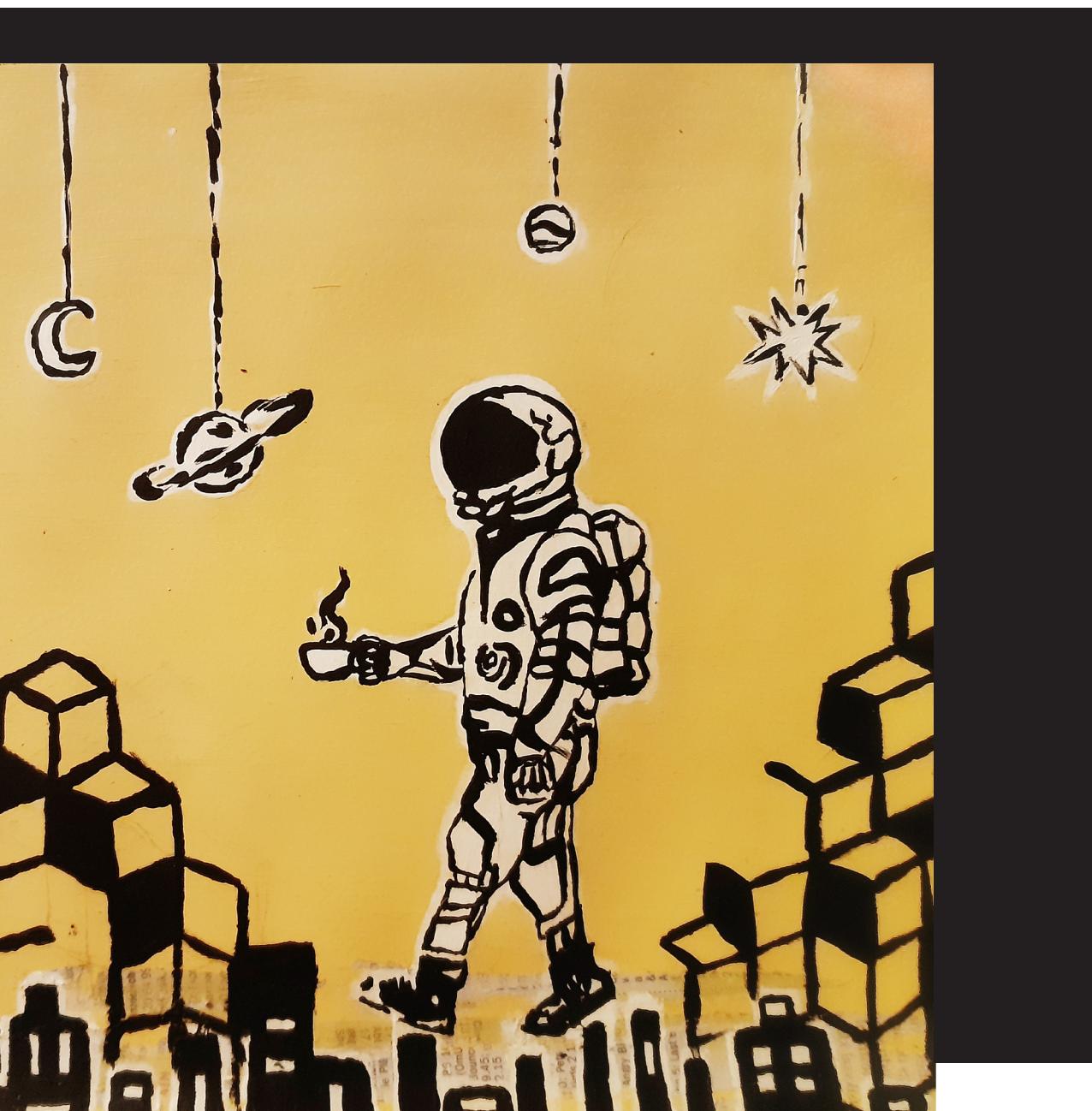


haywire

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



ISSUE NUMBER 14 / FALL 2019:

FELIX BARKOW, GWENDOLYN CAMPBELL, LARS EASTMAN, LAURI ECKLE, ELENA FREITAG, SAVOY FRIEDMAN, JUNE GROMIS, MATHILDA GROSS, SKYLAR HARDISTER, DÉSTINY HEIN, ÉLLA JACKSON, FINN KRAFT, SOPHIE MEISSNER, SINA MORGAN, ISABELLA ROBINSON, JACOB SALOMON, LÍLIANA WALKER, CHARLOTTE WIDMAIER, HELEN WILLIAMSON

CONTENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTE
by Gwendolyn Campbell, 11a

THE EXPLICATION OF AN AUDIENCE IN ONE ACT
by June Gromis, 11a

THE GARDEN CHAIR
by Destiny Hein, 11d

METAMORPHOSIS
by June Gromis, 11a

INSIDE OUTSIDE
by Liliana Walker, 11d

ODE TO THE 20 MINUTE BREAK
by Sophie Meissner, 10f

CHILDREN
by Mathilda Gross, 10e

EVERYTHING CHANGES
by Skylar Hardister, 11d

UTOPIA™
by Finn Kraft, 10b

THE MURKY VEIL
by Skylar Hardister, 11d

UNTITLED POEM
by Anonymous

MASTHEAD



3

4

6

7

8

10

11

14

18

21

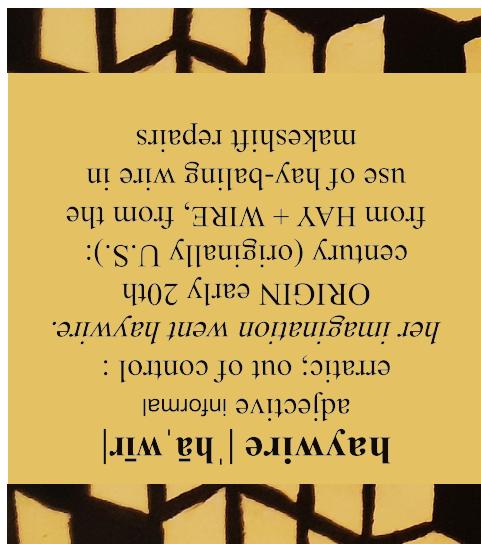
23

24

Publisher's Note

by Gwendolyn Campbell, 11a

Many talented and influential Haywire members graduated last year, leaving the future of the publication uncertain. Those departing Haywire members took with them years of experience, and I was genuinely concerned that we would not accumulate enough members to continue the legacy. You can imagine my sense of relief and hope after walking into the first Haywire meeting of the new school year and seeing a room filled with many new and eager faces. It was clear to me with the influx of new blood that this meant a new beginning for the magazine.



This led to the establishment of an open environment in which fresh ideas could be expressed and discussed. Naturally, we had a lack of experience to make up for, which involved days of learning the rudiments of design. Ultimately, through everyone's hard work and dedication we overcame the challenges to make an issue that meets the standard of quality of Haywire that previous members had set for us.

Sorting through our submissions, we noticed two prevailing themes - 'identity' and 'dystopia.' In this age of political and environmental turmoil, it is no wonder that several submitted works reflect a dystopian outlook. It seems that each generation deals with its own sense of impending doom. Thoughts of Cold War era nuclear disaster weighed on our parents' teenage minds, while our generation finds itself in an age of information overload, confronted with incessant reminders of global unrest, senseless violence and climate disaster. In the midst of all this, each student is simultaneously beginning to undertake

their own personal journeys for identity. Our generation is pushing boundaries and redefining the very concept of identity. Everyone feels the clock ticking, yet we are in a time and place where there is more potential than ever to break free of antiquated ways of defining ourselves and our surroundings, with the hope of positively redefining our collective future.



