

The Muckraker's Independent John F. Kennedy School Student

QUARANTINE

Week Seven: Endure

Says Goodbye!

Dear Reader,

The end is here, and what a ride it's been. Through seven issues we've traveled with you into the depths of the human condition in quarantine, venting frustrations, confessing love, and being bored all packed into the tidy little megabytes of this here zine. For long we have endured, but now it's time to return to some (but by far not absolute) normalcy. As we bid you adieu one last time, we both celebrate and mourn the art we made as a community, knowing that – barring another global pandemic – we will never see you again, reader. Alas there are still great outlets at JFKS for you orphaned creators such as haywire, the fantastic literary and art magazine, or the Muckraker, our own- rebellious student newspaper.

Toodles,
Your Quaranzine Team

A special thanks from Jakob, June, and Lili to our frequent contributors, without whom we couldn't have made a single Quaranzine:

Johanna Tigges

Brooke Betton

An anonymous student (who knows who they are)

Otis T. McGoatis (see page 5)

42,195 km

these are some trying times
i'm really short on breath
my patience thinning by the hour
#quarantinemood has gone sour

endurance is to stare into space until you see some stars
trying to pull something out of your head that isn't there
maybe not quite ripe enough to be harvested

endurance is waiting for the clouds to pass
letting some beats match your puls
as your rip open the window to scream

i've had enough
not all in life is an exhilarating sprint
the type i love
not just mere seconds racing by

some things are long distance
twelve grueling minutes
maybe more

these are some trying times
my lungs ache from breathing my own exhaustion

but maybe i'll come out of this with better endurance
for the next twelve minutes
or more

when the universe challenges us to a duel again

Johanna Tigges

Gut gemeinte Erkundigung

„Was hast du heute so gemacht?“
Ach, was musst du sowas sagen!
Ich habe lange nachgedacht
und kann es selbst nicht sagen.

Wenn man so „ausharrt“ wird mitunter
Zeit so eindimensional.
Ob Woche, Tag oder Sekunde
wird auf verrückte Art egal.

Das ist manchmal gar nicht leicht.
Wenn ein Tag nach dem anderen verstreicht,
ohne Aussicht auf ein Ende
(strafend gucken die vier Wände)
Ich und die Stadt bedrückend leer
Dann ist es deprimierend schwer.

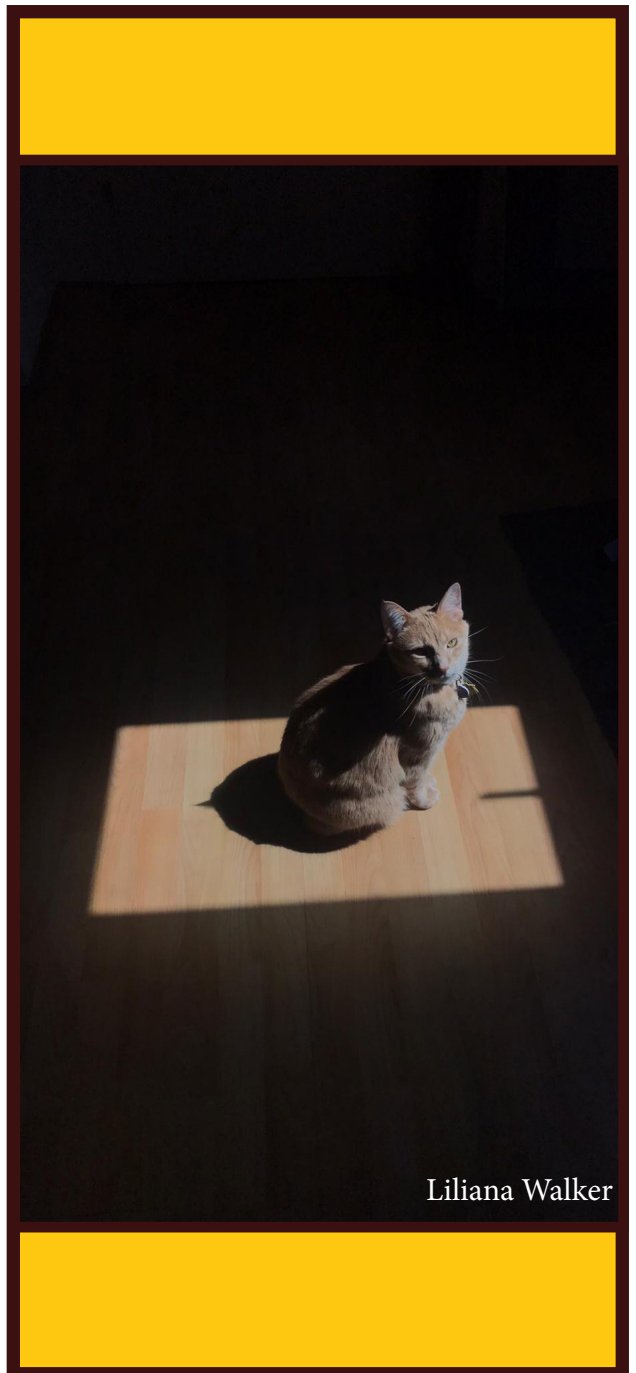
Ich seufze leise in mein Kissen
über Tage, die vergehen
Wir harren aus, weil wir es müssen
Der Trost: die Zeit bleibt niemals stehen.

