

Anna Kim

Die Allianz der 3 ½

Auf Schatzsuche



Insel

Illustriert von Katharina Madesta

Feli has to spend the summer holidays with her aunt in the small village of Worms. How boring, she thinks at first. At least she has her robotic dachshund Frankenstein with her. When he's not gnawing on a flash drive, he likes to dive headlong into wastepaper baskets. While exploring her aunt's villa, Feli and Frankenstein come across a big, old wardrobe. Inside is a secret entrance to a seemingly abandoned detective agency. And the first case is already waiting for them: a little boy called Jojo needs help, because a valuable miniature pyramid has been stolen from the museum and the police think Jojo's mother was responsible! They set to work investigating the case, and soon receive some support from a girl called Meilin, who completes their investigative team, which they call the Alliance of the 3½. But the case is anything but simple. What is going on in the museum? Was the thief looking for the legendary "Treasure of the Wormsiders"?

The thrilling first instalment in a series about a team of diminutive detectives, the Alliance of the 3½ – full of adventure, humour, and a little bit of magic.

Anna Kim was born in Daejeon, South Korea, in 1977. In 1979, her family moved to Germany and then to Vienna, Austria, where she lives today. She has received numerous prizes and fellowships for her belletristic and essayistic work, including the European Union Prize for Literature. Her most recent novels with Suhrkamp Verlag are *Story of a Child* (2022) and *The Great Homecoming* (2017).

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The Alliance of the 3 ½ The Treasure Hunt



With illustrations by

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Chapter 1

Where Felicitas Plum plonks on her bum

“Wach out, Frankenstein!”

At the very last second, the little sausage dog managed to swerve away from the side table with the crystal vase on top of it. Because he was carrying a little suitcase in his mouth, his sensors weren't quite working as well as they should.

Frankenstein was a special dachshund: he was a robot dachshund. Normally, the cameras in his eyes delivered perfectly focused pictures, but ever since he had rolled through a puddle of mud the other day, he'd been more of a mole than an eagle. For cases like this, he had a sensor in his beard hairs to help him to navigate his surroundings. But if you've got a big old suitcase in your mouth, even the best sensors in the world aren't going to help you.

“Man, I thought I had fixed you,” mumbled Feli, furrowing her brow and taking the bag from the dog's mouth.

Frankenstein let out an outraged whirring sound.

“Yeah, I know you don’t like it,” whispered Feli. “But I need Dietrich. And he’s in there.”

The little sausage dog yelped for a second and shook his head. “But what if I need the magnifying glass too? It’s all in my detective bag,” Feli explained quietly.

The little dog growled.

“What do you mean, that’s it? That’s enough,” growled Feli and knelt down in front of the door. “And besides: maybe I’ll find some other useful detective tools. And they’ll go in there too.” She started working on the lock with Dietrich.

Feli’s real name was Felicitas Florentina Plum. Viktor Plum, her father, used to call her “Plumsy”, and “Felicitas” when he was in a bad mood. Nasty little Kolya from her class at school would always call her “Plumbum”, which he said was just the Latin name for lead, but it sounded like something ruder. And to Ms Ehrbauer, her teacher, she was “Plum Felicitas”, but the way she pronounced it, it sounded like “Bum Felicitas”. Having a surname like “Plum”, Feli always said, is a punishment all on its own.

She also took it as a kind of punishment that she had to spend her summer holidays in this one-horse town called Worms. She felt like she’d been sent to Siberia. Apart from a single street called “Main Street”, which squirmed through the place like a

worm, there was nothing but a village store, a village church, a village bakery, and a village school. Because the village was so small, whenever there was an emergency, they had to borrow the volunteer fire brigade from the next village (Earwormville). The nearest cinema was in the next town after that (Lower Earwormville), and the nearest swimming pool was in the one after that (Upper Earwormville). Supposedly, there was a little lake somewhere too, but Feli hadn't laid eyes on it yet. It was probably off behind the mountains, like so many things around here – Worms was surrounded by mountains. The fact that Feli had never even met the aunt she was staying with certainly didn't make this forced holiday any better. Though it wasn't so much that she hadn't met her – up until two months ago, she didn't even know she *had* an Aunt Viktoria!

