

# WOLF

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Someday everything will make perfect sense. So for now laugh at the confusion and smile through the tears, embrace the pain, grow with the pain. Keep reminding yourself that this tiny life is part of something greater. Be fully here now, today will never come again. Take time to care. Be a friend. Let your words heal and not wound.

Love, love, love.

Because love conquers all.



WOLF book  
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*This book is a work of fiction, based on imagination and memory.  
The names, characters, and events depicted are shaped by the  
author's creative vision and are not intended to mirror reality.*

WOLF album

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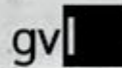
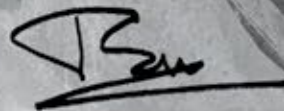


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This collection of songs is interwoven with the story and  
artworks presented in this book.

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This set of artworks is an homage to the WOLFCENTER DÖRVERDEN



This story doesn't belong to us alone.  
This is a dedication to every wolf-  
sister in our life. To our friends and  
loved ones that inspire us to create art.  
A dedication to peace.

Ronja & Tanya

Diese Geschichte gehört nicht nur uns allein.  
Sie ist eine Widmung, an jede Wolfs-  
schwester in unserem Leben, an unsere  
Freunde und Liebsten, die uns inspirieren  
Kunst zu schaffen. Eine Widmung  
an den Frieden.

Ця історія належить не тільки нам.  
Ця присвята кожній сестрі - вовчиці  
в нашому житті, нашим друзям і  
коханим, які надихають нас  
створювати мистецтво.  
Присвята миру.



# Sister

when you cry I'll cry with you  
when you fall down I'll be there  
to lift you up again, we're miles  
apart, we're worlds away from  
each other, I've got your back  
even when you can't see me  
I know you can feel me  
and I share with you my courage

my sister,  
always remember that  
you are loved

may you find places where you're loved  
may you find people that you love  
may you find shelter in the strange beyond  
may you find light in the dark  
may you find hope when it's lost  
may you find water in the desert dust  
may you remember that you're loved  
that everything is here, everything is  
just enough.





*I remember the garden of my childhood*  
ICH ERINNERE MICH AN DEN GARTEN MEINER KINDHEIT.  
Я ПАМ'ЯТАЮ САД СВОГО ДИТИНСТВА.



*Remember my family, remember my sister.*  
ERINNERE MICH AN MEINE FAMILIE, ERINNERE MICH AN MEINE SCHWESTER.  
ПАМ'ЯТАЮ СВОЮ РОДИНУ, ПАМ'ЯТАЮ СВОЮ СЕСТРУ.

*Our wild playground of nature was endless.*

UNSER SPIELPLATZ IN DER WILDNIS ERSTRECKTE SICH GRENZENLOS.  
ДИКА ПРИРОДА БУЛА НАШИМ НЕСКІНЧЕННИМ ДІТЯЧИМ МАЙДАНЧИКОМ.



DAS JUBELN UNSERER FREIHEIT HALTTE WEIT ÜBER DEN FLUSS.  
ВИТТЯ НАШОЇ СВОБОДИ ПРОНЕСЛОСЬ ДАЛЕКО ЗА РІЧКОЮ.



*The howl of our freedom  
was ringing far across the river.*



*Echoing from the trees.*

ECHOTE DURCH DIE WÄLDER.  
ВІДЛУНЮВАЛО ВІД ДЕРЕВ.





We were unstoppable.  
WIR WAREN UNAUFHALTSAM.  
МИ БУЛИ НЕПЕРЕМОЖНІ.



Safe and sound.  
SICHER UND GEBORGEN.  
В БЕЗПЕЦІ ТА СПОКОЇ.



*Together, we were light as feathers.*

ZUSAMMEN WAREN WIR FEDERLEICHT.  
РАЗОМ МИ БУЛИ ЛЕГКІ, ЯК ПІР'ІНКИ.





Our hearts filled with laughter,  
our souls filled with  
the innocent humming  
of a never ending spring.  
We knew no fear.

UNSERE HERZEN VON FREUDE GEFÜLLT, IN UNSEREN SEELEN SUMMTE DIE UNSCHULDIGE  
MELODIE EINES NIEMALS ENDENDEN FRÜHLINGS. WIR KANNTEN KEINE ANGST.

НАШІ СЕРЦЯ БУЛИ СПОВНЕНІ СМІХУ, А НАШІ ДУШІ – НЕВИННИМ  
ГУДІННЯМ НЕСКІНЧЕНОЇ ВЕСНИ. МИ НЕ ЗНАЛИ СТРАХУ.



And then I remember the storm.

UND DANN ERINNERE MICH AN DEN STURM.

А ПОТІМ Я ПАМ'ЯТАЮ БУРЮ.




Everything happened so fast. I see details in slow motion.  
Yet there is a blur. Was I really there? Did this really happen?

ALLES PASSIERTE SO SCHNELL. ICH SEHE DETAILS WIE IN ZEITLUPE UND DOCH VERSCHWOMMEN. WAR ICH WIRKLICH DORT? IST DAS WIRKLICH PASSIERT?  
ВСЕ СТАЛОСЯ ТАК ШВИДКО. Я БАЧУ ДЕТАЛІ В УПОВІЛЬНеноМУ РУСІ. АЛЕ ВСЕ РОЗМИТЕ, ЧИ Я СПРАВДІ БУЛА ТАМ? ЦЕ ДІЙСНО СТАЛОСЯ?



*My whole world was burning*

MEINE GESAMTE WELT STAND IN FLAMMEN.  
ВЕСЬ МІЙ СВІТ ПАЛАВ.



Shivering  
I escaped, half blind,  
through the smoke,  
away from the noise.

ZITTERND ERGRIFF ICH DIE FLUCHT, HALB BLIND,  
DURCH DEN RAUCH, FORT VON DEM LÄRM.

ТРЕМТЯЧИ, Я ВТІКЛА, — НАПІВ СЛІПА,  
ЧЕРЕЗ ДИМ, ПОДАЛІ ВІД ШУМУ.



*My feet drumming to the beat of my heavy heart.*

MEINE FÜßE TROMMELTEN IM TAKT MEINES SCHWEREN HERZENS.  
МОЇ НОГИ СТУКОТИЛИ У ТАКТ МОГО ВАЖКОГО СЕРЦЯ.



*I felt an unknown strength  
that was keeping me going.*

EINE UNGEAHNT E KRAFT TRUG MICH WEITER UND WEITER.  
Я ВІДЧУЛА НЕВІДОМУ СИЛУ, ЯКА НЕ ДАВАЛА МЕНІ ЗУПИНИТИСЯ.

