

... AND NOT EVEN
THE WIND DOTH KNOW
WHAT MIGHT BE BURIED
FAR BELOW.



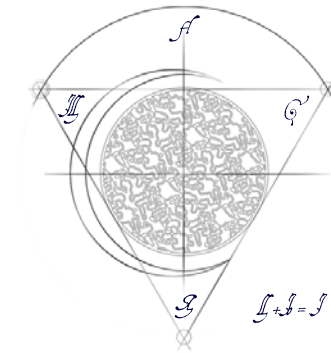
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NETTLEWOZ – A SECRET OLDER THAN THE ANCIENT TREES



NETTLEWOOL®

A SECRET OLDER THAN THE ANCIENT TREES



CLEON PUBLISHING



FAIRY TALE MEETS MYSTERY

"Nettlewooz: Fragments of the Moon" is the first volume of a mystery-filled and highly entertaining series of novels aimed at all age groups. The story details the adventures of Primus – a somewhat unusual character – and the beautiful young witch, Miss Plim. After a game of cat-and-mouse the two of them become a team. They rediscover a long-forgotten legend and try to solve the mystery of Primus' nebulous past.

Not even Primus himself knows where he came from or how old he is. But he owns a piece of something that seems to be connected directly with his past. Distant memories, a weird symbol in the cellar, and a yellowing book containing an old legend are all part of the mystery that swirls around the land of Nettlewooz. Will the Dark Forest one day tell its story, or will it be the Western Swamps which reveal their secrets? Will the answers be found at the bottom of the Lunar Lake or closer to home, in the crooked old tower? Primus, together with the feisty young witch Miss Plim, heads off to solve this great mystery.





PRIMUS

Age: approximately 215 years old
Job: former master-class student
Address: The Crooked Tower
13 Thistleway, Mizzle Meadows
Likes: flying around the church's steeple
dusty books
hidden doors





Primus looked at the picture. It was a brownish photograph of an old man with a long beard. He had a kindly look and was smiling as he leaned against his walking stick. Primus stared silently at the picture. He realised he had seen this old man somewhere before. But where?

That was it! He now remembered. The old man had been in his dream. In the dream where he had encountered the spindly little jester. The old man had waved at him from the tower. Had he once known this Magnus Ulma?

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MISS PLIM™

Job: light-fingered witch (unlicensed)
Address: Plim's Toy Shop
Treestump 1, Weedy Way
The Dark Forest
Likes: lotions and potions
(of the beauty variety)
to have the final say
and - above all! - her handbag





... there was a sudden silence. Primus and Plim gaped at the opening in complete astonishment. Neither of them had imagined this for a single minute. Plim was the first to speak. "How long have you been living here?!" she said. "I mean ..." – she gasped for breath – "... I mean, I've never been in this cellar before, and what do I find? A secret door!"

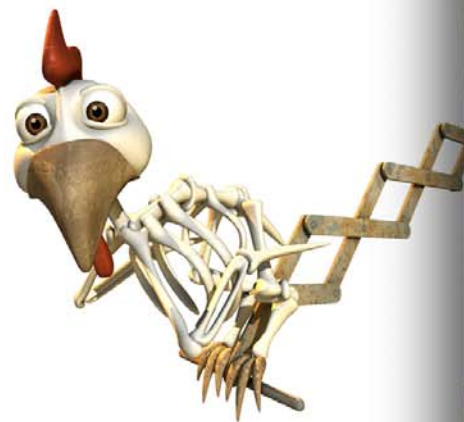
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BUCKLEWHEE™

Job: wake-up bird
Address: the longcase clock in Primus's attic
Distinguishing characteristics:
state-approved and officially certified for accuracy
Likes: extensive wake-up-workouts
training hours (weekdays from 2 - 3 PM)