Auch die längste Nacht hat mal ein Ende
Todsicher geht die Sonne auf
Scheint auf die erschöpften Wände
Ein neuer Tag nimmt seinen Lauf.

Die Gabe, dieses zu erkennen,
ist was wir Optimismus nennen.

Ich hoffe um das Schöne in der Welt
dass er diesmal Recht behält.

anonym



Liliana Walker



Endure!

It is safe to say that at this point, pretty much everyone is fed up with the Corona crisis. It has been affecting us for months now, and it seems that most are just dying to get back to school. This wish will be fulfilled for some of us, while others will have to continue to endure self isolation. The unfortunate truth of the matter is that the plan that the school has laid out is shaky (this could be said for the whole world, too). Without going into the details of the plan, the idea right now seems to be to let students back into school in steps, with some classes being discontinued for the rest of the school year. The problem with this plan is that this pandemic is extremely unpredictable which makes planning un-

imaginably difficult. It is important therefore to not blame the administration for changes made to the plans in the coming months, as the information they have access to changes daily. It is very much possible that the virus makes a comeback in summer and school will continue to be fragmented after summer vacation. The important thing to remember is that the virus does not adapt to our schedule and the situation will develop without taking into consideration our AP tests, our vacations, or our desire to go back to school. The important thing is that we find ways to endure this crisis, as we really don't have a choice.

Jakob Reuter

Three Ways to Boost Your Endurance

Unless there is a change of plans, many of us will be returning to school next week, as some of us have already. What is still important in this situation, however, is endurance. With fear, panic, stress, and anxiety during these times, our physical health is not the only thing in danger, our mental health is at risk too. There are actions we can take to prevent the further deterioration of our psychological state. First, get some fresh air (while of course distancing yourself from others) and try to exercise regularly. Exercising routinely has been found to reduce anxiety. Second, create a work plan, or a to-do list. Keeping track of

our tasks is crucial to reducing stress in the coming weeks, during which assignments could overwhelm us. Some studies show that to-do lists make us more effective and free us from the anxiety of having tasks to do. Lastly, talk to your friends and family. Ask them how they are doing. Staying in touch with others as best you can is not only beneficial to them, but also to you. Although we'll probably be able to see our friends more regularly soon, social interactions will still be limited. No one is aware of when things will return to normality, but we have to look after one another and endure till the end of this pandemic.

Nico Hammer

Maybe this is a good time to write some existential poetry

20:49

Ouu I could make a zine

20:49

"Corona-zine: Poems from Quarantine"

20:49

Okay I'll stop now

20:50

I'm totally making zines

18:53


It's gonna be awesomnee

18:53

June Gromis

There is a widow that wanders by my window every morning in the grey
mist
All in black, she stumbles frailly across the pavement
I wonder how many times she has taken this arduous march
For I have seldom been awake at this hour to witness it.
At first I thought her mute, but the more I strained my ear the better I could
hear her sing
in a frail and ancient tone, her song:
"Many children I once had
gathered at my knee
In my plentiful garden
where all of them roamed free
No sergeant barking orders
No MPs behind the trees
They reaped what they could sew
and learned what I could teach
But one day our nosy neighbors
started quite a fuss
They came and asked for permits, passports, bribes to shut them up
But I had not one penny so there was nothing to discuss
So they ran off to tell the cops about my garden and my kids
and I knew that very moment that it was the end of us
And although my children were spit out into the world
they were true of heart and tried to share with all what they had learned
Words of freedom, peace, and independence without any harm
From the day they left I waited for the day that they returned
Now in greater numbers, to spread my word throughout the world and turn
it all to gardens
From the top of each skyscraper, on to every mine and mill
For that time I waiteth still, for that time I waiteth still."
Now you may quite well wonder, who may be that greying mater?
She is Mother Anarchy
And I? I am her daughter

June Gromis



Brooke Betten

*line inspired by "The Summer Day" by Mary Oliver

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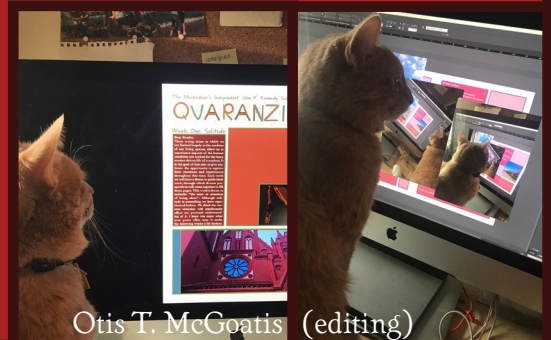
Layout: Liliana Walker

Dare me to do something
I can only do once
Dare me!
Tell me what to struggle for
If not for myself
Tell me!
Teach me what to make
Of my wild and precious life *
Teach me!

Don't walk me to the ocean
And tell me that it's flat
the peaks are forever
the troughs are deeper than distance
Even if it cancels out in the end
Now isn't always
But always isn't now, either!

Tell me, teach me, dare me!
To do it all for someone else
To dive in to the brief and endless
Endure the rough waters
And hope the waves carry us home

Liliana Walker



Otis T. McGoatis (editing)

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for new contributors. Contact us online to
share your ideas or for more information.

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those of the John F. Kennedy School.*