

THE MUCKRAKER

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Endlich. Aus und vorbei! Nur noch zwei Tage bis zum 24ten.

Mit dem Jahr 2006 geht auch das Semester zu Ende. Auch die letzte Woche haben wir gut überstanden–trotz Test, Klausuren und der Hetzerei nach den letzten Weihnachtsgeschenken. (All jenen, die noch die letzten Dinge besorgen müssen, wünschen wir selbstverständlich viel Erfolg.) Verschiedene Konzerte und die allgegenwärtige Weihnachtsdekoration haben sicherlich dabei geholfen, die letzten Tage an der Schule zu genießen.

Obwohl man die Festtage natürlich möglichst ausgiebig genießen sollte, bietet sich auch ein Blick in die Zukunft an. Erst ein Mal steht natürlich Silvester vor der Tür – eine weitere Gelegenheit um 2006 ein letztes Mal in vollen Atemzügen zu genießen. Danach wartet, wie immer, ein neues Halbjahr an der JFKS, an dessen Ende die Graduation in der 12. und die Abiturverleihung in der 13. Klasse stehen. Genaue Vorhersagen über die Geschehen an der Schule lassen sich natürlich nicht treffen, aber vielleicht nimmt sich der/die ein oder andere ja die Tage des *Miteinanders* zu Herzen und trägt diese Stimmung mit dem neuen Jahr in unser Schulgebäude. Euch allen ein frohes Fest und spannende Ferien!

P.S.: In der letzten Ausgabe ist beim editing der Filmbesprechung über „Marie Antoinette“ ein Fehler passiert. Beim erwähnten „French dauphin“ handelt es sich um Louis XVI und nicht Guy VII.

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That time of the year...

God sure knew what he was doing, when he planned his first son. He made sure he was born smack in the darkest days of the year, as if to give man a beacon of hope in a valley of despair. You might think it sheer chance, but ever wondered why Hanukkah joins Christmas just around December 21st, the shortest day of the year in Western Europe? Indeed, religions know when to plant their seeds, as man worn from the cold and the darkness knows nothing better than to turn to religious rituals for joy.

Of course, this whole business of starting the Christmas season late-October kind of dampens the excitement by the time Christmas comes around, but to hell with it, we all love the joy of a Winter Wonderland with a pile of presents. The warm “Glühwein” or the hot chocolate on the street corner, the gloves, the scarves, the zipped-up jackets, the hats, the breath that smokes in the wind, the Christmas trees, and the decorations; Christmas makes us all feel like children once again.

There is a saying that the core of a thing bears its opposite. Reality presents it as the warmest warmth that layers our hearts while the coldest cold rattles past our ears. And in fact, it's not even about being Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Buddhist or Atheist, it's rather an affirmation of life and of a human nature that contains more than war and bitterness. So complain all you want about the commercialization of a “Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year”,

about entire branches in the economy supported through Christmas hype. Go ahead and complain about having to buy presents and running to the stores on the 24th for last-minute shopping all the while wondering “For what?”

For what? For making a smile on the face of the receiver of the present and for celebrating life with those close and



Foto: Farsane Tabataba-Vakili

The SC Christmas tree without it's latest „decorations.“

far. I heard the song “Last Christmas” the other day. I knew that it was that time of the year again and that life was good. Despite a life that takes us to the depths and peaks, there are pillars that stand firm amidst a constant variable of experiences.

So let us take these Christmas days the right way. For those of you that are religious, enter God's house and affirm your faith. For those that are out for the presents,

realize that the presents you give mean more than the price tag. For those that don't celebrate Christmas, celebrate the spirit. For those that don't do so normally, reach out to those that have less than you, both in our community and through donations to organizations such as the Christoffel-Blindenmission. And when you see that “Motz”-seller with the Santa hat at S-Bahnhof Schöneberg, don't just look away but rather take a look in your purse and perhaps extend the list of those who can expect presents from you this year.

And while I'm at it, I wish you a merry Christmas.

Jakob Thomae

JFKS Life / Entertainment

The "Ultra Marathon" Man

While most of us are enjoying holiday treats, from ginger bread to Santa-shaped chocolates, Dean Karnazes is out doing running, running, and more running - from New York City to San Francisco.