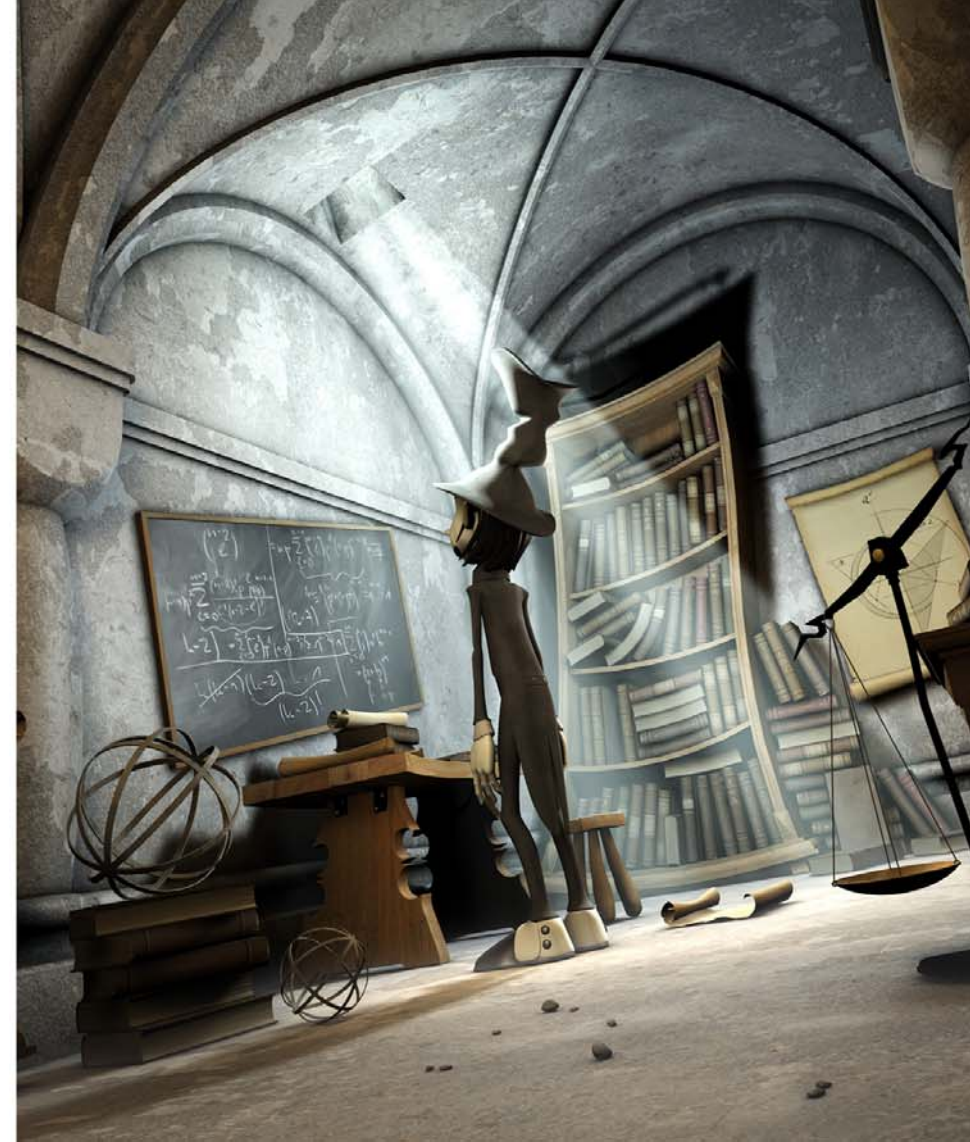




The brittle boards bended because of his weight as Primus entered the ancient bridge. A mumbling came out of the clouds. Step by step Primus walked ahead, while he clutched the ropes at the bridge's side.

If he could rely on what was written in Magnus Ulmes book, then it took more than threehundred fathoms down to earth, straight underneath his feet.

Nettlewooz - Vol. 3
 "Peaks of Brimstone Pinnacles"







"JUST ONE MINUTE!"

The command echoed behind them. Primus stopped and turned round. Dangerously slowly, Ravenstone was making his way down the hall towards them. His chin was raised searchingly. He looked Primus up and down with a disparaging expression.

"Haven't we met before somewhere?" he asked.

