

Superdetective

# Tigertom



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1

All morning Tigertom has been playing soccer with his friend Willi Wuselwolf under the apple trees. "Toooooor!" cheers Tigertom after he has deftly kicked the last ball between Willi's legs. "That was a great shot! You wouldn't have held that one either!" says Willi Wuselwolf, somewhat aggrieved.



2

And then the two sit down under an apple tree and share the sandwich Tigertom gets out of his backpack.

"When I grow up, I'm going to be a goalkeeper," Willi Wuselwolf says with his mouth full. "And you?"  
"I used to want to be a racing driver," Tigertom reflects. "But I think now I'd rather be a detective."  
"Because you find out things that others don't know?"  
"Exactly!" nods Tigertom.



3

On their way back, the two friends pass by Adele Huhn's house.

"Today is Friday. She's baking pancakes. We're always allowed to try them," says Willi Wuselwolf and licks his snout.

He stops and knocks.

But Adele Huhn is not at home.





4

"She's at the police station," calls Gardener Bock excitedly over the garden fence. "A cheeky robber has stolen five of her most beautiful eggs! They were almost hatched!"

Willi Wuselwolf pats Tigertom on the shoulder and says, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking? A capable detective is needed here!"

"Eeegggsactly!" exclaims Tigertom. "Come along! We'll quickly get my detective's magnifying glass, then we'll look for paw prints!"

"Good idea," says Willi Wuselwolf. "Every robber leaves tracks!"



5

When the two return, Adele Huhn is back home. She has bought a big lock, which she now attaches to the front door.

"You can't trust ga-ga-ga-nobody!" she cackles excitedly.



6

"We'll try to find your eggs," says Willi Wuselwolf.

"Tigertom will take the case. He's a detective."

"What's a detective?" asks Adele. She's not exactly the smartest chicken in the place.

"A detective is a clue-finder," Tigertom explains.

"Aren't you a little too little for that?" doubts Adele.

"Little sleuths sniff out things better ...," says Willi Wuselwolf.

"... Because they have their noses closer to the ground!"

That even makes sense to Adele Huhn.





7

"Where did you last see the eggs?" asks Tigertom.  
"I put them on a red plaid pillow in a yellow basket  
this morning. Nice and soft. I was going to finish  
hatching them. Yoo-hoo, my chicks! My chicks! Now  
they're gone! All five of them!" wails Adele.



8

"Could it be that you hid them somewhere so no one would find them?" inquires Tigertom further, for Adele is known to be forgetful. "I'm not an Easter bunny after all! You can really tell you're still a very young de-de-de-de- er, clue finder!" says Adele chicken a bit from above.



9

Tigertom examines the crime scene around the chicken house very closely with his magnifying glass. He finds all kinds of paw prints and footprints.

"It must be a fresh trail leading toward and away from the house," Tigertom ponders. He discovers a distinct footprint leading from Adele's house to the pond and back again. They are large bird feet.

"I wonder if it was a bird of prey?" muses Willi Wuselwolf.

"No way," says Tigertom, pointing to the full bucket of water in front of Adele's house. "We don't need to follow that trail. It comes from Adele herself. It ends at the water bucket. Adele fetched water from the lake!"

"Maybe we can find someone in the village who observed something suspicious?" suggests Willi Wuselwolf.

"Such people are called witnesses," says Tigertom.

The two detectives set off for the village.



10

At the pub "Zum Räuberhut" they meet Tickel, the anteater. He is drinking a mug of ginger ale with his friend Molly Mole.

"Have you seen a robber skulking around in the forest or meadow?" inquires Tigertom.

"Someone has been stealing Adele Huhn's eggs."

"Well," Tickel reflects. "I saw a black cat at the edge of the woods last night. It had green eyes that glowed dangerously in the dark."

"And I watched the fox tonight. He was sneaking around the chicken house!" says the mole. "When I came up beside him, he ran to the woods!"

"Thank you! That's a good clue!" says Tigertom.





11

When they get to the edge of the forest,  
Tigertom calls out excitedly:  
"There's a fresh trail in the damp grass. It leads  
into the forest!"  
"I wonder if it's from the fox or the cat?" asks  
Willi.  
"Looks more like a dog," says Tigertom after  
looking through the magnifying glass.  
Suddenly, branches crack behind them.





12

"Shhh!" says Willi Wuselwolf, startled. "There was something there!"

"Quick, take cover!" shouts Tigertom, shoving Willi Wuselwolf into the ditch. They press their noses into the damp ground and make themselves as small as mice.

"I hope he doesn't discover us!" whispers Willi fearfully and presses his eyes tightly together. So he also can't see the shadow that now falls large and threatening on the street. A stern voice says, "Who do we have here? And what are you looking for here in the ditch? Have you done something wrong?"

It's Franz Frolic, the village policeman!  
"Wi-wi-wi-we're looking for a robber!" stammers Willi Wuselwolf.

"Adele Huhn's eggs have been stolen," adds Tigertom.

"You'd better leave robber searches to the police!" says Frolic, "I'm in charge of the investigation here! If anyone finds Adele's eggs, it's me!"



