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Die Tierpolizei 1: Kommissare mit Fell und Feder

The Animal Police 1: Furred and Feathered Inspectors

Children's Fiction | Recommended age: 8+ | ISBN: 978-3-7891-2123-4 | Pages: 224

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The animal emergency service: there's no case that can't be solved with brains, wit and friendship. The new children's series by Unipig creator Anna Böhm.

One morning, Flopson the red panda wakes up and discovers that her friend Tjalle the streaked tenrec, has disappeared. Flopson scents a crime, and leaves her safe cage to try to rescue Tjalle. In the process, she encounters Fridolin, a mini dwarf pony. He joins in with her search, but instead of finding Tjalle, they find the injured blue tit Meili. Together, the three of them seek sanctuary in a disused police car. However, the grumpy Syrian hamster Jack has already taken up residence there and doesn't want to share his home with uninvited guests. But when they find an important clue pointing to the whereabouts of Tjalle, the four very different animals join forces. Only together can they solve the mystery - as THE ANIMAL POLICE!

- Themes close to children's hearts: animal protection and friendship.
- Lovable heroes in tricky police missions.
- Compact format makes it suitable for novice readers too.

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Meet the Animal Police:

- MEILI the blue tit can give even large animals a severe telling-off. She is the squad's undercover agent, who gathers information on anything and everything and can get in anywhere because she is so small
- FALABELLA FRIDOLIN, the smallest pony in the world, is unfortunately far too good-natured for city life. He comes from the country, loves cooking and eating, and is always there for his friends
- CHIEF INSPECTOR FLOPSON, a red panda, knows all there is to know about police work because she used to watch lots of thrillers on TV with her ex-owner
- JACK, a grumpy teddy bear hamster, lives in the disused police car which the other animals have decided to use as their headquarters. But he thinks it belongs to him

Introduction: Flopson, a red panda, has spent her entire life so far in Mrs Hopscotch's living room. But now at last she's free, and straight away finds herself having to solve a crime: her best friend Tjalle, who also lived in Mrs Hopscotch's house, has disappeared. However, it's hard to get any help from the town animals, because they're far too cold-hearted.

Chapter 6: GET OUT!

Flopson stayed under the pony all the time until they reached the car. It was an old-fashioned car, coloured white and green, and it had a nicely rounded shape. The tyres lay beside it, but that didn't bother Flopson. The main thing was that it was dry inside.

The little creature hadn't seen them yet. Next to the car was a large yellow toy crane. The little fellow turned a crank and the arm of the toy crane pulled the car door open. Then he pushed up a ladder that was leaning against the car.

Before the door could close again, Flopson jumped in after him. She was delighted to be in the dry at last. Normally a car has seats, but this one didn't, which left plenty of room inside. There were a few pretty pieces of doll's furniture.

Fridolin squeezed in after Flopson, and accidentally stepped on something. Flopson heard the sound of wood cracking, and Fridolin guiltily held up the remains of the little chair he'd just squashed.

Only now did the little animal turn round and see them. He looked angrily at Flopson, Fridolin and the broken chair.

"Get out!" he yelled.

His fur was soaked through, and the water was dripping down onto the floor. With quick movements he now shook it off him, giving Flopson a shower and a half in the process. Flopson squealed.

After all the shaking, the little creature took on his normal shape again. Now he looked like...a very soft something or the other. He was a bit like one of the plump cushions on Mrs Hopscotch's sofa.

"Out! Get out!" shouted the plump cushion.

He had an eye patch over one eye, so that he looked like a plump cushion pretending to be a pirate. "What do you think you're doing here?" he demanded to know.

"What we think we're doing here is looking for my friend," said Flopson, which was the truth.

"I don't care what you think you're looking for here," said the cushion. "I'm telling you that you shouldn't be thinking of looking for anything *here*."

The conversation now became rather complicated.

"We're not thinking of looking for my friend here," said Flopson. "Because if my friend was here, we wouldn't be thinking of looking for him any more."

The two of them glared at each other. Flopson had never met such a grumpy animal before. But she hadn't met very many animals anyway.

"If you're not thinking of looking for anyone here, so much the better. Because now you can think of getting out of here, and I mean NOW!" growled the grumpy cushion.

"Hello," said Fridolin.

"And what are you?" asked the cushion. "You look like a horse that's shrunk in the wash."

Flopson thought that was extremely rude, but Fridolin laughed. "That's a good one! I must remember that. And what about you? Are you a cushion that's shrunk in the wash?"

The grumpy creature didn't laugh. "That's not funny," he said. "I'm a teddy bear hamster, not a cushion."

