

NO*me*OLVIDES

SESIÓN #02: MIDDLE GRADE
SEPTIEMBRE 2025

UTE
KÖRNER
LITERARY AGENT

Nomeolvides es la primera presentación online de libros que no forman parte de las novedades o no son de reciente publicación y que debido a su potencial tendrían actualmente cabida en nuestro mercado. Nuevas **oportunidades** para libros que han quedado en segundo plano. Esta es la **selección más personal** del equipo de Ute Körner.

Tras la buena acogida de primera sesión dedicada al álbum, continuamos con la **franja de lectores 7-12 años** (Middle Grade).



To read out loud!



The Best Sibling Stories to Read Aloud delves deep into the chaotic and humorous everyday life of Klara and her brother. With a series of hilarious pranks, from piggy banks that secretly change hands to escaped flea circus performers, these stories celebrate the inseparable bond between siblings.

Each story is full of lively humor and child-friendly adventures that will delight young readers and make parents smile.

- For all siblings: everyday life with humor and creativity.
- With short, snappy stories.
- Ideal for reading aloud and for reading on your own.



Dimiter Inkiow & W. & T. Reiner
My Sister Claire and I

OETINGER, Germany
2025, hardcover, 176 pages

Rights sold: Moldavia and Romania

RE-PRINTED WITH A NEW COVER!
ENGLISH SAMPLE TRANSLATION AVAILABLE



Original cover by Ellermann (2023)

Ich wollte vor Wut weinen, da rief Klara plötzlich: »Ich hab was! Ich hab was!«
Sie zeigte mir einen Löffel.
»Was soll ich damit?«
»Damit kannst du üben. Der Zirkusmensch hat Eisenstangen gebogen. Du kannst dasselbe mit dem Löffel machen.«
»Gut«, sagte ich entschlossen, »ich versuche es.«
Ich habe sofort den Löffel in beide Hände genommen und dann mit aller Kraft gedrückt. Und ich habe es geschafft! Ich habe ihn wie ein Hufeisen gebogen!
»Jetzt musst du ihn wieder gerade machen. Wie eine Kerze!«, sagte Klara.
Das war gar nicht so leicht. Ich musste mich sehr anstrengen und ganz fest drücken. Ich habe es auch mit den Zähnen versucht. Jetzt wackeln zwei. Endlich habe ich es geschafft und Klara stolz den Löffel gezeigt, der aber jetzt kein richtiger Löffel mehr war. Dann habe ich alle unsere Löffel zu Hufeisen gebogen und danach wieder kerzengerade gemacht. Alle Gabeln auch. War das eine Arbeit! Ich schwitzte richtig vom Üben. Aber ich übte weiter.



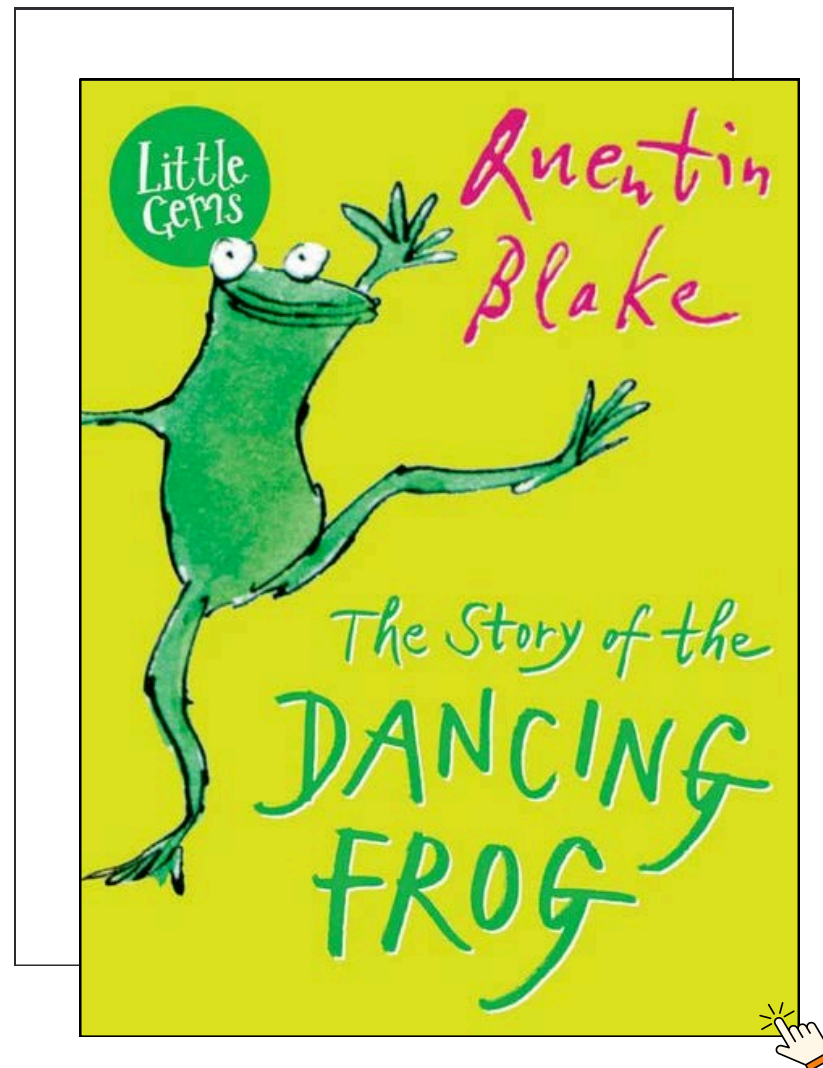
So haben mich Mama und Papa gefunden, als sie nach Hause kamen.
»Was ist hier los?«, riefen sie beide entsetzt und stürzten sich auf unsere Gabeln und Löffel.
Ich bin sofort ins Kinderzimmer gelaufen.
»Er hat nur geübt«, erklärte Klara. »Er hat sie alle wie Hufeisen gebogen und dann wieder ausgerichtet. Er hat geübt, um das stärkste Kind der Welt zu werden.«
Papa hat den ganzen Abend versucht, die Löffel und Gabeln

Klara: »Weißt du was? So geht das nicht. Kein Mensch putzt so schmutzige Schuhe im Wohnzimmer. Wir gehen besser ins Kinderzimmer.«
So schleppten wir alle Schuhe ins Kinderzimmer.
Als ich wieder tüchtig mit dem Putzen begann und lauter Staubwolken herumflogen, meinte Klara:
»Gehen wir besser in die Küche.«
»Gut! Gehen wir in die Küche!« Also schleppten wir den ganzen Schuhberg diesmal in die Küche. Klara teilte die Schuhe in Farbhäufen ein: schwarze, dunkelbraune, hellbraune und ganz helle. Dann haben wir die großen runden

Schuhcremedosen geöffnet. Die schwarze Dose neben die schwarzen Schuhe gestellt. Die dunkelbraune Dose neben die dunkelbraunen Schuhe. Die hellbraune Dose neben die hellbraunen Schuhe. Und die Dose mit der ganz hellen Schuhcreme neben die ganz hellen Schuhe.
Dann putzten wir tüchtig die Schuhe, so wie es sich für zwei brave Kinder gehört.
Schon bald war die Küche in dicke Staubwolken gehüllt. Unser Kater Kasimir und unser Dackel Schnuffi beobachteten uns neugierig.
»Geht weg!«, rief Klara. Sie wollte sie verjagen. Aber sie



6-7 years



The heartbroken widow of a captain drowned at sea discovers a friendly amphibian at her lowest point. But he is no ordinary frog – he's a dancing frog set on saving her! Soon the duo are touring the world with their routine, spreading light and laughter – and carrying out the occasional rescue – wherever they go.

High quality cream paper and a special easy to read font ensure a smooth read for all.

