

*Matthew Anderson is the winner of the 2016 Children's Books on Tour Translation Competition, organized by the German Book Office New York. Below is Anderson's winning translation of an excerpt from [Wenn mein Mond deine Sonne wäre by Adreas Steinhöfel](#) (Carlsen Verlag).*

*For more information about German-to-English translators and German children's books, contact Riky Stock at the German Book Office: [stock@newyork.gbo.org](mailto:stock@newyork.gbo.org)*

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This is the story of Max, the one you heard about in the newspapers or saw on TV. Do you remember? No? Max lives in a small town—one much smaller than yours. A few hills rise up in front of this town, all of them covered in trees. Between the highest hills runs a creek, which is followed on one side by a stony path with patches of dry grass—haven't you seen the pictures? What perfect summer scenes they were. You can imagine how they hurried along this path, Max and his grandfather, followed by Ms. Schneider: three little hasty human dots whizzing by. Why were they in such a hurry? Well, you see, because they were running away. Because everyone was out looking for them. Because that was the day when Max kidnapped his grandfather...

When Max opened the door to the home, he was met with a muted, buzzing noise, the kind a beehive makes. He had been coming here for almost a year now, and that's how he knew that many of the old folks woke up early after a short night; they didn't need much sleep anymore. Most times, like now, a few of them sat together in the big common room reading the newspaper or playing cards or Parcheesi. Others shuffled between the tables or stood in the surrounding area with wrinkled foreheads and a slight, quizzical smile on their faces that looked the same this week as it had the week before, and would look the same next week too. "They've lost their marbles," grandfather had decided during Max's first visit. With a conspiratorial wink, he had added, "just like me!"