

Ruler of the Classroom
By Thomas Kottler (Form 1)

Oh, another day. Another day of being tortured! I'm in my congested room, bent up in the cramped space, my body positioned like a jack-knifed lorry.

Bump. Bump. Bump. On and on I bounce, up and down in the muffled darkness for what seems like an eternity. An odd sound builds around like a bee buzzing around a flower. Light fills the air as I am wrenched out of my misery and slapped onto a hard, wooden surface. THWACK!

The sound of chattering voices echoes around me and it takes a while for me get used to the brightness. I tumble out into what seems like a new dimension as my buddies tumble out with me. My friend, Harry Brown's (HB for short) slim body was getting pinched and flicked around vigorously leaving a trail of his grey blood.

The hand of a giant loomed towards me and it lifted me up with immense force. I flinched as I knew what was coming. I spun around like a spinning top and then... SCCCRAAATTCHH! Why always the same place? It annoys me so much when HB slams his head against my side.

The scratches carry on as I am pushed in every possible direction which makes me feel like I am going to be sick! The odd thing is that I am scratched all over the front of my narrow body leaving behind blue blobs which block my eyesight. Honestly, what do they not understand about others needing to be able to see?

Phew! I can see again; the dreadful thing is that I've been stuffed back into my signature jack-knifed position. Grrrrr! At least I can rest, although I wish I was as flexible as my classmates so I could be more comfortable. So unfair! I really want to speak to HB, or even just see him, but he is nowhere in sight. Though I have been here most of my life, I feel lonely and disorientated and it makes my body stiffen up (as if I'm not stiff enough already) with pure misery.

Vigorously, I am snatched out of the uncomfortable place that I am in; my room mates accidentally scratch me as I brush past. Again, I'm smacked onto the solid surface. A German boy (Hans Staedtler) face-plants himself on me - how rude!

Suddenly, 15cm of my body is bent backwards, almost reaching the other side. Staedtler flies across the surface as the side of my body is flung back into its original place where I shudder for a few seconds trying to regain my balance. Blast! Now I am being pulled from both ends. My stiff body is again placed into a jack-knifed position, this time, I am not in my room.

Suddenly a loud voice booms over the hubbub:

"Would you stop messing around with your ruler, Bill..."

That is the last thing I heard, as I felt a sudden crack in my body...