

haywire

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



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CLARA AMERKHANIAN, MARIE LUISE BOHL, GWENDOLYN CAMPBELL, LUCY DEFTY, ELENA FREITAG, AILIE GIESELER, RIVA GREINKE, JAMES GROMIS, ELLIE GOODMAN, SKYLER HARDISTER, ELLA JACKSON, HENRI JACKSON, KAMANDRIN KIRBY, JOHANNA TIGGES, CILIA TRENDELENBURG, FINNEGAN WAGNER

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Publishers' Note

by Ailie Gieseler 12a, Riva Greinke 12d

I'm reflecting on much in my last year at this school - especially in relationship to this journal. In six years of producing this magazine, I've watched it grow so much in the last years alone. In creating this issue, I spent a lot of time thinking about what Haywire stands for and, I think, in writing this I've finally come to a conclusion.

As cliche as it

sounds, in the endless amounts of stress this school puts on us everyone needs a break at some point: to let go of all the information forced into our brains and express ourselves without feeling anxious about a grade, and Haywire serves as good place to do so. It sounds so obvious. We are a literary art magazine after all, but I'd like to think that the magazine serves as more than just a place to

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

display the talent of our student body. It allows us to embrace unconventional concepts and ideas without the constraints of having to worry about

what your teacher may think. Creating content that

provokes thought and conversation, or is purely aesthetic, in an environment of growth and support.

For this issue we tried to take that aspect even further.

To give the magazine more

purpose and to express something as a piece of art itself. More thought was put into the process of creating this issue, as we covered the entire middle table of W215 with photos and poems, trying to find a cohesive thread. In curating the work we attempted to make it more holistic and engaging. I hope that is something you get from reading this issue.



Hazy Lazy Days

by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

The stars
faded within days
and left my skin
piling up

spent from
hazy lazy days
with patterned expression
and paternal regression
and a blank cat walking on a canvas

Circling circling
you discovered me
sitting in the downpour
Fixated on you
young, beautiful, dripping,
In unremitting silence

And something pretty but empty on
my mind
Pretty empty cafés
and dawn time trips

to far off dreams
that didn't belong to me

An endless cycle of touch and pull

Running up behind you
and missing my chances
The weight of your arms on my shoulders
Your hand on my neck
Watching the world slip away
One photograph at a time

Painting swirls and verticals
vehemently aggressive
on my blood and soul
or so I swore to you

And later that morning, back at home
I brushed you off
And let it fade
Never to see you smile again

I'm Starting to Think

by Anonymous

I'm starting to think
your 'I love you'
comes with a price tag

after all this time
did those words
ever hurt you when
they left your lips

as smooth as butter
and as natural as the wind

lying comes to you
like a god given gift
from a deity who
destined you to be unhappy

and yet you don't fight it
not enough

you promise and you wait
and now that I know it was a lie
the rest of it has to be too
or would you dare to refute

I remember
in your gloomy 8th grade days
you told me real friends
stab you in the front

best done with honest eyes
and irreversible consequence

I laid my life bare to you
twice
thinking everyone deserves
a second chance

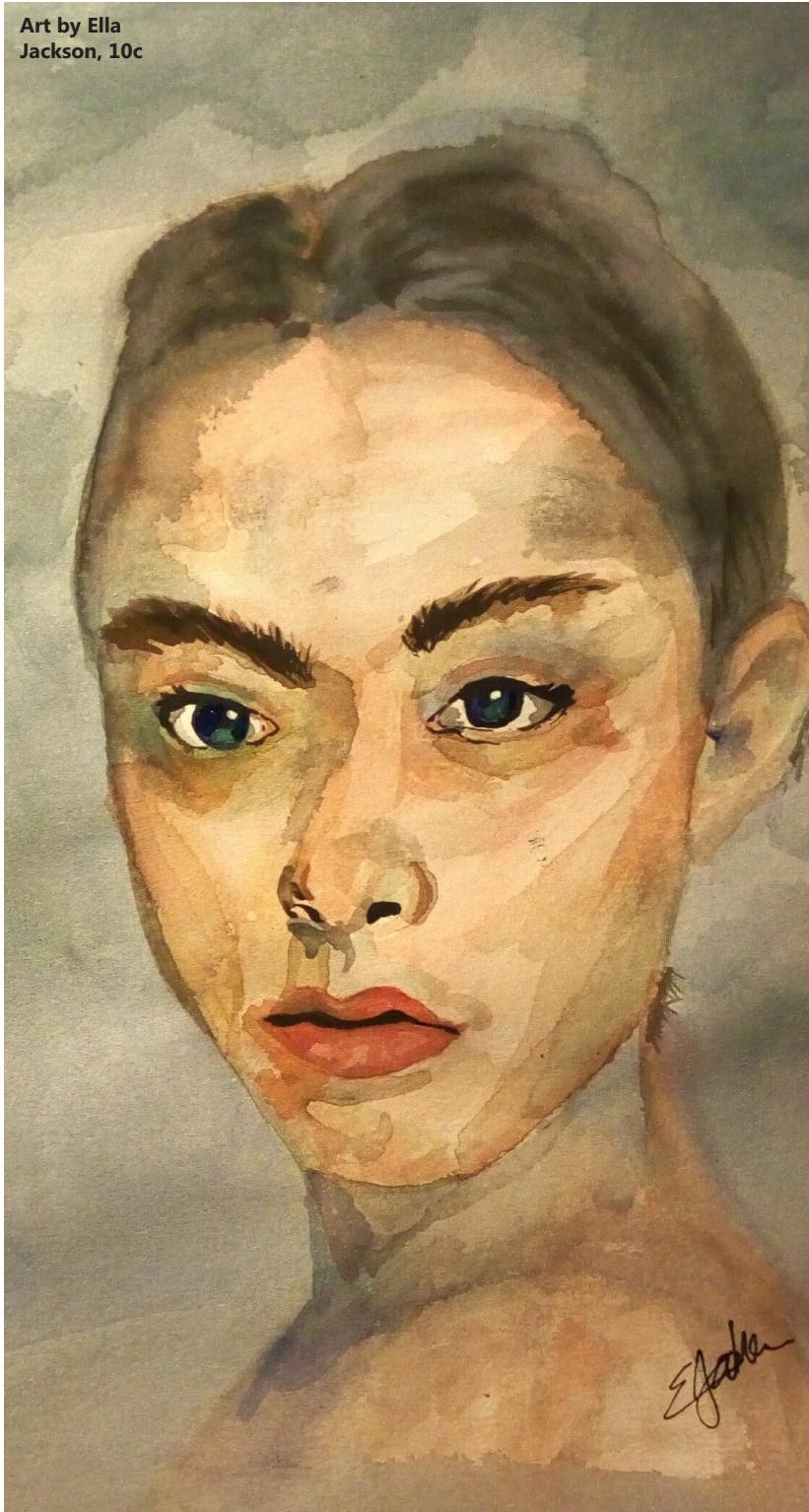
but because my open wounds
Had not healed
they were ripped open by
prodding fingers and catcalls
and essays written without hesitation

it hurts more this time

and I wonder if you hesitated
or thought
about the scapegoat and the muse
and the bystanders
and those caught in the crossfire
of your lies



