

Original-Text:

Prolog: Vom Hundesalon in den Dungeon

Kleff kleff! Die schneeweiße Hündin drehte ihren Kopf zu mir.

Sie bekam zum ersten Mal einen neuen Haarschnitt.

Es war selbstverständlich, dass sie mich misstrauisch beobachtete, als ich das zu lange Fell ihrer Hinterpfoten mit meiner Rundscherer stutzte.

Die hellen Haare blieben neben ihr auf dem ebenfalls weißen Tisch liegen.

„Alles in Ordnung Mädchen, gleich sind wir fertig und dann bist du für deine Mama wunderschön.“

Kleff! Das Misstrauen in ihrem Blick wurde zu Neugierde.

Ich wechselte zu meiner Kammscherer, um die Form ihres Felles neu zu definieren.

Flauschi wedelte mit dem Schwanz.

Sie war eine Zwergspitz-Dame, die ihre Vorzüge kannte und genau wusste, wie man sie einsetzte. Doch ich durfte mich nicht von ihr um den Finger wickeln lassen.

Ich streichelte ihr frisch gewaschenes Fell, das noch immer nach dem Shampoo duftete. *So weich ...*

Sie musterte mich geduldig mit ihren kleinen Knopfaugen.

Als ich ihren Blick erwiderte, legte sie den Kopf schief und entblößte ihre rosa Zunge.

Ich verstand, was sie begehrte: Hundekexse, die hinter mir auf dem Tresen in einem dekorativen Glascontainer bereitstanden.

Sie würde alle Geschütze auffahren, um ihr Ziel zu erreichen.

„Gleich, meine Süße. Ein paar Handgriffe noch“, versuchte ich sie zu beschwichtigen.

Ich hob ihren Schwanz hoch, um ihr Hinterteil von überschüssigen Fell zu befreien. *Schnipp-schnapp-schnipp!*

Da flogen die überschüssigen Haare und landeten auf dem frisch gekehrten Laminatboden.

Mehrere Scherenschnitte später und große Teile ihres Körpers waren fertig gestutzt.

Ich ließ die Schere sinken und bewunderte die kleine Lady mit einem stolzen Lächeln.

Während unserem Termin hatte ich ihr seidenweiches Fell gezähmt. Vor mir saß nicht einfach nur ein Hündchen. Sie sah nun aus wie ein lebendiger Teddybär. Sobald ich fertig mit ihr war, würde ich ihr eine Schleife um den Hals binden und mit dem Smartphone ein paar Fotos von ihr machen. So ein schönes Tier musste mit der Welt geteilt werden.

„Jetzt noch dein Bauch, das Köpfchen und der Schwanz, dann kannst du nach Hause gehen“, versprach ich ihr.

„Und natürlich bekommst du Leckerlies, weil du so brav bist.“

Ich liebte es, Hundefriseurin zu sein. Hunde zu pflegen und zu verwöhnen war meine Lebensaufgabe. Und besonders gefiel es mir, wenn ich wie bei Flauschi freie Hand hatte.

Maximale Niedlichkeit war vorprogrammiert!

Die Hündin schenkte mir ein Lächeln, als ich ihre Vorderpfoten nahm und sie anhob.

Kleff kleff! Protestierte sie.

„Ich muss das so machen. Ansonsten erreiche ich deinen Bauch doch nicht“

Sie schüttelte sich und wedelte dankbar mit dem Schwanz, als ich sie nach ein paar Minuten wieder losließ.

Die losen Haare tanzten dabei durch den Laden und sanken langsam auf den Boden, wo sie nur darauf warteten meinen Staubsauger kennenzulernen.

Mit Flauschi zu arbeiten war angenehm. Ich hoffte, sie und ihr Frauchen, als Stammkundinnen für mich zu gewinnen.

Während des Waschens und Föhnens war sie außergewöhnlich brav gewesen.

Beim Schneiden vertraute sie mir ebenfalls. So angenehme Kundinnen konnte man nicht

genug haben. Besonders nicht, wenn sie auch so niedlich waren.

Ein flausches Gefühl breitete sich in meinem Magen aus.

Ich ließ die Schere sinken und stützte mich auf den Arbeitstisch.

