

THE **JULVE&COPONS**  
**FILSTRUP**  
**A NEW PLAN**



**bromera**

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**Edicions Bromera**

**Chapter 1**

**WHAT A PRESSURE!**



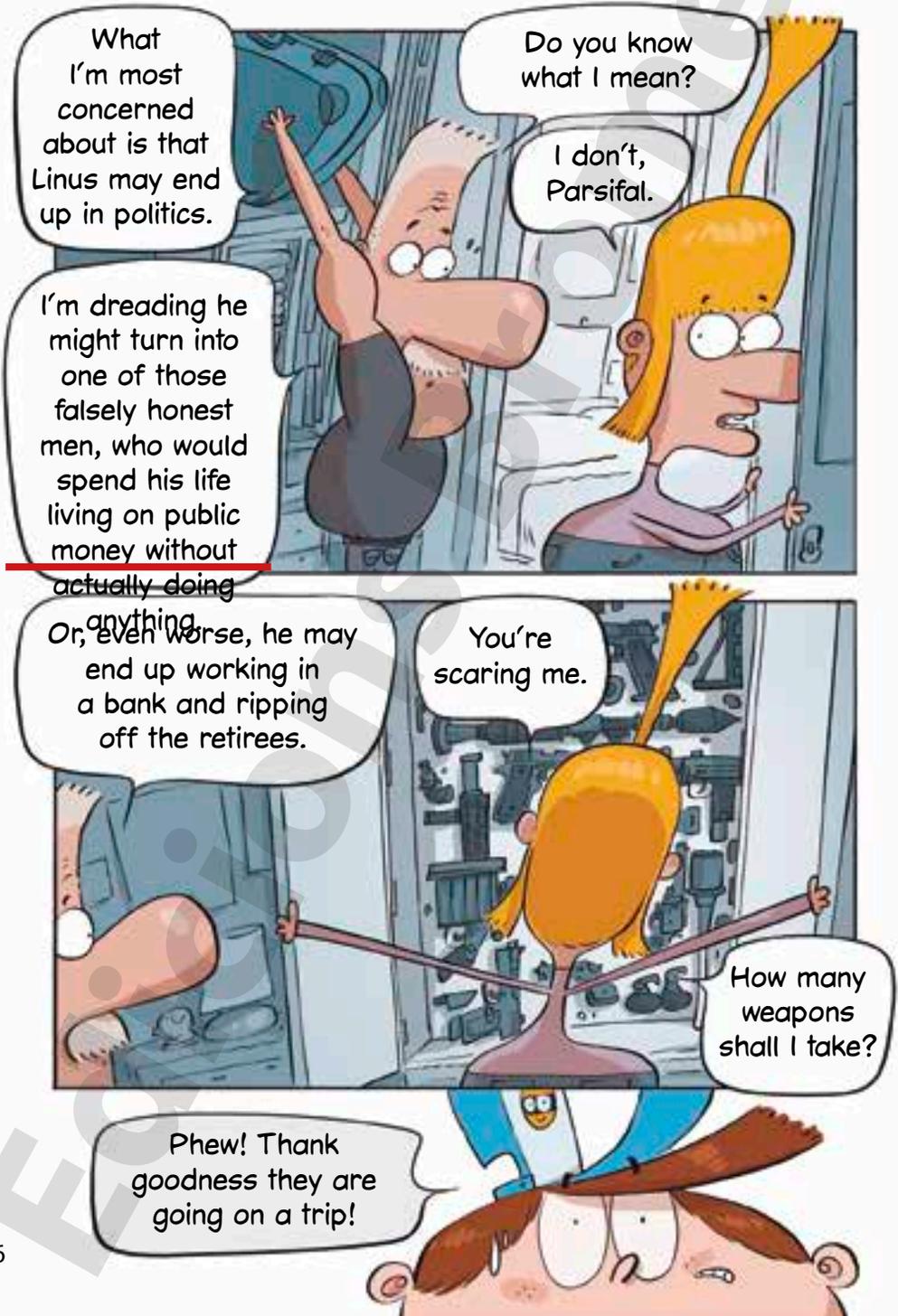
I have always felt a natural tendency towards honesty... which is a tragedy! I mean it, because my family comes from a long line of thieves as old as time. On top of that, at home they were convinced there was something wrong with me: according to them, I had a manufacturing defect. So, the very first time I had to rob to protect my family, they shed tears of emotion and then I was presented with the mask that every Filstrup gets after pulling off their first theft.



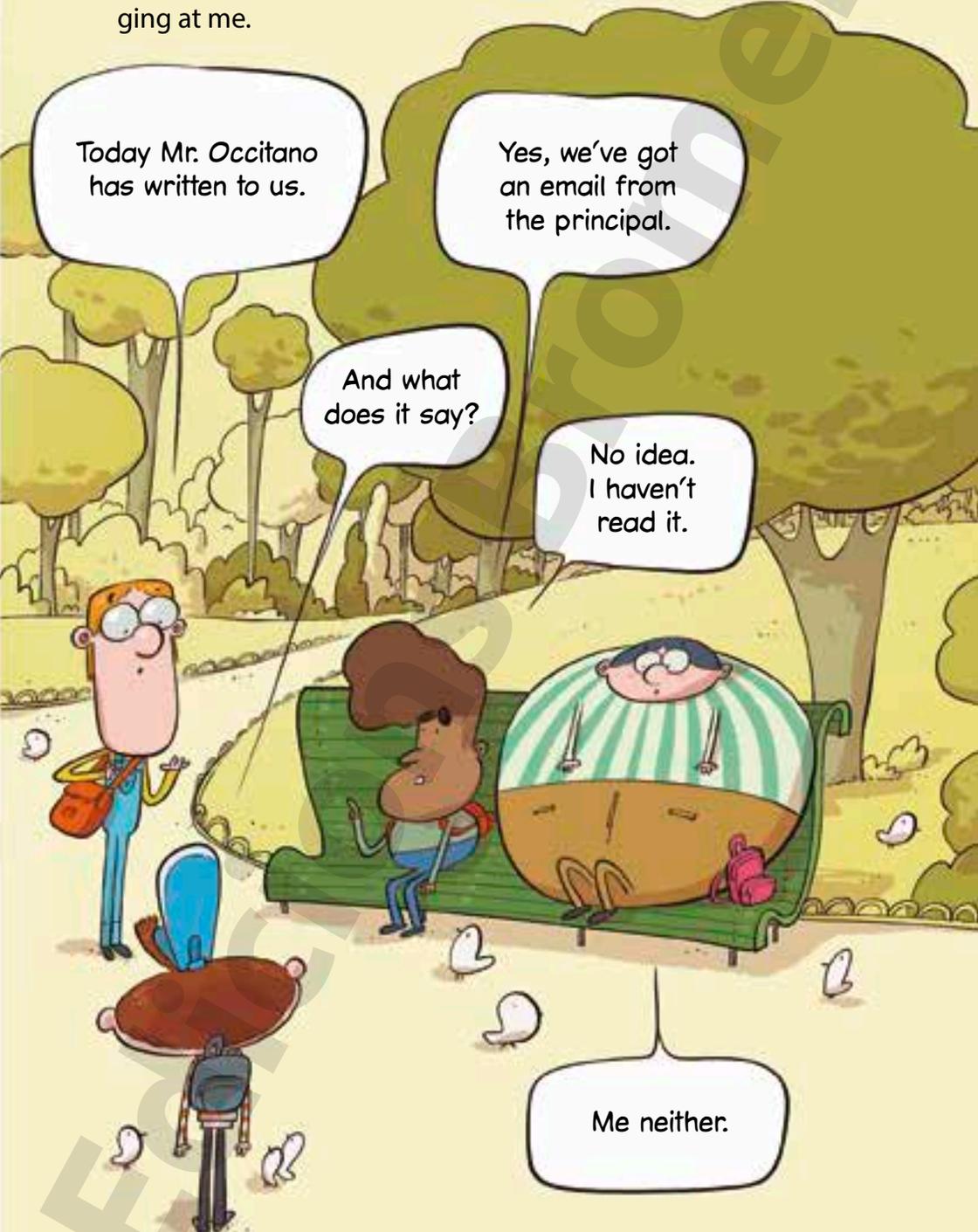
Months had gone by since that moment of brimful happiness. In fact, I had spent my whole summer break without committing any other crime. That's why, my grandpa, uncle Joe, Dr. Water and my brother were on edge yet again.



My parents took it easier, although they also held insane ideas about my future. Luckily enough, halfway through our summer break they landed a job and they had to leave.



Oh, yes, that summer family pressure was awful. That's why I would spend the afternoons with Rissoto, Angel and Hannafi. We didn't do anything special, but at least they weren't nagging at me.



I hadn't checked my email since the last day of school, but that night I checked it. And, sure enough, I found the email that Mr. Occitano had sent us. We were informed of a number of changes which, back in the day, I didn't quite understand.

Dear students,

I hope you are all having a great summer break. I'm writing to give you some news: our school has been fortunate enough to be chosen by the Ministry of Education to implement the pilot program for the new education plan, which will eventually be implemented in all schools across the country.

I want both students and teachers to deserve such great honor. We will undoubtedly undergo a lot of changes. And although these may seem a bit overwhelming at first, remember that improving the new curriculum will make you more competent and will prepare you better for your future life.

I encourage you to start the new school year with enthusiasm, empathy, and positivity. Great challenges are ahead of us.