Photo by Finnegan Wagner, 12d



I wonder if you really
did contemplate those lyrics
as deeply as you thought

were they not painted into your
mind
tattooed with red ink
and suicide thoughts

did they not ring the bells
blow the whistles
and sound the alarms
inside your mind

that were supposed to
remind you of our collective lie:
our friendship

none of this is profound
and I think the only reason
it might pass as poetry
is because of the irony

that it's all happened
once before

one night after
it had all passed
bundled in winter coats
hunched over warm tea
and cocoa that was just too sweet
in a train car home

I asked you
if you ever thought about back then
and I guess that wasn't enough
and it won't be this time

Fear and Love

by Skylar Hardister, 10e

You took care of me,
You took me places I'd never been.

You said you loved me,
but you didn't.
I trusted you and looked up to you.
I believed you would save me when the world turned
its back on me,
but you were the only thing I needed saving from.

You were hard to read, I didn't know when you'd
strike next.
I'd fear for my life and when people asked questions
I lied, because you told me not to tell.
I lied to my friends, my teachers, and
my FAMILY.

You'd choke, beat, and scream at me. I'd cry and
think I had lost my mind.
One minute you were kind, loving, and gentle, but
you'd snap at any moment.
Then you were the devil.

Even though you did all these things, I still loved
you.
You called me harsh names, you threw things at me,
you beat me and
I still loved you.
You lied about my family, friends, and their parents.
You didn't only lie to me, but to everyone else too.

In the end I found out the truth,
my FAMILY found out the truth.
They care for me.
They love me,
even though I have flaws.
They don't beat me or call me names.
They push me, motivate me to work hard.
They teach me, help me grow as a person.

All you ever did was bring me down and hurt me.
Looking back I realize how blind I was to believe
your lies.
I thought the things you did to me were okay.
Now I know you were in the wrong and none of it
was my fault.



Art By Nani Lamieux, 10d



Even though I fear you and say I hate you,
deep down I still love you.
You can't take the love a child has for their
mother.

Untitled

by Kamandrin Kirby, 12d

Revel in your cowardice
Crawl under your bed
Fall beneath the covers
Retreat inside your head

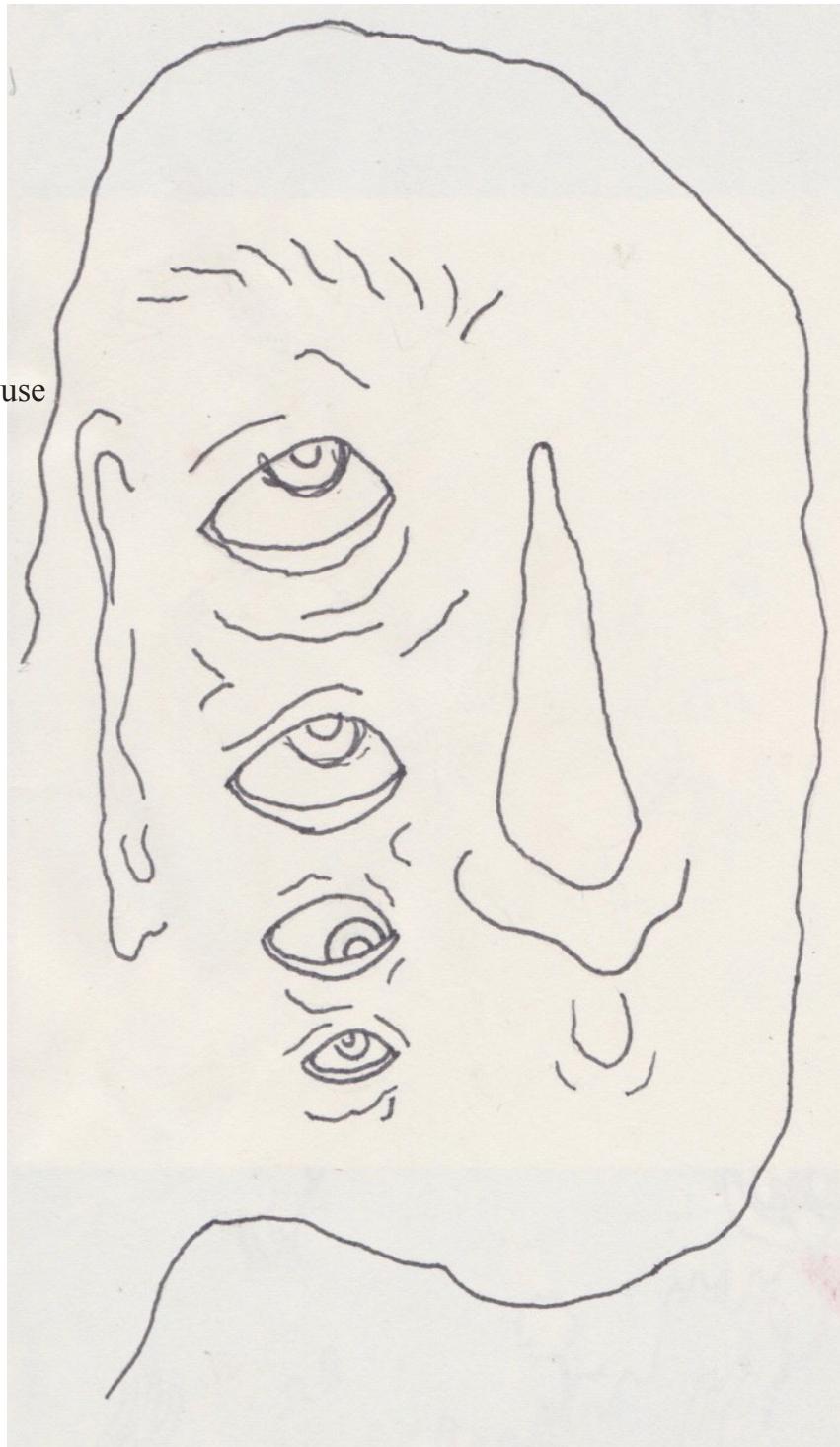
Tears are dripping down your face
Irrelevant, ignore
Footsteps pounding through the house
Thunder at the door