The Explication of an Audience in One Act

by June Gromis, 11a

Three stools lie upside down center stage. Upstage, three actors named Chorus recite the closing monologues from Romeo and Juliet, A Midsummer Night's Dream, and Macbeth respectively as the audience walks in to take their seats. Each actor moves to DS left, right or center respectively, addressing the audience in their section. After the first two actors finish, they take a small bow and wait quietly for the third actor to finish. When all three have concluded, a recording of thunderous applause plays, while three actors sitting amongst the audience, named Spectators, throw roses on stage and cheer loudly. As the recorded applause comes to an end the Spectators continue to show reactions. S1 starts screaming angrily, S2 mimics crying and wails, S3 stands silently, in direct eye contact with the center chorus.

Spectator #3 slowly points at center chorus and whispers: You

S3 repeats the word slowly getting louder and his tone shifting from matter of fact to accusatory.

S1 and S2 stop reacting and stare silently at their counterparts in the chorus.

When S3 has reached shouting volume, S1 and S2 join in, while pointing quickly and rhythmically at their counterparts in the chorus.

S3 stops speaking, but continues to point at center chorus.

Left and right chorus jump off the stage and walk slowly towards their counterpart Spectators.

As they reach them, S1 and S2 become silent, then revert to their original reactions.

Left chorus starts returning S1's anger, mimicking an argument. Right chorus embraces S2 and comforts them, brushing their hand through S2's hair, and whispering words of comfort. S3 climbs up on stage and shakes center chorus's hand, mimicking an amicable encounter between two acquaintances. They now both stand silent, facing the audience but not making eye contact. S1 and left chorus' argument turns physical, and left chorus plays a punch to S1's head, causing S1 to fall to the ground motionless. Right chorus successfully calms down S2, they join hands and walk on stage using the stairs, standing DS right facing the audience, but not making eye contact. Left chorus leaves S1, skipping and whistling jovially as they walk on stage using the stairs, and stand DS left facing the audience and making eye contact, then waving at specific people, all while skipping in place and whistling.

S2, S3, center and right chorus, start reciting the following, taking turns each word:
Welcome to this assembly, you have been summoned here today because you are all very naughty people.

S3: You decided to waste your valuable time and money to witness something you expected to have some kind of impact on your life.

S2: Maybe you were even expecting guidance, or some kind of course-altering revelation.

Center chorus coldly: I regret to inform you that your application to be an audience member witnessing a theatre production of quality and importance has been rejected.

S1 groaning: rejected.

Right chorus grabs one of the stools, walks down the stairs and sits down on the stool next to an audience member at the end of a row.

Right chorus putting an arm around the audience member: Hey, your application was great, I mean look at you! Beaming, then apologetically:

But you just didn't make the cut.

S1 upper body jolting up: So you're stuck watching this shit show! Laughs hysterically for a few seconds then cuts off and jolts back, lying down motionless.





Art by Lauri Eckle, 11a

The Garden Chair

by Destiny Hein, 11d

A cold, familiar shadow approaches from a distance,
Waking me from my sleep.

And then, it places its forceful might onto my chest.
As I bend to its will,

The view of my sky stolen from above

My legs are thrust further into the earth.

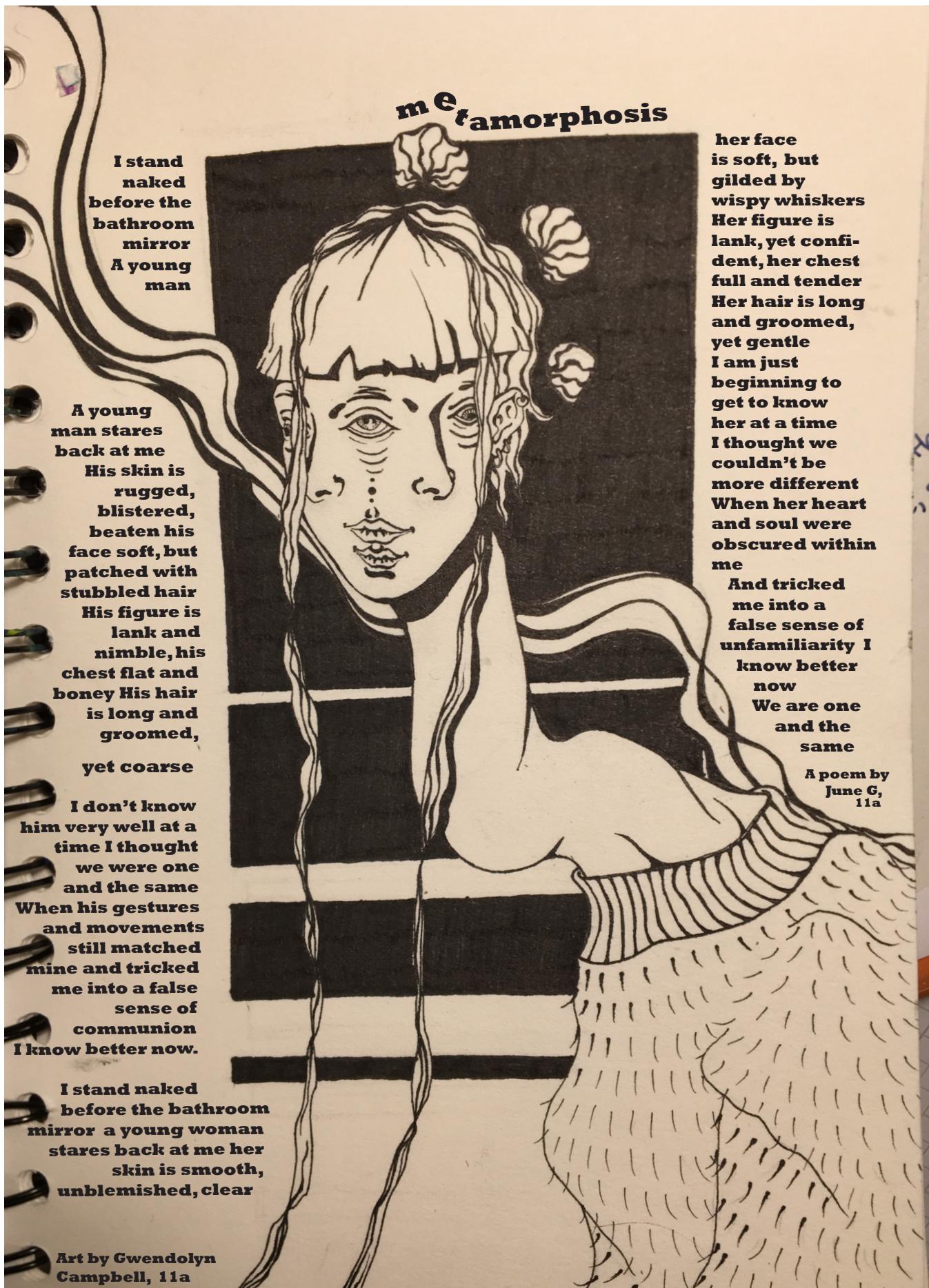
It strokes my arms, sending shivers down my back.
I try to escape,
But I cannot move.

