

haywire

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Images in Transition

Publisher's Note

By Lee Beckley

*"And these things that live, slipping away,
understand that you praise them;
transitory themselves, they trust us for rescue,
us, the most transient of all. They wish us to
transmute them in our invisible heart - oh, infinitely
into us! Whoever we are."*

Rainer Marie Rilke 1922

The anxious maelstrom of the day's meetings, papers, and novels runs through my mind as I blithely ride through birch lined streets in the rising light of dawn. Other thoughts trickle in:

Is it merely an adult act to reflect upon nature in platitudes? Why should kids care about Keats? Where are my keys? How do seasons affect our personalities?

These thoughts filter through until my son's wail arrests our sinuous path. He's wrecked his bike. I swivel and scurry back. He lies contorted in the frame's embrace clutching his knee. His piercing cry shatters the morning stillness with sharp clap and my empathy arrives in warm dad-hands "owa!"

Our school journey winds us down Biesalskistraße in a game of pinball for my my eight-year old; where branches are meant to be broken, and puddles are targets. Sinewy roots ravage the macadam in sinuous plunder - these oblique stones turn into launch ramps to infinity. Shifting leaf mounds transform into cushions to breaking our fake falls. The alternating stone pattern in quiet street warbles our tires and rattles a symphony in spokes.

But on this morning, with the amber light increasing our vision, a Tom Sawyer-esque "elastic heart of youth" quickly snaps back into shape and he's off again with fresh tears sticking to his face. A knight's aplomb.

In our transition to school, and while I follow his shimmering red light, I have a notion: my son's playground is everywhere. While we wait in search for inspiration with grand ideals, our immediate surroundings often go unnoticed.

We think, like Keats, that "warm days will never cease," but on this October morning time fluttered by but the image remained:

tilting my head back - away from his meandering red orb - the diffused light seeps through our covering in planes of translucent geometries.

There is a certain tension in transitioning: from home to school, skinned knee to carefree riding, and summer to fall that we become aware of our place. And these images in transition should never fail to let the power of beauty speak to us.

His tears dry before we wedge through the green gate, but a salt streak rests comfortably on his cheek. I reach for a Taschentuch, but he sprints away, "bye, dad!" Standing there, holding my lock and key, I imagine he's shared the same moment. Our radiant cover quickly changes to the walls of our rooms.

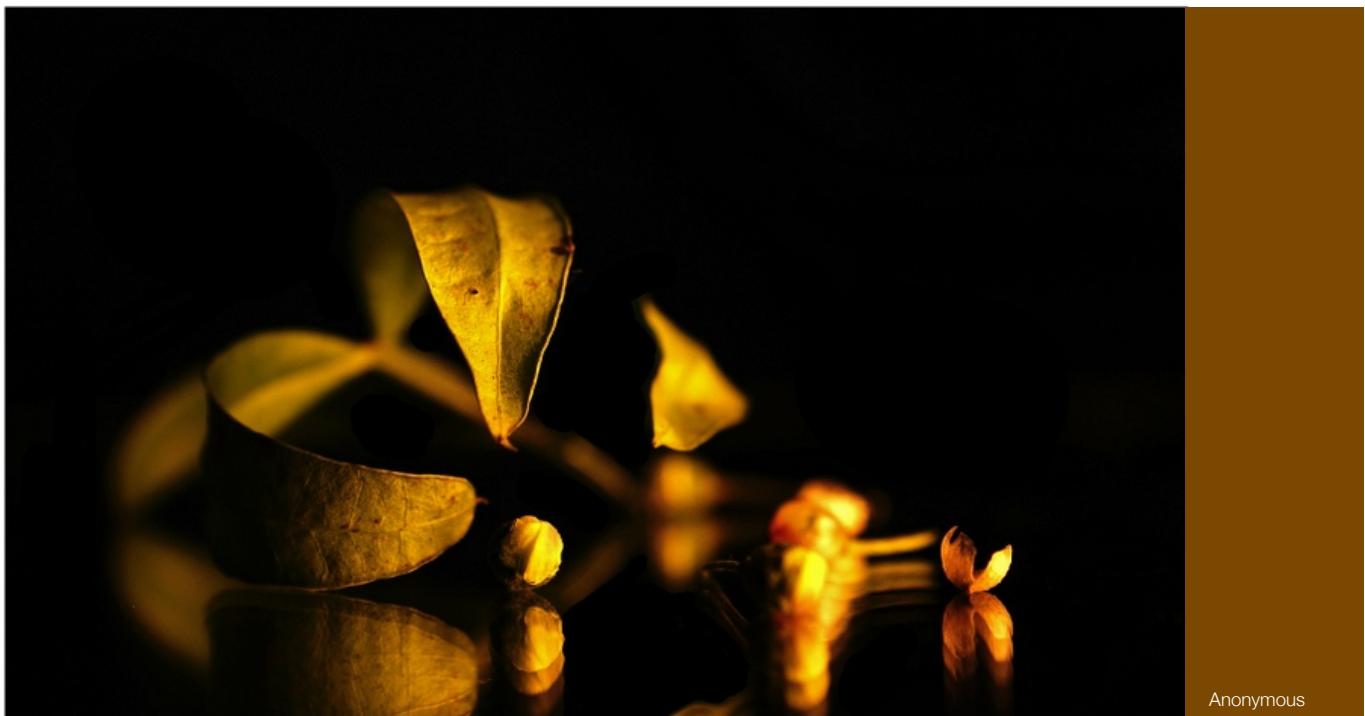
Please engage the places that our students share in our second issue of *haywire*.

Please share your art in our next issue.

Send submissions to: haywirejfk@gmail.com



NEW POEMS



Anonymous

MELANCHOLY

by Eli Goodman, 7th grade

it comes creeping as an overwhelming
monster
it is a shadow waiting to pounce

it eats you
you scream angry as a bull
scared as a mouse
never coming out of your hole

it is killed
by a knight in shining armor
he saves you
now you thank happiness
you laugh

but you don't forget
the shadow ready to pounce

PRESENT JOY

by Abigail Dye, 9th grade

The bright green leaf at the top of the
tree
Looks at the bright world below, filled
with song.

It takes in the cheerful singing of
children,
Everything seems so complete.

Now the yellow leaf at the top of the
tree
Wavers in the wind, but remains
attached.
The beauty of autumn envelopes the
leaf,
But soon it all will be gone.

The little leaf, no longer at the top of the
tree
Falls swiftly to the ground by the rough
wind of winter.
It lies on the cold ground, unnoticed
until
It feels that destructive foot.

Now a new leaf at the top of the tree
Observes as the world awakens after
that restless slumber.
It realizes that this happiness will not
linger,
But it finds its joy in the present.

WONDER

by Nina Buchwald, 10th grade

Dew drops on a yellow leaf
Sunsets of memory and grief
On to a new phase
Be prosperous, be brave

The colors of the sunset
melt together like warm candle wax
Oh the smell of a pumpkin spice latté

And when the weather starts to drop
Snuggle tight in your blanket, cozy and
hot
For the days await you slowly
Halloween to Thanksgiving
Appreciate this wonderful life and start
living

GREEN, YELLOW, AND BROWN

by Marc Auf Der Heyde, 9th grade

I am ambling, on my tiny feet,
and I feel the cold hard texture of the ground,
As I explore, and learn,
all around me I hear Autumn's sounds.
The wind is blowing and the leaves are rustling,
and I can clearly hear the sound of the animals running,
to their dens for deep hibernation.
So many colors, green yellow brown, my youthful eyes,
have never, ever seen,
the trees they look like
something imaginary out of a dream.
And the ground, so cold,
is still beautiful nevertheless,
there is an aura, like a guilty man,
trying to confess.

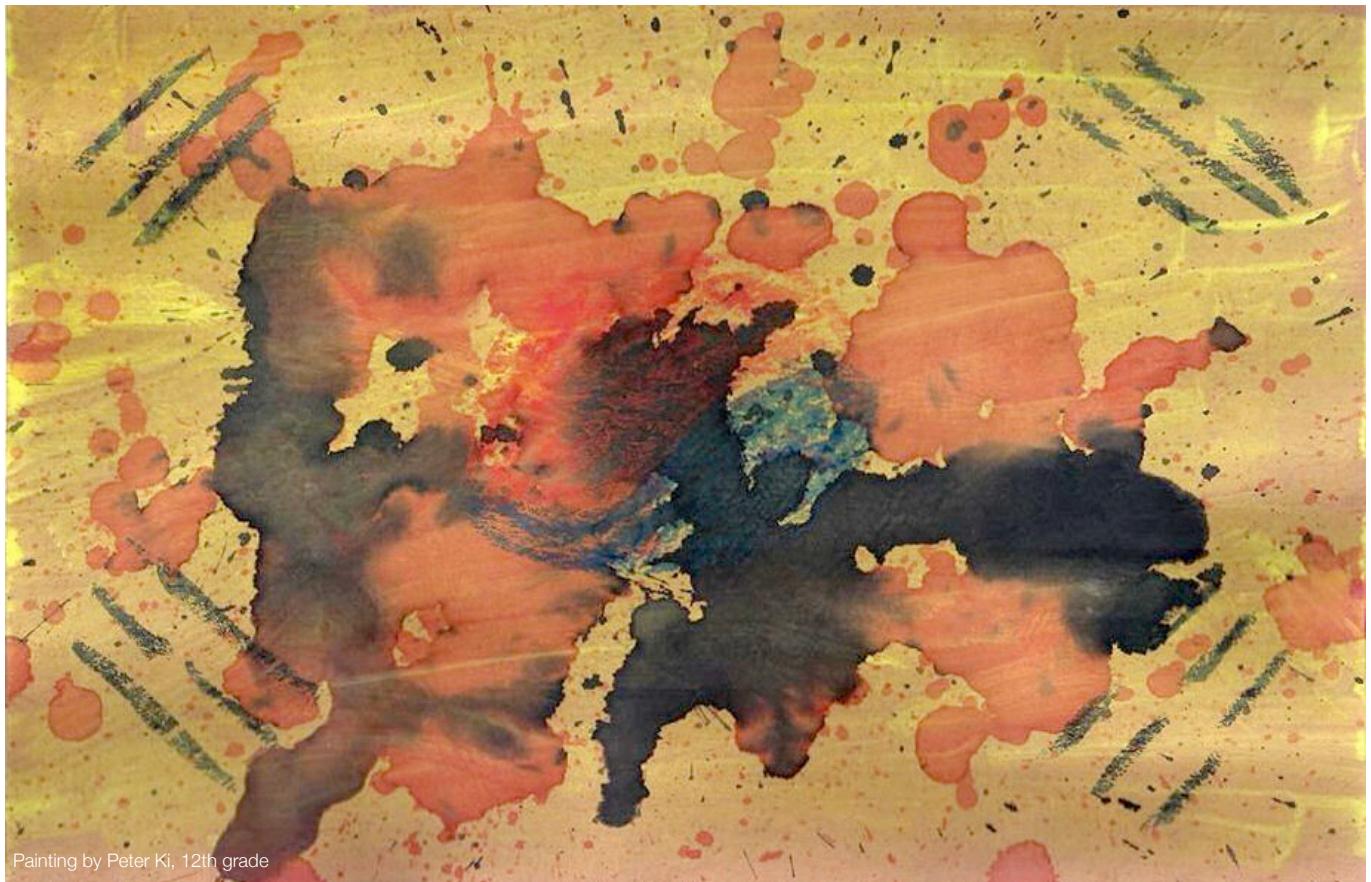
I am now walking straight, not ambling,
with children of my own.
It is the same park that I once knew,
but the trees have immensely grown.
My wife stands beside me and smiles with her perfect lips,
the wind is getting louder as it tries to grip,
the sound which is of, a whizzing knife like nature.
I start to ponder thoughts, I never pondered all those years
ago,