## Phoenix

from daylight into dawn  
from the mountain top into the valley  
slipping into water, floating  
anchorless, still searching for  
my ground, sliding underwater  
sinking motionless, I think  
I've lost my ground

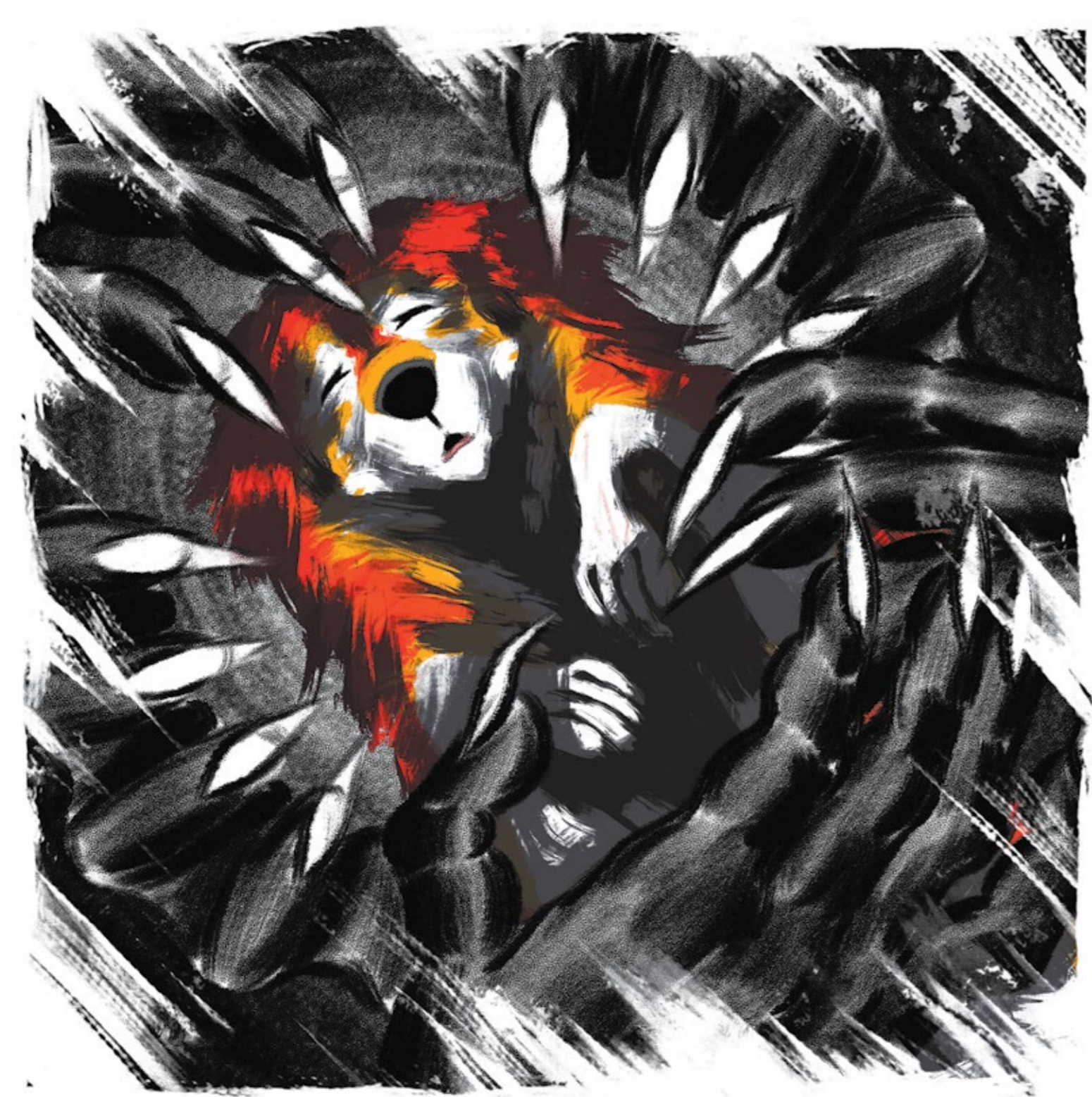
could you hold the weight  
when I fall, when I drown  
when I'm burning  
could you hold the world for me  
when my shoulders give in

from a spark into a flame  
burning down to ashes  
until you rise to the sky  
riding on the wind  
you're gonna rise like a  
phoenix

could you give in  
would you give in  
my firebird







...until my legs collapsed  
and my vision turned black.

...BIS MEINE BEINE UNTER MIR NACHGABEN UND MEIN BLICK SICH IN DUNKELHEIT VERLOR.

...ДОКИ МОЇ НОГИ НЕ ПІДКОСИЛИСЯ, А ЗІР НЕ ЗАТЪМАРИВСЯ.



*I woke up in a world that was changed.*

ICH ERWACHTE IN EINER WELT, DIE SICH VERÄNDERT HATTE.  
Я ПРОКИНУЛАСЬ У СВІТІ, ЯКИЙ ЗМІНИВСЯ.



Everything looked different,  
smelled different, felt different.

ALLES WAR FREMD. JEDER ANBLICK  
JEDER GERUCH, JEDES GEFÜHL.

ВСЕ ВИГЛЯДАЛО ІНАКШЕ,  
ПАХЛО ІНАКШЕ,  
ВІДЧУВАЛОСЯ ІНАКШЕ.


"I believe in you. Keep going. You can do this."

"ICH GLAUBE AN DICH. HALTE DURCH. DU SCHAFFST DAS."  
«Я ВІРЮ В ТЕБЕ. ІДИ ДАЛІ. ТИ ЗМОЖЕШ.»



The memory of home burned in my chest like a fire.

DIE ERINNERUNG AN ZUHAUSE BRANNT IN MEINER BRUST WIE FEUER.  
СПОГАД ПРО ДІМ ПАЛАВ У МОЇХ ГРУДЯХ, ЯК ВОГОНЬ.



you run  
away as far as your nose  
guides as far as your paws  
will carry your body weight

you run  
faster than life  
you run  
like a wolf

and if you run forever  
you're not alone

we run

together

We run  
faster than life  
we run  
like the wolves  
and if we run forever  
we're not alone,

we run  
together

through the forest  
beyond the hills and lakes  
and rivers, taking over your fears

through the mountains, beyond  
the wild that's singing in you  
like a motherless child





*And I started running...*

UND ICH BEGANN ZU LAUFEN...  
І Я ПОЧАЛА БІТИ...



Past unknown fields and  
landscapes I had never seen before...

DURCH LANDSCHAFTEN, DIE ICH NOCH NIE GESEHEN HATTE...  
КРІЗЬ КРАЄВИДИ, ЯКИХ Я НІКОЛИ РАНІШЕ НЕ БАЧИЛА...



*Uphill, higher and higher, until the top of this strange world.*

BERGAUF, BIS ZUM HÖCHSTEN PUNKT DIESER FREMDEN WELT.  
ПІДНІМАЮЧИСЬ ВИЩЕ І ВИЩЕ, АЖ НА ВЕРХІВКУ ЦЬОГО ДИВНОГО СВІТУ.

