

haywire

A Magazine from the
John-F.-Kennedy School in Berlin

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Publisher's Note

by Jakob Eckardt, 12a

Art is both a magnificent creation and a merciless labor; in school more than anywhere else. While to some it may come rather easy, there are always those that constantly struggle with the hardships of creativity including writer's block, exhaustion, pressure and above all, the mortal enemy of any high school student: procrastination.

Encouraging students to submit their artwork may be a tedious task at times, but when it all comes together it creates beautiful harmony. Under the pressure of grading, students often seem to overlook the essential result of their work: the unquestionable beauty of their creations. Where do the intriguing

attempt to expose their brilliance by putting their art on display.

In this edition we bring the content even closer to the roots of JFKS culture. In honor of our bicultural heritage we blended both English and German submissions. Extending this idea, there are also some sections expressing our German side, namely articles on Hohenschönhausen, written by students taking part in this year's excursion, and on the recent twenty-fifth anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall. In addition, we have included a section on foreign languages, to do justice to the students at our school writing and reading French literature.

haywire |'hā,wīr|
 adjective informal
 erratic; out of control :
 imagination had gone haywire.
 ORIGIN early 20th
 century (originally U.S.):
 from hay + wire, from the
 use of hay-baling wire in
 makeshift repairs.

essays, the enthralling short stories and the eloquent poetry end up after the grade is received? Crumpled at the bottom of a locker? Forgotten and buried deep in a closet, or are they promptly thrown in the trash bin? At Haywire we dedicate ourselves to preserving as much as possible of the compositions that the students sacrifice their blood, sweat and tears for. We

It is essential to keep in mind that the sole purpose of HAYWIRE Magazine is to exhibit the talent and hard work of the students, in the light of aesthetics rather than the grade. We hope you thoroughly enjoy the wonderful art and writing the students created for this edition.

NEW POEMS



EXPLORING THE FRIDGE

Inga Winterhof, 10b

Home from school.
Finally.
It's been a long day.
I think I'll have snack.
Ah, the wonderful fridge -
Yet as I open those doors to paradise,
A smell hits my nose and
Penetrates the kitchen air.
'Phew! What died in here?!"

A glass of cucumber
Stares dully back at me,
Innocent of the horrific stench,
Unlike its neighbor;
A moldy cube of green cheese.

A glass of peanut butter,
Some soggy green beans,

Next to half a loaf of meat,
Soaked in artificial oil;
Leftovers from yesterday's dinner.
A bit of yellow mayonnaise,
Standing by a bowl
Of oatmeal; slimy and cold.
No thanks, I'll pass.

A refrigerator full of food,
With nothing to eat.

Some people do this, yet
I myself, of course,
Would never be so picky.
Be it liver, spinach, or brussel sprouts,
I never cease to be
Grateful for the food on my plate.

WEATHER WONDERS

by Libby Evans, 10b

The weather is an uncontrollable beast,
One that unleashes itself when it pleases,

Not when willed
By mortals.

Rainfall is tears from a tortured soul
In search of consolation.

Snow,
Tears of a body,
Whose heart remains unthawed.

A storm is the chaos,
Of anger and heartbreak in one.

The calm is pure,
Sunshine brightens every day.



Photography by Avery
Swarthout, 11d



Photography by Zoe
Binder, 8a

ESCAPE FOR LOVERS

Libby Evans, 10b

The lovers cower,
With eyes locked ahead.
Embracing each other,
With strong caresses from weak arms.
A touch that thaws a frozen heart.

Lips like flower petals,
Upon lips of cracked pavement.
Passionate kisses allowed at last.

Strokes made by cold fingers,
In the frozen night,
Against discoloured flesh.
Finally the beatings could stop.

Pale skin with tell-tale signs,
Of past pain.

Warmth in the cold,
Between two tortured souls.
Suffering forgotten,
Like healed wounds.

Flinching from pits in the road.
An uncomfortable trip in the back of a truck.
Only tolerable together.

Freedom from oppression,
Finally in reach for the three of them.

ONE SWARM IN THE MORNING

by Libby Evans, 10b

Bustling veins of the city.

People with places to be,

Others with nowhere to go.

One swarm in the morning.

The fragrance of coffee,

Of days past and to come,

The scent of the people.

A storm of aroma.

People in shops border the streets,

Éclairs, cupcakes and other pastries distract

With flavors of unimaginable grandeur,

Creamy textures and fantastic decorations.

Impatient drivers ruin the scene.

Smoke pillars from a battered hood,

Followed by discussions in accusing tones

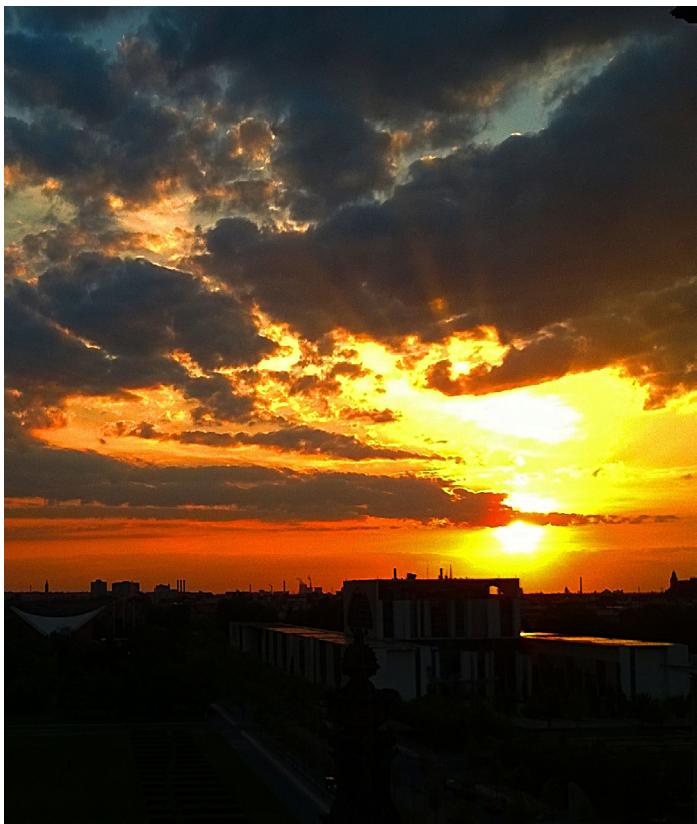
And resentful resolution.

Bustling veins of the city.

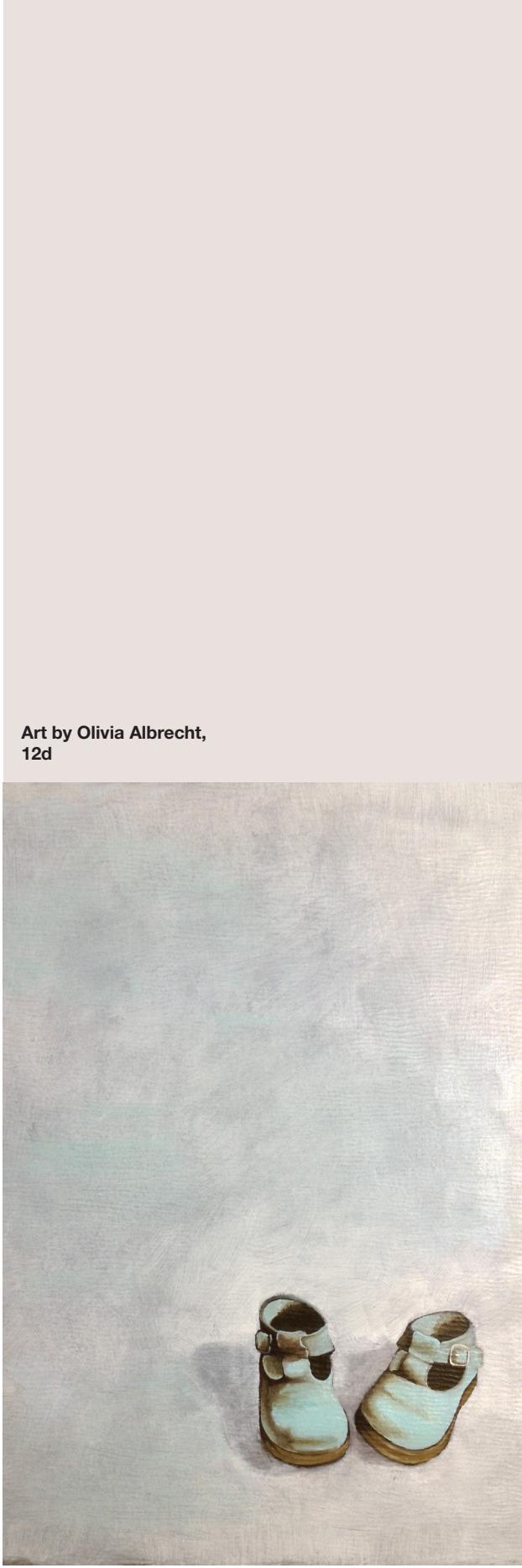
People with places to be,

Others with nowhere to go.

One swarm again at noon.



Photography by
Avery Swarthout, 11d



Art by Olivia Albrecht,
12d

ON THE PLAYGROUND

Inga Winterhof, 10b

Five years old
together on the playground,
shrieking with excitement,
wild laughter.
He's chasing her.

At fifteen years,
together at the playground by the bench,
she's sitting on his lap,
they're kissing, giggling, holding hands.
Love is all they know,
nothing else matters.
They're lost in their own little world.

At thirty-five,
sitting on that playground bench,
watching their kids
running, playing, shrieking, laughing.
They're still holding hands,

smiling and remembering
their own childhood
on this playground.

Eighty-five years old,
he takes her hand.
They move slower now,
but still side by side.



UNTITLED

Paula Boecker, 12a

You and me, we match
Like a pair of diff'rent socks,
Totally perfect.

THE PLATYPUS

Shawn Schneidereit, 11d

Fuzzy fishy bear
Cute Australian mammal
Lovable meat-brick

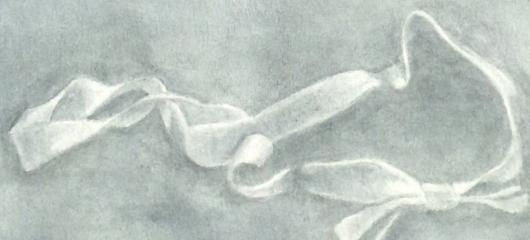
UNTITLED

Malaya Takeda, 12th grade

You didn't make me a puppy, love,
I was a monster at your door,
You let me in no push or shove,
You groomed and pet me more,

You trained me to sit at your feet,
Cared for me like no other,
And showed me who I could be,
Kisses, one after another,

I found my humanity or lack thereof,
I was an instrument in your concert,
But that doesn't make me a puppy love,
It makes me a loyal monster.



OF DOGS AND MEMORIES

Libby Evans, 10b

In clouded memory.
An excited canine,
His soaking wet body
And a tail like windshield wipers.

Shaking himself,
Being a sprinkler,
Loose skin flopping around,
Finally passing out on the lawn.

Curled up,
Suddenly unmotivated.
Hopeless eyes
And a tail of lead.

A bed left empty,
A bark uncalled,
A mailman un-chased
And teeth unbared.

These are memories.
But he's not coming back.

Short Stories

Freedom Writers

by Christine Heidbrink, 10b

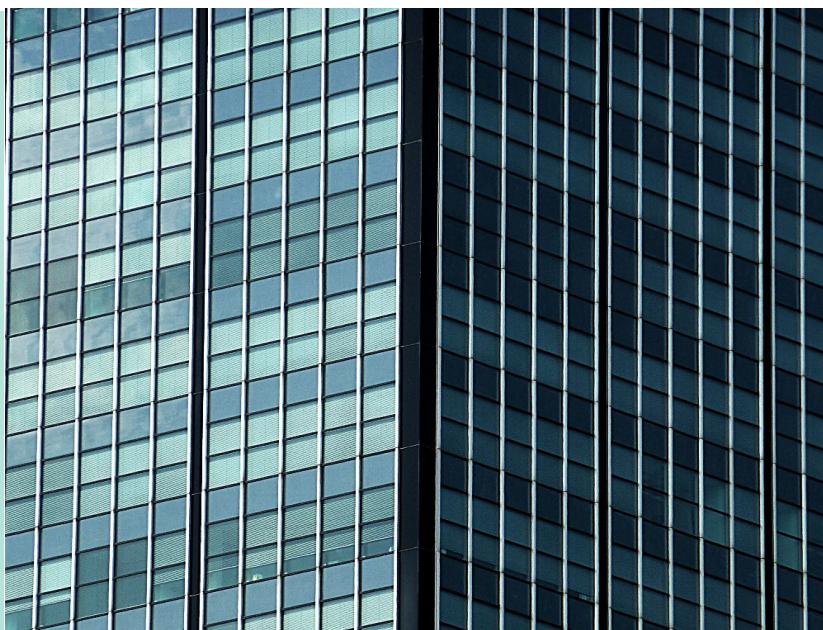
When I was five, I got an older sister. Her name was Jen, and she lived upstairs. When I was ten, I lost her to the army. "I'll be back," she told me the night before she left. "And when I return, I won't have to do service anymore. I'll be able to write as many plays as I want, and you can help me."

