

## Claudia Scharf: The Secret of Nox: Light, Shadow – Flying Rats! (vol. 1)

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### Das Geheimnis von Nox 1: Licht, Schatten – Flederratten!

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### ENGLISH SAMPLE TRANSLATION

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# Day - The World



**BORRE BRONKY**

Fill's oldest sandbox buddy. Knows all the best Nox horror stories. Parents: Berno and Elka Bronky, innkeepers at the *Golden Cockerel* Inn.



**HAGEN**

Retired teacher, director of the Vivarium. Loves all creepy-crawlies and slimy animals.



**RINYA HACK**

Nasty, mean, gleeful. No wonder - her father is the same: Rio Hack, Quaschelbauer, Glenn Willekin's biggest competitor.



**MISS MORTY**

Teacher of animal and creature science. Children come to her when they have a problem.

**LENIA LOBO**

Super smart and Fill's best friend.  
Mother: Leonora Lobo, Minister in the Daylling Parliament  
Father: Tinkerer. Rarely encountered.

**THE HEINZELMEISTERCHEN**

Something like a janitor at the Rundel School.  
They only work in secret.



**SUNPIXIE BODI**

Likes to annoy the sun elf from the bramble hag.



# under the Sun



## The Magic Triumvirate

Old Buringel,  
Mancox the claw-footed,  
and creature number 3 -  
the magical three, powerful  
wizards.



### FILL WILLEKIN

Loves Sun Ball and  
Comics and when  
something is going on.

Father: Glenn Willekin,  
Quaschelbauer in  
the 21st generation.

Mother: no longer alive.

# Nox - The World



GLYXI

Glow-worm girl with a penchant for adventure. Likes to play hide and seek.




ISSA ULLOSSO

Brave and adventurous. The daytime world fascinates her.

TATZ

Fills tomat. Weird -  
because cats are actually  
night creatures ...



# under the Moon

## XIPPE, A THUNDERSTORM GOAT

When she gets upset, a storm  
comes up. Unpredictable.




## LUFF FROM THE MOUNTAIN, A MACICOBOLD

Macicobolds are the postmen of the nightlings -  
and Luff is a particularly nice one.



It watches over the  
separation of day and night.

**The Magic Triumvirate**



**Stay away from the night, for  
daylings the day is made.**

That is the rule.


The day belongs to the daylings, sun elves,  
butterflies, songbirds and many other day  
creatures.

After sunset, however, Nox awakens, the  
realm of glittering stars and twinkling fireflies,  
home to nightlings, macicobolds, foxes and  
hedgehogs and countless other creatures of the  
dark.

The Magic Ones, powerful sorcerers, watch  
over the separation of light and dark.

No daylings enters Nox, that's  
how it was at all times.

And then came Fill.





## CHAPTER 1

### A Sun Pixie Hangs Out

Like most daylings, Fill Willekin had a sunny nature. A fragrant lard coffee for breakfast was enough to put him in a good mood, he could laugh his head off at his Captain Solex comics and when his team was playing in the Sun Ball, there was hardly a happier boy under the sun.

But there was one thing he didn't like: waiting. And they had been squatting in front of this little hole in a nondescript pile of rubble for ages! Fill groaned. "He must have found another exit long ago!"

"I don't think so," said Fill's buddy Borre without moving an inch. "He's stalking us."

Lenia, Fill's best friend, shook her head and beamed. "Patience, boys. This is going to be the best school project ever !" She excitedly held her open backpack in front of the tiny cave. "Fire in Nox - and we're bringing a fire salamander! A real night creature! Now that's a blast!"

Again Borre and Lenia stared at the rock like a lurking snake at a rabbit hole. Fill looked longingly at the three horses grazing a little way away from them. "I thought we were going for a ride! Since we have the horses ..." The animals belonged to everyone in Rundeling in common and it was not so easy to get hold of three at once.

Lenia and Borre did not answer.