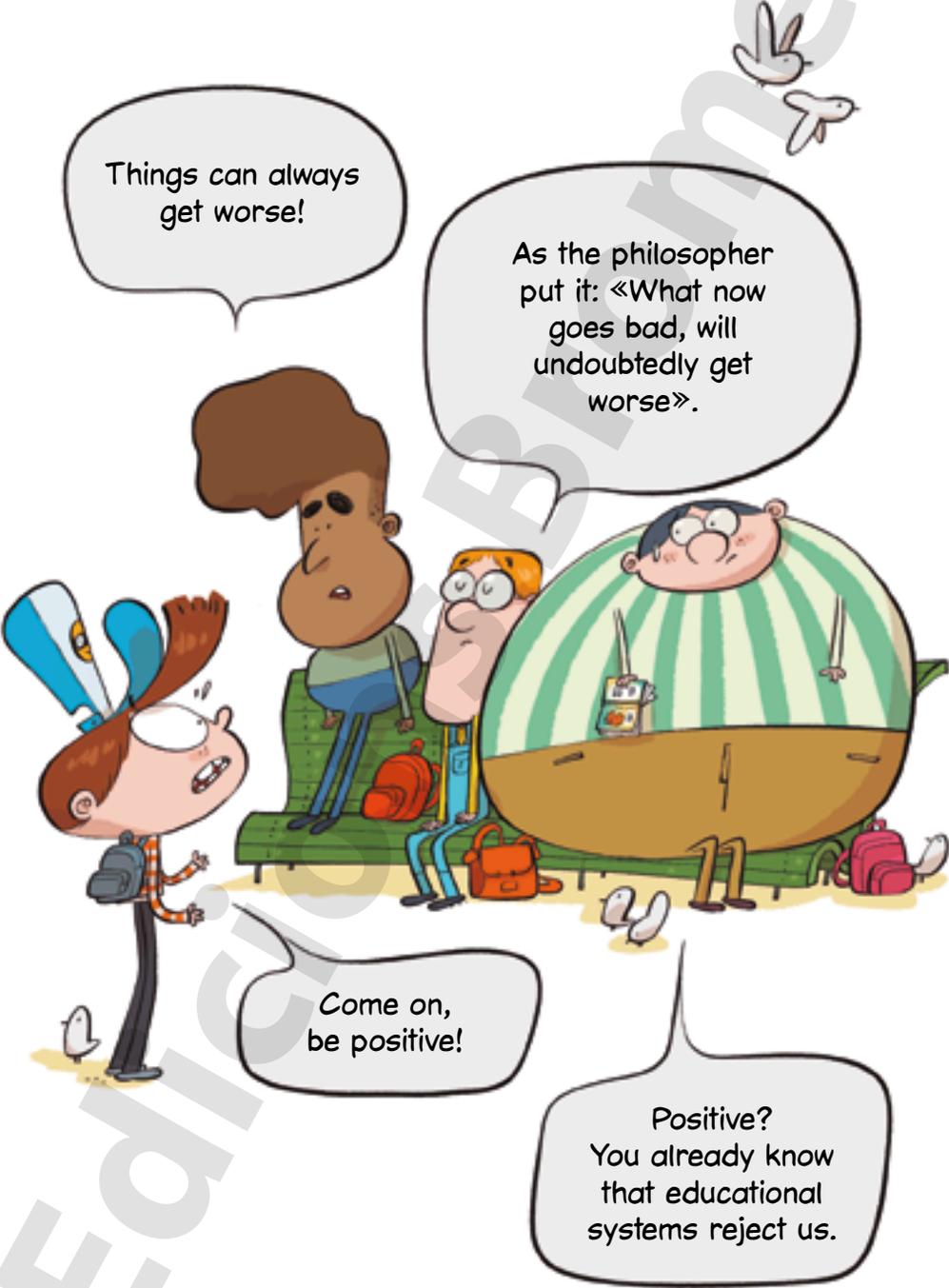
A brotherly hug,

Mauricio Occitano



If only he took up stealing instead of reading so much or spending the afternoons with his mates...

The following day, because Angel, Hannafi or Rissoto had not bothered to read Mr. Occitano's email, I summarized it for them. And all of my friends were most unsure about it.



Things can always get worse!

As the philosopher put it: «What now goes bad, will undoubtedly get worse».

Come on, be positive!

Positive? You already know that educational systems reject us.

And days rolled by until the day before the beginning of the new school year. I had resolved to have a notebook for each subject, to improve my handwriting, to avoid falling behind with any of my assignments, to pay full attention in class... That is, the same old good intentions of every new school year!

What are you doing?



I am getting my things ready for tomorrow.



There is something wrong with you, Linus!

We never do anything the first day of class!

Yes, there is something wrong with him. Poor little thing...



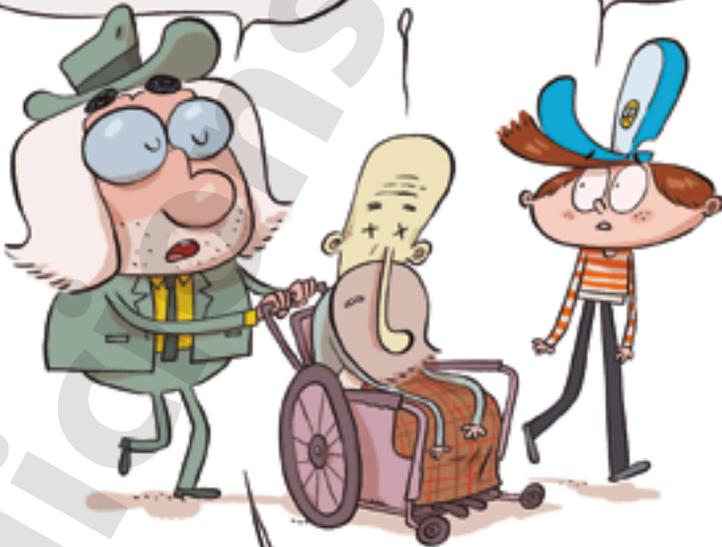
That night, grandpa wanted to have a word with me. He told me he knew that deep down inside there was a great criminal in me and he also told me not to worry. Truth be told, I think he was the one who was worried.

Linus, there are as many reasons to be a criminal as there are criminals.

Oh, are there?

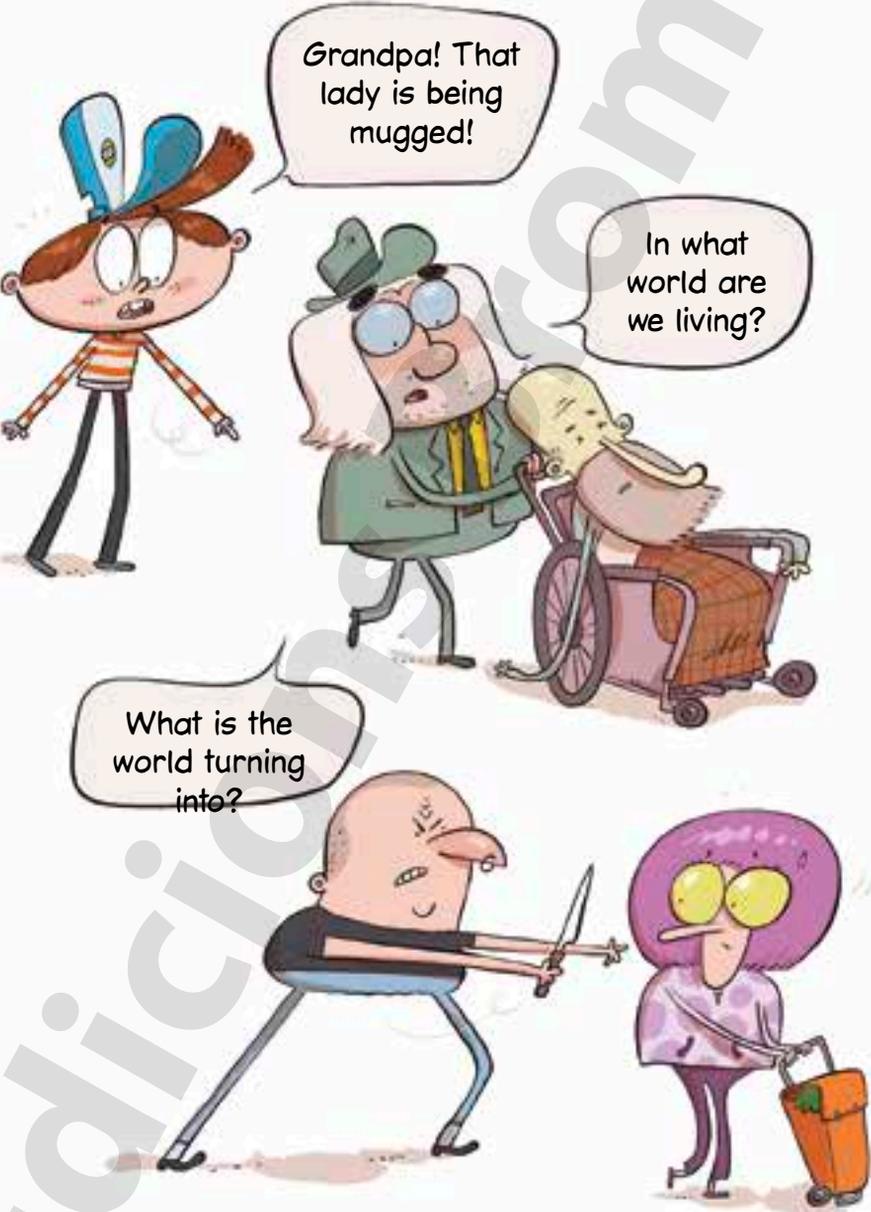
At the end of the day, what's important is to be true to the code, to have both values and strict ethics. Reasons will flock later on!

Sure, sure...