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... He had almost reached the hills when he suddenly heard a tinkling sound. Primus stopped to listen. It sounded like little bells. He turned round uneasily. The moon was now higher above the fields, and was also much larger than it had ever been before. Primus narrowed his eyes. Something seemed to be moving over there – a small figure was jumping over the hills. With spindly legs and wearing a jester's cap on its head it hopped around like a mountain goat. Up and down, in and out, coming ever closer to Primus. He looked over his shoulder at the tower. The old man had disappeared. Primus immediately looked back towards the hills, and saw that the hopping jester was much closer now. Whoever this little chap might be, he was definitely not a good omen.

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... the ceiling was so low that she immediately banged her head hard.

"Mouldy maggots! Ouch!" she cried. "What kind of a dump is this?"

"I'll give you three guesses," said Primus. "These are our new quarters." He flung out his hand in a gallant gesture. "I hope Madame Lightfingers will find them to her liking. Unfortunately, there's nothing to steal here, unless you take a fancy to the flour sacks."

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... I just happened to spot the lake, too, and there was a rowing boat on it."
"So? It probably just came loose," Plim presumed.
"No," he said. "That's the thing. There was someone in it. It was at night, and there was someone out there on the lake. He was standing completely upright in the boat. It almost looked as if he were looking for something in the water."

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"Root," the old woman croaked. Primus bent down. "I'm sorry – I don't think I quite caught that." "That's a root, young man," she replied. "A Riddleroot." Primus had no idea what the old woman was talking about, but he was keen to open the casket anyway. He opened the lid – and couldn't believe his eyes. On a cushion inside lay an old, wizened sugar beet. Primus looked uncomprehendingly at the woman, who was still smiling and rocking in her chair. "Ask a question," she said, blinking at him over the top of her glasses. "Ask you a question?" Primus was confused. "No, not me," she replied. "You must ask the Root a question."

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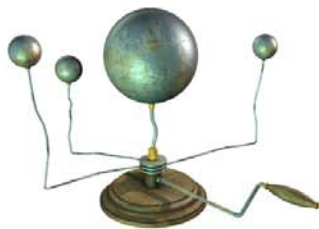


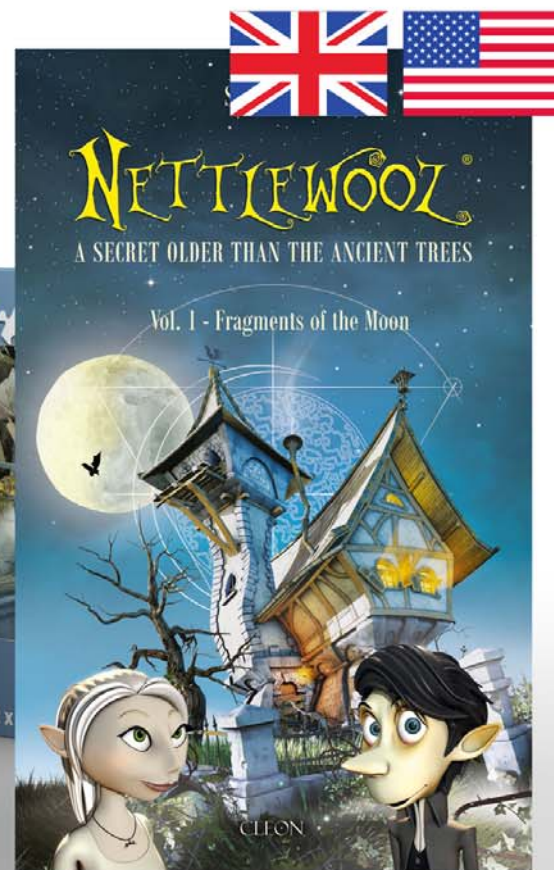


A contemplative evening sky appeared in front of Quinn's eyes, as he jumped out of the mysterious waters. The storm had passed, and far away in the glance of the setting sun, Quinn recognized a group of islands.

Unkrautland Picturebook
"Anura's Gate"









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