like how cold the trees must be feeling so bare and naked
without any clothes.

But the pondering stops
And I am brought back to the reality
of life.
War, corruption and other evil things.

I am being driven through the park
on four turning wheels,
Just an hour ago I had what would be
one of my last meals.
My withered skin, my hair is gray ,
my limbs all ache for release and my soul wants to get out of
here today.
But dying is not such an easy way out.
When one has lived life to the fullest there is something about
the idea of death that is simply unpleasant.
But when one is like me
at the end of the road
where the river of my life
begins bit by bit to slow.
I welcome the darkness, for the colors I see
Green, Yellow and Brown help my soul to free.





Painting by Peter Ki, 12th grade

BLINK OF AN EYE

by Livia El-Khawad, 11th grade

Open your eyes
there is a beautiful scene.
The trees are topped with thousands of
red velvet hats
and yellow spotted caps.
Letting them float to the ground
without making a sound.
The trees are dancing to the fresh
icy breath of death,
with no pause, with no rest.

Day after day it breathes on,
the trees are robbed of their last warmth.

It comes when none notices,
with the blink of an eye it's over
leaving only coldness.

STEADY DECAY

by Leah Goodman, 9th grade

Tenderly, their bittersweet hues
clutter the welcoming earth.
the inevitable call of Autumn.
Warmly tinted petals
cradled by the last
of the fresh summer blades
and they all plummet down.

Their shy feet scamper,
across a frozen orange littered ground.
And their gloved hands clench tighter
until the colour washes
from their limbs.
Their chapped lips fold,
and gently start to smile,
as the leaves once again tumble
to the tempo of their falling hearts.

But why is matter
pulled down by gravity
captivating to the human eye?
And how could we possibly
stop the lovely falling matter
from slow deterioration
to winter?

What matters is
that the days get darker,
and steadily fade
to a point of no vision.
And whether we try or not,
beautiful decay is growing near.

GOLDEN MAN

by Jakob Eckardt, 11th grade

He lived his life learning,
From young on 'till old,
And lived his life yearning
To turn knowledge to gold.

He was taught to study,
And studied to learn,
But when work would end,
Was of his concern.

He grew to be wealthy,
To buy himself time,
To end up with more gold,
The longer the climb.

To work is to live,
To learn is to grow,
But what do you work for,
The farther you go?

The man worked for gold,
So he could settle down.
But it wasn't the gold,
But the knowledge he found.

APPLE RUN

by Helen Kauls, 11th grade

I run
Leaves swirl into the air
Cool air

I can see my breath
Steady breath
Leaping as I duck under

Red apples from trees hang
Ripening apples

Hitting heads of unwatchful eyes

I laugh
Pass funny-faced round head
Dented head



Photograph by Sonia Hellenbrand, 11th grade

UNTITLED

by Sophie Kuckuck, 11th grade

Woke up to the soft simmer of rain
The darkness spilled into my sights
As I pulled forth the consoling black curtains
I let reality adjust to my lights
I consider the beauty in change
Of the feeling that strangles my love
Aware of inevitable downfall
Indulging in what soon I'll be free of

As fall recedes into winter
The end shuffles shyly behind
I want to confide in him truly,
But one month will undo all the efforts,
Erasing Berlin from his white picket mind

The best cannot be real,
Its greatness cannot prevail
Though, I'll settle for nothing less
Gold will succumb to its title - and ideal - a mere fairy tale

AUTUMN EMPIRE

by Olivia Gallup, 9th grade

Alighting on the soft emerald a golden ray
Bedazzling the awakening world
The new coils unfurl in a shock of life
The ground explodes in sudden brilliance
Budding, blooming, rising,
A glimmering glance of shimmering shammer
Twinkles off petals of hot vermillion,
Bittersweet jade, honey-like lemon, royal violet, icy azure,
And rich sapphire.
Unrestrainable, insuppressible, uncontrollable
Reaching with greedy impatience
Lusting ever for more
Yet all empires must fall.

Sky-spanning spires of thriving fruit
Are set ablaze by a spark of the cold
The shivering flame, hungry for justice
Jealously thirsting for the rich's harvest
Roars and burns in the heat of the moment
Revolution, spurned on by the whispering wind,
A breeze rustles the hissing russet remains
Stripped away by the whistling gale
Which leaves only bare bones and rattling twigs.
The fire dies out and the excitement fades
Oh where has thy empire gone?

The light is now gone and no heat has stayed
Piercing ice wounds the cold hard ground
Vast emptiness stretches out obliviously
Scavengers frantically search for survival,
While frost lacerates the very air and scraps of warmth
Are scratched at by the claws of the ice queen.
Jealousy becomes regret,
As the frigid bleakness settles on the ashes of the dead land
Harsh sun barely smiling in the mind-numbing freeze
The memory of warmth becomes a dream of the cold flesh
And when the whipping wind laughs cruelly without mercy
Life rises out of the ashes.

AUTUMN

by Avery Veglianti, 9th grade

Small gestures suggest that nature has fallen asleep,
Like a brown bear in its damp and dark den,
Waiting for the signal out of this dreary dream,
Tiny white flakes land on the bare bark of a tree, Alas we know it's winter.

Stretching and clawing as the sun shines in the bear's eye,
The sound of life pounds like a heartbeat.
The green grass sways to the music of the warm breeze,
Animals awake from their slumber, Alas we know its spring.

Every plant is at full blossom under the blazing rays of the sun,
Time passes as the leaves change color to red, brown, or yellow
And tumble down the tree leaving behind a cool breeze.
Alas we know summer has ended and fall has begun.

ONE LAST BREATH

by David Strasiewsky, 11th grade

When the lukewarm wind begins to bite
and the branches, like bones, seem to reach for the shallow blanket of clouds,

when the leaves in brown, red and gold
float like little boats in the hazy puddles,

when the damp earth under the mossy foliage
fills the air with scents of herbs and spice
and the last birds twitter and chirp, embracing the frosty clutch of cold, hard winter,

then Mother Nature draws one last breath
and the radiant, golden apple in the sky decays
while the lights in every house elicit the cozy solitude to overcome the imminent winter days of dread.

AUTUMN

by Olivia Swarthout, 9th grade

the treetops burning red as sin
the days bleed out, now carve a grin
and dream away the sparrow's flight
hail those who walk the night

cast aside your leafy crown
in the rain you'll strike me down
shroud the world in sheets of gray
hurry now or lose your way

everywhere a storm of gold
fall asleep as days grow cold
ashes fall and fires ride
walk among a thousand eyes

on the wind a cloud of flame
lose your voice and forget your name
sing a hymn to the dying sun
there once was light but now there's none



Drawing by Erica Lewis, 12th grade



Artwork by Alex Guete, 12th grade

BRAIN

by Clara Lindemann, 7th grade

My brain is a
machine
in which
excitement brews,
anger lives,
pain burns,
boredom rests,
dreams and wishes
rotate.

My brain is a
CD player,
that plays
the same phrases
nonstop.

My brain is a
calculator
with slight
technical issues.

My brain is a
treasure chest,
full of diamonds
And rubies.

My brain is a
box that overflows with
knowledge,
but will still
be fed
with more.

My brain is the squishy ball
that keeps me
thinking.

MY FRIEND AUTUMN

by Mick Mehnert, 11th grade

Sitting at the window
Rain pleading for entrance
Outside, a concert of wet tiptoes
Beating against the window

The leaves dancing to the rhythm
See shadows of tree-like creatures
Inside the warmth is protecting
Like a warm blanket, wrapped around me

The sun left quickly
Leaving behind the cold colorful leaves
I open the window to smell the fresh autumn air
I spread my arms and let autumn guide me through the wet garden

The rain is cleansing me from the hot summer
I welcome autumn to my slumber.