Revel in your cowardice
Clumsy, closet, hide
Duck and close the door
Curl up and bide

Your hair is covering your face
Irrelevant, ignore
Eyes unseen and breathing lean
Thunder at the door

Revel in your cowardice
Run away and weep
Fall beneath the waves
Go to eternal sleep

Waters filling up your lungs
Irrelevant, ignore
Vision misting over full
Thunder at the shore



Art by Gwendolyn Campbell, 10a

Ode to a Vision on the Beach

by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

I like the way you move
twisting and turning
You're everywhere at once
and once I saw that I understood
You as an entity in your own right

I know now who you are
Shades of Midnight and Sunrise
Wrapped in a veil of Beauty and Hair
one shrug of your shoulders
one roll of your hips
and I was there

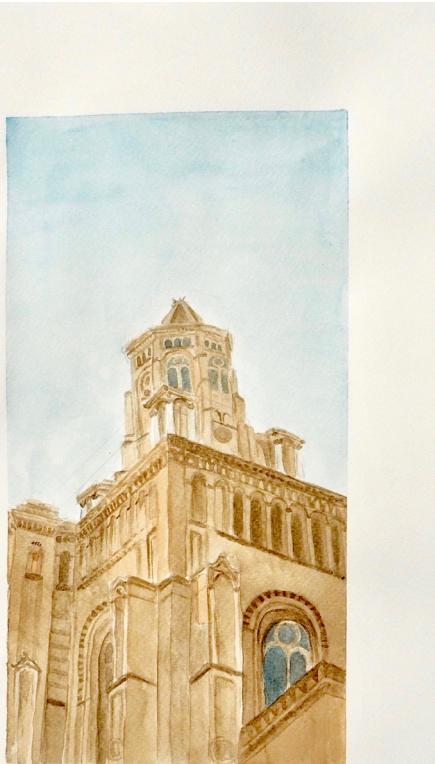
Light and shadows
transform your being
until you are no longer who you told
yourself to be

You're Dark and Extravagant
Bright and Versatile

you danced over my vision
until I could not close my eyes
you moved across my being
until it was only you that was alive
you danced your way into my memo-
ries
until you were the only one I had

and I needed that
the way I needed to be alive
not at all
But Desperately

So thank you
I like the way you move



Art by Riva Greinke, 12d
and Lucy Defty, 12a





Photo by Finnegan Wagner, 12d

Oda a la guitarra

by Henri Jackson, 12a

Del silencio
salta el canto
y todos los tactos
con los dedos,
todos los trazos
del pinzel
en su lienzo,
da a luz
nuevas ideas.
La guitarra
cuida
a sus hijos,
que hacen ecos
por su cuerpo,
y se alimentan
de su majestad.
Las ideas
se crían
para volverse
en un sonido sabio

que la guitarra
orgullosamente
libra
en el aire.
Por la amistad
bondadosa
de la madre
los sonidos
maduros
tienen
el poder,
la voluntad,
para llegarse,
trayendo
las emociones
y sus experiencias
a nuestras orejas,
la puerta
de la mente,
esperando

que pueden
nutrir
el cerebro.
Se llegan
a millones,
transformando
la identidad
de una nación
e inspirando
nuevas ideas
y sentimientos
El resultado:
millones de nuevas tactos
de los dedos
sobre las cuerdas
vibrando y amplificando
la idea pequeña
y la pasión
de la guitarra

Issei Sagawa

by James Gromis, 10c

my hands are not cold.
they are not
those ghoulish depictions from your nightmarish ecstasies.
You get off on what they did,
like they and their master are some kind of
curiosity best kept next to your children
in a park and next to my poor Renée in a gloomy
lecture hall illuminated by her body.
What a waste of such a delicate
sculpture of flesh, to have been defaced by a conscience, by a
being.
perverse that one must only eat what is inferior to the human,
as to feel
a sense of goodness having released it from its lesser life.
oh, how forbidden is a fruit when becoming Eve marks you
Shokudō
man eater. cannibal. primal. GOLEM.
featureless GOLEM
drooping, sagging, bony GOLEM.
cela n'a pas d'importance
when light, garish
carne exsanguidus
parts beneath my blade
and fills my gaping mouth
with such delight

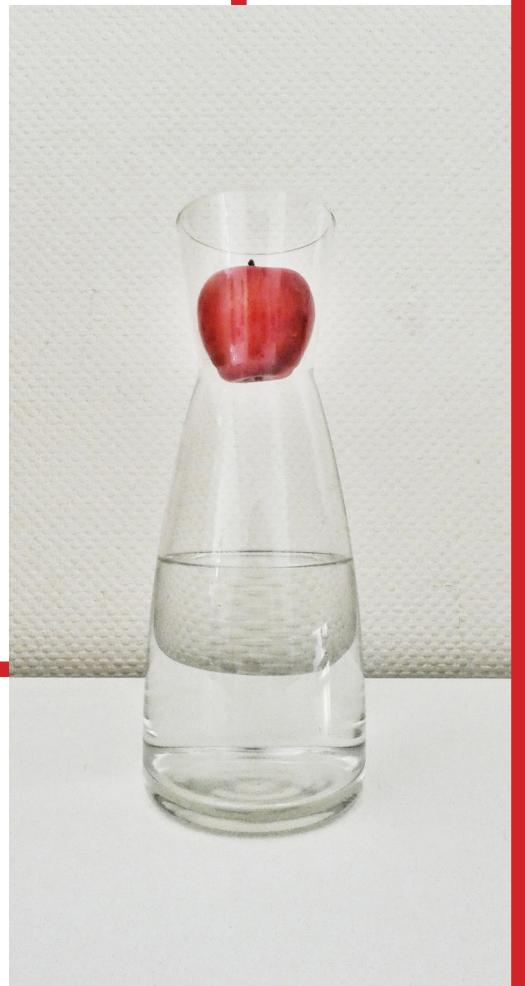


Photo by Ella Jackson, 10c

Thanks Mom

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

But the greatest idiots that I can recall
Are the physicists who thought they knew anything at all,
For they may have learned how water turns into a gas,
But I doubt any of them ever got off their ass
To boil some pasta in some water,
To make some food for their son or daughter.
It takes a Mother to teach that knowledge
That nobody cares for in college,
Because nothing practical can be learned,
No true knowledge can be earned,
From knowing everything about the universe-

Don't be a dick!