As the pressure adjusts itself,
With a powerful shift,

My structure breaks.



Photo by Elena Freitag, 12a

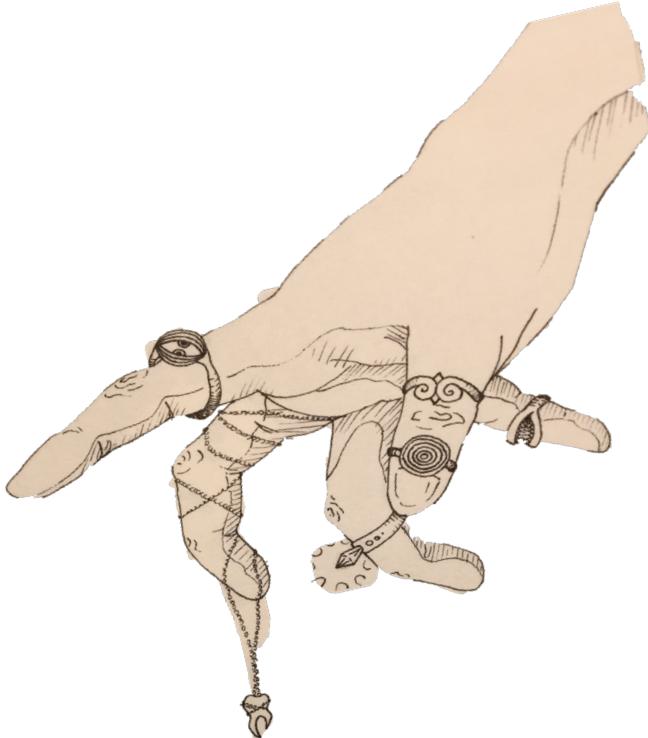


Inside Outside

An Ode to Hawthorne

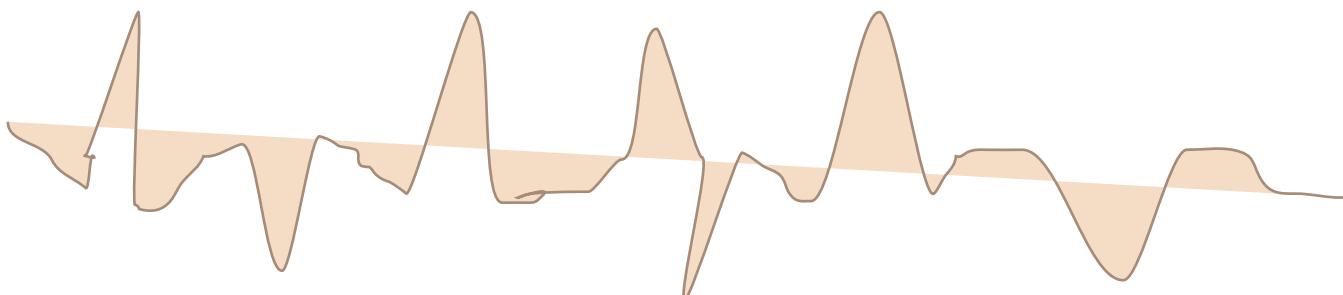
by Liliana Walker, 11d

He sat rigid in a room of his own and imagined breaking the shackle of his imperfect demeanor and joining the citizens of the world in their cosmic charade. He would bend in the wall by sheer force of will until he, at last, had a foot in the door of his conception, then, the sweet perfume of understanding filling his lungs—a scent which cannot be explained by those respiring it, except as the emanation of acceptance—he would step outside into the bright expanse of the people, shielding his eyes from a shower of light. He had pushed with all his might upon the door for a time that may well have stretched to infinity, taking its merry time, and once it arrived jaunted back toward forever's other end, and found there would be no movement of the walls around him or the earth beneath him unless some force greater than himself—something divine, or a facsimile of divine providence—willed either the world, an unstoppable force, or himself—an object immovable due more to the solid nails of misunderstanding which bound his feet to the floor and prevented him from rising, an uncanny rebuttal to the Son of man—to restructure itself for the other. Unfortunately for him, it was not often the way of the divine to command the earth to shake for man—but in this sense, nor was it the quest of the greater forces to fracture the sturdy bones of a character set in its ways, whether out of pity, understanding, or a quiet respect for his fruitless yet unrelenting labor against something he could not govern. To those who watched this uncanny, though perhaps universal, struggle without comment or without respect, he was marked, though



Art by Gwendolyn Campbell, 11a

not in the realm of the physical—for one could not see, hear, or feel (nor indeed smell or taste) any demarcation—but by a brand perceptible by every man, woman, and child by way of the sixth sense we know and all possess, but deny because we cannot control; the tingle—or perhaps it is better said to be a flash, the ringing of an alarm bell, a stinging sensation, or indeed a mingling of all these; as our sixth sense may well, instead of something new, be a mixture of those earlier discounted faculties, too—a delicate concoction that an alchemist, wiser and older than life itself, measured out with consideration—which cries out from the edge of the unconscious, “outsider, beware!”





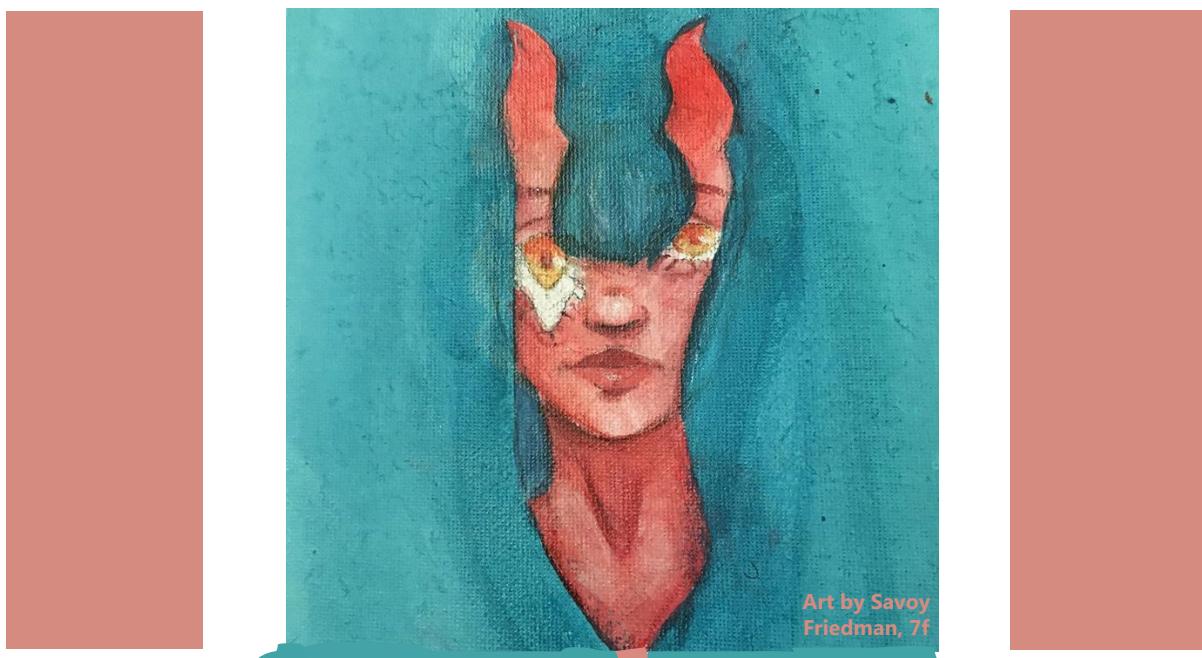
Art by Jacob Salomon, 10f



Art by Felix Barkow, 10c

Ode to the 20 minute break

by Sophie Meissner, 10f



Art by Savoy Friedman, 7f

Scrambling away from the heated can, pressure building up with every second,
the tension becomes unbearable.

