

Translated excerpt

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Rotkäppchen hat keine Lust

Thienemann-Esslinger Verlag, Stuttgart 2016
ISBN 978-3-522-45827-6

pp. 1-32

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Little Red Riding Hood doesn't feel like it

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Rotkäppchen hat keine Lust

Thienemann

Hungrig war der Wolf erwacht. Das Grollen aus seinem Magen hallte von den Wänden seiner leeren Höhle wider. Langweilig war es hier und einsam. Der Wolf fühlte sich sehr bitter.

»Wenn du einmal traurig bist«, hatte seine Großmutter immer gesagt, dann frühstücke einen Clown, das macht lustig! Wenn du dumm bist, verschlucke einen Lehrer, davon wirst du schlau. Und wenn du dich einmal bitter fühlst, friss ein süßes Kind. Das hilft immer! Und obendrein bist du dann satt.«

Pilze fand man unter alten Eichen, Kartoffeln auf dem Acker. Und Kinder, wenn sie leichtsinnig genug waren, allein auf einem Waldweg. Aber natürlich konnte man Menschenkinder nicht so einfach pflücken. Man musste geduldig sein und raffiniert: Ein kurzes Gespräch, eine Einladung zu einem Spaziergang tief in den Wald, noch auf einen Tee und Kekse in die dunkle Höhle ... und dann – Zack! – ab in den Kochtopf! Oder in die Bratpfanne, je nach Rezept.

Lange zu suchen brauchte der Wolf nicht ...

