

# The Muckraker

Humans of JFKS ••• A Mutating Misnomer ••• Refugees ••• The Myth of Stress Eating ••• Behind the “Rockstar”



Why to make the best of a good situation

# The Muckraker

## Speaks

Cherished Reader,

You hold in your hands the first issue of the 18th volume of *The Muckraker*. With summer vacation only just come and gone, our fried brains already longingly fantasize about the upcoming break. The first Klausuren and project deadlines are already much closer than we would like them to be, homework is piling up, and so we await fall vacation. We grant you a short breather- a small taste- of vacation: the new *Muckraker*.

With the media covering one particular topic for the last months, *The Muckraker* has decided to touch upon the so called “refugee crisis” as well and join the discussion. As we are a student newspaper, the journalists who focused on this sensitive matter elaborated on how we, as students, can help. Since this is a prevalent, dynamic issue, we have published two articles about it. Accordingly, an inquiry into the nature of the word ‘tolerance’ has also been included.

#Refugeeswelcome.

Next, Humans of JFKS, which we launched in the final issue of last school year, is back. This time, it provides the reader with interviews and impressions from the *Fun Run*. In addition, the rather startling shift in our environment and daily routine alluded to on the cover has been abundantly explored. And then, finally, we present to you reports on various other topics: want to know the character behind the Rockstar, or rid yourself of your delusions about stress eating? It’s all within these dozen-or-so pages of literary goodness.

Your Editors



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**JOIN US!** Everyone is welcome any time.

## The new caterer at JFKS

### Why to make the best of a good situation

THIS SCHOOL YEAR has brought with it a change that completely transformed school life. Innovative in the way it revolutionized campus, it is a novelty unlike anything JFKS has ever seen before: a new caterer. As their hip-graffiti-style-totally-in-touch-with-the-kids-logo and website tell us, Brunch@School is the cool and modern solution we have been seeking all these years. An added bonus? Our snack machine area has been revamped and is now a great place for you and your friends to chill. The tables doubling up as trashcans with hilarious puns written on them paired with the simple, yet beautiful white of the walls create the coziest of atmospheres. After a month of school, we have yet to find dead bugs and hair in our lunches (cue horrific flash backs to 2008 courtesy of Luna), so we truly have come a long way over the past few years.

Still, some questions prevail in our minds. First and most importantly: what happened to Milka at the elementary school snack counter? Her warm, heart-felt "nächster bitte" still rings in our ears making all of us long for the good ol' days. Moving from our dearly missed Milka to our dearly missed chocolate; the new and improved snack machines leave gaping holes in the delicious and (of course) nutritious options we have grown accustomed to over the years. Similarly, the new coffee machine invites us to broaden our horizons and learn Italian, looks fancier and has nicer cups than the old one - but it is what's on the inside that counts, and that in this case there is too often nothing. Our sightly coffee supplier so far seems out of order more often than in. According to inside sources from the SC, though, we are lucky to even have our vending

machines, because Brunch@School initially wanted to get rid of them. We also got information concerning the complaints about "incredibly high prices". The deal made with Brunch@School includes that the prices of items cannot be further increased. However, specifications to costs in general were not included and so, our new caterer simply introduced new products for which they face no regulations. And there you have it: proof that this caterer truly is a provider of creative solutions.

In matters of taste and quality, Brunch@School does mark an upgrade for JFK's hot-lunch. It's just a shame that only those students in possession of a chip and willing to make pay-pal payments through that ominous piece of plastic, get to experience the improvements. Of course we as highschoolers have the option of grabbing an eco-degradable Gabel Box for 2,50, but the reasoning behind not allowing cash payments in the aula remains unknown to the common folk.

Don't get us wrong -- there are, despite this array of questions and complaints, many positives to our new caterer. Brunch@School makes up for its shortcomings by way of Pizza Rolls, divine cookies (they are unfortunately worth their price) and aesthetically pleasing uniforms for the lunch ladies and Manfred - no one seems to know who he is, but this much is fact: mint is his color. So in hopes that our snack machines remain intact and prices do not rise, brunch on, fellow JFK kids, and make the best of a good situation.