She came back. She wrote plays. But she still had to serve with the rest of us when the war started. Since I was only fourteen and spoke fluent Bostil, I was sent to Communications, where I transmitted coded messages by day and tried to decode them by night. Thankfully

by a plague that comes from lack of hygiene? Everyone here has the potential to be great. A degree is no longer a symbol of status, it is a given." I agreed with Jen. Sure, I'd rather be working at the lab, but someone had to keep the lab clean, too. Many chose to join the military as a way to get out of service, since soldiers' service was limited to army, police and search and rescue work- all rather uncommon. I, for one, preferred the traditional path of focusing on one career and one job. In my case this was politics and the post.

Unfortunately, Bernard wasn't the only one who

Photography by
Avery Swarthout, 11d



the war ended before I cracked the code, and Jen and I returned home. Jen had met someone: Bernard. He was a soldier, like her, and had big ideas.

"What's with this service system, anyway?" I heard him say late one night. "No other country educates all citizens to be intellectuals, and then tells them they can only use this education half the time! Why should I be cleaning streets when I could be working on my cure for esophageal cancer?"

"Because then who would clean the streets, Bernard?" Jen answered in a low voice. "What good would a cure for esophageal cancer do if everyone was wiped out

thought this way. The Efficiency Lobby argued that artists like Jen, whose work was not necessary for survival, should spend more time serving so scientists like Bernard could serve less.

"It's an absurd idea," countered Jen. "Bernard can't save any lives before he finds his damn cure, and that sure hasn't happened yet. But people come to my plays and leave enlightened, affected, changed. I may not save lives, but I certainly improve them. Isn't that worth something, too?" It was true. Her work was gaining popularity and influence, whereas Bernard was stuck in a rut. She was so enraged by the Efficiency Lobby that

she ended up founding the (E)Quality of Life Lobby and was a key factor in preserving artists' rights. This, of course, only helped her growing reputation.

When I was fifteen and just beginning to regret my career, Jen and Bernard were called away. The country we had defeated, Bost, was in turmoil after the war. So Jen and Bernard packed their bags and left. I spent six miserable months alone, then decided that politics was a bunch of B.S. and joined the military. Here, I would at

I spent six miserable months alone, then decided that politics was a bunch of BS and joined the military. Here, I would at least get to do something about the state of the world.

least get to do something about the state of the world. I ended up staying away for five years. Since this wasn't actually allowed (the military remained a time-limited service) I claimed I was a writer and could work while I served. I wrote poems about anything and everything and found I actually quite enjoyed it. The whole time, I looked for Jen or Bernard. I never found them. It was only when I was sent home that I realized why.

Jen greeted me at the door of our old apartment building, alone. I was sad to see Bernard was gone- he had become like a brother. Even if we didn't always agree, he'd listen to my side, and then argue his. My mother had long since left, so I moved in with my sister and signed up to be a writer, like her.

"I have to warn you, things have changed," she told me. "I came home two years ago and found a whole new set of laws. Writers... well, maybe you should consider a different career after all."

"What's wrong with writing?" I asked. I didn't tell her about the poems I had written in Bost.

"Well... remember the service system? Half the time you choose your work, your career, and the other half you're assigned menial jobs?"

"Sure. Worked out just fine. I don't mind driving buses. Besides, you always said a writers' office should be their mind."

"Yes, that's exactly the problem. You see, it seems that the (E)Quality of Life Lob-

by sort of fell apart without me. Artists like you or I have to serve four out of six hours instead of three."

"But... are they trying to kill creativity? Who in their right mind would choose a career that requires you to spend twice as much time serving as working?"

Jen smiled wryly.

"Just you and I, I'm afraid. Anyway, I've been trying to get folks at the Theater to restart the old Lobby, but all my old friends have left. The kinds of people who choose the Arts nowadays are the ones who would end up driving buses anyway."

"Hm." At the time I didn't believe her. I could vividly remember the enthusiasm my classmates had connected with choosing their careers at age 14. Just because I had changed my mind a year later didn't mean everyone did, and especially the creative kids took a huge amount of pride in their work.

"Anyone with the proper education and resources can cure cancer," they'd say. "But even if you had the same education as me, would you be able to create this?" Then they'd whip out their latest masterpiece and explain why it was so special.

Unfortunately, my first writing class proved me wrong. I was the only one who had ever written for fun; in fact, I was the only one who had a clear idea of what was going on. I returned home that night defeated and ready to return to Bost, ready to move there for the rest of my life if it meant freedom from this. But I didn't. I worked

Photography by Avery Swarthout, 11d



hard at my Project and passed the time delivering packages and ringing up vegetables by making up stories for the people I encountered. But one morning, near the end of my shift, I was faced with quite a surprise.

"Bernard!" I exclaimed as he opened the door.

"Chloe! How are you? What are you- oh, a package for me? Well, this is certainly a surprise. Gosh, if you weren't serving I'd invite you in."

"Actually, you're the last stop on my shift. Mind if I take you up on that offer?"

"Come on in, sit down. Tell me, what are you doing delivering packages? Shouldn't you be in your own lab by now?"

"Well, I'd still have to do service, even if I were a full-fledged scientist. But I'm actually still a writer-in-training, since I just came back from five years in Bost."

"Five years in Bost? How on Earth did they let you stay there so long?"

"Ah... I may or may not have told them I was already a writer. Which I wasn't."

"Of course, they wouldn't care if a writer never came back... but why stay a writer? Don't you realize you're giving yourself zero privileges? Writers have the least rights these days. Science is the future, and the Parliament knows that. If you were a scientist, you wouldn't have to be delivering packages. You could be shaping the world instead."

"But Bernard, even scientists have to serve. Even if they're military."

"Yeah, well, that's changing. If you can prove your work saves lives, the little service you do becomes a lot more pleasant. I haven't done mail duty since pre-Bost."

"That's hardly fair! How does everyone stand for that? And why are you supporting it?"

"It makes sense."

"I see why Jen broke up with you," I muttered. "And what was that you said about never returning?"

"Ah, so you don't know about the only good part of creative work. You see, after the war the 'scientific' population was... reduced, but it remained vital to our country. Since there was a deficit of scientists, they were given more rights to encourage this career. Artist, who now were second-rate, were assigned more 'dirty work' to discourage them. They were also allowed to stay away for longer. Their service is more important than their work, so even if they left forever, it would be no big loss. Scientists, however, are a huge loss and therefore must be kept here, through bribery or force." I was shocked. Could it be true? Yes, it certainly could, I thought. This place has changed, changed without you, Chloe.

"You know... it's not too late to reconsider. You could always join my lab."

"No thanks, I'd prefer to follow my dream," I replied with an icy stare. "Actually, I should go. I'll tell Jen you said hi." I stood up slowly.

"Wait... could you tell her something else? Could you tell her she's fighting a useless battle? Could you tell her that she can still switch to the promising side?"

"I'll certainly make your position clear to her. Goodbye, Bernard." With that I strode out the door. I never saw him again.

Back home, I reported the situation to Jen.

"It gets worse," she said. "Look." The headlines proclaimed: "New Artists Need Approval". "Any Projects need to be approved pre-publishing. We're being censored."

We stayed for a month longer, Jen and I. Then we went back to Bost. Our apartment here is small, but it's big enough for two computers. That's all we need for our new life. Here, we write whatever we want, as much as we want. Then we publish it, and hope someone else will be convinced to support our cause. With five other authors in exile, we call ourselves the Freedom Writers. We write for freedom in our country; freedom for artist and scientists alike.

Cherry Blossom

by Paula Böcker, 12a

It is dark. Just the full moon sheds some light. I see the stars twinkling in the sky. My heartbeat echoes in my ears. Only the crunching of my steps on the snow cuts the silence around me. I stop and turn around. Nothing but trees wherever I look. My cheeks are burning and the little cloud that my heavy breath forms floats in the air in front of my mouth. Nobody

is following me. They are gone, finally. Suddenly 'Party in the USA' by Miley Cyrus starts to play loudly. I startle and almost fall over. It takes me a second until I figure out that it is the phone in my pocket. My stiff, cold fingers tremble as I try to take it out. It falls on the ground. "Oh, shut up!" I whisper under my breath and immediately the phone stops ringing. Fi-

nally silence. When I pick it up it starts ringing again. This time I get no response. Only the sound of heavy breathing reaches my ear.

"Hello?" I ask a little bit louder.

"They are coming to get you. They will find you. You can't escape." The voice sounds vaguely familiar to me. Before I can say anything the other one hangs up. I start walking again. In a distance I can see the silhouette of an old barn. They would never be able to find me. I know these woods like the back of my hand. I just didn't calculate one thing: there is one other person who knows the woods as well as I do. My blood freezes in my veins. The sound of a gun that is being loaded is as familiar to me as the sound of my heartbeat. But usually it's me that is holding the gun. This time all I have is a stolen cell phone, some chocolate and a pocketknife, so small it fits in the palm of my hand.

"Hey, babe. Didn't expect you to be here." I say with a little smile on my face.

"Well...baby, I think it was you that taught me not to pick up the phone when I don't expect a call. Or are you expecting one?" Her voice is as smooth as silk. The moon disappears behind a cloud and the blackness spills between the trees like ink. I don't have to see her to know where she is. I can feel her presence. Like I always could. Since the day I picked her up on the street, connecting us.

Bond our souls together. Back then I didn't think that

I would regret this. Oh how much I regret it.

"It's payback time, honey." This time her voice is as cold as ice.

"Are you still mad about that girl from the bar? I already told you, it was nothing! She doesn't mean any-"

**My skin is smooth. When you
cut my flesh I bleed red even
though I'm neither a human nor
an animal. My heart is a stone.
What am I?**

"Oh shut your mouth, dumbass. You know exactly why I'm here."

"What if I don't?" I ask in the most innocent voice possible.

"Well, I know you do. Give it to me. NOW!"

"As impatient as always. I don't have it with me. After all, I'm not as dumb as you think. So it would be pretty bad for you to kill me wouldn't it? 'Cause I know that not getting what you want drives you crazy,"

I try to sound calm even though I know that she sees right through my lies. I've known her for too long. Her boots crunch the snow as she walks two steps towards me. "Apparently you forgot that I know all of your secret places," Her warm breath strokes my ear as she whispers right beside my head.

"There is one place that I never showed you. I never showed it to anybody," I whisper back carefully. Just a second later the cold metal of the gun touches my temple. "And where in the world could that be?" she asks in a voice that is as sweet as honey. "Let's see, why don't we play a little game. You always liked games, isn't that right? What about: Truth or dare. It's your turn. Truth or Dare?" The gun wanders down my cheek and my throat until it sits right on my heart. I can feel her breath on my neck as she repeats:

"Truth or Dare? Pick quickly or I'll pick for you."

"Truth," Does it really matter anyways? "Where-is-the-key?" The gun wanders back to my head. "My skin is smooth. When you cut my flesh I bleed red even though I'm neither a human nor an animal. My heart is a stone. What am I?" The moon comes out from behind the cloud and the light that reflects on

Unknown Artist



the snowy surface of the woods enables me to see the furious expression on her face. “What is that supposed to mean?” she hisses angrily through her teeth. “That’s what you gotta find out. Did you really think I would just be like:

The key is in that secret place that I’m going to tell you about even though I never told anybody about and after you got what you want why don’t we go drink a cup of coffee and discuss our vacation plans for the future. Then we can brush each other’s hair and choose the prettiest nail polish color to get a manicure. I thought you were too old to believe in fairytales?” Slowly I’m starting to get mad. It’s not the first time somebody tries to kill me and since I’m not moving anymore I get really cold. My old worn out sneakers have a couple of holes in them and don’t protect my feet from the snow and ice on the ground. “It’s a cherry,” She suddenly says triumphantly, interrupting my thoughts.

Her push in my back surprises me and almost knocks me on the ground. I stumble but catch myself before I land flat on my face. Pushing me forward we reach the barn. It is part of an old house that burned down 50 years ago. Now only some remains of the walls

show where once a happy family lived. Nobody ever comes here. In the village they say the house is haunted. I don’t believe in this kind of old scary town stories that were created to keep the children from playing in the woods. People are scared when they see my 6’ 10” muscular body. They think I’m some kind of black serial killer that would come at night and take their children. I don’t like kids but killing them? Never. That’s way too much. We’ve reached the old cherry tree in the backyard of the ruin.

