

# Jemma/STAG - Kettensägenmassaker einmal anders

Weißt Du noch – damals, als Weihnachten noch Weihnachten war?  
Als wir zusammen mit Luzi, Ben und den anderen feiern waren,  
und uns unsere Familien nur für ´ne knappe Stunde zur Bescherung sahen?  
Damals, als Weihnachten noch kein Stress, keine Achievement-Hatz war.

Ich erinnere mich, wie Du und die anderen einen Tannenbaum für uns schlagen gehen wollten.  
Du, Hotte, Bodo, literweise Glühwein, Kakao mit Rum ... und ein scharfes Gerät.  
Auweia! Meine kleine Emma fast alleine im dichten, dunklen Tannengeäst.  
Meine Angst war am Ende so groß – ich folgte mit Luzi und dem Rest der Stag, die noch das Benzin für die Kettensäge holten.

Mensch, als wir dann alle da standen – mitten in der Nacht.  
Ziemlich durchgefroren und beschickert vor dem – laut Hotte – geilsten Baum der Welt.  
Sophie war wenig begeistert denn der Baum sei „an der Seite asymmetrisch und zerdellt“.  
Caro, wie immer schlecht gelaunt, nölte: „Warum nur hab ich diesen blöden Trip überhaupt mitgemacht?“

Das rief dann prompt die personifizierte Ungeduld Luzi auf den erbosten Plan.  
„Ja, warum Du Schickse und Dein roter Schatten hier sind, ist uns auch ein Rätsel.“  
Caro holte zum verbalen Gegenschlag aus, bevor Ben beherzt einstieg ins Wortscharmützel.  
Hach. Luzi's und Caro's Hassliebe war fast so legendär wie der beim Denver Clan.

Unbemerkt von dem zankenden Quartett schritten Du, Bodo und Hotte zur Tat.  
Ich rief noch: „Emma, Süße, die Axt ist zu schwer für so eine zierliche Person.“  
„Die Axscht isch doch nur für'sch kleine Holzsch untenrum“, kam es von Dir mit lallendem Unterton.  
„Dasch macht Bodo, der hat nämlich Angscht vor großen Höhen. Ganz arg.“

Meine Puls stieg so rasant wie vermutlich im Glühwein der Alkoholanteil.  
„Schön für Bodo. Ehrlich. Aber wieso legst Du Dir jetzt noch Kettensäge und Steiggurt an?“  
„Isch kletter da flink wie ein Eichhörnchen rauf und schneide den schönen Teil vom Baum von oben her an.“  
„Profis machen das so. Und Hotte und ihr lenkt dann von unten die Fallrichtung mit diesem Seil.“

Alles Bitten und Betteln, alles Zetern und Grübchen lächeln – allein, es half mir nicht.  
Mein vorgetäuschter Ohnmachtsanfall und die angedrohte Trennung wurden als Drama abgetan.  
Ihr wolltet diesen Baum und keinen anderen, besonders Hotte war voll auf ihn abgefahren.  
Und so stieg meine kleine Emma energisch am Baum hoch und verschwand bald im Dickicht.

Eine gute halbe Stunde später torkelten wir dann wieder von dannen.  
Das zeternde Quartett wurde zwischenzeitlich zum tosenden Oktett.  
Du, Emma, wurdest von Luzi, ich von Ben flankiert und gestützt.  
Der Rest erging sich in Vorwürfen und finstren Verwünschungen gegen Tannen.

„Emma, hat Dir dieser Profi von dem Du sprachst eigentlich auch mitgeteilt  
das es immer wenig weise ist sich den Ast abzusägen an dem man ... äh ... hängt?“  
„Ey, Hotte. Du bist doch überhaupt schuld an diesem ganzen Scheiß-Baum-Event.  
Und dank Deinem fehlenden Fingerspitzengefühl hab ich mich in den Querästen verkeilt.“

„Ok, aber dafür dass Du, Emma, dann die Kettensäge losgelassen hast kann Hotte mal nichts.“  
„Luzi, willst Du etwa behaupten ich sei schuld, dass Jenny beinah ...?!“  
Bodo versuchte einen Witz: „Und auf ihren Grabstein stand, steinhart und klar:  
Emmmmaaaaa, pass doch auf – du ungeschickter Trottel. Verfickt!“

Dies löste die finstere Stimmung und alle wurden wieder fröhlicher.  
„Sophie, und wie Du und ich dann noch vor der Säge ins Gestrüpp in Deckung ... und dann Du unter mir ...“  
„Dünnes Eis, mein lieber Hotte. Ganz dünnes Eis. Wechsel' mal lieber schnell das Thema, das rate ich Dir.“  
Caro feixte, dass Hotte selbst im Angesicht des Todes nicht bei einer Frau landen konnte.