Quentin Blake

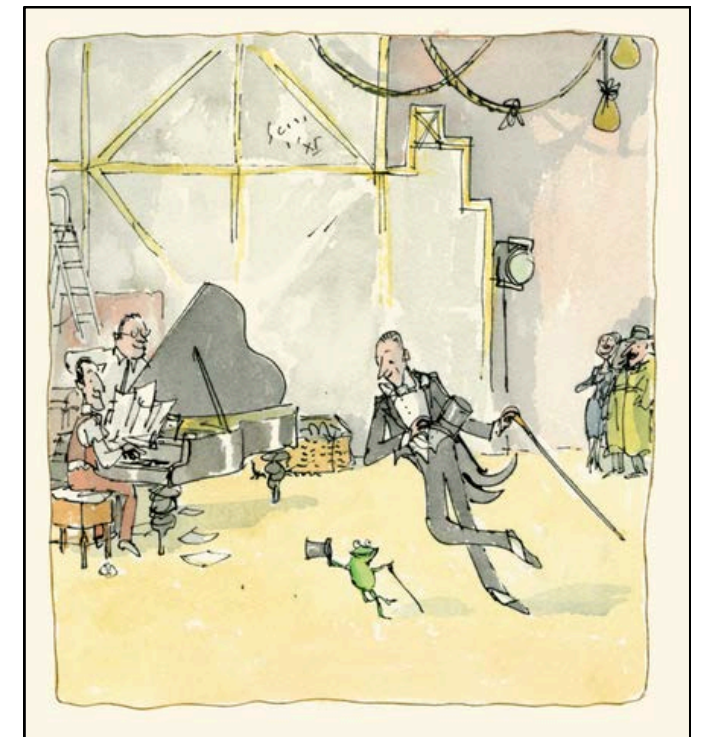
The Story of the Dancing Frog

BARRINGTON STOKES, Harper Collins, UK
2017, 12,6x16,8 cm, paperback, 96 pages
First published in 1984 by Jonathan Cape



Gertrude didn't have much money after her husband disappeared and was glad of anything they could earn. Anyway, for the first time the frog's name appeared on a theatre poster. Right at the bottom – GEORGE, THE DANCING FROG."

"Was that his name then?"



“What sort of presents?”

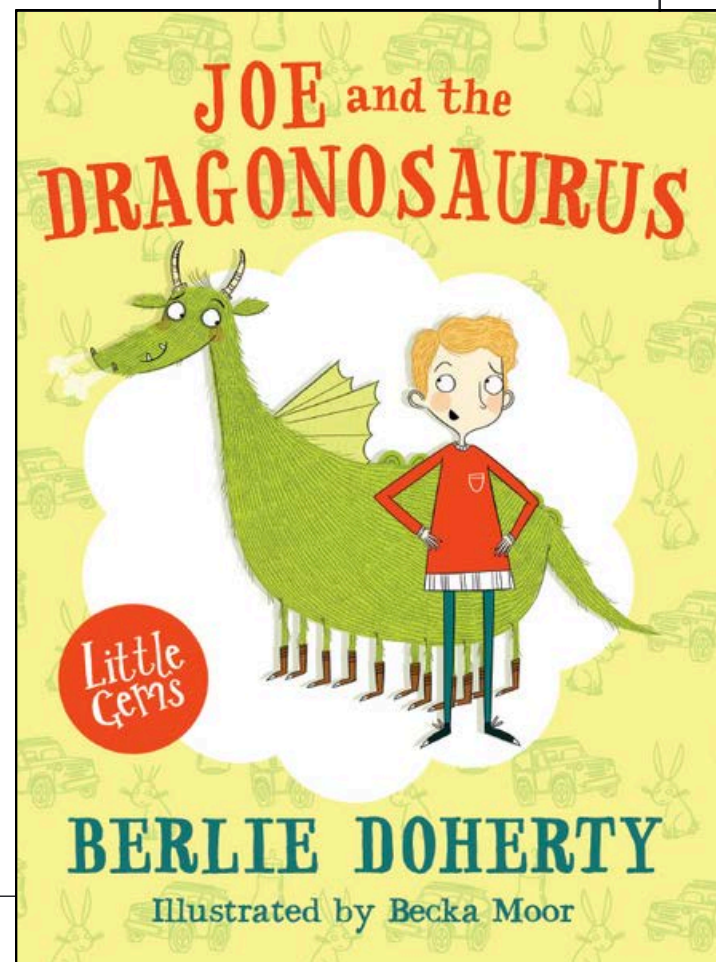
“Little brass tables with folding legs,
wooden camels, ornamental daggers.



SAMPLE



6-7 years



Charming countryside tale about the bond between children and animals

When Joe's teacher announces the new class project will be all about their pets, Joe turns glum – there's no animals allowed in his house. So when he starts to invent a pet, his imagination turns wild and the dragonosaurus is born! There's lots of fun to be had with his new 'pet', but when Joe notices something amiss on the neighbouring farm the dragonosaurus is quickly abandoned. Perhaps an animal to call his own is closer than Joe thinks.

