today.

This is no mere melancholy melody,

It is a war cry.

As "thoughts and prayers" only go so far,

communities shift,

From silence to noise.

People stand together, confer their ideas, sharing ways to stand for others.

From noise to song.

Minor efforts transform to international movements,

The world unites in song as much as it did in silence.

From song to cry.

Spreading from country to country, people begin to fight.

Not just against the malicious peace they lived in before,

Nor the unjust oppression coming from the future,

But for their brothers and sisters alongside them.

This war will never end, each one of us a soldier for justice.

Do you hear the call of humanity's cry?

Prologue 3 (Part 1):

As the brass goes cold  
and the snares go quiet,

We cannot hide behind ignorance any longer.

As the brass goes cold  
and the snares go quiet,  
We find ourselves awake.

Awake to the sorrows of the oppressed, and now  
we fall in

Roll-stepping towards a future we make for ourselves,  
Free from expostulation, from sin  
From the terrors of inequality.

We walk a shattered path,  
A lonely, broken road.

We strive towards a peace for all,  
By change within.

The beat and blow  
become a psalm for above.\*

As we march on, we inquire the heavens-  
Reach down, Lord.

Prologue 3 (Part 2):

A light through a prism.

All of us are the same, deep down.

All our hopes and dreams are reflections of who we are,

Each ray cutting through the darkness,

Each color illuminating a different way.

When you look at one another,

Do you see someone's true light

Or are you distracted by one of the colors

Not matching with your own?

Everyone, regardless of their differences,

Deserves the right to be themselves.

In an absence of color,

The world blushes hollow.

When you look at me,

See all of me.

The tints

The tones,

The spectrum of colors in-between.

Regardless of what I believe,

What I look like,

What I have or have-not,

See this palette of hues

All interlaced into this picture of me in front of you.

And still reach down,

beyond the colors,

To that true light within,

And protect it.

Because if you and I and every other person on this Earth share that light,

Then no matter our differences or similarities,

we are all worthy of the same love.

Prologue 4:

Your eyes are open.

To both the internal light we all share,  
And the external hardships that we don't.

Your heart is open.

To the suffering of the ignored  
and the compassion of the observant.

Your soul is ready.

Ready to raise the torch of knowledge towards a new tomorrow.

Ready to embody the change our world needs.

Ready to be the light in a world of darkness.

Prologue 5:

As this suite of melodies come to a close,

The song of our new world never does.

As our world croons with notes of injustice and corruption

Through organized oppression,

We stand against cruelty,

Even if that means rewriting society from the ground up.

No longer will we fall victim to the silence of passivity.

Now we are activists,

blowing bugles of our own.

No longer will the darkness shroud,

Now we are all blazes,

Illuminating the way.

No more brides and grooms will be disturbed by the drums of war,

No more children will be forced to walk in the shadow of death.

This song of equality unites us all,

In a glorious harmony.

Our voices join as one,

Pushing back against those discordant notes

For good.

As you,

And I,

And them,

Become us.

As we welcome in a new world.

A world that we sing

Together.



# GATSBY

FINLEY NIELSEN, POEM IN THE PERSPECTIVE OF  
GATSBY FROM THE GREAT GATSBY

In dazzling lights of lavish scenes, he glows,

"The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun."

A mystery man that has a large story to unfold.

"It's more that he was a German spy during the war."

"Gatsby. Somebody told me—"

This man is yet to be known but everyone's opinions hold a bigger power.

His eyes and mind were kind.

"It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life."

A clock's chime echoes, time's relentless stride,

As book appear with no tears or teers.

"Did I tell you about the books? They're real. They're—"

In Gatsby's world, a underground bend for Daisy runs deep.

"Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay."

She comes to the moment when she needs to forget.

"I'm sorry," Daisy murmurs, soft and low,

A longing and loving gaze turns into a memory born to be forgotten.

"I'm Gatsby,"

And that was the end.

# THE DEATH OF MYRTLE WILSON

ROSE SUAREZ-MORALES, POEM IN PERSPECTIVE OF  
MYRTLE FROM THE GREAT GATSBY

After my lover Tom had broken my nose, I came home to George, my husband. He demanded an explanation, but I stayed silent.

My husband forced me to stay, he was starting to figure out my affair.

I hear a car coming to our house, I look out the window and see my husband talking to Tom.

George looks ill and tired. I've never seen him like this. He looks disturbed, itching to know who my lover is.

He's so oblivious, George is talking to my lover. I would've enjoyed seeing his face once he realizes who it is.

My husband has gotten crazier, he keeps chasing me around the house and demanding to know my lover.

I must get out of here; I can't spend any more time with this crazy thing I call my husband.