Einen Baum fanden wir damals, Du erinnerst Dich, tatsächlich dann nicht mehr.  
Doch auch ohne diesen wurde die Weihnachtsparty bei Ben dann doch noch ganz nett.  
Bodo und Hotte sangen noch einmal ihren letzten Weihnachtshit.  
Und Jenny und Emma und alle sangen wie immer mit im Chor.

Weihnachten ist, wie eigentlich auch ein jedes Jemma-Event,  
immer dann am Besten wenn die richtigen Leute mit sind dabei.  
Alles andere ist nur Show, nicht echt, ohne Sinn und eigentlich einerlei.  
Erst recht in diesen fragwürdigen Zeiten.

**In dem Sinne: Frohe Weihnachten/Merry Christmas, Jemma-linge.  
Wo immer Ihr dieser Tage auch sein solltet.  
Gruß. Dusty**

# Jemma/STAG - A different kind of Chain Saw Massacre

*Your translator wishes to let you all know  
about the text you are about to read below.  
It unfortunately doesn't rhyme in English in any way,  
but at least you'll know what the poem is trying to say.  
There are some parts that might not make a lot of sense,  
But here is what I have to say in my defense:  
The poet was not just wasting your precious time,  
the additions kinda contributed to the German rhyme.  
- hephylax*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Do you remember - back when Christmas was still Christmas?  
When we went partying with Luzi, Ben and the others,  
and saw our families just for an hour to exchange gifts?  
Back when Christmas didn't yet mean stress and the hunt for achievement.

I remember how you and the others wanted to go fell a Christmas tree for us.  
You, Hotte, Bodo, gallons of mulled wine, hot chocolate with rum ... and a sharp tool.  
Ho boy! My little Emma almost all alone in the thick and dark woods.  
In the end, my fear became so strong - I followed with Luzi and the rest of STAG who went to get the fuel for the chain saw.

Geez, then we all stood there - in the middle of the night.  
Rather frozen and tipsy in front of - according to Hotte - the coolest tree in the world.  
Sophie wasn't very enthusiastic because the tree was „asymmetrical and dented on its side“.  
Caro, in a bad mood as always, whined: „Why did I even come on this stupid trip?“

This got a prompt and furious reaction from a very impatient Luzi.  
„Well, we are also wondering why you floozy and your red shadow are here.“  
Caro was preparing for her verbal counter attack when Ben bravely joined in the battle of words.  
\*Sigh.\* Luzi and Caro's love-hate relationship was almost as legendary as the one from Denver Clan.

Unnoticed by the arguing quartet, you, Bodo and Hotte sprang into action.  
I tried telling you: „Emma, sweetie, that axe is too heavy for such a petite person.“  
„But the aksh ish only for the shmall brانشes at the bottom.“ Came your slurred reply.  
„Bodo will do dat, becaush he ish afraid of great heightsh. Real bad.“

My pulse skyrocketed, probably comparable to the alcohol content of the mulled wine.  
„Good for Bodo. Really. But why are you donning the chain saw and climbing gear?“  
„I'll juss climb up dere quick ash a shquirrel and cut off the beautiful part of the tree from up high.“  
„That's how the professionals do it. And Hotte and you guys control the direction of the falling tree from down here with this rope.“

All of my pleading and begging, my nagging and dimpled smiling - alas, it was of no use.  
Pretending to faint and threatening to break up got dismissed as drama.  
You guys wanted this tree and none other, especially Hotte was completely taken by it.  
And so my little Emma energetically climbed up the tree and soon disappeared into the thicket.

About half an hour later we stumbled away again.  
The arguing quartet had meanwhile mutated into a raging octet.  
You, Emma, were flanked and supported by Luzi, and I by Ben.  
The rest were engaged in reproaches and dark curses against firs.

„Emma, did this professional, that you were talking about, also tell you that it's always rather unwise to saw off the branch that you are ...er ... hanging from?“  
„Ey, Hotte. You are the one to blame for this whole fucking tree event, in the first place. And thanks to your missing finesse I got tangled in the cross branches.“

„OK, but it's not Hotte's fault that you, Emma, then let go of the chain saw.“  
„Luzi, are you trying to insinuate that it's my fault that Jenny almost ...?!“  
Body tried a joke: „And on her grave stone was written, rock-hard and clear: Emmmmaaaaaa, be careful – you clumsy idiot. Fuck!“

This brightened the dark mood and everybody perked up again.  
„Sophie, and how you and I jumped clear of the saw and into the undergrowth ... and then you underneath me...“  
„Thin ice, my dear Hotte. Very thin ice. Better change the subject quickly, I advice you.“  
Caro sneered that Hotte couldn't even land a woman in contemplation of death.