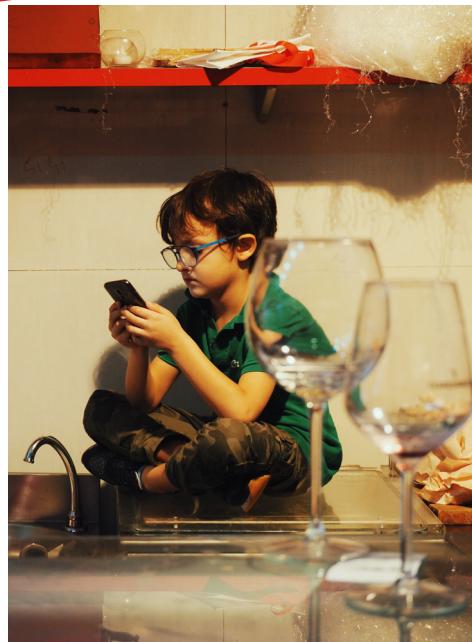


Photo by Cilia
Trendelenburg, 12d

Coffeepot Astronaut

by Ailie Gieseler, 12a

I'll write the gist of my life out as a list
And calculate the allowed amount of daydreams
'Cause cortisol and chemicals create the fist
Holding my life together at its seams

I'll highlight my mistakes in different shades of blue and green
And create an algorithm for all the things I can be
Because I might not be counting the days
But now the days are counting me

So please stop saying life is lived outside of excel sheets,
because that's the only cage I've got
To chain my cacophonous thoughts with pride
Because pretending I'm a coffeepot astronaut
Sounds better than admitting I've lost this fight I've fought

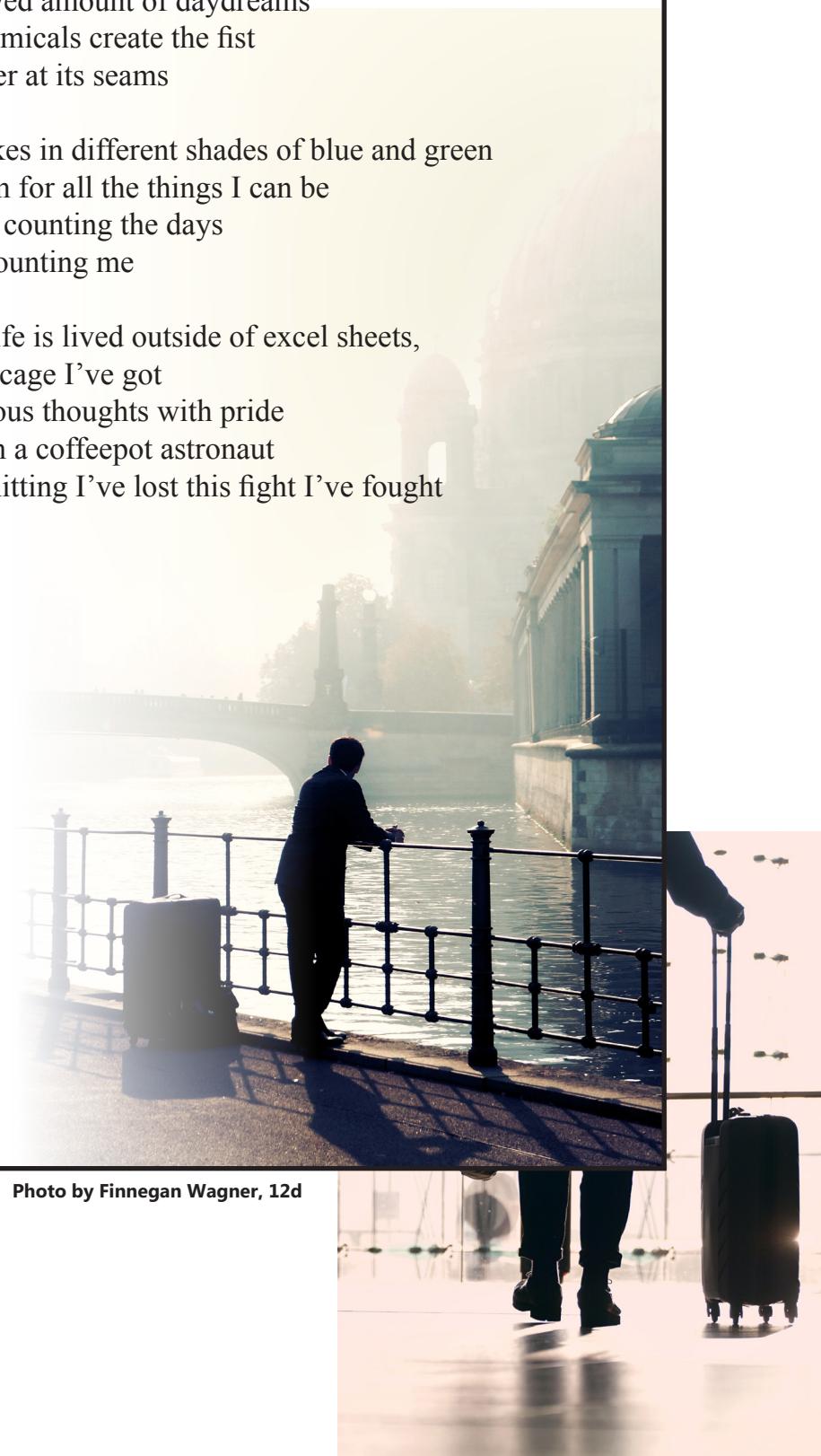


Photo by Finnegan Wagner, 12d

All girls write poetry at this age

By Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

All girls write poetry at this age
So there isn't much to me
Not much else to be

I live sitting on tiny branches
that don't match proportionately
Up above you
In my lemon tree

I myself like a yellow duchess
One that doesn't seem quite right
And I quietly quite like that right

I like watching you run ahead
I can't get over how you twist your neck
and laugh
the freshness of that sound

I like coming out at night
When I'm close to sleep
And watching the world seep through the
drainage of time

I like the silence
that isn't really silent
Like I love your smile
which doesn't mean anything

I like the simple breeze
without much gusto
And I love you

Someday you'll know
Someday I'll tell you
But I'm too young to do it now
Because at this age nothing matters
All girls write poetry at this age
Just like these words will dissipate in the air
And be pulled away by the simple breeze
So would any words I could say to you

So I remain quiet

I lie down on the stones of my balcony
Regard the lonely stars
and regardless of the cold



Photo by Riva Greinke, 12d



Photo by Cilia Trendelenburg, 12d



Photo by Ailie Gieseler, 12a

Burnt Out

By Anonymous

She used to be a bonfire. Her wild, unruly curls like flames. When her paintbrush touched the white of the canvas her ideas would come to life. Her ingenuity - bewitching. No ropes could ever tie her down. Her words bubbled and overflowed, while the audience sat there in awe. I look like her, yet I will never be her. But her flame has gone out. Her once amber hair now brown and put back strictly. She'd never say it aloud, fearful of my tears. But now her name doesn't fit her anymore. Once goddess of the hunt, now a caged bird. Her flame has gone out and I know I am the glass that suffocated her.