13

On their way back, Tigertom and Willi Wuselwolf pass by Gunda Gans. She looks at them in surprise through her red glasses and says, "Oh dear, what do you look like?" "Like detectives who landed in the mud because they mistook a policeman for a robber," sniffs Tigertom.

"You can clean yourselves up there at the fountain. And then tell me your robber story," says Gunda Gans.

"So-so. Adele Huhn's eggs are gone," Gunda Gans mutters after the two have told the story.

Tigertom nods. "Exactly! And we're detectives, and we want to find them again. They were in a yellow basket on a red and white checkered pillow."

"I saw a red and white checkered pillowcase on the clothesline at the bakery Sheep in the village some time ago," Gunda Gans reflects, chewing thoughtfully on her quill.

"Well, let's go then!" says Willi Wuselwolf.

"Thank you very much!" exclaims Tigertom.  
Freshly fortified, they walk on.



14

In the garden in front of the baker's house actually hang red and white checkered pillowcases! The wind puffs them up like thick robber sacks.

"What are you looking for here?" asks the baker, now coming out the back door with the laundry basket.

"Are those red-red-red-white plaid pillowcases yours?" stutters Tigertom sheepishly.

"Of course! Taylor Goat gave them to us as a wedding present! But - why do you want to know?"

"Adele Huhn's eggs were stolen. They were in a yellow basket on a red and white checkered pillow," Tigertom informs.

"Well, none of my pillows are missing," says the baker. "And as for the basket, Gardener Bock came by earlier with a rather large yellow basket. Maybe he knows more?"





15

Tigertom and Willi Wuselwolf look at each other. A new suspect!

"Gardener Bock is Adele's neighbor. He could well have done it!" whispers Tigertom in Willi Wuselwolf's ear.

"Wasn't there a hole in the garden fence?" ponders Willi.

As they approach Gardener Bock's tent, Tigertom whispers excitedly, "Willi! Look there!"

"He's digging," growls Willi Wuselwolf. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"Exactly!" says Tigertom. "He's burying the suspicious basket. And what do my sharp tiger eyes spot there on the compost?"

"Eggshells," says Willi Wuselwolf, getting a pale nose tip



16

Then Tigertom asks boldly, "Has that yellow basket always been yours?"

Gardener Bock laughs and says, "I bought it three weeks ago from the same basket dealer as Adele. Yours has two handles, though, and mine has one." He looks at the two, frowns suspiciously, and asks, puzzled:

"For heaven's sake - you don't suspect me, do you?"

"Nope!" fibs Willi Wuselwolf.



17

"And where did the eggshells come from?"  
asks Tigertom boldly.

"We bought the eggs at the store," says  
Gardener Bock, offended. "We don't cook  
with eggs that have been hatched!"

"Wrong again!" sighs Tigertom.





18

A little despondent, the two detectives return to the scene of the crime.

"Maybe forgetful Adele misplaced the eggs somewhere after all?" muses Tigertom. "Let's just follow her own tracks."

One trail leads into town and one to the lake.

"This trail leads to the police. We're not following that one. After all, by the time she got there, the eggs were gone," Tigertom muses.

"Besides, I don't want to run into Fritz Frolic before we solve the case!"



19

Now Adele comes out of the house.

"What does that wide track between your footprints mean?" asks Tigertom. He points to a tire track.

"You want to be de-de-de uh- clue finders? That's ga-ga-easy," Adele cackles. "I went to the lake with the wheelbarrow because my full water bucket is always so heavy."

Tigertom and Wuselwolf follow the rolling track that Adele's wheelbarrow left on the damp sandy ground that morning. It leads down to the shore of the little pond.



20

"Hey, look there!" calls Tigertom, excitedly grabbing his friend Willi by the wrist. In front of them lies a yellow basket with two handles and a checkered pillow like an Easter nest in the reeds.

"Unfortunately, the thief was very careless. Almost all the shells have a crack!" regrets Willi Wuselwolf.

Tigertom examines the cracked shells with a magnifying glass, then laughs and says: "It wasn't a robber, it was the sun! She has finished hatching the chicks. Watch out! They're about to hatch out!"





21

Pick, pick, pick. One by one, golden-yellow  
chicks break free from their shells.  
Wi-wi-wi-wi they call excitedly and want to run  
away.  
Tigertom and Willi Wuselwolf catch them and  
put them gently into the basket.

"Well, Adele will make eyes at that," Willi  
Wuselwolf laughs gleefully as they wheel the  
chicks up to the chicken house.  
"Wow! Our first case is solved!" says Tigertom  
with satisfaction.



22

As they leave the basket at Adele's front door,  
the chicks hop out.

Tigertom knocks at the door and calls out:  
"Here come your eggs, dear Adele!"

Adele Huhn is speechless - and overjoyed.  
She had long forgotten that she herself had  
hidden the basket with the eggs in the reeds by  
the lake in the morning.



23

Tigertom and Willi Wuselwolf look at each other and laugh.

Willi puts his arm on Tom's shoulder and says:

"Maybe later I won't be a goalkeeper or a racing driver after all, but a detective, like you!"