She understood that her father had to work. Viktor was an inventor. But he was an unsuccessful one. Frankenstein had been his last successful invention. Successful because he had actually managed to sell Frankenstein's brothers DR2-V9 (Dachshund Robot No. 2, 9th version) and DR5-V3 (Dachshund Robot No. 5, 3rd version). But since he'd never earned anything from his other inventions, he took on odd jobs as a painter. He usually painted apartments or offices that he painted, but this time he was going to do a department store.

“Two storeys,” her father had exclaimed enthusiastically, “two whole storeys! I can finally try out my painting octopus!”

Though Feli would have liked to hear more about this octopus, she had already put a stern look on her face and asked: “So are there any other sisters or brothers you’ve been hiding from me?”

Viktor’s face went bright red.

“Just a sister,” he cried out, shaking his head, “just the one sister! I swear on my honour as an inventor.”

Aunt Viktoria, or Vik, as she liked to be called, was not – and this he had also kept a secret – just any sister, but his twin sister. But she didn’t look anything like him at all. Vik had rust-coloured hair and green eyes like Feli, not brown hair and blue eyes like her father. And she was also taller and thinner than he was. She looked like the letter L: her body long and skinny and her feet as big as submarines. She always wore her long hair in a braid. The ponytail lay against her back like a peacefully slumbering cobra. Feli’s locks, on the other hand, coiled around her head like a pot of fusilli noodles gone wild.

Resting on her nose, Vik wore a pair of glasses with grey frames. Actually, everything about her was grey except for her hair. Her clothes, her shoes, even her lips looked like they were carved out of stone. And it didn’t help that her lips hardly

moved. Vik was not a big talker. In fact, she was a woman of such few words that vast word wastelands would form around her. There was hardly a single conversation that could survive her presence. But since Vik spent half the day in the garden shed and the other half in her room, the word wastelands never got too out of hand.

Feli couldn't say what it was that Vik did in her grey-and-white striped garden shed. The curtains were always shut, and there were no holes to spy through to get a glimpse of what was going on. And Feli hadn't yet managed to pick the lock on the door of the shed. She'd tried a few times, but weirdly, all of her Dietrichs had failed so far.

The other things Vik did around the house were also a mystery to Feli. Whenever she approached her Aunt's room, she heard voices. But apart from her and Vik, as far as she knew, there was no one else living in the villa.

Initially, Feli figured that Vik was constantly listening to the radio. But when she mentioned that to her aunt, her eyes bulged with surprise. Apparently there was no radio station in Worms. (There was also no television, at least not in the villa.) So Feli came up with the theory that Vik liked talking on the phone for hours at a time. But she hadn't spied a telephone anywhere in the house. And mobile phones barely functioned

at all in Worms. When Feli wanted to talk to her dad on the phone, she had to ride Vik's rickety old bicycle up onto Hausberg hill, over the humps of the ridge, just to get her phone to show one bar of reception.

If only there'd been an internet connection, then she'd at least be able to chat with him online! But nope. Nada. You had to go to Upper Earwormville to get internet. "What do you guys do all day without the internet?" Feli had asked when she found out. "We enjoy life," Vik had responded with a stony expression.

Eventually, Feli began to suspect that her aunt was hiding a friend in her room, who she chatted with day and night. Which is why she also didn't feel like chewing the fat with anybody else, like her niece, for example. Feli figured that her friend was probably really shy and only wanted to be friends with Vik and nobody else.

Feli wasn't bothered by the fact that neither her aunt nor her unknown friend were interested in her – after all, it's not like she was alone: she had Frankenstein. He was not your typical sausage dog. He preferred doing arithmetic to fetching sticks – but he was super smart. And soon he wouldn't just be able to do arithmetic and fly (well, it was more a hovering, the jets on his belly were too small to really fly), soon he would also

be able to speak. Like a person. No, better than a person! She and Frankenstein were already having, in her father's words, "lively debates".