I can't handle this anymore... I must get out, I must! I'll run out the door and run to him. My lover.

I'm out the door. I'm finally free from my husband... I frantically shake my hands hoping to grab someone's attention until... I see black.

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# HAPPY BIRTHDAY

OLIVIA MAES, NARRATIVE POEM, OCTOBER 2023

If I worked for Hallmark, I would design you the best card, an open-to-hear-a-song one with confetti exploding and strawberry scratch-and-sniff stickers adorning the inside.

If I worked at a bakery, I would bake you a delectable birthday cake, a rich chocolate one with edible 24-carat gold flakes and rainbow crunchy sprinkles.

If I was a giftmaker, I would wrap your presents in iridescent paper and blue scissor-curled ribbons tied in bows.

Today, I am not any of these. Today, I am alone. Today, I said "happy birthday" to you in a tone I had never heard myself speak in. It definitely was not the same tone as last year, when I sang it to you at a family dinner and yelled it to you on the phone at midnight. It was an in-passing exchange, slightly out of pity, slightly out of nostalgia. I don't know why I said it.

The bittersweet feeling of growing up, without you, comes with a bittersweet feeling of staying behind, with you. Knowing I *can* live without you is like peroxide to a gash, cleaning out the harm caused before. Knowing I *have* to live without you is still like peroxide to a gash, stinging what has already been hurting for so long.

There is no denying that since my last birthday, when we last needed each other like a sky needs its stars, I have been much better off. I go out. I breathe. I see what I missed. Yet, today, on your birthday, the first one in years without us, I feel the invisible string still tying me to the age you just passed. The age I knew you to be, the person I knew you to be.

If I was your age, maybe I would know the right way to feel. Still, I am one birthday behind you forever, like a trailing regret you can't seem to place. Even though I trail, I do not follow anymore. Our paths may have crossed at some very extraordinary, cosmic point in time, but now, I make my own orbit. You just happen to be nearby.

Today, on your birthday, I am alone. I am okay with that now. I know you are too. It is good to be alone sometimes. Maybe it is good to be alone all of the time. I don't know. I just know I like me better now. This is my Hallmark card with quotes, my birthday cake with bittersweetness, my gift of letting go. Okay, that's all.

Happy Birthday.

# CURRENT EVENT SONNETS

GAVIN D'ALTRUI, REGARDING SCOTTIE SCHEFFLER

On just a regular Friday morning  
A golf pro and one police officer,  
Oblivious to all the warnings,  
One of the world's best, named Scottie Scheffler,  
Allegedly, he assaulted a police.  
He claimed he did not know he had to halt.  
Happened in Kentucky, all in the street.  
Scottie charged with second degree assault.  
Scottie Scheffler was put in handcuffs,  
Consequently, he was taken to jail,  
Was like hitting a shot into the rough.  
For him, the morning had been a huge fail.  
He was finally released to go play,  
Very happy to see the light of day.

MOLLY REID, REGARDING SCOTTIE SCHEFFLER

Scottie Scheffler warmed up in a jail cell,  
Great way to start morning of a big tournament.  
This would not matter when he did well.  
Five under par brought him up to the front.  
Man gets hit by bus causing confusion,  
Police asked Scottie to stop but he moves,  
Police grab on car as a conclusion.  
Scottie will head to jail as panic looms.  
Officer had no idea who he was.  
Scottie charged with many offenses,  
This was for breaking many bylaws.  
Missing his tee time caused lots of suspense.  
He got his mugshots in time to make it,  
He had many fans cheering while he hit.



CARINA MARTELL, REGARDING GABBY DOUGLAS

Olympic champion, Gabby Douglas,  
In 2012 gymnastics, she won gold.  
A break from the sport soon made her restless,  
Even though now she is almost too old.  
Her return started out happy and fun,  
Full of stuck landings and perfect routines,  
But it appears that her bad luck begun,  
With thousands of people watching on screens.  
Douglas began on the uneven bars,  
She fell two times and scared worse than ever.  
Then realized that she was just seeing stars,  
Quit the meet for her safety; however,  
This may harm her chances for a return,  
Third Olympics is something she must earn.

## LUKE MANNING, REGARDING SCOTTIE SCHEFFLER

Scottie's downfall, a shocking event.  
Once a golf star, now in disgrace.  
Cuffed and booked, his reputation bent,  
Mugshot snapped with a depressed face.  
Scottie Scheffler, rising star so bright,  
Humble beginnings, a journey untold.  
Conquering greens with skill and might,  
Determination fueled his rise so bold.  
Precision shots, a master's true art,  
Unwavering focus, a mind so keen,  
Leaving spectators with jaws apart,  
Elevating golf to heights unseen.  
A cautioning tale of fame's cruel twist,  
Scottie's arrest, a story we can't miss.