Fill's patience snapped. "Hello? That salamander is long gone! Watch!" He bent down and reached his hand between the stones. "There, you see ...? Waaaaaah!" A jet of flame blazed out of the hole, followed by a hoarse hiss. Fill squealed and hastily pulled his arm back. "Ouch, man! The beast burned me!" He shook his hand. "Guys, there's a fire salamander in there!"

"There *was* a fire salamander in there!" scolded Lenia, while a pitch-black little lizard with flaming yellow spots took its chance and disappeared under the pile of rubble. Borre jumped back, startled.

"Ow!" yowled Fill. "I thought it was just a legend that they spit fire!"

"Like hell!" yelled Borre and hastily climbed onto the black mare that was closest to him. "If he wants to, he can blow us all up! That's the way night creatures are! Come on, let's get out of here!"

"Oh nonsense, he felt threatened." Lenia stood up. "It's a real shame - but I admit it's probably better not to carry the little animal around in a backpack ..." She turned to Fill. "Let me see your hand ... you can't see a thing."

"Yes, look!" Fill said and turned his hand back and forth with a suffering expression.

But Lenia was musing to herself. "Do you think we could bring your cat to the presentation?" she thought.

"I'd love to have a wild night creature with me!"

"That creepy beast? No way!" shouted Borre. Fill laughed. "Tatz is the cuddliest cat there is! Believe me, he's definitely not a night creature."

"Not a chance! We're not taking a scratching devil with us," Borre insisted. "I'm not crazy!" He looked up the hill. "Hey, guys! I've got an idea: whoever gets to the stone circle last does the paper alone! Have fun!" He clicked his tongue and galloped off.

"Yee-ha!" cheered Lenia. She swung herself onto a slender white horse, chased over a small stone wall and thundered after Borre. Her dark crested head had already disappeared at the end of the apple orchard.

"Hey, what? Wait!" exclaimed Fill, taken aback. "That's not fair! Hey!" But his friends had finally made off.



Hastily Fill pulled himself onto the remaining horse, an extremely aged mare that had been retired for a long time. "Come on, Berta, let's show them!" He gave a little pressure in the thighs and tried to urge her on.

"Come on, you can do it!" Oh boy! How was such a cosy granny supposed to compete with these long-legged show-offs?

To Fill's surprise, however, Berta actually fell into something of a trot. She looked left and right, visibly proud of her sprint. "Yes! Good!", Fill cheered her on and ducked lower. "Great, girl, keep going!" Now she was almost jogging!

And then came the wall.

The horse stopped, confused - and bent down happily for a few daisies.

Fill sighed. For a moment he thought about whether he might be faster on foot. He squinted against the afternoon sun. In front of him stretched the gentle hills of the Wild Rose Valley, to his left lay the sparse Rundel forest. Between them meandered the glittering waters of the Ooka, in this part of the valley more of a stream than a river. A well-trodden path along the banks of the river led over the hills of the valley in a wide curve to the old stone circle.

And suddenly Fill had an idea: they needed a shortcut!

"Berta, listen: Geometry lesson." The mare raised her head while chewing. "The shortest connection between two points is the straight line," Fill continued - his solar technology teacher Professor Parnickel would be proud of him. Berta, on the other hand, unimpressed, plucked another daisy.

"That means: We cross the river, ride across the forest and save the whole bend. Then we'll get there before the others!"

Berta snorted. Fill sighed and regretfully pulled out his last trump card: "You'll get my strawberry apple."

Berta looked up. She loved strawberry apples! With that, the matter was clear. The mare calmly let herself be steered down to the bank and walked through the shallow water. On the other side of the river she stopped and raised her head.

Fill was also listening. A spring breeze blew through the sparse grove and made the poplar leaves rustle. A cuckoo greeted. A branch creaked.

Fill hesitated. He didn't come to the forest often. No one came here often, it was simply not a place a dayling entered willingly. Especially not alone. Too gloomy ... "Now pull yourself together," Fill said to himself. Nothing - nothing! - was as gloomy as the idea of working out that darned paper all alone! "Let's go then, old girl." he said, and Berta put her shaggy hooves in front.

And they immersed themselves in the shade under the trees.