Where my eyes grasped a view of infinity

WO MEINE AUGEN EINEN ANBLICK VON GRENZENLOSIGKEIT ERFASSTEN  
ДЕ МОЇ ОЧІ ВЛОВИЛИ ПРОБЛИСК БЕЗМЕЖНОСТІ







And then I saw them.

UND DANN SAH ICH SIE.  
САМЕ ТОДІ Я ЇХ ПОБАЧИЛА.



A group of birds, gathering to fly south together.

EINE GRUPPE VON ZUGVÖGELN, AUF DER REISE SÜDWÄRTS.  
ЗГРАЮ ПТАХІВ, ЩО ЗІБРАЛИСЯ РАЗОМ ЛЕТИТИ НА ПІВДЕНЬ.



I listened to their voices, singing together,  
and it was like a golden shiver  
that was running through me.

ICH LAUSCHTE IHREN STIMMEN, UND ES WAR WIE EIN GOLDENES  
ZITTERN, DAS DURCH MEINEN GANZEN KÖRPER GING.

Я СЛУХАЛА ЇХНІ ГОЛОСИ, ЩО СПІВАЛИ РАЗОМ,  
І НІБИ ЗОЛОТИЙ ТРЕПІТ ПРОБІГ КРІЗЬ МЕНЕ.

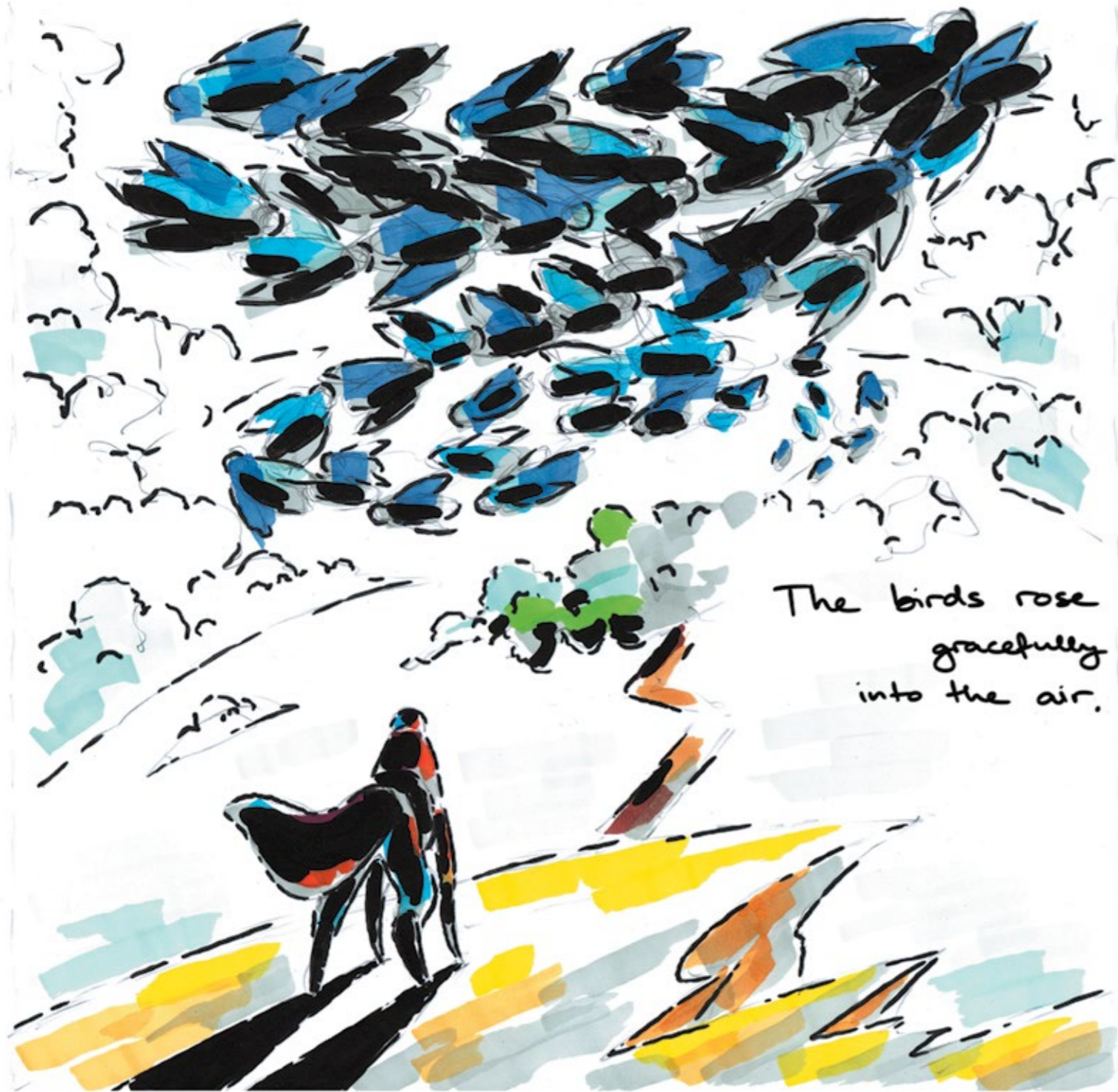
"You are never truly alone as long as  
you have ever loved."

"DU BIST NIEMALS WIRKLICH EINSAM, WENN DU JE GELIEBT HAST."  
«ТИ НІКОЛИ НЕ БУДЕШ САМОТНОЮ, ЯКЩО ХОЧА Б РАЗ ЛЮБИЛА.»



It sounded like the warmth of home.

ES KLANG WIE DIE WÄRME VON ZUHAUSE.  
ЦЕ ЗВУЧАЛО, ЯК ТЕПЛО РІДНОГО ДОМУ.



The birds rose  
gracefully  
into the air.

ANMUTIG ERHOBEN DIE ZUGVÖGEL SICH IN DIE LÜFTE.