What we thought we could make has broken the order, the wailing arising to
the peak of a crescendo.

But a single sound cuts through my furrowed brow, all the glares alleviated
My left side brain diffuses into the right, ideologies consume me
Other ambivalent characters waiting for attention, waiting through my sched-
ule into my off
Trying to disperse themselves into my utopia, yet the aloof euphoria brings out
all the good I knew existed.

So I'll smile with my cheeks, my eyes, my dimples
hoping that my aura radiates acceptance
hoping that something about me will make you comfortable with yourself
Watch the scars pulling down my neck evolve into a score, an overture
An intricate harmony, empathetic melody, a world where you can be forte or
piano and we'll appreciate your interpretation all the same

And when my last breath rings out
and the songs in my bones release themselves
all you'll hear
is the humming of the wind

But for now, I hope I will be happy
listening to the refrain of time

Children

by Mathilda Gross, 10e

As I walk past my ‘friendly’ neighbors’ “we don’t call 911” signs, I am already bathed in sweat. The heat pounds its fists onto my pale exposed skin. My mind is numb, and my head seems to be a magnet drawn by gravity. I wish I would’ve put up my “love your neighbors, black, white, gay, straight...” sign, or basically anything to set us apart from the flood of “Trump 2020” signs that are spreading as fast as the wildfires in the north.

My Mom is too afraid.

Our last one was stolen, and in its place a little yet threatening note lay embedded in the cracked and dry dirt.

My feet drag across the black asphalt as I come to a stop in front of my school. I brush into the barely air conditioned hallway, past the lockers and the numerous yet ineffective “stop bullying,” “see something say something” posters.

As I sit down in my chair, my sweating legs stick to the cheap wood. The class starts with the metallic screech of the bell, and we begin to analyze the various quotable passages of Orwell’s 1984. For my essay, I want to compare them to Trump’s tweets.

The class gently murmurs while working.

English lit. classes are about the most liberal education you can get in this neighbor-

hood.

I stare at my blank paper. The lines seem like bars, keeping my thoughts in check.

A few minutes later, I get an idea.



*When words are
forbidden, democracy dies.
When people are forbidden,
equality dies. And when
die, so
does our hope.*

I stop scribbling across the page. And when... what?

My eyes find the window, and I begin to distract myself by watching the steady flow of first graders trickle into the building. One little boy fails

to keep up. In contrast to his bubbly classmates, he seems to be apprehensive about starting school.

I am deeply absorbed in my thoughts, recalling my first day here. It was not actually that long ago. Maybe a week?

My eyes are still on the boy when he doubles over in pain.

When his blood covers the playground floor. When the gunman thrusts open our door, and shoots my teacher in the head. She is dead before her blood reaches the floor.

The explosion of the bullet has shocked the class into absolute silence. 17 heads slowly turn towards the young man’s gun. He is cradling it like a child in his arms. His face tears into a contorted smile.

He raises the gun.
Nonononononononono.

This can’t be happening. He advances into the classroom leisurely, devouring our fear.

The lock-down-drill sounds.

Too late.
He has all the time in the world.

The girl next to me has tears running down her face, her hands clasped in silent prayer.

Nobody moves.
Until somebody does.
A little boy with slick brown hair scurries towards the window, trying to escape. Everyone de-freezes. The windows are splattered with blood. Three

more shots are fired. The blood is everywhere.

The girl with the tears falls into my arms, dead. Her blood spills onto my pale, white paper.

BOOM.

Another shot.

More.

There's more blood.

And pain. It follows.

My arm. It's on fire!

Blood. I can't get away. I stumble and fall into a river as the gun fires again. And again.

Then everything is still. I lie, pretending to be dead as he walks out, checking for survivors. From behind my desk I can see how he steps on someone's fingers, who screams in shrill agony. He shoots. Silence.

He left. He's gone!

I stay still and wait.

After a while I begin to claw my way up, the dead girl's fingers still clinging to me.

Two or three people are still breathing, groaning in animal pain.

Help.

I need to get help.

And then everything goes black and I'm falling.

Beep. Beep.

Beep. Beep.

Everything is so white here. The covers are starchy and have been washed one too many times.

I stare at the wall, processing.

Nurses and doctors roll in, and out. The dusty television in the corner is on so that I have something to do. The nurse pushes in a wagon with colorless lumps of mystery hospital food. I stare at the tray. I don't think that I can make myself eat.

"Eat up my little one!" the lady trills overenthusiastically. Why? My mind draws a blank when I try to recall her name.

My mother comes in and cries.

Before leaving, she wordlessly places my school backpack onto my bed. Its faded



Art by
Charlotte
Widmaier,
11a

pink color clashes with the rusty bloodstains.

Is it mine?

"We'll have to get you a new one," she states dryly.

The paper that I was working on is inside.

All I can look at is the blood on its white, pale surface.

A boy's bed is rolled in, next to mine. He has blond hair that is matted with blood, and

his hand is swollen and bruised. The nurse tells his parents about his internal bleeding and a bullet in his back.

I listen to his breath as it rises and falls. My arm burns, and I gradually fall asleep.

Waking up to wheezing is scary. His breath was so even and steady a few hours ago.

I turn to see his eyes on me, pleading for help and health that I can't give. Frantic doctors fumble with IVs and tubes. All I can do is watch.

Hours later, I wake up from my daze, the boy's eyes once again on mine.

To all those people-

I write with my good arm on my bloody paper.

Who feel that we are ruining their lives by taking something away from them.

I pause, finding reassurance gleaming through the dark and continue:

Look into his eyes. His life is being taken away. You are not dying. He is.

The boy is trapped in a dying body, his knowing expression both an embrace and a slap in the face.

By morning, he is dead. They roll out his bed, making way for a new one.

I didn't even know his name.

Now, he is just another grieving family, fighting for the

recognition of their loss, in a world unable to give it to them.

The burning begins to subside as the scar forms, but the real pain is inside of me.

Blood is splattered inside the walls of my mind. I hear their yells and screams in waking hours. But at night, their faces visit me, asking why it was them and not me.

I never thought something like this could happen. It was never me. I would stare in understanding silence as pictures of the victims from other schools flashed on the television.

But I was always disconnected.

Trying to distract myself, I write.

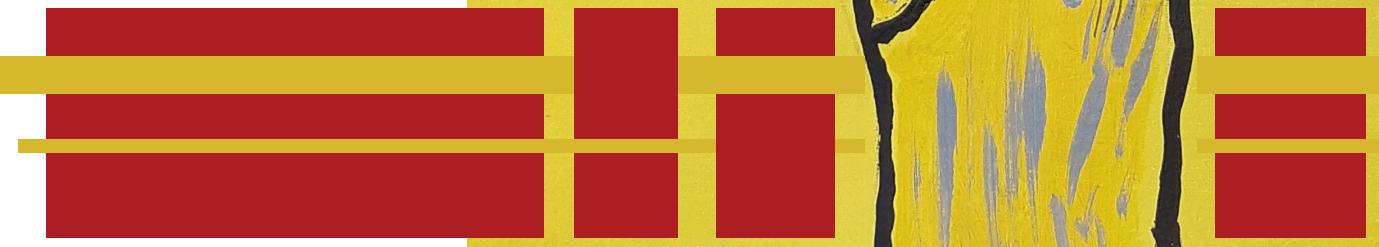
I write the English essay that I will never turn in.