THE SUN'S REPPLICATE

by Lucie Charlotte Lange

In the moonlight,
We don't know:
What is right?
What is wrong?

In the moonlight,
We do things,
That in the sunlight,
We'd never do.

In the moonlight,
We lose ourselves,
In the moonlight,
We forget ourselves,
In the moonlight,
We hide away.

In the moonlight,
We wait for the sun,
Under this ever lasting moonlight,
Time, never runs.



PAPA TREE

by Justus Rising, 10th grade

The old tree was quite sagacious,
His children, the leaves, shrieked:
“Don’t make us.”
Said the tree with a frown,
“Now you must all fall down.”
Thus colorful beings became slush.

Artwork by Alex Guete, 12th grade



CRITICAL ESSAYS



Drawing by Olivia Albrecht, 11th grade

Who Am I Really?

A Girl's Journey to Find Her Family and Identity

By Anna Weinrautner, 7th grade

The adolescent quest for understanding leaves its marks on Nhamo as she struggles against loneliness while trying to find her true identity. In Nancy Farmer's 1996 novel called *A Girl Named Disaster* Nhamo goes on a year-long journey to find her long-lost father, and reunite herself with her family. While traveling from Mozambique to Zimbabwe she finds herself amazed by the rapid change of scenery. In Nhamo's arduous journey she feels the lonely sickness, a gut-wrenching feeling,

but she must stay strong if she ever wants to see her father again.

Although Nhamo's loneliness seems unbearable it leads her to discovering her true identity, which is not a Shona princess, but rather a blend of her own ancient culture and the speedily progressing new world.

Farmer's novel portrays Nhamo's perilous journey to Zimbabwe where she believes she will find her father and live with him in the future. At the start of the novel, the people she loves the most are the ones giving her away, and

complete strangers are trying to save her. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, throwing this child away to save your miserable skins" (72).

Nhamo is devastated when she finds out that her family is unconcerned about her future. Quite the opposite, they would gladly give her away if the Ngozi would go away with her. As the people in her environment are too weak to help her, she feels that she will have a bleak and painful future living with Zororo and his wives instead of the

seemingly short and joyous voyage to find her father.

Even though she has been treated unfairly by her people, when she is on Baboon Island she is reluctant to give away her only remaining tie to the village. "It had been made with the many, many hands of the village, and when it was gone she would have no more food that had been touched by her people" (155).

Her own family had wanted to marry her off to the vile Zororo, just to get rid of the Ngozi. Still they were family and she loved them all the same. They cared for her most of the time and tended to her when she

was sick. They talked to her and accepted her and unlike the Baboons didn't exclude her completely like they had with Rumpy.

Nhamo remembers pounding mealies, and how Masvita never had to do any of the hard work. At the end of the book she realizes why. "Ambuya didn't want me to be like Masvita" (288). Nhamo had always wanted everything that Masvita had: a father and mother, a loving family, and a beautiful body. Ambuya is telling her that she should be herself, and that she is better than Masvita.

Nhamo has taken many risks to be able to model her own future,

instead of just sitting there and waiting for life to take its toll. The protagonist's parlous voyage through Africa leaves her with a new understanding of the many aspects of life modern, and old.

Nhamo's struggle does not only happen in the African jungle. Her journey took a whole year, but it happens to us every day. We figure out our place in society, where we stand in comparison to others. We find out who we really are, and who will stick with us when we are in dire need of company.

Fragmented Relationships

On Toni Morrison's *Sula*

By Nick Jannes, 11th grade

The novel *Sula*, written by Toni Morrison in 1973, lays down a chronologically fragmented tale focusing on the interactions of several people. The main character, Sula, from which the novel gets its name, struggles with controlling her actions and finds herself often as a scapegoat for her town, Medallion's, problems.

Nevertheless, she quickly develops a powerful friendship with a girl named Nel, through which she can cope with her image and race. Toni Morrison tries to illustrate Nel and Sula's intricate relationship through the use of strong metaphoric language and complex symbols.

Both Nel and Sula are African-American women living in a small, rural town by the name of Medallion, where racial prejudice limits their opportunities and befuddles their image. Sula begins several

intimate relationships with men, even white men, that cause the town to ostracize her. Eventually, she catalyzes an affair with Jude, Nel's husband.

Needless to say, Nel was gobsmacked by her

"Morrison utilizes such metaphoric language to show a change in the psyche of Nel, but also creating a connection to Sula's promiscuous behavior."

best friend's betrayal. Nel was accepting of all of Sula's mischievous doings for, "Nel was the one person who had wanted nothing from her, who had accepted all of her" (119). She was attracted to Sula's self-

dependency and self admiration. Sula's betrayal caused a metamorphosis in Nel, as she soon thought of herself as, "one of the spiders whose only thought was the next rung of the web, who dangled in dark, dry places suspended by their own spittle" (120).

Morrison utilizes such metaphoric language to show a change in the psyche of Nel, but also creating a connection to Sula's promiscuous behavior. Each rung of the web symbolizes another man for Sula, and being suspended by one's spittle as one standing alone. In such a concise sentence, Morrison takes advantage of metaphors to portray Sula and Nel's shattered friendship.

The passage also exhumes many aspects of Nel and Sula's fractured friendship through symbolic language. Morrison portrays Sula's seductive behavior

as a predator catches its prey though the symbolic statement, “their eyes so intent on the wayward stranger who trips in to their net, they were blind to the cobalt on their own back” (120).

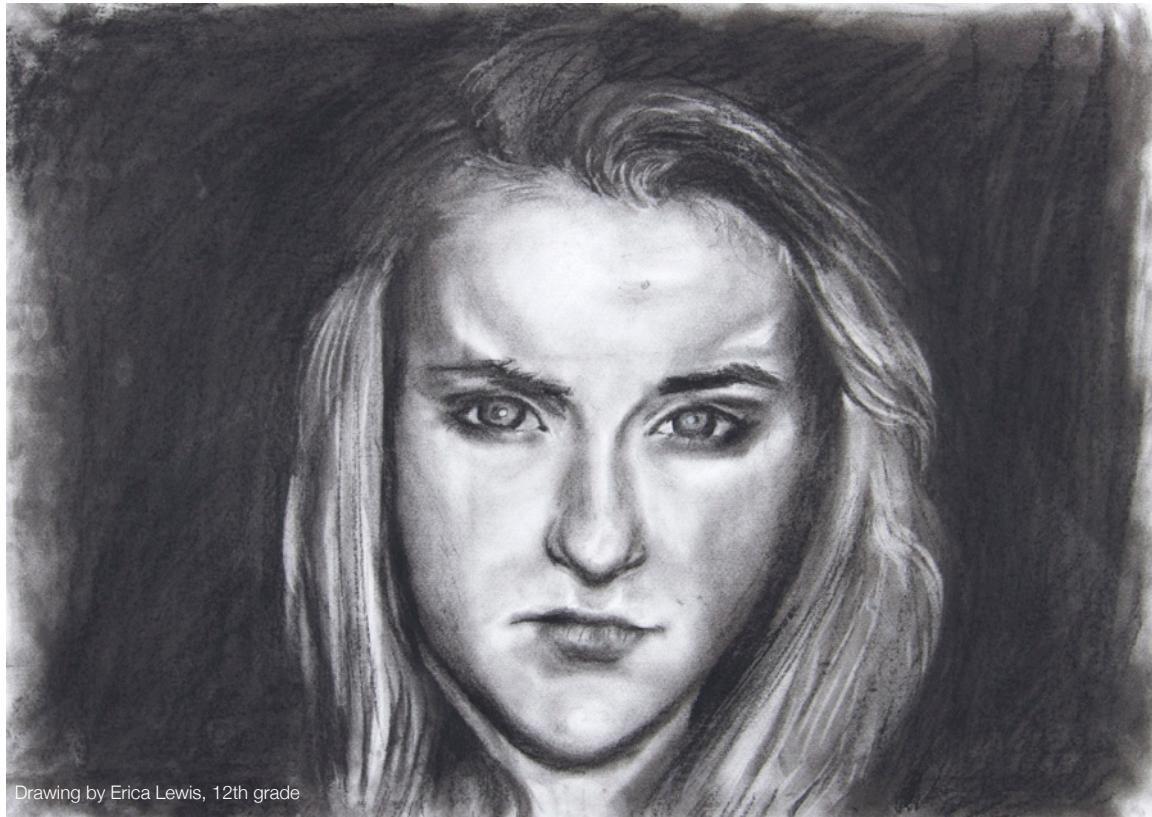
Morrison utilizes this symbolic language to paint Sula and Nel as widowmakers or femme fatales. Given that both are blind to the cobalt on their backs symbolizes Nel’s ignorance of Sula’s affair. Their licentious behavior is further characterized by the sentence, “if they were touched by the snake’s breath, however fatal, they were merely

victims and knew how to behave in that role” (120).

The snake’s breath symbolizes any hardships that the two friends may go through and Sula, whenever in distress, was able to behave as the victim in order to come out on top, a trait typical of any promiscuous person. Toni Morrison uses this short passage to show that Nel realizes she must either end her relationship with Sula, or adapt and evolve to survive in her brutally disheartening environment.

Sula and Nel’s friendship is the main focus of Sula’s narrative.

Sula’s behavior serves as a forerunner to her ultimate affair with Jude. Nel is initially accepting of her wrongdoings, for she was weak, but now she must stand up for herself and generate a stance in her betrayal-filled proximity. Morrison uses both symbolic and metaphoric language to convey Nel’s sudden and profound transformation from shy childlike to independent strong woman.



Drawing by Erica Lewis, 12th grade

Forever Scarred

A Short Story

By Angelica Peek, 7th grade

“Kris, you’re going to tip the boat over!”, my best friend squeals. “Geez, I just wanted to have some fun.” I slump my back, hang my head, and pretend to pout. This makes her laugh hysterically. We are one of the few boats out in the Northern Sea at this time of year.