Fill immediately felt the changed, humid air on his skin. The wild, spicy scent of wild garlic rose to his nose and involuntarily he held his breath. Berta, however, walked through the yellow cushions of lesser celandine with great satisfaction. No wonder, as she was a forest horse and had pulled many mighty oak trunks out of the forest in her prime.

Next to them, the Ooka murmured. The sun found its way through the soft green foliage and speckled the bank with bright spots. A bright yellow oriole fluttered away towards the river. All around them, birds seemed to be singing their spring songs. Gradually Fill relaxed. Lenia would like that, she loved the sound of birdsong ... With a gentle click, he spurred Berta on and her heavy hooves moved dull over the soft forest floor.

"Ha!" exclaimed Fill as the old barn on the other side of the river came into view. "Berta, we're almost there!" He was looking forward to seeing Borre's face when he thundered towards the stone circle, completely out of breath, but Fill was waiting for him there, extra bored ...

Grinning, Fill pressed himself closer to Berta's fragrant fur. "You're just the best!" he was saying proudly when he noticed something strange out of the corner of his eye. A red-spotted bird? Had he been sleeping in his class about animals and other beings again?

Fill raised his head - and almost toppled off the horse's back: Hanging high up in a gnarled oak tree was a sun pixie. White-blond hair, translucent skin, pointed ears - he looked just like in Fill's school book. So almost exactly the same: in the book, the elf-like creature stood on a mound of golden moss with a solemn expression on her face and let herself be illuminated by the sun.

This pixie, however, was dangling upside down from a twisted branch, held up only by a pair of pants with bright red dots. And he didn't look very solemn.

Berta had already trotted past. "Brrrrrr," Fill said hurriedly, "wait a minute." He turned the horse and looked up. "Is everything all right?" he called uncertainly.

The pixie said nothing for a moment, then pulled his face into the sunniest sun pixie smile and replied, "Yes, thank you, I'm fine!"

"Looks a bit dangerous," Fill said cautiously. "Can I help you?"

At the same moment there was a crunch, the branch gave way and the pixie hurtled downwards.

## CHAPTER 2

### The Climbing Rescuer

"Waaah!" The pixie was now dangling over the bubbling river. "Okay, dayling, think hard: I'm stuck here, head down like a darned flying rat, and in a minute this rotten branch is going to crash through and I ..." he squinted his eyes tightly, "... hate! Water!" He opened one eye and looked down. "Will your lice-ridden little head come this far?"

I beg your pardon? Fill couldn't take his breath away. Whoever had hung this impudent wretch in the tree - well done! "Nice to meet you," he said when he had regained his speech. "I'll have to be off then, have a nice day. Berta - let's go."

"Hey, stop!" The little boy's voice suddenly sounded pleading. "I'm sorry, I ... Man, I'm just having a real gloomy day today. Please, help me! Please!"

Fill only growled instead of answering, but secretly he was more than excited. Sure, the little guy had a big mouth, but hello? Rescuing a real sun pixie - how cool was that? And without thinking any further, he called out: "Okay, wait, I'm coming up!"

"Yes, all right, I'll wait," Fill heard, followed by a low hum.

The oak had spreading gnarled branches that jutted out in all directions, its bark deep furrows that could be easily grasped - it was the perfect climbing tree. Fill jumped onto the wide cross branches, pulled himself up and in no time he was way up there. "Hi, I'm Fill, amazing view you have!"

He grinned. "Yes, this is a great place to hang out," replied the pixie. "So what's the next step?"

Good question. Fill's plan did not yet include any "next steps". He looked along the branch that towered over the river in front of him and at the end of which the sun pixie hung like an overripe quash fruit. Could Fill just climb up to him? Not a good idea, the branch had already broken away from the trunk a good bit. Berta neighed from below. all She sounded worried somehow. "It's alright, Berta, I've got everything under control!", Fill called down to her.

The pixie made an incomprehensible noise. His bare feet dangled in the wind.

"Where are your clothes anyway?" wondered Fill.