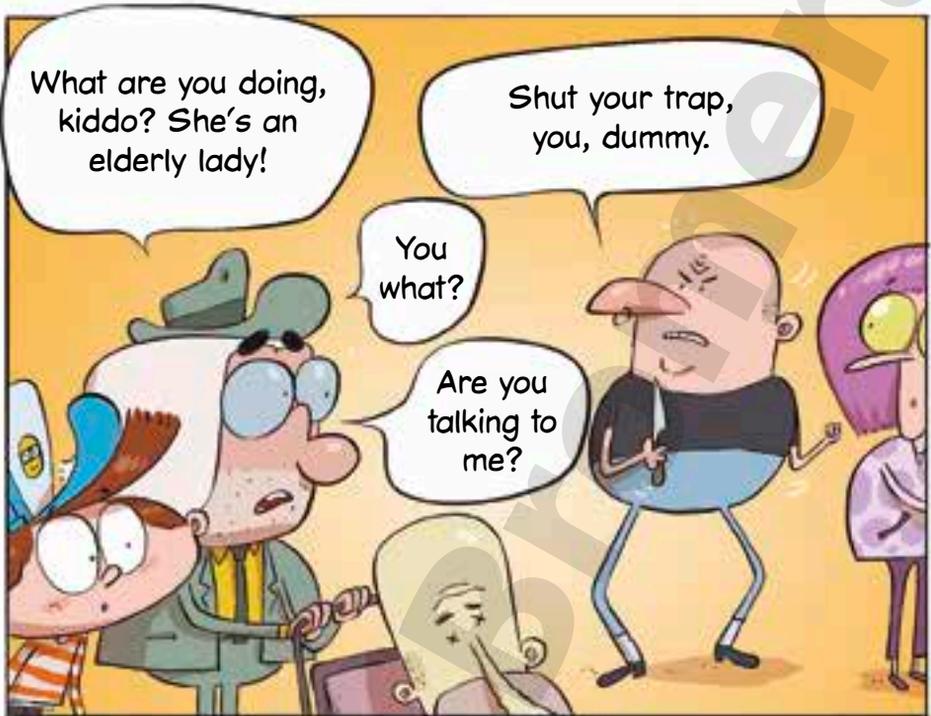


Let's go for a walk. It will do your greatgrandpa good.

Sure enough, we went for a walk with my dead greatgrandad. Once a month, grandpa would take him to the bank to collect his pension, but pretty often he would take him out just for a walk, as a little of fresh air would do him good.

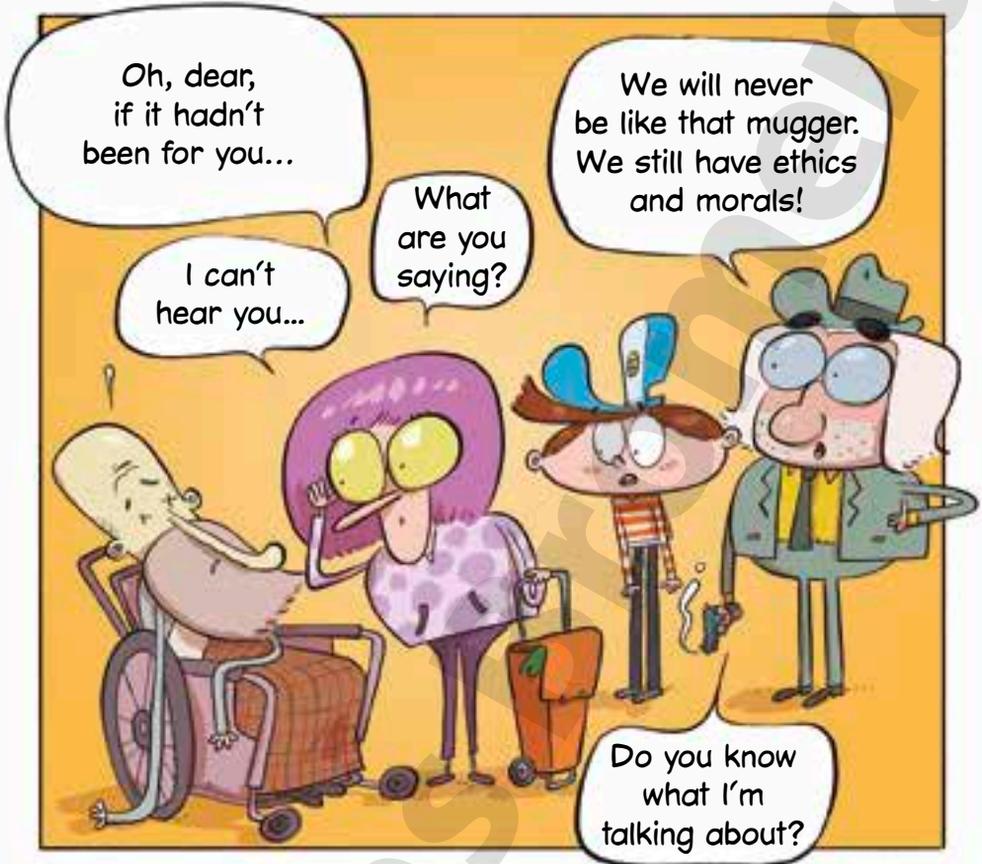


Grandpa talked to the mugger politely.



The mugger got aggressive. And grandpa...

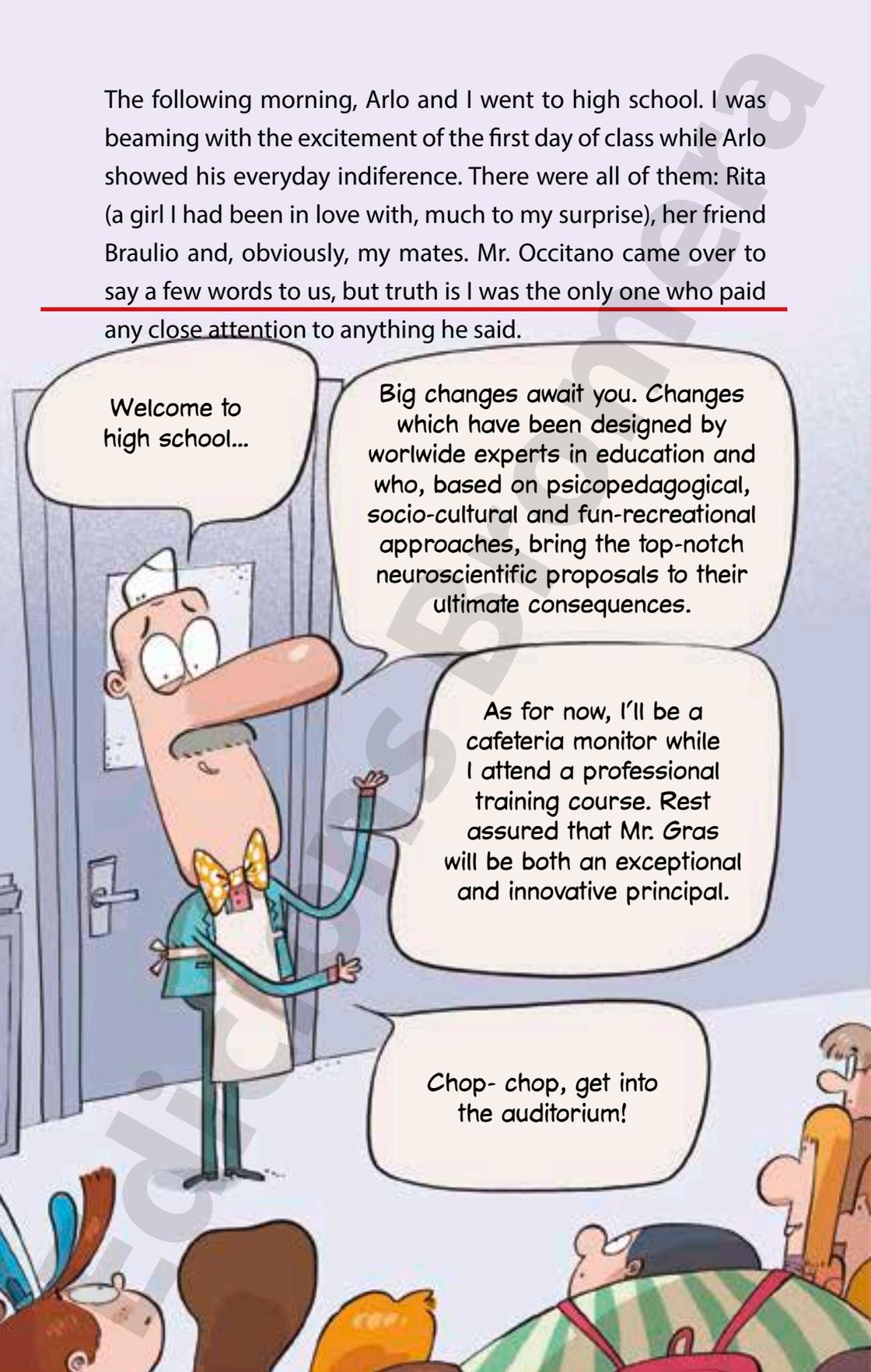




**Chapter 2**  
**WHAT A PLAN!**



The following morning, Arlo and I went to high school. I was beaming with the excitement of the first day of class while Arlo showed his everyday indifference. There were all of them: Rita (a girl I had been in love with, much to my surprise), her friend Braulio and, obviously, my mates. Mr. Occitano came over to say a few words to us, but truth is I was the only one who paid any close attention to anything he said.



Welcome to high school...

Big changes await you. Changes which have been designed by worldwide experts in education and who, based on psicopedagogical, socio-cultural and fun-recreational approaches, bring the top-notch neuroscientific proposals to their ultimate consequences.

As for now, I'll be a cafeteria monitor while I attend a professional training course. Rest assured that Mr. Gras will be both an exceptional and innovative principal.

Chop-chop, get into the auditorium!



My mother is the  
only one who has  
kept her job as  
a teacher.

About time  
the faculty got  
renewed!



In the auditorium we were greeted by Mr. Gras, the new principal, who explained to us very strange things we found difficult to grasp.

You're in high school to be happy!

Happiness is not open to discussion!

May each and every student follow their path according to their will!

Nobody better than yourselves to decide what you want to learn!

Very well said, honorable Mr. Principal!

