

Frozen Monday

It was a cold and snowy winter morning, just like the last two Mondays. Me and my friends, Alex, Mike and Stella were, as usual, a little bit late for school. School normally starts at quarter past eight but we arrived ten minutes late, which basically isn't bad for our standards. As we entered school, we were all soaking wet from the snow and not in the best of moods. But then Stella and I had a great idea, we wanted to race to the classroom against the boys. As usual, Stella was blisteringly fast and won. As soon as she opened the door to our classroom, we were in shock! None of us said a word, we just stared at the class. I think that was the first day ever I was actually happy we hadn't arrived in time. I didn't know whether to scream or cry, but all I saw were my classmates, who had been turned into ice statues. The only person who was not frozen in the classroom was our new teacher who, by the way, seemed a bit special. He sat crouched under the teachers table and was completely beside himself. As soon as we had pulled ourselves together, we ran to our teacher and tried to help him up. At this moment we noticed that he was blind drunk. Another shock! Then we sat down, and he tried to tell us what had happened. I didn't understand all too much, what I could figure out, however, was that there was a woman, dressed as a princess. Very confusing. He had seen her entering the classroom and the next thing he remembered was, that all the other students had turned into ice statues.

Stella and I had heard from other students that strange things had accrued in the past. Once the school swimming pool was filled with boiling hot chocolate milk, another time our school chickens had turned into cows. And last year, a colossally stupid facility manager painted all the classrooms in crystal clear sparkling glitter colors. But frozen classmates now? This was no longer funny, and we had to do something. We decided to go to the principal's office in order to ask for his help. But when we arrived and shared our idea to melt the ice with hot water, we learned that the school was short on money and the principal had to turn off the hot water just yesterday. There was only cold water running through the pipes. My friend Mike had the idea, that we somehow had to collect money fast and we knew, that filthy rich people lived in the school's neighborhood. So, Alex, who normally is shy, overcame his shyness and turned on the school speaker to make an announcement. He asked other students for their help and told everyone to meet in five minutes at the school entrance gate. About 20 other students came and Stella told all of them what had happened and asked them to go out to the neighbors to collect enough money, so the school could turn on the hot water again.

While the students collected the money, we started the search for the woman in the school building. While running through the school building, we reached the top floor and suddenly heard something from the attic. When Stella and I had made it all the way to the attic, we indeed found a woman, dressed as a princess. We couldn't believe what we saw. It was Elsa, the snow queen. When we approached her, we realized that she was crying, and we sat down next to her. I must be honest, I was a bit scared at this moment, but I pulled myself together and started talking to her. Elsa shared that she had never had the opportunity to attend a school, because she was different than all the other kids and there was no school right for her. She told us that she was really sad and angry about that. She admitted that she had turned our classmates into to ice figures and that she was really sorry about that.

In the meantime, all the other students were able to collect enough money, so the school could turn on the hot water again. All the kids started to fill buckets with hot water immediately and we poured it over our frozen classmates. And we told the principal Elsa's story. He felt sorry for her, but he was happy to have a new student and admitted her to our school.

by Eva Sickenberger (W8)