

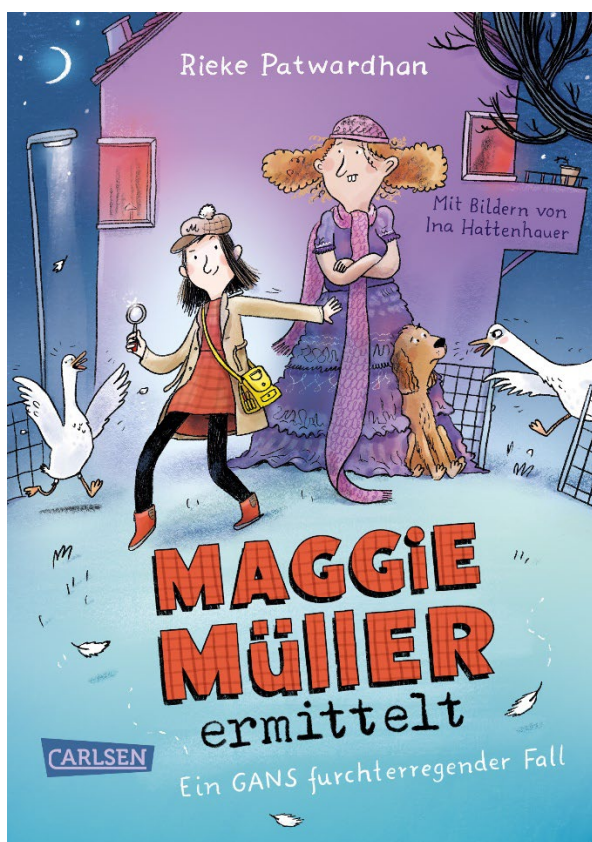
# Rieke Patwardhan: Vol. 1, Maggie Investigates: A Goose-Bumping Case

Illustrated by Ina Hattenhauer

---

## Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein gans furchterregender Fall

Age: 8+ | 176 pages | 978-3-551-55954-8 | pub date: September 2025



ENGLISH SAMPLE TRANSLATION

© Carlsen Verlag GmbH, Hamburg

Rough translation. For sample use only.

Please always check the original manuscript

## A Purple Woolly Hat Causes Trouble

"Geese are cool animals," Violeta had said. "Smart, fearless, and incredibly strong."

Unfortunately, she forgot to mention that geese have one major disadvantage: they fight back with all their might when you try to cover their beaks. But that's exactly what Samuel and I had to do on a very cold and wet October evening to save our lives! And the geese's!

I'll tell you, solving a crime is no walk in the park.

But maybe I'd better start at the beginning?

It all started with that stupid reading. I was really horrified when Ms. Krause proudly announced that a children's book author named Violeta Winkelmann was coming to our class to read from her latest book. I even had to skip the Formula 1 seminar because of it! In case anyone doesn't know, What the Formula 1 seminar is (which I can understand with such a stupid name): It's a special class for students who have very good grades or are otherwise strange in some way. I like going there – because of Samuel. He's the only sensible person at my school, maybe even the only sensible person my age. But you shouldn't jump to conclusions when you don't have all the facts.

In any case, I was in a bad mood. What's better? Being read a stupid children's story or tinkering with Samuel on our kefir-powered spaceship? Exactly!

But then Ms. Krause mentioned the title of the book, and my mood immediately improved. "The Raccoon Gang Strikes Again"—that could only be a mystery!

"Raccoon Gang" was definitely the code name of a bunch of super gangsters who specialized in money laundering—something an experienced crime novel reader (like me) notices right away.

But the best was yet to come.

### **VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)

"After the reading, you can ask the author questions," said Ms. Krause. "Just write them down."

From that moment on, I didn't waste another thought on the Formula 1 seminar, but immediately pulled out my pen. One thing is certain: as soon as I finish school, I'm moving to Scotland – to a particularly lonely spot in the Highlands, of course – and there I'll solve crimes. After all, everyone knows that this lonely mountain landscape is teeming with unsolved crimes and that Police Scotland urgently needs the help of Maggie Müller!

I'll write crime novels about my investigations in my spare time. That's what you call clever reuse. And I'm sure I could learn a lot from a real author. Or so I thought back then...

When Violeta Winkelmann stumbled in four and a half minutes late because she couldn't find our classroom, I should have known that this woman had no idea about proper detective work. And then her clothes: a purple woolly hat! A red scarf! A green puffer jacket! Anyone who looks like that has never given a thought to camouflage in their life. And camouflage is so important! When solving crimes, of course, but also in life in general.