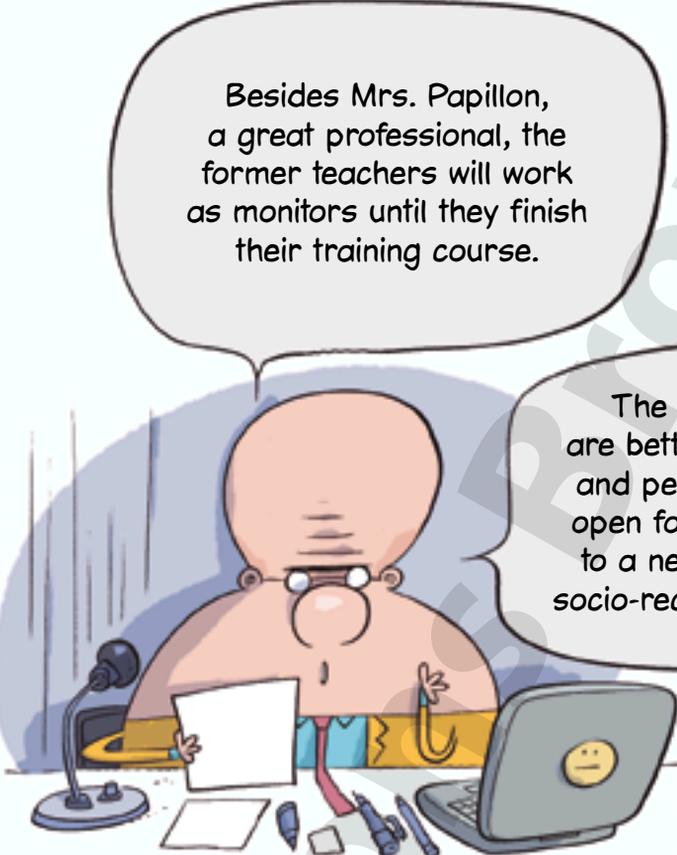
Bravo!

Hooray!

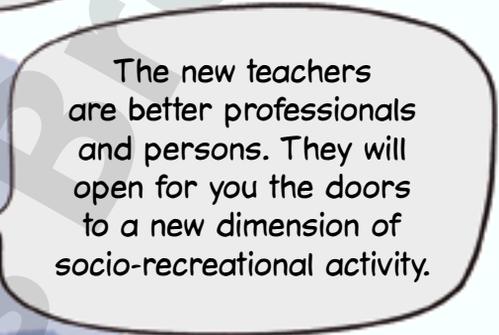
Long live the new principal!



While Mr. Gras was talking, although the students were, in general, quite happy, I realized that everything was becoming really weird.



Besides Mrs. Papillon, a great professional, the former teachers will work as monitors until they finish their training course.

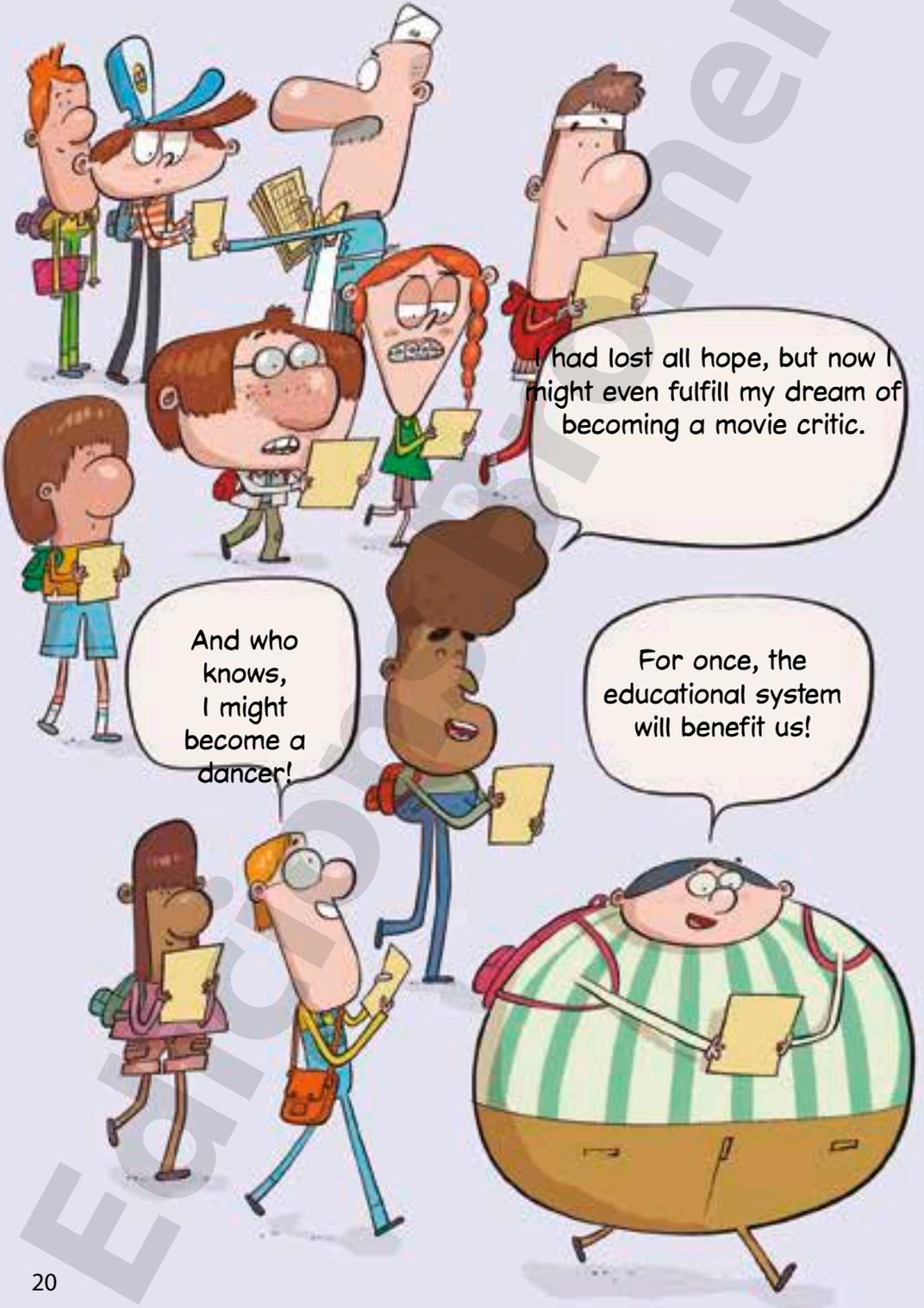


The new teachers are better professionals and persons. They will open for you the doors to a new dimension of socio-recreational activity.



When you leave the auditorium a monitor will hand out your schedules.

When I left the auditorium, my mates already had their schedule. They looked really happy.



I had lost all hope, but now I might even fulfill my dream of becoming a movie critic.

And who knows, I might become a dancer!

For once, the educational system will benefit us!

When I reviewed my shedule carefully, I couldn't make any head or tail of it.

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday |

9:00-9:30 | Aesthetic Experience | Holistic Innovation | Variable Discussions | Transversal Activities | Time Interactions |

10:00-10:30 | Aesthetic Experience | Group Therapy | Transversal Activities | Conflict Resolution and Creation | Woke Integration |

11:00-11:30 | Transversal Break | Protection and Lack of Protection | The Business World | Interdisciplinary Work | Reading and Interpreting WhatsApp Messages |

Lunch and After-dinner Talk | Lunch and After-dinner Talk | Lunch and After-dinner Talk | Lunch and After-dinner Talk | Fasting |

3:30-4:00 PM | Personal Work | Bullying: Promotion and Prevention | Variable Discussions | Free Time and Synthesis | Celebrations |

4:00-4:30 PM | Conflict Management | AI | Neurothings Applied to Life | Mr. Grass' Things | The World of Yesterday |

But, but, but...

Lessons last half an hour?

What about the subjects?

Throughout the first week we went from surprise to surprise. Every new lesson would plunge us deeper into absurdity and despair.

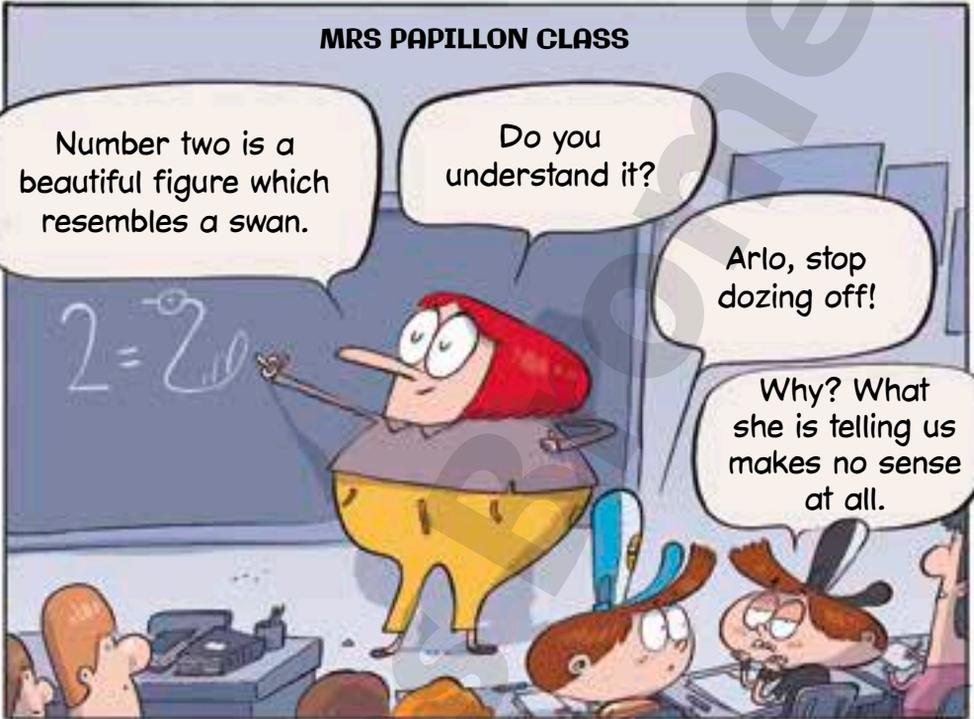
### MRS PAPILLON CLASS

Number two is a beautiful figure which resembles a swan.