Feli was crazy proud of her little dog. She couldn't wish for a better friend for exploring Villa Plum with. And there was so much to explore! She had already been in Worms for nine days and still hadn't made it into the village because she was too busy with the villa. The house seemed to have an unending supply of rooms. One hazy hallway led to the next, where you would stumble upon bay windows, chambers, parlours, bedrooms, even ballrooms. The biggest of these was made entirely of mirrors – mirrors on the floor, mirrors on the walls, and mirrors on the ceiling. Next to the door was a golden plaque: *Sala degli Specchi*. That was Italian and meant "Hall of Mirrors". Frankenstein had looked it up for her, because he always had a universal dictionary in front of his eyes. It was inside his square glasses.

There was also a *Blue Library* and a *Green Cabinet*. In between was a big hall with an underwater landscape painted on the blackish-blue shimmering walls, with stingrays, seahorses, and giant squids. The plaque beside the door read: *20,000 Miles Under the Sea*. As a professional amateur detective, Feli

wrote down everything she found strange or interesting in her little black notebook – including this name.

But the door she was currently working on had no plaque. Which she found very suspicious... She turned the Dietrich to the left, then a little to the right. She heard a click, and the door popped open. But then the stupid thing squeaked. Frankenstein instantly pricked his ears up and started scanning the hallway for noises. Feli also looked around cautiously. She was sure that Vik wouldn't be too happy with her picking the locks on her doors.

Frankenstein's nose glowed green. The air was clean. Feli nodded to him, and the two of them slipped through the crack and into the room.

But what they hadn't expected was that the room might be empty! The only thing in there was a huge, red, wooden wardrobe standing against the wall.

Feli let out a faint snort. She had expected more, a secret laboratory or at least a desk with secret drawers. Instead, she'd stumbled upon a disused storeroom.

She shook her head with indignation. "Who on Earth locks an empty storeroom?" she whined, and was about to leave the room when Frankenstein barked three times.

"You think we should we search the wardrobe?"

The dachshund whistled quietly.

“But what for? It’s got to be empty as well.”

Frankenstein rolled across to the wardrobe and prodded it with his nose.

“I don’t know...” She didn’t exactly look like she was about to make a move. Frankenstein yelped and scratched at the door with his paw.

“Okay, okay...”

Feli twisted the doorknob. Locked. The little dog yelped and scratched at the door again.

“Don’t get your hopes up, Rollmops!”


She stuck the Dietrich in the lock and turned it until she heard a faint click. Frankenstein stood up on his back paws and tried to reach the doorknob.

“Be patient,” huffed Feli, “I’ll do it.”

The little dog let out a short whistle.



Feli opened one door after the other. Frankenstein strained his neck to make sure he didn't miss anything. But there wasn't much to miss: the wardrobe was empty as well, there were just three lonely coat hangers dangling from the bar.



At least it seemed empty. It was hard to be sure, because as Feli quickly realised, it was pretty big. Actually, it was enormous. Looking in through the door, she couldn't even see the back wall, let alone touch it.

This time, the little dog whistled an entire scale.

Feli hesitated.

"You mean we should climb inside?" she asked slowly.

Frankenstein pitter-pattered excitedly on the spot and wagged his tail.

Feli stuck her head into the wardrobe.

"I don't know," she mumbled.

Frankenstein barked impatiently. Suddenly his nose started glowing blue. A rustling sound could be heard, and he slowly started to lift off the ground. The robotic dachshund had fired up his jet engines!

"All right, all right!" yelled Feli.

She didn't like giving in, but she knew from experience there was nothing she could do to quell his curiosity. She placed one foot inside of the wardrobe, but the little dog floated right past her, landed on the floor and disappeared into the belly of the cabinet.

