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Dunkle Künste 1. Pudel-Panik

Dark Arts. Poodle Panic

MIDDLE GRADE | Recommended age: 9+ | ISBN: 978-3-7512-0874-1 | Pages: 160

First Published: October 2026 | © Verlag Friedrich Oetinger, Hamburg

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Twelve-year-old Henri finds a bundle of old notebooks in the cellar. Mysterious records of magical knowledge and instructions, it seems. But this discovery changes everything. Not only do Henri and his friends Sahin and Charlotte try out one or two dangerously risky experiments, but his miniature poodle is also behaving more and more strangely... and eerily.

Thrilling mystery or diabolical danger? In the end, there is only one option: eyes shut and straight through the Poodle Panic!

A gripping series opener full of suspense, humour and creepy magic - for everyone who loves stories with big and small monsters, plenty of action and laughs, brave characters and no end of fantastical adventures. Fully illustrated in colour by Thomas Hussung in diary style.

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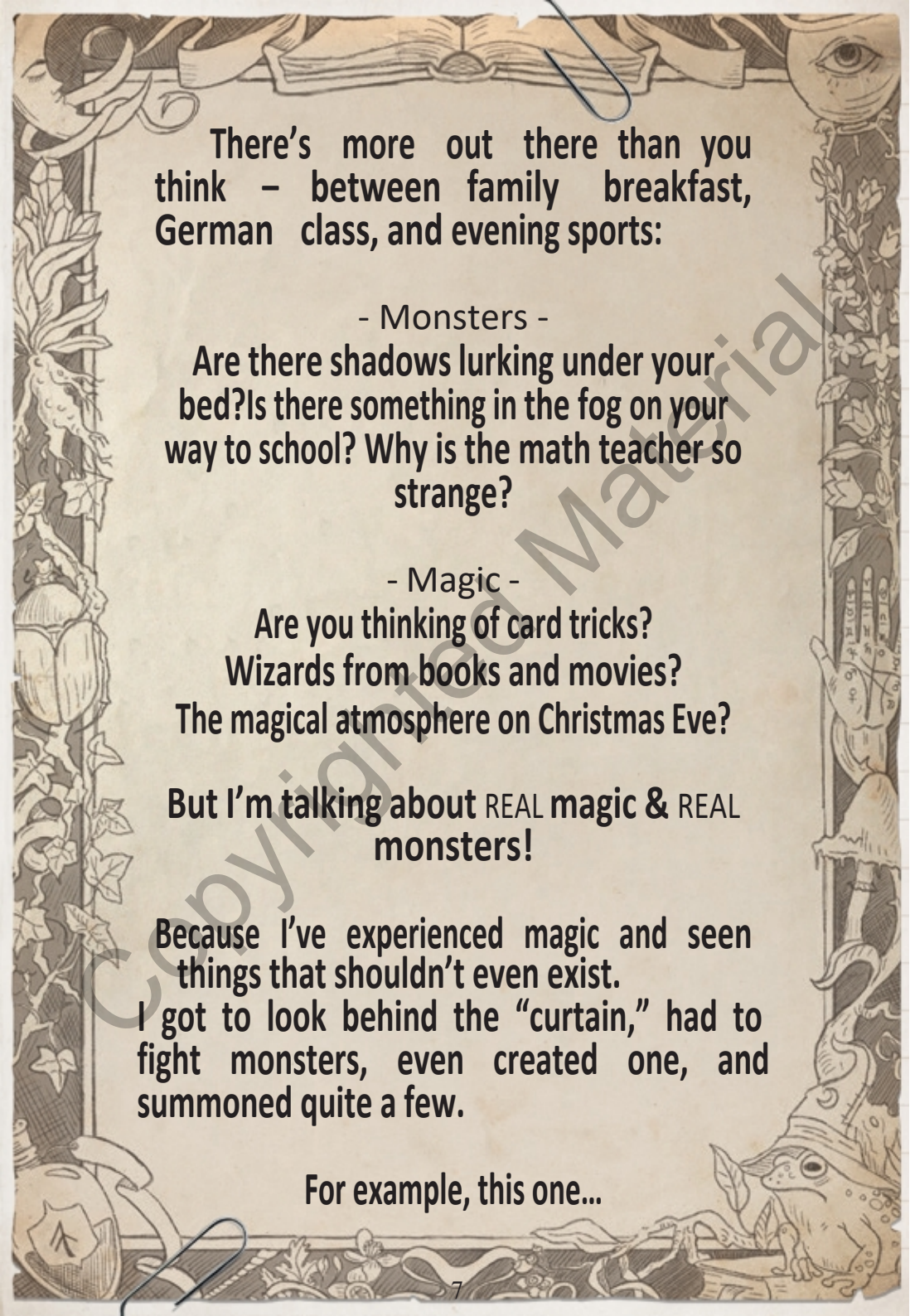
DANIEL BLECKMANN 卐 THOMAS HUSSUNG