Do you understand it?

Arlo, stop dozing off!

Why? What she is telling us makes no sense at all.

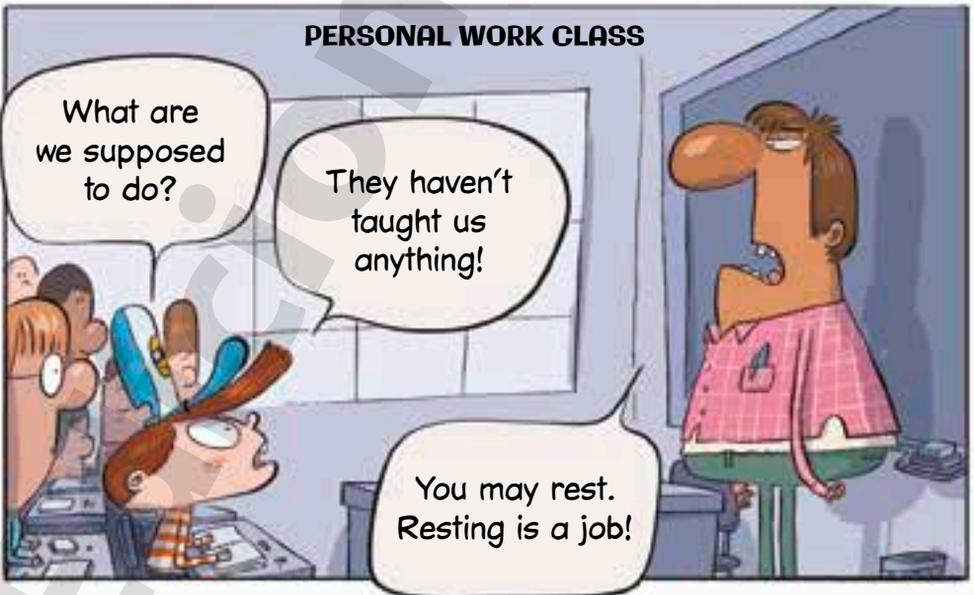


### PERSONAL WORK CLASS

What are we supposed to do?

They haven't taught us anything!

You may rest. Resting is a job!



### VARIABLE DISCUSSIONS CLASS

Now we shall discuss if this glass is half full...

... or half empty!

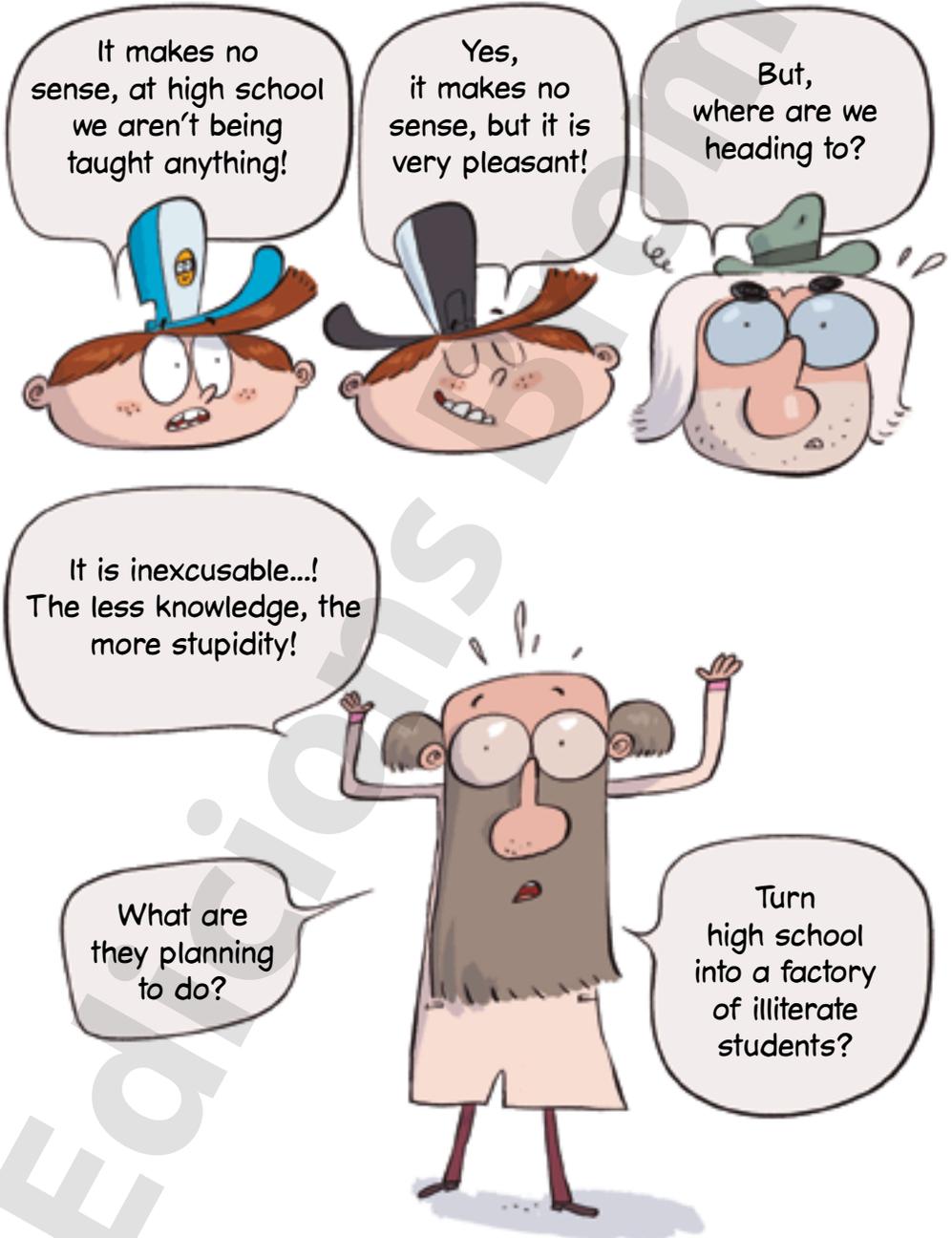
This can't be...  
She must be joking.

### AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE CLASS

And with these two little sticks we already have the perfect image of a man, each and every one of you can relate to.

Now I want you to reproduce it.  
Mind you, make it identical!

When Arlo and I explained the changes in our high school, everybody at home was flabbergasted. And when they learned that we didn't do anything which could be labelled as "regular", grandpa and Dr. Water were appalled.



The big issue came on Thursday, last period. Mr. Gras gave us the dates of the «assessment experiences», which was how he referred to quizzes and tests.

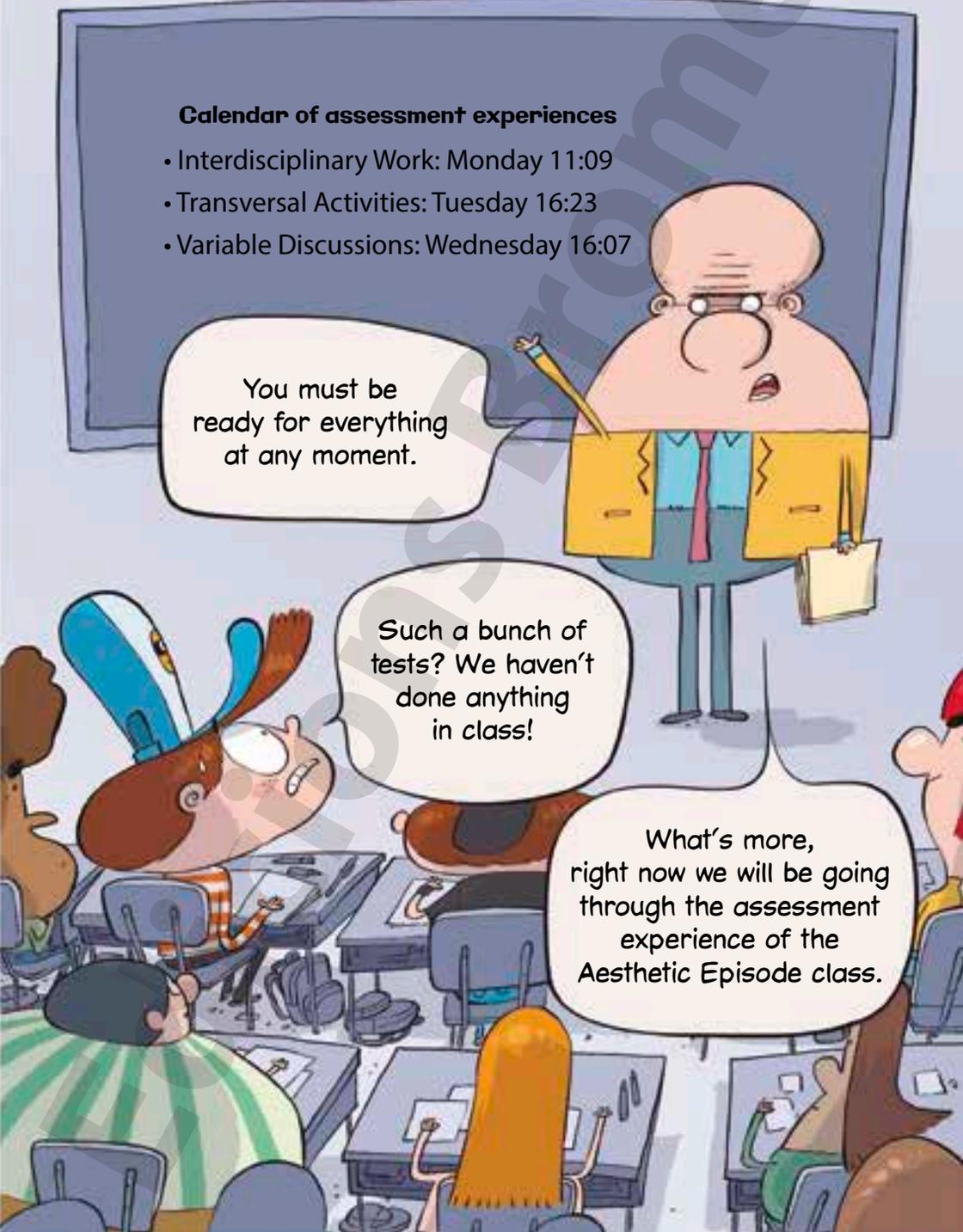
**Calendar of assessment experiences**

- Interdisciplinary Work: Monday 11:09
- Transversal Activities: Tuesday 16:23
- Variable Discussions: Wednesday 16:07

You must be ready for everything at any moment.