"Hey, wait for me, Rollmops!" she yelled, trying to run after

him. But as soon as she got inside, the doors slammed shut and she was surrounded by darkness.

She stood still and opened her detective bag again. Where on Earth had that flashlight gone? She rummaged through all the compartments. She could have sworn it was in the side pocket.

“Rats, rats, rats! Big giant subway rats,” Feli muttered under her breath. It seemed like she’d have to make do with the weak light of her phone. And of course, the battery was almost dead, so she’d have to hurry up if she wanted to explore the wardrobe, because it seemed to have gotten even bigger since she stepped inside it...

She made the courageous decision to only turn on her phone when it was absolutely necessary, and began feeling her way forward. Slowly, nice and slowly. That way nothing could go wrong.

“I can’t believe I’m getting scared just from being in a wardrobe!” she said to herself. She sighed. “If only I knew where Frankenstein was...”

Suddenly, she heard a faint yelping. It was coming from far, far away.

That was Frankenstein. It had to be.

“I’m coming, Rollmops!” she yelled, and went to run after



him. But at that very moment, something touched her on the neck. It felt like an ice-cold hand.


Terrified, Feli froze. The hand wandered from her neck over her shoulder and down to her back. Feli screamed out loud and leapt to the side.

But she hadn't expected to be jumping off a cliff. There was no ground beneath her feet at all, and she fell...


And fell...

And fell...

And plonked on her bum like a ball of lead. On her Plumbum.



Chapter 2



Where Frankenstein just doesn't get it

Ouch! Wouldn't you know it, she'd landed right on her phone...

Feli pulled the device out from under her thigh and rubbed the sore spot. And while she did so, she looked around at the tunnel she had just slid through. It had been a pretty darn steep descent. For a while there, she'd felt like she was flying!

She looked around. She was back inside a wardrobe, that much was certain. But because this one was tiny compared to Vik's wooden wardrobe, the little bit of light squeezing through the cracks was enough to get a sense of the space. Which was handy, because her phone wouldn't turn on anymore.

Strangely, there were no clothes hanging on the coat hooks, but – and Feli had to squint hard to make sure she wasn't seeing things – hair. Wigs, to be more precise. Wild wigs of curly locks and hedgehog-like spiky toupees. They dangled from the coat hangers. The curly white wigs looked like little floating sheep. There was a costume hanging on the side wall: a black



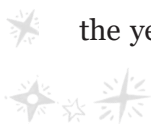
mask, no, a black ski mask, with just the one opening for the eyes, along with a pair of black overalls, and – Feli squinted a second time – a sword.

A queasy feeling started to spread through her stomach. Where on Earth was she? Whose wardrobe was this? And why did this person have a collection of wigs and a sword?

Feli felt it would be a good idea to get out of this wardrobe as quickly as possible. But when she sat up, she felt something slimy on her hand. And it was sticky too...

She pressed both her feet against the wardrobe doors as hard as she could, and they swung open with a loud bang. Light entered through the opening, but it was hazy, as if she was under a blanket.

She quickly climbed out of the wardrobe and looked around. She wasn't under a blanket, but she was behind a curtain that was as wide and tall as a wall. The soft cobalt-blue fabric let some light through, giving a blue tinge to the narrow hallway in which five wooden wardrobes were standing. Next to "her" wooden wardrobe, which, as she noted, was red – cherry red, like Vik's – stood a glossy green wardrobe. It was broader and bigger, but shorter. Beside the green one was a yellow one, which was about the same size as the green one, and next to the yellow one a sky-blue one, which was a tiny one like the



red one. The fifth and final wardrobe was black. “Anthracite coloured,” Feli wrote in her notebook.

Maybe it was because the one beside it was so small, but the black wardrobe looked like a giant. It towered up to the ceiling, and its broad drawers looked as if they were grinning meanly. Instead of a doorknob, it had a golden wheel that you had to turn if you wanted to open the doors.