PATRICK PRIEST

The sun, it blazed with fiery might.  
Solar flares erupted in the sky's embrace,  
Auroras danced, a mesmerizing sight  
Across the northern hemisphere, their grace.  
May tenth, the night the first did land,  
Then four more followed, fierce and bold  
Til the thirteenth's early hours did stand.  
X-class blasts, their tale was told  
From Ar3664, the flares did soar.  
A region vast, its presence wide  
58 sunspots, a cosmic chore  
In eclipsed glasses, they did bide.  
Though radiation blocked, humans stayed unscathed,  
Satellites disrupted; in their paths, they strayed.

MORGAN FEENEY

New clothes are making people look and stare.  
There are new ways to make wool for wearing.  
The clothes are made with hair that's treated there,  
Is making a good impact sharing.  
They treat the hair with chemicals to clean,  
Then they dye it and wove it to fabric,  
Then they will be used for prototype scenes,  
This will help the environment stay slick.  
This is a new way to make new clothing,  
This will revolutionize this culture.  
This will get all the major brands rolling,  
To help stop hair waste we need this structure.  
Having this new style will help leave the Earth,  
So much more cleaner and filled with more worth.

## JOJO REYES, REGARDING TIK TOK

Musically to TikTok it has been fun,  
From dancing with all our friends day and night..  
The journey has been done the laughter spun,  
Now it's time the people are gonna fight.  
The big government wants to ban the great app,  
A great number of citizens will lose some income;  
However, the people are going to snap,  
And after the ban you are gonna hear drums.  
Even though we don't know when it is banned,  
Though some may say it's against amendments.  
All of our people are going to take a stand.  
We came from music; we are descendants.  
All in all, TikTok should be able to thrive,  
So we as a nation can continue to strive.

KELSEY KALEMBA, REGARDING CAITLIN CLARK

Caitlin Clark, best women's basketball player.  
The league set records with viewers over one million.

Every shot she makes people praise her,  
Hopefully one day, it'll reach one billion.  
Caitlin brings new milestones to women's sports,  
Setting more and more records everyday,  
The popularity will not be short.

Maybe her team will make it all the way,  
It is only Caitlin's first season here.  
She is making waves across the United States,  
Caitlin had the most amazing college career,  
To prepare for the league, she hits the weights.  
Her team may have a bad losing record,  
But everything she does has the crowd floored!



NICK KUTCHER

When the silent get a voice, there is no stop,  
The deep-rooted, strident minds disagree.  
The irresistible past is the shop.  
That the potent used to steal hold with glee.  
A fight for good is a poor man's dispute,  
While those in power stay watching above.  
Now when the pitiable reconstitute,  
Their efforts were thwarted without any love.  
Power meets itself in the face and smiles,  
Their appealing look and appalling aid  
It all goes their way until the truth rials,  
Tides have turned,  
Now the small shrill are afraid.  
Justice has been served, and right can be done,  
The mighty gone, in their place everyone.

KIERAN SCHNEIDER

From the sun's flares a storm on earth descends,  
The light bright and vivid skies to paint.  
Electromagnetic waves the sun sends.  
Disrupting power grids and causing faint.  
These asteroids mass ejections hurl fast.  
And with them the vibrant lights will dance tonight.  
In northern skies, a sight to last,  
A blend of awe and very cool might.  
Communication, satellites at risk,  
As solar winds through solar space could blow.  
To insane effects, we must be brisk.  
Alert the world to nature's brilliant show.  
So watch the skies for the big rocks might,  
A weekend filled with wonder and delight.

GAVIN CAREW

Scientists say, beneath Thwaites,  
seawater flows. The water is not cold.  
Melting cide, as climate change loudly blows.  
Scientists say sea levels could unfold.  
The warm water's hold beneath the ice's land,  
The largest glacier is being broken.  
The world is asking for a helping hand.  
Scientists say we need to be woken.  
A large melting glacier, earth loud sad cry.  
The icy giant, widest ever seen,  
This could be average sea levels goodbye,  
Could drown our shores, a very chilling scene.  
A useful and effective change can be made,  
We must do this before the ice can fade.

MYLES CARSTENS, REGARDING THE CHICAGO  
BEARS

It's a new year, which means new potential.  
A fresh quarterback, and a great offense,  
With a defense, just as essential,  
Bears games every week that will be intense.  
An electric division with technique,  
That will exceed the fans' expectations,  
For the Bears, a successful winning streak,  
And a family full of temptations.  
Excitement builds up for Chicago,  
As we might just watch history unfold.  
Caleb Williams putting on a show,  
Every winter home game with wind and cold.  
Keenan Allen, Rome Odunze, and Swift,  
Watching the Bears play will be a great gift.