Such a bunch of tests? We haven't done anything in class!

What's more, right now we will be going through the assessment experience of the Aesthetic Episode class.



The assessment experience of the Aesthetic Episode class was a disaster. In class we had barely drawn a stick man by means of four sticks and a circle. But the experience...

### **Assessment experience of Aesthetic Episode**

1. Look at this drawing carefully:



2. Turn this drawing into a realistic one, so that it cannot be known whether it is a HD picture or a drawing.
3. Reproduce the drawing from exercise 2 in a pointillist style. Make sure you do it as if it were an impressionist work.
4. Comment on the drawing from exercise 2 from an integrative and inclusive social and biodynamic perspective and explain its relationship to Nietzsche's statement: "When you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes back at you."
5. Write a short story in the third person featuring the drawing from exercise 2. Then, transform the story into a free-form stream of consciousness monologue.

Oh, my...

Everyone, except Rita and Braulio, left the assessment experience blank. And the next day, Mr. Gras made the extent of the tragedy crystal clear: everyone had failed, except Rita and Braulio. And that wasn't the worst of it.



...If you don't pass 99% of the assessment activities, you won't get your high school diploma and won't be able to continue with your studies.

'Course, if they don't make the effort...

Such a bunch of losers!



What about retakes?

What retakes?

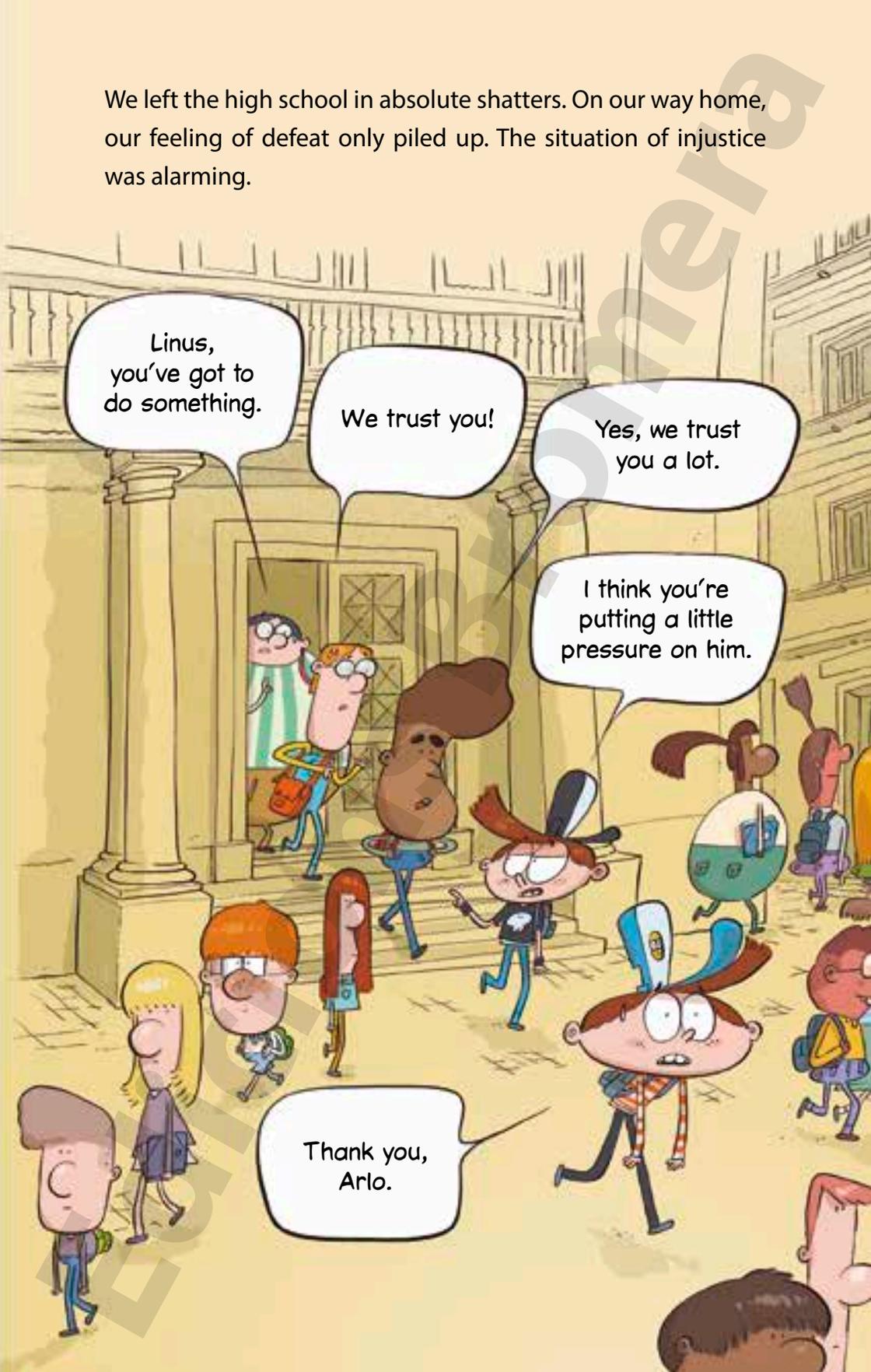
Retakes are for cowards!

Misery and alienation are around the corner!

It's not fair. We are doomed!

We can kiss goodbye to our dreams...

We left the high school in absolute shatters. On our way home, our feeling of defeat only piled up. The situation of injustice was alarming.



Linus,  
you've got to  
do something.

We trust you!

Yes, we trust  
you a lot.

I think you're  
putting a little  
pressure on him.

Thank you,  
Arlo.

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**Chapter 3**

**WE'VE GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING**



When we explained how the assessment experience had panned out, grandpa and Dr. Water gave us an answer that would have been very reasonable if it hadn't been because in high school there was nothing reasonable anymore.



Guys, you can't throw in the towel at first!

If you have failed, there is only one remedy: study more.

If you have to study harder, study harder and that's the end of it.

Grandpa, problema is...

they don't teach us anything!

What do you mean «they don't teach us anything»?

When we explained to them that at high school we didn't do anything at all, grandad and Dr. Water were taken aback. We just couldn't believe what they said to us:

You can't go around without learning anything!

You have to learn every day!  
Always learn!

Everyone must look for those disciplines they are good at and work on them...

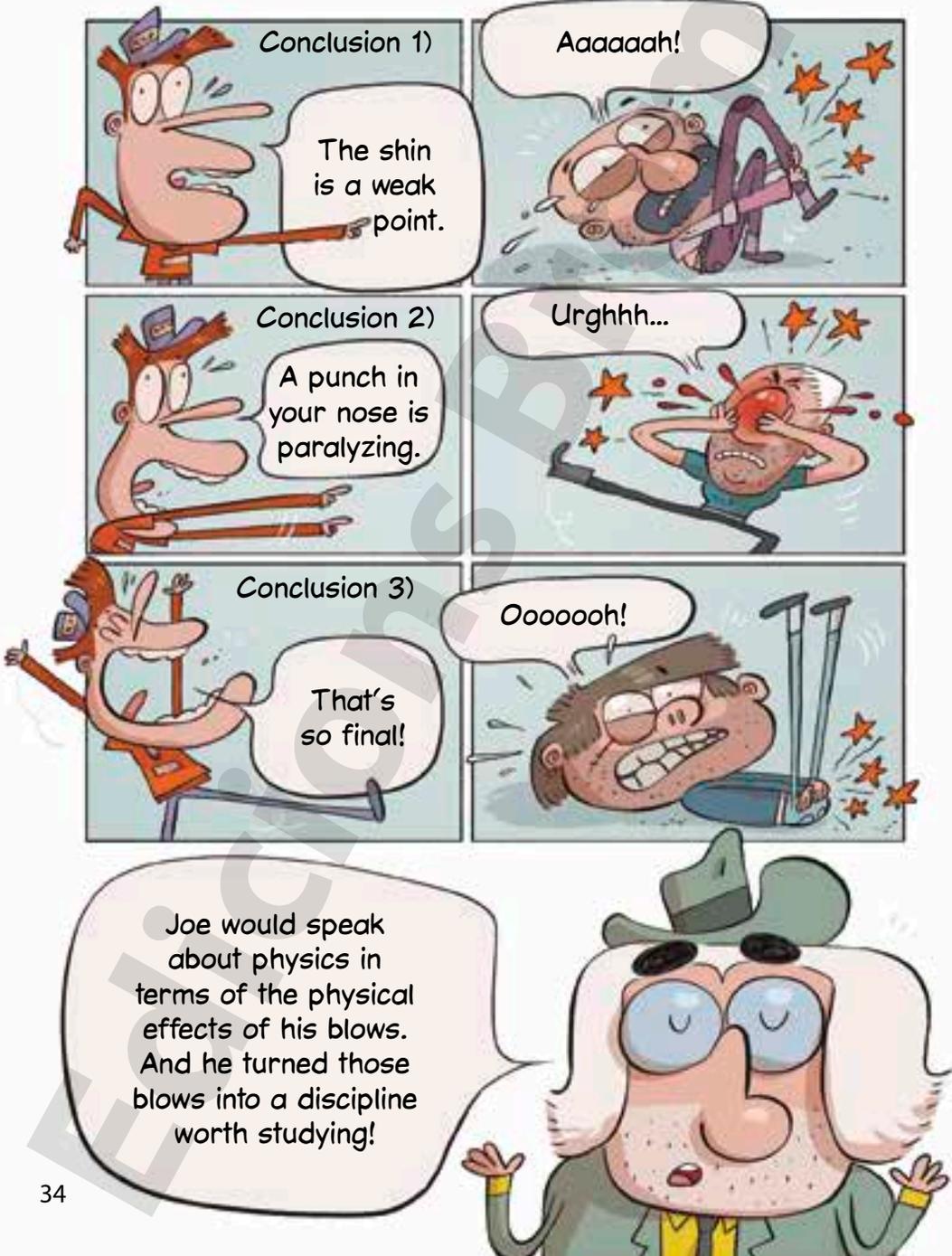
Exactly...