The little pixie sighed. "Dearest dayling, I'll gladly tell you all about my clothes, my hobbies and my great-grand aunt Aoriguahnies, but ..." "In a minute, I've got an idea!" exclaimed Fill. He sat down in a wide branch and took off a trainer.

Then he unthreaded the bright blue shoelace. They were no ordinary shoelaces - his father had bought them for Fill at the magic market in winter because he found them so practical. They were endless laces, always as long as you needed

them. Fill had not been particularly enthusiastic - until that moment! "Are you going to undress now?" the sun pixie asked skeptically.

"Nonsense, I have a plan!" exclaimed Fill proudly. He slipped off the other trainer and the socks and let everything plop down. He could climb better barefoot anyway - there was one more floor to go up.

Just above the pixie, another branch rose into the air. Fill lay down on his stomach on this branch, tightly clinging to it with his legs and carefully pushed himself forward.

He held the shoelace firmly in one hand and wriggled forward like a snake.

Whew. Quite high on the tree, looking down like that. Branch after branch after branch branch formed an endless pattern and white water foamed underneath ... For a moment Fill's head became dizzy. He bit his lips and looked ahead again. A little further and he had arrived above the sun pixie.

"Okay, watch out" Fill said. "I'm going to let down a rope. You'll grab it and I'll pull you up."

The pixie whimpered in agony. "You mean I'll be swinging in the air?"

"You can do it," Fill encouraged him. He lowered the lace. The ribbon grew longer and longer and finally danced in front of the pixie's face like a tasty fly in front of a frog. "Come on, grab the rope!"

"It's not a rope, it's a shoelace!" the pixie whined.

"It'll hold," Fill assured him, fervently hoping that was true.

"Got him," said the pixie, and his voice was no more than a despondent bleep.

"All right, then I'll get you up!" shouted Fill. He pulled up the shoelace and "Haaah!"

"Waaah!"

Fill almost rolled off the branch. He wrapped the shoelace tightly around his fingers. "No harm done, got you!"

"Well, I'm still hanging here!" the pixie beeped. "Just upwards now."

Fill looked down cautiously. Sure enough, the pixie's boxers were caught in the branch, but the shoelace was pulling him up by his arms.

"Wait, I'm going to shake the lace a bit," Fill said. "You have to kind of wiggle out."

The pixie looked close to tears. "I don't know what 'wiggeling out' is supposed to be, and I really don't want to do that. I'm going to fall!"

"You can do it," Fill implored him again. "Go on, wiggle!" The pixie jerked back and forth and Fill pulled and shook the shoelace around - and suddenly the sun pixie was free! The sudden jerk caused the rope to swing back and forth, the little guy clung to it, crying, its bare bottom shining in the sun. "Mamaaa!" it whimpered with narrowed eyes.

"You did it! Hold on tight!" shouted Fill. He proudly held the string with the sun pixie on it like a fisherman holds his fishing rod, reeled it in a bit and slid back to the safe branch fork, satisfied. "There you go."

"Ouch!"

"Oops, sorry! Fill had accidentally let the pixie swing against the tree trunk.

"Hang on, I'll pull you up." Fill hurriedly retrieved the cord.

The sun pixie was a single heap of misery. His light blond hair was sticking out in all directions. An adventurous bump was growing on his head and he held his hands in front of his naked little body in exhaustion. "I just want to get down from here.

Fill had thought he was a fast climber - but that was nothing compared to the little sun pixie. In no time at all he had scampered down the oak tree, more nimble than any squirrel.

While Fill was still looking for the way, the pixie was already hopping back and forth and hastily weaving itself a little skirt out of a few leaves. "That verminous demon of a pixie!" he grumbled to himself.



"I'll get him back!"

"Who are you talking about?" Fill landed softly on the floor with a jump. Berta gave him a gentle nudge in greeting

"Oh, just a pixie from the blackberry bush! Against this foolish pixie, every dayling is a genius ...", the sun pixie paused briefly, "... no offence." He fastened the last leaf. "He hung me on the oak just like that! He'll regret that!"

"Just like that?", Fill wondered. He bent down for his shoes and socks and Berta poked him again.