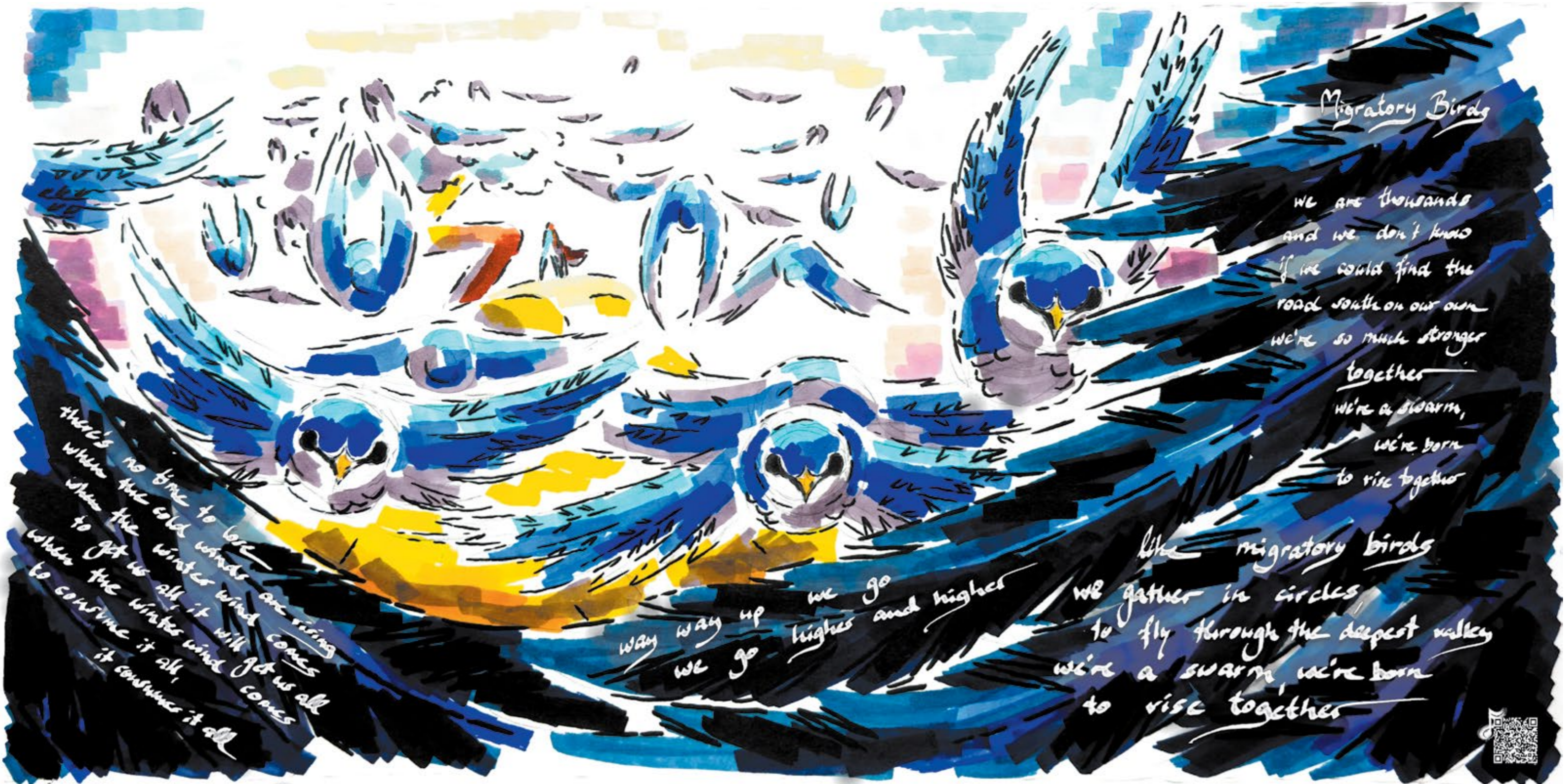
ПТАХИ ГРАЦІЙНО ПІДНЯЛИСЯ В ПОВІТРЯ.



In my  
mind  
I was  
rising  
with  
them.

IN GEDANKEN FLOG ICH MIT IHNEN.

ПОДУМКИ Я ПІДНОСИЛАСЯ У ПОВІТРЯ РАЗОМ З НИМИ.



*Migratory Birds*

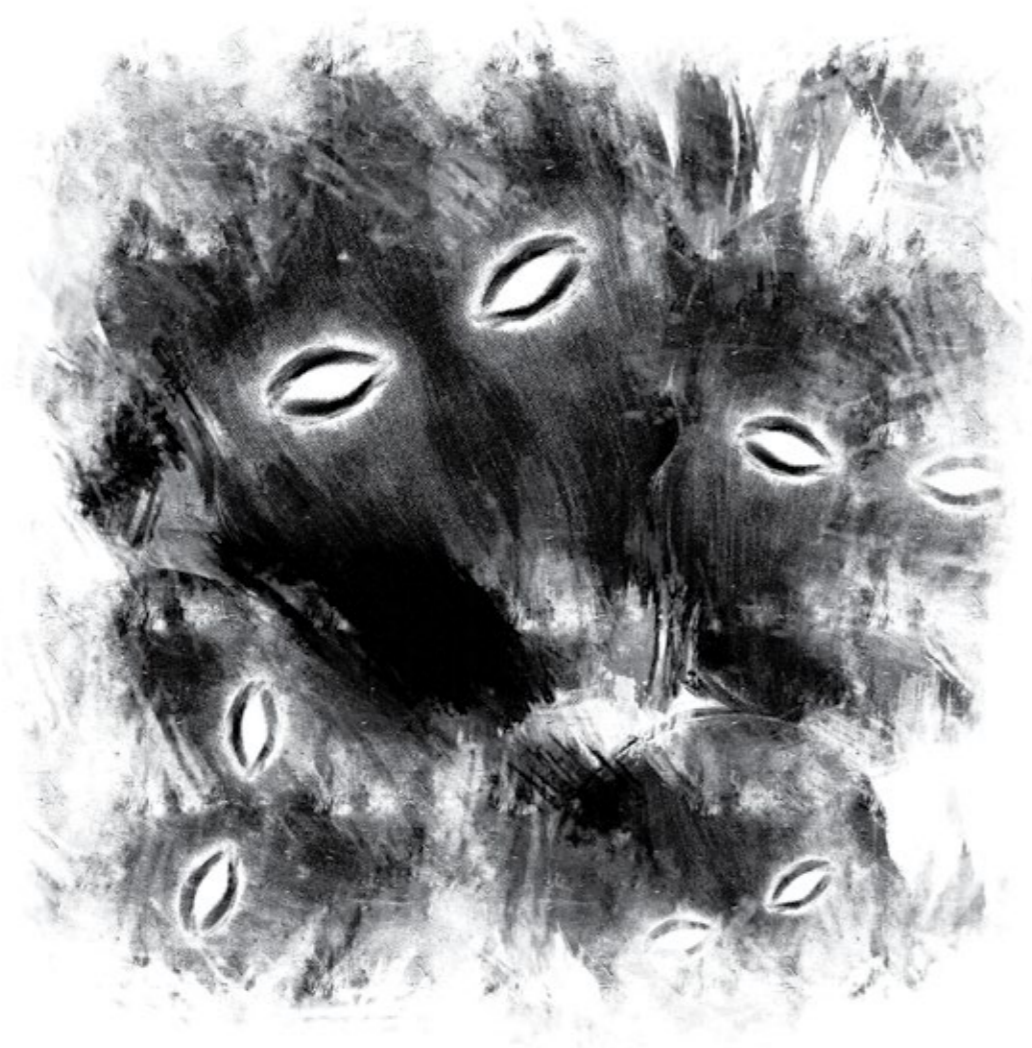
*we are thousands  
and we don't know  
if we could find the  
road south on our own  
we're so much stronger  
together  
we're a swarm,  
we're born  
to rise together*