- Emma Defty

**JETZT LECKER IN  
DER SCHULE ESSEN  
UND TRINKEN**

**PREPAID-CHIP IN DER  
SCHULE ABHOLEN UND  
KOSTENLOS ANMELDEN**

**TOLLE AUSWAHL ZUM  
FRÜHSTÜCK, SNACKEN  
ODER MITTAGESSEN**

# #Helprefugees

## #Refugeeswelcome

FOR MANY OF us, the situation in Syria has become an everyday topic. In most classes, the matter of refugees has been touched upon, whether in political science or in regular French class, we have all had at least one discussion regarding this topic. But just talking about it does not help the refugees. Only actions can produce a better situation for everyone.

Germany is predicted to welcome 1 million refugees in the next year, which is 200,000 more than it had originally thought would come. When refugees are accepted, they are allowed to stay in Germany for 3 years, after which, if the situation in their home country has not improved, they are granted an unrestricted residence permit.

This policy has sparked much controversy among Germans. Street riots have been organized and arson attacks have called the idea of Germany being a safe haven for Syrians into question.

In order to help refugees, make them feel welcome and improve their situation here, we

must support them in every way we can. There are many initiatives that have been founded just for this purpose. The *Allgemeiner Deutscher Fahrrad-Club Berlin* (ADFC), for example, welcomes donated bikes, which they repair along with refugees in order for them to have a form of transportation. Also, the *Kleiderkammer* welcomes clothes donations and people volunteering to organize the clothes. Even our school will be participating in donating to refugees. Throughout JFK, there will be boxes in which you can put items designated for donation to refugees. We invite you to do so!

However, the most important thing for helping refugees is that this wave of readiness to help does not die down. Helping at the beginning of a crisis is easy, but following through with it until it finds an end is what it means to be truly helpful.

▪ Catherine Knobloch





## **“I’m a Fucking Rockstar”**

### **Behind the Facade- A Character**

PASSIONATE MUCKRAKER READERS may remember an article published in 2014. The cover picture of the issue referred to that article; two feet on a chair reading “Rockstar”. It was a moot interview, later named “Caricature of a Character” by the reporter; humorous, questionable, offensive, direct, and damn funny. Here is a condensed version of it:

***Where were you before this school?***

Prison. ...Way before, I was inside my mommy and then I was born. ...

***Where did you go to college?***

Prison.

***Why did you become a teacher?***

Because astronaut was out of the question. Because I wasn’t very good as a hit-man. And I’m not tall enough to dunk.

***...What’s your favorite part about teaching?***

Summer vacation... Without a doubt, I mean getting to rip on the students - what else would be fun. It’s one of the humble perks of teaching.

***And what’s the worst part?***

...You guys stink. I mean you smell bad. You’re an insult on my olfactory, whether it’s the food you eat, or the lack of deodorant. I don’t know whether it can come from sport or living in a hole for thirty days.

***...What are the three things a good teacher has to be able to do?***

Steal a car in 60 seconds or less, skin a squirrel, and be able to make meth without anybody knowing it.

***...Students say you like to throw things.***

Yeah, like my feces. I’m a chimp!

***Let’s do some word association.***

***...Student.***

Periwinkle.

***Teacher.***

Zucchini.

***...Teacher’s pet:***

Poisonous dart frog.

***...Weed.***

Are you under the impression that that shisha is mine?

***...Wilbur.***

Not a porn name. It’s not a romantic name. No stripper or porn star will ever be named Wilbur.

As one may surmise from reading this account, the portrait the interviewee constructs of himself is a manifestation of boldness and humor, intimidating as well as heartening. Many students and colleagues of the former JFKS teacher witnessed his invincible ego, confidence, and buffoonery. Behind this personality, however, was another character: the flipside of the “fucking rockstar”.



...continued on page 6

## Le Boulevard Montmartre 1897 (continued from page 5)

*The title refers to a painting by Camille Pissarro. Why this was chosen as a title remains up to reader's interpretation.*

*This work is getting published in The Muckraker upon the author's request, as an article of appreciation. It was written by the teacher; the interviewee in what follows.*

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN a teacher finds out his students made him feel more special than he made them feel? I was out. Somehow we made it to our flight in time, after chasing taxis like an idiot in peg-leg-hobbling-gallop only to find them filled. Nine bags packed to weight capacity, sweat rolling towards my heavy brow, I pushed a cart into Tegel airport. I was out. The day before, I had forgotten some stuff at school and had to float back in like a clunky ghost telling people, "I'm not here." I had already emailed a maudlin letter praising my now former colleagues.

I was gone. Done looking at those sad faces and repeating "I'm not saying good-bye. Our paths will cross again." Done trying to hold back tears and forcing a smile on my face so my students would not know who I really am. As I sit on the plane, I still do not know. I just wanted to leave quietly.

