

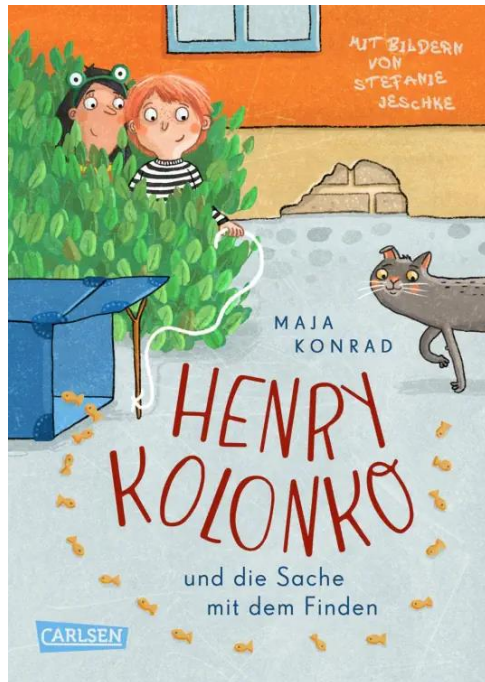


## Maja Konrad: Henry Kolonko and the Deal with Finding Things

Illustrations by Stefanie Jeschke

Henry Kolonko und die Sache mit dem Finden

Age: 8+ | 128 pages | 978-3-551-55842-8 | pub date: 28. September 2023



### ENGLISH SAMPLE TRANSLATION

© Carlsen Verlag GmbH, Hamburg

rough translation  
for sample use only

Please always check the original  
manuscript.



MAJA  
CONRAD

# HENRY KOLONKO

**and the Deal  
with Finding Things**

Illustrations by Stefanie Jeschke

**CARLSEN**

*For Arthur*



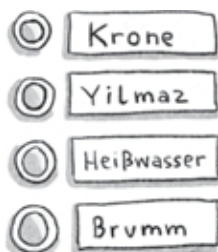
## Content

- 1 Brown cane with lake 9
- 2 The Island - No Trespassing 14
  - 3 Ms Sato 18
  - 4 Pippa Glockenstein 24
  - 5 Grey rabbit with scarf 31
  - 6 Expert for secret codes 37
  - 7 Mission Mimi 44
  - 8 Pippa visiting the island 50
- 9 A set of teeth is looking for a home 55
  - 10 Click! 61
- 11 Picnic evening with the Glockenstein family 67
  - 12 On the Mimi, get set, go! 76
  - 13 Big fight 84
  - 14 Henry remembers 91
- 15 We can't do without Pippa 96
  - 16 Sky blue 102
- 17 The Sentence Treasure Map 106
  - 18 Secretly in the attic 113
  - 19 A huge surprise 119
  - 20 Wanted - found 124
- Acknowledgement* 126
- About the author and the illustrator* 128





## Brown cane with lake



Henry Kolonko ran his finger over the names on the doorbells of Mozartstreet 11.



That was him! He had found him!

An excited tingling sensation spread through Henry's stomach. He looked at the brown, heavily scratched cane in his hand. A dented metal sign was emblazoned on the front, showing a mountain lake. "Alpsee" was written underneath. On the back, someone had carved "A. Zikowski" in fine letters.



Henry had found it in Clara Park, right next to the bench at the playground. A good place to find things! He usually found forgotten umbrellas or favourite cuddly toys there. Or, like last Sunday, sometimes a cane.

Henry leaned the stick next to the front door, took a deep breath and pressed the doorbell.

A moment passed. Quiet crackling.

"Hello?"

An old voice, as suspected.

"I found it!", Henry shouted into the cracks of the speaker.

Then he ran away as fast as he could.

It took a while before a stooped man in beige trousers and grey felt slippers awkwardly opened the front door of Mozartstreet 11. He looked around searchingly.

Then his gaze fell on the cane. His hand came to rest on his mouth. Carefully, he picked up the cane and ran his finger over the little sign with the lake.

He looked around once more before he disappeared back inside, leaning on his cane.

Henry peeked out from behind a parked car on the opposite side of the road and smiled.

He pulled a thick orange notebook out of his backpack. With a pen that looked like a fish,





he wrote on a list next to "A. Zikowski - brown cane with lake": RETURN. He put a tick behind it.

Satisfied, he closed the book and looked up at the cloudless sky. Return days were good days!

Turning into his street, Henry saw a large removal van parked in front of the house. Three men with their sleeves rolled up were carrying a dark green sofa through the front door. As he passed, Henry glanced inside the van: lots of old furniture, a piano, house plants and -

Henry was surprised - a flying elephant?

On the loading area of the car, there was indeed one of those carriages that used to be available at the Konsum. Henry still remembered. You put a euro in it and then it moved.

Henry didn't get to wonder any further because right at that moment, a croaky voice came blaring through the house entrance:

"Don't you dare scratch the banisters here!" Henry rolled his eyes.