Ich atmete einmal tief durch, schloss die Augen und zählte bis zehn. Wurde ich krank?

Dabei hatte ich gut geschlafen und ausreichend gefrühstückt.

In Gedanken plante ich eine kurze Pause ein, sobald ich mit Flauschi fertig wurde.

Jetzt musste es wieder gehen. Keine zwanzig Minuten, dann konnte ich mich ausruhen. Zum Glück war heute schon Freitag. Das Wochenende würde ich im Bett mit viel Tee unter einer warmen Decke verbringen, damit ich am Montag wieder tüchtig anpacken konnte.

Ich öffnete die Augen, nahm den Schwanz an einer Strähne und brachte ihn in Form, während helle Punkte vor meinem Sichtfeld erschienen und mit ihrem wilden Tanz begannen. Ich versuchte sie wegzublinzeln, was nur einen Augenblick lang half und mich bei der Arbeit störte.

Ich ließ mein Werkzeug sinken und seufzte. Eines stand fest: So konnte ich unmöglich weitermachen. Ein falscher Schnitt und ich würde Flauschi ernsthaft verletzen. Etwas, das ich mir nie verzeihen könnte. Die Hündin schien zu spüren, dass es mir nicht gut ging.

Aufmunternd leckte sie an meiner Hand.

Von einem Moment auf den Anderen fühlte ich mich kraftlos. Vor meinem Sichtfeld tanzten weiterhin die hellen Punkte und ich musste die Augen schließen, um mich nicht zu übergeben.

Mit weichen Knien sank ich zu Boden.

Ein kalter Schauer lief mir über den Rücken und ich begann zu schwitzen. Was passierte mit mir?

Kleff kleff! Ich hörte Flauschi, die plötzlich so klang, als wäre sie weit weg.

Ich atmete tief durch. *Jetzt bloß nicht in Panik geraten.*

Es konnte doch nicht sein, dass ich mitten in der Arbeit umkippte. Und dann auch noch vor dem Teil, der mir besonders Spaß machte: Die Ohren und die Bäckchen formte ich am liebsten.

Viel wichtiger als der Haarschnitt war jedoch, dass ich auf die Hundedame achtgeben konnte, denn momentan befand ich mich alleine im Salon.

Ich blieb kurz sitzen und sammelte meine Kraftreserven, ehe ich versuchte aufzustehen.

Kling klong! Kaum hörbar läutete die Türglocke und ich war mir nicht einmal sicher, ob ich es mir nicht einbildete.

„Lieselotte? Alles ok?“

Meine Arbeitskollegin Marion sprach mich an.

Sie musste früher als erwartet aus ihrer Mittagspause zurückgekommen sein.

Ihre Stimme klang besorgt und nicht lauter als nur ein Flüstern. Sie schien so unendlich weit weg zu sein. Und das, wo sie doch neben mir stand und ich ihre Hand auf meiner spürte.

Ich sammelte alle meine Kraft und schlug die Augen auf, bereit sie davon zu versichern, dass es keinen Grund zur Sorge gab und es mir eigentlich gut ging.

Ich muss mich nur hinsetzen, dann ist alles in Ordnung.

Ich hielt inne und blinzelte irritiert.

Der Schwindel und die Übelkeit waren wie weggeblasen. Verwirrt starrte ich geradeaus an die Wand. Das konnte doch nicht sein. Spielten mir meine Augen einen Streich?

Marion und Flauschi waren verschwunden.

Übersetzung- Rohfassung

Prologue: From the dog salon to the dungeon

Bark Bark! The snow-white pup turned her head to me. She got a new haircut for the first time. It was natural that she watched me suspiciously when I trimmed the long fur of her hind paws with my round scissors. Her light hair remained next to her on the also white table." All right girl, we're done right away and then you're beautiful for your mom."