On the fifth of October, the man known as the "Ultramarathon Man" completed his biggest project yet, his "Endurance Fifty", or "50/50/50" - 50 marathons, in 50 states, in 50 days - at the annual New York marathon. But instead of taking a certainly well earned break with his wife and two children, the 42-year-old San Franciscan decided to head home - by foot. Even if the weather holds up, though, there won't be a "home for the holidays" for Dean. His family expects him to arrive in San Francisco sometime in February. Until then, he's got another 2000 miles of jogging ahead of him. With Dean one can never be sure, but it does seem as though he's not intending on running nonstop. On his way, he visits schools all across America to promote fitness and health among youths.

Dean's career as an "ultra marathon" runner started on the night of his 30th birthday and has earned him fame as "the fittest man alive", or perhaps simply "a nut". A well-off marketer, holding graduate degrees in both science and business, he sat at a bar to celebrate and, chugging one beer after the other to welcome yet another year of "same-old, same-old", he suddenly thought to himself that there must be more to life than a monotonous professional life. He left the bar, put on sneakers, and pushed himself on a thirty-mile jog. He hasn't stopped running since.

Dean has run marathons in Death Valley, at a temperature of 126°F and at the South Pole, -40°F in the air. He has biked for 24 consecutive hours and

swum across the San Francisco Bay. Yet his most treacherous workout remains to be his proud jog that covered nothing short of 262 continuous miles and three days and nights on the run. Dean says that if it hadn't rained for twenty of his running hours, he could have reached, maybe even surpassed 300 miles. "[It's] like the worst hangover you've ever had" - a hangover's all he's got after 262 miles! After a few days of suffering, the "runner's high" supposedly kicks in. For several weeks, Dean says he feels like he's under the influence of cocaine.

Understandably, Dean has made quite a name for himself. He denies having any supernatural physical powers, though, and encourages the rest of us to join him. In a television interview he said, "I think the biggest barriers are psychological, not physical. The human body is an amazing machine; if we can just go beyond our perceived limitations, I think we can achieve more than we ever thought possible." Where the "Ultra marathon Man" gets this will power, or the lunacy, one might say, to replace Christmas cookies with day-long jogs, if it is even explainable, reveals his bestselling book, "Confessions of an All-Night Runner". He wrote the book on the running track (where else?), through speaking the text into a digital recording device.

"I run because long after my footprints fade away, maybe I will have inspired a few to reject the easy path, hit the trails, put one foot in front of the other, and come to the same conclusion I did: I run because it always takes me where I want to go", he writes.

...anyone still looking for a New Year's Resolution?

Lena Walther

A Funny Thing Happened at JFKS

A slave who wants her freedom and a master who is willing to give it to her if she gets him the girl he desires. A crooked old woman whose children were stolen by pirates at infancy. A sir and his mistress, who is on her way to visit her mother. A house full of beautiful women that no one dares to speak of. A boy and a girl who fall in love against all social rules and regulations. A play that gets the audience laughing and clapping wildly at the end.

This November, the John F. Kennedy School Drama and Music Departments presented the comedy musical "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum". The musical's creators include Burt Sheylovem, who wrote the script and Stephen Sondheim, who composed the music.

Even though the cast, orchestra and stage crew had only a few months to prepare the piece, they delivered a splendid and brilliant performance. In the end, the comedy and the confusing scenes of the musical came together in a realistic resolution, which the audience greatly applauded.

The performance was one joyful ride back to the age of 200 B.C. Rome. The amazing co-operation between the orchestra, the cast and the stage crew was topped off with imaginative costumes and a simple, but colorful set. All of this formed a memorable night and a great musical for the audience of JFKS.

Theresa Volkmer

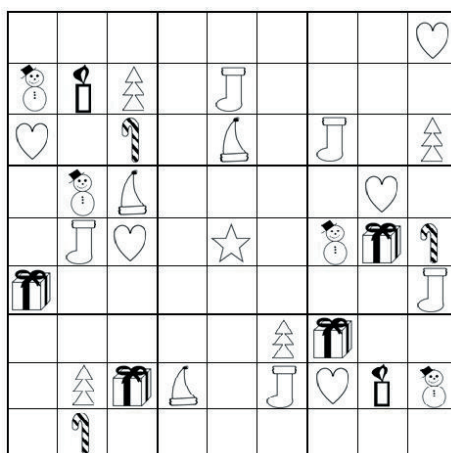
Christmas Su Dokus!!