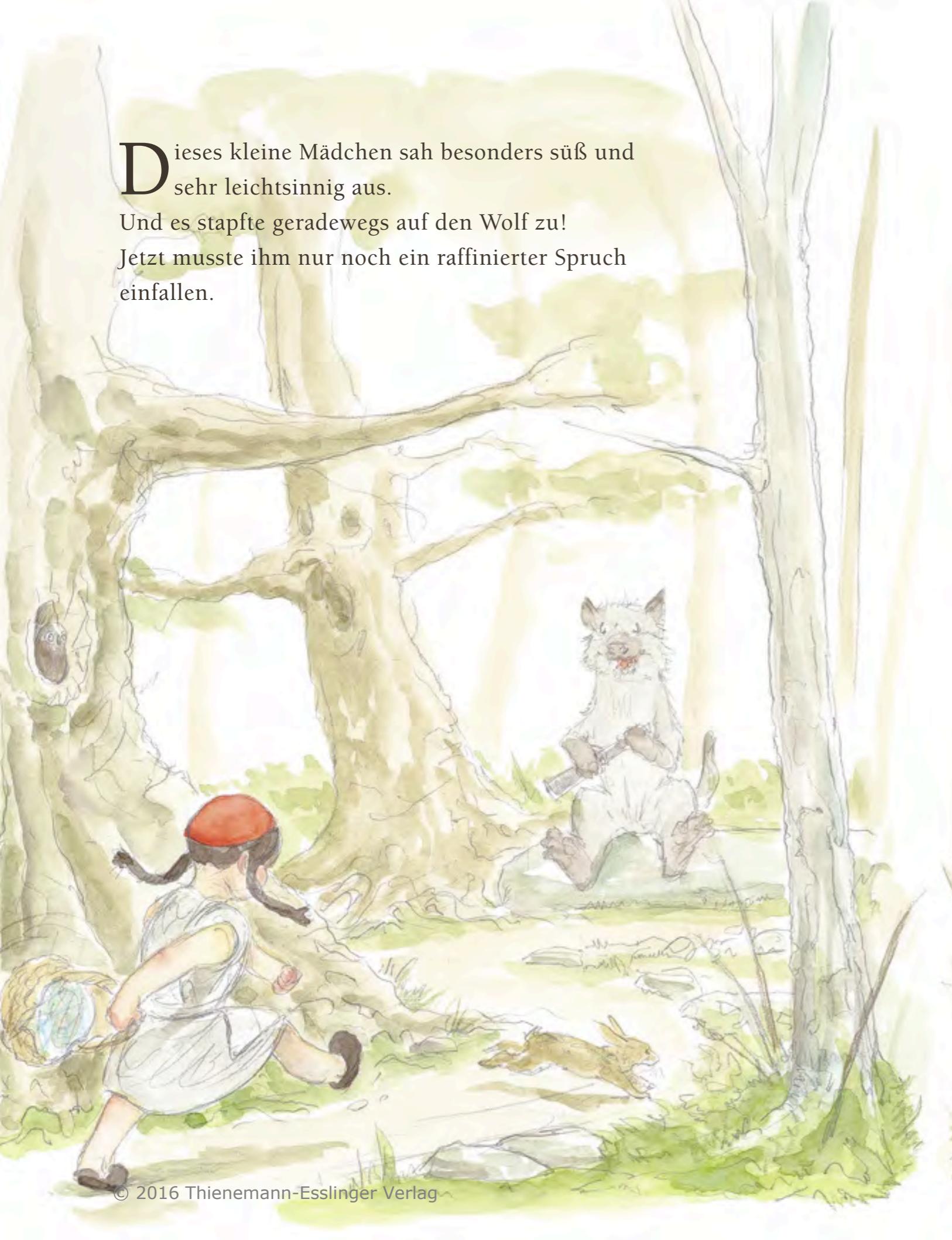


The wolf was hungry when he woke up. The rumblings in his tummy were echoing round the walls of his empty den. What a bore everything was here, and lonely as well. The wolf was feeling very bitter.

"If you ever feel sad", his grandmother would say, "then have a clown for breakfast. That'll always cheer you up! If you are stupid, then swallow a teacher for he'll make you clever. And if you ever feel bitter, devour a sweet little child! That always helps. And what's more, you won't be hungry any longer!"

Mushrooms could be found under old oak trees, potatoes in the fields. And children, if they were foolish enough, walked alone along paths in the forest. But of course you couldn't just pick human children. You had to be patient and cunning – a little bit of small talk, an invitation to go for a walk deep into the woods, and then for a cup of tea and some biscuits in your dark den ... and then – wham! – off into the pot. Or the frying pan, depending on the recipe.

The wolf didn't have far to look ...



Dieses kleine Mädchen sah besonders süß und
sehr leichtsinnig aus.
Und es stapfte geradewegs auf den Wolf zu!
Jetzt musste ihm nur noch ein raffinierter Spruch
einfallen.



»Junges Fräulein, darf ich's wagen?
Wohin des ... hee!«
Da war das Mädchen auch schon vorbei.

This little girl looked particularly sweet and very foolish.
And she was plodding straight towards the wolf!
All he had to do now was think of something clever to say.

"Hello, little miss, may I venture .. Whither goest ... hee!"
And at that the little girl had already gone past him.

Wohin des Weges?« Der Wolf war schon ganz außer Atem.
»Zur Großmutter«, sagte das Mädchen. »Hat Geburtstag,
wohnt mitten im Wald. Ist verrückt, überall Hühner, sammelt
seltsame Fotos. Eine Stunde hin, seltsame Fotoalben angucken,
öde Geschichten anhören und dann eine Stunde zurück.
Der Sonntag ist jedenfalls hin!«

»Herzallerliebst«, keuchte der Wolf. Das war die Gelegenheit,
das Mädchen in ein Gespräch zu verwickeln! Danach Wald,
Höhle, Kochtopf, Zack!
»Geburtstag«, rief er. »Und was für Geschenke hast du wohl
in deinem Körbchen?«



"Whither goest thou?" The wolf was already completely out of breath:

"To my grandmother's", the girl said. "Her birthday, lives in the middle of the forest. Is crazy, chickens everywhere, collects strange photographs. An hour there, look at strange photo albums, listen to dull stories and then an hour back. That'll put paid to my Sunday!"

"My dearest little darling", the wolf panted. Here was an excellent opportunity for engaging the little girl in conversation! Then ... forest, den, cooking pot, wham!

"Birthday", he exclaimed. "And what presents have you got for her in your basket?"