“Get it.” She commands. Now that she almost got what she wanted her voice is back to the same harsh and cold as ice tone that I’m used to. I bend down on my knees and carefully pull the little rope that looks like one of the little roots coming out at the bottom of the tree. There is a quiet ‘click’ then one of the bricks in the garden wall on the right side of us falls on the ground without making a sound. And there in the back of the new created hole something silver is shining in the moonlight. The gun still aimed at me she bends quickly forward and takes away the last important thing in my life.

Photography by Jakob Eckardt, 12a



Die Wanderung

by Antonia Boerdgen, 9c

Es war kalt, und wir hatten alle bloß dünne Jacken an. Mein Rucksack schien mich in die Tiefe zu ziehen. Ich sah aber wie voll der Rucksack meiner Mutter war. Als sie vorhin, nach unserer Mittagspause, aufstehen wollte, kam sie kaum auf ihre Füße. Obwohl wir lange kein Wegzeichen gesehen hatten, bestand mein Vater darauf, dass wir auf dem richtigen Weg waren. Es wurde kälter, und ich hörte, wie hinter mir meine Geschwister schon

Damals hatte mein Vater bloß gesagt, „so Sachen passieren“. Doch ich glaube, dass es ihm irgendwie schon Leid getan hat.

Vermutungen dazu äußerten, wie es sein würde, noch im Dunkeln zu wandern und, noch schlimmer, überhaupt nicht anzukommen. „Wir werden schon rechtzeitig ankommen,“ ermunterte meine Mutter meine Geschwister, obwohl sie auch vorhin noch meinte, sie wolle umdrehen. Es war mal wieder typisch, dass er auf keinen hörte und stur blieb. Wir waren schon zwei Stunden länger als geplant unterwegs, und immer noch zweifelte er nicht daran, dass er Recht hatte. So wie vor ein paar Wochen, als ich einen verletzten Vogel im Garten gefunden hatte. Ich war mir sicher, dass der Vogel sofort ärztliche Hilfe brauchte, doch mein Vater hatte nur gemeint, der Vogel komme auch so zurecht. Er erlaubte mir nicht einmal, ihn ins Haus zu nehmen. Ich lief in die Küche, um etwas Brot für den Vogel zu holen. Als ich wieder in den Garten kam, war er tot. Damals hatte mein Vater bloß gesagt, „so Sachen passieren“. Doch ich glaube, dass es ihm irgendwie schon Leid getan hat. Plötzlich riss mein Bruder mich aus meinen Gedanken, indem er rief: „Schaut mal! Ist dort oben nicht ein Zeichen?“ Wir sahen tatsächlich eine Markierung, doch sie war sehr weit weg, hoch oben auf dem Gipfel. Mein Vater nickte zufrieden.

Wir beschlossen, dorthin zu wandern, um nachzuschauen. Der Weg wurde noch steiler, wir gingen hintereinander und passten auf, wo wir hintraten. Allmählich ging der Weg schräg nach

oben, und es sah aus, als müssten wir klettern. Wir beschlossen trotzdem weiterzugehen. Ich fand es jetzt spannend. Ich liebte solche Momente beim Wandern, doch da außer mir fast alle in meiner Familie Höhenangst hatten, besonders mein Vater, machten wir sonst nie so aufregende Touren. Wir kamen fast ganz oben an und sahen ein kleines Stück mit Gras. Ich sah, dass der Weg jetzt hinter Felsen verschwand. Es sah gefährlich aus, doch als ich den Weg hinunterschaute, den wir gekommen waren, wurde auch mir schwindelig. Meine Mutter entschied sich vorzugehen, bis sie schätzen konnte, ob der Weg sicher war, und dann zu uns zurückzukehren.

Wir versuchten es uns auf der Wiesenmatte gemütlich zu machen, während wir warteten. Wenn wir von dort nach unten schauten, sahen wir, wie der Talboden unter uns gähnte. Ich hatte kein gutes Gefühl und wurde nervös. Nach einer Ewigkeit fingen wir an, uns zu fragen, warum Mama so lange brauchte. Ich machte mir große Sorgen. Was, wenn sie sich verletzt hatte, oder noch schlimmer, aus einer großen Höhe gestürzt war? Ich hatte ihr nicht einmal richtig „Tschüss“ gesagt. Was, wenn ich sie nie wieder sah? Nervös zupfte ich am Gras herum. Ein paar Minuten später blickte ich meinen Vater an. Jetzt wünschte er sich bestimmt, dass wir früher umgekehrt wären. Er war blass. Er fluchte leise, und klammerte sich an einen Felsen. Ich hatte ihn so noch nie erlebt. Spürte er jetzt seine Höhenangst? Seine Unsicherheit beunruhigte auch mich und meine Geschwister noch mehr. „Papa? Kommt Mama jetzt? Warum dauert es so lange?“ fragten wir ihn. Er sagte lange nichts und antwortete schließlich: „Sie wird schon kommen.“ Ich guckte hilfesuchend meine Schwester an, doch sie zuckte bloß mit den Schultern und suchte mit den Augen die Felsen ab. „Mama?“ rief mein Bruder. Wir hörten das Echo und dachten, sie müsse es auch gehört haben. Meine Schwester und ich fingen auch an zu rufen. Ich wollte irgendetwas tun, anstatt hier nur hilflos zu sitzen und zu warten. „Mama!“ schallte es über den ganzen Berg. Da sahen wir jemand oben bei den Felsen stehen. Es war eine Frau, aber ich konnte keinen Rucksack erkennen.

Healthy Is Sick

by Maja Leichtner, 10b

Georgetown, 13.6.2054, 8:15 p.m.

The perfect bleach white houses, arranged in blocks exactly five feet apart, sent a shiver down Trang's spine. Artificial looking trees cut to round spheres dotted the sides of the streets. Trees were important. They provided clean air. Trang was far up on a hill, looking down at his once so familiar home. Now, instead of cars that once caused a sickening pollution, robots filled the streets, cleaning and re-cleaning everything. He saw a group of children, being led to school by a child-friendly robot. This street used to be so busy. But ever since the science board took over the government, promising an environment free of illness, nothing remained the same. With a sigh Trang turned his back and made his way back down. "Trang where were you? I was getting worried," Mrs. Jeff said as the door clicked shut behind him. She held out her hand and her personal robot, Janny,

sprayed some anti-bactericidal into her hand. It used to be different. Mrs. Jeff would hug him and make him a delicious meal. Nowadays people do not hug anymore. Too many germs could be spread. "I was out," Trang muttered and pushed past the petite frame of his mother. "Don't tell me you were at that hill again!" Mrs. Jeff huffed. She did not get an answer. "You know how dangerous that hill is. It has not been disinfected yet. Think of all the germs. Go wash them off now. Twice!" Trang sighed and grabbed his phone before locking himself into the bathroom. "Hey Trang!" His phone lit up and Jake's face appeared. "Guess what? Today the government announced that women are not allowed to have more than one child anymore." Trang listened to his friend while turning on the shower to test the temperature of the water. "Did you know that the water that you shower with now has 47% actual H₂O, the rest are chemicals?"

Frau Stahl's 12a Kunst LK



Trang's hand snapped back. "Are so many chemicals even healthy?" he asked. "Well, no one has gotten even a cold in the last 7 years," Jake replied. "Yeah but once we turn 50 we get shipped off to the Intensive Retirement Care where god knows what happens," Trang shuddered. "They never promised a longer lifespan. Only no more illnesses," Jake stated.

You know what happens to the Uncleans. They get examined and tested. New medicine first gets tested on them to identify any side effects.

"Trang, Finish up your shower and come downstairs. I just pasteurized your dinner," Mrs. Jeff yelled up the stairs. "Bye Jake, talk to you later," Trang said and showered quickly to rinse off the invisible enemies.

"There you go," Mrs. Jeff proudly pushed an unrecognizable gooey pile of mush across the table to Trang. He picked up his spoon and forced it all down without gagging. "Jake said that women are not allowed to have more than one child anymore," Trang said, interested in his mom's reaction.

"It is for women's own health," Mrs. Jeff said and occupied with cleaning the table around Trang's plate. Trang was not convinced. Women used to have two or more children and lived just as long. "Don't you think it might have something to do with our increasing population?" No one died of natural causes anymore, and resources might run out because of overpopulation.

"Nonsense, it is all for our well-being," Mrs. Jeff said, in a tone that ended the discussion. Trang got up. "Do not forget we have a doctor's appointment tomorrow," Mrs. Jeff called after her son.

Georgetown, 14.6.2054, 7:30 a.m.

"The Jeff family please this way, the doctor is waiting," a short man with a clipboard led Mrs. Jeff and her son down the hall. Trang went in first and got his weekly check-up. He had to pee in a cup, provide a blood sample, and let the doctor examine his eyes and heart. Afterwards he was told to wait outside for his mom to finish. She was taking long. Trang paced in the waiting room for half an hour before the short

man with a clipboard reappeared. "Trang Jeff? Your mom has been identified as Unclean. She is being transported to the laboratory as we speak," he reported.

"Unclean? That makes no sense. She is the cleanest person I know," Trang exclaimed. Mrs. Jeff washed her hands every ten minutes. "I am sorry, but you have to leave now, we have more patients to attend to," the short man said. Trang left in shock. He should have been Unclean. He went up on that hill. Why his mom? "Why are you calling so early?" Jake's sleepy voice rasped through the telephone.

"My mom got labeled Unclean," Trang said. Jake was silent for a moment.

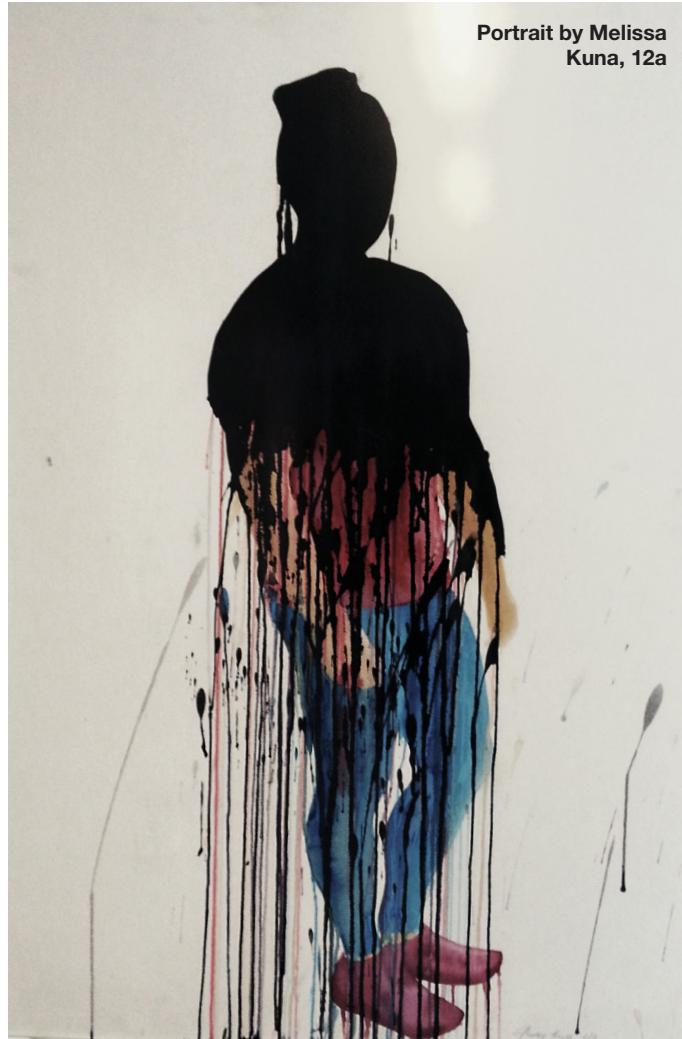
"Mrs. Jeff? But she is so clean. How could this happen?" he finally asked in disbelief.

"What will happen to her?" Trang whispered.

"You know what happens to the Uncleans. They get examined and tested. New medicine first gets tested on them to identify any side effects," Jake said.

"This is so messed up. Using people as study objects,"

Portrait by Melissa Kuna, 12a



You were brought here for voicing complaints about our government and our society. Not only did you disgrace our research, you also questioned our loyalty to our people.

Trang muttered. “Everything about this society is messed up. We live in fear of germs, or having some kind of fault in our body, for then we are proclaimed Unclean. We cannot even touch other people anymore. We eat disgusting food that tastes like chemicals. At the age of 50 we already have to kiss our healthy life goodbye. I would rather be ill then keep living like this,” Trang ranted. Before, he halfway tolerated this new lifestyle because it seemed to be working. No one was sick; at least that was what he thought. But, after his mother was said to be Unclean, his faith in this society ended. It was all wrong. “I actually even believe that there are no real Uncleans. They just made it up, as an excuse to test on them. Science loves its experiments. They need to kill off people to slow down our reproduction. That is also why they have the one child policy now.” Jake just sighed, silently disagreeing.