It is almost three months out of fishing season, but we like it anyway. “Wow, look what I caught!” We pull it, with difficulty, out of the water and lean in to take a closer look. Sarah and I happen to collect rare fish and this one is extraordinarily different from any fish I

have ever seen. We will have to kill it, though it may not be that easy.

The beast was easily five feet long and four feet in diameter. It had thin, hairy legs that had orange and red polka dots. He had a scowling mouth which held razor sharp teeth. Also, his glistening eye — similar to that of a human — was red with a brown, thick, furrowed brow to top it off. His skin was rough like sand paper.

I felt the slightest urge to touch it, but I refrained. He had land legs and flippers. In the simplest form, it was a death machine. I was too stuck in the moment to notice it change position. We had to kill it, so I had my knife out. Right before I could puncture its skin, it leaped out of the boat and grew!

Now he was six and a half feet long and livid with us for wanting to kill him. The creature glides swiftly around the boat, looking for a weakness. He wants our blood and will stop at nothing for it. The beast could easily overpower us. I'm not afraid, nor will I go down without a fight. Sarah on the other hand is shaking violently as incessant sobs rack her thin frame. I comfort Sarah with a hug, but she really needs to pull it together.

I remember after my grandfather retired from the Army he always kept some equipment in the boat. I reach down into the lower compartment and frantically search through a variety of smelly bait, fishing rods, sinkers, and fishing caps until I find a revolver and a grenade.

The creature is becoming more persistent and Sarah's sobs are increasing in volume. I quickly take aim and fire. The beast is fuming with anger. I am prepared for the recoil, but my hand is shaking from being inexperienced with a gun. After two more rounds I finally hit the right fin, the more dominant one.



Pastel by Louisa Schnalke

The creature has also found its target: The loosened board at the back, right next to the motor, where Sarah is rocking back and forth, hugging her knees. Thump! Crack! The boat is breaking. It's either sink or swim now. I could easily out-swim the beast. On instinct, I leap out. Sarah is frozen with fear. "Jump! You don't have much time!" My scolding pays off. She snaps out of her daze and dives.

Sarah is not as good of a swimmer as I am, but the creature is losing much blood, and his fin is

temporarily out of use. Within a few minutes we make it to the beach. The beast, though, is not far off. I reach the shore and jet ahead of Sarah. When I turn around, I see the monster is within five feet of her, ready to tear her to shreds with its teeth.

The monster is oblivious to the grenade I grabbed from the boat; I could toss it and not be harmed; or I could run back and risk my safety for the slight chance that Sarah and I could both make it back unscathed. My decision will scar me, but I don't

know that. I pull the pin out of the grenade and toss it. I am far enough away that the explosion does not affect me. Sarah too close. A thousand tiny shards of burning metal plunge into her skin. The monster has it far worse. The blue goop of what used to be his internal

organs is splattered all over the dock. The screams of horror, as bystanders see what I have done, breaks whatever piece of humanity I have left.

When I threw the grenade, I knew she had no chance. If it hadn't been her and the monster, we all

would have died. I cannot return home now. I will live on with the weight of death heavy on my back as I run forever from the past.

I want to disappear. Going, Going, Going...Gone.

Innocence

On Crossing into Adulthood in Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*

By Abigail Dye, 9th grade

Many characters in books try to fight for something they desperately want to accomplish; sometimes they succeed and sometimes they fail. In the novel *Catcher in the Rye* (1995) by J.D. Salinger the reader gets introduced to a very troubled teenager: Holden Caulfield. Throughout the book it is revealed that Holden's one desire in life is to keep the purity of youth alive in everyone. This young man cannot even seem to function in real life because he gets so distracted with the distortion of society. Salinger uses the irony of Holden mixing up a song that represents his life goal, his love of unchanging objects, and his exhausting fight to save purity to tell the reader that maybe complete innocence cannot exist in this world.

Holden desperately desires to save the innocence in this world, but that may be too big of a job for one teenager. Holden tells his sister, Phoebe, that the only thing he would really like to be when he grows older is essentially an "innocence saver" as seen in this quote, "I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff..."(p.173) This cliff that Holden talks about is the line between the innocence of youth and the corruption of adulthood.

Holden sees himself as the only one capable of saving these children. Holden admits that he cannot do this job himself, for example, "If you had a million years to do it in, you couldn't rub out even half the 'f... you' signs in the world. It's impossible,"(p.202). Holden goes to an elementary school and is repulsed by the fact that there are so many "f... you" signs all over. School is supposed to be where innocence could be contained, but even there it was tainted. Holden realizes through his own ironic mistake and through simple reality, that he cannot heal this world from the distortion brought on by impurity.

Even though Holden realizes that he is unable to save purity, he loves glimpses of it and wishes he could hold onto those reminders. Holden stops by this museum at one point and he loves how everything in museums will never change; everything would just stay the same.

For example, "The best thing, though, in that museum was that everything always stayed right where it was. Nobody'd move... Nobody'd be different"(p. 121). Holden wishes that everything in life could be that way. He wishes that everything could be preserved in a glass case just like the museum, but that may just be unnatural and impossible for society. Holden also had a smaller brother who he dearly loved. He was a perfect example of the kind of person that Holden loved; he was innocent, smart, kind, but he also died. "He's dead now... You'd have liked him... He never got mad at anybody"(p.38).

This shows the reader that the one person that Holden loved most died. Holden's brother, Allie, was a perfect example of an innocent boy, but sadly, he dies. Later Holden buys a record for his sister, Phoebe, and he also loves records because they should be unchanging. They are supposed to just go around and around and play the same songs. Unfortunately, this unchanging record broke, "Then something terrible happened... I dropped old Phoebe's record. It broke into about fifty pieces"(p.154). This is another example of something that Holden loves and the represents innocence that gets destroyed. These sad truths show that innocence cannot survive in society; it must be destroyed.

Holden struggles for the conservation of purity; he fights so hard that it really takes a toll on him. Holden goes to this trusted adult's house and this man foreshadows what will happen to him, "I have a feeling that you're riding for some terrible, terrible fall. But I don't honestly know what kind"(p.186). This teacher

was one of Holden's only trusted adults, but this man proved himself unworthy of this trust. Holden clearly breaks down and this could be one reason of his breakdown.

It seems that Holden gets so emotionally depressed because of his inability to cure the world, that he feels it physically too as seen in this quote, "...Right before I got to the door, I sort of passed out" (p.204). Holden really seems to face emotional and physical breakdowns because of his incapability of helping the world with its problem.

Finally, at the end, Holden seems to have realized that, that is acceptable. Despite realizing that his dream will never come true, he still becomes jovial, "I felt so damn happy all of a sudden, the way old Phoebe kept going around and around. I was damn near bawling" (p. 213). Holden is by a carousel watching his sister going around on it. He realizes that it would be alright. Holden realizes that he could cherish the innocence while he had it and that it is okay if he cannot achieve the impossible. Holden becomes aware that he is not able to conserve the innocence and he realizes that, that is acceptable.

Holden tries to preserve the innocence in youth and it becomes clear to him that he cannot through the song that he messes up, through the innocence he loves that gets destroyed, and through his breakdowns because of trying to fight this impossible battle. Holden messes up the words to this song that he secretly holds on to and this shows him that he had been wrong all along. He realizes through this that if he is going to try to fight against corruption, he cannot do it alone.

Holden-isms

A Holden Caulfield inspired rant

By Patrick Toma, 9th grade

So yesterday or the day before that, I'm not sure, I was sitting in school. You know being a normal student and all, and then out of the blue I was called on by the teacher. That damn teacher probably knew I wasn't paying attention. I don't blame him though, I mean if I was a teacher I would get annoyed by a student daydreaming or something like that. I don't even remember what I was doing because it happens so often. I could be paying attention and writing on the science of life, or something like that and out of nowhere my brain decides to think about a chicken. I mean really a chicken, but it's always something random, like a damn stupid chicken. So anyways, he called on me and naturally, I had no idea what he was talking about, hell, I barely knew what class I was in. So I just said what, and of



Holden has many objects that he cares about that represents purity, and they all were destroyed. Holden also has breakdowns and these show him that conserving innocence is much too hard of a task for one man. Innocence is a good thing and purity is too, but change must occur. That is just the way that people and the world function. J.D. Salinger is trying to tell the reader that change is acceptable and natural, but society must be careful about the risk of corruption.

course the class started laughing. The teacher then started lecturing me to pay attention or something. I swear that teacher thinks I'm retarded. I would too, though, I mean to have someone answer what or umm to every damn question you ask them, you would be very frustrated. But the funny thing is even as the teacher is lecturing me to pay attention, that stupid chicken would pop back in my brain. I swear, sometimes I think I'm retarded. So when the teacher stops lecturing me, of course I have no idea what he said, so I just nod with a sorry look on my face. But before you say I'm a bad kid or whatever, I'm not. I mean sometimes I try really hard but my mind just wanders. Anyway the lecture was probably some bull about how I'm ruining my future. Yeah, 'cause everyone is going to grow up and become a damn teacher.

HALLOWEEN

by Naomi Plitzko Scherer, 9th Grade

Whirring needles and motherly sighs
The tireless hands of parenthood flying
Over costumes of orange and black
Personality alterations
While flakes of gold and expectation
Hang heavy in the air.

Candle-light grimaces beckoning
Fragmented memories surfacing
With greedy hands and gap-toothed grins
Gray ghosted breath and candy smiles
Vampire fangs and fantasy
Hovering in the night.

The gauzy curtain flung aside
Between festivity and cold reality
Fire quenched by icy white
Alter egos stored away
Realization collapsing in
Like pumpkins in the snow.