"Yeah, he can't take a joke. I had a little joke ... Never mind." The pixie unwound the shoelace, now tiny, from his wrist and handed it to Fill. "Here you go."

Fill threaded it again. "There, done." He happily jumped to his feet - and received the next horse shove. "What's wrong, Berta?"

"Thank you for helping me." said the pixie softly, "I would give you a present, but ..." He regretfully showed his empty hands.

"Oh nonsense." Fill smiled. "Was glad to do it. What do you think the others say when they hear ... Oh no!" Fill slapped his hand over his mouth. "I'm such a moon sheep! I've got to go! My friends are waiting!"

Berta almost seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. She stopped pestering Fill and waited for him to swing onto her back. The sun pixie watched with interest.

"What is your name?" Fill asked from above.

"Boudibiua Moireasdanach." The pixie bowed almost imperceptibly. Then he grinned. "But you, dayling with the golden eyes - Fill, may also call me Piepsipups. Or just Bodi! Have a nice day!" He turned, slipped into a lush forest strawberry bush and was gone the next moment.

## CHAPTER 3

### Before Nox Awakens

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As Fill galloped towards the old stone circle, he stumbled. Lenia was alone. Where was Borre? Only in the second moment did he notice something else: The sun, which dramatically illuminated the rocks from behind was low already. Very deep.

"Fill!" Lenia's voice almost cracked. "There you finally are! Come on, we have to go!"

Startled, Fill realised that his best friend had been crying. "Hey, what happened?" "What happened?" repeated Lenia fiercely. "You just disappeared, that's what happened!" She almost shouted.

"I thought the Raboises had taken you!" She glared angrily at him.

"Oh dear," Fill said honestly contrite. He had never seen Lenia so angry. "I'm sorry about that, Lenny. But now we have to hurry home before Nox wakes up! Look, the sun will be setting soon!"

Lenia laughed out. "Oh, you don't say! Fill Willekin, you are unbelievable. - Come on, Balinor." Lenia's white horse started to move and the two friends galloped down the hill. Fill was relieved to see how well Berta was keeping up; apparently the forest air had strengthened her.

"And where is Borre?" he called out to Lenia. His friend looked at him sheepishly and then quickly averted her eyes. "He also waited with me ... briefly, that is. But ... well, he thought maybe you'd already ridden home because of- how deep the sun already is. And you know, before we get lost in Nox ..." Fill nodded. "Sure, so he'd better leave ..." But part of him was a little disappointed. Had his best mate just abandoned him that easily? Grateful, he smiled at Lenia. At least she had waited.

"So what was that all about?" she asked. A grin flitted across Fill's face. "Well, I met a sun pixie - sort of saved his life!" For a moment Lenia forgot their wild ride. "Really? Wow! And where?"

Fill grinned. "I was in the forest." Lenia jerked her head around, startled, and Fill quickly continued: "Yes, I know," he said soothingly, "I just wanted a short cut to the stone circle. And suddenly there was Bodi, a real sun pixie. He would have fallen off an oak tree - if I hadn't saved him." That sounded really good. "You should have seen him," Fill chuckled, "he only had his underpa..."

A hoarse screech rang through the air. Fill fell silent. Lenia's eyes widened and she tried to calm Balinor, who had stumbled in fright.

"What was that?", Fill brought out.

Lenia, who could identify just about every bird peep, laughed hysterically. "They must be ember crows. They're also called 'the cocks of Nox' because they herald the night." She took a deep breath. "Fill, by Nox, what do we do now? We won't make it back in daylight."

Fill swallowed. His friend was right. Rundeling was still a long way off. "My father will go crazy," he muttered. "He always goes completely nuts when it comes to Nox..."

Lenia only snorted. She was probably thinking of her mother who worked as a minister for the parliament and was super strict about everything. The friends looked at each other - and had the same idea in the same second. "The Maw" Fill cursed.

Lenia swallowed. "We have to take a short cut through the forest."

"At least I know the way now," Fill said, but he barely managed to encourage himself with it.

"Let's go then." Lenia steered Balinor towards the water. "Let's go."