

Tamara Bach: Saint Something

Sankt Irgendwas

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ENGLISH SAMPLE TRANSLATION

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"Have you heard from the b?"

"Heard what? What happened, did something happen?"

"On the school trip."

"I hear they're all cautioned now."

"What do you mean, cautioned?"

"A whole class?"

"Yes! Tonight they'll have a class conference. Or parent conference. Only with the b. And just the headmaster and I don't know who."

"Rubbish!"

"Yes! The whole class!"

"What are they going to do, kick a whole class out of school? Or make everyone repeat the year? That's not possible, is it?"

"I don't know! Anyway, I heard that all the parents from the b are invited today. All of them! And that they'll talk about everything that happened."

"Ey, you should have seen them standing there in front of the school."

"You saw them?"

"Yes, I passed by in the evening on my bike, they had just arrived. And all the parents were there. They looked like someone had died. I wanted to stop and say hello, but the mood was horrible, so I kept going."

"Where were they anyway?"

"Croatia."

"Nah, Italy!"

"No, in ... something with ruins. Utz is a history teacher, isn't he?"

"I thought they were by the sea. Weren't they by the sea? Mediterranean or something?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Why, we weren't at the seaside!"

"But you don't have to be expelled from school now either. Or repeat the tenth grade."

"That's not possible, a whole class, you can't do that! Let's be serious. You can't kick a whole class out of school."

"Or were they in Spain? Could that be? Spain?"

"Are there any ruins in Spain?"

"Or were they in France? I know they went to some backwater. Something holy. Saint something, or Santa something."

"What actually happened?"

"I heard they blew something up. At the airport."

"What now? Everybody blew something up? How is that possible, who told you that?"

"Well, must be the case if the whole class is cautioned."

"I'm sure it's because of Josch."

"Who the hell is Josch?"

"I thought he had already been kicked out? Didn't he?"

"Nah, he just had to repeat the same school year."

"Well, I heard he's been kicked out before."

"Utz just has it in for Josch."

"Who else was there? Just the Utz?"

"No, the one German teacher we once had as a substitute. The one with the hair."

"Ah. The one with the hair."

"The one with the very red hair."

"Ah, her! She's nice. I like her."

"You don't even know her!"

"I know her, I once had a project with her during the project week. She was really nice."

"I think they were in Croatia."

"It doesn't matter now! I heard it was Josch's fault. And the people at the new school, where he was supposed to go after the summer holidays, they don't want him now either after this event."

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"Hey, honestly, if they had really blown something up, they would all be in jail now. At least. For terror and all that. Especially at airports. So that can't be the case."

"It didn't happen at the airport at all."

"Where then?"

"Why the airport? They went by bus, what were they doing at the airport?"

"They're all underage!"

"You can end up in jail even if you're underage!"

"You know, in the end it comes out that actually someone just threw a cigarette into a dustbin and smoked a bit."

"Rumors."

"Exactly."

"Were the police there when they arrived?"

"No, just the parents. But that's enough. Honestly, their faces! Nothing like a Welcome Home. The mood was terrible! That's why I kept going."

"They're all grounded."

"There's no such thing. They can't ALL be under arrest."

"I know one from the b, she's quite harmless, she does homework every day and babysits and has a children's group at church and stuff, I guarantee she hasn't done anything."

"What kind of people do you know?"

"She lives down the street from me."

"Who's that?"

"Sofia. She never does anything, really. I don't think she's ever been to a party in her life."

"Still waters run deep."

"And dirty."

"But if something bad, really bad, had happened, they would have come home earlier! Then the trip would be cancelled! Or those responsible would be sent home or something."

"And what if it only happened on the last day?"

"It must have had something to do with drugs."

"Sure, the whole class took drugs! First bought, then taken, then sold on. All together."

"The b has such a bad reputation anyway."

"I think they're quite good."

"Sofia?"

"The b."

"The whole class?"

"Yes, at least there's always something going on with them. When Reli-Müller made those stupid comments, they were the only class to go on strike. All of them, without exception! They all left the class, wrote a letter to Reli-Müller, to the school administration and to the parents' representatives. And then they went on a sit-in."

"Yes, but it didn't help anyway. He's still at school."

"My mother said that it's really hard to dismiss teachers who are civil servants. Unless they are really criminal."

"Or grabbing girls."

"Or boys."

"Well, that's both criminal."