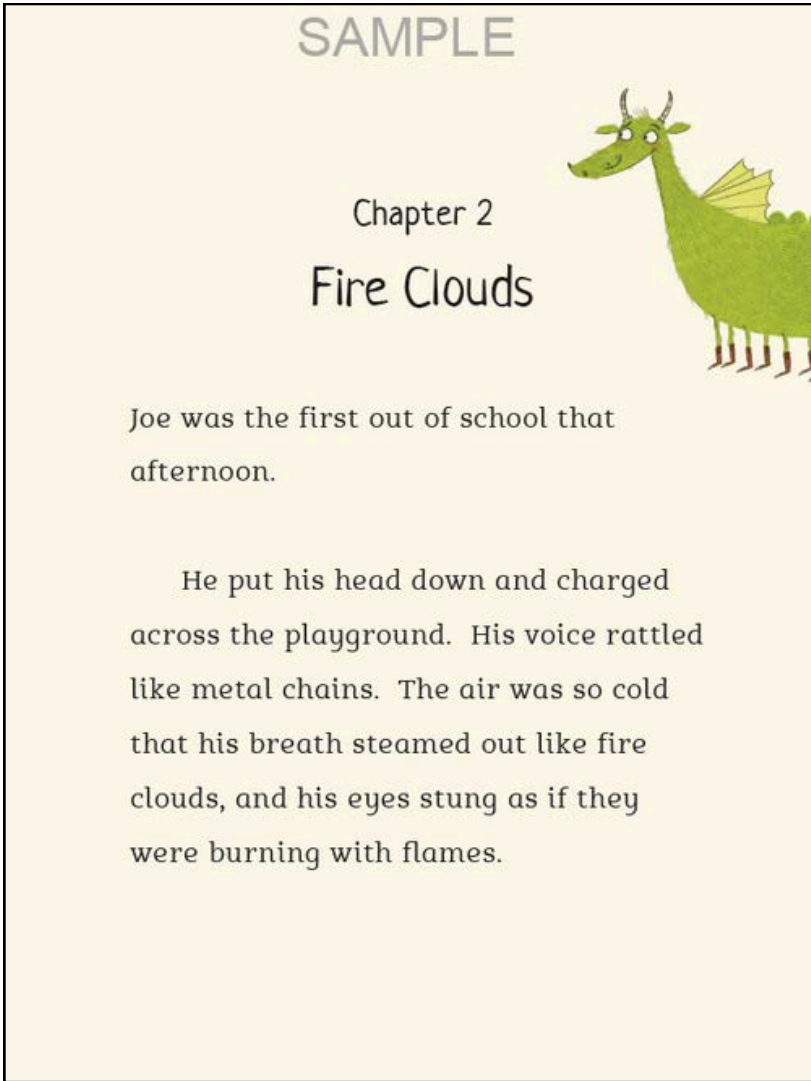
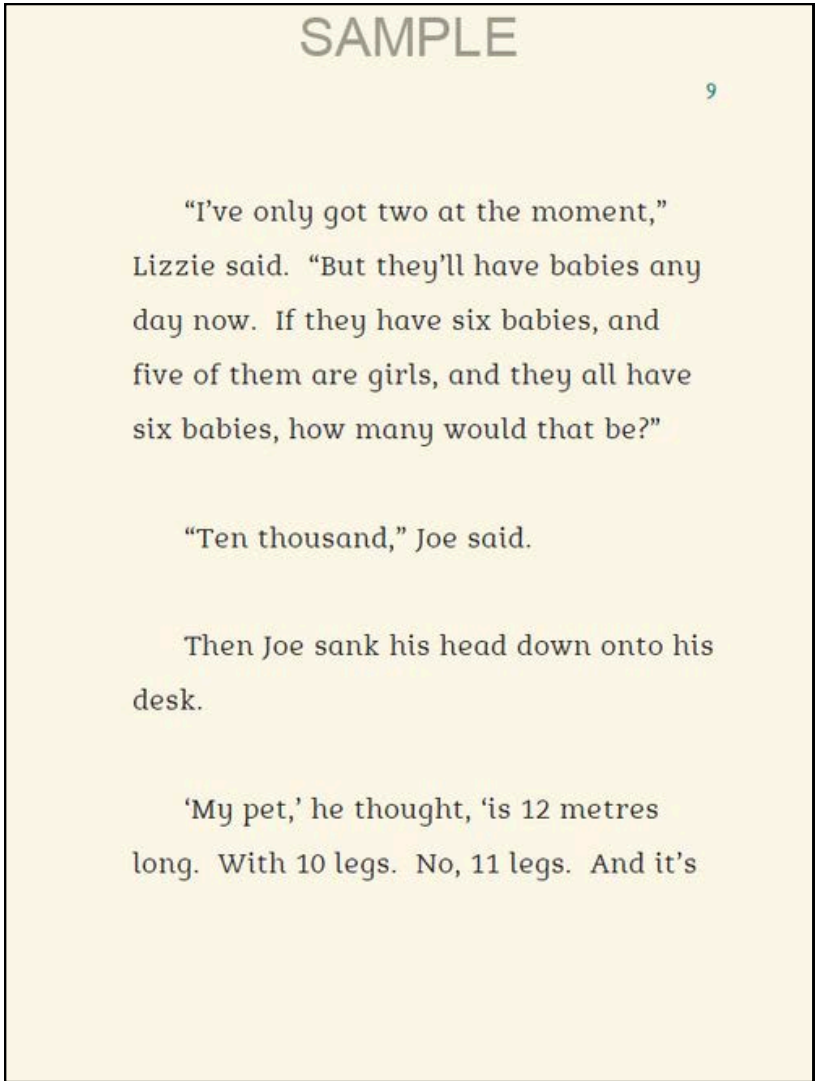
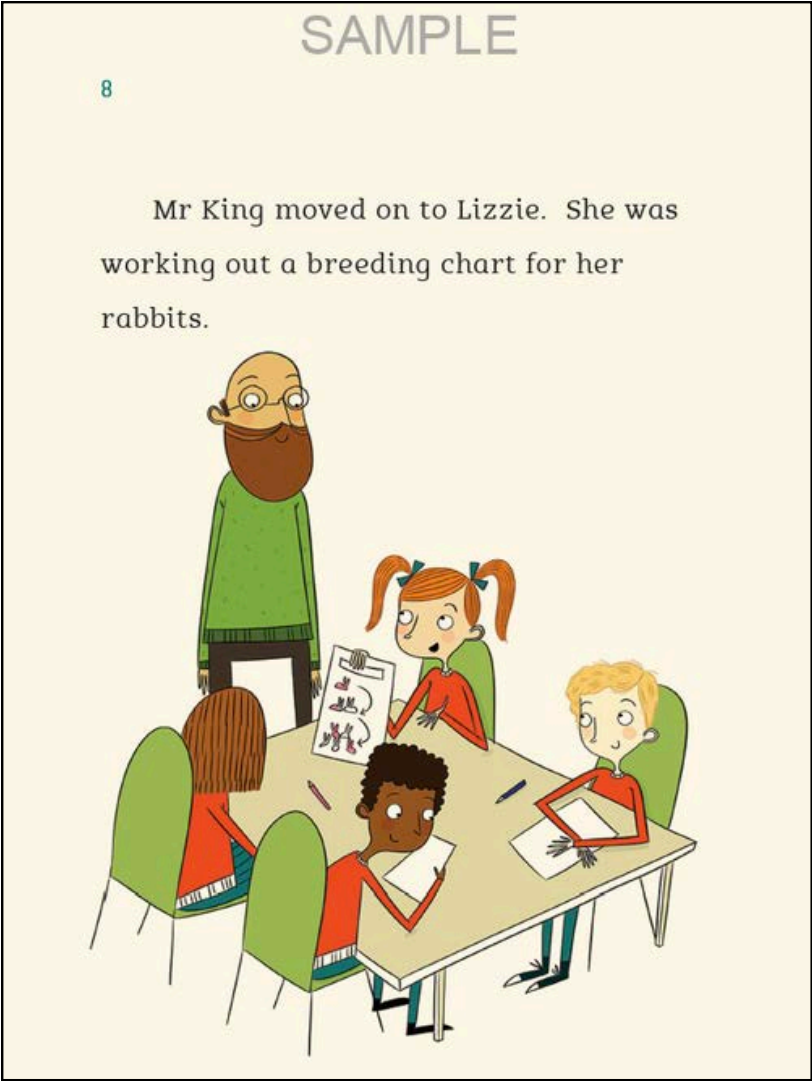


- Berlie Doherty is the author of over 60 books for children and adults.
- Berlie has twice won the Carnegie Medal

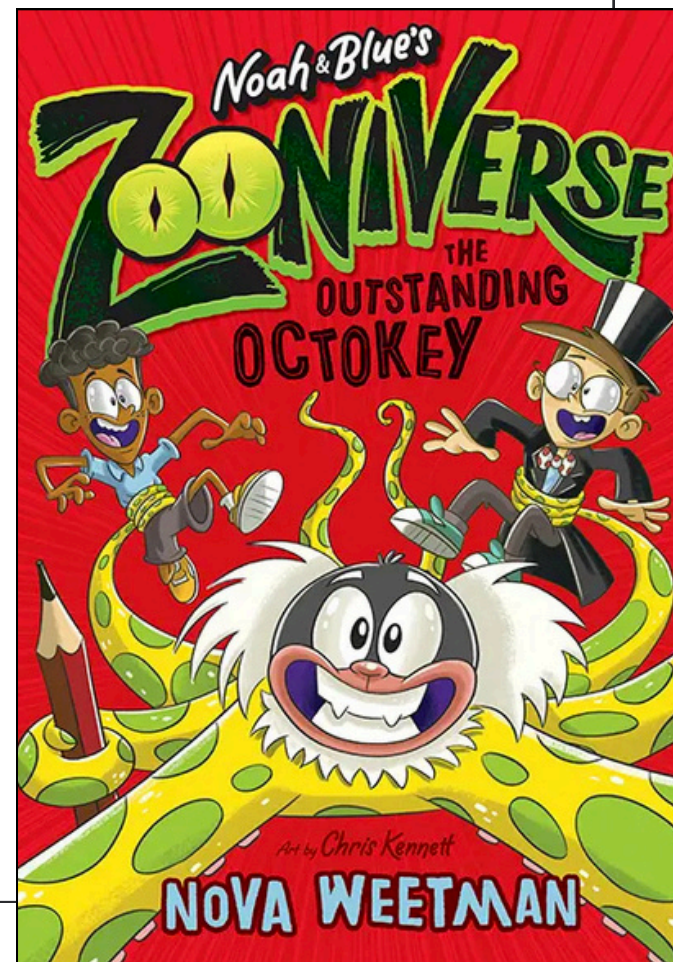

The yoto
Carnegies


Berlie Doherty & Becka Moor **Joe and the Dragonosaurus**

BARRINGTON STOKES, Harper Collins, UK
2015, 12,6x16,8 cm, paperback, 104 pages
Full colour illustrations



8 years



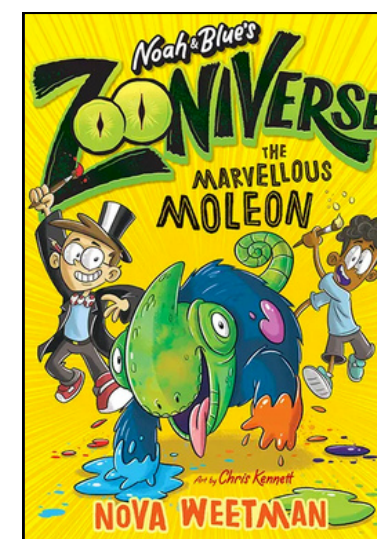
With the help of a magical book, Noah Wriggle and his best friend Blue like to design weird and wonderful animal mash-up creations – and then bring them to life! But sometimes their *mash-imals* love being alive just a little TOO much ...

In *The Outstanding Octokey*, a marmoset monkey is mashed up with an inky octopus, creating a swinging sucker! When Ocky escapes into the canteen, can Noah and Blue find him before he inks the entire school?

By Chris Kennett, the best-selling illustrator of
School of Monsters
with almost 2 M copies sold only in Spain!

