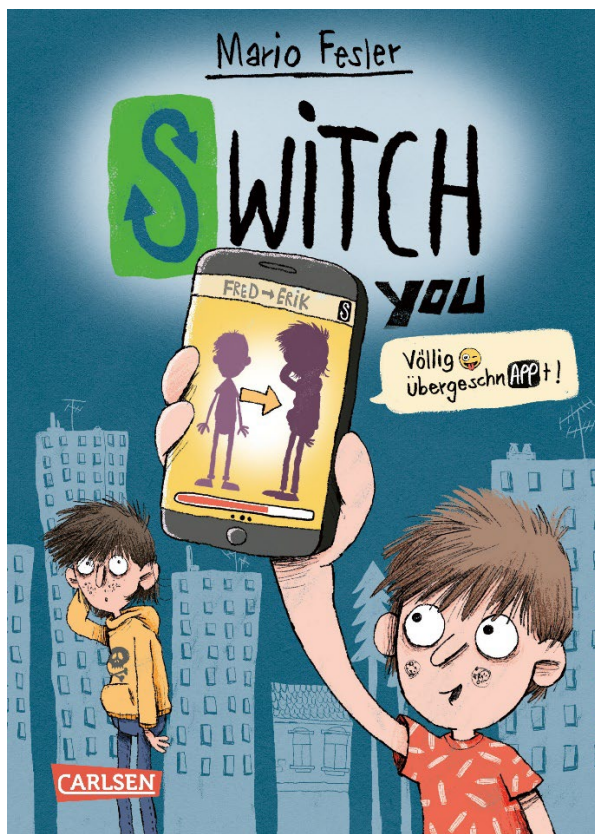


# Mario Fesler: Vol. 1, SWITCH YOU: Oh, SnAPP! Illustrated by Nikolai Renger

**Bd. 1: SWITCH YOU: Völlig übergeschnAPPt!**

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ENGLISH SAMPLE TRANSLATION

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# Short and sweet! The switchiest people at a glance



*Name:* Fred Titrawitsch

*Age:* 12 years

*Hobbies:* drawing, hanging out with friends, football (... sometimes more, sometimes less ...)

*Special feature:*

Smartphone with special function

*Name:* Svetlana Rogatzki  
*Age:* 11 years  
*Hobbies:* exploring, discovering, collecting wisdom  
*Special feature:*  
Thinking wrinkle when reflecting



Erik



*Name:* Erik Titrawitsch

*Age:* 16 years

*Hobbies:* sleeping, raiding the fridge,  
meeting strange people

*Special feature:* Fear of showers

*Name:* Ruwen Randler

*Age:* 12 years

*Hobbies:* tantrums, breaking  
things, grandma's blueberry pie

*Special feature:* fatal interest in  
matches and lighters

Ruwen



**SCIENTIFIC PPREFACE (by Svetlana)**

"No long explanations! Jump straight into the action!", our German teacher Mrs. Wühlinger always says when we are supposed to write essays.

With mine, she usually nags because I explain too much. But sometimes you have to know the background, otherwise you just don't get it.

That's why I told Fred to write everything down. Everything. We're doing research here!

At least it's really about something. Not about such shenanigans as Fred's funniest holiday experience. That was when his dad and the inflatable bathing island drifted almost two kilometres into Lake Constance. And was towed back to shore by head-shaking fishermen. For the story that could actually be told in two minutes, he needs at least half an hour because he can't stop giggling. It's not about what pet Fred wants either. The answer is: none. With a sixteen-year-old brother, a baby sister and mum and dad, you really have enough to worry about, he thinks. I think he has a rather dysfunctional relationship with animals. But well, I guess I'm digressing now.

Don't worry, Ms. Wühlinger: from now on we jump. Not only into the plot. We also jump into other bodies. Into other lives. In time. Oh God, this already sounds like the preface to the records of a madman. And Fred hasn't even started yet.

Okay, Fred. From now on it's your turn. I will add the necessary scientific additions afterwards.

## CHAPTER 1

I am not a madman. I am simply Fred Titrawitsch, one of the two male descendants of a most special family. And no, I'm not a scientist either, but a student. Not even a particularly good student. I mean, until recently I thought the Dead Sea was a black ocean full of pale skeletons. But it's just bloody salty, which is honestly a lot more boring than my Dead Sea, but it's a fact. One that earned me my first D-minus in geography.

I'm also really not one of those guys who is always holed up in their room, because they want to solve a few more tricky mathematical equations with the tip of their tongue between their teeth. In short, I'm not exactly the first choice when it comes to writing a research report.

That would be my best friend Svetlana. They all think she's a nerd anyway, but she's not. What does she always say? "Nerds study for good grades. I study because I'm interested in everything. That's a difference, but unfortunately only nerds recognise it or people who also like to learn."

But Svetlana can't write this, she said. She thinks I have to do it. Because I'm the one who experienced it. Which is ultimately due to the fact that my parents always take the cake on my birthday. No, they don't lock me under the stairs every year on 13th May while the rest of the family eats the cake or something. We do do some nice things. Last year, for example, we went to the Funhouse. Yes, you're supposedly too old for trampolines and climbing volcanoes at eleven, but none of my classmates saw me, so I didn't care.

My family's problem is the gifts. They are the core of all evil. That's why I have to start this report with them, if this is to make any sense at all.

Every birthday, when other kids got Lego, I got vegan wooden blocks. How the hell can a wooden block not be vegan? I don't know, but these ones splintered when I put them together.