Feli looked around frantically. She had hoped to see Frankenstein scurrying about near the wardrobes. Where could he be? Maybe he hadn’t made it out of the red wardrobe?

She began rummaging around on the bottom of the wardrobe. There was the biggest range of fake beards and noses she had ever seen! Even the sticky thing that had given her such a fright a minute ago was a fake nose. But where was Frankenstein?

Just as she was about to turn around, she saw a glowing red light. That was the tip of his nose! It always glowed red when the dog needed to be started up again.

“Frankenstein!” she cried out quietly.

The dachshund didn’t move a muscle. His blue eyes also stayed black.

Feli pulled him out of the wardrobe and turned him on his back. On his stomach, there was a small, square button, the

restart button. She pressed the button four times, two short presses and two long ones, and Frankenstein's operating system started up with a little ting-a-ling. A few seconds later, his eyes lit up in a turquoise blue. It would take a moment until he came to – thank goodness he wasn't broken.

"Why did you turn yourself off?"

The question sounded more accusatory than it was meant to.

Frankenstein made a deep humming sound. Like an angry beetle.

"Ah, right, you can't control it," she conceded sheepishly.

Frankenstein hummed again.

"But neither can I!" she said defensively. "Dad was the one who built in the emergency system. It turns you off in an emergency to protect your hard drive."

The little dog stopped humming and answered with a loud "brrps". It sounded like a belch. He was obviously still a bit miffed. Frankenstein could really hold a grudge.

"He did it for your own good," said Feli, trying to calm him down, "and look, Dad was right. Your hard drive is still working!"

Frankenstein growled and flailed his little legs.

"I'll put you down, there's no need to be so impatient," Feli grumbled and placed him on the ground. He raced off straight

away, though he didn't get far because the curtain was blocking him.

Frankenstein let out a series of astonished whistles.

"What do you think is behind the curtain?" whispered Feli.

Instead of offering a reply, the dog dug his snout into the curtain.

"You think we should take a look?"

"Woof woof woof", Frankenstein replied and stood up on his two hind legs. Whenever he wanted something, he would suddenly start behaving like a model dachshund.

Feli couldn't help but grin. She bent down and lifted the seam of the curtain. The second she raised it, the little dog disappeared through the opening. And a little later, she heard him scratching on a piece of furniture. Or gnawing. Or both.

She needed to get a move on.


"Frankenstein Plum, what did we learn at puppy school?"

The dog immediately stopped trying to chew through the wastepaper basket and looked at her with a guilty expression. But when she looked away for a moment, he started up his belly jets and flew into the basket.

Frankenstein and wastepaper baskets. He just couldn't leave them alone! And this model was particularly appealing. It was woven and had the same colour as the desk above it.

Only then did Feli look up. She had to really squint her eyes again. She had landed in the kind of room she knew from museums: with chestnut-brown furniture that looked at least a hundred years old and stank of dust and mothballs. From the navy-blue ceiling, which had an array of stars painted on it, dangled a silver drone that looked like an enormous spider. Stuck to one wall, which was a little yellow, was the head of a lizard and the shell of a giant tortoise. On the opposite wall there was a big, wide window. It was covered by a thin white curtain, through which the daylight shimmered like freshly fallen snow. Beneath the window was a chest with the initials V.P. written on it and a green telescope.

Behind the desk there was an enormous three-part bookshelf made of dark wood. On the left-hand side was a thirty-volume encyclopaedia called *SANDBERG*, as well as the ten-volume *History of Worms* and Gröhle's five-volume *Medicinal Plants*. On the right-hand side, Feli discovered a golden book with the title *Theobroma cacao invisibilis*, and some books about artificial intelligence, robots, and an encyclopaedia of dog breeds. On the middle shelf – and at the sight of this, despite her years of experience as an amateur detective, Feli was lost for words for a moment – were stuffed animals; amphibians, to be more precise: frogs and toads. *Panamanian golden frog* read the la-



bel next to a preserved specimen, while the others read *Golden mantilla*, *Surinam toad* and *Yellow-bellied toad*. Thankfully, they were locked away in a glass cabinet. Just like the stuffed bat, the skeleton of a dog, and the little wooden model of an octopus.