Unfortunately, it wasn't just my first impression of Violeta Winkelmann that was disappointing, but also her book. The raccoon gang wasn't a group of highly intelligent gangsters, but a bunch of rather dim-witted raccoon children who, strangely enough, went to school and got up to all sorts of nonsense there. Although any reasonable person knows that raccoons don't do such things, my classmates found the story hilarious. I, on the other hand, did not. I found it boring.

When it was finally time to ask our questions, I jumped up immediately and raised my arm. Violeta Winkelmann looked a little startled, but she called on me.

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)

"Hello, my name is Maggie Müller, and you don't know it yet, but soon we'll be colleagues." Then, to be on the safe side, I fired off all my questions at once—after all, you never know if you'll get another chance:

1. How many crime novels have you written?
2. How many crimes have you solved?
3. What martial arts do you practice?
4. How do you work with the police?
5. Which crime writer have you learned the most from?
6. What book on investigative techniques would you recommend?
7. What are your top three tips on the subject of consulting?
8. What are your top three tips on self-defense?

Actually, I also wanted to ask for tips on how to blend in, but I spontaneously crossed this question off the list for obvious reasons.

The author glanced at Mrs. Krause for help, but when she shrugged apologetically, she turned back to me.

"Those are really good questions. And so many! But I can't answer them. You see, I don't write crime novels."

"Why don't you write crime novels?"

Violeta Winkelmann's face turned bright red. "Well ... Its just not really my thing."

"You find talking raccoons more interesting than criminals?"

"Maggie!" Ms. Krause somehow managed to give me a warning look and at the same time smile reassuringly at Ms. Winkelmann. "Yes, that's Maggie for you, she always wears her heart on her sleeve! Maybe someone else would like to know something? Yes, Lotta?"

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)

"How do you come up with such brilliant ideas?" asked Lotta, and I sank into my chair with a sigh. And while my classmates continued to ask totally boring questions about the totally boring book, I pondered what on earth had gone wrong again.

Between you and me, I know situations like this all too well. It seems like I'm constantly stepping on other people's toes. Figuratively speaking, of course. I try so hard to be nice and polite, but somehow it just doesn't work. That's why everyone thinks I'm weird, even Mom and Dad, even though they wouldn't say so. But there are a suspicious number of self-help books on their bookshelves with titles like "My Child Is Different from the Others," "How Children Make Friends," and, strangely enough, "Seven Ways to Make My Child Happy."

But I'm not unhappy at all! I don't think I'm weird, nor do I long for more social interaction.

Samuel is enough. We've known each other since kindergarten, where he immediately caught my eye because he wore such beautiful red glasses. But everything has its good sides. Of course, I read the guidebooks secretly—and who knows, maybe my knowledge of the intricacies of the human soul will come in handy when hunting criminals!

"Maggie, come here for a moment, please!"

Not this too! After this terrible day at school, I just wanted to go home and play the bagpipes. Besides, it was obvious what Mrs. Krause wanted from me. Talk about how things didn't go so well today with her project "Maggie behaves like the rest of the world." Discuss that you can't just jump up and ask a bunch of questions that aren't even directly related to the topic...

But this time, my detective instincts weren't right.

"You live on Drosselstieg, don't you?"

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)

I nodded and managed to stop myself from saying "Stupid question!" Because it was a stupid question! If our class list says I live on Drosselstieg, then that's where I live, and there's no need to talk about it any further.

"Well, that's very close to our wonderful author. How lovely!" She beamed, and I didn't understand a thing. A woman who prefers to write raccoon stories rather than crime novels is definitely not "my" wonderful author.

From somewhere, Mrs. Krause pulled out something purple. "It would be very nice if you could return her cap to her. She left it here."

"Hmpf!" Reluctantly, I took the hideous thing.

As if that weren't enough, Mrs. Krause patted me on the shoulder approvingly and said, "Here's the address, Maggie—thank you very much! See you tomorrow!" And then she was gone.

I sighed.

## The Songbird Settlement

It was already getting dark when the purple woolly hat and I set off for the address Mrs. Krause had hurriedly written on a piece of paper. Goldammerweg 12 is actually not far from Drosselstieg 7, where I live with my parents. Nevertheless, I had never been to Goldammerweg before. It's not on my usual route.

