

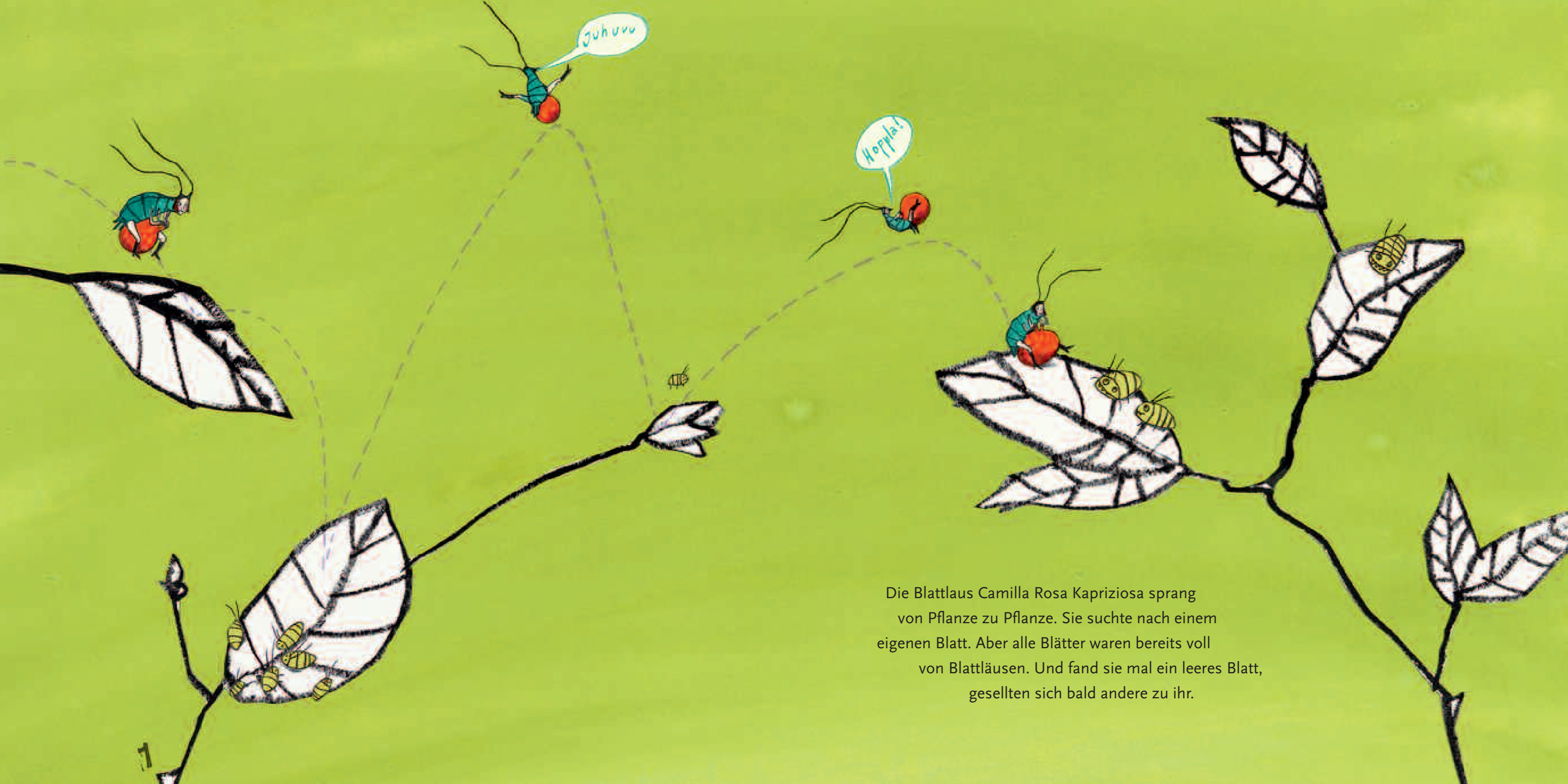
Sample translation

**Marjaleena Lembcke/ Stefanie Harjes (III.)**  
***Eine Blattlaus wandert aus***

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**Marjaleena Lembcke/ Stefanie Harjes (III.)**  
***A greenfly decides to emigrate***

Translated by John Reddick



Die Blattlaus *Camilla Rosa Kapriziosa* sprang von Pflanze zu Pflanze. Sie suchte nach einem eigenen Blatt. Aber alle Blätter waren bereits voll von Blattläusen. Und fand sie mal ein leeres Blatt, gesellten sich bald andere zu ihr.

*[S. 3]*

A greenfly by the name of Camilla Rosa Kapriziosa leapt from plant to plant. She was looking for a leaf to have all to herself. But all the leaves were already occupied by other greenflies. And whenever she found a vacant leaf, other greenflies soon came to join her.

*[S. 4]*

“How am I supposed to spread my wings?” she cried.  
“Spread your wings?!” said her fellows, full of scorn,  
“What do you think you are, a butterfly?”

“One never get a chance to be on one’s own”,  
lamented Camilla Rosa. “I can’t even  
hear myself think.

Everyone around here does nothing all day but munch  
and crunch.”

“If you don’t enjoy our company,  
then for goodness’ sake emigrate!”  
the other greenflies told her. “Go  
to America! The fields over there are supposed to be  
huge. And,  
so they say, not a soul to be seen.”  
Hearing this once was quite enough for Camilla Rosa.

