

Sabrina J. Kirschner: Vol. 1, The Most (Un)Boring School In The World – The Class Outing

Illustrations by Monika Parciak

Bd. 1: Die (un)langweiligste Schule der Welt – Auf Klassenfahrt

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ENGLISH SAMPLE TRANSLATION

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FILE NUMBER 505.ZZZ

NAME: Maximilian "Maxe" Zack

TEACHER: Mrs Penne

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: brown eyes, 145 cm, nose slightly crooked (already broken twice), schoolbag full of rubbish

CLASS ENTRIES: 1256

SPECIAL SKILLS: resourceful, courageous

PET: Macaroni (Labrador)

SIBLINGS: 2 big brothers, 1 small brother

KNOWLEDGE: pranks, stink bombs

GRADES: Let's not talk about that.

FAVOURITE DISH: Macaroni and cheese

ALSO: hates school, arch-enemy: Director Schnittlich

505.ZZZ

SCHNITTLICH-SCHULE



NAME: Frieda Geratwol

TEACHER: Mrs Penne

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: blue eyes, long brown hair, 166 cm, likes to wear T-shirts with strange sayings on them

CLASS REGISTER ENTRIES: 0

SPECIAL SKILLS: reliable, stubborn, super smart **PET:** Cuddle ball (cat)

SISTERS: none

KNOWLEDGE: knows everything, can do everything (okay, everything except throwing)

GRADES: 1,0

FAVOURTIE DISH: Nut croissants

ALSO: loves school, wants to be a teacher one day

NAME: Anna-Maria Penne

OCCUPATION: Teacher

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: always wears
the same thing (or has everything twice)

SPECIAL SKILLS:

talking pupils to sleep, boring
children to death

FAVOURITE COUNTRY: Italy

FAVOURITE FOOD: Pasta with pesto, maybe
chocolate?



NAME: Horst Schnittlich

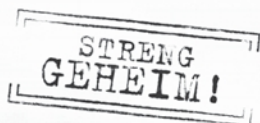
OCCUPATION: Headmaster

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: average type

SPECIAL SKILLS: being mean, making up
rules for "Schnittlich's school regulations"
developed by him

ARCH ENEMY: Children

FAVOURITE FOOD: all types of sausage





FILE NUMBER 505.ZZZ

NAME: Karl von Streichzapf

TEACHER: Mrs Penne

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: Gel

hair, fancy clothes

CLASS REGISTER ENTRIES: 0

SPECIAL SKILLS: playing nice,
determine, slumber

FAVOURITE DISH: Cordon Bleu



NAME: Elinore Pfusch

TEACHER: Mrs Penne

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS:

thin chive-like hairs

CLASS REGISTER ENTRIES: 0

SPECIAL SKILLS: doing nothing,
chilling, daydreaming

FAVOURITE FOOD: Pasta



NAME: Pascal Schwazer

TEACHER: Mrs Penne

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: lisp,

fiery red hair

CLASS REGISTER ENTRIES: 1

SPECIAL SKILLS:

Telling scary stories,
exaggerate, fall asleep

FAVOURITE FOOD: Blutwurst with
mashed potatoes

NAME: Suse Zickler

TEACHER: Mrs Penne

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: Dress,
flowers, bows, blonde plaits

CLASS REGISTER ENTRIES: 0

SPECIAL SKILLS: crying,
bickering, complaining, dozing

FAVOURITE FOOD: Strawberry cake



STRENG
GEHEIM!

NAME: Anton Fuchs

TEACHER: Mrs Penne

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: thick
glasses

CLASS REGISTER ENTRIES: 2

SPECIAL SKILLS: courageous,
honest, can settle disputes, snores

FAVOURITE FOOD: bread with honey



NAME: Felix Frohm

TEACHER: Mrs Penne

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: neon green
braces

CLASS REGISTER ENTRIES: 0

SPECIAL SKILLS: crazy laugh, likes
everything, sleep

FAVOURITE FOOD: Noodle soup



FILE NUMBER 505.ZZZ



NAME: Egon Traufe

OCCUPATION: Janitor

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: raspy voice, hunched back, light hair

PET: Alfons (English Bulldog)

SPECIAL SKILLS:

Tracking down pupils, punishing pupils

FAVOURITE FOOD: Salad with cucumber



NAME: Flora Heuchle

OCCUPATION: Secretary

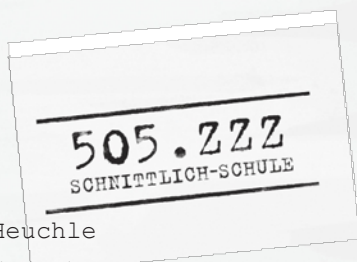
PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: Knock-knees, Stiletto heels, tomato red lips

PET: Parrot

SPECIAL SKILLS:
be overly friendly

FAVOURITE FOOD:

Cheese



!!

