

Once again

Eine Englischhausaufgabe! xD~

Von -akame-

Kapitel 1: Englisch

Some sunbeams are getting into the room, touching every further centimetre in it, untill it is full of them. Gradually they arrive at my bed, which is standing in the last corner of the room. The sunbeams tickle me merciless from the restful sleep and sleepy I'm blinking a bit with my eyes.

My first thought is 'Where am I?', but some moments later I remember, that we've moved.

With tired eyes I look at my room, which is full with cardboards and then I hear my alarm clock next to me, ringing unnecessarily to wake me up. Quickly I turn it off.

Right, today is my first schoolday in this town.

Clumsily I let my legs glide out of the warm bed, touching the cold parquet floor with my toes. Immediately I'm cringing.

'When will the carpet be here?', crosses my mind and with a sigh I decide to get up, to change my clothes, to make my toilet and to go down in the kitchen to have breakfast. My mother, who is waiting there, gives me a spreaded sandwich. Quickly I say "Thank you!" and I bite in it hungrily. Then my sister is coming into the kitchen. She is going to school with me, too. Fortunately we're in the same class. Our parents have arranged that with the school director, because we don't like being seperate. After all, we're twins.

After she had breakfast, too, we decide to go to school, finally. The school isn't so far away and we had already taken a look at the neighbourhood. Hence we know now, where the school is situated.

The way doesn't take so much time and soon we are at the school building. The other pupils are all staring at us, which is very unpleasant for me. My sister feels the same way.

We're entering the school, ask a teacher, who is standing in the corridor, for the way to the secretary's office and he explains it friendly.

On the way we don't say a word. I knock at the door quietly, when we've arrived and immediately a "Come in!" is following from inside.

We're entering timidly and the director is looking at us surprised, ignorant. But then he remembers, I think, who we are and at once we start with the formalities.

When we're ready he shows us to our classroom and says to the teacher, that there will be two new female pupils in this class. Quickly he pushes us into the classroom and vanishes again.

Irritated I'm looking at the closed door, while the teacher welcomes us and asks us to

introduce ourselves.

My sister takes care of this. She tells that we've moved, that we're twin sisters and how old we are. Then the teacher shows us our seats. I'm put in a special seat in the first row by the window. My sister is sitting next to me.

Finally the teacher continues with the lesson. Apparently they're having German and the teacher is testing the pupils orally about vocabularies. Then she writes some new words on the blackboard, which the pupils copy, my sister and I do the same.

Next to one word, she draws a picture of a mushroom on the blackboard and every one knows what is meant. Some hands spring up, signalling that their owner knows the correct answer and wants to share this knowledge with the other classmates.

During this, my sister and I are stared at, like wild animals in a zoo, by the pupils, it makes me nervous.

I hate it, when I'm in the centre of things.

A few weeks later the situation hasn't really changed. The people still stare at us, do want to do anything with us. Every time I ask myself why. At our last school the pupils hadn't liked us, too. Because of this we've moved, but it doesn't seem better here.

Meanwhile we're pelted with scraps of paper in the lessons, the pupils trip us up, and we're laughed at if something embarrassing happens to us.

Even they're going so far as to steal our rucksacks and to distribute the contents in the classroom. My sister often cries because of this. For her it is inexplicable, too, because the pupils do that although we haven't done anything.

But I realise quickly that our schoolmates want to move on.

I am proven right, we're caught by some elderly pupils in the corridor a few days ago. They push us, insult us and my sister and I get really scared.

Then they trip us up when we want to run away. We fall to the floor and cover our heads with our coats and rucksacks. But it doesn't work. In the afternoon we're coming home with black and blue marks and several sprains.

Our parents don't need a long time to notice it and they decide to move again.