



Anu Stohner

But I'm Not Sleepy Yet

The never-sleepy marmot

With 4c-illustrations by Henrike Wilson

Original title: Ich bin aber noch kein bisschen Müde

September 2021

32 pages

Age 3 and up

How do you get a marmot to sleep?

Mommy and Daddy Marmot are desperately trying to get their little one to sleep. After all, marmots love to sleep! All of them except this one, that is. After every bedtime story, he cries out "Just one more!" And after every good night kiss, he is wide awake. All the animals in the forest offer well-meaning advice to Daddy Marmot, but nothing seems to be working. But wait! Look at that! On their way from house to house, from nest to nest, the impossible happens: the marmot child actually falls asleep.

- **The perfect reading for bed-time rituals**
- **Parents can tell you a thing or two about this: the never-ending topic of going to sleep**
- **The second picture book from this successful duo is already in preparation**

Anu Stohner, born in 1952 in Helsinki, is a translator and writer who lives in Munich. She has won several awards for her translations from Finnish, Swedish and English. Anu Stohner is known internationally for her books about Little Santa Claus in collaboration with Henrike Wilson



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**Anu Stohner (text)
&
Henrike Wilson (illustrations)**

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Sample Translation by Gesche Ipsen

Sample Translation “But I’m Not Sleepy Yet” (A. Stohner)

pp. 4-5 A marmot that doesn’t like sleeping? Can there be such a thing? – Believe it or not, there can. This little marmot was usually very nice and well behaved, but in the evening, when it was time for bed, it would put on quite a performance: as soon as Mummy or Daddy Marmot finished reading it a bedtime story, it immediately wanted to hear another. And another. And then another. And when Mummy’s and Daddy’s eyes became heavy with sleep, it would nudge them and shout: ‘Another one!’

One day, the poor marmot parents reached the end of their tether, and went to ask the wise owl what they should do.



pp. 6-7 The wise owl was very old, but it, too, had never heard of a little marmot that wouldn’t go to sleep.

‘When you want an owlet to go to sleep, you have to wait till it’s daylight,’ it said. ‘The more light there is, the more easily they fall asleep. But you marmots sleep at night, don’t you?’

‘All except our little poppet,’ sighed Mummy Marmot.

‘Thanks very much anyway,’ sighed Daddy Marmot.

‘Do ask the others, though!’ the wise old owl hooted. But the marmot parents had already planned to do just that.

pp. 8-9

That evening, it was the same as usual: the little marmot simply refused to go to sleep. Even though the moon was already in the pinky-blue sky, and the first bat had just flitted past. Daddy Marmot had enough. He decided to visit some of their friends right away, and ask them if they knew of a good recipe for sleep.

‘You’re not going without the little one!’ said Mummy Marmot, because it was her evening off.

‘Hooray!’ cheered the little marmot, ‘I’m not the least bit tired anyway!’

‘I know,’ sighed Daddy Marmot, and lifted it onto his shoulders.

And so they set off.



pp. 10-11

They hadn’t gone far, before a bat came along and flitted about Daddy Marmot’s nose.

‘I heecar you’re after some advicce,’ it whispered.

As all forest creatures know, bats hear everything.

‘And?’ asked Daddy Marmot, who couldn’t imagine that a bat would know a good recipe for sleep.

‘Hang straiiight!’ she whispered. ‘If you can’t get to sssleep, it’s uuusually because you’re hanging wonmky!’

‘That’s good to know, thank you!’ said Daddy Marmot, because he didn’t want to be rude.

‘You’re mossst welllcome!’ whispered the bat.

And the little marmot? – It was picturing Mummy and Daddy hanging in a tree, and chuckled.

pp. 12-13

Oh well. Daddy Marmot hadn’t really expected the bats to be of any help. But maybe the beavers had some good advice?

‘But of course!’ said Daddy Beaver, when Daddy Marmot asked him. ‘We make the little rascals gnaw on trees that are far too big for them. There’s nothing better than too-big trees to tire them out.’

‘And then they’re glad when it’s time for bed,’ Mummy Beaver explained.

‘I’ll think about it, much obliged!’ said Daddy Marmot.

And the little marmot? – It was picturing having to gnaw on big tree trunks, and didn’t find the idea funny at all.

pp. 14-15

But the little marmot didn’t have to worry. After all, its daddy knew that marmots don’t have beaver-teeth. He only said that he would think about it to be polite. The next friends he asked were the ravens.

‘Our recipe for sleep?’ cawed Daddy Raven. ‘We grab the darlings by the scruff of the neck and fly around in circles.’

‘It always does the trick,’ cawed Mummy Raven.

Fly? Goodness me! Daddy Marmot got dizzy just thinking about it.

And the little marmot? – It would have liked nothing better than to fly, but also knew that Mummy and Daddy sadly don’t have wings.

pp. 16–17 Daddy Marmot was already on his way to the hares, when he spotted Daddy Fox stealing through the grass. It occurred to him that the clever foxes might well know a clever recipe for sleep.