The job begins ...

Mission: Class trip 505.ZZZ.1/01

**MONDAY, 24 APRIL, 8:45 AM. MITTELHAUSEN.
SCHNITTlich SCHOOL.**

Deep, dark, bright red alert. I urgently need boredom-fighting units. Feeling like I've just spent time in a Prison - actually, it occurs to me that the school used to be a prison! I have never seen anything so desolate! We must not lose any more time, otherwise all help will come too late for the children. The class of a certain Mrs Penne seems to be particularly affected. You can find the first notes in this ABSOLUTELY! TOP! SECRET! report. Candidate for the future role of Agent and mole of the BFBC (bureau for boredom control): Maximilian Zack.

Request permission for recruitment.
Personnel folder attached.

I'll get back to you when I know more.

Yours sincerely, Insp. RR

The most (un)boring school in the world

Maxe lifted his head from the table and blinked. Bright sunlight fell on the table and blinded him. The first real summer day. Maxe looked longingly outside, but the classroom windows were tiny and covered with thick bars, so he could hardly see anything. His eyes wandered back into the far too small, far too warm room. The sight that met his eyes was pure horror. Grey benches, grey plastic floor, grey black-board, grey walls with grey plaster crumbling off them - grey faces. Horrible.

Behind him, ceiling-high stacks of smelly, stone-age textbooks piled up. From the front, the monotonous chanting of his class teacher struck him: "... Adverbial clause ... Attributive clause ... Object clause ... Adverbial clause ... Attributive clause ...", her voice repeated in a continuous loop. Ms Penne had her back turned to them, and while she spoke, her right arm alone moved in tiny, languid movements across the blackboard. No one could decipher the tiny scrawl! Maxe looked desperately to the door. Next to it hung the pencil drawings they had made last week in art: fruit bowls without fruit.

Panic rose up in him. Boredom was everywhere - in the most boring school in the world. He was surrounded. He would suffocate or worse - fall asleep!

A groan sounded in front of Maxe. Well, at least Felix, who was sitting in front of him, was still alive. He wasn't awake, but he hadn't gone into zombie torpor like the others here either. The sun tickled Maxe's nose and ... he ... had to ...

"Ahchoo!"

For a brief moment, the tiredness fell away from Maxe and he could finally think clearly.

No more unfunny. Maxe scanned the room while his class dozed on, paralysed. He had to get out of here. Now! He feverishly wiped his sweaty forehead - and an idea came to him.

It was really warm in the classroom - and yet not warm enough. Not yet.

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Maxe took a deep breath. Mrs Penne talked and talked, her eyes fixed on the blackboard.

It's now or never! With a jerk, Maxe threw himself to the side, did a roll across the old, plastic-smelling floor and found cover at the centre aisle behind Suse Zickler's oversized bright pink school bag. Suse raised her head, looked at Maxe indifferently and then turned to the other side to continue staring at the wall.

It was always like that with his class. Maxe was on his own.

Cautiously, he peered down the centre aisle between the rows of tables. Mrs. Penne's stupefying chant droned on and he felt his eyelids getting heavy again.

"... Adverbial clause ... Attributive clause ... Object clause ... Adverbial clause ... Attributive clause ..."

Doggedly, Maxe shook himself and scrambled on.

He had already reached the front row and ducked behind Anton. His classmate was lying with his head on the table, drool dripping from the corner of his mouth. His thick glasses had slipped off his sweaty nose and were hanging on the edge of the table. Slowly, so as not to wake Anton, Maxe reached out and grabbed the visual aid.

Anton moved a little, smacked his lips in his sleep and then lapsed back into blissful unconsciousness. Maxe quickly took the glasses and peered through them. Wicked! He almost felt dizzy. How could anyone be so blind?

Maxe ducked down again and, with Anton's glasses in his hand, carefully pushed himself further over to the windowsill. Where the thermometer was waiting for him.

The left wing of the board was folded out and covered the view to the window. And so it happened that Mrs Penne did not see what strange things were going on there: Without hesitation, Maxe straightened up and held his glasses up to the sun. He turned the glass back and forth in the light until he found the right angle.

There! The sunbeam fell, like a magnifying glass, directly through the glasses onto the thermometer. Now he just had to hold it as still as possible.

His gaze roamed through the class. Everyone was dozing off.

The sun continued to burn through the lens of the glasses. Not long before the plastic casing of the thermometer began to stink. Maxe hurriedly pulled the glasses aside and checked the display. 62 degrees. Maxe beamed. Bingo! That should do it.