## JAKE LITZINGER, REGARDING THE NEW YORK KNICKS

The Knicks fought hard, but fell just a bit short.  
Most of the scoring came from number eleven,  
And all of this happened on the most famous court.  
The series was decided in game seven.  
It all happened at the end of the week,  
Even though they gave it all that they had,  
The great New York team lost their winning stream,  
And a lot of the fans were very sad.  
We played the whole playoffs without Randle,  
The Knicks won their first series against Philly.  
A game seven loss is very hard to handle,  
If you don't love the Nove Knicks, you are silly.  
New York has a very bright future ahead.  
Next year we will put the haters to bed.

SAMANTHA PRICE

In California, the drive through took place,  
Families in need with grumbling tummies.  
Food was distributed; hunger erased  
For those who struggle with money.  
Before the act of kindness from strangers,  
Low-income areas' healthy declining,  
But with new help, a change in behavior  
Now it's visible; the silver lining.  
Work done for free, no money seen close by  
Make these special people so commended.  
New nutrition can never go awry,  
Less fortunate lives would be transcended.  
So with kind hearts and brains put together,  
One could be changing a life forever.



ANELLA PETRACCO

In halls of power, where decisions are made,  
The voices of the people seek to be heard,  
Yet echoes of corruption cast a dark shade,  
As politicians' promises are blurred.  
The quest for justice, a noble pursuit,  
But power often taints the purest of hearts.  
Lobysist and interests, they take root,  
While common people's struggles tear them apart.  
Democracy, a fragile flame of hope,  
Where freedom's fire burns in every soul,  
But apathy and division start to lope,  
As politics becomes a power control.  
Let us remember, in this political race,  
To safeguard democracy and embrace its grace.

LEXI DRENT

Turbulence strikes passengers as they fly,  
Thirty-seven thousand feed in the air,  
This ill-fated flight had gone awfully awry  
With wounds, one-hundred and four people share.  
From London to Singapore, the plane goes,  
Through unstable weather triggering storms,  
Complications in the transit arose,  
The result was not like usual norms.  
The plane took a dip down hundreds of feet,  
People terrified as they dropped past,  
Plates scattered with people bloodily beat,  
Though for only a few seconds it last.  
Most were only left with small wounds to tend,  
And through unfortunately, one met their end.

ABBY ZIROLI

The weekend sun released big solar flares,  
In northern hemisphere see auroras  
Southern hemisphere, you see them in the air.  
These flames were like an amazing chorus.  
Most powerful sun surface explosion.  
Sun spot is fifteen times wider than the Earth.  
Earth's hemisphere blocks the harmful poison.  
The changed particles follow the flare's birth.  
These particles disable the system,  
Charged CMEs hit oxygen and nitrogen,  
Creates pretty auroras at random.  
The auroras look different to men.  
Pretty auroras feel out of this world,  
They danced in the dark night sky and swirled.



# COASTER SET

TANNER VALLLIO

# EDITOR'S NOTE

In my past two years helping run The Clipper, I have grown not only creatively, but have matured while reading and writing some of these works. I began my involvement in The Clipper when I was going through one of the worst times of my life, the treacherous 11th grade. I was struggling in most ways, but one way in which I was not was in writing. During this time, words flowed from me like lava and I simply could not stop. I decided to help reboot The Clipper to have my voice heard, to let my peers listen and to see if I could provide them words that they could not fathom expressing. I hoped to make someone feel moved, and, even if it is just wishful thinking, I believe this happened.

As my time at Manasquan comes to an end, I would like to thank Mrs. Onorato and Mr. Goodall specifically for helping this little publication and dream of mine come to fruition. Alongside our writers and everyone who has submitted something (even if it took me begging in front of my English class), these people are the reason you can choose to read and view these works of art. Especially Mrs. Onorato, who helped foster the writer in me during English I Honors on Microsoft Teams. I hope someone, maybe even the person reading this right now, will work on continuing on The Clipper for the upcoming years. Resources, morale, and all of that stuff may be low and dwindling, but all it takes is one person to make a change. Regarding The Clipper, I am proud to take credit and say I did that.

Did I spend my high school years doing everything I wanted to do happily and worry-free? If you know remotely anything about me, the answer is a hard no. Yet, I am so grateful for all of the opportunities Manasquan has given me, especially with The Clipper.

I hope after reading this someone will be inspired to continue The Clipper's legacy. Thank you,  
Olivia Maes, Editor in Chief



# THE CLIPPER

Advisor - Mrs.  
Onorato  
Editor-in-Chief -  
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