*there's no time to live  
when the cold winds are rising  
to get us all, it will get us all  
when the winter wind comes  
to consume it all,  
it consumes it all*

*we go  
way way up  
we go higher and higher*

*like migratory birds  
we gather in circles  
to fly through the deepest valley  
we're a swarm, we're born  
to rise together*





*For a moment a shadow woke up in me,  
and I found myself in the dark*

EIN SCHATTEN BREITETE SICH IN MIR AUS UND ICH FAND MICH IM DUNKELN  
НА МИТЬ У МЕНІ ПРОКИНУЛАСЯ ТІНЬ. І Я ОПИНИЛАСЯ В ТЕМРЯВІ



but hope found me again, like it always does

HOFFNUNG FAND MICH WIEDER, SO WIE SIE ES IMMER TUT  
АЛЕ НАДІЯ ЗНОВУ ЗНАЙШЛА МЕНЕ, ЯК ЗАВЖДИ



when I heard a little voice

ALS ICH EINE FEINE STIMME HÖRTE  
КОЛИ Я ПОЧУЛА МАЛЕНЬКИЙ ГОЛОС



"Have you ever dreamed of flying?"

I looked around in surprise.

Who was speaking?

"Hello, Ms. Wolf.

Why do you look so serious?"

"I lost my home."

"HAST DU JE DAVON GETRÄUMT ZU FLIEGEN?" ÜBERRASCHT SCHAUTE ICH MICH UM.  
WER SPRACH DA? "HALLO FRÄULEIN WOLF. WIESO SCHAUST DU DENN SO ERNST AUS?"  
"ICH HABE MEIN ZUHAUSE VERLOREN."

«ВИ КОЛИ-НЕБУДЬ МРІЯЛИ ЛІТАТИ?» Я ЗДИВОВАНО ОЗИРНУЛАСЯ. ХТО ЦЕ ГОВОРИТЬ?  
«ДОБРИЙ ДЕНЬ, ПАНІ ВОВЧИЦЯ. ЧОМУ ВИ ВИГЛЯДАЄТЕ ТАКОЮ СЕРІОЗНОЮ?»  
«Я ВТРАТИЛА СВІЙ ДІМ.»





## Simplify

don't overthink it  
just let it sink in  
hold it close and then  
let it go again

don't overdo it  
don't take it apart  
keep us together before  
we depart, before we depart  
again

### Simplify, simplify

let it go, set it free  
give it air to breathe

don't take yourself too  
don't take yourself too seriously

don't take your moods too  
don't take your moods too seriously

don't take your plans too  
don't take your plans too seriously

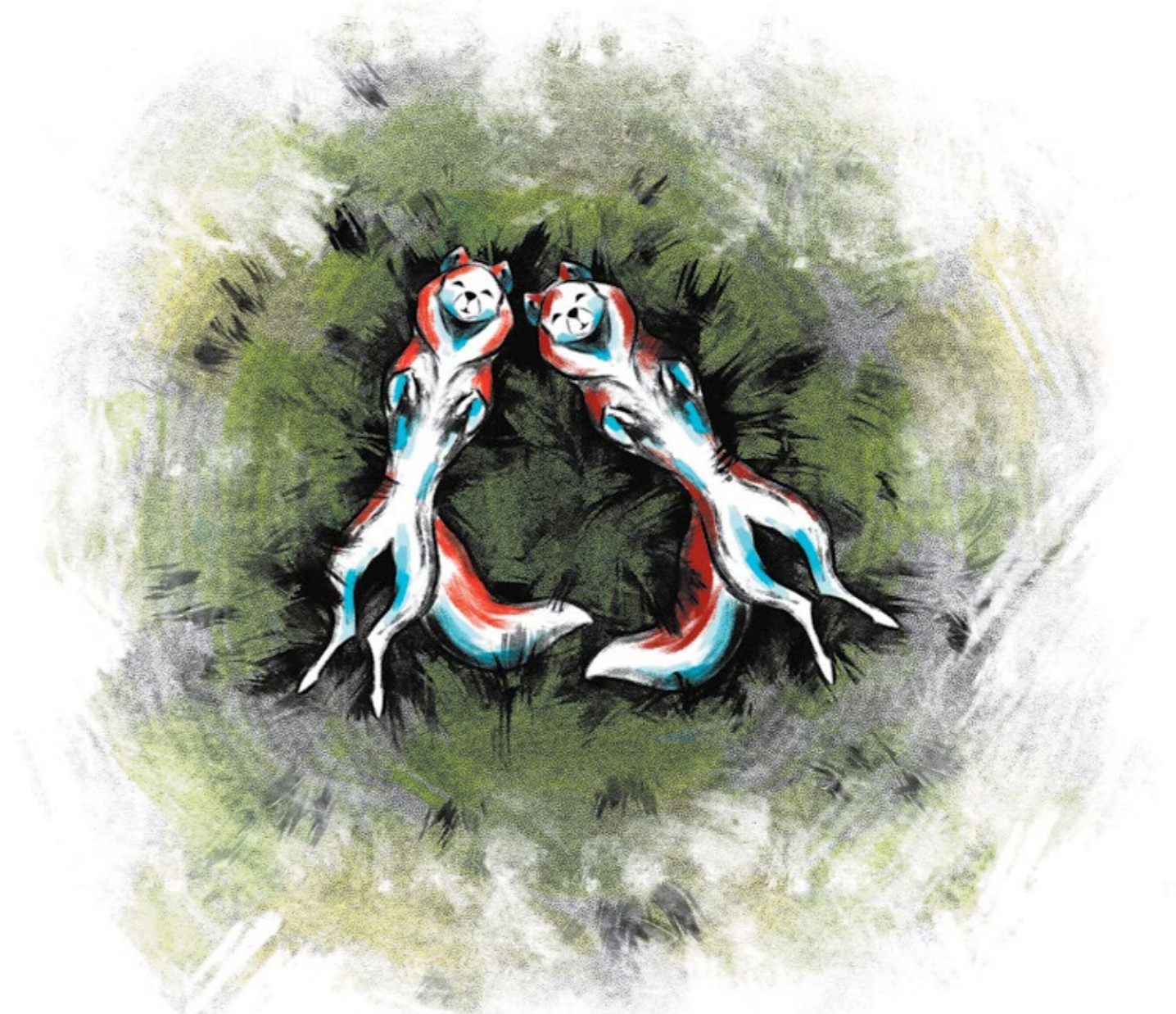
don't take their words too  
don't take their words too seriously

but please take your heart most  
please take your heart most seriously.



*I closed my eyes and there was music.*

ICH SCHLOSS DIE AUGEN, UND DA WAR MUSIK.  
Я ЗАПЛЮЩИЛА ОЧІ І ПРОЛУНАЛА МУЗИКА.