Ben's idea, He-in's realization

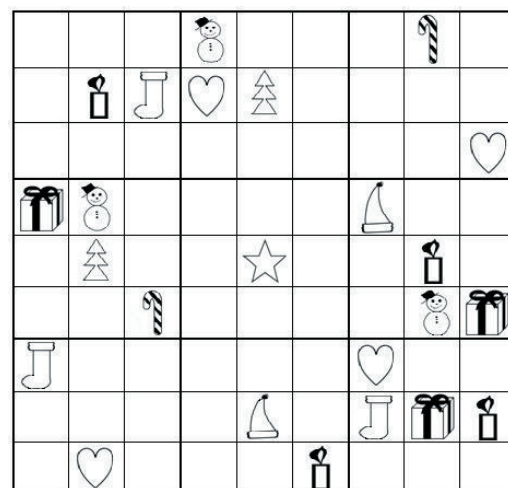
Fill in the grid so that every row, every column, and every 3x3 box contains these pictures:



Medium Su Doku



Hard Su Doku



Christmas / Poetry

The Twelve Days of Christmas at School

(Based on "Twelve Days of Christmas")

On the first day of Christmas,
My teacher gave to me
A lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the second day of Christmas,
My teachers gave to me
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the third day of Christmas,
My teachers gave to me
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the forth day of Christmas,
My teachers gave to me
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the fifth day of Christmas,
My teachers gave to me
Five books to read,
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the sixth day of Christmas,
My teachers gave to me
Six equations to solve,
Five books to read,
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the seventh day of Christmas,
My teachers gave to me
Seven songs to sing,
Six equations to solve,
Five books to read,
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the eighth day of Christmas,
My teachers gave to me
Eight poems to interpret,
Seven songs to sing,
Six equations to solve,
Five books to read,
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the ninth day of Christmas,
My teachers gave to me
Nine handouts to flip through,
Eight poems to interpret,
Seven songs to sing,
Six equations to solve,
Five books to read,
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the tenth day of Christmas,
My teacher gave to me
Ten definitions to know,
Nine handouts to flip through,
Eight poems to interpret,

Seven songs to sing,
Six equations to solve,
Five books to read,
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the eleventh day of Christmas,
My teacher gave to me
Eleven questions to answer,
Ten definitions to know,
Nine handouts to flip through,
Eight poems to interpret,
Seven songs to sing,
Six equations to solve,
Five books to read,
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
My teacher gave to me
Twelve phrases to translate,
Eleven Questions to answer,
Ten definitions to know,
Nine handouts to flip through,
Eight poems to interpret,
Seven songs to sing,
Six equations to solve,
Five books to read,
Four terms to learn,
Three pictures to paint,
Two essays to write,
And a lesson about the bourgeoisie.

Farsane Tabataba-Vakili

Top Ten Reasons To Know That Christmas Is Coming

Farsane Tabataba-Vakili

10. You develop the habit of carrying a miniature Rudolph around with you wherever you go, because it makes you feel good.
9. You hear jingle bells ringing in your head.
8. Because of all the Christmas decoration, it's lighter at day than at night.
7. People keep telling you enthusiastically about traditional Christmas items you've never heard of before, and you just nod your head because you don't want to burst their red and green bubbles.
6. The high school starts looking like a forest with all the pine trees in it.
5. You start to feel an urge to unwrap the pillars on the second floor of the white building.
4. Your friends won't stop singing "Twelve Days of Christmas", and at some point you've given up complaining and joined in passionately.
3. You start worrying that Santa won't manage to find you under your holiday workload.
2. Your music teacher ignores the actual curriculum and dances around the room singing Christmas carols to the class.
1. You've given up explaining to your little brothers and sisters that Santa doesn't really exist, because you've changed your mind and even wrote him a letter including your wish list.

dear nesquik

by concerned consumer

i will admit
i like the resinous gunk
you guys leave in the cul-de-sac
of my glass
like the fertile alluvial residue
of a great river

but listen
it's not so much
this wasteful sediment
which bothers me
but those imperturbable pellets
ceaselessly stirring at the surface
forcing me to rashness
and betraying the artifice
in their demise.