Economic Power

By Ellie Goodman, 12a

I bought this video with all of the economic power I could muster. Whoever produced this should know that there's demand for what they make, even if it's only from someone with as much economic power as me. The video is of a businessman, his suit is bespoke, the cuffs shine. His shirt is button up and a sweet functional lightish blue that whispers sweetly that I should calm down and consider my different investment options. Sadly I'm deaf to the shirt's charming call, I don't have enough to invest in more than footage that lets me see it in the first place. The man is balding, the hair he has left is combed over in a middle aged fashion, almost like he's forgotten what it's like to take risks. I bet he's got everything down to his toilet insured. I notice that his ears aren't pierced, the only jewelery he wears is his bland platinum wedding ring. The suited man stands in a shower, the kinda small rusted up shower you'd expect to find in a badly kept hostel. The camera zooms in on his face, he is stoic, like an object. There is a cut to a mid angle so I can see the majority of his body, and then; then the shower, it turns on. First the hair on the man's head gets wet, and he blinks a couple times, and the water falls further. The suit is slowly drenched. All of the fine clothing gets drenched, the value of the suit rockets, much like the first apollo missions, towards the floor.

The shower turns off. The powerful man stands there alone, his hair and shirt stuck to his skin. He glances at the camera, unable to hold my gaze.

I watch, and I am so incredibly turned on.

Photo by Elena Freitag,
11a

A Cloudy Walk

by Johanna Tigges, 10d

There were two girls. One was me. Not quite so little, but quite alone as we walked home. A typical fall night. Wind whipping our faces, fingers frozen and slowly turning numb. In times like these, people become shadows, and float past each other in clouds of self-absorbance. The mist only lifts is when they want something you have.

Two tall shadows approached us, slowly de-clouding as they got closer. They had already caught our attention, but we had chosen not to acknowledge them. Why would we? Fully visible, they were now walking beside us. One next to her, one next to me. Trapped. Uncomfortable. Intimidated. But our wariness hid behind reluctant smiles. Hi. Broken german, hard to understand. How old are you? Small talk. You pretty. They edged closer now, grazing our shoulders. Where you live? The glance I shot my cousin was a silent call for help. Come to our hotel room. Tiny favor. You get money for it.

NO.

Why?

We give no explanation. The only response they hear is the uneven beat of the not quite so little girls' feet as they run for home. Hand in hand.

Leaving the two shadows behind.

Photo by Ailie Gieseler,
12a

Hearts and Sinews

by Ailie Gieseler, 12a

I tell her hearts don't make good homes
The strength of a cardiovascular muscle was never its structural integrity
So she takes my hands, telling me bones and calcium are the perfect building material

The sinews in my mother's hands ask if I know pain
And I flinch at the sound of keys scraping up the meaty lock
Our house is four chambers just like a heart

She calls me at four am, eyes red with too much heart
A heart-attacking story of a girl with too much of a past
I don't put my phone on silent anymore

But there's no time for thinking. The walls close around my neck
Internal monologue is cancelled in favour of next-door screaming
What sound do my vocal chords make when they're pulled out by my throat?

The walls are palpitating. I never thought a heart could be painted white.
The walls are never white where I go afterwards. Not the park benches, not the shelter
Not the walls bruised with threats and pleas

She tells me we're orphans with overstimulated endorphins now
I tell her orphans don't have their heartstrings attached to discoloured skin.
But I'll never ask her to sever those ties while I've still got my sinews intact

The next four walls are pink and orange and my bruises fade over cups of serotonin
I don't try painting the walls white anymore, I decorate them with my vocal chords instead.
I read about concrete, and wood, and tranquility, the materials to build my own four walls

She still calls me at four am and I tell her to come count the stars under my roof
I build her a concrete monument, smiling. I've figured out the physics of happiness.
She never arrives. A heart-attack jammed the traffic leaving her with the scars already escaped

My Name

Vignette by Anonymous

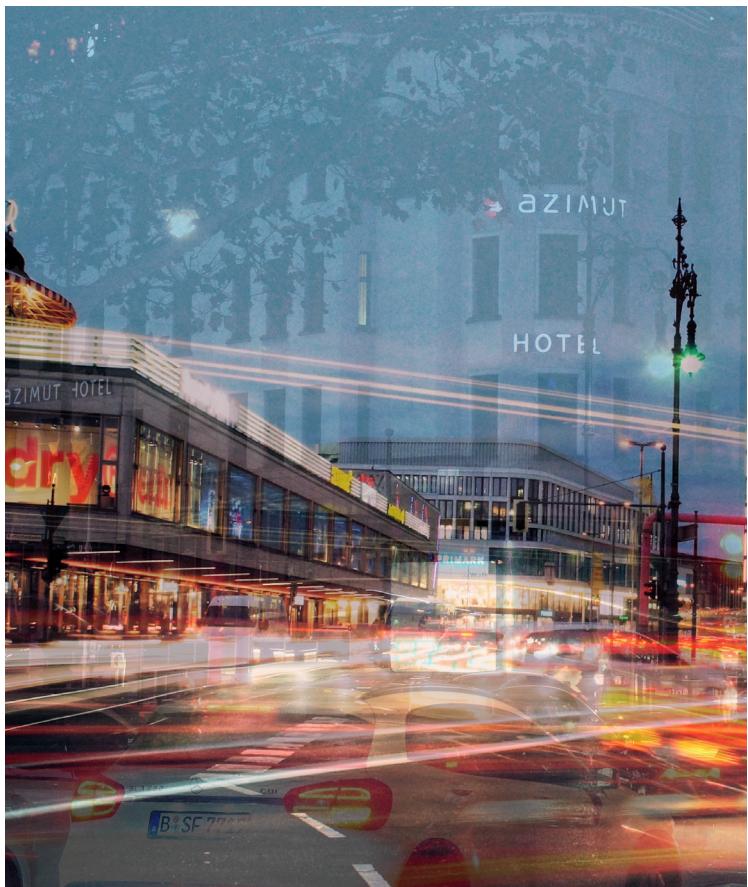
My name is not uncommon, that might be why
I say it with spite. I wish I was not my name,
but I am, another face in the crowd, a blurred
figure in the background. My mother used to
tell me not to feel ashamed of the name she
gave me, but then I would be exactly what
she wanted me to be, characterless, colorless and dull.