*Music that sounded like home.*

MUSIK, DIE NACH ZUHAUSE KLANG  
МУЗИКА, ЩО ЗВУЧАЛА, ЯК ДІМ.



When I opened my eyes again my little friend  
had disappeared. Only a strangely shaped leaf  
remained hanging where it had stood before.

ALS ICH MEINE AUGEN WIEDER ÖFFNETE, WAR MEIN KLEINER FREUND VERSCHWUNDEN.  
NUR EIN SELTSAM GEFORMTES BLATT BLIEB AN DER GLEICHEN STELLE ZURÜCK.

КОЛИ Я ЗНОВУ ВІДКРИЛА ОЧІ, МІЙ МАЛЕНЬКИЙ ДРУГ ЗНИК.  
НА ЙОГО МІСЦІ ЗАЛИШИВСЯ ВІСІТИ ЛИШЕ ЛИСТОК ДИВНОЇ ФОРМИ.



*A light sadness spread inside my chest.*

EINE LEISE TRAUIGKEIT BREITETE SICH IN MEINER BRUST AUS.  
ЛЕГКА СМУТА ПОСЕЛИЛАСЬ В МОЇХ ГРУДЯХ.



*I was alone again, around me only trees.*

ICH WAR WIEDER ALLEINE, UM MICH HERUM NUR BÄUME.  
Я ЗНОВУ ЗАЛИШИЛАСЯ САМА. НАВКОЛО МЕНЕ ТІЛЬКИ ДЕРЕВА.

Surrounded by these giant creatures,  
I suddenly felt so small. I looked up in  
wonder and there was a whistle in the wind,  
telling stories of growing slowly, patiently,  
branch by branch, year by year, higher  
and higher, towards the sun.

UMGEBEN VON DIESEN RIESIGEN KREATUREN FÜHLTE ICH MICH PLÖTZLICH SO KLEIN.  
ICH BLICKTE VERWUNDERT NACH OBEN UND DA WAR EIN WISPERN IM WIND,  
ERZÄHLTE GESCHICHTEN VON LANGSAMKEIT, GEDULDIGEM WACHSTUM,  
AST FÜR AST, JAHR FÜR JAHR, IMMER HÖHER, DER SONNE ENTGEGEN.

В ОТОЧЕННІ ЦИХ ГІГАНТСЬКИХ ІСТОТ, Я РАПТОМ ВІДЧУЛА СЕБЕ ТАКОЮ МАЛЕНЬКОЮ.  
Я ПОДИВИЛАСЬ ВГОРУ З ПОДИВОМ І ВІДЧУЛА ЯК ПРОНЕССЯ ШЕПІТ ВІТРУ,  
РОЗПОВІДАЮЧИ ІСТОРІЇ ПРО ПОВІЛЬНЕ, ТЕРПЛЯЧЕ ЗРОСТАННЯ. ГІЛКА ЗА  
ГІЛКОЮ, РІК ЗА РОКОМ, ВСЕ ВИЩЕ І ВИЩЕ, НАЗУСТРІЧ СОНЦЮ.





Full of curiosity, I began to climb,  
the strength of the trees under my feet,  
the song of the wind in my ears.

VOLLER NEUGIER BEGANN ICH ZU KLETTERN, DIE KRAFT DER BÄUME UNTER MEINEN FÜßEN, DAS LIED DES WINDES IN MEINEN OHREN.  
СПОВНЕНА ЦІКAVOCTІ, Я ПОЧАЛА ПІДІЙМАТИСЯ, ВІДЧУВАЮЧИ СИЛУ ДЕРЕВ ПІД НОГАМИ І ПІСНЮ ВІТРУ У МОЇХ ВУХАХ.





life is like a river to flow  
you have to give it space

life is like a forest  
you have to give it space  
to grow

I'll be singing with the wind  
that's blowing through me  
I'll become the wind  
that's blowing through the  
trees, the trees

life is like a journey  
I think that I've lost my map  
I find my way step by step

life is like a labyrinth  
you have to get lost  
sometimes  
I'm glad we walk  
side by side

life is like the ocean  
it goes far and wide  
I see no horizon

Trees





*It took me into a labyrinth of dizzy heights...*

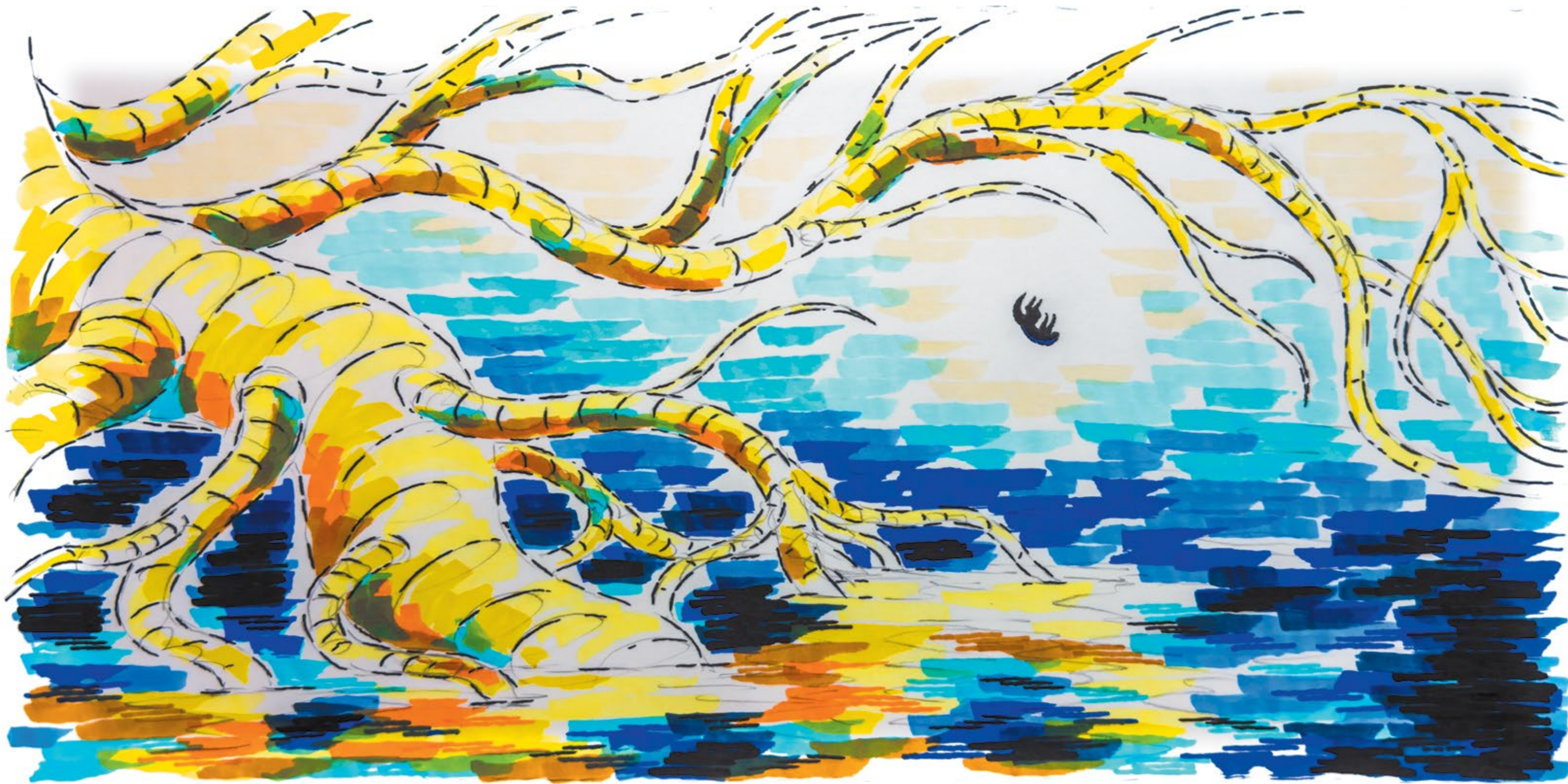
ES FÜHRTE MICH IN EIN LABYRINTH SCHWINDELERREGENDER HÖHEN...  
ЦЕ ЗАВЕЛО МЕНЕ В ЛАБІРИНТ ЗАПАМОРОЧЛИВИХ ВИСОТ...