Bark! The distrust in her gaze became curiosity. I switched to my comb scissors to redefine the shape of their fur. Fluffy started wagging her tail. She was a pomeranian lady who knew her advantages and knew exactly how to use them. But I wasn't allowed to be wrapped around her finger. I caressed her freshly washed fur, which still smelled like the shampoo. *So soft ...* She patiently examined me with her little button eyes. When I answered her gaze, she leaned her head and stuck out her pink tongue. I understood what she wanted: dog biscuits that were waiting behind me on the counter in a decorative glass container. She would bring out the really big guns to reach her destination. "Just one moment, sweet pupper. Only a few more steps", I tried to appease them. I lifted her tail up to free her back from excess fur. *Snip-snap-snip!*

Then the excess hair flew and landed on the freshly turned laminate floor. Several scissorcuts later, large parts of her body were trimmed. I let the scissors sink and admired the little lady with a proud smile. During our appointment I had tamed her silky soft fur. There wasn't just a dog sitting in front of me. She looked like a living teddy bear. Once I was done with her, I would tie a bow around her neck and take some photos of her with my smartphone. Such a beautiful animal had to be shared with the world." Now your belly, the head and the tail, then you can go home," I promised her. » And of course you get treats because you're so good." I loved being a dog hairdresser. Caring for and pampering dogs was my life's mission. And I particularly liked it when I had a free hand, as with Fluffy. Maximum cuteness was pre-programmed! The pup gave me a smile when I took her front paws and lifted them.

Bark Bark!, she protested." I have to do it that way. Otherwise I will not reach your belly." She shook her head and waved her tail gratefully when I let her go after a few minutes. The loose hair danced through the store and slowly sank to the floor, where they were just waiting to get to know my vacuum cleaner. Working with Fluffy was pleasant. I hoped to win over her and her owner as regulars. During the washing and blow-drying, she had been exceptionally good. She also trusted me when I was cutting. You couldn't have enough pleasant customers. Especially not when they were so cute. A dull feeling spread in my stomach. I let the scissors sink and leaned on the work table. I once breathed deeply, closed my eyes and counted to ten. Did I get sick? I had slept well and had enough breakfast. In my mind, I planned a short break as soon as I finished fluffy. Now it had to be fine again. Not twenty minutes, then I could take a break. Luckily, today was already friday. I would spend the weekend in bed with a lot of tea under a warm blanket, so that I could get back on track on Monday. I opened my eyes, took the tail on a strand of hair and trimmed it, while bright spots appeared in front of my field of vision and began with their wild dance. I tried to blink them away, which only helped for a moment and bothered me at work. I let my tool sink and sighed. One thing was certain: I couldn't possibly go on like this. A wrong cut and I would seriously hurt Fluffy. Something I could never forgive myself for. The pupper seemed to notice, that I wasn't feeling well and cheerfully licked my hand. From one moment to the next, I felt powerless. In front of my field of vision, the bright dots continued to dance and I had to close my eyes so as not to throw up. With soft knees I sank to the ground. A cold shower ran over my back and I started to sweat. What happened to me?

Bark Bark! Fluffy seemed to be far away. I breathed deeply. *Just don't panic now.*

It couldn't be that I fainted in the middle of work. And then also before the part, which I particularly enjoyed: I liked to shape the ears and cheeks. Much more important than the haircut, however, was that I could pay attention to the pupper, because at the moment I was alone in the salon. I stayed for a short time and collected my strength reserves before I tried to get up.

Kling klong! Barely audible the doorbell rang and I wasn't even sure if I didn't imagine it. »Lieselotte? All okay?" My colleague Marion spoke to me. She must have returned from her lunch break earlier than expected. Her voice sounded anxious and no louder than just a whisper. She seemed so infinitely far away. And that's when she was standing next to me and I felt her hand on mine. I gathered all my strength and opened my eyes, ready to reassure them that there was no reason to worry and that I was actually fine.

I just have to sit down, then everything is fine.

I paused and blinked irritated. The dizziness and nausea **were** blown away. Confused, I stared straight at the wall. That could not be the case. Did my eyes play a prank on me? Marion and Fluffy **were gone.**

Übersetzung Version 1

Prologue: From the dog salon to the dungeon

Bark, Bark! The snow-white pup turned her head toward me. She had just got a haircut for the first time. It was natural that she watched me suspiciously when I trimmed the long fur from her hind paws with my round scissors. Her light hair remained next to her on the white table. "All right girl, we're almost done and then you'll be beautiful for your mom."