“My father is calling, talk to you later Trang,” Jake said and disconnected. Trang felt lonely. His mom was gone and he could do nothing to get her back. It was all so unfair.

Georgetown, 14.6.2054, 11:34 a.m.

Two officers stood outside Trang’s house. They had a bulky build and stood straight, not moving one bit. Their black suits were very intimidating.

“Trang Jeff?” one asked. “That is me,” Trang stuttered. What did they want? “Please follow us,” the two dragged Trang by his arms and escorted him away. Trang was too shocked to protest. He got shoved onto a black van and the door slammed shut behind him. The two men got in at the front and started to back out of the driveway.

“Where are we going?” Trang asked, but got ignored. After a short drive the door opened, revealing the laboratory. He jumped out and got pulled off into the building by the two hulky men in suits. He found himself in a white room, with nothing in it except two chairs and another boy.

“Trang?” The boy looked up. “Jake? What are you doing here? What are we doing here?” Trang asked, panic filling his voice. “I do not really know, but I heard one of the men dragging me off whisper traitor to his coworker,” Jake said. The door opened again and a woman entered. She was tall and dressed in a lab jacket with gloves on. Goggles covered her eyes. Her dark brown hair was tied up in a strict bun.

“I am Doctor Piaco, head of the laboratory and a member of the science board,” she introduced herself. The two friends looked at each other questionably.

“You probably already know why you are here,” she began. The two shook their heads. “You were brought here for voicing complaints about our government and our society. Not only did you disgrace our research, you also questioned our loyalty to our people,” she stated, “We regard this as treason.” She pushed a button and the two hulky men reappeared. “Please escort these two to the testing wing, they are Unclean,” Doctor Piaco turned around and

left. The two hulky men in black dragged Trang and Jake out of the bleach white room. They were brought to a room with two tables.

"Please lay down," the doctor who gave Trang a check-up came at the two boys with a needle. Before

they could protest, he shot a needle into each of their arms and placed them on a table. Sleep slowly took over Trang's body. He could not help but wonder if he would ever wake up again. Or if he even wanted to.

Ein Schluck Zu Viel

by Charlotte Kreienbaum, 9b

Ich kam nach Hause und er saß da. Mein Vater, mal wieder betrunken, mit einer Bierflasche in der Hand. Seine Laune war auch schon im Keller. Er schnauzte mich unnötig an und gab irgendwelche komischen Kommentare von sich. Ich ignorierte ihn und lief ins Badezimmer, ich wollte nur noch ein Bad mit schönem warmen Wasser. Ich ließ das Wasser laufen und ging noch mal in die Küche, um mir ein Glas Saft zu holen, da fing mein Vater schon wieder an. Er lallte irgendetwas wie: „Schau mich an, wenn ich mit dir rede“, oder „Habe ich dir denn nichts beigebracht?“. Das Übliche halt. Als ich ihn weiterhin ignorierte, stand er auf und lief auf mich zu. Ich sagte, ich wolle jetzt ein Bad nehmen und ging in Richtung des Badezimmers. „Du läufst mir nicht so leicht davon!“, dröhnte es von hinten. Ich hörte, wie er gegen die Wand lief, sich aber schnell wieder auffing und mir hinterher lief. Ich wollte gerade hinter mir die Tür schließen, als er im Türrahmen stand. Jetzt ging er zu weit. Er machte eine fiese Bemerkung über meine

Mutter: „Wie konnte ich denn mit so einer Schlampe, wie deiner Mutter, ein Kind bekommen?“ Mir reichte es, ich hatte keine Lust mehr jeden Abend nach Hause zu kommen und von meinem betrunkenen Vater angeschnauzt zu werden. Ich wusste nicht, was ich tat. Ich fühlte wie die Wut in mir kochte, wie meine Selbstbeherrschung mich langsam verließ. Mein Hände ballten sich zu Fäusten. Plötzlich rannte ich mit voller Geschwindigkeit auf ihn zu und schlug ihm mit ganzer Kraft ins Gesicht. Ich traf ihn am Wangenknochen, wo jetzt schon eine Wunde deutlich sichtbar war. Ich wollte abhauen, wegrennen, nie wiederkommen. Er griff nun nach mir und schubste mich hart, sodass ich nach hinten in die Badewanne fiel und mir den Kopf an der Wand stieß. Mein Körper lag da, regungslos. Meine Hand brannte, mein Kopf glühte, meine Knochen stachen. Etwas Warmes, Nasses spürte ich an meinem Hinterkopf. Die Badewanne war nun schon voll und ich rutschte immer tiefer hinein. Plötzlich verschwamm die Welt vor meinen Augen.

Gefangen Im Bus

by Emily Dills, 9c

Wie immer saßen wir, unsere Köpfe dicht aneinander gesteckt, um unseren großen, runden Tisch in der Mitte der Mensa beim Mittagsessen und kicherten: „Die sieht voll scheiße aus, mit den komischen Hossen und dem uralten T-Shirt. Voll uncool“, flüsterte die aus unserer Clique, die immer die teuersten Klamotten trug. „Wusstet ihr, dass sie sich die Haare nur einmal die Woche wäscht? Iiii, voll ekelig!“, ergänzte ihre Nachbarin mit den glänzenden, blonden Haaren. Daraus folgerte die Dünnste und Penibelste unter uns: „Ach darum kommt sie mir immer so schleimig vor. Wahrscheinlich duscht sie auch nur einmal die Woche.“ Alle kreischten. Ich auch. Das fühlte sich richtig gut an, so mächtig zu sein. Wir wollten irgendwie, dass sie unseren Hass auf sie merkte, aber sie

schaute noch nicht einmal hoch von ihrem Mittagessen. „Und die ganzen Pickel... voll die Hässlichkeit. Also mal ehrlich, wenn ich so ein Gesicht hätte, ich glaube, ich würde mich nicht in die Schule trauen“, stimmte ich meinen Freundinnen zu, diesmal lauter, sodass sie es hören musste. Doch sie zeigte keine Reaktion, glotzte auf ihre Suppe und biss in ihr Brot. „Was ist denn mit der los? Die hört uns nicht. Die muss wohl taub sein.“ Es klingelte. Wir drängelten alle gleichzeitig aus der Mensa. Dabei schubste ich sie, ohne dass sie mich sah, auf den Boden. Ich fühlte mich stark und beliebt. Es gefiel mir, sie auf dem Boden liegen zu sehen. Stolz und schmunzelnd lief ich, von mir selbst überzeugt, mit meiner Clique zurück in meinen Klassenraum. Die Mittagspause hatte

uns alle in gute Laune versetzt. Mir fiel auf, dass wir alle die gleichen Hosen anhattten und ich fand es cool, wie wir alle so super aussahen. Eine meiner Freundinnen umarmte mich, laut kreischend. Wir setzten uns auf unsere Plätze.

Als der Schultag endlich ein Ende nahm, verabschiedete ich mich von der Clique und stieg in den Bus, um nach Hause zu fahren. Ich setzte mich auf den ersten freien Platz. Dann kam sie. Das Mädchen. Sie kam lächelnd auf mich zu und setzte sich neben mich. Der Bus fuhr an. Sie setzte sich einfach so zu mir, ohne zu zögern. Einfach so. Hoffentlich sah mich keiner neben ihr sitzen! Was dachte die sich eigentlich? Die war doch nicht in unserer Clique! Plötzlich diese zarte, aber bestimmte Stimme: „Hallo! Ich wollte dich immer schon mal fragen, ob das, was alle über dich sagen, stimmt. Bist du wirklich immer so nett? Ich habe gehört, dass du noch nie gemein warst. Echt cool. Manche in deiner Clique sind zu mir, im Gegensatz zu dir, echt ekelhaft.“ Sie hatte mich also wirklich nicht gehört heute Mittag. Ich schämte mich. Ich wünschte, die Anderen wären jetzt hier. Warum hab ich das alles bloß gesagt? Der Spaß daran war jetzt verschwunden. Ich wurde knallrot und stotterte vor mich hin. „Ich bin mir nicht sicher, was du meinst“, stieß ich hervor. Meine Hände schwitzten und ich klammerte mich an meinen Sitz. Ich war doch gar nicht so unglaublich nett. Alles in mir zog sich zusammen und wurde klein. Ich wollte aufspringen

und aus diesem Bus stürzen. Oder im Boden versinken. Ich schaute auf die rote Ampel. Nichts bewegte sich. Alles ging in Zeitlupe. Ich schaute sie an. Sie kam mir so friedlich und einfach nur glücklich vor. Nicht bemitleidenswert, wie beim Essen heute. „Na ja, du hast doch letzte Woche für die ganze Klasse das Tischeputzen übernommen. Das war voll nett. Ich meine, wem macht es schon Spaß, die Tische zu putzen, weil andere sie beschmiert haben?“ Das war gar nicht freiwillig gewesen. Unser Lehrer hatte mich meinen Tisch bemalen sehen und dann musste ich zur Strafe alle säubern. Sie hatte es wohl als eine Helden-tat verstanden. Wie hatte ich nicht erkennen können, dass jemand so nett und unschuldig war, als ich heute zusammen mit meiner Clique über sie gelästert hatte? Die Clique war in diesem Moment unangenehm weit weg. Wären sie nur bei mir! Das Mädchen lächelte mich ermutigend an. Ich lächelte zögerlich zurück und mir fiel nichts ein. Endlich. Meine Station. Ich sprang aus dem stickigen, beklemmenden Käfig. Die frische Luft und meine beiden Füße auf dem Bürgersteig erleichterten mich wie noch nie zuvor. Aus meinem Augenwinkel erblickte ich ein Winken. Ich griff mein Handy. Nichts wie weg hier! Auf dem Display von einer aus der Clique eine neue Nachricht: „Die alte Kuh ist in deinen Bus gestiegen. Hast du's überlebt oder bist du vor Ekel tot umgefallen?“ Ein ungewolltes Lächeln huschte mir übers Gesicht.

Die Busfahrt

by Felix Hegner, 9a

Ich saß da und hörte Musik. Ich wollte gerade das Lied wechseln, da ertönte der Lautsprecher: „Behring Krankenhaus.“ Jemand fragte: „Darf ich mich neben dich setzen, ich bin auch ganz still.“ Ich nickte und sah aus dem Fenster, bis Oskar-Helene-Heim würde ich noch eine Weile brauchen. „Aber wie gesagt, ich bin ja nur zu Besuch hier“, sagte sie. Ich blieb still und fragte mich, was das für eine irre Frau war. Hielt sie mich vielleicht für ihren Enkelsohn. Immer stiegen beim Behring Krankenhaus alte, kranke Menschen ein, die mich vollhusteten und die „respektlose Jugend“ anrempelten. „Ich möchte noch ein wenig die Stadt sehen, bevor ich dann um vier zurück fahre, dann wird's ja spät, dann wird's ja spät. Nach dem Mittagessen darf ich neuerdings raus!“ Ich hatte meine Kopfhörer inzwischen abgelegt und schlussfolgerte,

dass sie im Krankenhaus wohnte. „Sie wohnen im Behring Krankenhaus?“ „Ja, seit es mir wieder besser geht, sagen sie, darf in einer Woche raus und dann kann ich mal schauen, wie es meinem Mann geht.“ Ihre Stimme fing dabei an zu zittern. Ich fragte ich nicht weiter nach. Stattdessen sagte ich: Mein Bruder macht gerade sein Praktikum in dem Krankenhaus.“ „Jaja, es soll dort ja sehr berühmte Ärzte geben.“ Oskar-Helene-Heim erschien auf dem Bildschirm. „Ich muss jetzt los, aber es war schön mit Ihnen zu reden. „Sie rief noch: Tschüss, viel Spaß beim Tennistraining.“ Ich spielte gar kein Tennis, doch ich wollte sie nicht korrigieren. Offensichtlich war sie nicht mehr ganz klar im Kopf. Ich murmelte noch beim Aussteigen: „Den werde ich haben.“

Critical Essays

Photograph of Creative Writing/Film/Haywire: Mr. Robertson, Adam Ross, Mr. Beckley, and Herr Martens.



A Rudder For The Rudderless

Adam Ross' Visit to JFKS

by Emily Dills, 9c

On Monday, 3rd of November, Adam Ross, author of *Mr. Peanut* and *Middleman*, visited JFKS to share with the 12th grade English classes about his career as a writer. As a member of Haywire, I was lucky to be able to attend the event as a 9th grader.

Adam Ross grew up in New York City and went to Vassar College as an undergraduate. He studied creative writing at the all-girls' Hollins University where he earned a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing. Later, he attended Washington University with Stanley Elkins. Ross worked as a bar manager in Nashville, where he moved to with his wife. He had been writing for 12 years before publishing *Mr.*

Peanut.