I still remember when Joe found out he was good at physics.

Excuse me?

Good at physics?

Grandad told us that when Joe went to high school he had a problem with some bullies. Because of the stress, our uncle, who until that moment had not even given a single wet slap to anyone, reacted. And from then on, he was known as Joe, the Beast.



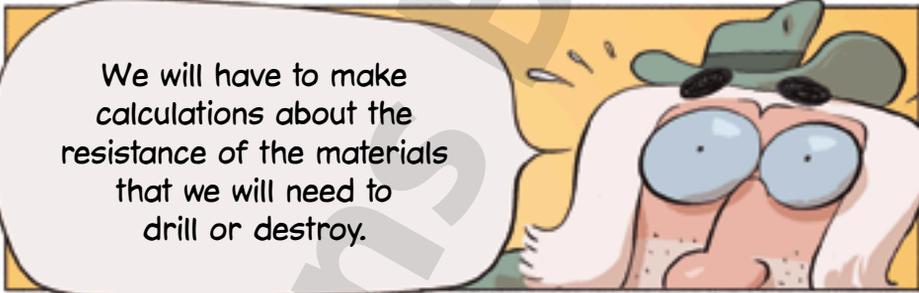
Grandfather insisted. Maybe it wasn't necessary to know everything, but to learn at least what we liked and what we were keen on. For him, there was no doubt: we needed to gain knowledge. And he gave us an example.



Let's take a typical case: we decide to rob the Louvre.



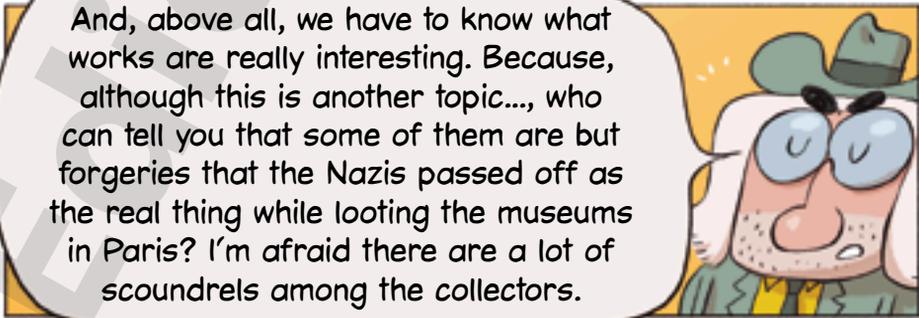
To begin with, you have to know French, because we will have to understand a lot of people and fool them.



We will have to make calculations about the resistance of the materials that we will need to drill or destroy.



It will be necessary to get materials and vehicles. And move money to bribe folks...



And, above all, we have to know what works are really interesting. Because, although this is another topic..., who can tell you that some of them are but forgeries that the Nazis passed off as the real thing while looting the museums in Paris? I'm afraid there are a lot of scoundrels among the collectors.



And this is just the beginning.



How are we going to Paris? And how do we come back with all the stuff?



Where will we staying?



What Parisian Filstrups can we count on?



Nothing is easy!



All right, all right... I got you.

Grandad and Dr. Water were right. But, what were we supposed to study for the assessment experiences if at high school we had learned nothing at all? And, suddenly, thanks to Arlo...



Arlo and I explored all the possible ways to create cheat sheets. It was the only way to pass the assessment activities. But then I thought of a critical fact.



We can't ignore the typical writing on your hand.

Just a moment...



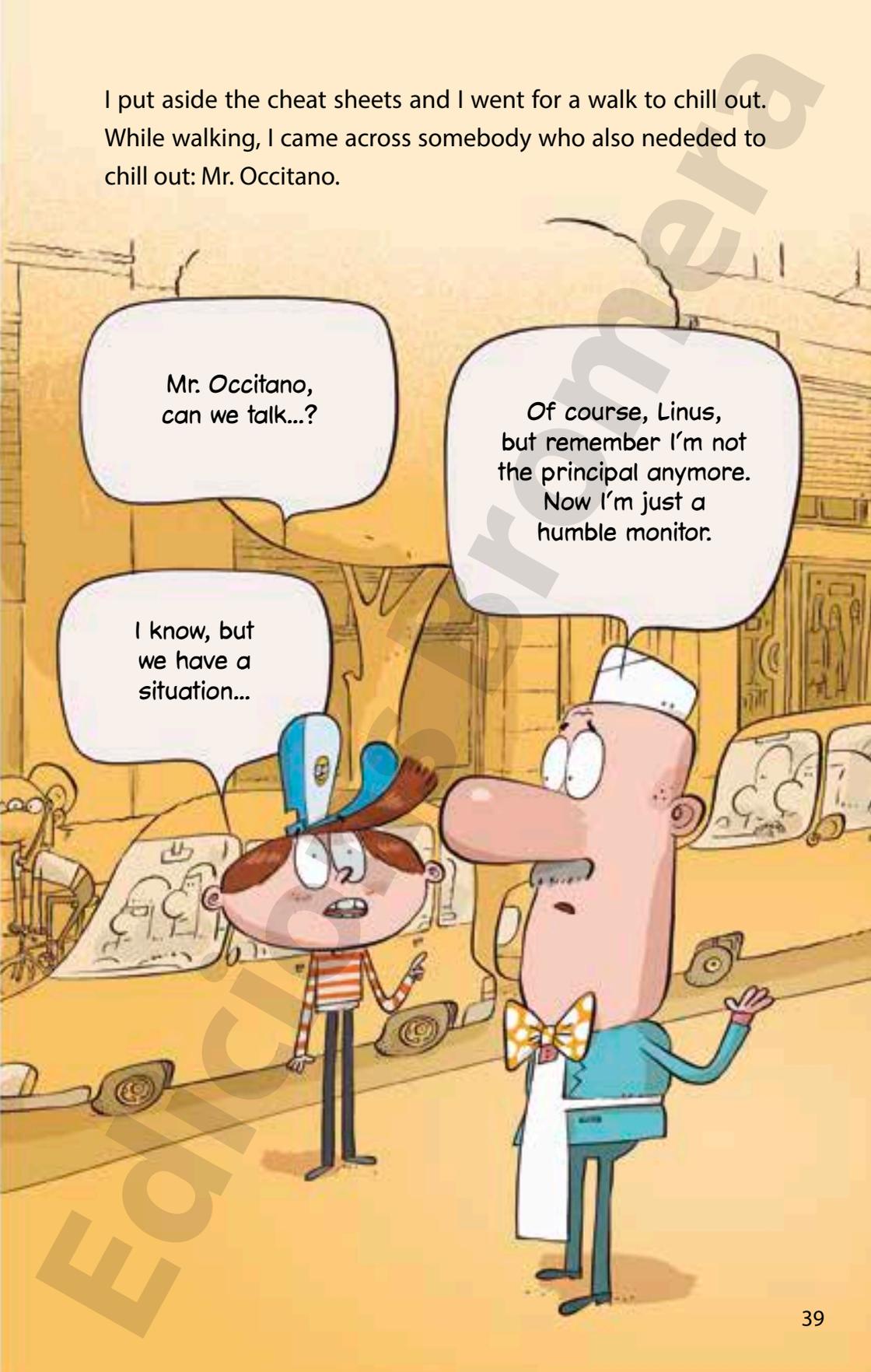
What cheat sheet are we supposed to carry with us if it's impossible for us to know what we are going to be asked?

Now the key is to sell it to our class mates!



I really don't know what's inside this head of his.

I put aside the cheat sheets and I went for a walk to chill out. While walking, I came across somebody who also needed to chill out: Mr. Occitano.