Bark! The distrust in her gaze turned into curiosity. I switched to my comb scissors to redefine the shape of her fur. Fluffy started wagging her tail. She was a lady pomeranian, who knew her good features and exactly how to use them. However, I didn't want her having me wrapped around her finger. I caressed her freshly washed fur, which still smelled of the shampoo. *So soft ...*

She patiently examined me with her little, button eyes. When I answered her gaze, she leaned her head in and stuck out her pink tongue. I understood what she wanted: dog biscuits that were behind me on the counter in a decorative glass container. She would bring out the really big guns to reach her reward. "Just one moment, sweet puppy. Only a few more steps", I tried to appease her. I lifted her tail up to free her back from excess fur. *Snip-snap-snip!*

Then, the excess hair flew off and landed on the freshly turned, laminate floor. Several scissor cuts later, large parts of her body were trimmed. I left down the scissors and admired the little lady with a proud smile. During our appointment, I had tamed her silky, soft fur. This wasn't just a dog sitting in front of me. She now looked like a living teddy bear. When I was done with her, I tied a bow around her neck and took some photos of her with my smartphone. Such a beautiful animal had to be shared with the world. "Next, your belly, head and tail, then you can go home," I promised her. "And of course, you get treats because you're so good." I loved being a dog groomer. Caring for and pampering dogs was my life's mission. And I particularly liked it when I had a free hand, as with Fluffy. Maximum cuteness was pre-programmed! The pup gave me a smile when I took her front paws and lifted them.

Bark, Bark! she protested. "I have to do it that way. Otherwise, I cannot reach your belly." When I let her go after a few minutes, she shook her head and waved her tail gratefully. The loose hair danced around the store and slowly sank to the floor, where it was just waiting to get to know my vacuum cleaner. Working with Fluffy was pleasant. I hoped to win over her and her owner as regulars. During the washing and blow-drying, she had been exceptionally good. She also trusted me when I was cutting. You couldn't have enough pleasant customers like this. Especially not when they were so cute. A dull feeling spread across my stomach. I let the scissors fall and leaned on the work table. I breathed in deeply, closed my eyes and counted to ten. Have I gotten sick? I had slept well and had enough breakfast. In my mind, I decided to take a short break as soon as I finished Fluffy. Another twenty minutes, then I could take a break. Luckily, today it was Friday already. If I was sick, I could spend the weekend in bed with a lot of tea under a warm blanket, to get back on track for Monday. I opened my eyes, took the tail by a strand of hair and trimmed it, while bright spots appeared in front of my field of vision and began a wild dance. I tried to blink them away, which only helped for a moment and bothered my work. I placed my tools down again and sighed. One thing was certain; I couldn't possibly go on like this. One wrong cut and I could seriously hurt Fluffy. Something I could never forgive myself for. The puppey seemed to notice that I wasn't feeling well and cheerfully licked my hand. From one moment to the next, I felt powerless. In front of my field of vision, the bright dots continued to dance and I had to close my eyes so as not to throw up. With wobbly knees, I sank to the ground. A cold shower ran over my back and I started to sweat. What has happened to me?

Bark, Bark! Fluffy sounded far away. I breathed in deeply. *Just don't panic now.*

I can't faint at work. Especially right at the final part, which I particularly enjoyed; shaping the ears and cheeks. Much more important than the haircut, however, was that I could pay attention to the puppy, because at that moment, I was alone in the salon. I sat for a short time to get my strength back before I tried to get up.

Kling klong! Barely audible, the doorbell rang and I wasn't even sure if I had imagined it. "Lieselotte? Is everything okay?" my colleague, Marion, said to me. She must have returned from her lunch break earlier than expected. Her voice sounded anxious and no louder than just a whisper. She seemed so infinitely far away. And then I felt her hand on mine. I gathered all my strength and opened my eyes, ready to reassure her that there was no reason to worry and that I was actually fine.

I just have to sit down, then everything is fine.

I paused and blinked, irritated. The dizziness and nausea had passed by. Confused, I stared straight at the wall. What had just happened? Had my eyes just played a trick on me? Marion and Fluffy **were both gone.**

Übersetzung Version 2

Prologue: From the dog salon to the dungeon

Bark Bark! The snow-white pup turned her head to me. She was getting a new haircut for the first time, so it was natural that she watched me suspiciously as I trimmed the long fur of her hind paws with my round scissors.