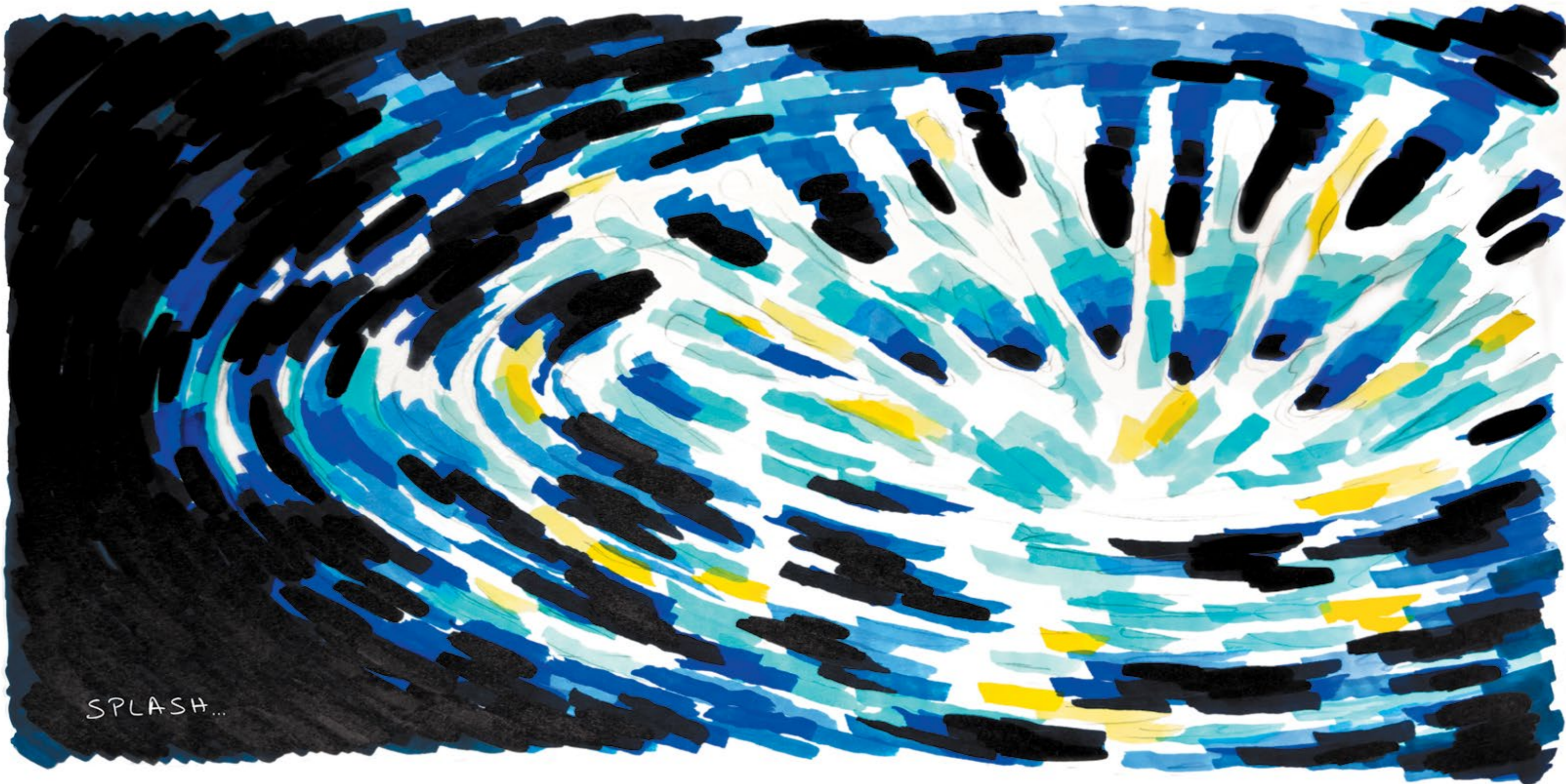


*Suddenly the wind grew stronger, bringing back  
the shadows and I felt my legs giving in...*

PLÖTZLICH WURDE DER WIND STÄRKER UND BRACHT DIE SCHATTEN ZURÜCK. ICH SPÜRTE, WIE MEINE BEINE NACHGABEN...  
РАПТОМ ВІТЕР ПОСИЛИВСЯ, ПОВЕРНУВШИ ТІНІ, І Я ВІДЧУЛА, ЯК МОЇ НОГИ ПІДКОШУЮТЬСЯ...







SPLASH...



Diving under.  
Into the cold  
embrace of the water.

All noise was suddenly gone.  
The wild beating of my  
heart slowed down, and I felt  
weightless. Afloat. Something  
inside of me was  
leaving  
go.

ICH TAUCHTE UNTER. IN DIE KALTE UMARMUNG DES WASSERS.  
ALLE GERÄUSCHE WAREN PLÖTZLICH VERSCHWUNDEN. DAS  
WILDE POCHEN MEINES HERZENS WURDE LANGSAMER.  
ICH WAR SCHWERELOS. GETRAGEN. ETWAS IN MIR LIEB  
LOS.