*[S.5]*

The small greenfly with big dreams booked herself  
a place in a bouquet of roses. The roses  
belonged to an opera singer who had been on tour in Germany  
and was now sailing back to America.

Die kleine Blattlaus mit den großen Träumen reservierte sich einen Platz in einem Rosenstrauß. Der Rosenstrauß gehörte einer Opernsängerin, die in Deutschland auf Tournee gewesen war und jetzt auf dem Schiff nach Amerika zurückfuhr. Während der Reise blieb die Blattlaus in der Kabine. Bis auf eine unbedeutende Seekrankheit ging es ihr gut. Die Sängerin steckte ihre Nase ab und zu in den Strauß, um sich am Duft der Blumen zu erfreuen, aber sonst ließ sie die Laus in Ruhe.



The greenfly stayed in her cabin throughout the entire journey. She was

fine, except for a slight touch of sea-sickness.

The opera singer stuck her nose in the bouquet from time to time to enjoy the scent of the flowers – that aside, however, she left the greenfly in peace.

*[S. 6]*

At the customs barrier the singer had to unpack her five suitcases and show the customs officer what she'd brought with her from Europe. This all lasted too long for Camilla Rosa Kapriziosa.

She did a flying leap onto a carnation in an elegant gentleman's button hole.

He passed through customs very quickly and was met in the arrivals area by a lady who smelled sweetly of flowers.

*[S. 7]*

The two of them hugged each other so passionately that the greenfly could scarcely breathe. The carnation didn't survive the embrace, and the man threw the crushed bloom into a rubbish bin. The bin stank horribly of cigarette ends, rotten eggs and other detritus.

"You can't sink much lower than this", thought Camilla Rosa

*[S. 8]*

The contents of the bin  
were tipped  
into a rubbish truck, and the greenfly  
found herself on a journey  
into the unknown.  
She shut her eyes and  
dreamt of  
the honeysuckle and clover back at home.  
She longed for  
blue violets and  
red poppies.

*[S. 9]*

By the time she dared to open  
her eyes again it was deepest  
night and she was lying on a  
rubbish tip. No other greenflies  
were anywhere to be seen, but there were hordes of  
rats. Rat don't fancy greenflies, and greenflies  
aren't interested in rats.

Unnoticed by the  
denizens of the rubbish tip,  
Camilla Rosa quit the  
stinking heap.

*[S. 10]*

She ran and ran.

To start with she made gigantic leaps.

But then  
her energy  
diminished  
and her pace  
slowed.

*[S.11]*

When the rays of  
the sun began spreading across the countryside  
the following morning,  
the greenfly's spirits  
lifted.

Unfamiliar trees grew  
by the wayside, plants she  
didn't know waved in the breeze.

After a while she found herself going by a wonderful  
field of flowers. Californian poppies gleamed in the sunlight  
and she found them enticing.

"I'll stop right here", thought Camilla Rosa. "There's  
bound to be an empty leaf just for me."

She went a bit closer.


*[S. 12]*

Ladybirds leered and grinned at her  
from the petals of the poppies.

She ran away just as fast as  
her elegant legs could carry her.

Ladybirds were her very worst enemies.

After a while she felt much calmer.

An illustration of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a green dress and black shoes, swinging on a large, yellow-green leaf. She is holding onto the leaf's stem with both hands. The background is a warm, orange-hued landscape with rolling hills. In the foreground, several tall green stems with large, vibrant red poppies are visible. The style is a mix of watercolor and fine-line drawing.

Als die Sonne am  
Morgen ihre ersten  
Strahlen über das Land  
warf, bekam die Blattlaus  
neuen Mut.

Unbekannte Bäume wuchsen  
am Wegesrand, Pflanzen, die sie  
nicht kannte, schaukelten im Wind.

Nach einiger Zeit kam sie an einem wunderbaren  
Blumenfeld vorbei. Kalifornischer Mohn leuchtete in der Sonne  
und lockte sie an.

›Dort bleibe ich‹, dachte Camilla Rosa. ›Dort wird  
bestimmt ein leeres Blatt für mich sein.‹

Sie ging näher.



“Nothing ventured, nothing gained”,  
thought Camilla Rosa, and she clambered onto  
the leaf of an orange-coloured flower  
in the roadside ditch.  
She was hungry. She took a cautious bite  
out of the green leaf. Suddenly she was  
lifted into the air.

*[S. 13]*

A young girl had picked the flower.  
There were other insects in the posy  
that the girl proudly took back home.  
But on her particular leaf  
Camilla Rosa sat alone.

The girl  
gave the flowers to her mother, who was  
going away  
for a few weeks.  
She took the flowers with her  
onto the ship that was  
taking her  
to Germany.

*[S. 14]*

Once in harbour she gave the flowers a  
goodbye kiss and threw them into the water.

The waves carried the posy onto the beach.  
The greenfly set out on her travels again.

*[S. 15]*

Having found her way back to the field that had been her home  
she lay down exhausted on a blade of grass and fell asleep.

Awakened by the sun, she opened her eyes.

Dozens of greenfly were gazing at her full of curiosity.

Camilla Rosa tried to make herself look  
distinguished. No easy task when one has not only  
just woken up, but is also  
flat on one's back.

*[S. 16]*

Diffidently she asked "Any chance that a  
tiny bit of space has become available in these parts?"

"Make yourself at home", said one of  
the greenflies.

Camilla Rosa  
Kapriziosa  
stood up  
and whispered "Thank you!"