I read about every dead face I never knew, until the dull aching in my chest turns into real sharp loss for the people I could have had.

I mourn the life I will never live. The life that was shot on the day the man walked into the classroom.

But I never end up finishing that sentence, knowing very well the answer, too cowardly to face the truth.

children



Art by Ella Jackson, 11a



Everything Changes

Poem by Skylar Hardister, 11d

Everything changes yet still stays the same

Everyone guilty but no one to blame

Every way out leads you back to the start

Everyone dies and breaks someone's heart



Art by Ella Jackson, 11a

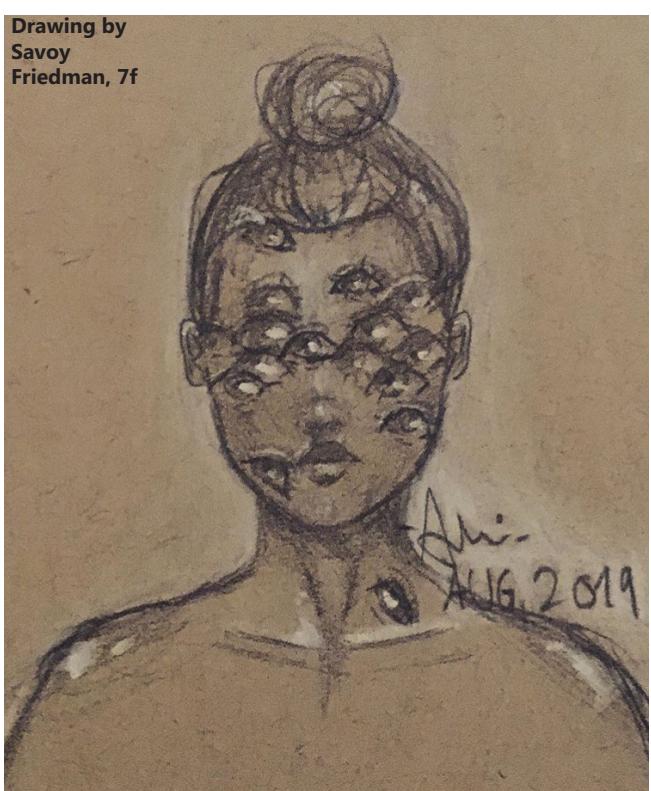
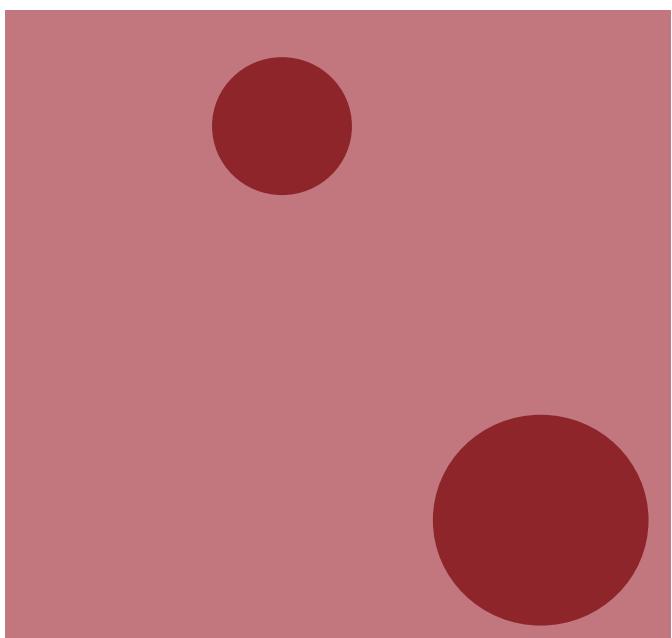
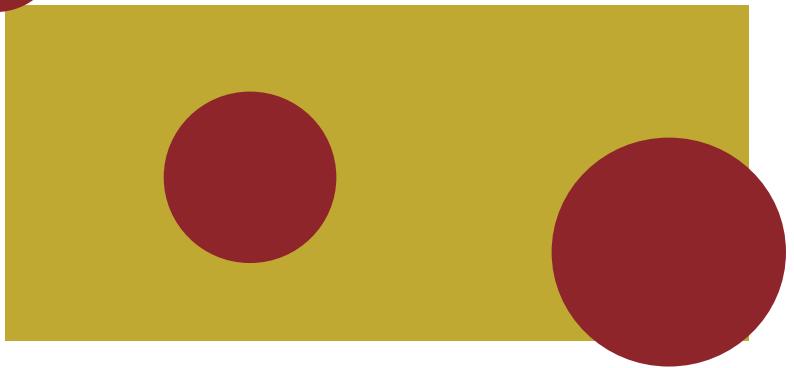
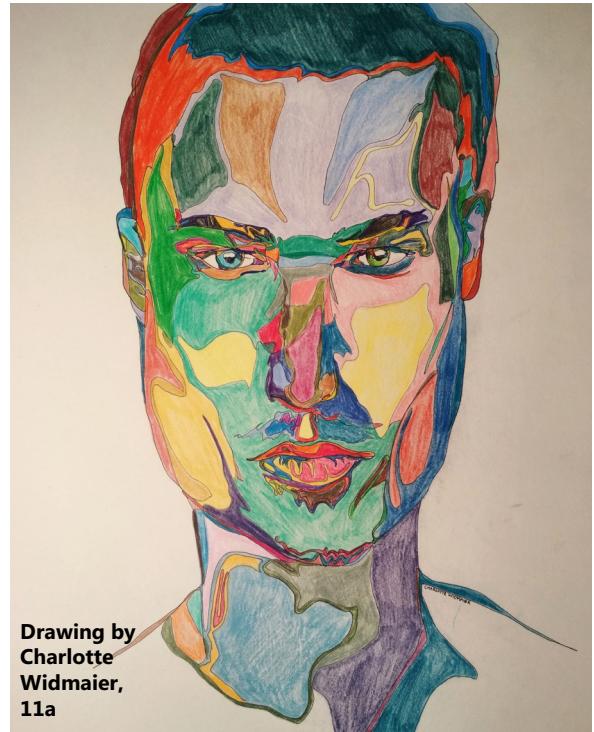
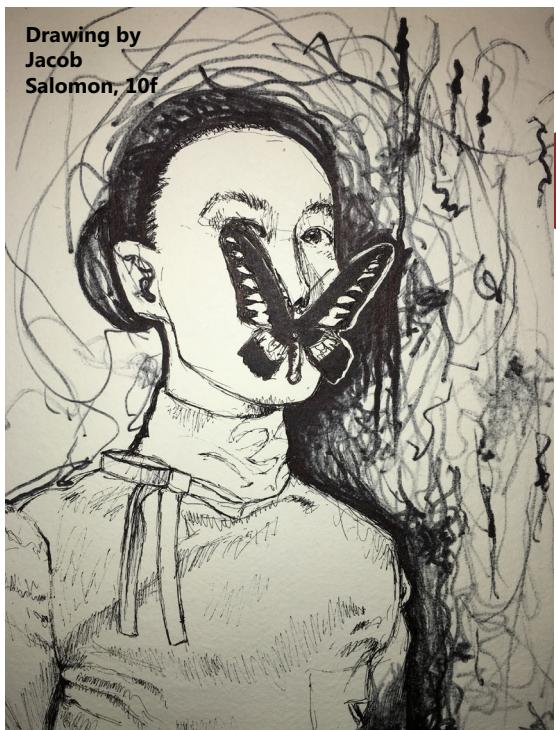
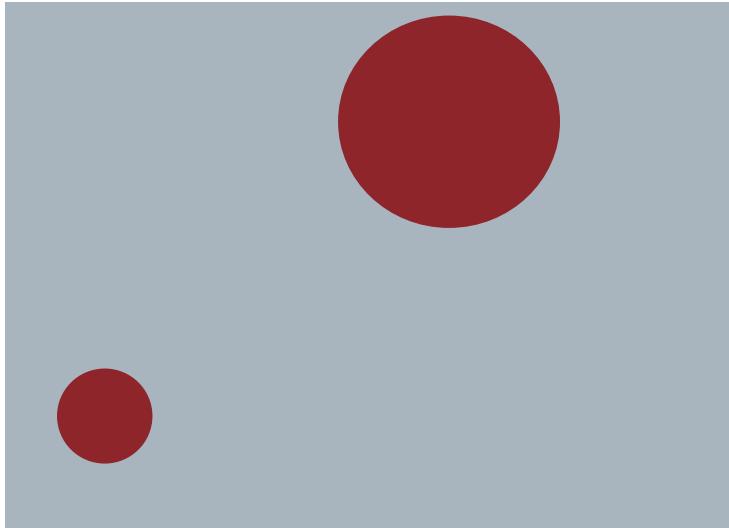