‘Surely do,’ said Daddy Fox, when Daddy Marmot asked him. ‘Only... it’s a bit embarrassing.’

‘Embarrassing?’ Daddy Marmot asked. ‘Why?’

‘Well, you see,’ said Daddy Fox, ‘we always tell our little ones stories about marmots, and they find them so boring that we never manage to finish even a single one.’

‘I quite understand,’ said Daddy Marmot.

But the little marmot understood nothing. What’s more exciting than marmot stories?

pp. 18–19 And the hares? What did they suggest to Daddy Marmot? – They told him to hop, what else!

‘You sit them on your back, wrap your ears tightly around them, and hop around the meadow three times. It’s enough to make the liveliest little leveret fall asleep,’ nibbled Mummy Hare.

Daddy Hare even showed them how it’s done, and it worked like magic: the lively little leveret was sleeping like a marmot even before Daddy Hare had started his second lap.

‘What’s important isn’t the hopping,’ Mummy Hare explained, ‘it’s all in the ear-wrap.’

Oh dear. Daddy Marmot had already considered trying out the hopping thing...

pp. 20–21 Yes, Daddy Marmot thought he could handle the hopping. He was sure that the little marmot would love it. But would it fall asleep? And where could he get a set of ears to wrap it in? –Daddy Marmot realised that he hadn’t got very far at all on his search for a recipe for sleep.

Just then, he remembered the bears. Nobody in the whole wide forest was as sleepy as the bears. If anyone knew of a useful recipe, they would, right?

So Daddy Marmot started whistling cheerfully to himself, and the little marmot whistled cheerfully along, because it didn’t know why Daddy was in such a good mood. Half the forest was watching them, and they were puzzled. Hadn’t the bats told everyone that the little marmot was meant to be going to sleep?

pp. 22-23

Daddy Marmot was sure that the bears would be able to help. But fat chance!

‘A... recipe... for falling... asleep?’ yawned Daddy Bear. ‘Sorry... don’t have... one...’

‘Never... had... one,’ yawned Mummy Bear.

‘Don’t... need one... either,’ yawned Daddy Bear.

The twin cubs Bella and Baloo were lying fast asleep between them, snoring quietly.

Daddy Marmot wished them a restful night, but Daddy and Mummy Bear were already snoring in harmony with their little ones.

And the little marmot? – It let out a big yyyaaawwwmm!

pp. 24-25

Daddy Marmot yawned too, but pluckily kept asking the others. The elks, for example. And the hedgehogs. Even the fish and the frogs. Deary me, the things they told him!

The elks like to rock their calves to sleep on their antlers. The hedgehogs comb the hoglets’ spines, so that they don’t prick themselves. The fish recommended singing lullabies deep down at the bottom of the lake, and the frogs declared: ‘Any lullaby will do, as long as you croak it while sitting on a lily pad!’

They were probably all excellent recipes for sleep, but Daddy Marmot didn’t think that any of them would work on little marmots.

And the little marmot? – It had long lost interest in any of it. At least, it made no sound.

pp. 26–27

The sky was turning dark blue now, and Daddy Marmot decided that it was time to go home. Soon it would be nighttime, and there was no one left he could think of asking for advice. Except perhaps the wolves. They were dear old friends, but they roamed all over the forest, and he would have to find them first. As Daddy Marmot was thinking this, he suddenly found himself looking into two pairs of friendly, sparkly eyes. Mummy and Daddy Wolf were approaching.

‘We’ve already heard all about it: you’re after a good recipe for sleep, for your bairn,’ growled Daddy Wolf.

‘Do you happen to know one?’ asked Daddy Marmot.

‘Sure,’ replied Mummy Wolf. ‘Howling.’

‘Howling?’ asked Daddy Marmot. ‘Really?’

pp. 28–29

‘It may sound silly, but works like a charm,’ growled Daddy Wolf.

‘Nothing makes the little ones fall asleep better than horribly loud howling.’

‘Mmm,’ said Daddy Marmot, who thought that it really did sound silly.

‘We can give it a try, if you like,’ growled Mummy Wolf. Then she lowered her voice, and continued: ‘But it looks like there may be no need.’

‘Why no need?’ asked Daddy Marmot. And then he noticed it too: the little marmot was fast asleep, and you could hear it snoring like a bear cub.

Daddy Marmot walked home very, very quietly, on the tips of his paws.

But he needn’t have worried. The little marmot didn’t even wake up

when they got home and Daddy lifted it off his back and placed it in its sleeping corner.

pp. 30-31 And the next evening? And the ones after?

The next evening, Mummy and Daddy Marmot tried out the horribly loud howling, but it went horribly wrong, because all it did was wake their poppet up more.

In any case, they had found a brilliant recipe for sleep: one lap of the forest with the little one on your back, and a chat with everyone you meet: the bats, the beavers, the ravens, the fox, the hares – all of them. The little poppet starts yawning by the time they meet the drowsy bears, and falls asleep somewhere between the elks and the wolves. Where exactly? That’s something the marmot parents never manage to find out, but it really doesn’t matter very much.