While other children were having fun with their car racetrack, I was pondering what to do with an indoor garden. Where did they get the idea that I wanted one? We had an ordinary garden right outside the front door and I wasn't particularly interested in it. Other children hoarded sealed trading cards in glittery cool albums. My Do-it-yourself showcase for "My first stone collection" is still waiting to be set up.

"A gift must fit in with the true self of the recipient", mum likes to say.

But for as long as I can remember, only one thing fits the real me: a smartphone. But I couldn't do that, at least until I was fourteen. Because mum has from one of her reference books (which Svetlana always calls "esoteric trash") the firm conviction that a mobile phone used before the age of fourteen leaves serious damage in a child's mind.

But the second most suitable gift, at least that should work this time. It was called LeonardoUltimate, the painting programme of superlatives and would show me the way to a career as a professional comic artist - if only I got it. For the past two weeks, I had been making sure that my parents would see me scribbling in college notebooks at every opportunity. No matter whether Dad was cooking or Mum was on the phone explaining the correct dose of her globules to a patient for the umpteenth time: somewhere nearby Fred was busy with pen and paper, demonstrating that drawing was his true self.

That's exactly what I was doing when my father knocked on my room door a week before my birthday. I was lying on the bed and designing the invitation cards for my party. All the guests were to get a superhero card specially tailored to them. Svetlana, as the smartest child in the class, was "Contessa Brain". Rudi became "Kolosso" because he looks like a twelve-year-old rugby player, only it has nothing to do with sport for him. Corvinian continued to be called "Corvinian". The name just sounds like a superhero by itself. Perhaps that's why we prefer to call him Corv. I even changed Ruwen's name to "Flammino".

However, I was still wavering as to whether I should really should risk inviting him. Ruwen was really exciting because he always did the dangerous and crazy things, but he just ignited too much.

He had revealed to me and Corv that he was behind this fire in his neighbour's old tool shed. Well, his neighbour was ancient. The way his house and garden looked, he hadn't entered the shed for a thousand years. Still, it was a bit too crazy for me. I didn't want Ruwen proudly telling me in the playground on the Monday after my birthday why I and my whole party were in hospital with fourth-degree burns.

Dad had come in and looked over my shoulder. "Looks nice," he said.

"Well. They would look even better with LeonardoUltimate," I explained. "But they are only birthday invitations."

"Oh yes, your birthday," sighed Dad. "I was just about to talk to you about that."

Oh dear, I thought. At eleven years and eleven and a half months, I didn't have much experience of life. But enough to know that conversations never started with this sentence.

"My company ...", he began.

This is how the particularly unpleasant conversations began, I already knew that.

"... got a big order. I'm afraid I have to go to Boston in the morning. And won't be back until Saturday."

Wow. That was a whole new level. Papa had really dumped me often enough because of work, but his children's birthdays were supposedly sacred to him. But apparently not that sacred any more.

And I behaved accordingly unholy.

I cried. I screamed. I raged. I even yelled at Torfnase Erik when he came in and mumbled "Can you shut up? I want to take a nap".

Afterwards, I yelled at Dad because he first asked my sixteen-year-old brother why he was already asleep in the early evening instead of attending to my completely justified tantrum.

Finally, Mum came in, carrying Lilly in her arms, who also started screaming, and asked what was going on.

After my explanation, Mum only said: "You can shout a bit louder, Fred. Your father deserves it", and disappeared from my room again.

Dad followed her like a whipped dog. But then he came back again.

"Oh yes, before I forget: As a little compensation, I have this for you. But don't open it before your birthday." He held out a padded envelope to me with the inscription "For Fred on the 12th".

I took it and fired it behind me.

"You can't buy closeness," I explained. A saying I had admittedly stolen from a sign in Mum's practice.

Dad looked at me for a long time and then nodded before he went out. When I heard his footsteps on the stairs, I rummaged the envelope under the bed again and stowed it away in my desk drawer.

Sure, I was mad, I had my pride, but that wasn't a reason to renounce an extra birthday present.

My anger at Dad lasted the whole weekend. It hadn't even gone away by Monday. However, something happened at school that distracted me for a while.



## CHAPTER 2

"THEY'RE BACK!"

This news spread like wildfire through the classrooms of the Ferdinand von Flachdach School in Tauschingen.

It had been quiet for a few months after they had taken Corv's brand new smartphone. It had not even been in his possession for twenty-four hours. Before that, in a nasty blackmail scheme, they had already taken all the Christmas money from Jenny from the parallel class.

And now they were back.

The rip-off scare of our school: the black skiers.

Yes, I also thought that the name didn't really sound dangerous. These three to ten creeps (no one knew how many there really were) might be the horror of all sixth formers, but they weren't particularly creative when it came to naming themselves. Apparently they called themselves that because they had thick dark jackets and wore black ski caps. At least that's what those who had seen them before had said.

Stupidly, I always imagined that they were also wearing skis. That quickly gave such a criminal organisation a silly air. But silly or not, they were a real nuisance at our school.

After remaining inactive for so long, Svetlana, Corv, I and the others had actually hoped that the police would arrest them for some other crooked thing. Tax evasion or something. According to mum, you went to prison for that faster than you could say "oops". But we had rejoiced too soon.

This time it was Ruwen who had bad luck. In the changing room before the sports lesson.

I just slipped into my football shirt and when my head came back out the top, Ruwen's face was as white as the piece of paper he had just fished out of his gym bag.

"What happened to you?", I asked. Ruwen turned the paper over. There were only a few words written on it with a felt-tip pen that must have been quite old.

WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SHED!

100 EUROS BY NEXT MONDAY OR WE'LL TELL YOUR FATHER. FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS WILL FOLLOW.

THE BLACK SKIERS.