Responding to the question about his favorite authors, he quickly rattled off Walker Percy, Don DeLillo, Alice Munro, and Junot Diaz. Ross is currently writing *Playworld*, at the American Academy where he is a visiting fellow. His children attend the John F. Kennedy School.

Before the talk many students read Ross' short story "Middleman" from the 2012 Ladies and Gentleman. Ross fielded questions and discussed his coming of age story with us. In the story, the protagonist, Jacob, grapples with and comes to understand the phrase "getting on the inside". He discovers it as being "in the moment",

which is depicted as rare and therefore precious and extremely important in life. Jacob matures by grasping his identity and understanding the meaning of Mr. Duckworth's ambiguous advice. Ross also shared a considerable amount of advice and life lessons with us. First, he enlightened us by pointing out that "we really aren't who we think we are." He also shared some of John Keats' wisdom: "straight paths are the paths of mediocrity." Yet Ross himself was an extremely mediocre student in high school, as he didn't care to conform to the standard system. He admitted this in an anecdote from his life: a particularly mean-spirited teacher of his vis-

ited one of Adam Ross' readings and shared that he would have denounced anyone who told him he'd ever be at a reading by Adam Ross as a liar. Ross' journey of becoming a writer was long and arduous, fueled by perseverance. As a writer, he declared that knowing the ending of a piece is the most important in the writing process.

Adam Ross advised us to write down something true about our surroundings every day, as a habit, and he shocked us all by uncovering the fact that writer's block is a myth! For example, he explained, one of his graduate school professors, suffering from multiple sclerosis, wrote an entire novel with merely one finger. Ross found that

the guiding question in one's path in life is "Where does your talent fit into the world?" Overall, the experience of hearing a published novelist talk to us about writing and life was extremely enlightening and I hope JFKS hosts many more great authors we can learn valuable wisdom from.

Leaving The DDR Behind

A Visit to Hohenschönhausen

by Carina Kühne, 10f



Photos by Olivia Swarthout, 10f

Walking through the foreboding metal gates of the Stasi prison of Hohenschönhausen on a crisp Friday morning, our entire group of tenth graders fell silent. We were soon acquainted with our tour guide, Harry Santos, an expressive man now in his sixties who had been a former GDR prisoner in this institution. As he introduced himself, we obtained a first impression of

the grounds: the tall, grey walls topped with stretches of barbed wire dauntingly enclosed the bare, cemented courtyard that we stood in, and an old surveillance camera pointed at the entrance. The only hint of color was provided by the red bricks of the main building and the narrow strip of grass in front of it. To start off our tour, we were taken into a room to

watch a captivating documentary about the history of the Hohenschönhausen prison and the people who were detained. The jail holds over two hundred cells and interrogation rooms that were used by the Stasi to question prisoners. Next, our tour guide led us into the basement. Bright lights illuminated the dirty, rough, white walls with peeling paint and the multiple pipes and cables running along the ceiling. A damp, metallic smell was very prominent. The only sound was that of our footsteps and of a heavy metal door to a cell further away banging shut.

As we peered through the low door frame into the individual cells, I understood why they had been referred to as “submarines”. Positioned in the windowless room were only a wooden cot without a mattress and a bucket for human waste. I could vividly imagine that being in these cells must have felt similar to being in a submarine – confined in total darkness and isolation, with the sound of dripping water in the background. It was unbearable to think that, according to our tour guide, most of the prisoners that were held captive here had been. The next thing we observed was a truck that had been used to deport suspicious civilians to this prison or other similar prisons, hidden in plain sight among other regular vehicles on the street due to their disguise as industrial cars. A feeling of claustrophobia and pure fear washed over me as I imagined how the prisoners in the tiny, built in cages in the trucks must have felt, with no idea where they were going or what would happen to them.



Entering the prison building above ground where the GDR prisoners had been kept, a smell of musty linoleum instantly filled the air. It struck me as ironic that there was a rose garden in the courtyard right outside of the barred windows to these cells; symbols of beauty and love right in the middle of such a horrid place. The prisoners could never see outside, however, as the windows were made of thick, glass blocks that only let in light. The hallways with the numbered doors to the cells (by which the prisoners were referred to instead of by their name) were lined with rough, faded wallpaper.

The guide's voice swelled as he became more animated and recounted his personal experiences in these cells. He recreated the scraping sound of the flaps on the thick, steel doors being opened to peer inside the rooms and the slam of the food openings being closed. Rooms had a toilet, faucet, and a wooden cot. As we walked through the hallways, we saw cables along each wall that could instantly be pulled if there was any sign of rebellion by the prisoner, sounding a piercing alarm signal. Our guide told us to imagine the fear of the prisoners and a constant, complete silence of the hallways.

Finally, we all sat down in a small, sun-lit room where the guide asked us to pose any questions we had. As different voices crescendoed and receded, my mind wandered off to thoughts about how this place could ever have come to exist. The horrible conditions the



prisoners lived in and the physical and psychological torture they had to endure was just inhumane. As we depart, our guide left us with a final message: to remember that at one time Germany was very different from how it is now, and that we should never forget this.

Unforgettable Stasiland Passage Analysis

By Olivia Gallup, 10d

In Anna Funder's 2002 non-fiction bestseller, the author artfully crafts a description of memory and its restoration after a hangover by using similes, extensive imagery, and personification. Funder uses opaque metaphors to elucidate the effects of her hangover: "Last night is a smoky blur..." (3). Because of her alcohol consumption, she cannot picture her recently formed memories clearly, just like most people cannot remember their distant past. Memories return to her that she was not aware of for years, which Funder describes with elaborate imagery: "I remember my mother's moustache in the sun, I remember the acute hunger-and-loss feeling of adolescence, I remember the burnt chalk smell of tram brakes in summer" (3). These newly resurfaced memories are a result of Funder's synapses reconstructing themselves in novel ways after the destructive alcohol overdose erases their old paths. She finishes by personifying memories, and effectively the past as something that will always resurface or be a part of a person, no matter how much they suppress it: "You think you have your past filed away under subject headings, but, somewhere, it waits to reconnect itself" (4). It is as if the past is a creature lurking in the deepest part of a person's personality, never to be tamed or forgotten. Funder depicts memories in this persisting manner to reinforce her opinion that although the wall dividing East and West Germany has fallen and the Communist regime is over, the past still has a lasting influence over the then modern Germany.

Shards of Memory

Interview With a Former GDR

by Naomi Plitzko Scherer, 10d

My laptop speakers crackle and pop, Helmut's Saxon accent, a familiar tone from my childhood, distorted further by Skype's unsatisfactory quality. Even before I begin, I experience a sense of failure, by not giving his life story the clarity it deserves. While exchanging the necessary pleasantries, I mentally prepare myself, attempting to overcome my set predictions of what his opinion on the GDR will be. At the same time, I am already steeling myself to rediscover people I have known my entire life.

As if he can sense my worry from the other side of the city, Helmut comments several times on the tinny quality of the call, perhaps worried his existence will be misunderstood. Soon, and without much prompting, he launches into the tale of his youth in the GDR, attending an elementary school in Dresden for eight years before foregoing the diploma in favor of a "Berufsschule" (vocational school) in Leipzig but later rectifying this decision in Leverkusen, West Germany. He strove to escape his authoritarian father, knowing supplying his own livelihood would buy his freedom. While explaining his childhood to a computer screen, Helmut Franz frequently comments on the lack of political fanaticism, like he can read my

preconceptions from my silence, frantically trying to escape the stereotype. He mentions how his mother's unwillingness to let him join the children's organization the "Pioniere" was accepted without discussion. Although, as he hurries to add, this could have been quite different elsewhere. "The school was called the Berufsschule Freie Jugend (the Vocational School Free Youth) and was located in Stalin Street," Helmut explains. "In spite of this beautiful title and the street, our vocational school education was very qualitative, systematic, and objective, a very good education." But even after he seems to have convinced himself of the livability of the GDR, Helmut imparts his desperate dream of fleeing to West Germany.

In 1967, at age 18, he left through Leipzig while it was still easy to leave. In fact, he escaped in May, a mere two months before the Wall became impassable, cutting short his vacation at the Baltic Coast like he could sense the electricity in the air before the coming storm. Helmut and his friend at the Berufsschule had long admired the West-German cars, all chrome and dual paint finishes and white stripes and luxury, so different from the rickety "Trabis" East Germans had to wait 15 years to acquire.



Art by Maria
Schubert, 12a

They listened with zeal to the American military radio station from Berlin, EMS, gorging their ears on the music of Elvis and other rock 'n roll legends. In the GDR, rock 'n roll was strictly forbidden, making it, far beyond just music, into an expression of protest. They dressed like Elvis and styled their hair in his image, feeling cool and rebellious. A ridiculous image invades my mind, the graying, kind man from my childhood lounging around in Elvis hair and a sparkly suit.

I force my mind to return to the sobering reality as Helmut continues to hack his life into minuscule detail, stopping my eyes from tracking the minutes' slow progression. He mentions that he never had anything against the general idea of socialism; to this day he still doesn't. Although they recognized the cramped nature of the GDR, the lack of democracy, the censorship of music and books, and the limited ability to travel, and were annoyed by it, they understood the socialist economic system as a contrast to the then constant crises. "What made the West attractive was not the capitalistic economy. It was the civil liberties, it was the basic rights that you had in the West," Helmut defines. "But we all had a basic sympathy [to socialism]. The general concept of socialism drove few or almost none of us to opposition or to flee." After all this, however, he whittles his explanation down to two main reasons for his escape. Helmut's invisible smile leaks into his voice as he describes his first reason, the unattainable luxuries in the West, from music to cars to clothes.

The second is more intricate, beginning with a globe on his father's desk in his childhood. The same globe now stands in his office and entertained me in much the same way, exactly fifty years later, in a new world. Helmut was obsessed with travel since the age of eight, pushing his father to show him the elephants and the Indians and the rainforest on the globe's weathered surface. He wanted to see the world but

couldn't leave Eastern Europe. A trip 200km away to Bulgaria was far too little to satiate his hunger for discovery. Hamburg was nearly at the border, and therefore inaccessible. Copenhagen was on the other side of the Baltic Sea, and therefore inaccessible. I picture Helmut's overwhelming frustration as he speaks. "It made me sick. I thought I was going somewhere, but I couldn't get away. Personally, that made me crazy."



Art by Lena Sawert, 10b

And just this missing freedom alone would have been enough to make me leave." It takes me a moment to notice the sudden absence of sound, his expectant silence, waiting as I scramble to fill it with a question. "Did you leave family or friends behind when you left for West Germany? People who stayed, stuck in the GDR?", I ask. "Of course." I kick myself for the insensitivity of my request, the thoughtless phrasing

of a painful predicament. Helmut describes himself as the “Glückskind”, or lucky child, envied by everyone who remained behind. He was the only member of his former life who escaped in time, allowed to return to the GDR once a year to revisit his past.

Once, his entrance at a class reunion sucked all conversation from the room, leaving envious, dumb-founded gazes turned toward him. One classmate dared to ask whether he had returned for good. “Helli” responded no, and the entire class laughed, relieved that he hadn’t lost his mind. Two of his acquaintances tried to follow his example, attempting to climb the Wall after the border became impassable, but were caught and sentenced to two years in prison. I ask whether they ever shared anything about their experience. “No.” he responds. “No one likes to talk about those kind of things.” Helmut had his own brush with the Stasi, an official in disguise apprehending him on one of his annual visits, when he had become more politically active after a trip to Africa. The man claimed to be part of a board of education, interested in the school system in West Berlin. Helmut, however, understood that anyone interested in education in West Germany would bypass the lowly students and talk straight to the university administration. When the man offered to increase Helmut’s visitation allowance in exchange for information, he knew he was speaking to a member of the Stasi and declined. Personally, he claims never to have felt harassed by the secret service, although his sister had worse experiences when she attempted to marry a West German.

Helmut describes his first impression of the land on the other side of the Wall, portraying it as seeming more bright and colorful, people friendly and polite. Despite this, he first befriended only fellow Easterners, his upbringing too at odds with the Western mindset. The newspapers seemed exaggerated in comparison to the drab GDR publications, the advertisements, virtually nonexistent in the East, appeared to him downright ridiculous. But he has never, ever, wanted to take it back. He needed to leave the confinement of the East, but kept returning to revisit his past. I think of him now, living in a generous apartment, so unlike the one he shared with his parents, aunt and uncle, cousin, and grandmother in Dresden.