Nova Weetman & Christ Kennett
Series Noah & Blue's Zooniverse

HARDIE GRANT, Australia
2019, paperback, 19x 13.3 cm, 96 pages
B&W illustrations



Book 01:
THE OUTSTANDING OCTOKEY
Book 02:
THE SPEEDY SPIDERSAURUS
Book 03:
THE MARVELLOUS MOLEON
Book 04:
THE TUMBLING TIGERDILLO



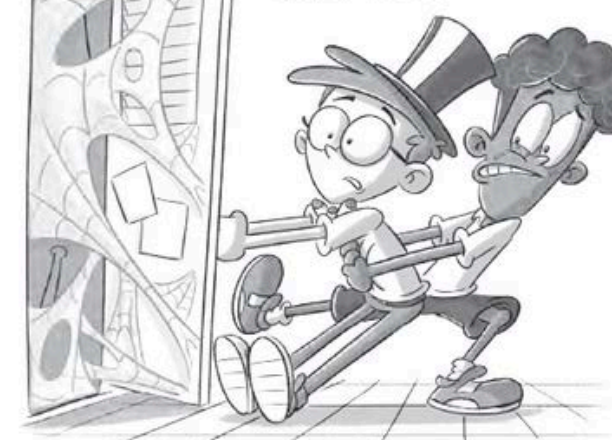
Now he feels ready.

Noah kneels down and shines a torch over all the stuff under his bed. He spots a broken old toy he'd like to pull apart later. But right now, he has inventing to do. He slides his hand under the bed and pulls out a large, leather-bound, mysterious looking book called **ZOONIVERSE**.

The book once belonged to his grandfather. He gave it to Noah on



Together the boys grab the handle and start pulling. Straining, they finally **YANK** it open to find it full of spider webs.



Noah gulps. Everything is white and puffy, like a **CLOUD** has been squashed into his locker.

'Wow ... Spidey has been busy,' says Blue, his eyes wide.

'She sure has.'

Noah stares into his locker. 'Where do you think she is?' he asks.

'I don't know,' says Blue.

'How will we find her? I can't put my hand in that!'

'Yes you can. Pretend it's fairy floss - just don't try to eat it,' says Blue.

Noah closes his eyes and imagines he's touching fairy floss. He reaches carefully into the dense spider web and fumbles around with his hand. He starts to panic. 'Spidey's not in here!'

8-10 years

*Elsa Morante*

The Extraordinary Adventures of Caterina

EINAUDI, Italy

1942/2016, 14x22cm, hardback, 176 pages

Black & White illustrations by the author

Elsa Morante did not attend primary school and taught herself to read and write. Her vocation as a writer manifested itself very early on with the publication of poems and fairy tales, illustrated by herself, in children's magazines. This is how the stories of Caterina were born, published in various magazines during back in 1930. **These stories, nursery rhymes and illustrations are a valuable record of the inventive power and originality of voice that one of the greatest writers of the century possessed from the very beginning.**

This volume, written when she was only fourteen, was published by Einaudi in 1942 under the title *Le bellissime avventure di Caterí dalla trecciolina* (*The Beautiful Adventures of Caterí with the Little Braid*); in 1959 it was republished under the title *Le straordinarie avventure di Caterina* (*The Extraordinary Adventures of Caterina*), and this is how it is known nowadays.

Straordinarie avventure di Caterina was translated almost immediately into **Japanese** and **Hungarian**, and, after the author's death, into **French, Swedish, Danish, Spanish, Norwegian and German**.



—Es preciso estar aquí día y noche —dijo—, y no dormir casi nunca. No hay sitio para otra cama, y, por lo tanto, la enfermera tendrá que acostarse en el suelo. Nada de ir de paseo, y deberá estar siempre a punto para cambiar los vendajes.

—¿Dónde está esa mujercita mal vestida? —preguntó la Señora del Pinar, con altivez.

Tímidamente, Caterí se presentó. La Señora la miró de arriba abajo y le puso entre las manos la bata:

—Me da lástima —dijo—, y le cedo el puesto. Usted hará de enfermera.



Entonces todos los enanos la elogiaron por su buen corazón, y ella se alejó sonriendo con la cabeza erguida. Se marcharon todos, y Caterina, sin llorar ya, dejó la trompeta y la moneda sobre el alféizar y se puso la bata. La bata era tan larga que arrastraba por el suelo, y tuvo que arremangarse,



—Figúrate, Caterí —dijo Rosetta—, ¡lo contenta que yo estaba de volver! Y llego aquí y no encuentro a nadie. Por fin he conseguido un empleo, Caterí.

—¡Viva! ¡Viva! —gritó Tit.

—Imaginaos —continuó Rosetta—, he conocido a una señora que tiene dieciocho niños; todos los días se rompen los calcetines y ninguno de ellos sabe sonarse la nariz. ¡Justamente para lo que yo hacía falta!

—Y entonces, ahora que has encontrado empleo, ¿podremos comer todos los días? —preguntó Caterinucha.

—Pues claro, claro que sí.

Caterinucha, Rosetta, Tit y Bellísima se cogieron de la mano y bailaron alrededor de la mesa cantando: «¡Come, revienta! ¡Revienta, come!», cuando oyeron que llamaban a la puerta.

Caterina corrió a abrir y vio a una princesita.



Debía de haber nacido hacía poco tiempo, porque era más o menos de la estatura de Bellísima; llevaba un vestido blanco con sobrecuello de oro y una redecilla de oro a la cabeza. Su pañuelo era grandísimo, a fin de que pudieran entrar en él todas sus lágrimas.

Rosetta le hizo al punto una reverencia y la Princesa respondió sonándose la nariz y enjugándose los ojos. Tenía una naricilla muy bien proporcionada y los ojos azul celeste con pestañas doradas. Nada más ver a la Princesa, Tit se puso de pie y pareció confuso; entre las manos estrechaba con afecto su trompeta de plata.



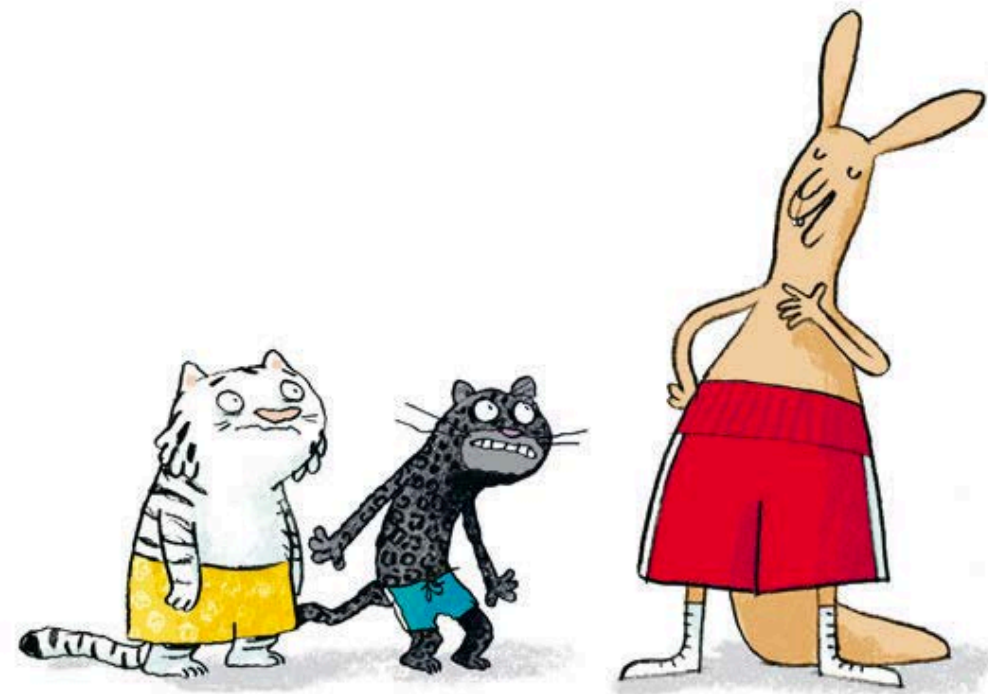
—¡Una Princesa! —dijeron todos con respeto.

—Soy una princesa peldida —explicó la Princesa, sin dejar de sonarse la nariz—, soy una poble pinesa. Mi aleoplano se ha escapado y yo quería seguirlo, pero las chinelas me hacían daño, y las fieras

10 years



Finally at the sea! When Pascha and Lucky climb out of the stuffy animal transporter, they want only one thing: to go swimming. But unfortunately, big cats are afraid of water, as their trainer has taught them. Just like all the tricks they need to perform to win first prize at the circus festival. But then the two meet Django, a gay kangaroo and professional boxer, with whom they can hop across the rooftops and watch TV for hours. And their big performance suddenly takes a completely different turn.