As soon as we pushed our carts through the Tegel doors, my wife told me, "Look to your left." I really expected to see Lazar shaking his head about the urgency in our late arrival. It was not that hot cyclist we all love: it was about fourteen derelicts behind a banner that said "Don't embarrass us."

In a moment I was nauseous, sad, queasy, happy, unconscious, spellbound, speechless, numb, and reduced to a man with no skeletal structure. I was out. But they did not allow it and for the first time in ten days, it all came together: I

didn't want to leave. I didn't want them to let me leave. There they all were laughing at my catatonic state. This is not hyperbole, I thought I would vomit and then faint or faint and then vomit. With the help of two ladies, my wife was able to get all our nine bags through security, while I sat and tried to find the capacity to utter the words "Best surprise", or "funniest practical joke ever." But I couldn't. I just mouthed "Wow" and tried desperately to paint a grin on my face.

The week before I left, I emailed thank yous to my hockey team, the faculty and staff, and various friends. I felt my graduation speech was my thank you and I loved how people understood the real veiled meaning of "Don't embarrass me". This was now on the banner. I hate surprises. (If anyone ever threw me a surprise birthday party, I would turn and walk out as soon as I stepped in the door.)

They gave me a peanut-butter sandwich no jelly (they listened), in a small sandwich box, a jar of JFKS sand, and letters and poems, and a small watercolor of me in lipsticks and earrings. A CD, a pack of comic relief cartoons from the New Yorker, and gratitude. These are just a few of the kind gestures. I am not able to continue.

I was out. I am out.

- A "Rockstar"

## Humans of JFKS

FOR THIS SERIES of pictures, I interviewed people at the Fun Run on Friday, the 18th of September 2015. Next to those images from fantastic interviews, a couple of spontaneous photos have to be included to give a notion of the atmosphere at Fun Run.



*What's the greatest risk you've ever taken?*

I don't take a lot of risks. I'm a safe kind of guy.

*If you had one day at JFK to spend all alone, what would you do?*

Take a nap in the teacher's lounge.



*What's your greatest struggle right now?*

My own demons. Dealing with my past and all the bad stuff that happened in my past. Dealing with the knowledge of how bad that was and still moving forward.



I'm in a group team. Our theme was animal-onesie. So we all got onesies and did face-painting.

*What's your favorite thing about fun run?*

It didn't feel forced. Last year, it felt forced 'cause we had to run in the rain. This year, it was actually fun.



*What's the best part about working at this booth?*

-The best part? When it's over.

-Die Jugendlichen, die sich wirklich über die T-Shirts freuen, darüber freuen wir uns auch.

-Die DJs, die gesagt haben, wie cool die sind.



I want to leave an impression. Something positive to remember me by.  
Ich will ne Marke gründen. Ein Fashion Label.

*If you had one piece of advice for a large group of people, what would it be?*

Don't vote Donald Trump. Wählt nicht die CDU.

*Wenn du eine Sache an Dir ändern würdest, was wäre es?*

Meine Attitude. Manchmal bin ich so grumpy. Machst du jetzt ein Foto von mir?





Hallo. Ich bin Klor. Johannes Klor.



Kennst du den Film Fack Ju Goethe? Chantal rückwärts ist Latnach. Das klingt wie Lattenarsch. Nur lustig, wenn su dabei warst.

*Hast du einen Ratschlag für eine große Menschengruppe?*  
 Wenn ihr was machen wollt, sollt ihr das machen. So wie ich mit der Kandidatur. Ich wollte das machen, ich fand ich war gut dafür, also hab ich das gemacht. Trotz des ganzen Redens, das vor Leuten stehen. Man soll sich trauen.







Your two reporters at work



# Fun Run



# A Mutating Misnomer

## About the Word “Tolerance”

*“THE SCHOOL PROVIDES students with opportunities to develop tolerance for diversity and respect for all nationalities and cultures.”* What noble words, and what a noble purpose. The inquisitive reader can find them under the ‘Mutual Respect’ category on the ‘Goals and Objectives’ page of the JFK school-website. One term, however, casts a long shadow on this, in terms of content, praiseworthy statement. For ‘tolerance’ has become a very blurred word, and about as ideologically charged as a cellphone hooked up to a hydroelectric dam.

