

# The Happiness of Not Finding



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Werner Holzwarth & Mehrdad Maeri

**Winter of the Squirrel**

32 pages, fully coloured

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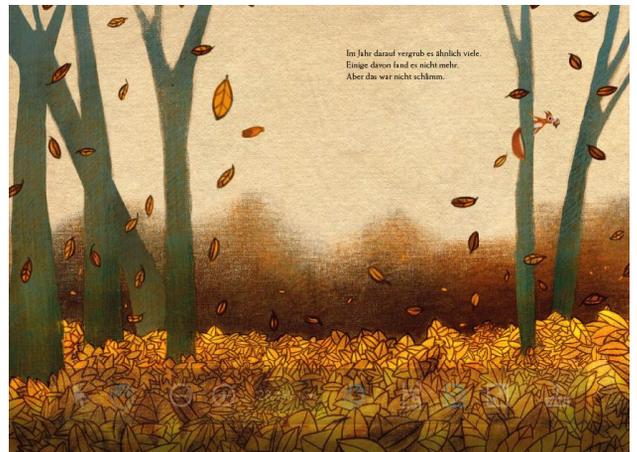
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Squirrel is young, and life is beautiful!  
Gathering nuts, burying them, and having a  
good winter - no problem at all!

Then, squirrel grows old. Gathering nuts and  
burying them takes a lot of energy. Finding  
the nuts again is an even bigger problem -  
especially when one forgets what one was  
looking for! It's enough to make a squirrel  
tired, a little sad, even angry!

Then, everything starts to make sense again.

Mehrdad Zaeri's magical illustrations invoke  
the inner life of a squirrel. A positive parable  
of life in this picture book story written by  
Werner Holzwarth.



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**Mehrdad Zaeri** was born in Isfahan (Iran) in 1970. At the age of fourteen he fled with his family through Turkey to Germany. Since 2006 he has worked as an illustrator, live-performance sketcher and storyteller in Germany. In 2016 he founded, with his life partner Christina Laube, "Duo Sourati", which specializes in large-scale spray-painted mural art. "Winter of the Squirrel" is his first book for Gerstenberg. ([www.mehrdad-zaeri.de](http://www.mehrdad-zaeri.de))

**Werner Holzwarth**, born in 1947, was Professor of Visual Communication at the Bauhaus University in Weimar. His 1989 book for children "Vom Kleinen Maulwurf" ("The Little Mole") became a worldwide success. For Gerstenberg he invented the meerkat character in "Ich wär so gern" ("I'd Love to Be").

### Winter of the Squirrel - Translated Text

Even as a baby, the squirrel knew that you have to collect nuts in the fall to have enough to eat in the winter.

So, he collected over a thousand nuts, buried them and ate them during the winter. That was great!

The following year, he buried a thousand more. He didn't find all of them. But that didn't matter too much.

The next winter, even more nuts stayed in the ground. Because the older the squirrel became, the more he forgot.

Last year he had to work very hard to get full. And he got terribly angry, and he scolded the stupid nuts that weren't where they were supposed to be.

And this year?

This year the old squirrel crept over the snow, searching and searching. And sometimes he forgot what for.

"Probably he can't find his nuts anymore," taunted a small hazelnut bush.

"Just be glad," replied the big tree, "if he ate all the ones he buried, we wouldn't exist."

Now, the squirrel was happy about every nut he found again and yes, even the nuts he couldn't find.

Because now everything made sense again.