My usual routes are as follows:

1. The way to school: turn right out of the house, then take the second left into Distelfinkweg, follow it to the end until you reach the main road where the school is located.
2. The way to bagpipe lessons on Tuesdays at 6 p.m.: turn right out of the house, then go straight ahead, past the church, then take the first left into Kleibersteig, where the music center is located
3. The way to self-defense training (with Samuel) Fridays at 3:30 p.m.: turn right out of the house, then immediately left onto Rotkehlchenweg, take the second left onto Blaukehlchengasse and enter the backyard at No. 23.

In case anyone hasn't noticed: for purely coincidental reasons, I always leave the house on the right, but Goldammerweg is on the left. So I had never seen Violeta Winkelmann's house before – because if I had walked past it even once, I would have remembered it. That's for sure!

To understand the shock that the sight of the house caused me, you need to know a little bit about the Songbird Settlement – "our beautiful Songbird Settlement," as our neighbors call it. The houses are small and neat, as are the gardens. All the houses are painted in soft cream tones. Beige or yellow (but not too yellow),

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)

maybe a soft orange (but not too orange), and when Mrs. Patil from number 5 wanted to paint her garage door red, Mom had a friendly chat with her. After that, the door became beige.

Violetas' house, on the other hand, was purple. Bright purple. It was the last house on the right before Goldammerweg turned into the allotment garden association, and it stood out from the cream-colored row of houses like a rotten tooth in a perfect set of teeth. Next to the door, the wall paint was peeling off, the windows were crooked and warped, and Maggie Müller's expert eye immediately spotted a few loose roof tiles. No, Mom and Dad would not have been happy with this house in their neighborhood.

Instead of a doorbell, Violeta Winkelmann used an old-fashioned cowbell. It made a terrible noise when I pulled it, and I bit my lower lip. I can't stand unexpected noises.

Strangely, there was no movement in the house, even though light was clearly visible behind the curtains. On the spur of the moment, I pulled the hideous wool cap over my ears and rang the bell again. Nothing. Hmm. Naturally, someone destined to be a top investigator has her own thoughts on the matter. Was Violeta Winkelmann just a terrible environmental sinner who left her whole house lit up even though she wasn't home? Or was this a crime?

If you think this is an overreaction, fine! There are plenty of people who don't think anyone is capable of doing anything bad. But I'm definitely not one of them! Besides, I'm definitely not one of those people who are afraid! That's why I just had to investigate what was going on in that house. I rattled the front door briefly, which, as expected, wouldn't open, then I made my way to Violeta Winkelmann's garden. My plan was to walk around the house and take a peek through the living room window from behind—a technique I had picked up from my favorite TV detective. It was quite possible that the author was lying

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)



poisoned on the floor! Or that a criminal was standing in front of her with a gun, preventing her from opening the door!

I was just about to turn the corner when I heard strange noises. A loud hissing sound? Strange, gangsters usually try to be as quiet as possible! I crept forward cautiously and, in the gathering darkness, almost ran into a tall green chain-link fence. Somewhere behind that fence, there was a hissing sound so menacing that anyone who didn't happen to suffer from an "I'm not afraid of anything or anyone!" disorder would surely have felt the blood freeze in their veins. I didn't feel a thing.

I opened the door of the chain-link fence and ran forward until I could peek around the corner of the house. By now it was too dark to see who or what was making the strange noises, let alone why. So I crept further and further into the surprisingly large garden, and just as I was wondering whether Mrs.

Winkelmann had perhaps installed a rather strange alarm system, two attackers came at me out of nowhere! Reflexively, I got into my fighting stance (three years of self-defense classes don't go to waste), but as soon as I realized who was really after me, I immediately changed my strategy.

Have you ever been attacked by geese? No? Me neither, until now. But luckily, the video "Ten things you must do when you are attacked by geese" had prepared me well for this situation.

Mom always says I shouldn't waste my precious time on YouTube, but as you can see once again, I know what I'm doing.

Fortunately, it was enough to follow the first five points of the video:

1. stay calm
2. don't try to scare the goose away
3. don't turn your back on the goose
4. slowly back away

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)

## 5. do not run away

So I slowly backed away toward the fence, keeping my eyes fixed on the two imposing geese, which followed me with outstretched wings and hissing menacingly (but at least at a distance). Staying calm was no problem at all, even though I found the two geese quite powerful, if not a little over-important.

"Haflo? Hallo? Is anyone there?"

The voice behind me sounded frightened.

Of course, I didn't let that distract me and only turned around once I had carefully closed the wire mesh gate behind me, leaving the geese behind, honking indignantly.