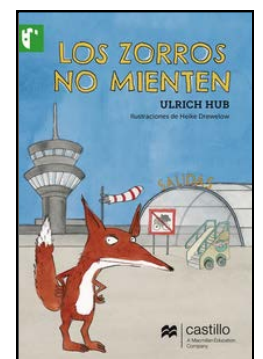
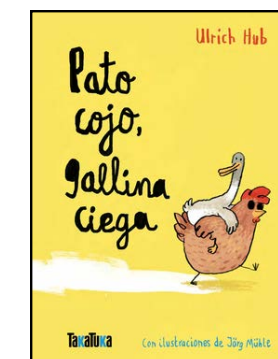


Ulrich Hub & Jörg Mühle

A Kangaroo Like You

CARLSEN, Germany
2018, 96 pages, 16x21cm
Full colour illustrations

Ulrich Hub's titles
have been translated
into several languages,
also into Spanish
(Takatuka, Ediciones
Castillo)





größten von allen waren. »Habt ihr Lust, mit mir zu spielen?« Aber die Elefanten machten wackelige Handstände und schauten mich nicht einmal mit ihren Hinterteilen an. Auch die Bären beachteten mich kaum,

sondern fuhren auf Fahrrädern, die viel zu klein für sie waren, im Kreis herum. Besonders vergnügt sahen sie nicht gerade aus.

Ich schlenderte weiter um das Zirkuszelt herum, streichelte das Krokodil, aber das glotzte mich nur gleichgültig aus gelben Augenschlitzen an. Wie zufällig stellte ich mich neben ein paar Ponys mit rosa Schleifchen in den Mähnen. Alle hatten die Augen fest zusammengekniffen und nickten unmerklich mit den Köpfen.

»Weitergehen, bitte«, zischte ein Pony. »Du störst. Wir müssen uns auf unsere Kunststückchen konzentrieren.«



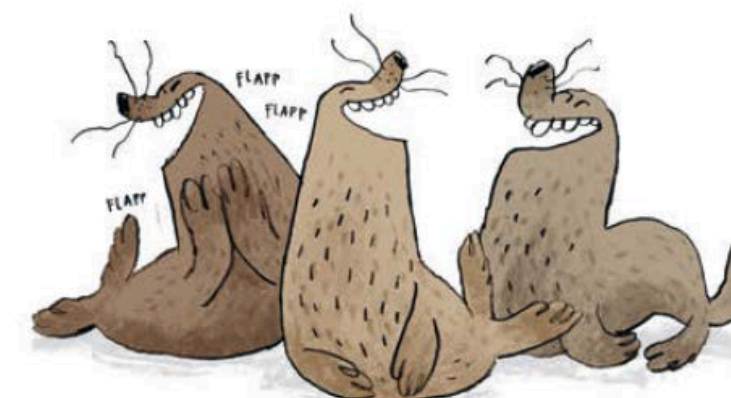
Bei jedem Schlag rieselte Sand aus dem Sack. Vorsichtig schlichen wir die Stufen herunter. Als das Känguru uns bemerkte, hielt es plötzlich wie versteinert inne. »Na, so was –«, es schluckte schwer und seine Stimme zitterte leicht. »Zwei kleine Miezekatten in Badehosen! Habt ihr euch verlaufen?« Ohne eine Antwort abzuwarten, hielt es beide Fäuste unters Kinn. »Wenn ihr Lust habt, euch vermöbeln zu lassen, müsst ihr nur zu mir in den Boxring steigen. Aber ich warne euch!«

unser Trainer hervor, stürzte in sein Fahrerhäuschen und schlug die Tür zu. Kurz hörten wir ihn drinnen noch schluchzen, dann dudelte irgendeine traurige Musik. Er hatte sein Radio aufgedreht.

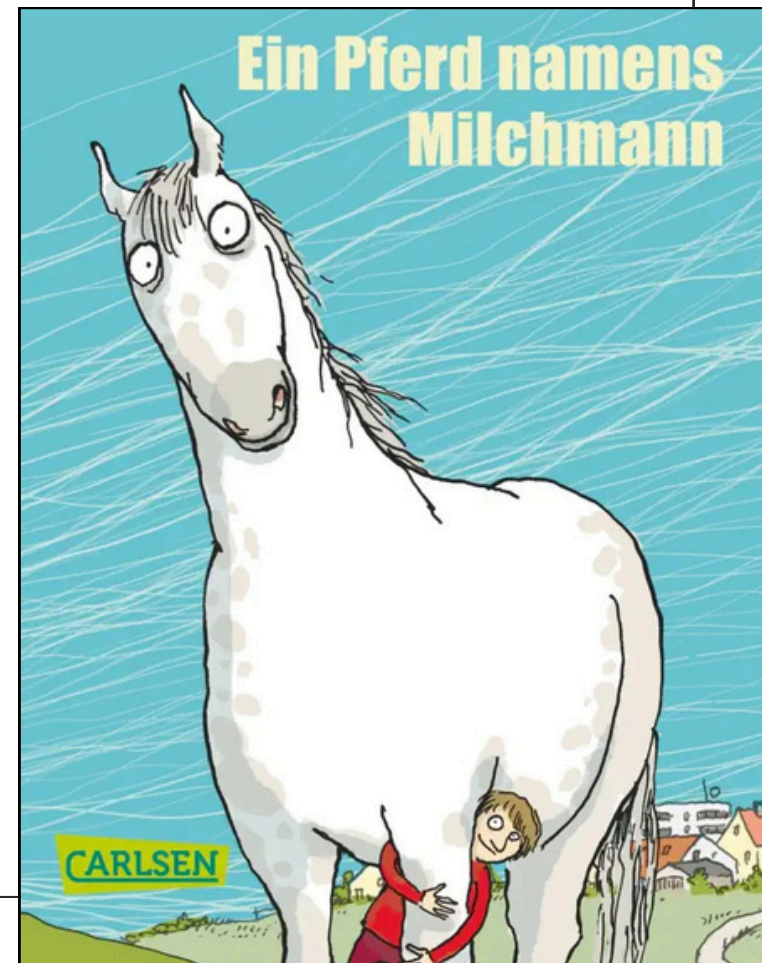
»Wieso kann er nicht heiraten?« Ratlos guckte mich Lucky an. Ich zuckte nur die Achseln, mir war das auch schleierhaft. Plötzlich hörten wir ein schrilles Kichern.

»Das ist doch klar wie Kloßbrühe!« Hinter unserem Tiertransporter lugten die kleinen Köpfe der Seehunde hervor. Offenbar waren sie uns nachgewatschelt und hatten alles beobachtet. »Euer Trainer ist schwul.«

Ich musste lachen. Dieses Wort hatte ich noch nie gehört. Erst als ich Luckys Gesicht sah, ahnte ich, dass es vielleicht nichts Gutes bedeuten konnte.

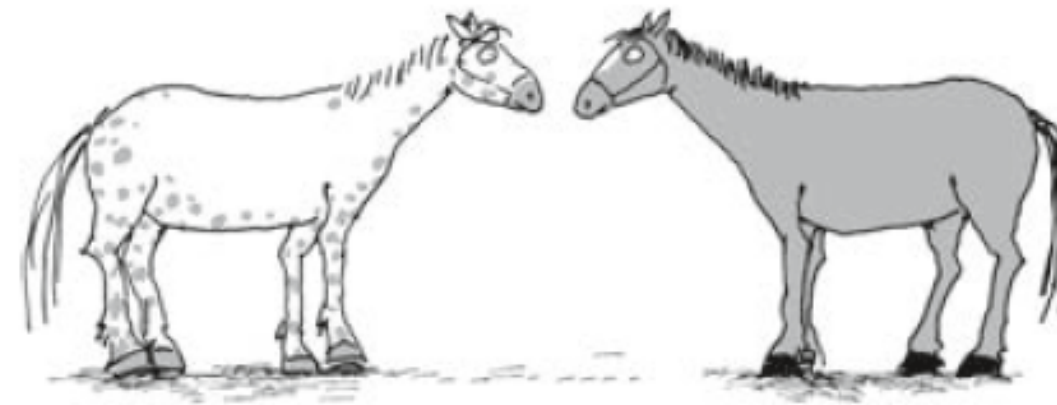


10 years



One morning in May, Herman is in the kitchen carving a knight on his sandwich. Suddenly he hears someone coughing outside: Donnerlittchen, a horse in the middle of the terrace! It's called Milkman and its huge lips are trembling as if it's about to start howling. Herman has to do something! Milkman must not fall into the hands of the animal trappers who prowl around Herman's garage at night!

