



Mittwoch

Guten Abend!

Even in Germany, Mr Furnival can be relied upon to maintain exemplary professional standards in the execution of his morning routine. Having successfully appropriated both A3 and A4 from an unattended printer, he spilled coffee on the topmost sheet before arriving in a state of mild agitation - somewhat later than his students - to a locked classroom he had no means of opening. He borrowed (and temporarily misplaced) a colleague's key, forlornly attempted to disperse the crowd in the corridor and, with all the grace of a panic-stricken woodpigeon, launched his fledgling lesson into uneasy flight. Interestingly, Backwell students had already made the collective decision to phone Mrs Mason, but she was unavailable. Mrs Mason was the guest of honour in a Year 13 English lesson where she answered questions on topical issues like decolonisation, Brexit and misogyny.

We put all this behind us and set off for Regensburg. There are still many tales to tell. Attentive readers will have noted already that yesterday's report has been delayed. Fear not. All is well, but various matters have arisen demanding our attention. Chief among them of course, the prolonged search for Mr Furnival's outfit for Friday's party. A good outcome ultimately, but not without controversy - indeed he's gone green, collared and strapless! Having sacrificed so much valuable writing time, he was forced to adopt a more economical literary form. What follows, therefore, is a poetic summary of the day's events, accompanied by an unrhymed English translation. Enjoy!

Bis später!

Ode an Regensburg

Regensburg ist eine Stadt,
die viele schöne Sachen hat.
Es gibt einen Fluss und einen Dom,
einen Elektrobus mit Ökostrom.

Die alte Brücke aus Stein gebaut
ist nun mit Radfahrern gestaut.
Sie drängeln sich durch
Touristenmassen
und fahren in die engen Gassen.

Einst gab es dort auf dem Gelände
die mittelalterlichen Händler.
Wir mögen ihre Altbauhäuser,
aber jetzt mit Bad und ohne Läuse.

Was man heute leicht vergisst,
ist wie viel Abwasser und Mist
mitten auf der Straße lag,
sowohl bei Nacht als auch bei Tag.

Sitzend auf dem Donauufer,
spürt man fast die alten Hufe
Napoleons flinker Pferde.
Das gibt noch Anlass zur Beschwerde.

Er hat die Brücke fast zerstört,
man darf nicht klauen, was einem nicht
gehört.
Der Franzose hat hier nichts zu suchen.
Komm, geh mit rüber,
wir kaufen Kuchen.

Ode to Regensburg

Regensburg is a city
that has many beautiful things.
There is a river and a cathedral,
and an electric bus powered by green
electricity.

The old bridge, built of stone,
is now crowded with cyclists.
They push their way through masses of
tourists
and ride into the narrow alleyways.

Once, on this site,
there were medieval merchants.
We like their old houses,
but now with bathrooms and no lice.

What people today easily forget
is how much sewage and dung
lay in the middle of the street,
both at night and during the day.

Sitting on the bank of the Danube,
one can almost feel the old hoofbeats
of Napoleon's swift horses.
There is still reason for complaint

He almost destroyed the bridge.
You must not steal what does not
belong to you.
The Frenchman has no business here.
Come on, let's go across,
we'll buy some cake.