The adjoining wall was bare except for the door that Feli almost didn't see. It was painted in the same colour as the rest of the room, and instead of a handle, it just had a tiny little doorknob.

Feli turned toward the desk standing on a Persian rug in the middle of the room. It was more or less square and was home to just three objects: a medium-sized pot plant adorned one of the corners, a black telephone with a rotary dial the other. Her father had one of those standing in his inventor's workshop, which is how she knew what it was. Actually, thought Feli, his telephone looks very similar to this one ... But unfortunately, he never let her play with it.


"It's not a toy, Felicitas," he had said, and rammed the thing in a case with a thud.

"But you can't make phone calls with it anyway," she had said.

"Of course I can," her father had countered.

"But how? The cable is broken," Feli had explained.

"Oops," he had replied, mumbling something about "repair-



ing ... it's not so urgent." At least he'd taken the phone out of the box and let her turn the dial, even if it was just the one time.

But the cable of the phone sitting in front of her was intact ... She couldn't resist the temptation to pick up the phone.

A "boooooop" rang out. She quickly hung up before anyone picked up. These things did feel a little bit spooky to her.

She turned to the third and final object that was located on the desk: the notepad. The pages were ochre yellow and marbled like the tiles in Vik's bathroom, and the words MIN-ERVIUS, DETECTIVE were emblazoned in gold at the top of the pages.

Feli's eyes grew wide.

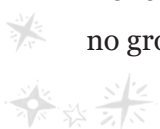
"Rollmops," she cried, "we're in a detective's office!"

The words came out louder than she wanted. Just to be sure, she looked around her. After all, it seemed like someone looked after the plants, because the soil was still damp. They must have been watered not so long ago.

Feli jiggled the three drawers of the desk. But they were locked.

"But Rollmops, I should be able to crack the locks," she announced. "All I need is my Dietrich. From my detective bag!"

Silence. No outraged barking at the mention of "Dietrich", no growling at the sound of "detective bag".



Feli grabbed hold of Frankenstein's backside and dragged him out of the wastepaper basket.

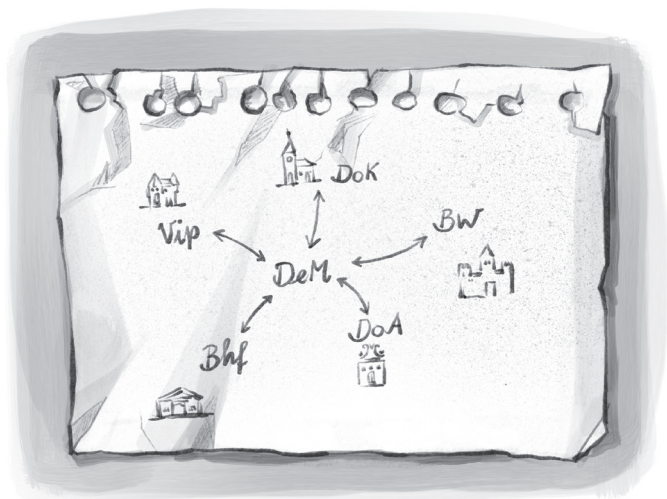
"What are you even doing?" she asked.

"Gulp."

That was all the little dog had to say about the matter. He had found a flash drive.

Frankenstein felt the same way about computer accessories as dogs do about bones and cats about rubber mice. And he had a particular weakness for data storage devices. Funnily enough, though, he didn't try to read them but to eat them. Feli had a strong suspicion that her father had made a mistake when he was programming Frankenstein.

She tipped out the wastepaper basket. It was empty except for a crumpled-up piece of paper. Once she had smoothed it out, a drawing became visible:



“Check it out, Frankenstein,” she said, and gave the dog a nudge.