Anke Kuhl is one of Germany's leading children's book illustrators, whose awards include the German Youth Literature Award in 2011



Hilke Rosenboom & Anke Kuhl
A Horse Called Milkman

CARLSEN, Germany
2007, paperback, 144 pages

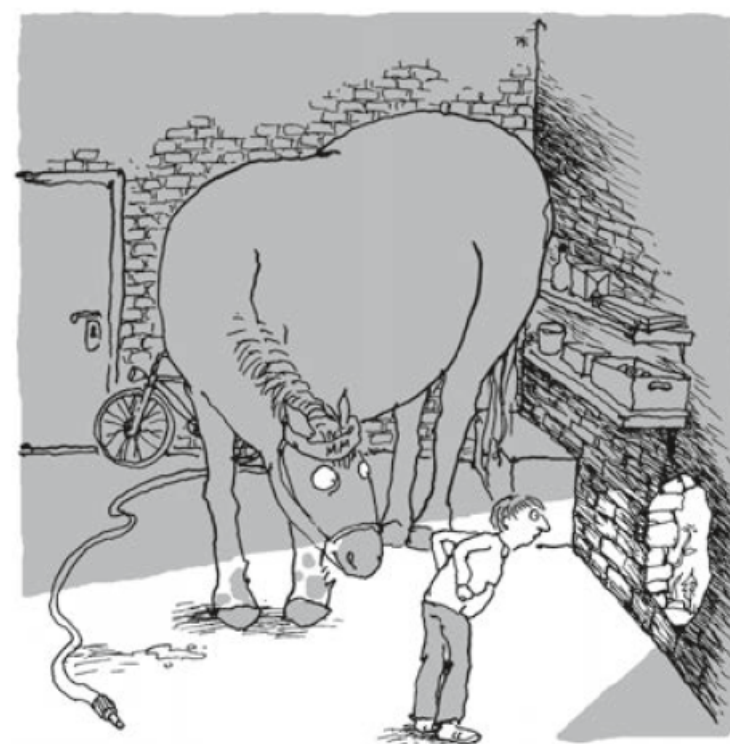
Seine olivfarbenen Augen waren ins Nichts gerichtet, das sich offenbar direkt auf einem der beiden blauen Sofakissen befand. Dazu schnarchte er leicht.

Das schlafende Pferd sah gemütlich aus, fand Herman. Er hätte sich gerne etwas an seine Seite gelehnt, nur ganz kurz, um zu sehen, ob er auch im Stehen schlafen könnte. Aber dann piepste das Telefon und er schockte hoch.

Babir war dran. Das heißt, Babir würde gleich dran sein. Vor Babir meldete sich immer zuerst Babirs Mutter, nur um sicherzugehen, dass Babir auch die richtige Nummer gewählt hatte und nicht die eines Kinderhändlers. Babirs Familie kam aus Indien – einem Land, in dem sich die Mütter anscheinend besonders viele Sorgen um neunjährige Söhne machten.



»Oh, Mann«, sagte Herman, nachdem er Babirs Mutter endlich erklärt hatte, warum er heute nicht in der Schule war und dass er wahrscheinlich nicht die Pest, die Cholera oder die hinterneusee-



es gab keinen Zweifel: Milchmann hatte das Loch geschlagen. Mit dem Huf!

Milchmann stand betroffen neben seinem Werk und hielt den Kopf gesenkt. Seine sanften olivfarbenen Augen waren auf den Garagenboden gerichtet.

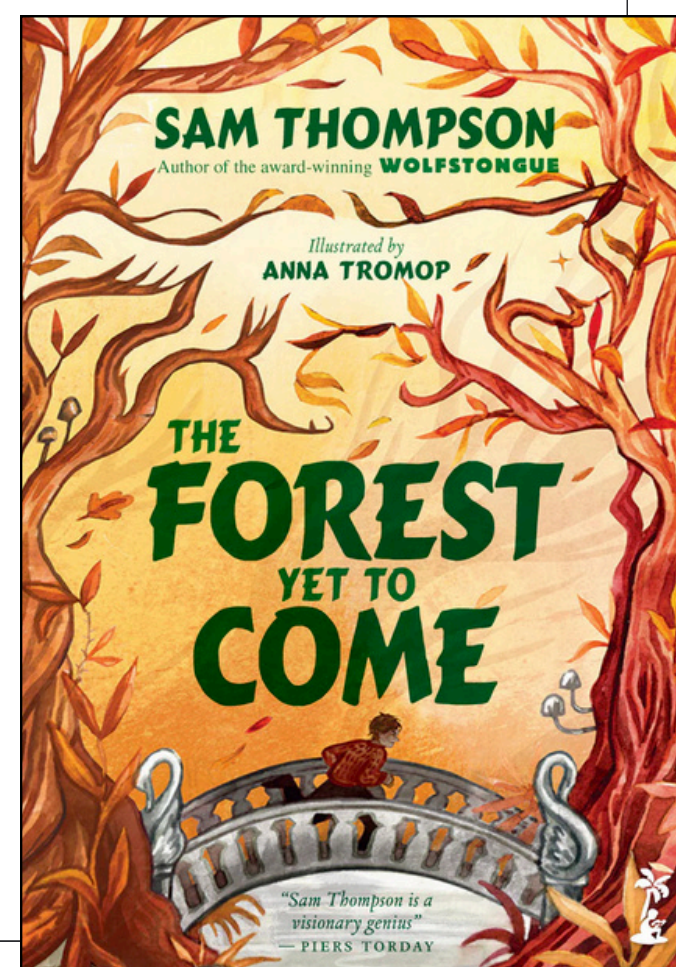
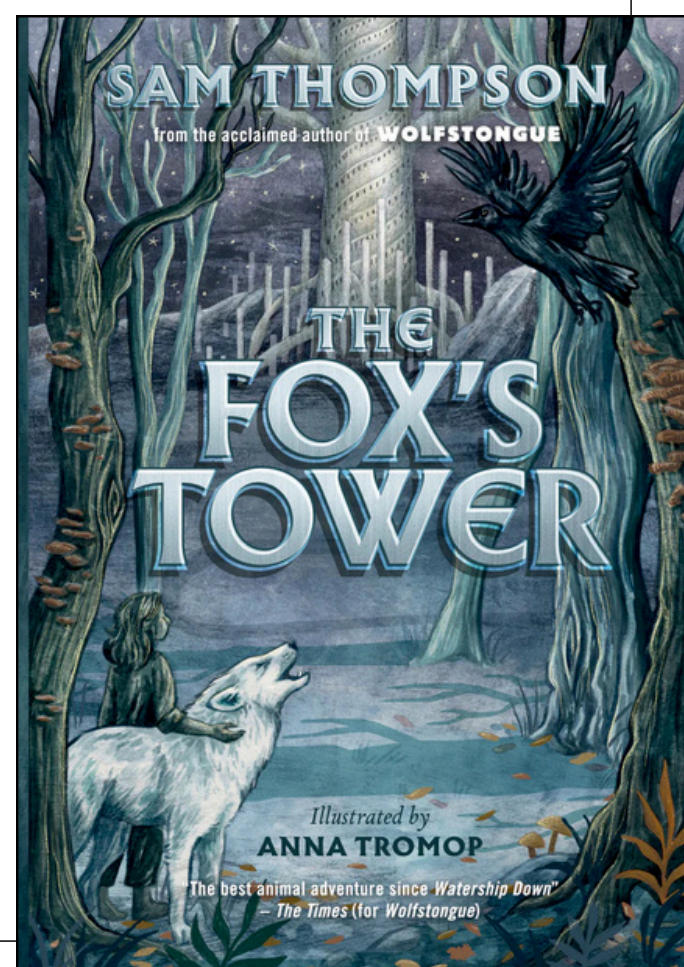
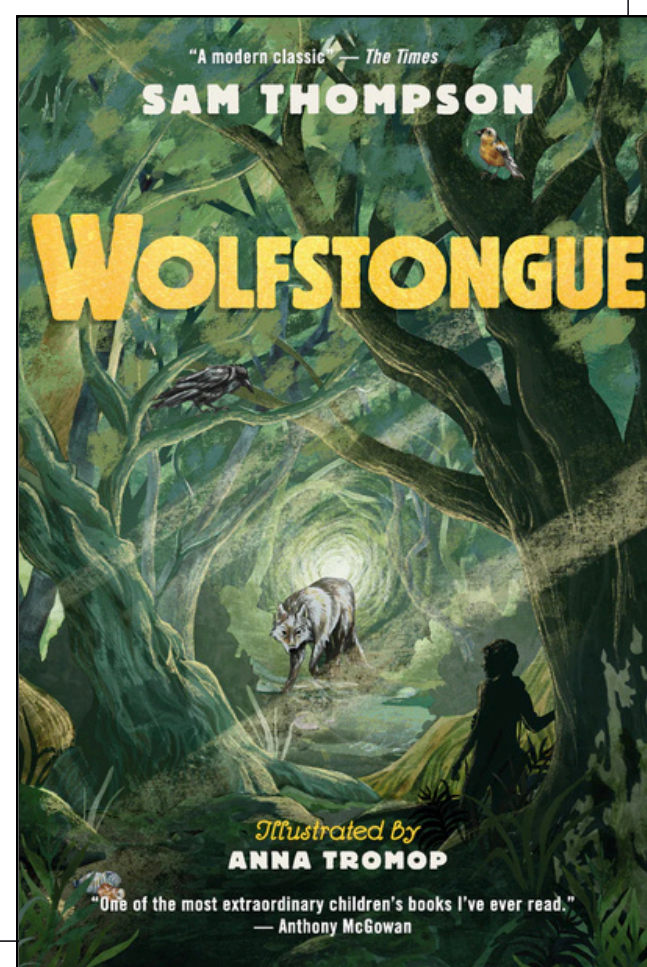
»Das ist doch wohl nicht wahr!«, presste Her-