I consider his French wife, Anne, whom he

met in China on one of his countless expeditions. His retirement has given him all the freedom to travel he craved, but he spends his spare time giving tours of

Helmut describes his first impression of the land on the other side of the Wall, portraying it as seeming more bright and colorful, people friendly and polite.

the GDR to American students, using his story to explain history, despite his multiple reminders that his is merely a personal account, far from objective. My musings are interrupted as his doorbell rings, heralding the arrival of his French brother-in-law. We politely part ways, only minutes before my own bell sounds.

Outside the door stand Joan Murphy and Uli Nowka, two more familiar faces from my childhood, who lived in West Berlin at the same time as Helmut, but who may as well have been inhabiting a parallel universe. They position themselves on the couch, seeming slightly discomfited, but nevertheless answer my questions openly. Uli speaks in German, Joan sticking to her mother tongue English as they admit to having practiced for the interview, apprehensive of opening a chapter of their lives they have left to gather dust. Literally, as Joan cracks open her forgotten diary from 1989 and scans the days leading up to the fateful 9th of November. In general, her responses to my questions are more personal, critically commenting on her own life, as Uli sticks to infrequent, vague political statements. While the week before holds notes on the state of her second pregnancy, a phone call with her parents, and a parent-teacher conference at the Waldorf school, the space for November 9th remains conspicuously blank. The fall of the Wall came completely unexpected to the couple, cut off as they were from the news while living illegally in a squatter’s house in West Berlin. Even when the evidence became irrefutably obvious and the East Germans began buying up the Marlboro cigarettes and beer tins as evidence of their presence in the West, Joan believed it was a temporary change.

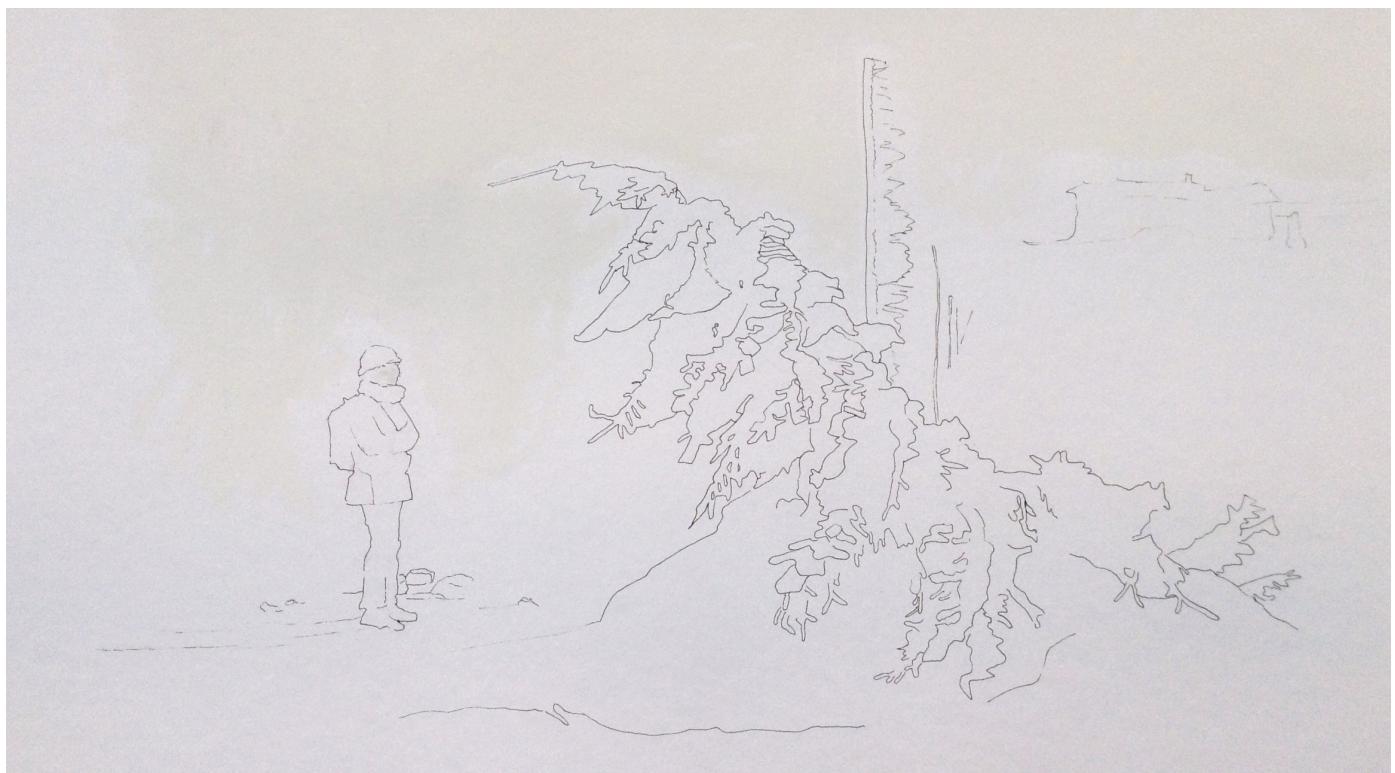
Lenin had claimed that before the Germans stormed a train platform they would purchase a ticket

first, and she trusted he knew the nation better than she did. Even before the Wall fell, she felt a sense of disappointment in the political situation, with a radically different view of the East from what I have come to expect. "For us leftists in West Berlin," she explains, "the GDR was always like a haven of pretend socialism. And we saw it crumbling apart. Our whole reality! There was a shift in the paradigm, as they say." Uli calls attention to fighting in Hungary and Poland at the same time, as well as a similar phenomenon before in China, where demonstrations against socialism were brutally crushed. People in the GDR were scared of the possible consequences, worried that their attempts to change the system, for example in Leipzig, might suffer a similar fate. On the other side of the border, the people of West Berlin were taken completely by surprise, with no warning to Schabowski's uninformed opening of the Wall. Joan was not only taken aback by the fall of the Wall, but was dismayed by her illusion of the GDR dwindling as the East Germans rushed to leave in favor of the better life in the West. She thought, however, that perhaps this would leave the true Socialists the freedom to build a perfect GDR, free of these deserters. It was disconcerting to see her idols, who had seemed to embody socialism, desert everything they had learned so willingly, accepting a brand new ideology without criticism. Although the thought of

living there never crossed her mind, Joan befriended several East Germans while smuggling an illegal women's health journal into the GDR, and found the vanquishers of fascism and any alternative to main-line capitalism appealing. She took pride in supporting the "Arbeiterstaat", where they had set the right priorities and everyone's needs would be provided for, and enjoyed the rush of illegality.

Her illusion, of course, ignored the persecution of the East Germans, with no understanding of the impact of constant surveillance or political intolerance. As she explains, Joan either was not aware of the reality of life in the GDR, or simply had no wish to think about it, discarding criticism of the system with the thought, "oh, it's probably just some old fascist anyhow." Joan freely admits her lack of empathy for the victims of Communism and her heroizing of its leaders, while Uli describes his disbelief in the permanence or significance of the Wall falling. The evidence was really only noticeable at the border crossings, where the "Begrüßungsgeld" ("welcoming money") of 200 Marks was spent on the new symbol of freedom: non-returnable beer cans. The GDR itself remained uninteresting to Uli, his last visit having been at least ten years prior to the Wall's demise, as he resented the time-consuming passport checks.

"Snowy Tree" by Olivia Albrecht, 12d



He pitied the East Germans when he witnessed them being cheated of the money they were unused to handling, buying West German cars at four times their value in their ignorant attempts to assimilate.

Like many leftist activists, neither of them

Back before 1989, Joan had developed a certain affinity for the Wall, and its sudden absence left her feeling geographically threatened.

supported the reunification of Germany. They thought neither complete union nor separation by the Wall would succeed, but opted for the “new way” presented by politicians such as Helmut Kohl. Uli also mentions the concerns of other Western nations such as France and Great Britain, who worried that this would allow Germany to resume its place as a world power, whether economically or militarily, a fear that has verified itself. While Joan sympathizes with the financial deception of the East Germans at their arrival and disheartened at how easily they could be bought, she was at first shocked at their behavior. “The whole city stank, you couldn’t get a taxi, the subway was full... You felt really disrupted.” The Easterners’ right to move to West Germany may have been legitimate and recognized, but the Westerners felt, for the first time, protective of “their” Berlin and unwilling to welcome the new influx. “I felt like it was an invasion,” she continues. “Like, ‘get out!’” The reunified Germans celebrated but remained wary of each other with the same animosity with which they treated the minorities. Joan curbed her resentment with the realization that she, too, was a foreigner, and consoled herself with the thought that, like any family, they must soon have their first squabble.

Both Joan and Uli agree that this hostility remained ingrained in the mindsets of both “Wessis” and “Ossis”. The West Germans were said to be unbearable know-it-alls, while the Easterners were notoriously lazy in the minds of the Westerners. Thanks to the fall of Communist Germany, the Wessis also felt superior, since their system had prevailed. The East Germans, for their part, suffered from a certain insecurity. East German products all but disappeared,

in favor of imported goods from Western countries. Uli comments on how you could differentiate between West and East Germans by their phrasing even after the reunification, the language itself changed by the Wall. Joan, too, still feels the presence of a certain “wall in the mind”, as the author Anna Funder describes it, maintaining a clear boundary between the familiar and the unknown country that, to her, is East Berlin.

A car drives by outside the window, as if to remind her of the freedom of movement she has gained. Back before 1989, Joan had developed a certain affinity for the Wall, and its sudden absence left her feeling geographically threatened. She feared for her work, too, and for the fate of everything the Greens (the political party in power at the time) had accomplished thus far in West Germany. Her gaze sinks to a paper in her lap, a hand drawn flyer depicting a Trabant car and a face unhappily inhaling its fumes, with the words, “Trabis, go home!” In her seventh month of pregnancy and witnessing her world crashing down around her, Joan turned to her own form of protest, placing these flyers on every Trabi in sight and dragging her family to a small demonstration. As she recognizes now, Joan disregarded the larger problem, the counterbalance to the overwhelming euphoria. The suicide and divorce rates skyrocketed, more people were involved in car accidents, intoxicated with speed, and racked up massive debt because of their inexperience handling Western money. They both trail off, and I am unsure of how to continue, until Joan claims she has a conclusion, a way of saving herself from the egotistical self-portrait she has painted. “My world was West Berlin and I was involved in a lot of political activity. We were creating a new society. And knowing people on the other side of the Wall were pulling on the same rope was reassuring. Then these Eastern tourists came in and destroyed my life, my world.” She recounts a trip to the Richardplatz market, her son Francis in hand, where she encountered a grandfather with his grandson. He pointed to a window in the building opposite and explained, “See, that’s where we used to live.” And Joan was reduced to tears at the beauty of their reunification. She grasped the true implications of the Wall falling. Far beyond the destruction of her sheltered bubble of a life, it meant the reunion of long-lost family, friends, and lives.

People on both sides of the Wall were molded by their experiences, by the people they lost and reached again, by the things they were deprived of and the choices and sacrifices they made. As with anyone, the memories they gathered, whether life-altering or trivial, pleasant or unhappy, sharp or faded, changed them irrevocably. Everyone carries their memories with them; the question is whether it is a weight we gladly bear. For although our memories can be painful, there is a soothing effect to dwelling in times gone by. We can allow our memory to run

past our mind unchecked, colorless and without any of the consequentiality and definition reality holds. Our past is not simply the carefully rehearsed biography we endlessly repeat, but the small disjointed memories and fractured sensations of our history. No matter how much we might wish to, no one can leave behind something that has changed them and left its mark imprinted on their identity. Even when our experiences become fragmented and hazy with time, the past defines our present and influences our future, and we can never truly be free of it.

Pæt Wæs God Cyning

Beowulf Essay

by Elsa Kienberger, 12d

In the Caribbean, renowned storytellers visit school to regal children with stories about Anansi, which teach morals in an entertaining way. This

time-honored tradition has been alive for thousands of years around the world, like in Sweden, where the story of Beowulf was passed down through word of mouth. Finally, between the seventh and tenth centuries

it was translated into old English and transcribed by monks. Seamus Heaney's translation attempts to capture the original Anglo-Saxon text's prose through caesura, kennings and alliteration.

Caesura in the meta-narrative elevates the similarity to the original spoken version of Beowulf. After the protagonist kills Grendel a minstrel sings the tale of Sigemund as a way of connecting the two battles. He begins: "After his death/ Sigemund's glory/ grew and grew/ because of his courage/ when he killed the dragon/ guardian of the hoard" (59). Visually this story appears like the Anglo-Saxon text. The pauses caused by caesura and gentle alliteration evoke a storyteller's voice. It lilts and created a rhythm

when read to oneself or aloud. Heaney captures the foreshadowing in this introduction as well; Sigemund and Beowulf's fates are intertwined. Both kill a drag-

on and become especially famous thereafter. Another story is told after Grendel's defeat which also foreshadows Beowulf's demise. The caesura employed in this text seems less like the Anglo-Saxon ver-

sion, however it is necessary to do it poetic justice. Later a funeral pyre is "[...] heaped/ with boar-shaped helmets" (77). Despite the change in structure, each sentence fragment partners with another. This creates a "call and response" technique which alludes to the story's inherent verbal telling. Again this meta-narrative describes Beowulf's death as he too wears a "boar-shaped helmet". Melodic caesura in the inner narrative foreshadows Beowulf's tragic demise and displays the storytelling craft.