Dark Arts

Poodle Panic



Friedrich Oetinger Publishing · Hamburg



There's more out there than you think – between family breakfast, German class, and evening sports:

- Monsters -

Are there shadows lurking under your bed? Is there something in the fog on your way to school? Why is the math teacher so strange?

- Magic -

**Are you thinking of card tricks?
Wizards from books and movies?
The magical atmosphere on Christmas Eve?**

But I'm talking about REAL magic & REAL monsters!

**Because I've experienced magic and seen things that shouldn't even exist.
I got to look behind the "curtain," had to fight monsters, even created one, and summoned quite a few.**

For example, this one...

MONDAY, In the evening

They're everywhere! Not just in my basement.

Snap! *Poof*



↑ my parents'
bedroom

These little devils are tearing our whole house apart right now.

And Mom and Dad aren't here. But they could be back any minute.

SPLASH!



Bathroom (Hey, we have a tub, too!)

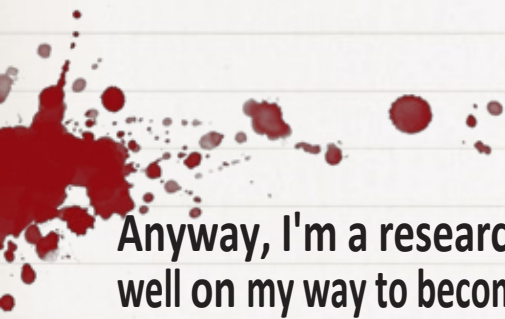
Clatter! CLANG!



Living room

So, I managed to catch two! With the big salad bowl. Unfortunately, it broke in the process.

Now I'm bleeding all over these pages.



Anyway, I'm a researcher, an inventor, and well on my way to becoming a sorcerer's apprentice. As they always say: no blood, no prize... or something like that.

At first, I actually thought this glowing ghostly phenomenon was kind of funny. But then I caught two of those mini-monsters setting my favorite poster on fire.



Poor
Leonardo ...
The fun is
over!

Catching will-o'-the-wisps—not an easy job!
Unfortunately, Homie can't help me with this right
now. Too bad—he always has good ideas.

I really thought: Summoning a few little ghosts—
just for fun—isn't a big deal.
But that was a huge mistake!

It actually sounded *simple*.
But it's *hard to read*.

Irrwicht



In ein Glas gebranntes Mondlicht, die Kraft
gleißender Gewitterblitze oder gar der entflam-
mte Odem welcher mitunter aus mooriger Erde
strömt ... all das gebiert einen Irrwicht.

Doch was wäre, gäbe es Lichtquellen, die nicht
natürlichen Ursprungs sind ...²

Should I try
light bulbs?

Why isn't there anything in the Doctor's books about how to get rid of will-o'-the-wisps, to send them back into the "light," so to speak?

Anyway, the hunt continues!

The ghosts I summoned: I'll get them!

Monday, later that evening

My parents are still at the parent-teacher conference. Luckily, my homeroom teacher always talks as slow as a sloth. So I still have some time.

But even if I catch all the imps again, we're still missing eight light bulbs in our house:



four in ceiling lights,



two in bedside lamps,



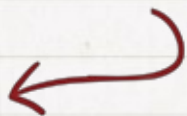
and from now on, the frozen pizza will
bake *in the dark*

If my parents ever notice this, I'm done for!

Jowo isn't any help with cleaning up either. The otherwise best toy poodle in the world just wagged his tail while those little rascals in the dishwasher licked the dishes.