Painting by Louisa Schnalke, 12th grade



“Guan Yin is often loved beyond the other deities, for she postponed her own eternal bliss to help human beings”

Holy Perspectives

Guan Yin, the Chinese Goddess of Mercy

By Carina Kühne, 9th Grade

About 2,000 years ago Buddhism was first brought into China from India during the Han Dynasty, and was, with time, accepted by more and more people (Kaestle). Buddhism not only introduced a new religion to China, but also influenced the culture, such as art and literature, and the way that people thought. Buddhism eventually became one of the most widespread religions in China, with circa 185 million followers. In Chinese Buddhism, a bodhisattva is believed to be a spiritually enlightened being who aims to achieve Buddhahood, the ultimate state of perfect enlightenment. One of the many Chinese bodhisattvas, commonly known as gods, is Guan Yin. Guan Yin, the very popular “Goddess of Mercy”, has various origins, forms, and a great cult of followers.

Guan Yin is generally represented as “the goddess of compassion and mercy, the goddess of women and children, of health and of fecundity” (Leach 655). In Chinese Buddhism Guan Yin is one of the four supreme bodhisattvas (along with Samantabhadra, Manjusri, and Ksitigarbha). The name Guan Yin can be spelled in various ways, including Guan Yim, Kuan Yim, Kwan Im, or Kwan Yin. As stated by Kaestle, Guan Yin is a short form for the original name Guanshiyin Pusa, “meaning Observing the Sounds (or Cries) of the World”. According to Carr, “she is revered today in many parts of the world as the goddess of unconditional love, compassion and mercy.”

After Guan Yin (originally believed to be male in India) was introduced to China, she eventually became female. “The cult of Guan Yin was introduced into China about fifth century AD” (Ling 161). Per Carr, Guan Yin originated from the male Avalokitesvara, an

Indian bodhisattva. Chinese depictions later showed the deity with both male and female attributes. “In Mahayana Buddhism, to which Chinese Buddhism belongs, gender is no obstacle to enlightenment” (Kaestle) and bodhisattvas are believed to be able to change into any form needed. Soon, around the twelfth century, the image of Guan Yin as a female was prevalent, says Klaus Kaestle. In Chinese Buddhism she is still considered and portrayed as a female. It was as a great female divinity that Guan Yin obtained a high place in Chinese popular religion as the “protectress of women and children, bestower of children and the all-compassionate Mother-Goddess” (Ling 161).

Guan Yin is described in many different tales, and “numerous legends and stories have arisen in China regarding her origin, life and saving activities” (Ling 161). Anthony Christie writes on page 99 that she is believed by many to have been born to the Buddhist sanctuary Budo Shan in the Jusan islands on a water lily. In fact, her Sanskrit name, Padma Pani, means “Born of the Lotus”, the lotus often symbolizing love, compassion, or purity of the spirit. Others are sure that the Guan Yin was born as the compassionate Miao Shan, the daughter of a ruler: “The Chinese princess who lived in about 700 B.C. is widely believed to have been Guan Yin” (Kaestle). Over time many stories have evolved about the derivation of Guan Yin.

Some stories describe how Guan Yin supposedly became a bodhisattva. The legends say that Guan Yin, although she was kind-hearted and caring, had an evil father. According to Klaus Kaestle, her father was mad at her because she did not want to marry, but wanted to

become a nun in a temple, and he had her killed. Guan Yin had to go down to the underworld, although she herself had not sinned in her life, because she had taken all her father's sins upon her and so made him guiltless. "But when she got there, she recited the holy books, and that prevented the god of the underworld from torturing the dead souls ... he didn't like that, and so he sent Guan Yin back to be alive again. When Guan Yin came back to life, she spent all her time studying Buddhist ideas, and so the Buddha made her immortal" (Carr). Peter J. Allen and Chas Saunders write that Guan Yin was about to enter heaven because of her good deeds, purity, and saintliness when she heard the cries of the souls on Earth. Filled with compassion, she swore to not rest until she had helped every soul attain Buddhahood. Thus, "Guan Yin is often loved beyond the other deities, for she postponed her own eternal bliss to help human beings" (Christie 99).

Among all of the different ways that Guan Yin is portrayed and represented, a few images occur very often. "Guan Yin is usually shown in a white flowing robe - white being the symbol of purity -, and is usually wearing necklaces of Indian/ Chinese royalty" (Kaestle). In addition, the goddess frequently is shown sitting on a lotus flower on top of the water. This flower is associated with her because, according to some legends, she was born on a lotus flower. In addition, Guan Yin sitting on a lotus flower symbolizes harmony, purity, and peace (Christie 99). Also, in many pictures "in the right hand is a water jar containing pure water, the divine nectar of life, compassion and wisdom. In the left, she holds a willow branch, a symbol of being able to bend (or adapt) but not break" (Kaestle). Although these symbols are not always present, a number of images of Guan Yin are depicted with these features.

Guan Yin is also illustrated in a lot of different forms. According to Allen and Saunders, she "has the ability to transform into any living thing". This is why the goddess's appearance, which is portrayed on anything from statues to paintings, often differs. She is believed to be able to change into any of 33 forms. As Kaestle writes, these

include Guan Yin shown on top of a dragon, symbolizing her spiritual strength and wisdom, together with two children, her disciples, or even possessing one thousand arms and eyes. Guan Yin with one thousand arms and eyes traces back to the story that she swore to help all beings achieve Buddhahood. The weight of contemplating this made her feel her head was going to burst, so Buddha gave her a thousand arms and eyes to help her with the task (Allen and Saunders). There are various forms in which Guan Yin is represented.

Guan Yin was and still is worshipped in many ways, mostly by women. Per Carr, Guan Yin is often called on for advice and help, particularly for granting children.

According to Allen and Saunders, Guan Yin is also called upon to help improve the harvests, as she is believed by some to initially have filled the ears of rice with her own milk. In most households in Imperial China an image of Guan Yin could be found in the family shrine. The shrine would have an image of the goddess on paper, mostly set up by a woman, in front of which incense could be offered. Often "there were figurines, though in orthodox Confucian families these were frowned upon, a fact which does not seem to have prevented women in such households from having an image of the Buddhist, and therefore heterodox, goddess Guan Yin" (Christie 110). Even a number of non-Buddhist women dedicated shrines and images to the goddess.

Guan Yin often has a place in Chinese Buddhist temples and sanctuaries. Most Buddhist monasteries have a hall or statue dedicated to her. Furthermore, "temples in her honor are to be found all over China" (Ling 161), in which she is worshipped. In the 25th chapter of the Lotus Sutra, a sacred scripture in Mahayana Buddhism, "Buddha explains that if suffering beings single-mindedly call Guan Yin, this Bodhisattva will rescue them from all forms of harm" (*Bodhisattva*). This is one reason why she is revered by so many. Some venerate her to such a great extent that a 108 meter high statue of her was built. This is the fourth tallest statue in the world and stands on the island of Hainan in China

(*Bodhisattva*). All over China there are statues and portrayals dedicated to Guan Yin.

The Chinese bodhisattva or goddess Guan Yin has a great sect of followers. Soon after the belief of Buddhism was brought from India to China, a vast amount of people started worshipping the former Indian bodhisattva as Guan Yin. Numerous stories revolve around her origin and different forms that she is believed to be able to appear in. She is worshipped as the goddess of compassion, love, and mercy by many women - and not all of them even adhere to the Buddhist religion. Statues and temples are built by venerators to honor the unique goddess Guan Yin all across China.

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A Journey to an Island of 101 Languages

A JFKS Student Goes On a Linguistic Quest to the South Pacific

By Lydia Krifka Dobes, 8th grade

"This year I traveled so far, you couldn't possibly go farther, at least not on our planet. You probably haven't heard of that place yet. It is called Ambrym. This is an island in a country so tiny that you won't hear about it in your geography class."

It is called Vanuatu, an archipelago consisting of eighty islands in the South Pacific. To get there, first take the plane to London, then to Sydney (with a

stopover in Dubai), then to Port Vila (the capital of Vanuatu), and then you take a very small propeller plane to Craig Cove Airfield in Ambrym. The whole trip will take you about five days at the least.

In case you have expected a hotel, you will not find any. There is not even a restaurant there. And there is no electricity or running water either. Of course, there is a beach, but the sand is black like coal. When you look up, you notice the smoke coming out from two active volcanoes. There are hardly any cars, and the few trucks run on bumpy paths through the rain forest. You will have to sit on the loading platform. I can assure you, it beats a roller coaster.

I guess you could wonder, why I went to that place. Well, I went with my father, who had gone there many times before. He studies the language in a village called Port Vato. In Ambrym they speak five languages. In the whole of Vanuatu, there are about one hundred languages, spoken by about 270,000 people. That's about as many people as there are in Zehlendorf.

Perhaps you wonder if someone from East Ambrym wants to talk to someone from West Ambrym. In this case, they do have a common language, called Bislama. This language has many words that sound like English. For example, san means "sun", but also "sand".

Some words are different, pikinini means “child”, and kakae means “food”. But the grammar is totally different. For example, yumi means “we” – but only I and the person I talk to.

When we arrived in Port Vato, there were many people waiting for us. They were very happy that my father arrived, and they were so curious about me, especially the children. We got flower necklaces, and we shook hands with everyone. This sounds like a lot of people, but in fact there are only about two hundred inhabitants. I already knew one person there, Abel, because he had come to Berlin to stay with us a couple of years ago to work with my father.

We lived in a small hut that they use for visitors. The beds had mosquito nets hanging from the ceiling to prevent malaria. It was great to sleep under them, but I always made sure that there was no hole in them. Our house was actually quite comfortable compared to most other houses that were made out of bamboo walls and just had mats on the floor to sleep on. We even had a sun collector to produce electricity for my father’s computer and camera.