Kennings designate meaning to separate words that have an entirely new significance together. While Beowulf prepares for the underwater fight, his protection endues hidden meaning. An An-



Photography by
Zoe Binder, 8a

glo-Saxon kenning permeates the text, which Heaney directly translates as “bone-cage” (101). The exceeding strength of bones, almost unbreakable, protect animal’s organs. A deeper message imparts itself through the word’s pairing with “cage”. Cages protect, but also trap the objects/subjects placed within. In this case the “bone-cage” imprisons Beowulf’s soul so it will not soar away into the great unknown. Similarly, a mysterious presence alluded to by another kenning makes an appearance. Earlier when the Geats arrive in Denmark they cross the “sea-lanes” (17). The lengths this great warrior goes to to defeat evil abound in this tale, however, to avoid repeating the same words and sounds multiple times, different words are compounded to create a new one. Instead of simply saying ocean, it becomes a “sea-lane”. Separately the words are weak, yet together they are mighty.

Extreme use of alliteration closes the gap between the old English and the modern English version. Almost all the language, despite its translation, has poetic tendencies. Beowulf’s introduction by “Wulfgar [...] a Wendel chief renowned as a warrior,

well known for his wisdom” (25). Even this character with his minuscule role in the context of the novel receives the honor of alliteration and assonance. Such devices in the spoken style also make the segments easy to remember as they contain a rhythm and flow which floats off the lips. Later to portray the bravery of Ecgtheow’s son he is extolled as “excelling himself/ in daring and danger, until the day arrived when he had to come face to face with the dragon” (163). The alliteration of “d”, a harsh consonant proves Beowulf’s strength and agility of mind as an equal match for the beast. As with Wulfgar, repetition of the letter “d” creates a simple way to memorize the worthy warrior’s many merits. Employing this device can also add layers of sound to contribute to a scene. At Beowulf’s funeral a great pyre is lit by arrows: “The shaft hit home. Feather-fledged, it finned the barb of flight” (209). The alliteration of “f” creates the fizz-like sound of fire in the background of the story. Before the arrow sets the pyre of aflame, no “f” sounds are used, but in the “shaft”, which is already burning. As soon as it ignites the wooden grave, however, suddenly flames and alliteration spring up everywhere. To dramatize



and visualize the epic, alliteration enforces the scenes, alludes to character traits, and helps with memorizing them.

Although Heaney's translation does not fulfill the old English version, it comes close through his efforts at maintaining the original's poetic complexity with varied caesura, profound kennings, and detailed alliteration. Heaney's limited use of caesura actually strengthens the text by enabling distinct passages to stand out. His commendable efforts for keeping the kennings add to the ancient feel of the text.

The thoughtful and painstaking alliteration found throughout the pages elevates the setting and descriptions of the novel. Nevertheless, Heaney could not capture, through no fault on his part, the innate magic and mysterious aspect which the true Anglo-Saxon language imparts on this myth. Reading, instead of the translation, the actual old English, especially aloud, sounds like a chant. It feels caught between a pagan spell and a Christian prayer. This gives the entire text a reverent quality that has long outlived other, less bewitching stories.

Helping Those who Can't Help Themselves

A "This I Believe" Essay

by Anabell Sikes, 12a

Every day we get the opportunity to help people in our surroundings, whether it is giving the homeless man some money for a meal or visiting the shelter to help them clean the cages and take the dogs on a walk. Never would I have thought that I would face my biggest and most direct opportunity to help another being on a vacation in Greece. I had just come back from the beach where I had glissaded over the water on my windsurf board. With the salt slowly crystallizing in my hair I walked up the hot white stone steps of the hotel's backyard and suddenly faced a small gathering of teenagers in my vacation group and our guardians. They all were quiet and had distressed looks on their faces. When I finally came close enough and looked past the other heads I saw a white dog lying on the ground, his eyes closed, his body resting so still in the meager amount of shade available during midday. Further down past his neck where a tight collar was cutting into his skin, his front leg was crooked and clearly fractured. My first response was to look away but that was when I knew that I had to help this abandoned creature, for I believe in helping those who can't help themselves. We lifted the malnourished animal and carried his frail body slowly to a car so he could be brought to the nearest vet. His fur crunched under our palms, thick with dirt and salt, and in desperate need of cleaning. Even after the car drove off, I promised that little guy I would see him again and I would personally watch out for him so I can make sure he would never get mistreated like this again. Sadly, the fate that encountered him affects not just his life, but that of millions

of other animals around the world, that live in terrible kinds of conditions. Many of them are either killed or die every day. Picking the dog up from the airport 4 days later in Germany and bringing him to a vet here, where his broken foot was fixed may only have been a small act of kindness, but to him, it meant his life. Every morning I wake up and go to his house where he wakes up and looks at me with his light amber colored eyes and his face widens into a grin just before he jumps up and races on all fours to his leash. While we walk in the balmy morning sun and I watch him jump through the grass, his short white fur catching drops of dew, I ask myself how I can help other mistreated animals reach this kind of wellbeing after experiencing hardship. Adopting him gave him a second chance at living, something many more in this world need. This does not just include animals, but also people who worry about their lives every day. Helping them is something I believe in.



Photography by Rebecca Duncker, 12a

Melody for my Mind

A “This I Believe” Essay

by Jakob Eckardt, 12a

At the beginning of the summer vacations I got my wisdom teeth pulled. I remember vividly: lying on the hospital chair, the dentists clad in clean, white fabric, as bland and bright as everything else in the room. My numb, aching gums were held open by an iron tool. Cold tongs, syringes, and other sharp hooked tools where alternately jabbed into my mouth while tubes were squirting and then sucking cold water back out of it, creating a loud slurping noise.

My sweaty hands where nervously fidgeting with my phone. A few minutes in, the incessant commotion cut off. Was that it? Could it have been? The question was answered by a metal drill the dentist pulled out: “This will get quite loud”. The doctor spoke calmly. “You might want to put on those headphones of yours and play some music while we continue.” Glad for the distraction, I did as proposed and was welcomed by the warm, resonant strum of a guitar. The screeching of the dentist’s tools was drowned out by the bright, upbeat melody, the heart-pounding base and the radiant voices.

The louder I turned the music, the more it consumed the world around me and I could easily shake off the discomfort and pain. That is just one example of why I believe in the deep connection between music, and our emotions.

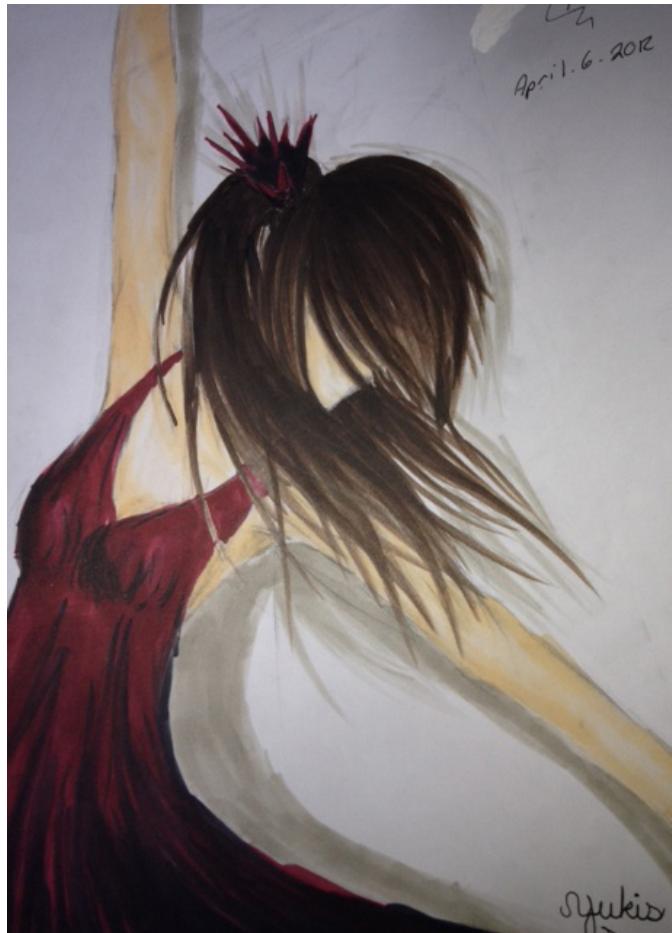
My first exposure to modern pop music was a little cassette with children’s dance hits that I had as a kid. The songs must have been quite the con-

trast to the Classical music that my mother listened to, because years later I still remember and cherish frivolous tunes like “Who Let the Dogs Out” and the Macarena. Music has continued to play an important role in my life and my interest in it has relentlessly expanded. Nowadays, my music library holds so many songs of such a rich variety of genres that I am regularly surprised by the gems I find in it.

Music has an astonishing power over me: It

can fill me with life, by giving me the irresistible urge to dance, snap my fingers or tap my feet, even in public, or by giving me the needed energy and enthusiasm to push myself during a work-out. Music also calms me when I become sick of stress, can help me fall asleep if I’m exhausted or can cause deep melancholy. It can lighten my spirits, making me ecstatic and sending me rushing towards sunlight and fresh air... while its eerie dissonance in horror movies alarms me or sends me into shock. We use our senses in ways that we are not always consciously aware of:

The sight of the vibrant colors of sunlit landscapes can inspire us, and a single smell can send us back to relive a memory in the most magnificent fashion, but I firmly believe that our ability to listen to music is the sense which influences our emotions most deeply.



“Snow Dance” by Amanda Carrico, 12d

The Importance of Good Friends

A “This I Believe” Essay

by Nelly Spek, 12a

Moving from the big city of Berlin to a small town in Southern Georgia was a huge adjustment for me. Everything changed when I moved; simple everyday life became a challenge.

I am very independent and I love being able to go places whenever I want, so I took full advantage of the public transportation in Berlin. All of a sudden, I had to ask my host family, my friends, and even my friend's friends for a ride. I couldn't drive back then and it made me feel like I was ten years old again. I have to admit, the busses and trains in Berlin were not always the cleanest and the smell of sweat in summer was not really inviting. Traveling in a nice car with leathers

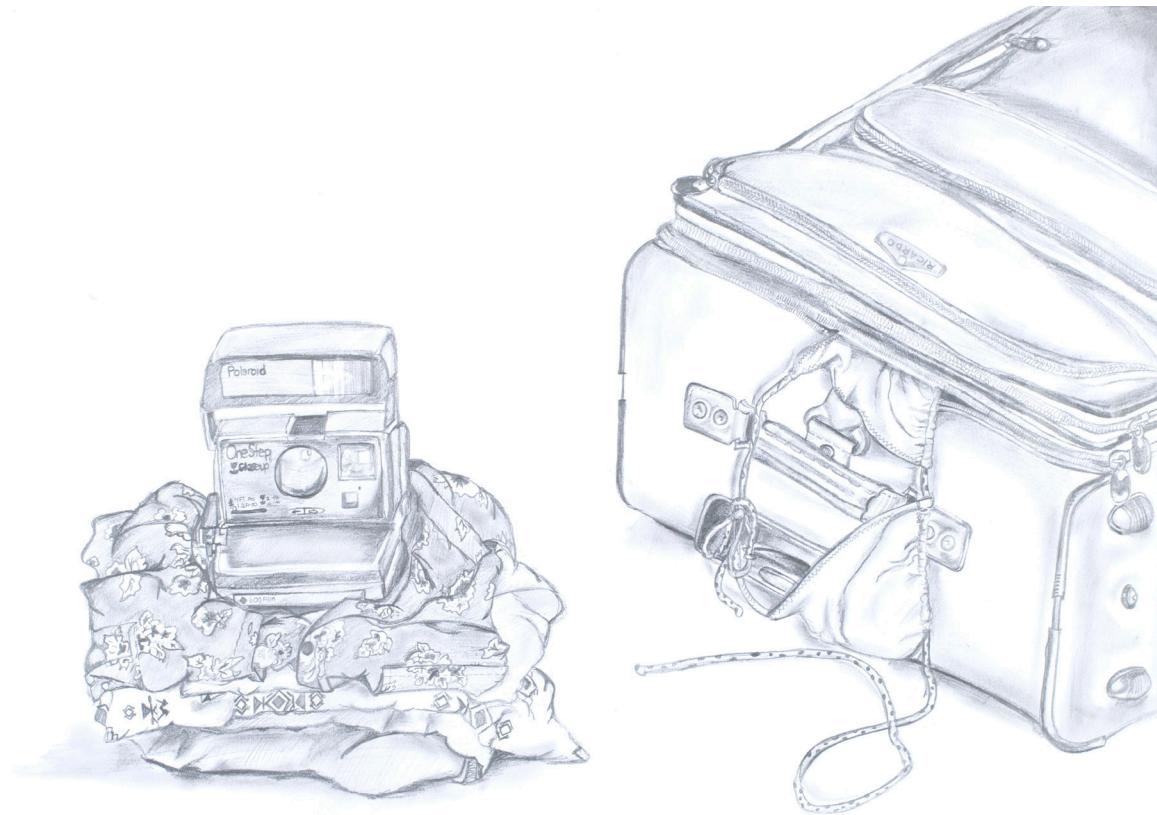
seats was definitely more comfortable, but the enormous dependency I had on others while living in Georgia nearly drove me crazy. In addition to the change of climate, there were many other cultural differences that made the transition from Germany to America extremely challenging. In the beginning, I often wanted to give up and just go back to my normal life back in Berlin, where I thought I belonged.