He paid her no mind and kept on gnawing on the flash drive as vigorously as ever. Feli sighed and scratched him near his right ear. Frankenstein made a purring sound, the flash drive fell to the ground, and Feli stuck it in her pocket as quick as a flash.

Frankenstein span around with a bewildered look and yowled pleadingly.

“Do you think it could be a treasure map?” asked Feli.

A treasure map? Now that sounded interesting. The dachshund immediately stopped his whining. His eyes turned orange, and he began to hum quietly. His computerised brain was working at full speed.

Feli did her own pondering.

“There are six abbreviations,” she explained, “ViP, ViCh, WC, ViPh and RwSt. And five arrows. All the arrows point to and from MDO.”

She cleared her throat.

“ViP looks like a house, ViCh like a church, and WC like a castle, and –”

Right then, Frankenstein barked and rolled onto his back.

A printed scrap of paper came out of a slit in his belly with a rat-a-tat-tat.

Feli tore it off. The dachshund squealed.

“I’m sorry, Frankenstein ...”

She stroked his head to apologise.

“Next time I’ll use a pair of scissors, I promise!”

She took a look at the printout. It was no bigger than the palm of her hand:

ViP = Villa Plum

ViCh = Village church

WC = Worms castle

MDO = ?

ViPh = Village pharmacy

RwSt = Railway station

“You don’t know what MDO stands for?” asked Feli.

The little dog shook his head with a gloomy look.

“MDO must be important, because all the arrows point towards MDO and also away from it...”

Frankenstein whistled faintly. They both stared cluelessly at the abbreviation. Suddenly, Feli let out a loud squeal.

“Here!”, she yelled.

Frankenstein growled.

“You haven’t got a clue what I mean, do you?”

Feli grinned.

“You’ve got absolutely no idea,” she picked him up.

Frankenstein let out a loud huff. To his great shame, he had to admit that he did indeed have no idea. Overwhelmed by embarrassment, he started licking his belly. That was a programming error as well, because robots don’t even have saliva.

Feli placed the notepad at his feet.

“Minervius, Detective,” she read out with emphasis. Do you get it now, Rollmops?”

The little dog grunted.

“MDO stands for Minervius Detective Office, you dim-witted robot!”

Frankenstein barked three times. He sounded very sceptical.

“Look,” Feli explained patiently, “we slid through the red wardrobe and came out here. If we take the blue one, we’ll come out in the village church. If we take the green one, we’ll come out in the castle. The yellow one takes us to the village pharmacy, and the black wardrobe leads to the railway station. And all the wardrobes lead back here: to the detective’s office!

Frankenstein whistled sheepishly.

“Why didn’t I say that straight away?”

Stupidly, she couldn't think of a response. Unfortunately, she wasn't as quick-witted as her classmate Kolya.

"Because – because – because," she was stammering when she suddenly heard a faint knocking.

Feli jumped up with a start. Frankenstein also did a mini hop. Was that a knock? And if so, where did it come from?

They heard another knock.

Frankenstein put his floppy ears up. The knocking was coming from the door to the room!

Feli's eyes grew bigger. Frankenstein's grew bluer (if that was even possible, they were already pretty darn blue).

"Hello," a muffled voice yelled, "is somebody there?"

Frankenstein wanted to bark, but Feli was holding his mouth shut.

"Hello? Hello! I heard you!"

The voice sounded impatient.