"Or they are Nazis."

"My maths teacher would have been expelled long ago. He's such a fascist, everyone who isn't white and blond fails with him. Girls anyway."

"Nazi and sexist, wow."

"Yes, he is very careful. He's careful what he says. But he's one of those. The kind who stands at attention, who always likes to talk about his homeland. And fatherland and all that."

"Ugh."

"And the Reli-Müller is still there too. Even though they were on strike. So it didn't help at all."

"But at least they don't have that one now."

"Congratulations. They'll all be expelled from school for that now anyway."

"They can't do that! They can't do that at all."

"Maybe they were all drunk."

"Oh, come on, they're all drunk. You never kick anyone out of school for that! Who said that anyway?"

"We had a complete ban on alcohol and smoking. No turning a blind eye. No tolerance. And they also told us that as soon as they found alcohol on anyone, the whole class would go home."

"Over one?"

"Yes, for real!"

"And did you drink alcohol?"

"Course!"

"Why airport, by the way?"

"What did you mean?"

"You just said they blew something up at the airport."

"The whole class. Sure."

"I heard it like this."

"By whom?"

"Don't know."

"Bullshit, I haven't heard anything about airports."

"Anyway, the Utz has a black eye."

"How do you know?"

"Saw him. On the street."

"Was there something on Instagram or something?"

"I'm sure they weren't allowed to use their mobile phones on the ride either."

"Neither do we. Because this is a school event, and mobile phones are also banned at school. What a stupid rule."

"Our mobile phones were also confiscated. We were allowed to text our parents once that we were there and that was it. So we wouldn't be on our phones all the time."

"Yeah yeah."

"And what if you get lost?"

"In the group?"

"They handed us city maps. Giant things like that that you couldn't get folded up again."

"But the b has been back since yesterday, someone must have picked up their mobile phone by now."

"If they're all grounded, I'm sure they're all banned from using their mobile phones."

"This can't be happening! This can't be happening at all. How can a whole class be grounded?"

"Just is now."

"Something has to be done about that!"

"What are you going to do? You don't even know what happened. Now imagine if they really did blow something up and someone got hurt. Or worse."

"But then the police would really have been standing there."

"No, they wouldn't even have been allowed to leave the country. Then they would be sitting in jail."

"As you say, "jail"."

"I saw Karim briefly today. But when he was about to was about to start telling the story, his father intervened and sent him away."

"Say, weren't they supposed to go with another teacher?"

"Yes? Why is that? Utz is the class teacher from b."

"But he supposedly didn't want to go on a class trip with them. He hardly does anything any more anyway. I don't think he even wanted to be a class teacher any more.

"How old is he, anyway?"

"How should I know?"

"I don't think he'll be long before he retires. He's just doing his time.

"Weigelt should actually go with them."

"And why isn't he?"

"He broke his foot so badly at the beginning of the school year that he's still on crutches.

"I think the Utz sucks so much."

"Why?"

"I don't know. He's so shit."

"Ah. That's why. Good reason."

"What's the name of the one with the red hair anyway?"

"Emperor."

"The Empress."

"Why did you go to the Heath, anyway?"

"Because the Schuhmann has been going to the same accommodation for years, and because you can take wonderful hikes there. And because there are no pubs, no clubs and nothing. There's not even mobile phone reception."

"So what have you been doing in the Heath all this time?"

"We went hiking."

"And what else?"

"Nothing. We went hiking. We always went hiking. Once we had to do a trim trail. Then we went hiking again."

"And in the evening?"

"Supper, board games and bed."

"Holy shit."

"My condolences."

"I think we had the best trip."

"You were in Bonn! There's nothing there!"

"Yes, but we were there with the Schmidts. I think they're friends in real life too.

They're just fooling around all the time! And they're so much fun! We tried to write everything down, but it was like a comedy show, one line after the next."

"What do you do in Bonn? Why Bonn?"

"There was also a cheap school hostel. And the Schmidts both studied there. For them, it's like a miniature class reunion or something. And I think they're just happy to be away from their families. Bio-Schmidt has a hundred children.

"They're quite cute, though."

"A hundred children can't be cute at all."

"What are you looking at? Has anyone texted?"

"I'm just checking to see if there's been an explosion or arson attack somewhere in southern Europe in the last few days."

"What language are you looking for?"

"German. Why?"

"Look in English."

"What does 'arson' mean in English?"