Violeta Winkelmann had opened her front door a tiny crack, just enough for me to catch a glimpse of her green puff sweater.

"Who's there? I'm warning you! I... I have a guard dog!" Somehow, I didn't understand the situation. If she was so afraid, why had she opened the door in the first place? Shaking my head, I stepped out of the darkness and waved my purple cap.

"It's just me, Maggie Müller! I'm just bringing you your hat. You left it at our school."

A deep sigh of relief was the answer.

"Oh, it's you! The crime novel fan. Thank you so much for coming all this way."

She leaned a little further out of the door and waved me over. As I approached, I had to bite back a laugh. Not only did Mrs. Winkelmann have a baseball bat in her hand (even though she didn't look like she could handle it, spindly as she was), but next to her sat a very corpulent cocker spaniel, wagging his tail happily on the floor. So much for guard dogs!

"Why didn't you answer the door? You can hardly miss the bell!" I handed her the cap.

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)

"I did!" She turned the cap awkwardly between her hands.

"But it took forever!"

Mrs. Winkelmann looked as if she was trying to decide whether to confide an important secret to me.

"It's..." She peered cautiously around the sides. "It's because of the locks. Here! It takes time."

She pointed to what was probably the strangest door I had ever seen. It had no fewer than five locks and two bolts.

"Wow! You're afraid of burglars. Is there anything to steal here?" I tried to peek inside the house, even though it seemed highly unlikely that someone who let their house get so run-down would be hoarding gold bars inside.

"No, no!" Violeta Winkelmann shook her head decisively. "I just need to feel safe... Otherwise I... well, I'm afraid." She smiled at me sheepishly.

"You know?"

Now it was my turn to shake my head decisively.

"No. I don't understand at all. I'm never afraid. You know?"

Violeta Winkelmann's eyes widened.

"No. You're not afraid? But... Surely it's extremely dangerous never to be afraid!"

"I can't judge. For me, it's normal."

It's time I said a few words about fear. After all, I have a sense of responsibility. So, listen up! Fear is an important emotion. It's even ESSENTIAL for survival. But something obviously went wrong when my emotions were being distributed, because fear somehow didn't register with me – and that's why my parents are so worried. When they realized that I am completely fearless, they gave me long lectures about how dangerous life is if you don't know this feeling. Of course, they were unsuccessful—you can't force someone to be afraid! Since Mom and Dad realized this, they've been using a different tactic, which I like much better. They simply provide me with everything that could be useful in dangerous

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein ganz furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)

situations: antidotes, for example, bandages, slings, or my special "flashlight of death." I never leave the house without my special yellow bag, where I keep all these great things.

Dad also added a metal insert to my plain, mouse-grey baseball cap—just in case I get overexcited and take a tumble, or if someone tries to hit me on the head.

However, I would appreciate it if we could keep this between us.

But back to Mrs. Winkelmann. She looked at me with a mixture of pity, admiration, and envy.

"Is that why you dared to go to Alfredo and Spätzle?" she asked suddenly.

"Who?"

"To Alfredo and Spätzle. My guard geese."

I bit my tongue. People who name their pets after food strike me as odd. At least I know for certain that I'll never name my Scottish sheepdog Rollmops, that's for sure.

"Oh, they're not your pets? They're just protecting you from intruders, just like those thousand locks?"

Mrs. Winkelmann nodded. She didn't seem to find her totally exaggerated need for protection strange at all.

"Yes. I actually got Cupcake for that reason, but guarding isn't exactly her strong suit." She patted the fat dog affectionately on the head. "She almost never barks and is happy to see anyone who comes by. Alfredo and Spätzle are a completely different caliber. Geese are excellent guards, and they chase everyone away.

Except..."

She looked down at the floor, embarrassed.

"Except me," I finished her sentence.

At this point, my acquaintance with Violeta Winkelmann should have ended, because, as I said, I find people who name their pets after food strange. And if

they also wear purple hats with red scarves and write raccoon stories instead of crime novels, then I can very easily do without their company.  
But as it turned out exactly one week later, she couldn't do without mine.

**VOL. 1, MAGGIE INVESTIGATES: A GOOSE-BUMPING CASE**

**Bd. 1: Maggie Müller ermittelt - Ein gans furchterregender Fall**

978-3-551-55954-8, September 2025

For further information, please contact  
[daniela.steiner@carlsen.de](mailto:daniela.steiner@carlsen.de) or  
[sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de](mailto:sylvia.schuster@carlsen.de)