

Charlotte Habersack: Vol. 1, PLEASE DO NOT OPEN! VISCIOUS!

Bd. 1: Bitte nicht öffnen – Bissig!

Age: 8+ | 240 pages | 978-3-551-65211-9 | pub date: July 2016



ENGLISH SAMPLE TRANSLATION

Chapter 4 – A Yeti in the Front Yard

[...]

‘Hey, are you even listening to me?’ called Nemo. ‘Forget about the snow! There’s a Yeti running around outside! I’m not kidding – a real live Yeti!’ He peered into the garden again. But there was no Yeti to be seen.

‘Stop freaking out.’ Fred placed a hand on his friend’s shoulder.

Nemo couldn’t understand it. Just what was going on? Usually it was Fred who was the worrier of the two. While he always maintained the resting pulse of an elephant no matter what the situation was – unless of course Oda was there. Or a Yeti had just strolled across his front yard!

‘You must be seeing things,’ said Fred. ‘It had to be a cat or a do...ulp.’

The last word he swallowed like a glob of old chewing gum. His eyes widened into saucers. As if turned to stone, he stared down. At the bottom third of the terrace door stood the Yeti, licking the glass pane.

‘Holy guacamole!’ he whispered again, then repeated what Nemo had said just a moment ago. ‘There’s tha ... that thing from the box! Th .. the Yeti! That wasn’t a stuffed toy at all!’

‘That’s what I’m telling you,’ grumbled Nemo. He noticed how he was gradually becoming calm again. Meanwhile, Fred had leapt in a panic behind the dining table and pushed the heavy piece of furniture across the room until it was shoved up against the terrace door.

‘We’ve got to catch it again.’ Fred began stacking the dining chairs on top of the table. ‘Then we’ll stick it back in the box and take it to the post office, just like we planned.’

‘Good thinking! Get the landing net from the cellar,’ Nemo directed. ‘The fishing gear is next to the washing machine. And bring the gardening gloves too. In case it bites! I’ll watch that it doesn’t get away in the meantime.’

‘Oh-kay ...’ Fred hurried toward the cellar staircase, his knees feeling shaky.

Nemo turned back to the terrace door. But the Yeti had vanished. Damn it! Where was the beast hiding? It was there just a second ago!

Nemo pushed the table aside slightly and peered out into the whiteness. He sniffed. An odd smell suddenly filled his nostrils. Like a mixture of Band-Aids, vanilla and wet dog.

And what was that?

A damp mop against his leg?

Nemo looked down and stiffened.

The Yeti squeezed itself through between his legs. It pressed its nose flat up against the glass. A deep voice enquired: ‘Something there interesting looks?’

Chapter 5 – Introducing: Icy Icy Ice-Monsta!

Nemo leapt behind the curtain and yelled.

The Yeti hoisted his spear and yelled even louder.

Fred came up from the cellar and yelled loudest of all. A yellow washing line was slung around his shoulders like a lasso. On his hands he wore Mr Pinkowski’s enormous work gloves, and in his left hand he carried the large landing net. He let the

net drop, bolted towards the sofa then did an impressive body dive into the cushions, where he lay motionless, like a patient waiting to be examined.

‘How did it get inside?’ he asked in a small voice.

‘Beats me!’ Nemo called back. ‘We probably left the front door open.’

‘And how did it get so big all of a sudden?’ Fred’s voice was an octave higher than usual. Nemo peeked out from behind the curtain. Fred was right! The fuzzy critter that in the garage had been no bigger than a Barbie doll, was now as tall as his knees!

‘Arkus, where hiding?’ roared the Yeti and looked fiercely about the room. ‘Outa, coward!’

‘It can speak!’ Nemo said, astonished.

‘Pork?’ The Yeti swivelled around and took a step toward him.

‘Gah! Gah!’ Nemo flapped his hands frantically, as if shooin away a goose. 5

‘Gah! Gah!’ The Yeti copied Nemo’s arm-waving. Clearly it thought it was some kind of greeting ritual. It tilted its head and fixed Nemo with its black button eyes.

‘Stranger,’ it growled. ‘Where from and what nama?’

‘Okay, stay cool,’ Nemo told himself, even though his heart was galloping like a runaway horse. Maybe a friendly approach would work? ‘Hi there!’ he said, trying to sound as relaxed as possible. He placed his right hand on his heart. ‘I’m Nemo.’ He gestured towards the sofa. ‘And that’s Fred.’ Fred sat up and waved.

‘Hi!’ he squeaked, giving a tight smile.

‘And who are you?’ asked Nemo.

‘Introducing!’ The Yeti bowed. ‘I am Icy Ice-Monsta, the velvety soft cuddly toy made from fluffy fleece. The Yeti-Knight with the well-designed toy spear from natural wood and a moveable jaw that snaps shut.’

KLOK!

The Yeti clacked his upper and lower teeth together a couple of times to demonstrate. Then it held out the spear proudly. ‘I can be washed at 30 degrees but am not suitable for children under 3 years of age.’

‘We’re eleven,’ Nemo reassured him.

‘Weird,’ said Fred from the sofa, surprised. ‘He didn’t make a single mistake just then.’

‘Sounded a bit memorised though,’ Nemo remarked. ‘How come you were crying before in the garden?’ he asked the Yeti.

‘I?’ The Yeti pointed indignantly to its furry chest. ‘Icy Ice-Monsta never cry! Icy Ice-Monsta fearless fighta!’

To prove its point, the Yeti whirled the miniature spear around in the air. It looked like a baton-twirler in a street parade.

Yeah right! thought Nemo. He was positive that earlier he had heard the Yeti bawling ‘Canna home!’ in the garden. But clearly this wasn’t something it wanted to talk about. Just then the spear slipped out of the monster’s paw and clattered to the ground. The Yeti chuckled, as if it had been on purpose. Then it yawned loudly, stretched out on the carpet and fell asleep.

Nemo stared in amazement at the snoring fur ball at his feet. Its hair-covered chest rose and fell gently.

‘This is our chance,’ hissed Fred and climbed off the sofa. ‘Let’s put it in the box and bring it to the post office.’

‘But he’ll never fit back in again!’ Nemo whispered. ‘He’s at least twice as big as before.’ He knelt on the ground and carefully stroked over the Yeti’s fur. This had to be the most fantastic thing that had ever happened to him! A living breathing Yeti was actually lying on the floor of his living room and gently purring... It was insane – beyond insane!

‘In any case, he doesn’t seem dangerous,’ he said and stroked a fang cautiously.

Fred swallowed. He took a step back for safety. ‘Don’t be too sure. Anyway, we have to get it out of here.’

‘Absolutely!’ agreed Nemo and stood up again. ‘He can’t stay here. Today’s Friday, and our cleaning lady comes Fridays. There’s no other choice: we’ll have to take him to school with us.’

The cuckoo clock chimed brightly. It was a quarter to.

Fred sighed. ‘So let’s go then.’ He looked around. ‘Have you got a cooler bag?’

© Carlsen Verlag GmbH, Hamburg
Translator: Debbie Lim