Photo by Sina Morgan, 8a

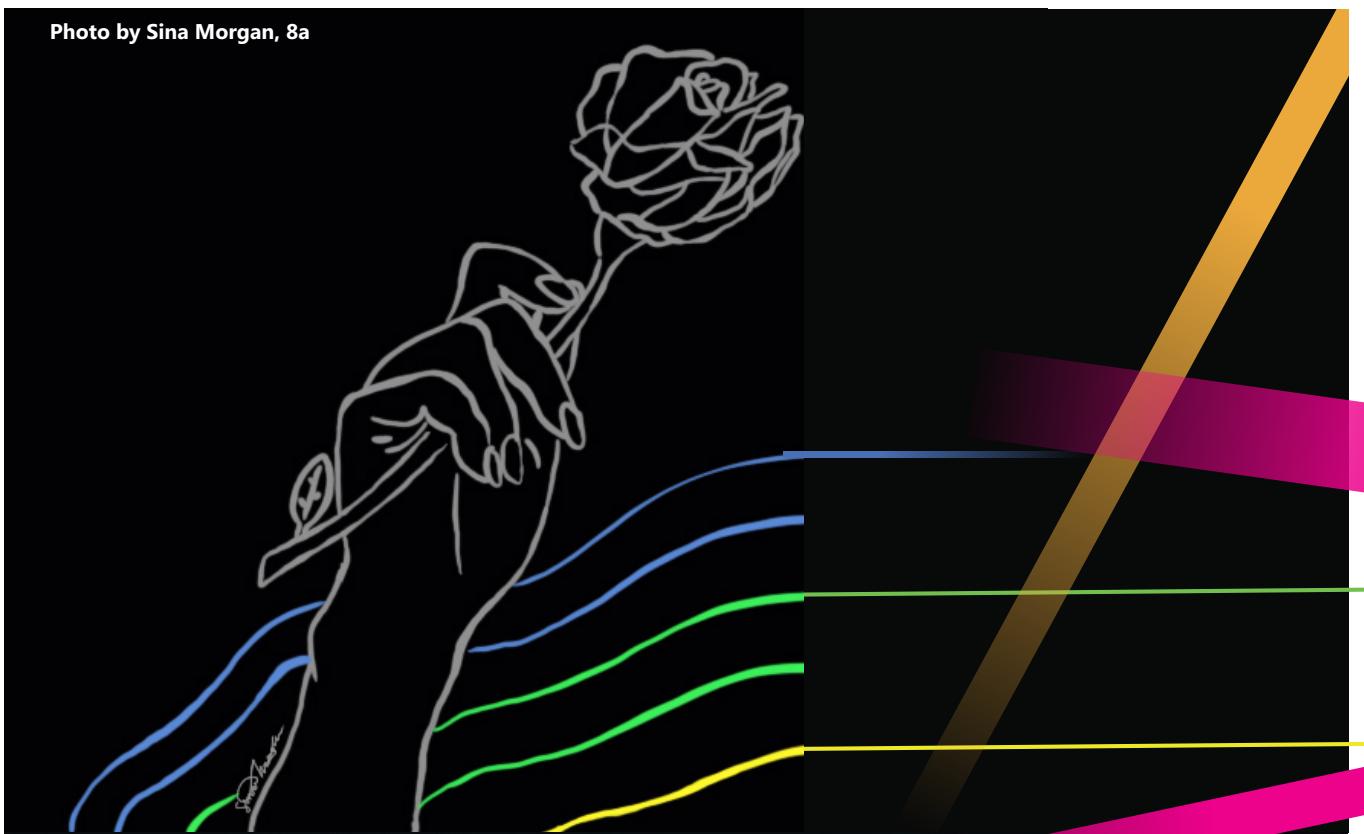
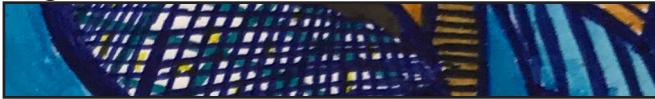


Photo by Helen Williamson, 11d





Rob was definitely a mailman, but, only being privy to a bronze Vocabulary Subscription™, couldn't tell you so himself. Every day, his duty by the Shareholders was to distribute non-exclusive, binding, subscription, and royalty-based rights to the citizens of the Shareholders Incorporated Community™. Logically, the Shareholders Incorporated Community™ was the property of Shareholders Incorporated™, a private party which held the indisputable, de facto rights to all property in the vicinity, whether intellectual, tangible or natural.



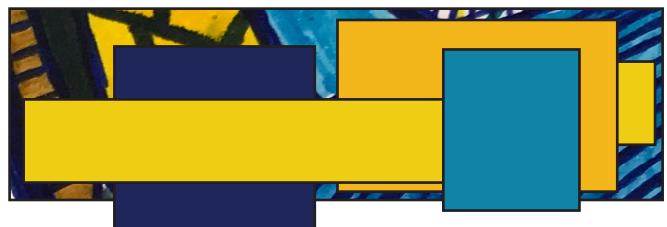
While sifting through the human experience to discover commodities or necessities from which profit could somehow be made, no stone was left unturned. Words were patented, oxygen™ was taxed, and, in order to monopolize the distribution of light which would otherwise be unnaturally disrupted by the presence of the Sun, a large, opaque dome was erected above the Community. The former two issues were elegantly addressed by the Word Factory™, a large industrial sector responsible for the constant creation and destruction of words and their licenses, as well as the categorical surveillance of all sound, respiratory and light-related activities. A convenient byproduct of this large, energy-consuming venture was its emission of noxious fumes and smog, although Rob himself wondered if this was indeed an accidental occurrence.