You remember, we actually never found a tree that night.  
But even without one, the Christmas party at Ben's house turned out pretty nicely.  
Bodo and Hotte sang their last Christmas hit once again.  
And Jenny and Emma and everyone joined in the chorus, as always.

Christmas - like any Jemma event, really –  
is always best when you're spending it with the right people.  
Everything else is just for show, not real, without meaning and rather drab, actually.  
Especially in these questionable times.

**On that note: Merry Christmas, Jemmalings.  
Where ever you may be these days.  
Greetings, Dusty**

# A poem for Jenny and Emma

*by Partoetorno*

Who is Jennifer Hartmann?  
Arrogant and detached.  
Cynical and self-confident.  
So cool  
she cannot but shine, among the winners  
and certainly,  
she never has to ask.

And who is Emma Müller?  
Shy and anxious,  
always afraid of failing.  
So naive  
chasing big dreams  
that you can see in her pure hazel eyes.

And certainly Jenny and Emma  
could not have expected it.  
To stumble onto each other  
and not be able to be apart anymore.

Jenny tries. Searches. Makes mistakes.  
But what she wants is what she has never thought she  
would.

What she desires is  
something she has not imagined wanting.

What she desires  
is something that  
it seems impossible to have.

It is the small girl  
with a big heart  
who is able to understand her  
who  
for once  
does not judge  
but is able to comprehend

Emma is scared. Runs away. Cries.  
But Jenny does not give up and learns how to change.  
To possess is not what she wants anymore.  
,I want' it isn't what makes her happy.

So Jenny is not at all what she appeared in the beginning.  
And Emma blossoms like a flower in the light.

And Emma does not want to run away anymore.  
She does not want to hide what she feels.  
She wants to shout it out to the whole world.  
What it means  
for her  
Jenny Hartmann,  
the girl from London.  
The girl who is not afraid.  
Who takes what she deserves.  
The one who fights even though it is not her war.  
But who also knows how to cry and show  
her tenderness.  
Who waits.  
Can wait for her.

And Jenny loves her little Emma Müller.  
Stubborn and smart.  
Ready to fight because now she knows  
Jennifer Hartmann is her destiny  
And  
nothing  
really matters.

There is no past.  
No mistakes.  
There is only Tomorrow.  
There are only  
Emma and Jenny  
together.  
Against remorse  
shame  
pain.

Emma and Jenny,  
just  
one  
heart.

# Una poesia per Jenny e Emma

*by Partoetorno*

Jennifer Hartmann chi è?  
Fiera e distaccata.  
Cinica e sicura di sé.  
Bella e alla moda  
non può che brillare  
e di certo,  
non deve chiedere mai.

Ed Emma Müller, chi è?  
Timida ed ansiosa,  
teme sempre di fallire.  
Così ingenua  
Insegue grandi sogni  
che porta dentro i suoi puri occhi nocciola.

E di certo Jenny ed Emma  
non potevano aspettarselo.  
Di inciampare l'una dentro l'altra  
e non riuscire a separarsi più.

Jenny cerca. Prova. Sbaglia.  
Ma quello che desidera è ciò che non aveva mai pensato.  
Quello che desidera  
sembra non poterlo avere.  
È la piccola ragazza dal cuore grande  
che la sa comprendere.  
Che, per una volta,  
non giudica  
ma  
accoglie.

Emma ha paura. Scappa. Piange.  
Ma Jenny non desiste e sa cambiare.  
Non è più possedere quello che vuole.  
Non è più ,voglio' quello che la rende felice.

E allora Jenny non è poi così come sembrava.  
Ed Emma sboccia, come un fiore nella luce.

Emma non può più scappare  
non vuole più nascondere ciò che sente.  
Vuole urlarlo al mondo intero  
ciò che prova  
per Jenny Hartmann,  
la ragazza che viene da Londra.

La ragazza che non ha paura.  
Quella che sa prendersi il posto che le spetta  
Quella che combatte anche se non è la sua guerra.  
Che sa anche piangere e mostrare  
la sua tenerezza  
Che sa aspettare.  
Sa aspettarla.

E Jenny ama  
la sua piccola Emma Müller.  
Testarda e intelligente,  
pronta a qualsiasi cosa perché ora sa  
che Jennifer Hartmann è il suo destino  
e  
null'altro  
importa veramente.

Non c'è passato  
Non c'è nessun errore  
C'è solo il domani.  
Ci sono solo  
Emma e Jenny  
insieme.  
Contro il rimorso  
la vergogna  
il dolore

Emma e Jenny,  
un  
solo  
cuore.