However, as those exposing and questioning a dominant ideology have a tendency of ending up floating face-downwards in a ditch, it seems wise for the present writer to state very clearly what this article is *not*. This article is *not* an attempt to attack the manner of conduct which tolerance has come to describe. Its purpose is to expose the inaccuracy of the term, and illuminate how it is, in a dangerous fashion, straying from its original function.

When contemplating the meaning of the word ‘tolerance’ in connection with our school, and, of course, the statement of values with which this article opened, a distinct image quickly springs to mind: a community in which students and staff of all ethnicities and sexual orientations merrily embrace each other in harmony. Fair enough. But the word tolerance fares rather poorly in describing the sentiment permeating such a scenario for the following reasons.

Firstly, tolerance, in a physical sense, hardly excludes all instances of racism and homophobia (the two main scourges our school admirably aims to eliminate). It is definitely true that intolerance and the aforementioned nasty traits can coincide; examples of this would be the Westboro Baptist Church (those disagreeable folks from Kansas who spend their time waving around cardboard signs declaring (that) “God hates f\*gs”) and the white supremacist

noisemakers protesting the integration of Ruby Bridges, James Meredith and countless other Afro-Americans into previously ‘all-white’ institutions of learning. The wish of both these groups (it) was and is to make the hated group of people, the ‘other’, to literally ‘go away’, ergo make them *physically absent*. Expressed differently, they didn’t and don’t *tolerate* the physical presence of homosexuals and Afro-Americans in their society.

But this is not always the case, and one can imagine instances in which a racist or homophobic person not only tolerates but actually desires the presence of the according group. A nineteenth century slave-owner, though surely racist, will commonly have tolerated Afro-Americans on his property, and would have been very stupid, in an economic sense at least, to try to bully his slave into leaving his estate – doing so would have deprived him of most of his capital and, presumably, productive workers. In the same way, a gang of school bullies harassing a young homosexual will usually enjoy his or her presence, a source of perpetual sadistic pleasure for them, and were he or she to suddenly disappear, they would have to begin the arduous search for a new “plaything”. The question, here, is one of respect, not of tolerance. For this reason, demanding tolerance simply cannot be equated with demanding an absence of racism or homophobia.

Moreover, even this desired absence is but one step in the direction of the sort of situation which JFK envisions. ‘Tolerance’ alone will do little to create a friendly, universally enjoyable atmosphere – for this would require not just the absence of racism and so on, but, because it is by definition inclusive, also an active embrace of the ‘other’. To slip into analogy, the present writer’s family tolerates their neighbor’s fat cat waddling over onto their lawn – as opposed to firing water guns at it. But they don’t exactly go outside to play with it, either. And so, likewise, the



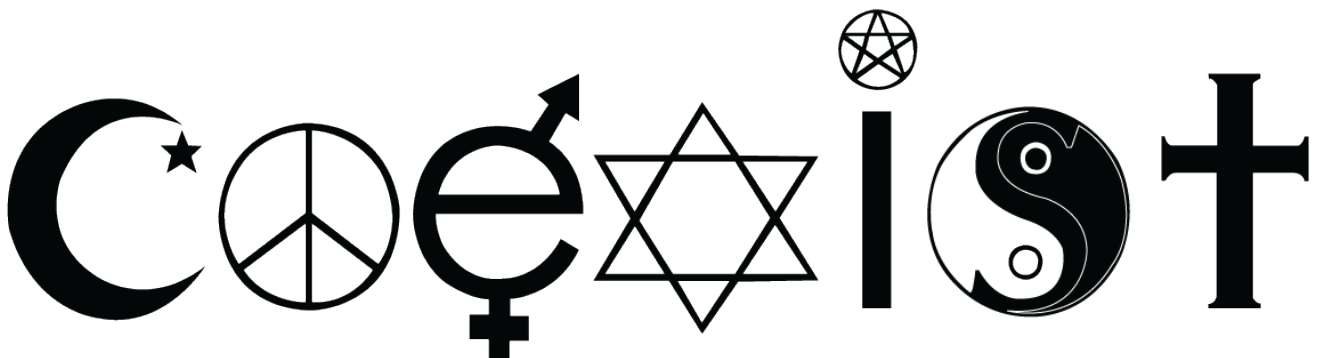
acceptance of the ‘other’, which for our purposes has been determined to be synonymous with tolerance, can be frigid and grudging.