»Einen Ziegelstein,



eine Socke



und einen Kaugummi.«

Einen kantigen Ziegelstein, eine stinkende Socke und
einen ollen Kaugummi? Das sind doch keine Geschenke
für eine alte Dame! Was bist du nur für eine Enkelin!



"A brick,

a sock

and some chewing gum."

"A hard-edged brick, a foul-smelling sock and an old piece of chewing gum? That's not the sort of thing you give as a present to an old lady! What sort of granddaughter do you think you are?"

Großmütter lieben Blumen, das weiß doch jeder!«,
rief der Wolf und lief sogleich tief in den Wald hinein,
um einen wunderschönen Strauß wilder Waldblumen
zu pflücken.

»So, und jetzt backen wir einen Kuchen. Ein Geburtstag
ohne Geburtstagskuchen ist keine richtiger Geburtstag!«



"Grandmothers love flowers, everyone knows that!" the wolf declared and immediately ran off deep into the wood to pick a beautiful bunch of wild flowers.

"Right, and now we're going to bake a cake. A birthday without a birthday cake isn't a proper birthday!"



Seiner eigenen Großmutter hatte der Wolf auch
immer Kuchen gebacken und deshalb war er ihr
Lieblingsenkel gewesen.

»Jetzt fehlt nur noch eine gute Flasche Wein«,
sagte der Wolf, als der Kuchen endlich fertig war.

The wolf had always baked a cake for his own grandmother and that was why he was her favourite grandchild.
"Now all we need now is nice bottle of wine", said the wolf when the cake was at last ready.

Blumen, Kuchen und guter Wein«, sagte der Weinhändler anerkennend. »Ihre Großmutter hat wohl Geburtstag! Dann binde ich noch eine hübsche Schleife um die Flasche. So einen Enkel wie Sie kann man sich nur wünschen!« Das kleine Mädchen wurde immer schlechter gelaunt, weil alles so lange dauerte und der Wolf immer Recht hatte und kaum noch etwas von ihrem Sonntag übrig war.



"Flowers, a cake and some nice wine", said the wine merchant approvingly. "It must be your grandmother's birthday! So I'll tie a pretty bow round the bottle. You are the sort of grandson every grandmother would love to have!" The little girl's mood grew worse and worse because it all taking so long and the wolf was always right and her Sunday was and truly being put paid to.



Klar, dass die Großmutter sich unheimlich freute.
Blumen und Wein und Kuchen! Und ein haariger
Herr aus dem Wald als Überraschungsbesuch!

The grandmother was obviously thrilled with the flowers and the wine and the cake! And a hairy gentleman from the wood as a surprise guest to boot!

The birthday cake tasted excellent.

"It reminds me of a cake I once baked fifty years ago", said the grandmother. "It also had apples in it!"

Hang on, I'm sure to have a photo of it somewhere!"

While the grandmother was rummaging around looking for the album containing the photographs of the cake, the wolf uncorked the bottle of wine.

At home in his den, the wolf had only about one single picture. The grandmother had hundreds! And so things could never get boring!

By the time they had looked at the apple-cake photo album, the potato-with-a-face photo album, the faces-that-look-like-potatoes photo album and the photo album with photos of photo albums, the bottle of wine was already half empty and the grandmother and the wolf were extremely cheerful.

The little girl, on the other hand, was grumpier than ever because her Sunday was so boring and what's more almost over. And so she decided at last to go.

The wolf stayed behind a little longer with the grandmother, for there was still some wine left and lots and lots of photos!

Because it was getting late, the grandmother invited the wolf to stay overnight.

The wolf put the old lady to bed and then settled down on the sofa.

He would go and get some fresh bread rolls for breakfast the next morning. And the grandmother had promised him that after breakfast she would teach him how to knit socks.

It was so much cosier at the grandmother's than in his den. There were endless photo albums and down in the cellar the grandmother had quite a few bottles of good wine. The wolf didn't hesitate for one second when the grandmother asked him if he would like to move in with her.

From now on, he baked a delicious cake every day and took a photo of every one of them. And the rumbling in his tummy never woke the wolf up again.

While all this was happening, the little girl moved into the wolf's den and became a feared robber. Except on Sundays, which was her day off. But that is another story ...