

## **Frank Schmeißer – Villains Everywhere**

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### **Villains Everywhere**

**The strictly confidential, absolutely true records of the superhero The Brain,  
alias Sebastian von Nervköter and the Unbelievable Three and a Half**

#### Chapter 1

##### Superheroes are Completely Different

Before I start to explain how the whole mess in school and at home could happen, I have to point out that these records are completely confidential. No one needs to know why Aunt Hella's birthday ended with a catastrophe, our class hamster Machmawas wore camouflage, or why our physics teacher looked like an insane, color blind clown.

And the most important thing: no one can find out about my secret identity, because if someone did, the world would be in danger! Not to mention my dignity. Because if class 6B (B as in bad) and their even more evil teacher Dr. Knarz find out that I, Sebastian Traugott von Nervköter, am actually the superhero "The Brain", I would never have another minute's peace. And of course my buddies, Barbara "Action Barbie" Schwemme and Martin "The Chameleon" Koslowski wouldn't either. Because together, we three and Martin's imaginary friend Dieter "The Rugrat", form the superhero team "The Incredible Three and a Half." No joke!

It should be clear to anyone who's ever read a superhero comic or seen a superhero film, *Spiderman*, for example, that I'm putting my experiences into writing against my will. No one is allowed to know who the superhero really is, who is hiding behind the mysterious mask, who fights against injustice in the world, evil forces in the universe, and being forced to do gymnastics in gym class! After all, behind every superhero is a completely ordinary person. I swear it.

*[caption]*

*Oh, super, Spiderman! You chase criminals at night, but you're too stupid to set a tray of French fries on the counter during the day!*

And that's why superheroes don't keep journals anymore, by the way. Because they're afraid they could fall into the wrong hands. And then they look completely idiotic, because there's a little unicorn on the cover of their journal and in a bubble it proclaims its great love for the superhero in flowery script.

*[caption] I just adore you to pieces!*

And they don't write in autograph books, no matter how long the annoying Uschi Schmitz whines. She only wants to have something handwritten by me so she can forge my signature. And before you know it, I suddenly have all sorts of unnecessary trouble and woes.

*[caption]*

*This elephant in a miniskirt and 100 cat litter boxes were ordered by a certain Sebastian von Nervköter.*

*Why, you're right, that is my son's handwriting! Bring the elephant to his room, please.*

Not on my watch! I don't even have enough room for that! But since my mother has forced me to, because my psychiatrist Dr. Klingschön forced her to force herself to convince me to put on paper the adventures that have come my way, for better or worse, I have to write everything down. Even though I much prefer drawing to writing. Especially comics, as you've probably already recognized.

Of course, I could have just told Dr. Klingschön everything. But I'm not going to make it that easy for him. Because I think Dr. Klingschön isn't actually a doctor who wants to help people, but one who tries to manipulate people's thoughts. And as long as I'm not absolutely positive that Dr. Klingschön isn't one of the bad guys, I'm going to keep my mouth shut and say nothing at all! Not a word! My mother can moan and complain all she wants that I can't shut my trap for a minute at home but turn quiet as a mouse at the doctor's.

"Do you see what I'm going through with this boy?" she said recently, completely frantic, and then added, "He got this from his father. He's not right in the head, either." Mother stared pleadingly at Dr. Klingschön. Then she had to hiccup again. Mother has had hiccups since my birth, which put an abrupt end to her opera singing career after one particularly embarrassing performance. She hasn't forgiven me to this day. As if I could do anything about it!

My psychiatrist – which, by the way, is a doctor for people whose minds don't function properly – claims that I have what is called a photographic memory. This basically means that I can remember just about everything that I see. Dr. Klingschön thinks that, in my case, this ability is completely wasted on me, because I supposedly always draw the wrong conclusions due to my powerfully creative imagination. I can look at the 'photos' in my head any time I want, but I supposedly don't really understand what there is to see in it. Apparently, I often recognize unimportant details, but can't see the forest for the trees.

So first my thoughts are all haywire, and then later my teachers, my mother and everyone else who know me go crazy because they have to sort out the mess.