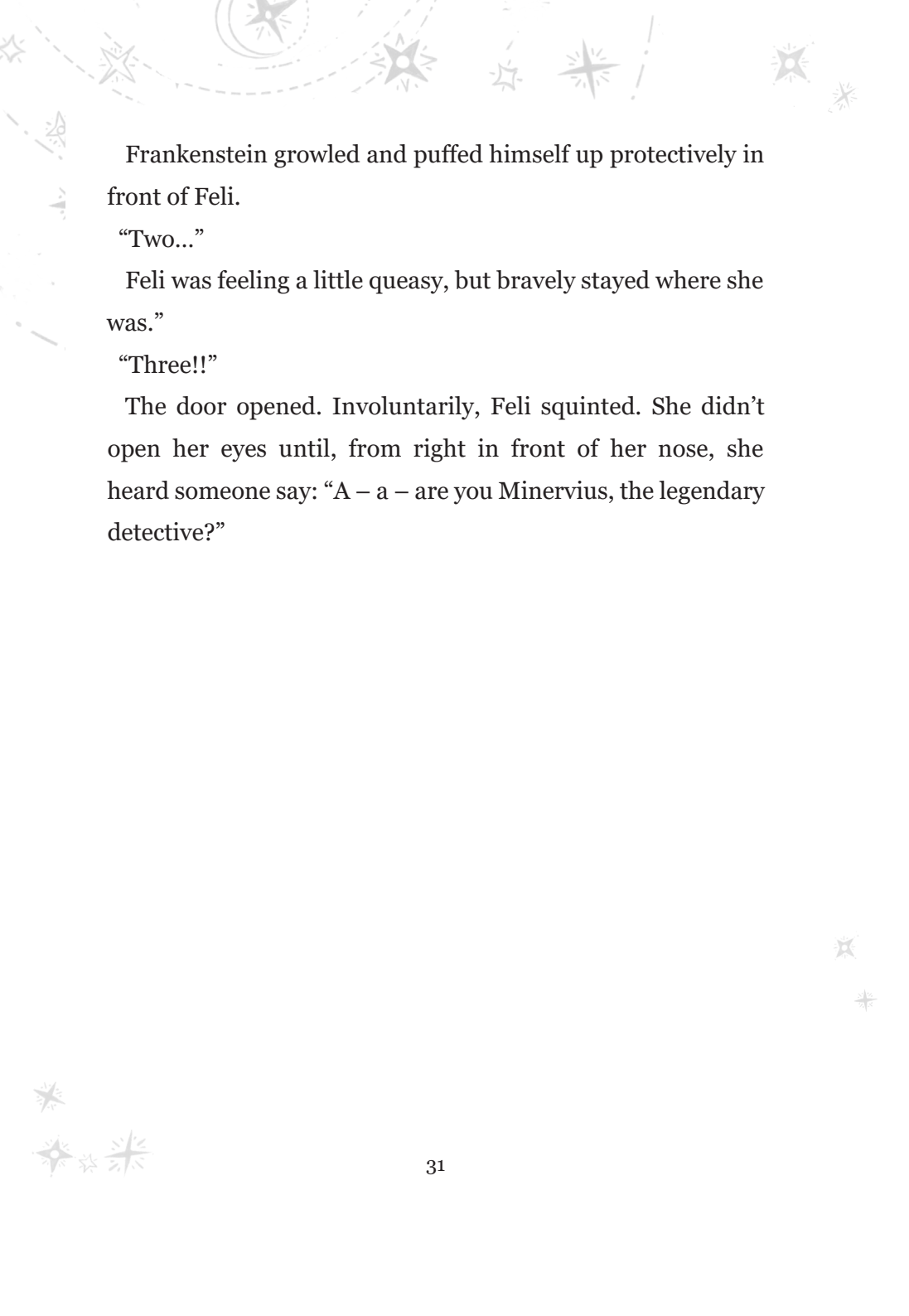
"I – I'm going to open the door!"

It sounded more certain now, but the voice was still trembling a little. Feli looked around again. Should they run and hide behind the curtain? Or jump inside one of the wardrobes?

"I – I – I'm coming in now!" yelled the voice.

It sounded shrill.

"One..."



Frankenstein growled and puffed himself up protectively in front of Feli.

“Two...”

Feli was feeling a little queasy, but bravely stayed where she was.”

“Three!!”

The door opened. Involuntarily, Feli squinted. She didn’t open her eyes until, from right in front of her nose, she heard someone say: “A – a – are you Minervius, the legendary detective?”