My name has no meaning. There is no language to change it
into a beautiful word, a beautiful phrase. It's bleak, blunt,
and brusque. I feel the fiery burn of hatred fill my stomach
when I say my name. It's overused, overwritten and overspoken.
It's the gray stain left on your paper when you try to erase
something you shouldn't have wrote.



Photos by Riva Greinke, 12d



The World of the Ticking Clocks

by Henri Jackson, 12a

Only in silence do you notice the ticking of the second hand.

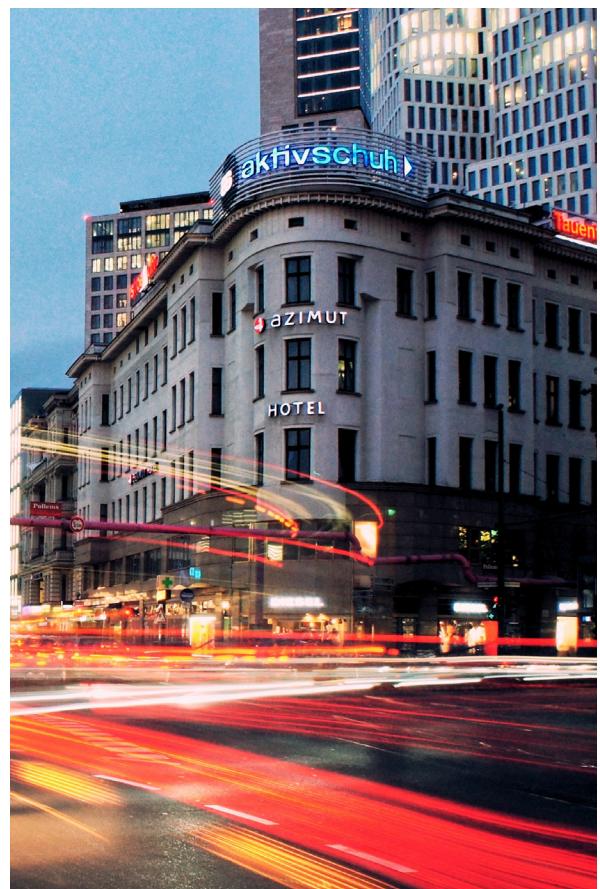
Interestingly, you do not suddenly hear it because the clocks gets louder.

They are always ticking in the background, but inaudible over the pen crunching against the paper of your calendar or the sound of your pacing.

Awkward silences,
that is when you hear the clock.

The ticking tantalizing tock of the clock that mocks you being caught behind the locks of time.

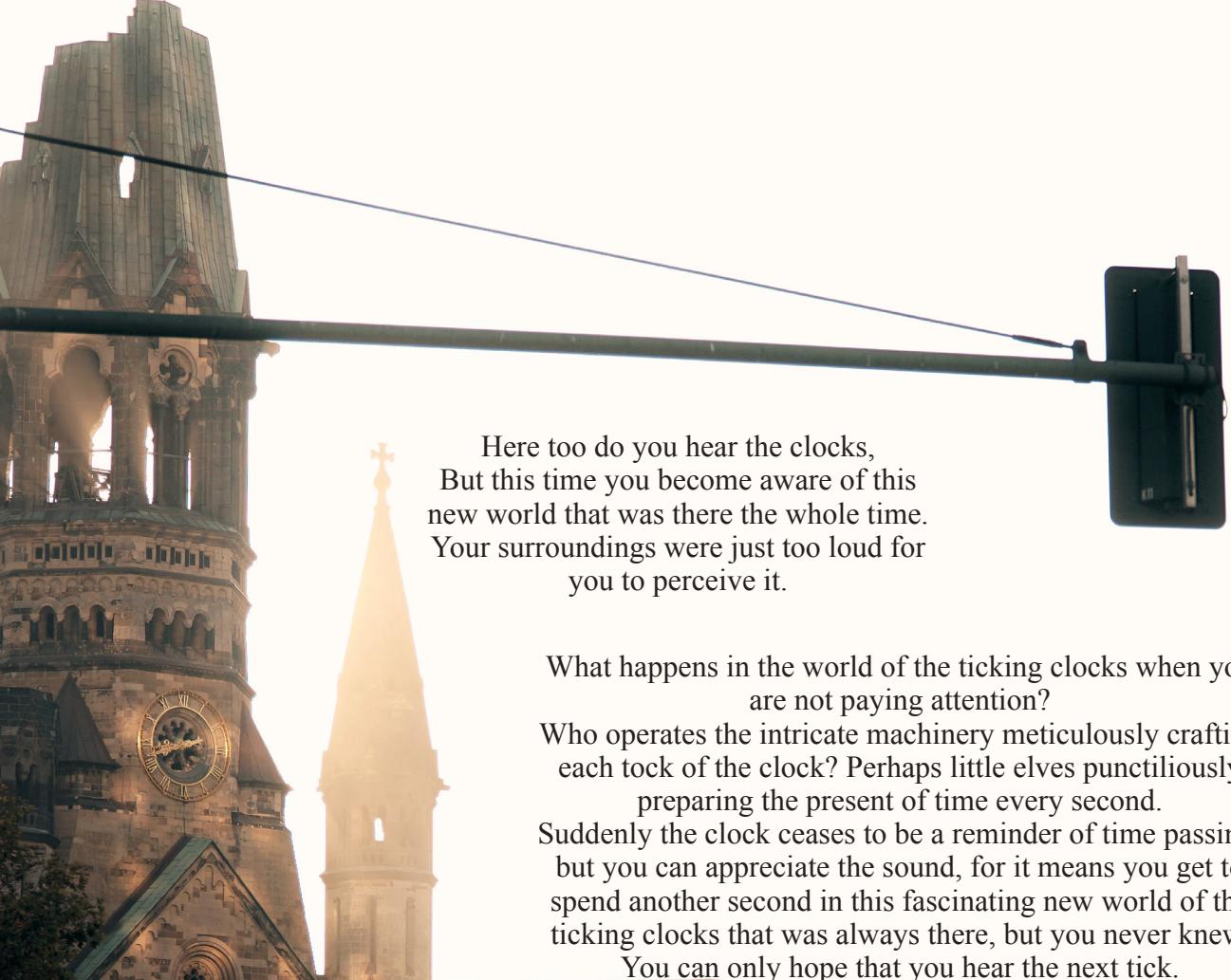
There must be something better to do than to listen to the sound of time infiltrating our brains, nourishing the frustration of its own passing. It seems like a cruel prank life is playing on us.



But not all silences are awkward.

They are breaths in conversations
Waking up from the rain hitting the roof
Drinking tea in the depth of the night

Looking into the eyes
of the people that we love.



Here too do you hear the clocks,
But this time you become aware of this
new world that was there the whole time.
Your surroundings were just too loud for
you to perceive it.