During the days I hung out with my new friends. We could understand each other quite well because some of them learn English in school, and I acquired some Bislama. We would often go to the beach, which was so close you could hear the waves crashing at night. About once a week a ship arrived at the beach, which brought visitors and some food for the small store of our village. The boys like to play football and sometimes go hunting for wild boars in the bush. As for the girls, they like hanging out, dancing to music and swimming in the ocean. I had a lot of free time when they had school. I could read a lot, especially as there is nothing else to do – no TV, no radio, no Internet.

A few times I got an invitation to go to school and to talk to the children in English. The school belongs to three



villages, and there are about eighty children. They have English, French, Maths, and something like Science. And of course, Sports. Each class has its own little building, and sometimes there are two or three grades in one room. The teachers live with their families on the school grounds. The schools are very poor. They do not have a lot of books, and sometimes they even don’t have a lot of paper to write on. Computers? No way! The teachers hang up posters with English words or little stories for the children. I had to suppress my urge to point out that there were quite a number of mistakes, like I must buy a new pants, a socks, and a shoes. I introduced myself and told them about the JFK School, and how it is similar and how it is different. One time I even got a chance to bring my violin and play a few pieces. I showed them how the violin works, and how one can write down melodies on the music staff. They were very interested about my life. For them, they don’t know what the rest of the world is like. Some have crazy images about life outside from Vanuatu because they watch action movies on video and think that they are real.

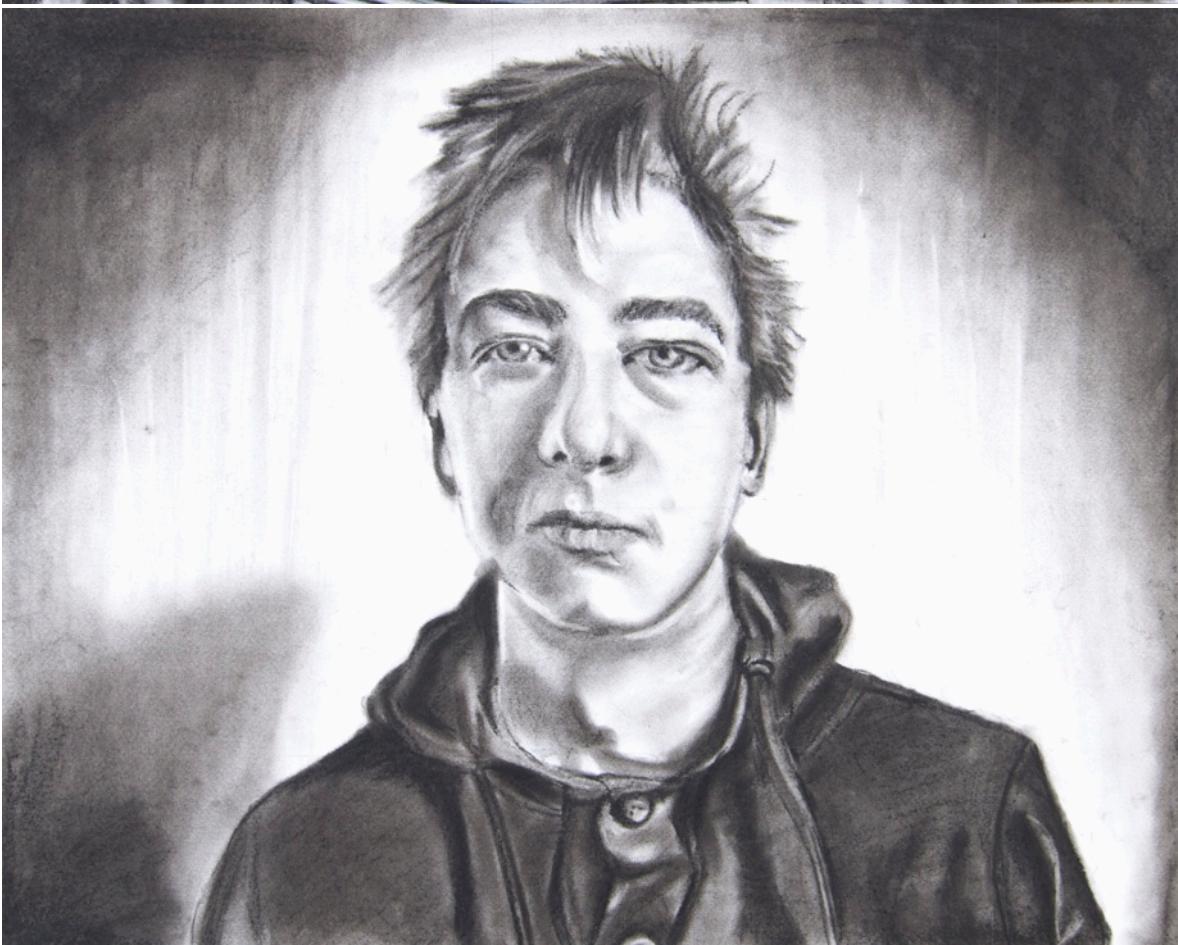
Every day, we got our food from another family. Sometimes it

was only a few crackers for breakfast with some coconut jam. But on other days we had yummy gato (this is French, from gateaux), a kind of donut. Sometimes we had the best bananas I ever had – very sweet and fruity. For lunch, we had some ready-made noodles with a chicken, or some rice with pork, together with cooked leaves. They call this aelan cabij, “island cabbage”. For dinner, the same. I did not want to eat flying fox – that’s a big bat – or tamadu, fatty grubs roasted over fire. On Sundays, there was laplap. For this they grate maniok or pumpkin and add some kind of meat and coconut milk. They put this in banana leaves and bake it for several hours on hot stones. In the meantime, they go to church, and then they share it out to everyone in the village and eat it. My father liked it.

After four weeks we had to go back. There was a big feast the night before with laplap, where people said thanks for the books that my father brought in their language. I was really sad to leave, and so were my new friends. I don’t know whether I will ever have a chance to come back. Now I know now that life can be very, very different.

ARTWINDOW

Portraits by Erica Lewis







Disobedient Wretch

On Gender Roles in Elizabethan England

By Juliane Gleitze, 10th grade



Watercolor by Julian McCarthy, 12th grade

Since 1603, the end of the Elizabethan era, the role of women in England has changed drastically. In 1558 Queen Elizabeth I was crowned as the fifth and last monarch in the Tudor dynasty and what followed during the Virgin Queen's reign was the Golden Age in England. The Elizabethan era was a period of peace in England. It was the 45 years between the English Reformation and the battles between Protestants and Catholics and between the monarchy and parliament during the 17th century. England was strong compared to most other nations due to its centralized, well-organized government.

Even economically England began to profit from transatlantic trade. That meant the English society could afford to focus on theater for which the Elizabethan era then also

became famous for. In the center of the theater scene was William Shakespeare, born 1564, who wrote a total of 38 plays, 154 sonnets and many more poems. England was different then and so was the role of women. Even though England was ruled by a queen everything else was ruled by men. Women were second class citizens in Shakespeare's plays as well as in society and in both cases with no exception regarding class or any equality in marriage.

In the Elizabethan era, the gender roles were clearly defined. While the man went out to work the only things the woman was expected to do was have children, raise them and finish all household duties. Women were not allowed in politics and most women were not even privileged with a right to an education. Men, on the other hand, were

responsible for supporting the family. They had the say regarding everything and women were to obey them.

There were some famous and powerful women in England though, which is also why visitors from other European countries were surprised by the freedom some women enjoyed compared to the women in their home cultures.

The most powerful woman in the Elizabethan age was of course Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603). She never married even though she got many proposals and Count de Faria, the Spanish ambassador in London, even wrote about her to Philip of Spain in 1558: "Everybody thinks that she will not marry a foreigner and they cannot make out whom she favors, so that nearly every day some new cry is raised about a husband."

Philip was considered as a suitor for a long time but Elizabeth stood to the promise she made to herself when she was eight years old that she would never marry because she would have had to give the throne to her husband and show him total obedience. Susan Doran wrote that it was "Elizabeth's ability as a woman to exercise power successfully in a man's world", that earned her respect then as well as today and what made her so important.

In reflection to the powerful women in England, Shakespeare based a few characters on them. Of course none of his female characters really had power but for example Lady Macbeth could care for herself and didn't obey her husband which was unthinkable at that time. But that specific case is mostly just "shown as a flaw on part of her husband" (Glissade).

Shakespeare also created some strong female characters that dress as men to get rid of boundaries and obstacles women had to face. For example Portia of The Merchant of Venice used that trick. But again, there were not many women who had a say. Less than 1% of women had any power in both English society and in Shakespeare's plays. Most women had no rights at all.

Lower class women had fewest rights. They were not educated and were only prepared for housewifely duties. "Women in her greatest perfection were made to serve and obey men." (Knox) In Shakespeare's Henry IV, he incorporates only one female character briefly in two scenes. Women were just not that important. And if looking at Shakespeare's whole collection most of his plays just deal with the upper class.

Women from the lower class hardly ever get mentioned except for as servants. And that's really what they were. As a young girl they were their father's property and as soon as they got married they became their husband's property. All women were expected to marry. Those who didn't got looked down upon by society and it was often the single women who were

suspected and accused of being witches. "With their parents' permission, it was legal for boys to marry at the age of fourteen and for girls at the age of twelve, although it generally was not usual for marriages at such young ages. The age of consent was twenty-one and



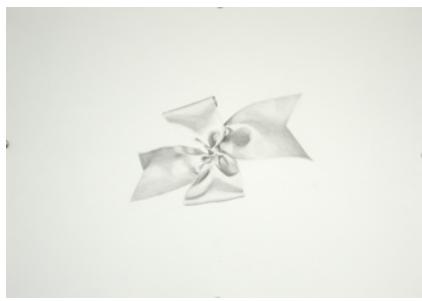
boys would not marry until then." (Atkinson). Although it was unusual for marriages at fourteen, arranged marriages were not usual. Even in the lower class it was common for arranged marriages that would make the two families profit of each other in one way or another.