"Alright, girl, we'll be done right away and then you'll be beautiful for your mom."

Bark! The distrust in her gaze became curiosity.

I switched to my comb scissors to redefine the shape of her fur, and Fluffy started wagging her tail. She was a pomeranian lady who knew her advantages and knew exactly how to use them. But I wasn't allowed to be wrapped around her finger. I caressed her freshly washed fur, which still smelled like the lavender shampoo. *So soft ...*

She patiently examined me with her little button eyes. When I answered her gaze, she leaned her head and stuck out her pink tongue. I understood what she wanted: dog biscuits that were waiting behind me on the counter in a decorative glass container. She would bring out the really big guns to reach her destination.

"Just one moment, sweet pupper. Only a few more steps," I said as I tried to appease her. I lifted her tail up to free her back from excess fur. *Snip-snap-snip!* The hair flew and landed on the freshly-turned laminate floor. Several scissor-cuts later, large parts of her body were trimmed. I let the scissors sink and admired the little lady with a proud smile. During our appointment, I had tamed her silky soft fur. There wasn't just a dog sitting in front of me, she looked like a living teddy bear. Once I was done with her, I tied a bow around her neck and took some photos of her with my smartphone. Such a beautiful animal had to be shared with the world.

"Now your belly, then the head, and the tail, then you can go home," I promised her. "And of course, you get treats because you're so good."

I loved being a dog hairdresser. Caring for and pampering dogs was my life's mission. And I particularly liked it when I had free reign, as with Fluffy. Maximum cuteness was pre-programmed! The pup gave me a smile when I took her front paws and lifted them.

Bark Bark! she protested.

"I have to do it that way otherwise I will not reach your belly."

She shook her head and waved her tail gratefully when I let her go after a few minutes. The loose hair danced through the store and slowly sank to the floor, where they were just waiting to get to know my vacuum cleaner. Working with Fluffy was pleasant. I hoped to win her, and her owner, over as regulars. During the washing and blow-drying, she had been exceptionally good. She also trusted me when I was cutting. You couldn't have enough pleasant customers, especially not when they were so cute.

A dull feeling spread in my stomach. I let the scissors sink and leaned on the worktable. I breathed deeply, closed my eyes, and counted to ten. Had I become sick? I had slept well and eaten enough breakfast. In my mind, I planned a short break for as soon as I finished Fluffy. For now, it had to be fine. In just twenty minutes I could take a break. Luckily, today was already Friday. I would spend the weekend in bed with a lot of tea under a warm blanket, so that I could get back on track on Monday. I opened my eyes, took a strand of hair on the tail, and trimmed it, but bright spots appeared in front of my field of vision and began their wild dance. I tried to blink them away, which only helped for a moment. I dropped my tool and sighed. One thing was certain: I couldn't possibly go on like this. A wrong cut and I could seriously hurt Fluffy, something I would never forgive myself for. The pupper seemed to notice that I wasn't feeling well and cheerfully licked my hand. From one moment to the next, I felt powerless. In front of my eyes, the bright dots continued to dance,

and I had to close my eyes so as not to throw up. With soft knees I sank to the ground. A cold shiver ran over my back and I started to sweat. What had happened to me?

Bark Bark! Fluffy seemed to be far away.

I breathed deeply. *Just don't panic now.*

I couldn't faint in the middle of my work, especially as I was just at the part which I enjoyed the most; shaping the ears and cheeks. Much more important than the haircut, however, was that I could pay attention to the pupper, because I was alone in the salon. I stayed kneeling for a short time and collected my strength before I tried to get up.

Kling klong! The doorbell rang, but it was barely audible, and I wasn't sure if I had imagined it.

"Lieselotte? All okay?" My colleague Marion called out. She must have returned from her lunch break earlier than expected. Her voice sounded anxious and no louder than a whisper. She seemed so infinitely far away, but then she was standing next to me and I felt her hand on mine. I gathered all my strength and opened my eyes, ready to reassure her that there was no reason to worry and that I was actually fine.

I just have to sit down, then everything will be fine.

I paused and blinked, irritated. The dizziness and nausea **were** blown away. Confused, I stared straight at the wall. It could not be. Had my eyes played a prank on me? Marion and Fluffy **had disappeared.**