"He has this from his father!" mom repeated. "Nobody in my family thinks!"

At first, I didn't want to write down my experiences. But then Dr. Klingschön made a suggestion. We should make a contract, he proposed. And in this contract we would commit ourselves to absolute secrecy. Which meant that mother couldn't chatter about it with the neighbors like she usually did.

*[caption]*

*The boy didn't have a single clean pair of underwear left, so I put one of mine on him.*

I immediately wrote the contract. "Draw up, that's called," explained mother. "You draw up a contract!"

Huh? What sort of thing am I supposed to draw? I thought. A hat or something? And "drawn up" behavior is made up, when you just put on an act, but don't mean it at all. But my contract was supposed to say exactly what it meant. After a long discussion with mother, I was allowed to write the contract, even though she kept looking at me oddly.

At first mother didn't want to sign it and claimed that she had already been cursed for a long time, and the contract wasn't written formally enough for her. After an alteration to the text and a lot of encouragement by Dr. Klingschön, she signed the contract anyway.

### CONTRACT

*Sebastian's story is absolutely confidential and cannot be gossiped about. If someone should talk about it, that person will be cursed and will be ~~struck by lightning while crapping!~~ bitten by a wild pig.*

*Sebastian von Nervköter*

*Josephine Heidelinde von Nervköter*

*Klingschön*

"And don't hold back! Write down everything, no matter what it's about. Everything has to come out!" said Dr. Klingschön. Everything has to come out, I'd heard that phrase from our family doctor. He'd said that once after I swallowed all of mother's small change. Mother got a parking ticket that day, because she couldn't find any more coins for the parking meter. The policewoman absolutely refused to believe that I had eaten the entire small change compartment empty. Oh, well.

I just nodded at Dr. Klingschön. Mother just rolled her eyes again and hiccupped. She should really see an eye doctor. Just to keep that thing with her eyes from becoming chronic.

So, now it's finally time to starting telling the story.

## Chapter 2

### The Unbelievable Three and a Half and the Mysterious Thefts

I think the first thing I'll do is introduce the superhero team in more detail. Alright, you know me already. I am Sebastian Traugott von Nervköter, called "The Brain" because I can remember everything, have great ideas and because so many things go through my head. Brilliant things, I mean. "Nothing but nonsense in there," claims my mother.

Then there's Martin "The Chameleon" Koslowski, whose superpower lies in being so inconspicuous that he is almost invisible. It's really true. Sometimes Martin will be sitting at the table and everyone is talking about where Martin's off to again.

Martin is a year younger than us, but is still in the same class as us. He's gifted, incredibly clever and skipped a grade. He would also have liked to be "The Brain", but that title was already taken.

And then there's "Action Barbie", who is really named Barbara Schwemme. Sitting calmly or concentrating for a long time are not Action Barbie's great strengths. Instead, she has lots of energy. She's so fidgety that she's pretty much constantly in motion, and that makes her super fit. Once she even ran an entire marathon just because she wanted to ask the leading runner if the other runners were mad at him and wanted to capture him. The runner just stared at Action Barbie stupidly and stepped up his pace to outdistance her. In vain. Action Barbie caught up to him again to assure him that he had nothing to fear from her. Action Barbie became second and won 10,000 euros, which she later forgot on the bus.

Our superhero team is completed by Dieter, code name "The Rugrat". That is Martin's imaginary friend. Imaginary means either that he doesn't actually exist or that he's invisible to everybody except Martin. Martin adamantly claims that it's the latter. I haven't ever seen Dieter, nor ever heard him. Neither has Action Barbie. Because of that, Dieter only gets half a vote when we're making our plans. And that's a good thing, too, because Dieter is a horrible scaredy-cat who says no to everything. Just like Martin, actually. That's why the results of our votes are predictably similar: two for, one and a half against. This always gets Martin enraged, and every time he demands another vote about whether Dieter shouldn't get a full vote like the rest of us. Then the vote is always one and a half for, two against – and everything stays the same.

But despite these little squabbles, the Unbelievable Three and a Half are an awesome team, the terror of all the bad guys in Buckelbügel, and on the weekends also of the villains in the next town over, Kleinsau-Ödbach, easily reachable by bus in case of an emergency.