**Not a good
guard dog!**



**Grab
it!**

Bite!

So I gave him a little nudge—motivated Jowo, so to speak: I tossed one of the Will-o'-the-wisps into his food bowl.

Jowo absolutely hates sharing his bowl with anyone. A wriggling Will-o'-the-wisp in the dog bowl—THAT'S what turned my sweet toy poodle into a monster.

Now he's chasing the fleeing Will-o'-the-wisp all over the apartment.

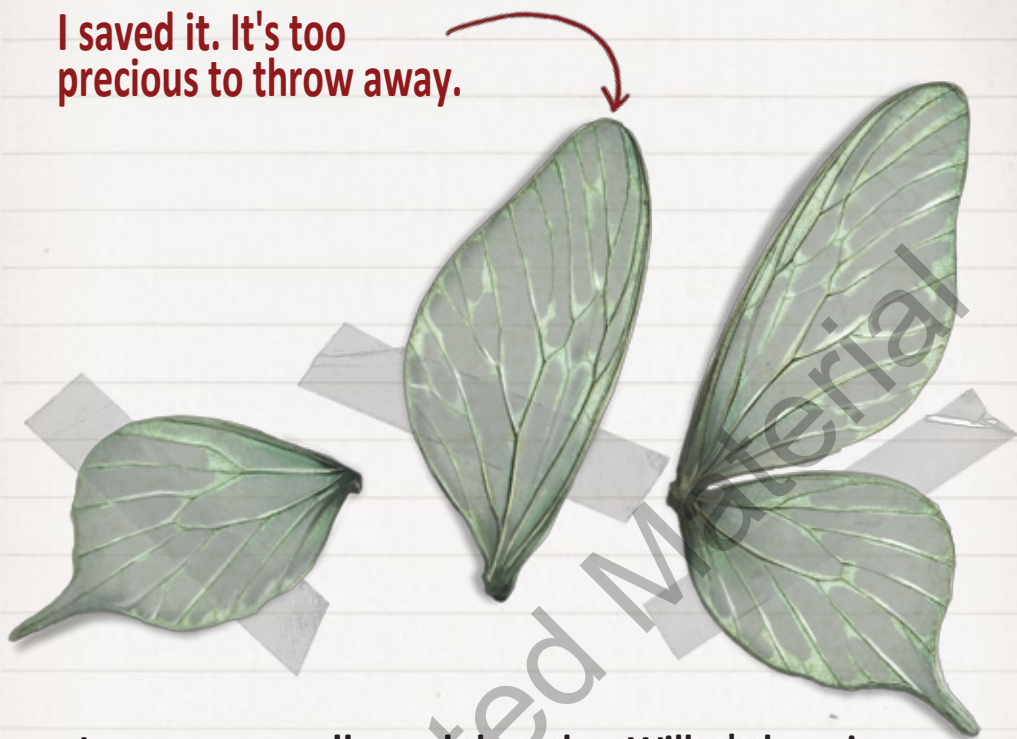
SWOOOOOSH

Woof Woof Woof

Jowo just actually caught two of the tormenting spirits. He tore one of them apart in midair.

SNAP!

I saved it. It's too
precious to throw away.

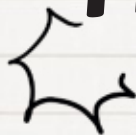


Jowo even swallowed the other Will-o'-the-wisp
whole.

Good dog!

But now he's running around the kitchen howling,
with his mouth glowing blue.

Hooowwwlll!



Unlike the Will-o'-the-wisp he doesn't seem to have hurt himself in the process. What a relief!

In the end, Jowo and I were able to crush, bite, or chase away almost all the Will-o'-the-wisps

by crushing,

biting, or

chasing them away.

A few still managed to slip away, though. And on top of that, there's the chaos the will-o'-the-wisps left behind. So it's time to call Sahin and Charlotte for help.



As you can see, my life is unusual and not exactly without danger.

If you're not up for this, now would be the perfect time to put this book down. Far away!

Because the events that follow aren't for the faint of heart.

Not for those who just dip their toes in the water, for chamomile tea drinkers, couch potatoes, or sofa campers.

Because this is all about:

Dark ARTS