"Do you live here?" asked Flopson.

"Of course I live here! And that's why I'm telling you to get out of here now! This is *my* home, right?" yelled the hamster.

"Oh!" said Fridolin. "We didn't know that, my dear Mr..."

"Jack. My name's Jack." The hamster glared at them again. "And I'm not dear."

"We're ever so sorry," said Flopson. "It's only because it's raining, and our blue tit mustn't get wet, because she's ill, you see." She pointed to the blue tit, who was fast asleep in her coffee cup.

Jack looked at her with a serious expression on his face. "What's the matter with her?"

"She's got a bump," said Fridolin.

“And she’s half starved,” said Flopson. “Because she got locked up in the loft.”

“What villain locked her up?” asked the hamster.

“We don’t know,” said Flopson. “She’s too weak to talk.” She looked Jack straight in the eye. “Please can we stay here? I’m sure our blue tit will be feeling better tomorrow.”

“No.”

“Please! This little bird needs your help.” Flopson cocked her head on one side and gazed pleadingly at Jack.

“Help? What sort of twaddle is that? City-dwelling animals don’t help one another!” growled Jack.

Fridolin nodded. “I used to think that too. But actually it’s fun. You should try it.”

“No. Nobody ever helps me.”

“We would!” cried Fridolin.

“Please!” said Flopson. “Just for this one night.”

Jack thought about it. “OK, you can stay here for one night. But nobody is to touch any of my things. And if anyone breaks a single piece of my furniture, you’re out!”

With great relief Flopson put the coffee cup down in front of her.

“How is she?” asked Fridolin.

Flopson gently stroked the delicate brow of the tiny bird. There was no response. The little tit was so weak that she couldn’t even open her eyes.

“We need some water,” said Flopson.

“It might be better for her to eat something first,” said Fridolin.

Flopson didn’t agree. “Drink is more important than food.”

Fridolin thought that nothing in the world could be more important than food. But Jack had already opened the car door and was looking outside. A few yards away there was a red bucket which was full of rainwater.

“Water!” he said in a voice that could not be disobeyed, and he pressed an empty can into Fridolin’s hoof.

“No problem,” said Fridolin, cheerfully jumping out of the car.

In a moment he was back again, holding the can full to the brim with water. He gave himself a good shake, treating Flopson to another unwanted shower. Horrible stuff, this water!

Very gently Flopson tilted the little bird's head so that the beak could dip into the can. The tit opened her beak just a fraction and put out her tongue to lick up a few drops of water. Then she opened her beak a little wider and drank some more. Then she leaned back, exhausted.

"Now we need some food," said Flopson.

Jack silently wound down a car window and picked one of the sunflowers that grew right beside the car.

Flopson deftly pulled out some seeds and tried to push them into the blue tit's beak. This wasn't easy, because the beak was just as tiny as the seeds. Fridolin and Jack sat beside her, watching closely.

"That's no good," said Jack. "Give them to me."

He took a seed and cracked it with his sharp front teeth. His paws were much smaller than Flopson's, and so he was able to feed the tit with a tiny piece of seed. Then with another. The little bird swallowed them slowly. After five bits of seed, she had to stop and drink some water.

"I think she's looking better already," said Fridolin, and let out a yawn.

Flopson was tired too.

Only now did she notice that the twilight had long since closed in on them. She lay down.

Such a day of freedom was exhausting. Much more tiring than life in Mrs Hopscotch's living room.

There was always something unexpected happening outside. Nothing unexpected ever happened at Mrs Hopscotch's.

It was getting a bit cramped in the car because Fridolin kept cuddling up closer and closer to Flopson.

"Jack. Do you mind if I use you as a pillow?" asked the pony, with a giggle.

"Is that supposed to be funny?" hissed Jack.

"Yeah," said Fridolin.

"You really are a nutcase!" said Jack.

Flopson listened to the two of them and couldn't help laughing. Yesterday she'd been bored stiff in Mrs Hopscotch's living room. She hadn't got a clue about what was going on in the world outside. And now she'd got to know several other animals, chased away two ferrets, and saved a

blue tit. These thoughts made her feel very happy, and she had a bright, warm feeling inside. She could hardly wait to tell Tjalle all about it.

Jack crawled into the glovebox. He'd built himself a comfortable little bedroom in there. He had some tiny bedding and even a picture on the wall and a lamp. He muttered a few grumpy words to himself and then closed a curtain.

Flopson curled up into a ball and wrapped her tail round the blue tit's coffee cup, as she did when she was with Tjalle. Her last thoughts before she fell asleep were of her friend. Maybe the blue tit had heard something while she'd been locked in the loft.

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