Mr Coriander from the ground floor.

Henry quickly squeezed past the removal men and hurried up

the stairs. Under no circumstances did he want to run into the unpopular neighbour.



When Henry walked into the flat, his dad was already sitting at the kitchen table studying the daily newspaper.

Without looking up, he asked, "Well, my boy? Had a good day today?"

He flipped from the world news page to the house ads.

Henry reached for an apple from the fruit bowl that stood in the middle of the table and bit into it.

"Yes. Found the owner of the cane!"

A small drop of apple juice slopped down the corner of his mouth. Henry just managed to catch it with the sleeve of his jumper.

Meanwhile, his dad's nose was stuck in the page with the promotional offers.

"Nah," he said, looking up after all. "Whether school was good, I mean."

He pushed his thick round glasses up and smiled. Henry noticed that the glasses had a small crack. Just above the nose.

"It was okay." Henry shrugged his shoulders. His dad looked as if he wanted to ask something else, but then let it go.

He noticed Henry's glance at his newspaper.

Sighing, his dad folded page 9 with the Lost and Found ads



and pushed it over the crumbs left over from breakfast.

"Here," he said, rubbing his forehead. "If you need anything, you'll let me know, won't you?"

Henry knew that look. It was, "I don't know what to say, but I know your mother would have said something like that."

Henry reached for the newspaper. But his dad continued to hold it.

"That costs one time bringing down the garbage," he said and winked. Then he released the folded page.

Henry sighed in annoyance.

"I'll do it later," he mumbled.

He parked the bitten apple between his teeth, reached for his backpack and slipped the advertisement page under his arm.

Then he made his way to his room.

"Henry, wait a minute!" his dad called after him. "Malte called earlier. He asked if you were going to play football."

"No time," Henry replied curtly before his bedroom door rumbled loudly into the lock.



## The island



Henry entered his "island" with relief. That's what he called his room, because here he could think in peace and quiet and just be by himself. His dad rarely came in, and when he did, he knocked first.

Henry pushed his blue beanbag out of the way and put the newspaper page and the apple on his desk.

From his trouser pocket he pulled a green button.

With an outstretched arm, he took a large jar from the shelf next to his desk and let his find fall into it. He screwed the lid back on and shook it. Henry loved the clicking sound the many colourful buttons inside made. "One hundred and twenty-four," he muttered and put the jar back.

Directly next to it was a glass from which a set of teeth grinned at him.



"Hey, Bity," Henry said, chattering his teeth. He had found it last week and still wondered how someone could lose a set of teeth without noticing. On a piece of paper that he had folded and put next to the glass was written "Karl-Liebkecht-Street, Asia shop - 12 May". Henry noted down the exact location and date of each item he found. He then neatly transferred the whole thing into his orange notebook.

On the bottom shelf, lined up next to each other, were large and small cuddly toys that Henry had found in his neighbourhood:

An elephant with a pink bow ("Photo booth - 1 May") next to a friendly-looking crocodile with only one eye ("Clara Park playground - 12 April"). One further, a grey floppy-eared rabbit with a neckerchief ("Entrance Konsum - 14 May") leaning against a red parrot ("Windowsill, Cem's Shop - 5 March").

Henry reached for the parrot, flicked a switch under its feet and put it back in its place.

"Let's see then," said Henry and the parrot repeated in a croaking robot voice: "Let's see then." Henry giggled.

He took a big bite of his apple and spread the newspaper page on his desk, chewing.



At the top it said in big letters: **I am searching.**  
With a tingle in his stomach, Henry began to study the ads from top to bottom:

*Who accidentally stole a black man's umbrella from the beer garden at the Bavarian railway station on 17 May? Please contact me!*

*We miss our cat Mimi! Last seen: 16 May. Characteristics: Grey-black mackerel, white belly. Small kink in the right ear.*

*Looking for key ring: lost on 15 May, near Burger King, Karl-Liebknecht-Street. Besides two house and basement keys, there is a very personal pendant with a Minnie Mouse on it (pink bow). Finder's reward guaranteed!*

Henry's heart started pounding. A Minnie Mouse pendant! Didn't he find it the day before yesterday?

He looked at the large cork pinboard in front of him. There Henry collected all his other finds: Scarves, dummy chains, a small dog leash with "Boss" written on it, a pencil case someone had painted on and - lots of keys.



Henry had pinned them side by side with large pins. He ran his fingers over the jingling key rings.

"Glitter dolphin, photo pendant, Lego figure, Eiffel Tower ... Mickey Mouse!"

Disappointed, Henry looked at the comic figure. No bow in his hair: unfortunately, that was the wrong mouse.

Henry read over the last advertisements in the newspaper. His excitement had fizzled out completely by now.

So no hit today.

Determined, Henry threw the remaining apple into the bin.

Tomorrow after school he would visit Mrs Sato!