Christmas / Opinion

WEIHNACHTEN

Nun ist es mal wieder so weit. Jedes Jahr so Mitte Dezember das Gleiche. Spätestens. Wenn Mann es schafft die Zeichen so lange zu ignorieren. Das allerdings wird von Jahr zu Jahr immer schwerer, erscheinen die geschmückten Tannenbäume und Sternschnuppen und was weiß ich nicht alles auf den Straßen, in den Schaufenstern und auf den Balkonen und Terrassen der Nachbarn doch immer früher. Auch der Weihnachtsbaumverkäufer preist seine Bäume – „Schön Grün!“ – inzwischen schon Mitte November lautstark an und lässt mir nicht den Hauch einer Chance sie zu ignorieren. Was, schon wieder Weihnachten? Das hatten wir doch grade erst. Ist das wirklich jedes Jahr, alle 365 Tage, ganz sicher? Die sich an Balkonen und Regenrinnen und niedrigen Dächern hochhangelnden Weihnachtsmänner oder Nikolause hätten mich misstrauisch stimmen müssen. Nun denn, hat sie mich also wieder kalt erwischt, diese kalte Jahreszeit gezwungen wirkender Fröhlichkeit bei Punsch und Keksen. Dazu die bereits erwähnten omnipräsenten Dekorationen. Warum muss Nachbar X sein Fenster mit einer bunt blinkenden Lichterkette einrahmen, Kunstfrost an die Scheibe heften, leuchtende Nikolaushäuser und kerzenhaltende Engel um eines dieser – durch Kerzenwärme angetriebenen – Karussells gruppieren und, um sein Werk zu krönen, einen Kranz ins Fenster hängen? Um Nachbarn Y auszustechen? Das also ist der Weihnacht's Sinn? Da kommt dann auch schon der nächste Schreck. O Mann, was soll ich bloß verschenken? Kann ich auch Nichts verschenken? Und wann soll ich den ganzen Mist besorgen (sofern mir denn

adäquate Geschenkideen kommen) und mich dabei auch noch möglichst wenig von der nervtötenden Media Markt oder Saturn Werbung beeinflussen lassen? Soll ich in der Kälte jetzt noch mal raus und heldenhaft Geschenke suchen, stundenlang und wahrscheinlich mit

obligatorische Weihnachtslieder singen. Das ist fast schon wieder komisch: die Großmutter, die ernsthaft die „schönen“ Lieder singen will, die Frauen der Familie, die zumindest den Anschein erwecken dies zu tun, und die Männer, die nur hoffen das es schnell vorüber geht, das Gesinge, während das Gewürm der kleinen Cousins und Cousinen endlich die Geschenke auspacken will, die schon stundenlang unter der völlig überladenen und wachstropfenden Nordmann-tanne liegen und nur darauf warten wieder ausgepackt zu werden. Und der Großvater sitzt dabei und achtet darauf, dass der Wassereimer in der Ecke weder umgestoßen wird, noch zu leer ist um den möglicherweise in Flammen aufgehenden Baum zu löschen. Und wenn dann alle Geschenke aus ihrer mal mehr, mal minder schönen Verpackung befreit sind, sitzt der kleine Cousin selig in der Ecke und erfreut sich seiner neuen Playmobilritter, die Oma knabbert glücklich an ihren Keksen, und alles ist schon wieder vorbei. War das schon alles? Mehr krieg ich nicht? Und dafür hab ich mir mehr als einen Monat den Kopf zerbrochen? All die Kopfschmerzen für zwei Stunden freudiger Erwartung, eine Stunde auspacken und ungefähr 10 Stunden Autofahrt? Na toll, nächstes Jahr mach ich mir weniger Stress. Und wenn ich dann den Blick wagemutig in die Zukunft richte, so wartet dort schon Silvester. Na prost Mahlzeit!

Rudolph

Comments, Replies?

send your opinions and articles to:

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