It seems wise to replace ‘tolerance’ with a more fitting term. But the deliberation of such a term shall be the focus elsewhere. For now, it is of a higher priority to illuminate why ‘tolerance’ is mutating beyond its original, already inaccurate meaning and becoming a danger to free expression. For a vast imagination is not required to picture someone, say a debater, being booed off a stage having made a perfectly valid, justifiable point which was subsequently labeled as ‘intolerant’ (one of the many, many examples that spring to mind would be someone’s valid criticism of the religion of Islam, be it its philosophical and theological implications or its history, being dismissed and harshly censured as ‘islamophobia’). Surely, there exist many racists and homophobes whose arguments bear no merit and who should be of no consequence – but this cannot be achieved if their words and actions will, in fact, engender the consequence of Salman Rushdie or, say, a conservative who chooses ‘traditional’ family values over same sex marriage not being made unable to voice their points of view. Quarrel with them we may and should, be it

out of actual disagreement or just for purposes of honing our mental rapiers. But quarrel implies dialectical dispute and not demagoguery and denunciation. Those who dodge legitimate opinions by using the ‘intolerance’ joker may do so, but will soon find themselves ending up in bed with Joe McCarthy and Jean-Paul Marat.

How to vanquish this ten-horned beast? Simple. As was argued in the former half of this article, we should choose our words deliberately and wisely. And, for heaven’s sakes, vary them. Continuously regurgitating the same terms will soon turn them into babble, and before we develop a passion for ideologically dressed word-salad, we should remember that ‘virtue’ was tainted by Robespierre with the blood of forty-thousand people, and that Lenin and Stalin drenched in gore ‘comradeship’ – both words bearing, otherwise, a positive connotation. One single term must and can never function to dismiss an argument or a point of view, however beneficent its implications seemingly are.

- Frederick Leo



## The Myth of Stress Eating

EVER FEEL GUILTY for eating too much throughout the day or for munching on several snacks during a time when you have a lot on your plate? Have you ever scolded yourself for stress eating or “tried to quit” like someone would quit smoking? If your answer to these questions is no, you may stop reading. Your problems have been solved; better yet, they never even existed. If your answer is yes, look no further. You have found the answer to letting go of the aforementioned guilt. As a matter of fact, you probably already know the answer because it’s simply common sense. The concept of “stress eating” doesn’t exist. It’s baloney.



The reason people eat when stressed out is because both brain and body burn many more calories in high-concentration or high-energy situations than in the average (mostly stress-free) ones. The fact of the matter is that students are generally stressed out, tired, overworked, or strained in some way. So it seems only natural that body and mind are often quite taxed out. When someone experiences stress in the short-term, hormones are released that may suppress appetite artificially. This can lead to short-lived undernourishment, which in turn leads to overcompensation when the hormones stop being released. Your body will want more food later to make up for the energy that was used during the stressful time period.

At the same time, your metabolism can speed up when stressed to give you the energy you need. Add on the fact that stress is often a symptom of exhaustion and you’ve got yourself a recipe for energy depletion. That is why it is completely normal to feel hungry during a high-

concentration day or during a straining time in the school year. Your body needs the extra food and snacks to sustain itself. Do not be afraid to give your body what it needs: nourishment.

If you’re feeling stressed or you’re always hungry, tired and irritable, try to cover all of your bases.

(1) Enough sleep is a big one. Always try to sleep as much as possible, it does your body good.

(2) Water. You are literally made of H<sub>2</sub>O to 60%. Get that liquid in your system – it clears up your entire body.

(3) Fitness. Exercise can always take some of the pressure off. It’s a proven mood-booster.

(4) Finally, the home run. Food. Preferably in the form of fresh fruits and vegetables, legumes, potatoes, rice and oats etc. Eating more whole and healthy foods when stressed out will make you feel better. It’s what your body wants. Consume energy from healthy, natural sources and you will be good to go.

Lastly, try not to feel guilty for snacking throughout the day or indulging in something deliciously unhealthy once in a while. Restriction is not the way to go when trying to have a healthy relationship with food. Make sure you’re eating as many plants as possible and munching on colorful, fresh foods. It’s a recipe for success, just ask the internet. Food is fuel. Treat it that way.