What happens in the world of the ticking clocks when you
are not paying attention?

Who operates the intricate machinery meticulously crafting
each tock of the clock? Perhaps little elves punctiliously
preparing the present of time every second.
Suddenly the clock ceases to be a reminder of time passing,
but you can appreciate the sound, for it means you get to
spend another second in this fascinating new world of the
ticking clocks that was always there, but you never knew.
You can only hope that you hear the next tick.



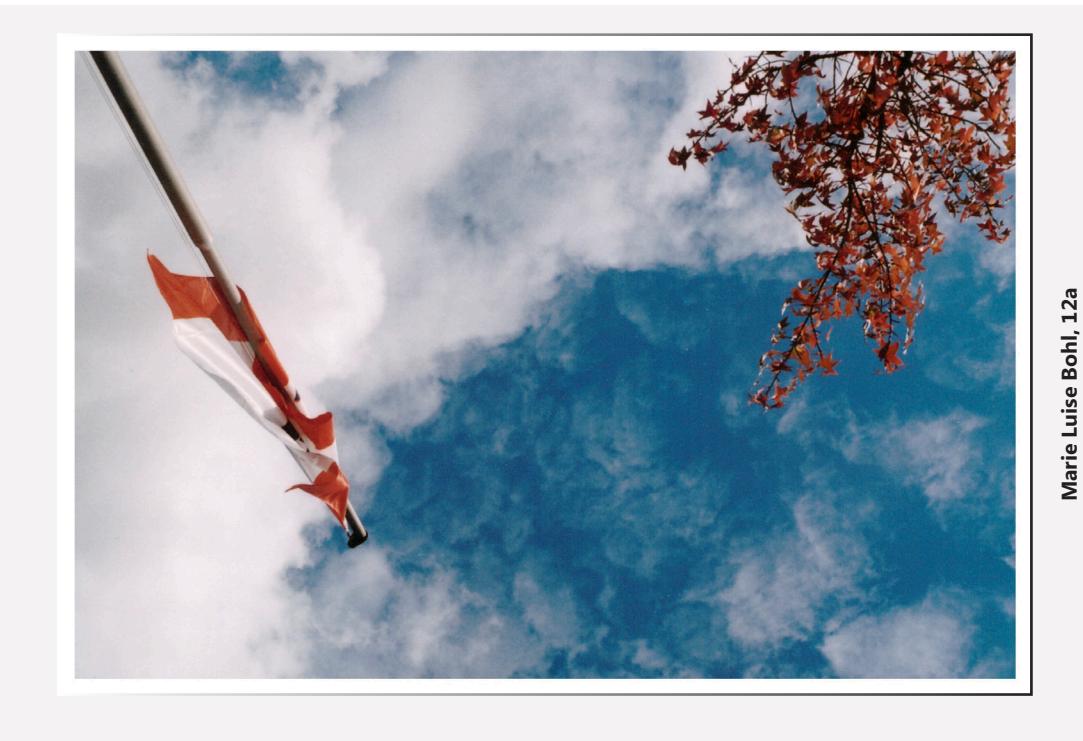
If you're lucky you'll continue listening for the world of the
ticking clocks from that moment on,
and you'll be able to hear it while your pen crunches against the
paper of your calendar, appreciating the ticking tranquil tock
of the clock that walks and guides you off to every new second
you have the fortune to hear.



Marie Luise Bohl, 12a



Marie Luise Bohl, 12a



Marie Luise Böhl, 12c



Marie Luise Böhl, 12c

The Maw

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

"So what do we have here then?" I say, throwing some files on my desk; this is my job, dealing with nutcases. All I've got is the four walls of my cubicle to keep me sane.

"Good morning comrade." My next patient says. She's smiling intently at me, leaning forward in her chair, clad in black ripped clothing and some handcuffs that keep her securely fastened to my table. I can't tell if she's old or if she's had just aged terribly. She definitely doesn't smell good. I sit down across from her; checking my watch I can tell that it hasn't been morning for a while.

"It's 1am." I say.

"Oh that doesn't matter really. What've you got there friend?" She shows interest in my files, moving her large mass out of her chair to try and get a look at them.

"This is your case file", I say motioning for her to take her seat which she eventually does, "I'm supposed to figure out what to do with you since," I check the file, "you were found trying to urinate in the middle of an intersection, after which you threw one of your shoes at a police officer who was trying to apprehend you." I hadn't read her file before sitting down, nor had I expected this before sitting down. Welp life sure goes on.

"Correct." She says smiling, and then ducks down bringing her head to her hands to get her greasy hair out of her face.

"So," I say unsure of how to continue



Art by Lucy Martin,
12a

"what brought you to do that?"

"I needed to pee, friend." she hasn't stopped smiling throughout this whole interaction, it makes her nose scrunch up. It isn't pretty. I take note of her bluntness.

"Ok, but is there a reason why it had to be in front of that many cars?"

"Well I thought I could trust some comrades to take their foot off the gas for a bit." I take note of naïvité.

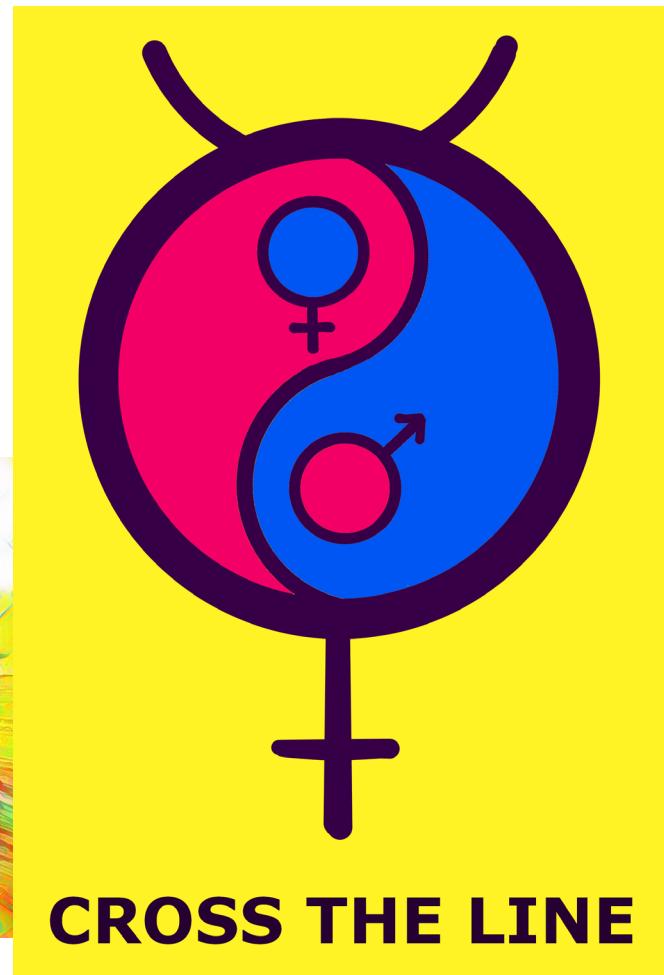
"So if everyone is a comrade, why did you throw your shoe at the police officer?"