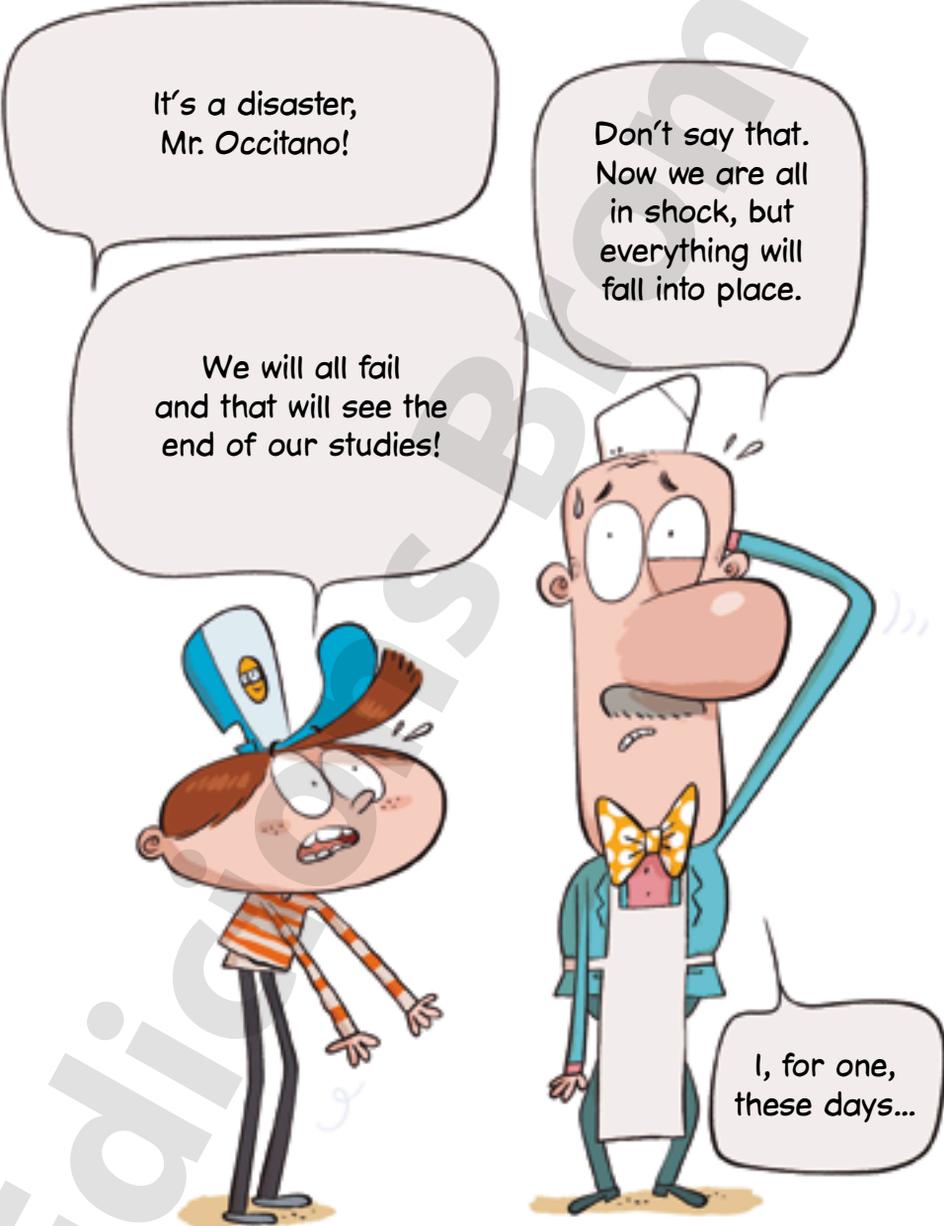


Mr. Occitano,  
can we talk...?

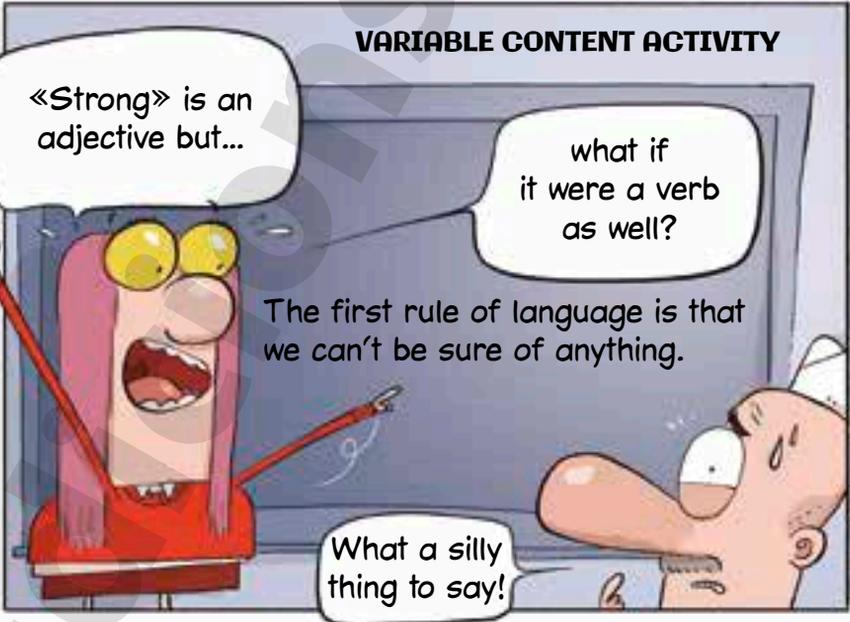
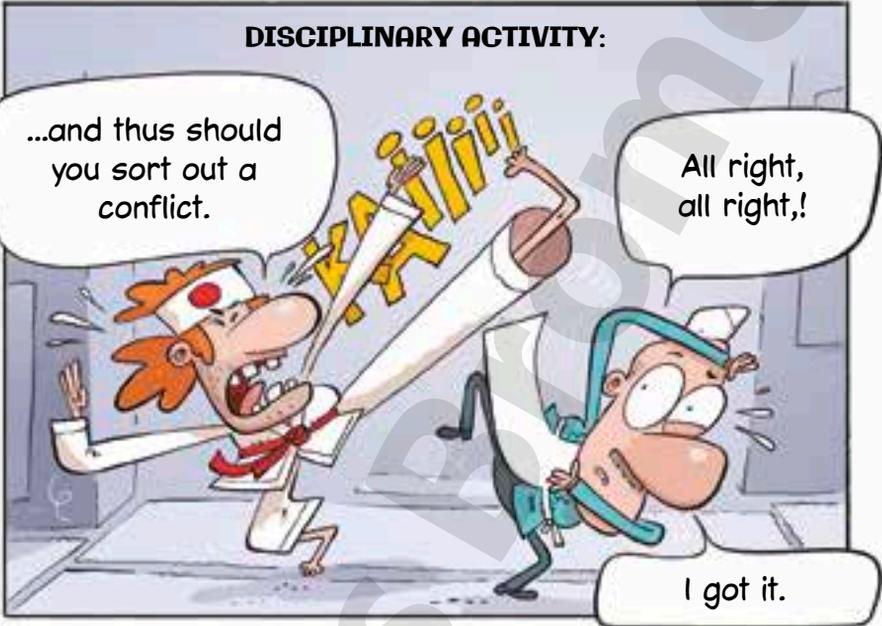
I know, but  
we have a  
situation...

Of course, Linus,  
but remember I'm not  
the principal anymore.  
Now I'm just a  
humble monitor.

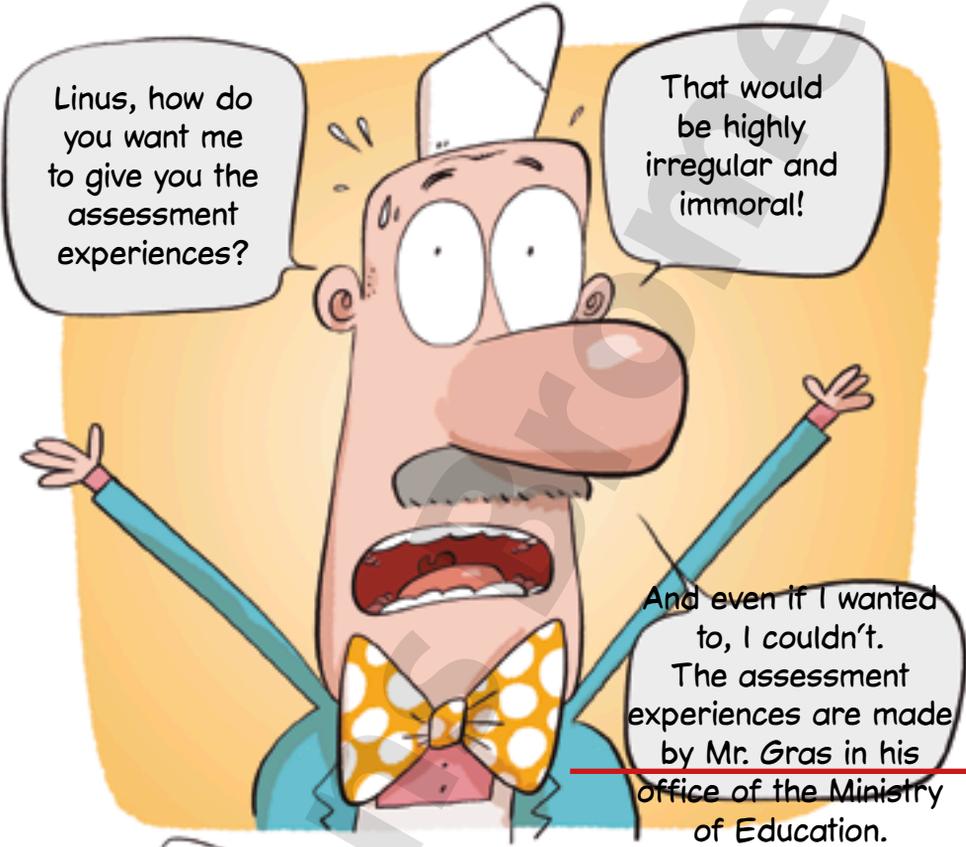
I explained to Mr. Occitano that, in class, we either did nothing or we had to face real atrocities. However, assessment experiences were brutal. I think he already knew that, but he did what grown-ups are so used to doing: avoid discrediting one another.



Mr. Occitano told me what the training course he had to go through consisted of. Two examples were enough for me to realise that everything was horrible, regardless the fact my former principal was trying to downplay it.



The impact that Mr Occitano's explanation had on me was such that I lost my head and, without thinking, I asked him to tell me his assessment experiences.



I looked at Mr. Occitan and felt really sorry for him. He was finished. And, a few minutes later, when I went through the park, I found my colleagues sitting on their bench and...



I met Mr. Occitan and he's finished. Very finished!

Yes, we are finished!

We are condemned to ostracism and disgrace.

This time we won't land on our feet. We will become cannon fodder.

I went home absolutely gutted. Seeing desperate friends is a hard thing. There was nothing I could do. No matter how hard I racked my brains, I couldn't come up with any solution, but suddenly...



Yes!  
Yes, I can  
do something!  
I can do right!

I can steal  
the assessment  
activities!

What is this  
boy doing?

Drugs are  
so very bad!