zur Tür eilte, fetzte er den Schal seines Vaters von der Garderobe und schlang ihn sich um den Hals. Dann hustelte er.

Er konnte gerade noch die Worte TIERHEIM und TOLLWUT aufschnappen. Dann riss er die Tür auf. Neben dem Polizisten stand Frau Grünholz, deren Gesicht vor Empörung ganz rosa geworden war.



12 years



'We had a name for a certain human child. This was the child who would walk side by side with the wolves and know our silence. The child would be our voice. So that we could live as wolves ought to live. Free from words. The name for that child was: Wolfstongue.'

Deep in the Forest, the foxes live in an underground city built by their wolf slaves. The foxes' leader Reynard controls everything with his clever talk. Silas is bullied at school because his words will not come. He wishes he could live in silence as animals do. One day Silas helps an injured wolf. Then he enters the secret world of the Forest, where the last remaining wolves fight for survival. But even there, language is power. Can Silas find his voice in time to help his wolf friends – can he become the Wolfstongue?

Sam Thompson & Anna Tromop Trilogy Wolfstongue

LITTLE ISLAND, Ireland
2021, 21x15 cm, 195 pages

Almost 9.000 copies sold only in Ireland!

- 🏆 Man Booker Prize-longlisted author Sam Thompson
- 🏆 Winner of the Spark! School Book Awards 2021-2022
- 🏆 2023 USBBY Outstanding International Books
- 🏆 Winner of the Literacy Association of Ireland · Biennial Book Awards

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“The best animal adventure since Watership Down”
-THE TIMES - July 3rd 2021

THE TIMES

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CHILDREN'S BOOK OF THE WEEK

Wolfstongue by Sam Thompson

review — the best animal adventure since Watership Down

Alex O'Connell howls approval at a story of wolves and politics

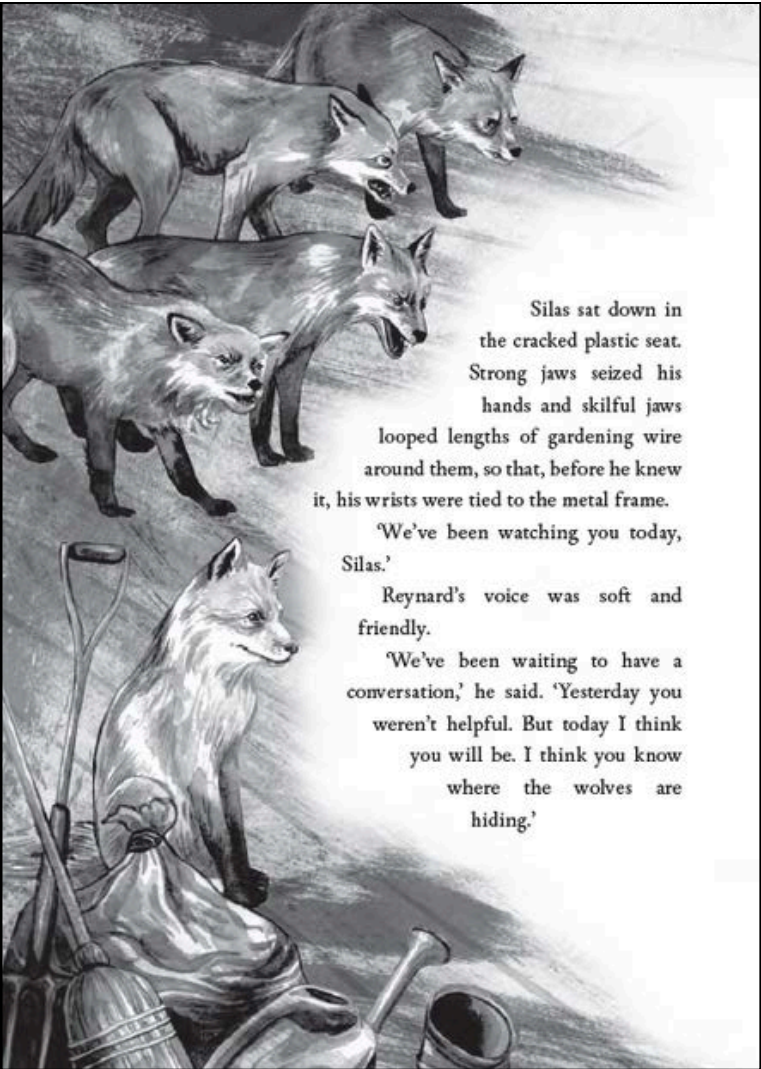
Alex O'Connell

Saturday July 03 2021, 12:01am BST, The Times

Books



Wolfstongue has all the makings of a modern classic
ILLUSTRATION BY ANNA TROMOP



The other wolf disappeared into the darkness again and returned carrying something else in her jaws. She dropped it at Silas's feet. It was a lump of clay.

'My name is Hersent,' she said. 'Now show me that bite.'

The clay was blue-black. Tiny bright specks twinkled in it, like stars in a handful of night sky. Hersent began to work the lump in her mouth, softening it.

Silas was growing light-headed. He felt himself dissolving into a jumble of sickness and confusion as the wolf peeled away his bloody handkerchief and pressed the clay to the place where the fox had bitten him. Hersent licked and smoothed the clay, and a wonderful coolness began to soak through his ankle.

'Rest a while,' she said.

Silas closed his eyes.

He did not know how much time passed as he lay under the roof of roots, half drowsing and half hearing as Isengrim told Hersent the story of what had happened to him. How the foxes had surprised the wolf while he was out searching for food, and how he had fled for three days and nights without rest, unable to shake them off, until a sharp thing got stuck in his paw and he found that he could not run any longer. How he had been close to surrender when he was saved by the human child.

The wolves went on talking for a long time. Isengrim's voice was low and serious, and he sounded as if it hurt him

Non fiction / 8-10 years



Tips and practical advice in 60 keywords from A to Z, to discover all the ways in which your dog/cat speaks to you and how you can make yourself more clear when speaking to them, with colorful fun cartoons.

You'll learn to communicate in their language, to live a beautiful friendship together!

What does your dog/cat think when you hug them?

What do they want to say when they lift their ears?

Why do they always sniff everything?



Roberto Marchesini & Andrea Musso
My first dog/cat dictionary

SONDA, Italy
2022/2023, 15x21cm, hardback, 224 pages
Full colour illustrations

Edizioni Sonda srl, Milano 2022
ABBAIARE

Abbaiaire

è il modo che il cane usa per attirare l'attenzione.

Mi e' successo che...
quando mi fermo davanti al cancello del mio vicino per salutare il suo cane Ulisse, lui scodinzola e abbaia finché non me ne vado.



Come la vede il cane
«Presto, venite, sta arrivando un estraneo!».



Edizioni Sonda srl, Milano 2022
CANE BAMBINO

Noi utilizziamo la voce per comunicare. Ad esempio, per indicare un oggetto, per fare una domanda, o per raccontare un episodio costruiamo delle frasi. Il cane abbaia ma non usa le parole, infatti è sbagliato pensare che abbaire corrisponda a parlare.