Rob awoke on a Tuesday afternoon in complete darkness. He instinctively reached for the small lamp on his nightstand, which emanated a slight, flickering sliver of light, piercing the thick, putrid smog, tainting the otherwise jet black air. This shoddy lamp cast a silhouette on the neighbor's residence, a sloppy garblement of 7 walls and 3 roofs strewn together in a seemingly random pattern. This was in no way peculiar to Rob; after all, houses were just as well subject to copyright as all other objects, and such creative solutions were commonplace in an age, where every man sought ownership.



While dressing for the day, the mailman tried to recollect last night's dream. He vaguely remembered a candle being involved.

Rob yearned to have a candle above all other things; he could imagine its balmy arms playfully flickering about in his room, tickling the barren walls with shades of maroon and orange. Instead of the cold, stark effulgence on his nightstand, the mailman now pictured a soft blaze of light embracing him, arousing a primal sense of warmth, familiarity and belonging, otherwise foreign to the slave of the supremely reigning capitalism. This dreamscape was rudely dissolved when Rob stubbed his toe while putting on a pair of socks. Sharpened by the newfound pragmatism borne from his swollen toe, Rob remembered why this venerable possession was only the fodder of his dreams. The burning of oxygen to create light was strictly banned, as it could not be quantitatively measured and taxed. Additionally, it inherently violated the sacred belief that goods and services could only be compensated for with money, with the balance of opposing forces on both sides of a transaction holding the monopoly of the Shareholders™ in place. Although the Shareholders™ advocated for a free market, candles, as well as other fire kindling supplies, were only given to a



select few as an ultimate privilege for the financial elite. Fire was rebellion, Rob thought to himself, the usurper of the blatantly wily hypocrisy practiced by the Shareholders™.

Rob switched off his lamp and readjusted his respirator before leaving his house. He took a deep, purposeful breath. Rob surrendered himself to the will of the Shareholders™, policing his every action and mannerism in the case that it might be a thievery of some copyrighted idea unbeknownst to him.

The Child Soldiers™ were omnipresent on the streets, constantly patrolling, observing, and eavesdropping to enforce the might of the Shareholders™. Surgically equipped with infrared vision and superhuman hearing, these orphan children of criminals who committed copyright infringement were ruthlessly cunning, dedicated to atoning for the sins of their parents by marauding the looming darkness in search of criminals, free-loaders, or the like. Dissent or desertion, as well as all other ploys to violate the perfect economy upheld by the Shareholders™, was capitally punished. Although death was certain for all law-breakers, Rob had heard a multitude of stories, all somehow involving either the offender's supply of oxygen™ being brutally cut off or being beaten senseless by the vicious children.

The mailman had some difficulty orienting himself. The intermittent isle of light was constantly at odds with the murky tides breaking upon its shore, with Rob dreading the treachery of crossing this uncharted sea. It was like this, using the few clues illuminated by these beacons of truth, that the mailman had to deliver his letters.

Rob stumbled upon a grove of trees before a derelict home. This was supposed to be the right address: 777, Heaven's Gates. He rang the doorbell.

No response.

Rob noticed a small shimmer of light through the curtained windows. This definitely meant someone was home; nobody would put precious light to waste. He briefly hesitated, then slightly pushed the door.

"Word delivery," he announced. Rob was frugal with his words. He heard some hushed movements and the clicking of what he was certain to be the light he saw outside

"Come in, young man," a gnarled voice uttered.

The mailman stepped into a room solely occupied by a dusty yellow carpet, a battered wardrobe, one single light socket, a wooden bed and a frail man tucked under its sheets. It smelled like soap, for some odd reason.

"Ah, yes, I thought my word of the week would come at this hour. Read it for me, will you?"

Rob shook his head, gesturing to the paper. It stated that this license to the usage was exclusively the property of Randolph Murphy, which was quite peculiar; the Shareholders never gave

exclusive rights to an individual; everything was theirs, and theirs to keep.

Rob handed him the envelope, then spoke solemnly: "You must pay."

The old man said nothing, but his bulbous eyes seemed to speak over the guise of silence. "I know your secrets; do you like fire?" they said, not inquiringly, but with a daunting certainty which was only enforced by the posing of such an obviously rhetorical question which Rob knew the answer to. Randolph took the envelope and hushedly opened it without revealing its contents; he flinched when accidentally brushing the inside of the letter.

"Yes, I have something for you," he uttered after his eyes had spoken their turn, standing up and opening the wardrobe.

Rob gasped. Inside it was a bundle of candles, with their waxen lustre reflecting the stark light which Murphy had on his nightstand. Suddenly, Rob made sense of the flickering light and the soapy smell; this man was a candle dealer!

"Here, take one. I know you want it," he snickered

Rob was befuddled. "How?" was all he could muster, and all he could say; such words to describe his sense of awe were either unknown to him or not in his Subscription™.

"It shouldn't matter to you. Take it."

A single tear left Rob's eye. "It... it's beautiful," he stammered. Suddenly, Murphy's demeanor changed.

"What did you just say?" he brazenly shouted, slamming the wardrobe shut. "You can't say that- they're-"

The old man was cut short by a cascade of glass, followed by a dozen scoundrels, armed to the teeth, rushing into the room, their spiked boots crunching the shards below them into a fine powder.

"Please, let me live, it was him!" the dealer begged, before being promptly forced to the ground and clubbed senseless.

"You have violated the free market™," the children squeaked in unison. "You have endangered us all with your selfish attempts to hoodwink the Shareholders™. You must die."

Rob took one last longing glance at his candle before the Soldiers™ turned to him.