▪ L. MALIN



## #Refugeeswelcome

WORLD WAR II was the last time the world faced a situation in which as many people fled their homes and sought refuge in foreign countries as we see doing so today. In the past year, there hasn't been a day in which the crisis Europe currently faces in terms of welcoming, housing, and providing adequate care for the masses arriving on its shores, has been absent from the news. Since the beginning of August, more than 40,000 individuals have applied for asylum in Germany. That alone constitutes for roughly 10% of the *Bundesamt für Migration und Flüchtlinge's* initial prognosis of 450,000 refugees arriving in 2015, which they recently amended to 800,000. The numbers are increasing at a disturbing rate and there have yet to be any signs for a reversal of the trend. European nations seem uneasy faced with so many refugees; an alarming number of countries are closing their borders, building fences, and implementing new laws - making an already grueling journey even more difficult. Even for the people who arrive at their destination, the travails are far from over: the conditions in the *Erstaufnahmелager* are barely tolerable, what the asylum seekers could carry along is all they now own, they have little money, and often no means for employment. Refugees are fortunate to 'only' face prejudice, as some even lose their new homes as a result of arson.

While we as students cannot prevent the horrible things these people endure, and often can't give meaningful amounts of money, there are numerous ways in which we *can* help:

The first and most obvious thing is to donate. Now, being the perpetually broke students we typically are, money isn't an option for many. A more feasible donation would therefore be a *Sachspende*, which directly translates to a "thing donation". This neither means that you should immediately go through your closet and sort out any old clothing nor explore your cellar for banged up childhood toys. Instead, visit the website of your nearest refugee center and they will, in most cases, provide a list of things they currently have need and use for. For the most part, these lists are updated daily; therefore, they will

allow you to contribute in ways that you can know will help.

Next to donating, you can volunteer. Again, you will be of best service to the refugees and your center of choice if you inquire online beforehand what kind of help they need. In some cases, they may simply need help passing out food, in others, you could assist in teaching children or adults German. What you end up doing will depend on your preference and the needs of the place you want to volunteer at. This option requires more commitment than a simple donation, because no matter whether you help out once or regularly, you will be investing your time and energy.

If you would like to go even further, you and your parents could decide to assume a *Patenschaft* for a refugee family. Choosing this way of helping entails that you spend time with the partner regularly, maybe invite them for dinner or plan activities with them. A regular connection like this often accelerates their learning of the German language and provides them with a tie to someone outside of the shelters, making integration much easier for them. This is something you should obviously not take lightly; it would be unfair to make a commitment to a family and tire of them after a few weeks. If you are considering a *Partnerschaft*, make sure to sit down with your entire family and talk through what you would look for in refugees you may sponsor: Should they have children? If so, how many? What age would be most compatible? Take all these things into consideration, and you will be making the biggest imaginable difference in the lives of these people.

Finally, Sophia Schnauck, an 11<sup>th</sup> Grader at our school, recently launched an initiative for us students to help. She fostered a connection between the Flüchtlingsheim Gatow and our John-F.-Kennedy School. If you are interested, send her an email over the jfks.me account and she will add you to her list. You can also send "thing donations" her way and they will be stored in the school cellar and brought to the shelter. Sophia is also planning a trip to the Flüchtlingsheim for us, and a visit to JFK for the refugees, so we will



actually be able to interact with and get to know the refugees in our partnership.

So even with no money or clothes to spare, there are plenty of ways for all of students to get involved, and help make Berlin a place of welcome and acceptance. And remember: the simplest and most important way to do just that is meeting everyone with kindness and compassion. #Refugeeswelcome

- Emma Defty



## Entertainment

### RIDDLES

1. A clerk at a butcher shop stands five feet ten inches tall and wears size 13 sneakers. What does he weigh?
2. Before Mt. Everest was discovered, what was the highest mountain in the world?
3. What word in the English language is always spelled incorrectly?
4. How much dirt is there in a hole that measures two feet by three feet by four feet?
5. Billie was born on December 28th, yet her birthday always falls in the summer. How is this possible?
6. If you were running a race and you passed the person in 2nd place, what place would you be in now?
7. Is it correct to say, "The yolk of the egg is white" or "The yolk of the egg are white"?

Answers in the next issue!

### SUDOKU

For bored times in class. make sure your teacher doesn't notice!

Every row and every column have to contain the digits 1-9 once. The highlighted 3x3 boxes must contain the digits 1-9.

Easy

3			6				9	
	4			2			5	
	8			7		1	6	
9			3		4	7		
	5			8			2	
		1	9					6
	2	7		3			4	
	9			6			1	
	3				5			8

Medium

1					5			4
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	3		7		1	9	8	
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