Edizioni Sonda srl, Milano 2023
GATTO BAMBINO



Edizioni Sonda srl, Milano 2023
DORMIRE

Dormire

è il riposo totale con cui si recuperano le energie.



Mi e' successo che...
il mio gatto passa tutto il giorno a dormire sulla poltrona.



Come la vede il gatto
«Visto che non succede niente di interessante, mi faccio un sonnellino!».



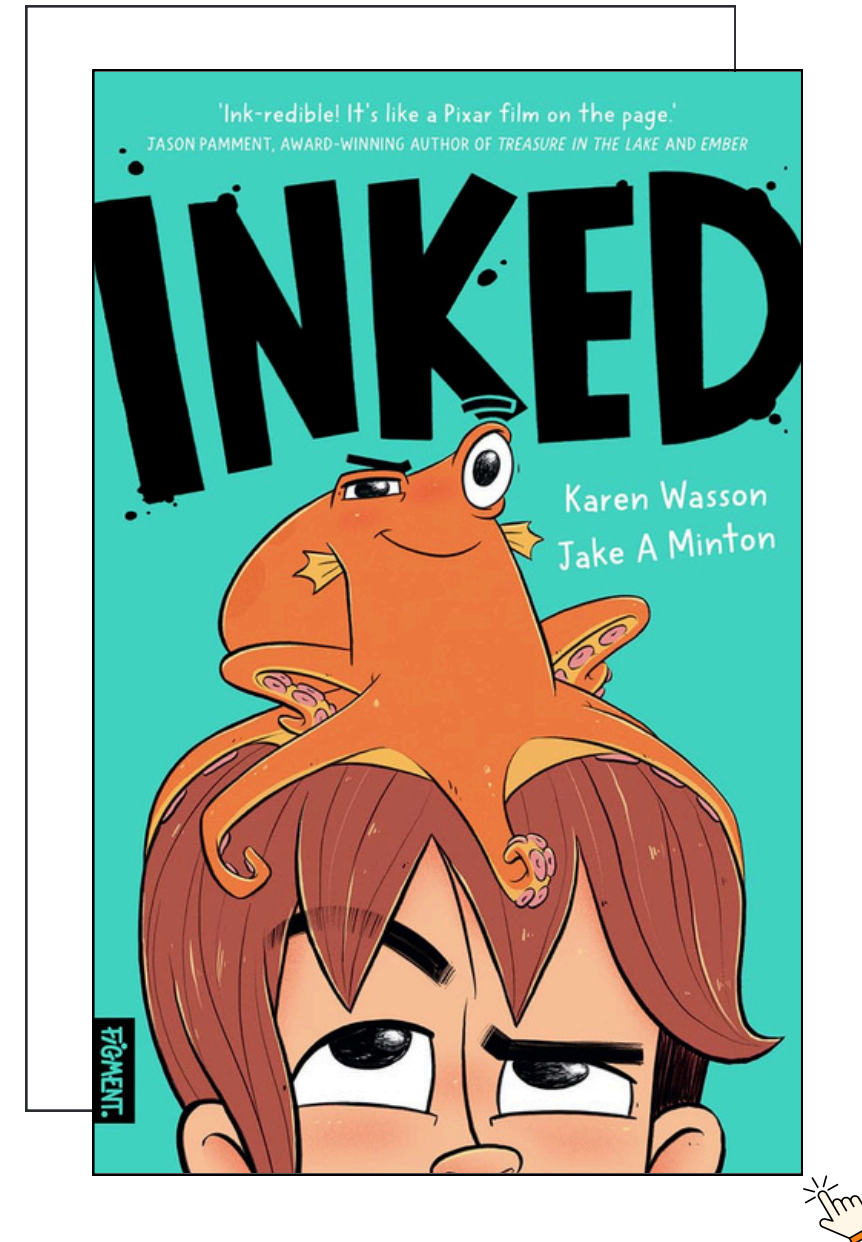
Graphic novel / 10 years

For fans of Raina Telgemeier's *Drama* comes this hilarious enemies-to-besties graphic novel, about a kid who just wants to blend in and an opera-singing octopus who loves to stand out ...

Sid is an introverted 12-year-old who wants to blend in. Otto is an opera-singing octopus who wants to stand out! So when Otto mistakenly ends up in Sid's struggling family fish shop in the small town of Rone (instead of Rome), Sid's already complicated life is turned completely upside down.

Sid gets enough attention from the bullies at school without a pesky, know-it-all octopus stowing away in his bag. But when a TV talent show comes to town – where first prize is enough money to get Otto to Rome and Sid enrolled in the art school of his dreams – this unlikely duo decides that teaming up will give them the best chance of winning.

But can a shy, small-town kid and a pompous, attention-seeking octopus put aside their differences long enough? Or will it all end in a full-blown televised disaster?

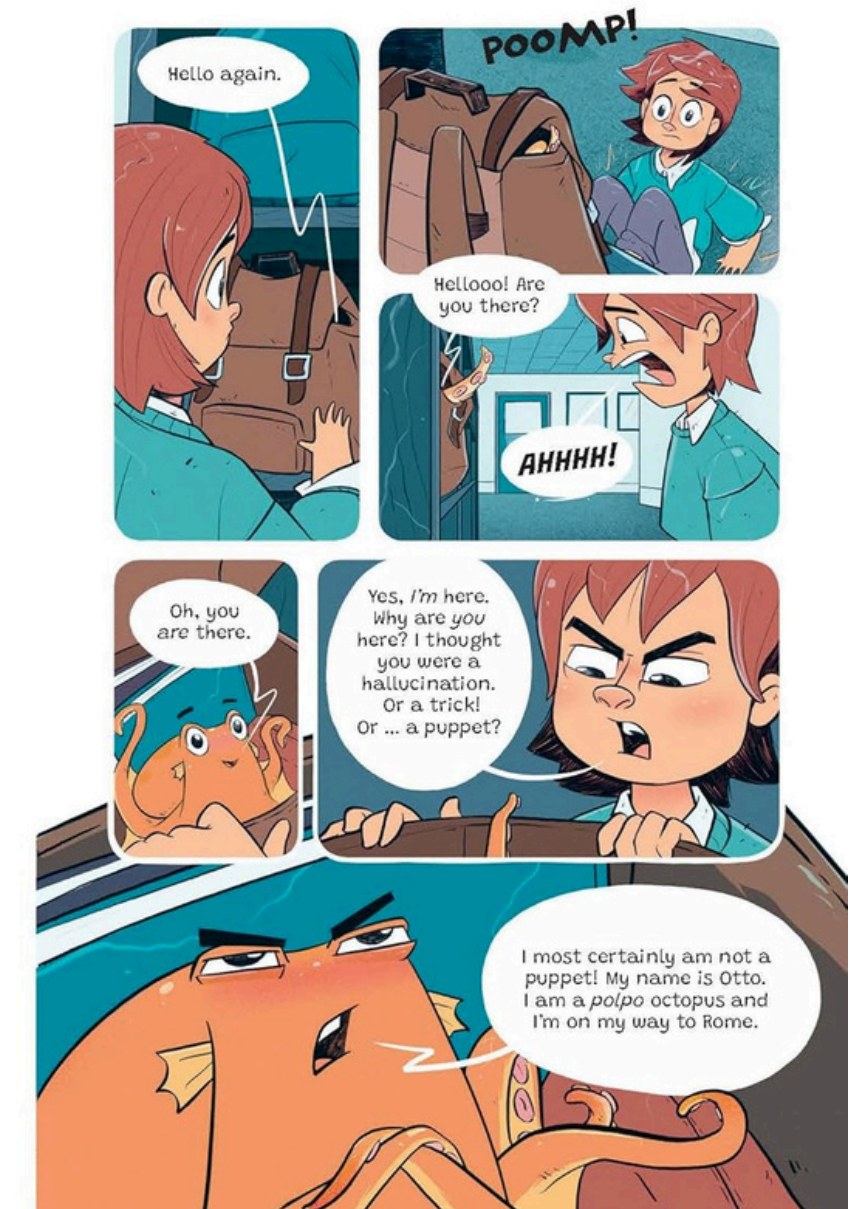


Karen Wasson & Jake A Minton
INKED

FIGMENT, Hardie Grant, Australia
2025, 208 pages

★ **The bestselling new-release Australian graphic novel
of the new imprint FIGMENT by Hardie Grant** ★





NO
me
OLVIDES

*Hay muchas historias
que son atemporales,
que pasaron desapercibidas,
y que aunque no hay prisa por publicarlas,
merece la pena evaluarlas.*