Art by
Charlotte
Widmaier,
11a

The Murky Veil

Poem and Photo by Skylar Hardister, 11d

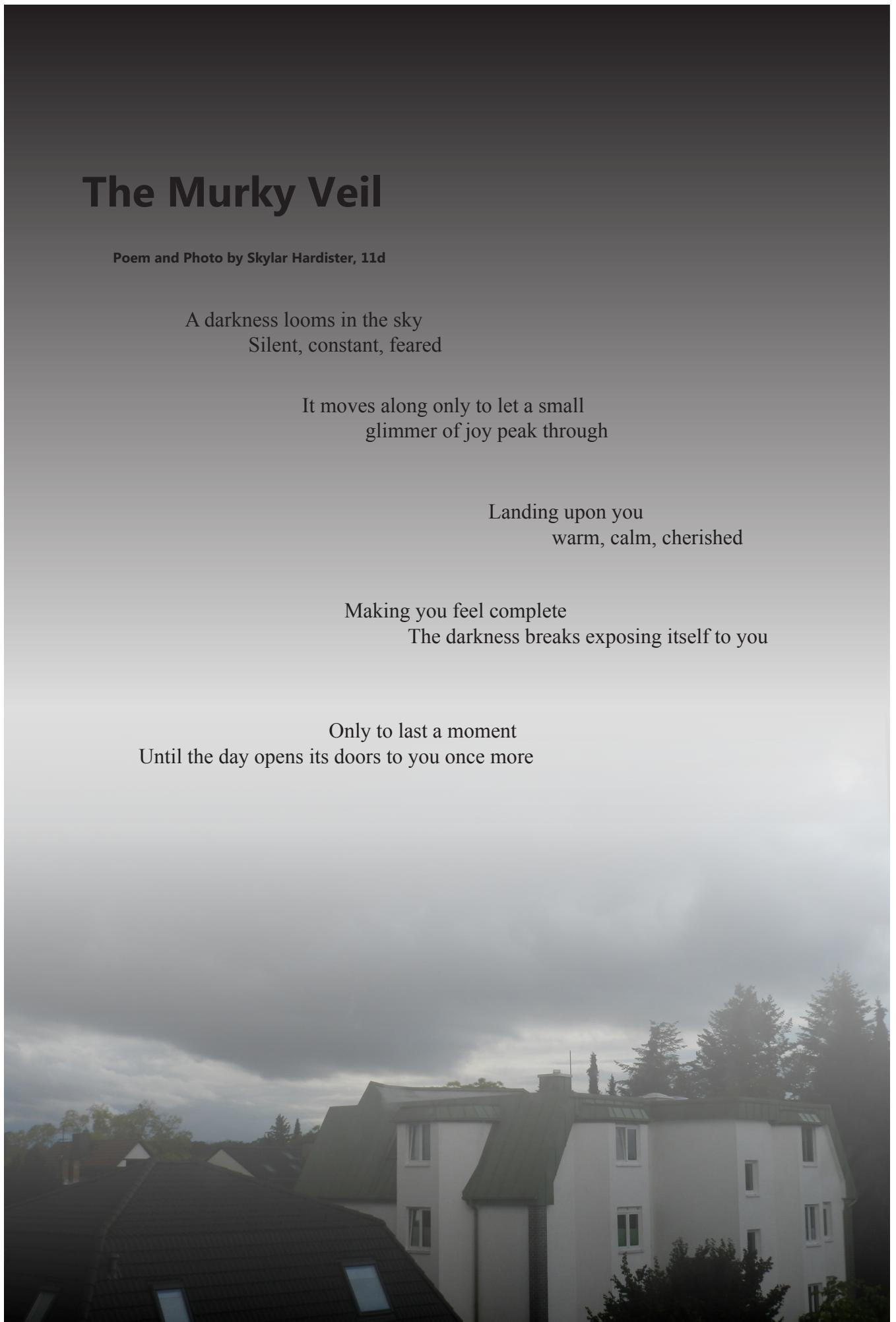
A darkness looms in the sky
Silent, constant, feared

It moves along only to let a small
glimmer of joy peak through

Landing upon you
warm, calm, cherished

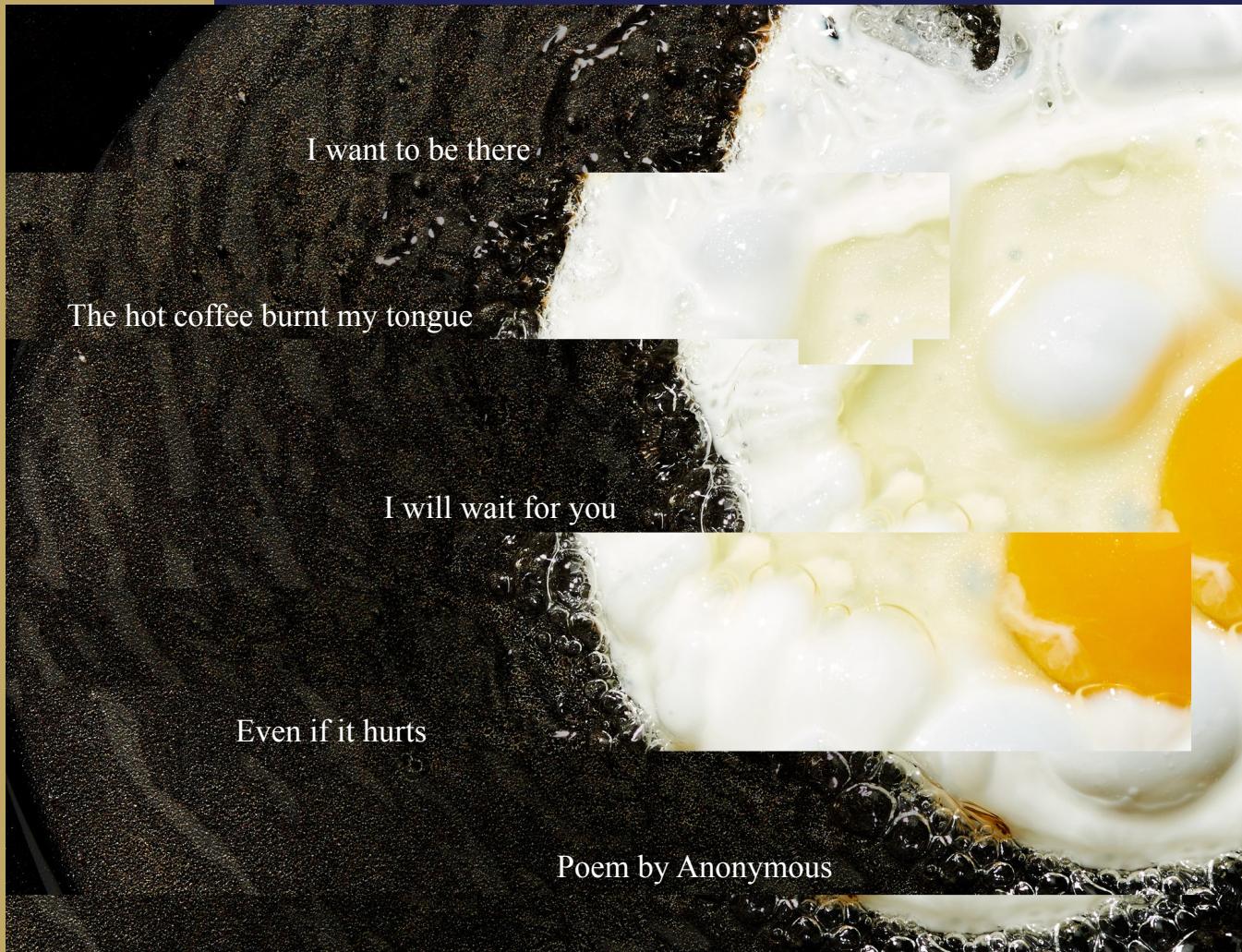
Making you feel complete
The darkness breaks exposing itself to you

Only to last a moment
Until the day opens its doors to you once more





Art by Lauri Eckle, 11a



I want to be there

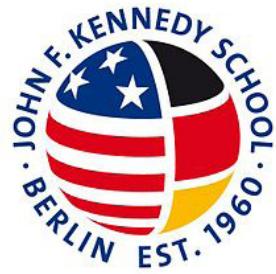
The hot coffee burnt my tongue

I will wait for you

Even if it hurts

Poem by Anonymous

Photo by Isabella Robinson, 11d



A Literary Arts Magazine of the
English Department
John-F.-Kennedy High School
Teltower Damm 87-93
14167 Berlin, Germany

EDITORS IN CHIEF
Gwendolyn Campbell
Ella Jackson

EDITORS & DESIGNERS
Cade Beckley
Skylar Hardister
Destiny Hein
Ava Iro
Aidan Kvistad
Fintan Rising
Isabella Robinson
Jacob Salomon
Konstantin Thießen
Julia Waliszewski
Liliana Walker

CONTRIBUTORS
Skylar Esteves
Franzine Jackson
Sina Morgan
Enijah Okwu
Konstantin Thießen

COVER ART
Ella Jackson

PUBLISHER
Lee Beckley

WEBSITE
<https://haywire.now.sh/>
June Gromis

SUBMISSIONS
haywire@jfks.me

Published in Germany
Issue Nr. 14, Fall 2019 (23 January, 2020)