Additionally women had to bring a dowry in the marriage. This was common thought Europe. After the wedding the wife became the husband's property. Even though the man had to promise to love her and take care of her, women were not treated as equals. In comparison to the lower class women in the higher class and noble women were treated significantly better.

Upper class women were still second class citizens but they were allowed an education. The noble women were taught by tutors starting at a very young age. They learned math, literature and many languages such as Latin, French and Greek. They were also expected to learn to dance and sing but professional careers in law medicine or politics were forbidden. That privilege of being educated was very important to women but there were still a lot of things they were being held from. For example men believed that women were naive and

would ruin their name without even noticing that's why titles weren't passed down to daughters.

The same applied to money or land because men also believed that women couldn't handle the important manners because they weren't as intelligent as they are.



Louise Mola

Marriage on the other hand was not very different compared to the lower class and Shakespeare focused a lot on marriage in his stories. Arranged marriages were

common in the upper class too and Shakespeare adopted that idea.

For example in Romeo and Juliet, Capulet has arranged for Juliet to marry Paris against her will and when she refuses he threatens her "...to go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church / or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. / Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage! / You tallow face / ... / Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch! / I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday, / or never after look me in the face; / Speak not, reply not, do not answer me" (3.5.3) Capulet treats Juliet like his property which he has decided to give away.

Another example is A Midsummer Night's Dream. Hermia's father has picked a husband for her even though she is in love with Lysander. "Fill of vecaton come I, with complaint / against my child, my daughter Hermia. / Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord, / this man hath my consent to marry her." (1.1.2) In both Shakespeare's plays and English society marriages were arranged so that both families could profit from one another but it also undermined once more the unimportance of the women's wills and their role in society.

"Does Shakespeare create champions of the fairer sex as commentary on the strength and the untapped potential of women as equals to men, or is his temporary empowering of female characters merely another element of comedy?" (Alchin) That question occurs once again if going back to Shakespeare's "strong" female characters. As earlier mentioned, Shakespeare did give power to his female characters and he did create great figures, but one cannot be certain whether his characters were realistic, since he often constructed them with both male and female dispositions.

On the other side, Shakespeare reflects and even supports the stereotypes of men and women and their

role in society which highly indicated that his characters did in one way or another reflect English society. Some of his characters were similar to important ones in England but Shakespeare of course doubled that in order for the character and the play to be entertaining and even ridiculous. But even Shakespeare never let go of the idea that women were second class citizens. The women in his plays did not have any more rights or any more power than was adequate.

No matter whether it was in Shakespeare's plays, in English society, which class or in marriage women were always second class citizens with fewer rights and the only responsibilities of raising children and doing the household. Even Shakespeare supported the role of women as second class or he took it to such extremities to make it funny. Even though women were treated better during the Elizabethan era than anywhere else in Europe it did take another 325 years until women were allowed to vote. Since 1603, England, Europe and the role of women has changed tremendously but has it changed enough?



Louise Mola

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Photograph by Toyah Hoeher

Continuum

By Oliver Bauer-Nathan

Red, gold, brown,
falling, filtering, ever downwards.
The wind blows,
a comfortable breeze which
carries the leaves,
Sailing in the wind,
weightless.
As the leaves go into and out of
weightlessness,
riding the passing current of time,
they sail into winter,
Spring, Summer, and back to
Autumn again.
There they restart the process of rebirth
for the umpteenth time.
Just to be trampled once again,
into an unrecognizable state, like every
other year.

Christmas Eve

By Anonymous

It's dark outside.
The only thing visible through the
windows is snow.
A warm fire crackles in the grate.
The room smells like pine trees,
Mixed with the smell of dinner.
Presents under the tree.
Everyone is together,
Everyone is merry,
And of this night no one grows weary.

Autumn Rain

By Luzie Gallien

Maroon and Pumpkin
Falling leaves hit the ground
Drifting through the frosty air
It's getting crisp
The icy stinging wind is back
Father Frost isn't far
The trees are bare
Empty and lonely they stand firmly in the
hard cold soil
The grey sky is crowded with black
sheep
A drop
Tiny, earthshaking
We run
Inside the toasty warmth is like a balmy
embrace
It's autumn.

Season of Hallow

By Soren Wagner

From the tree falls a leaf,
Everything is beautiful orange,
I dash past the frame with the squeaky
door hinge,
In circles outside around I run,
I leap to a leaf pile,
This season is fun,
Even the fruit has a smile,
I marvel at the face of a pumpkin,
Spooky faces lit bright by a light,
It's slightly chilly on my skin,
It's getting dark, almost night,

The eve of hallow is approaching,
I get my mask and prepare to transform,
I'll be the scariest, it's what I'm hoping,
And with that fright I will feel warm...

Pave the Way for Winter

By Ben Calderbank

Getting up early, it's dark, still rendering
Seeing the swaying trees shedding
Purple, red, orange and yellow
Raining down, landing softly below

The wind picks up, rain begins to pour
Surely summer could have provided
more
A vibrant facade of light
Which will inevitably soon turn white

Up late and down early
The beautiful sun has a short journey
The warm temperature dropping
Surely not, it is time to go warm clothes
shopping

Now snow is falling as fast as an
Olympic sprinter
It is time to let autumn pave the way for
winter



