

Our Summer is Not Swimming!



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Silke Lambeck

Barbara Jung (Illustrationen)

My friend Otto, the blue Wonder and I

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At eight in the morning, the air is already warm and sweet-smelling. Matti is finally allowed to go barefoot, and it's clear that summer is here! There's nothing better than going to the pool! But, as Matti and Otto stand before the entrance, the Blue Wonder is closed. There's no money to renovate it. Where do they go now? The pool is the answer to every, yes every question in the summertime! Otto and Matti decide they've got to do something! In the end, the swimming pool belongs to everyone, especially the children.

A summertime story with an urban setting about adults who give up too easily and kids that take charge. It's about endless summer days at the most beautiful swimming pool in the city and about how together, things go easier, even if once in a while someone has to break the rules.

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Silke Lambeck grew up in Berlin. She studied German Studies and Theater Studies and ultimately became a journalist. For over ten years, she has written books for children and adults such as *Herr Röslein*, which got rave reviews from both readers and critics. Her children's novel *My Friend Otto, the Wilde Life and I* was nominated for the *Deutscher Jugendliteraturpreis 2019*. She lives with her family in Berlin, which remains her favorite city.

Barbara Jung, 1968 born in Karlsruhe, studied communicational design at the University of Applied Sciences Mainz. After she has finished her degree she is working as a freelance illustrator. Today she lives in Frankfurt am Main and works for various children's book publishers. She likes stories with a sense of humor and crazy characters.
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ganz richtig verstanden, dass es im Grunde keine Frage war. Jedenfalls saßen jetzt öfter Menschen vor seinem Späti, aßen Eis, tranken Bier und hielten ihre Gesichter in die Sonne.

»Kommt ihr schon, um meinen Laden zu übernehmen?« Hotte zwinkerte uns zu.

»Wir waren doch noch in der Schule«, sagte Otto. »Aber ein Eis wäre gut. Ein großes.«

Wir fläzten uns auf die Bank und Hotte holte zwei große Eis.

»Dafür, dass die Sonne scheint und ihr jetzt doch nicht Kiosk-

besitzer werden müsst, seid ihr ziemlich schlecht gelaunt«, stellte er fest. »Besonders Matti.«

Wir erzählten ihm von unserem Nachmittag und von dem geschlossenen Schwimmbad.

»Das Blaue Wunder ist zu?!«, rief er. »Aber das ist ja schrecklich.«

Ich sah ihn erstaunt an. Welches blaue Wunder? Und überhaupt: Hotte gehörte nicht zu den Leuten, die im Sommer einen Picknick-Korb packten und ins Schwimmbad führen.

»Welches blaue Wunder?«, fragte Otto.