"Friend," she says, demeaningly, "He wasn't acting very friendly, and so I tried to stop him."

"Ok." I'm not getting to her, I change tactics: "Have you experienced any trauma recently? Any possible side effects? Difficulty sleeping? Hallucinations?"

She smiles and gives me a "heh." She lays her head on the table.

Art by Kamandarin Kirby, 12d



"Nobody's being that mean to me, I mean, other than the usual."

"The usual?"

"Y'know, the men who call me ugly and try to hurt me, the looks that I get on trains, this one guy tried to force me to get into his car!"

"When was that?"

"Just today, he brought me to you!" She seems excited by this, I take note of her short attention span. I decide to humor her.

"That sounds pretty horrible." I pause, she's looking around at my office "Do these experiences affect you at other times?"

"Yeah." She says, not looking at me, "I daydream sometimes", this seems to sadden her, "and by sometimes I mean a lot."

"What about?"

"The end of it all."

"Do you want to elaborate on that?"

She pauses to gather her thoughts, frowning in concentration, and then she begins to slowly dictate, "I want to not be anymore, but more than just death, death isn't final or absolute enough. I have this dream a lot," she looks down, "I have this dream about an endless unfathomable maw, and I look at this gaping wetness and all I want is to be swallowed whole, I just wanna let the gentle teeth caress me," she has her eyes closed, "let my bones break, let my skin burn, make me gone."

I sit there awkwardly, she still has her eyes closed. She's starting to lean slightly. A few moments pass like this. Suddenly she blinks a couple times and smiles warmly at me.

"Thanks for listening to that friend, I know it can't have been easy."

"Yeah, don't worry about it." I say, I start to collect my things and get up, "So I'll see if someone can bring you some water or maybe something to eat, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"Thanks friend!" She calls as she raises one cuffed hand and I leave the room.



Gun Bang

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

This room is only painted in a dull, bluish white, there is one window; it's like a very small teacher's room. There's a white desk in front of you, and you're sitting in a somewhat uncomfortable, wooden chair. Quickly receding from your memory is the image of me taking you by the shoulders, and shoving you into your chair. You look at me. I'm wearing a wifebeater and my legwear is revealed as I awkwardly half stand up to get something out of the back of my jeans, my old, dirty, ratty jeans. With a crash, your deliberation about my jeans is destroyed as I slam what I was searching for on the table. I take my seat as I start to mutter some things. The handgun on the table is a very old revolver, the kinda gun you'd only see as a prop in a cowboy movie or something. "At this point you're supposed to take the gun." I mutter. You don't want to take the gun, even if you fired it, it'd probably explode in your hand, all you want is to go back to the coffee you were sipping or to finish the drawing you were drawing. "Fine." I say with the finality worthy of the word "fine". I take the gun by the barrel with my left hand and lean over the table to grab your hand with my right. I start to mash your hand against the gun muttering all the while about this or that. It's obvious that you're supposed to hold the gun as I start to move your finger over the trigger. Finally I get your hand loosely draped over the gun in a way that suggests force and with a deep sigh I lean back to observe my handywork.

You've started to steady the first hand with the other, but still the gun droops, making the barrel aim at my stomach rather than my head, I am calm as I watch this strange sculpture. I take some deep breaths, you should probably take some time to breath a little. You're holding a gun. I tap the table repeatedly, rhythmically, while looking around the room somewhat bored.

My hands freeze over into fists as I look you in the eye, you see nothing, I am nothing, you don't care about me. The muttering begins again as I grab the barrel of the gun again and hold my chin inches away from the top of the desk.



Art by Clara Amerkhanian



The metal is cold against my forehead and I stare dead ahead at the white blank table in front of me. “What the fuck do you care, you don’t even see that I’m real.”

You didn’t think this’d go in this direction.

I seemed so calm a second ago, what do I have to complain about, and what do you have to do with it?

“I have thoughts and feelings fucking too, don’t you get it?” The words are said with enough emotion to delegitimize the point. You don’t get it, I thought you’d have enough empathy to get it, but I guess I overestimated you. “Of course you don’t fucking care, you just wanna keep talking about Janice, she’s a funny character isn’t she, always good for a laugh.”

You don’t want to talk about Janice, Janice is the girl you can’t stand, it’s like she takes pride in doing all the things that seem stupid to you. “She’s human too” I screech at you, rattling the barrel in my hands and breaking your train of thought again. I sure am an annoyance, demanding your attention like this, “If she’s so ugly and stupid why don’t you just fucking pull the trigger and shoot her” I screech, pressing my forehead into the tip of the gun. A second goes by as I take a breath and wait for my end... The moment passes uneventfully. “You’re a fucking coward, you’ll gladly make us all feel like a problem that needs to be pushed to the side, but you don’t have the fucking guts to solve it” I bare my teeth at the table. I’ve given you complete control, you don’t really seem to care much about my overly emotional illogical words. “You make me want to not be in your way anymore, get me out of your fucking way,” some snot has started to make its way down my upper lip “or what? Am I too valuable as a scapegoat to get rid of, am I too jewish and ugly to part with?” My hands grab at your grip on the gun, as a gulp of air and a sob escape my mouth. My thumb finds it way right over your trigger-finger, I say “I hate you” and pull the trigger, letting an explosion of blood stain my back and the chair I was sitting on. It is not your fault.

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English Department
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EDITOR IN CHIEF
Ailie Gieseler
Riva Greinke

EDITORS & CONTRIBUTORS

Clara Amerkhanian
Marie Bohl
Gwen Campbell
Lucy Defty
Ailie Gieseler
Ellie Goodman
Riva Greinke
Skylar Hardister
Ella Jackson
Henri Jackson
Aidan Kvistad
Nadine Pertsch
Konstantin Thiessen
Anna Weinrautner

ART EDITORS
Aillie Gieseler

COVER ART
Ailie Gieseler

DESIGN
Marie Bohl
Lucy Defty
Ailie Gieseler
Riva Greinke
Skylar Hardister
Ella Jackson
Henri Jackson

PUBLIC RELATIONS
Nadine Pertsch
Konstantin Thiessen

PUBLISHER
Lee Beckley

SUBMISSIONS
haywire@jfks.me

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