My friend once told me, “you can always find friends, regardless of where you live.” I now believe that's true. Despite the frustration that came with the many cultural differences, I was able to make new friends by joining sports teams at school. I be-

lieve, from that point on, I began to see my new life from a different perspective.

The cultural differences were no longer distressing; I was able to see them in a more beautiful way. Suddenly it wasn't so bad to ask Jasmyn, my friend from the cheerleading team, for a ride to practice. We rolled down the windows, listened to our favorite songs and let the wind blow through our hair. Experiences like this made me forget about the lonely bus and train rides in Berlin. We eventually became best friends, which made cheerleading practice and games much more fun. Having somebody to share my experience with felt more comforting.

Jasmyn, as well as many of



Unknown Artist

my other good friends in Georgia, helped me experience this new life in a way I would have never considered possible in the beginning. I have so many great memories with them, from going mud bogging in

a four-wheeler to tubing down the river. Whenever I think of my time in Georgia now, a smile appears on my face. They managed to make a small town in Georgia, where everything was different, feel like

home. I came to the realization that it isn't about where you are, but who you are with that matters. This, I believe.

Cartoon Selection



Anonymous Artist

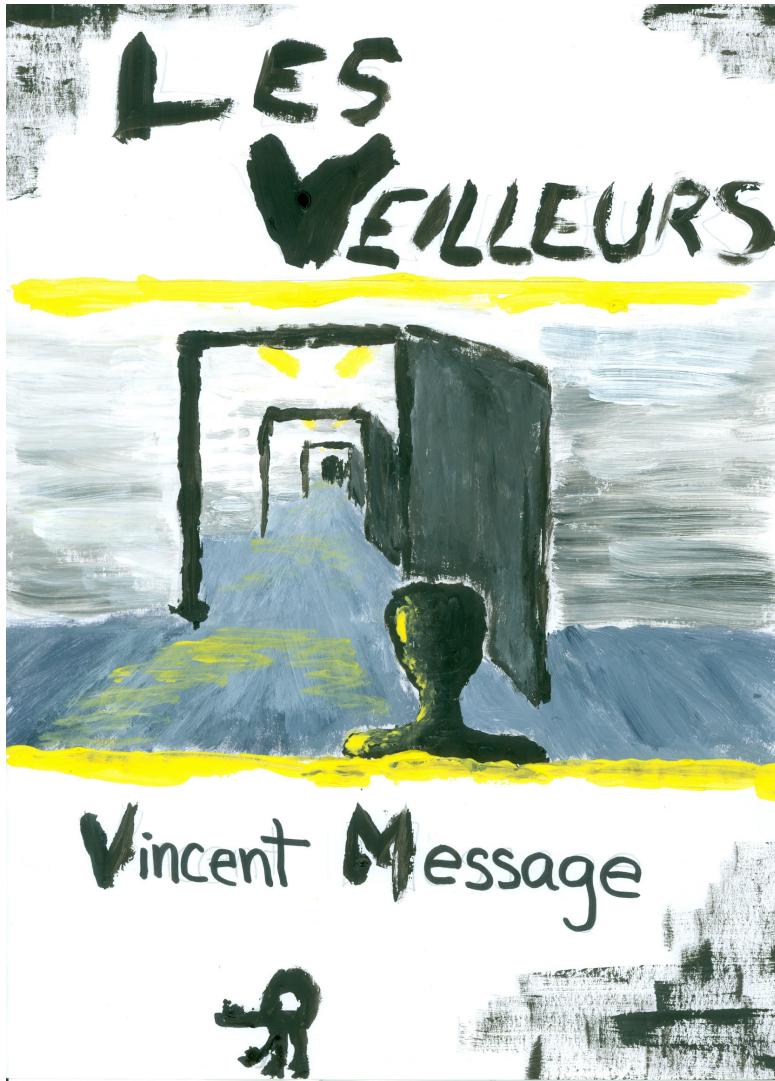
French Literature

Les Veilleurs

Commentaire sur le roman de

by Nicholas Larson, 11a

Nexus est un petit enfant qui grandit dans une famille riche qui est de la haute société. Il n'a jamais d'amis parce que ses parents disent toujours qu'ils sont seulement une distraction et qu'il va devenir un grand homme avec des problèmes sérieux. Nexus passe tout le temps dans sa chambre où il travaille pour l'école. Il est dépressif et quand il a 13 ans, il essaie de se tuer, mais sans succès. Ses parents savent que Nexus n'aime rien, mais ils disent seulement "Arrête ta mélancolie! Il faut que tu travailles." Après beaucoup d'années, Nexus ne peut plus supporter ses parents. Il les tue après qu'ils sont rentrés du théâtre. Quand il se rend compte de ce qu'il a fait, il quitte la villa où il a habité et ne revient plus jamais. Maintenant une nouvelle vie commence pour Nexus et il sera un meurtrier.



S'il avait un autre plan...

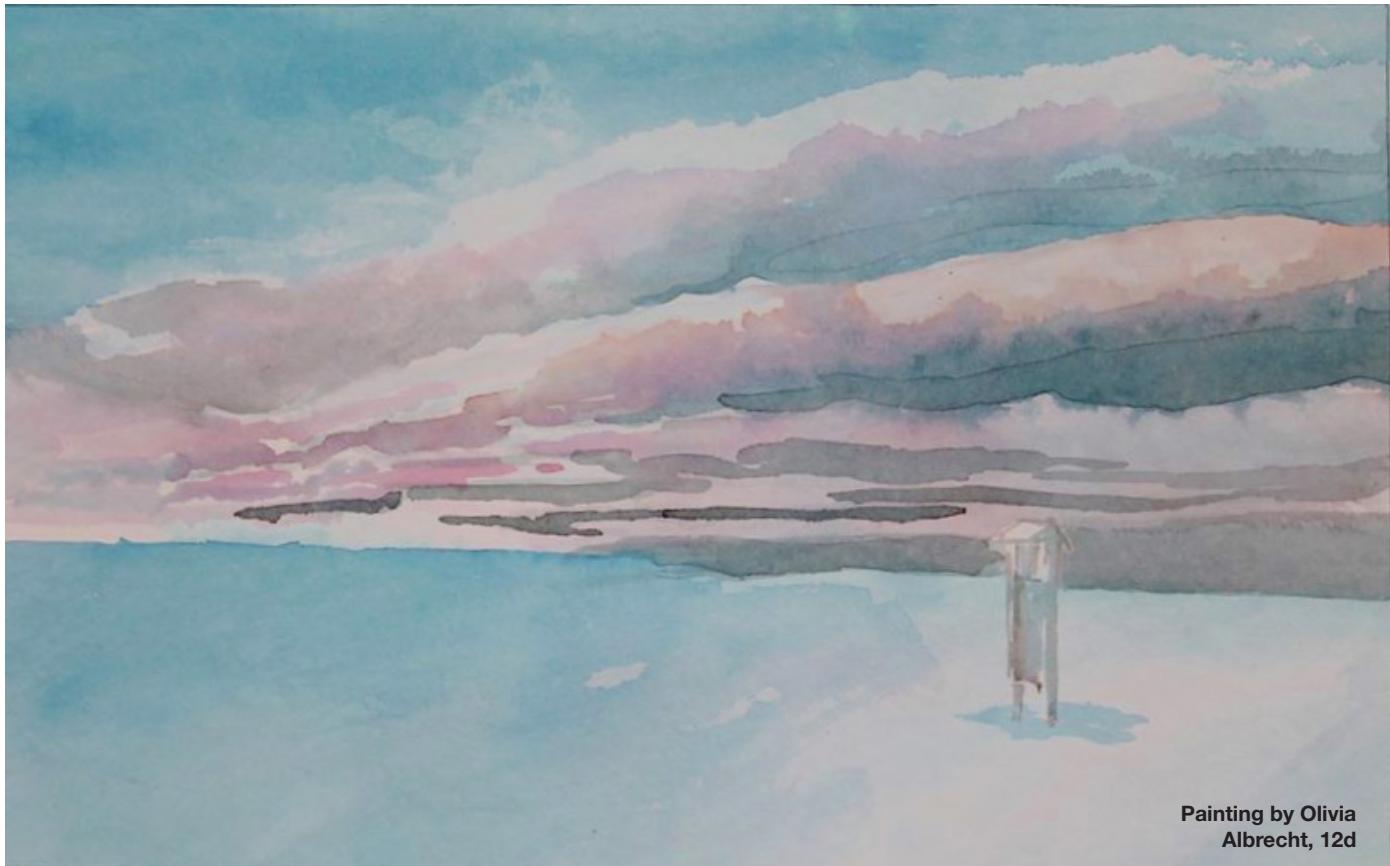
by Julianne Gleitze, 11a

Les coups de feu tonnaient fort dans mes oreilles. Je voyais cent personnes autour de moi. Je pouvais voir l'horreur et la peur dans ces visages. Derrière moi, j'entendais une voix.

"Posez l'arme sur le sol!" C'était la voix d'une jeune femme. Je me suis retourné lentement avec mes bras dans l'air. "D'accord" ai-je répondu. Son visage était un peu vert et elle avait peur. Elle n'aime pas les morts. J'ai ri parce qu'elle ne ferait rien. Je savais cela.

"Posez l'arme sur le sol", a dit la femme encore une fois. J'ai dit oui mais je n'avais pas l'intention d'aller en prison. C'était encore un bon coup de feu de moi. Il allait directement dans son cœur et elle était morte tout de suite. Je ne voyais personne. J'entendais les sirènes mais la police arrivera trop tard. Je sortais lentement du bâtiment. C'était une bonne journée. Je devrais bientôt faire cela encore une fois.

Poèmes



Painting by Olivia
Albrecht, 12d

LE SAUT

by Carina Kühne, 10f

La brume infinie est devant moi

des particules de terre.

derrière moi sont des montages et des vallées sans fin.

Encore une fois mes yeux fixent en avant

Delà de mes orteils

et je regarde l'inconnu, l'avenir.

je ne voix rien -

Un sourire vole sur mes lèvres

seulement une baisse.

comme je ferme mes yeux.

Je prends un dernier regard en arrière

Une respiration profonde.

et je tremble comme si je débarrasse

Et je saute.

NEXUS

by Aileen von Alvensleben

Il était normal
 il pensait qu'il était normal,
 jusqu'à ce qu'il arrive ici, dans la nouvelle ville.
 Il faut qu'il commence une nouvelle vie.
 Il veut emménager dans une autre ville.
 Nouvelle vie,
 nouvelle ville,
 nouveaux amis.
 Mais il était un outsider dans la nouvelle ville.
 Les cohabitants de la nouvelle ville
 donnaient à Nexus un nom inédit.
 Ils l'appelaient "le dingue"
 Nexus ne pense pas qu'il est fou.

Est-il fou?
 Cette ville, cette société est très bizarre.
 Cette société a d'autres règles.
 Pourquoi les personnes ont un problème avec Nexus?
 Pourquoi les personnes pensent que Nexus est fou?
 Les personnes n'acceptent pas Nexus
 parce qu'il est fou pour eux.
 Nexus a fait ce qui n'est pas acceptable dans sa
 société
 Il y a un problème avec sa société
 ou avec Nexus



Le Silence

by Katja Hein, 11a

Atrocement calme.
Je regarde les murs gris.
Ils m'épient.
Je ne peux pas m'échapper.
Je cours et cours, mais je me perds.
L'infini.
Je veux crier à l'aide.
Mais je me perds
Dans mes pensées infinies.
Quelque chose me hante.
Je ne peux pas sortir.
Les murs froids.
Mon souffle se fait l'écho.
Atrocement calme.



Photograph by
Avery Swarthout,
11d

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