Drawing by Olivia Gallup, 9th grade



Drawing by Alex Guete,
12th grade



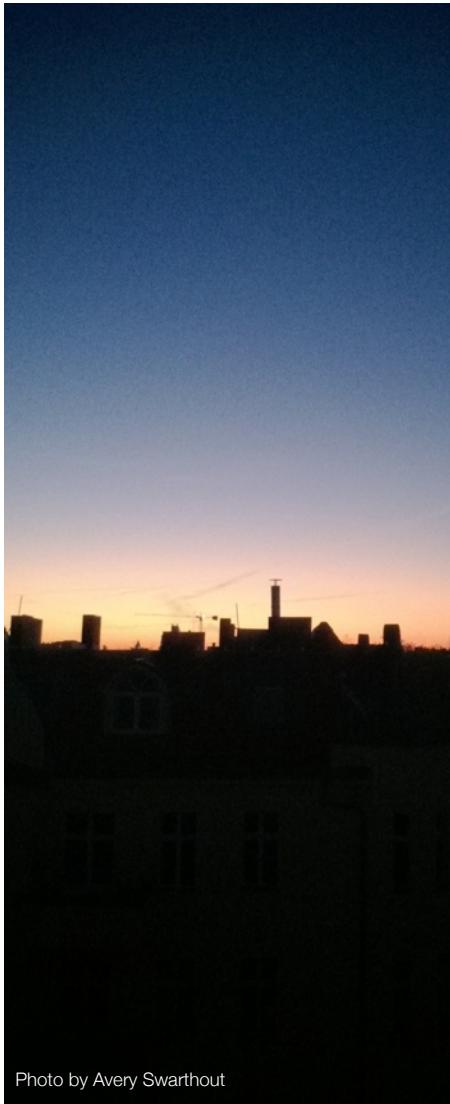
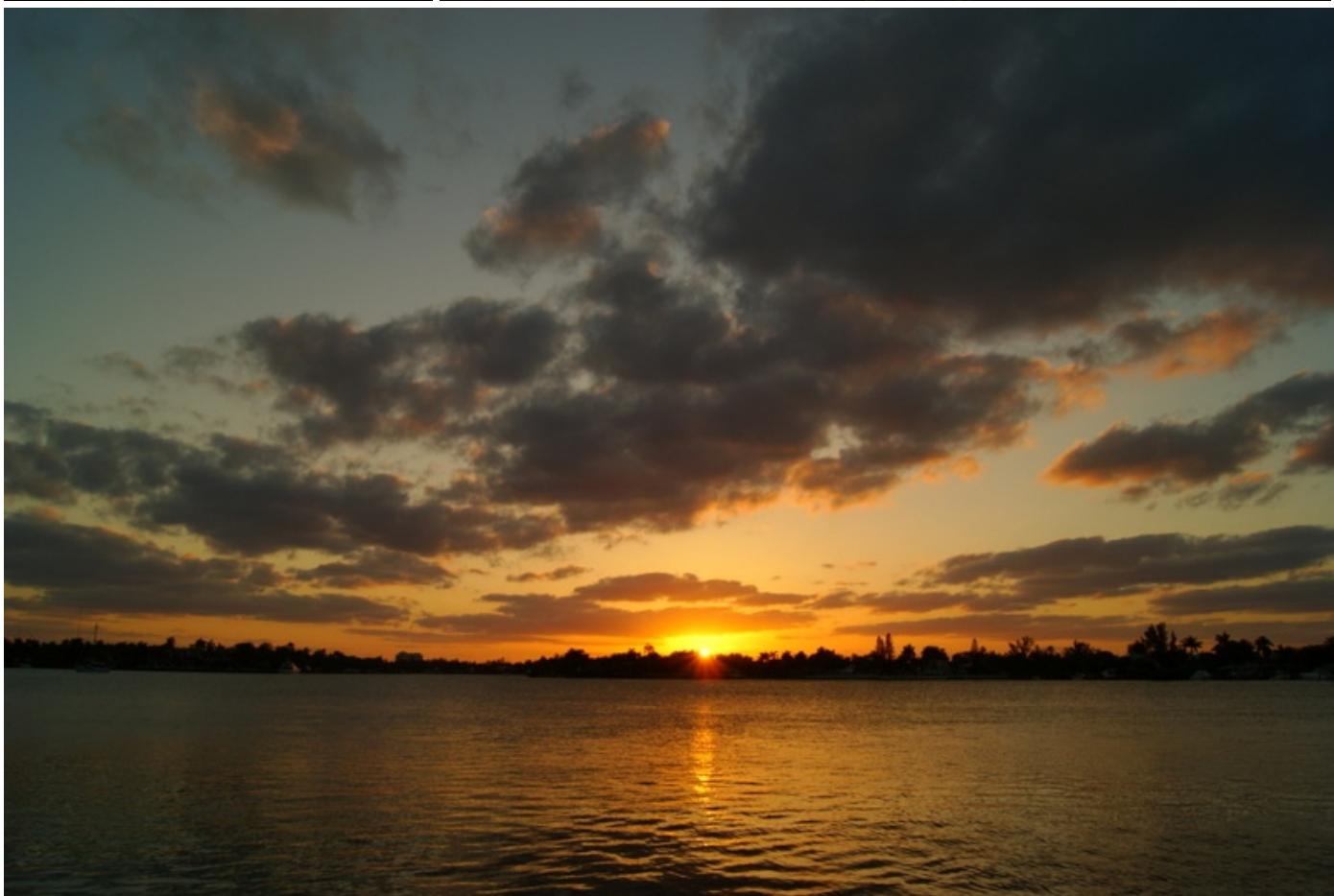
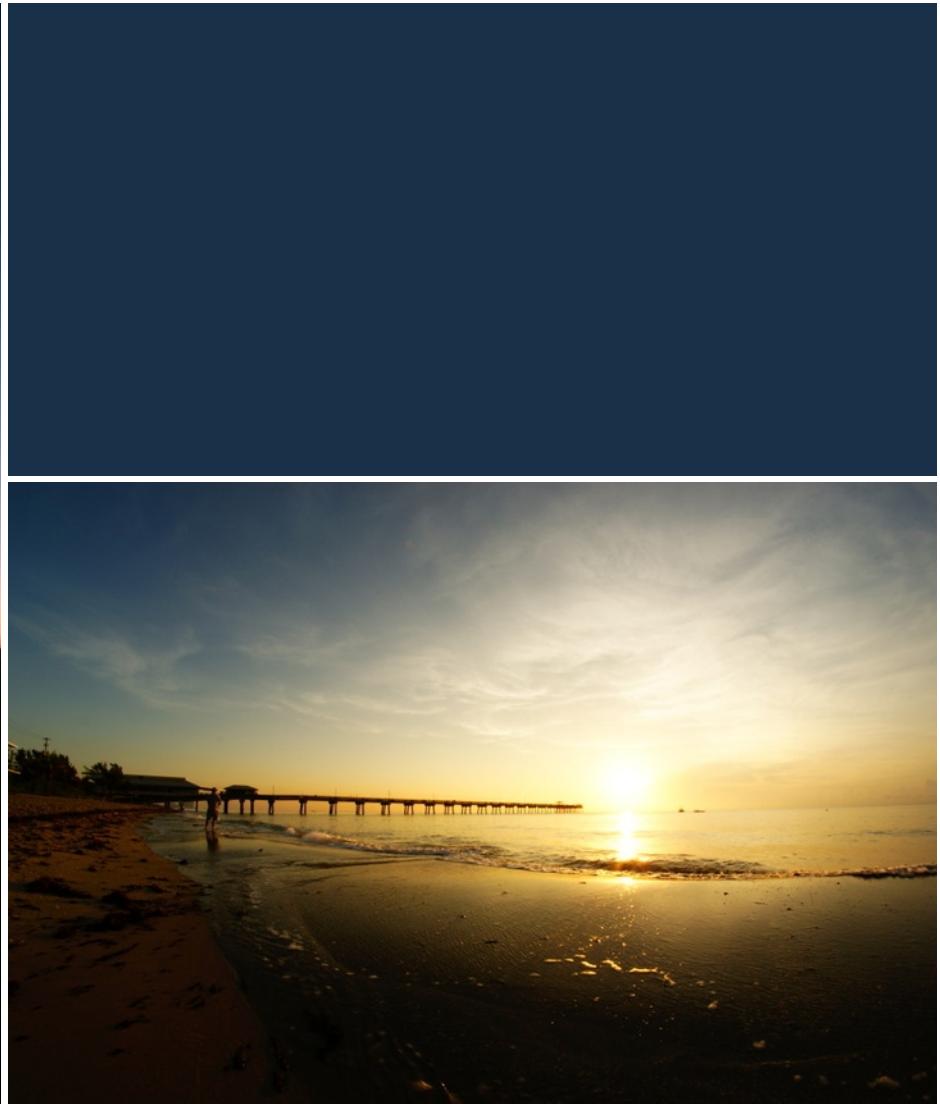
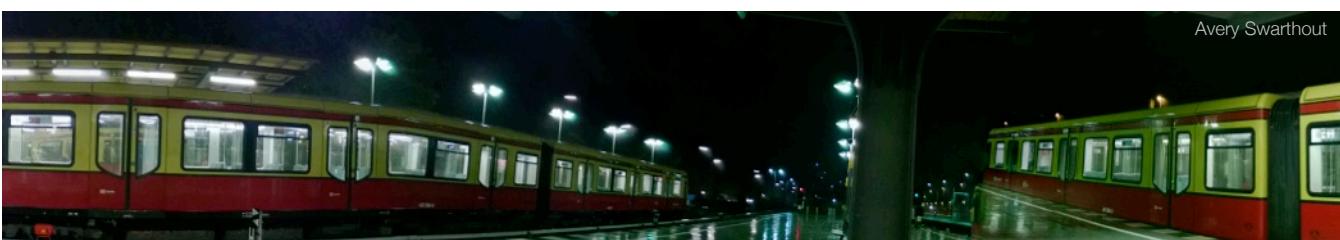


Photo by Avery Swarthout





Lauralyn
Bamberger



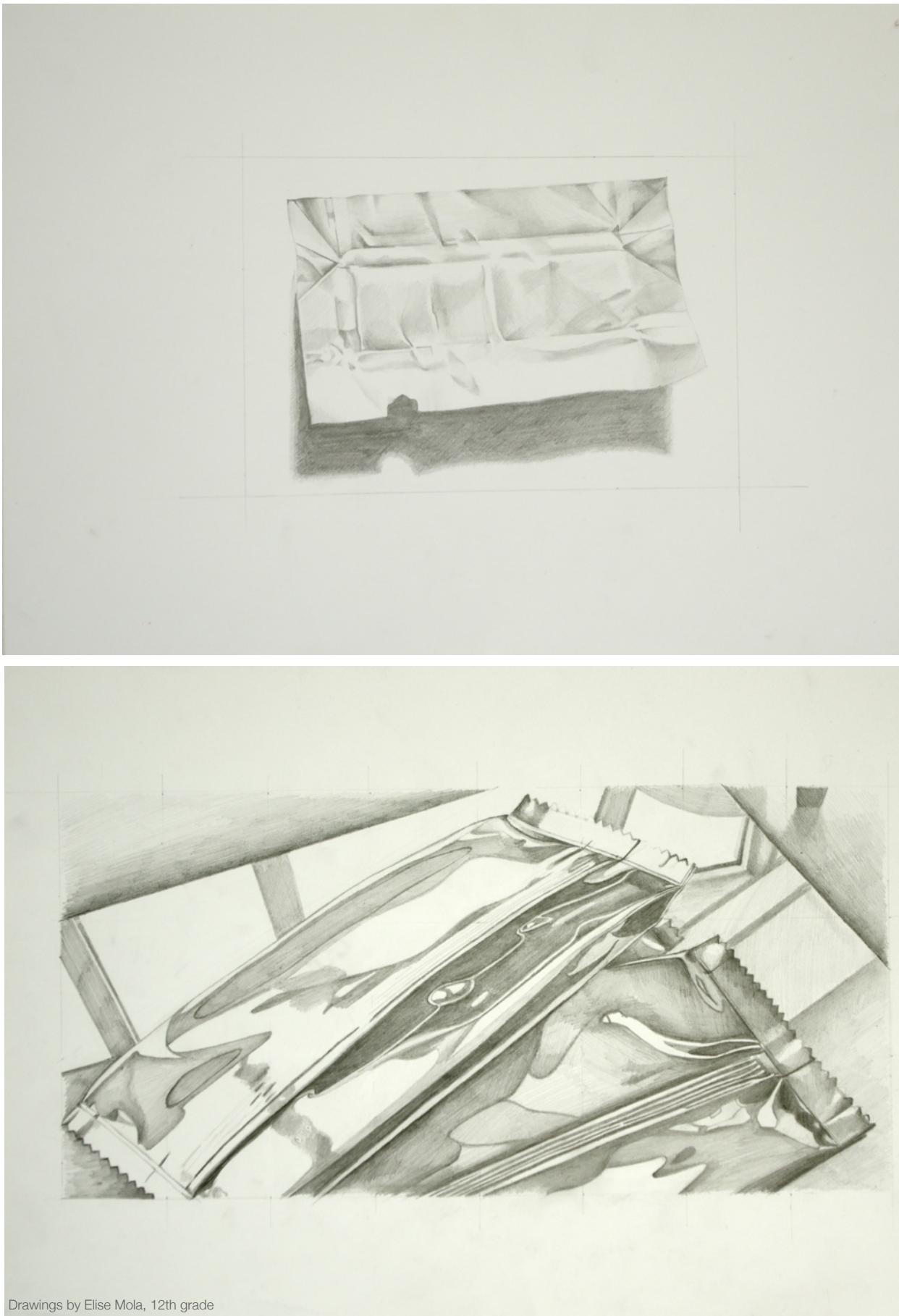
Avery Swarthout



Manga by Amanda
Carrico, 12th grade



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