*[caption]*

*Sebastian, "The Brain"*

*Action Barbie*

*Martin, "The Chameleon"*

*Dieter, "The Rugrat"*

The Three and a Half of us are all in the same class, class 6A, at the Berti Vogt School in Buckelbügel. And our enemies, they're all in the class 6B (b as in bad). Somehow it seems the students were divided into these classes based on the following criteria: small and smart in 6A, strong and stupid in 6B (b as in bad).

For some reason, we're only moderately popular in our own class. I think it's because of our secret that we can't divulge to anybody. The superhero thing. But what can you do? That's the burden superheroes all over the entire world have to bear. But at least our classmates don't greet us every morning with headlocks, stinging nettles and noogies like the 6B kids do. The only one of us who is always spared is Barbara. First of all, the squirrely little fox is hard to catch. Secondly, as mentioned before, she's incredibly strong and thirdly, she knows aikido. That's something like karate, only you can't attack someone in aikido. Aikido is sort of the art of fending off an attack. Which I personally find stupid, because with aikido, Barbara can't help us if she isn't being attacked.

Martin never gets caught either, incidentally. The moment the creeps start to approach us, he makes himself even more inconspicuous than usual. And Martin wears glasses, too. So I'm the one that always gets it.

*[caption]*

*And now for the noogie!*

The thing I hate worst is noogies. They always mess up my hair, and I look like a partridge that's been startled out of a bush.

Our homeroom teacher is Ms. Daffodil. She's quite young, and a very nice teacher. Class 6B (b as in bad) has Dr. Knarz as their homeroom teacher. Serves them right! Because Dr. Knarz is not only the vice principal, but also the meanest person on earth, a super-scoundrel, who teaches us physics and hates our class.

Ms. Daffodil thinks this is nonsense and we're just imagining this just because Dr. Knarz is very strict. "He's just a teacher from the old school. He doesn't really hate you. It just seems that way."

*[caption]*

*"I hate you! All of you! Every single one of you! I hate your entire class!"*

It would really be better if Dr. Knarz went back to that old school that Ms. Daffodil talked about.

Dr. Knarz is big and always wears oversized plaid suits with shoulder pads. He has greasy hair and bad breath as if a hippopotamus had crawled into his mouth and died there. That's why students never sit in the first three rows in his class. They're wide open as if they had been evacuated. And when you have to go up to the board, it's the highest form of punishment. Looking away or not listening is easy. But blocking out a smell is impossible.

While Dr. Knarz is ugly, mean and nasty tempered, Ms. Daffodil is pretty, nice and almost always in a good mood. Learning with her is actually a lot of fun. Even math, a little bit. Hmm. No, never mind. I don't like math. I always have to choose one answer, and I don't like to commit. I'm too young for that.

But today, there was something strange. Ms. Daffodil wasn't as cheerful as usual. She seemed preoccupied, a little sad even. After class, the three of us (I don't know if Dieter was there or not) went up to her to ask what was wrong.

"Something was stolen again," said Ms. Daffodil.

Recently, a lot of things have been stolen from the school, and always out of our classroom. First the world map, then the globe and now the encyclopedia is gone, too, even though the heavy, thousand-page beast had been locked away in the closet.

Dr. Knarz, who desperately wants to take over the current principal's job, had accused Ms. Daffodil of not having her class under control.

"They're all stealing little magpies! The whole class!"

And so he threatened to reassign her. Normally, a reassignment is an awesome thing, because you get moved from 6A to 7A. In Ms. Daffodil's case, a reassignment would mean that she'd have to leave the school. That would be a complete catastrophe.

We all looked at each other and nodded silently. Ms. Daffodil suddenly got very nervous and asked us: "What are you planning? You're planning something, aren't you? Please tell me you're not planning anything! Why aren't you saying anything?"

Because sometimes you don't have to say anything. Sometimes you have to act instead of talking.

*[caption]*

*Stay out of it, do you understand? Don't you dare interfere! This is my responsibility and no one else's!*

*Sure thing, we'll take care of it!*