"Just look for explosion. Or bomb."

"There's nothing there."

"Who actually told you about the explosion?"

"I don't know anymore."

"That is, so nobody blew anything up."

"I don't know."

"Why don't you give that Sofia a call?"

"I don't actually know her!"

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"I thought you were neighbours!"

"But that doesn't mean I have her number. Or do you have the numbers of all your neighbours?"

"It's driving me crazy, I want to know what's going on. Why don't any of them get in touch?"

"Nothing happened on our trip."

"That's not true at all, one of you was so drunk that she threw up all over herself. I've seen photos of that."

"Nah, that wasn't with us. That was with them."

"Yes, was with us."

"You guys are wild!"

"Not as wild as the b apparently."

"But I don't think it matters. So whether the whole class is wild or not. Utz just can't stand Josch."

"They both can't stand each other."

"Yes, but who is in the driver's seat? What do you do when a teacher has it in for you? Just like that? You can stand on your head. You won't get good grades, everything will be pinned on you. You can only do everything wrong."

"Has this happened to you before?"

"No, but to my sister. But not at our school, she went to Goethe school. And she had a teacher like that, who she also had in two main subjects. And she really wasn't bad at school."

"Your sister is so smart!"

"And fully left."

"Exactly. And she also has an opinion. He didn't like it. Then she was also the class representative and also took part in many clubs and in the school newspaper. And then she wrote an article that was a bit..."

"Oh, the scandalous article!"

"How do you know?"

"Word gets around."

"Yes, exactly THE article. And then the school management was not so super-liberal either ..."

"That's a full-on conservative school, isn't it?"

"The thing was that my sister didn't want to just apologise. And then she wrote another article, then there was a warning, then she wrote something on her blog, and then it was all over."

"What kind of scandalous article, anyway?"

"I'll show you later."

"You can read all about it online. It's still there."

"But what did Josch do?"

"He's got such a big mouth himself."

"I find him annoying."

"You find everyone annoying."

"Josch complained about the lessons. Because Utz only does the most necessary things. And because he only teaches history very roughly. And only in a way that suits him. And everything frontally."

"Then a couple of multiple choice tests each term so he has some marks but doesn't have to correct too much ..."

"I like multiple choice."

"You look like that too."

"At some point, Josch asked if it could be done differently. He even offered to give a presentation for a whole hour."

"But Utz didn't like it at all."

"In the process, someone once did the work for him."

"Oh, he has an ego problem too."

"Say, is that actually true?"

"What?"

"One of the Humboldt teachers said the other day that we are the school for wastage. That all the teachers who have been kicked out somewhere end up with us."

"Really now?"

"That explains a lot."

"Oh come on, the Kaiser is a good one! And the Schmidts!"

"Yes, but now go through the teaching staff and see who is misbehaving." "Maybe we're like early retirement for teachers?"

"For the committee?"

"The penalty box."

"That really explains a lot."

"Yes, isn't it?"

"At least we have a good caretaker."

"He's the best."

"What happened after Josch gave the paper?"

"The Utz gave him a 4. Because it allegedly had so many mistakes in its content. And because of the writing. Because Josch is dyslexic."

"But you can't punish anyone for that."

"Oh, Utz doesn't see that. He says it's not dyslexia, it's laziness."

"He can get away with that?"

"I'm really starting to think we're the leftover school."

"Utz thought that was the end of the cheese. But then Josch kept straddling him in class."

"Why is that?"

"He's one of those."

"Like your sister, huh?"

"Yes. Always talking back. Always asking questions, always pointing out mistakes. And then he stupidly made fun of Utz. Because he has an S-Fault. He only stood up once and played Utz for two sentences. And it wasn't about the

speech impediment at all, but rather about the way Utz sits there and lectures, without full stops and commas. And in such a monotonous tone. It really makes you fall asleep. He sits there and reads out his folder."

"He must have put it on back in college."

"In any case, Utz came into the classroom when Josch imitated him, and stupidly he also had the deputy headmaster with him."

"And then it really took off."

"Yes, but so right."

"When does it start?"

"What?"

"The class conference?"

"At six or so. Man, I can't reach anyone there. They all push me away or have their mobile phones off."

"I don't answer when someone calls me either. Why don't you write a message?"

"I did!"

"Come on, let's go to the marketplace. That's where the e's always hang out. I want to know what's going on there now."