He was about to scurry back to his seat when Anton's head slipped off the table. Drowsily, he sat up. And the next moment cried out, "Oh no, where are my glasses?"

Maxe froze. The steady squeaking of the chalk stopped.

"Elinore, have you seen my glasses?", Anton now asked his table neighbour, who was absent-mindedly rolling a crayon back and forth. She let her thin brown hair hang over her pale face like a curtain.

"Maxe has them," she murmured without looking up.

Then several things happened at the same time.

The children stirred like turtles after hibernation and awoke from their rigidity.

Mrs Penne turned to her class for the first time that day and Maxe threw him-self against the first row of tables with a dive.

Notebooks and textbooks tumbled to the floor and Anton and Elinore's table fell over with a crash.

Maxe also dived down. He rolled around on the floor groaning, inconspicuously smuggling his glasses un-der a notebook.

"Maximilian Zack, get up at once ... ", Mrs Penne repeated in a similar-sounding traffic radio voice.

Maxe concluded from her words that he had to try harder and began to gasp. Not so easy, because at the same time he held his breath so that his head turned red.

"I'm sure he swallowed his tongue!", Pascal said excitedly, brushing his flaming red hair out of his fore-head.

"I think he's dying," said Elinore Pfusch, picking up her notebook from the floor.

"Maxe?" Mrs Penne seemed unsettled.

That was Max's cue. Suddenly he slumped and then lay completely still in front of the teacher's desk.

He kept his eyes closed, but he heard Mrs Penne approaching shuffling. When she was standing directly above him, he opened his eyes and shouted, "Water, please, water! I'm really hot!"

Mrs Penne opened her mouth to say, after half an eternity, "Oh please, it's not that hot."

Maxe was writhing on the floor. "I was so hot and wanted to go to the sink to get a drink. Suddenly my eyes went black!" he wailed, trying hard not to look into Mrs Penne's big nostrils.

In slow motion, the teacher raised one of her bushy eyebrows. Strictly speaking, it was actually only one brow, because they had grown together in the middle. Then she went to the window.

The children curiously turned their heads towards the thermometer.

"I think I'm getting very hot right now, too!" reflected Suse as she fanned herself with her pink exercise book.

"Anton, there are your glasses!" Karl von Streichzapf, the class president, said at that moment. "There, under the notebook!"

"I see," Anton murmured. Maxe quickly got up and handed it to Anton.

"Strange," Mrs Penne said from the window. "Hm, that's ... interesting. 41 ... Point 5 degrees." She bent over the windowsill a little more.

Maxe held his breath. Even his classmates remained in tense silence.

"Well, that's warm." Mrs Penne seemed puzzled.

Suse whimpered to herself.

Go on, thought Maxe. Say it.

"All right ..." Mrs Penne yawned profusely. "You may go home. It's too hot indeed." Pandemonium broke out. No one had been prepared for this, but suddenly all the children wanted only one thing: to get out of school! Maxe had packed his things in the speed of light and was the first at the door.

"Hold on. Homework," Ms Penne said without raising her voice.

Max's stomach cramped. He should have known.

"Read page 34 to 381. Answer the questions on page 30 to 261 and write a text summary of the lesson ..."

Maxe could stand it no longer. In a moment he would actually go black before his eyes.

"Homework not done will result in an entry in the class register!" the teacher reminded him, but Maxe was already outside. Skillfully, he circled the countless prohibition signs that littered the school corridor. He knew them by heart and therefore knew exactly what was allowed - namely nothing! With extra speed, he curved around the "Racing most strictly forbidden!" sign, careful not to accidentally turn into the wrong corridor (it was easy to get lost in the Schnittlich School), and ducked past caretaker Traufe's office at the main entrance.

For nothing.

An angry barking sounded from behind the office door. Maxe knew that the English Mastiff Alfons was just hanging onto the dog leash with drooling lips to alert her master ...

His heart was beating up to his neck as he continued to dash towards the front door.

The door opened behind Maxe and the caretaker stuck his head out of his cubbyhole. He struggled to hold the angry mutt by the collar. "No running, you hooligan!" crowed Egon Traufe. "Slow down or I'll let Alfons go!"

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With all his strength, Maxe forced himself to slowly take the last step towards the exit. But no sooner had the big door slammed shut behind him than there was nothing holding him and he made sure he got away.

His classmates followed him much more slowly at some distance. They staggered across the tiny, concreted playground, where there was not a tree or bush, stumbled through the rusty gate and tum-bled into the street. Encouraged by the prospect of freedom, they scattered like pigeons and scattered in all directions. No one said goodbye. Nor did anyone see the cloaked figure standing behind a tree watching everything.