ПІРНАЮ ВНИЗ. У ХОЛОДНІ ОБІЙМИ ВОДИ. УСІ ЗВУКИ РАПТОМ  
ЗНИКЛИ. ДИКЕ БИТТЯ МОГО СЕРЦЯ УПОВІЛЬНИЛОСЯ,  
БУЛО ТАКЕ ВІДЧУТТЯ, НІБИ Я НЕВАГОМА. НА ПЛАВУ.  
ЩОСЬ ВСЕРЕДИНІ МЕНЕ ВІДПУСКАЛО. І Я ВІДЧУЛА  
СПОКІЙ, ГЛИБОКИЙ СПОКІЙ.



to give in, to let go, to simply  
let it happen, I let all hope  
all will, all expectation go  
I no longer believe that it's all  
up to me... Everything will come  
if you welcome it  
everything is here alreadis  
if you are ready  
to dive in, to sink in, to give  
yourself into the river's flow  
and let go

I won't build walls trying to stop  
the river, only to end up in blurry  
water... instead I throw myself  
into the waves of fate, to be  
reminded, to be amazed, that we  
were born to float, that we were  
born to float

flow

I lie wide open, to breathe  
wide open, to live wide open  
life I'm ready, come and find me  
who have I been before, what will become  
of me, I don't care no more 'cause  
I am right now, right here



Gasping for air I emerged from the water.

NACH LUFT RINGEND, TAUCHTE ICH AUF.  
Я ВИРИНУЛА З ВОДИ, ЖАДІБНО ХАПАЮЧИ ПОВІТРЯ.



Looking straight into two bubbly eyes

UND SCHAUTE DIREKT IN EIN BLUBBRIGES AUGENPAAR  
ДИВЛЯЧИСЬ ПРЯМО У ПАРУ БУЛЬБАШКОВИХ ОЧЕЙ



"Salut Madame Wolf"  
"Who are you?" I asked, out of breath.  
"My name is Mr. Sunday"

„WER BIST DU?“ FRAGTE ICH, AUBER ATEM.  
„MEIN NAME IST MR. SUNDAY“

«Хто ти?» запитала я, ледве дихаючи.  
«Мене звали пан Неділя.»

You know, Madame Wolf...

Nothing is truly what it seems at first sight.

Some things that look so big and important in our life turn out utterly small. And sometimes the smallest thing, one moment, a little movement at the right time and place, can cast the biggest wave that changes our entire life.



WEIßT DU, MADAME WOLF; NICHTS IST WIRKLICH SO, WIE ES VON AUBEN SCHEINT... VIELE DINGE, DIE WIR FÜR SO GROß UND WICHTIG HALTEN, SIND AM ENDE WINZIG KLEIN. UND MANCHMAL KANN EINE KLEINE BEWEGUNG, ZUR RICHTIGEN ZEIT AM RICHTIGEN ORT, DIE GRÖßTE WELLE AUSLÖSEN, DIE UNSER GANZES LEBEN VERÄNDERT.

«Знаєте, пані Вовчиця, ніщо насправді не є таким, яким спершу здається... Врешті-решт те, що ми вважали великим і вагомим у своєму житті, виявляється зовсім дрібним. А іноді маленький рух у правильний час і в правильному місці може створити найбільшу хвилю, що змінить усе наше життя.»

"The meaning of the river flowing  
is not that things change  
so that we cannot encounter them  
again, but that some things  
only stay the same  
by changing."

"DIE BEDEUTUNG VOM FLUSS IST NICHT, DASS SICH DIE DINGE ÄNDERN,  
SODASS WIR IHNEN NICHT ZWEIMAL BEGEGNEN KÖNNEN, SONDERN,  
DASS MANCHE DINGE NUR BLEIBEN, INDEM SIE SICH VERÄNDERN"

«Значення того, що річка тече, не в тому, що в неї  
не можна увійти двічі, а в тому, що деякі речі  
залишаються незмінними лише завдяки змінам.»





Sunday

and nothing in life ever repeats, while we jump in circles  
another new beginning or have I been here before  
are we just living a circle round and round, maybe  
we're just running in circles  
or don't you think it's different  
we're lost while we are found  
we're trapped in a circle  
we're hopping in the same stream of thought  
we're already swimming in the same  
I was already spot with  
our feet  
I was already swimming in the same  
I was already spot with  
our feet  
I was already swimming in the same  
I was already spot with  
our feet

another Sunday morning  
another restless night  
I leave behind all mourning  
I'm basking in the light

there in my darkest hour  
I could not remember peace  
of mind, now in this golden hour  
I can't recall this pain of mine

it's almost Monday morning after  
an almost sleepless night, let's  
run away without warning until  
the first morning light





A line appeared on the horizon,  
soon the river would enter the sea,  
and it was time to say goodbye.

EINE LINIE ERSCHIEN AM HORIZONT, BALD WÜRDE DER FLUSS INS MEER MÜNDEN, UND ES WAR ZEIT, ABSCHIED ZU NEHMEN.

На горизонті з'явилася лінія, незабаром річка впаде в море, і настав час прощатися.



*Bon voyage, mon ami*

GUTE REISE, MEINE FREUNDIN  
ГАРНОЇ ДОРОГИ, ДРУЖЕ



There it was. The endless sea.  
I sat down in silence and listened.  
To my own breath or was it the waves?  
I could not tell them apart anymore.  
Washing away every thought, every worry  
and sadness, every hope and longing,  
leaving a space on my inside, so wide,  
I could barely grasp it.

DA WAR ES. DAS MEER. ICH SETZTE MICH, SCHWEIGEND UND LAUSCHTE.  
MEINEM EIGENEN ATEM, ODER WAR ES DAS WASSER? ICH KONNTE  
SIE NICHT MEHR VONEINANDER UNTERSCHIEDEN. WELLE UM WELLE  
ROLLTE HERAN, ROLLTE DURCH MEIN INNERES UND SPÜLTE JEDEN  
GEDANKEN, JEDE SORGE UND TRAUIGKEIT, JEDE HOFFNUNG  
UND SEHNSUCHT FORT UND HINTERLIEB EINEN RAUM IN MIR,  
SO WEIT, DASS ICH IHN KAUM ERFASSEN KONNTE.

ОСЬ ВОНО. НЕСКІНЧЕННЕ МОРЕ. Я СІЛА В ТИШІ І СЛУХАЛА.  
СВІЙ ВЛАСНИЙ ПОДИХ ЧИ ВОДУ? Я БІЛЬШЕ НЕ МОГЛА ЇХ  
РОЗРІЗНИТИ. ЗМИВАЮЧИ ВСІ ДУМКИ, ВСІ ТУРБОТИ  
ТА СМУТУ, УСІ НАДІЇ ТА ТУГУ, ЗАЛИЩАЮЧИ В МЕНІ  
ТАКИЙ ШИРОКИЙ ПРОСТІР, ЩО Я ЛЕДВЕ  
МОГЛА ЙОГО ОСЯГНУТИ.



And then a wave of memories washed over me.

My sister, we were floating  
through the air, in endless circles.

"Maybe life was meant to be danced away."

EINE WELLE ERINNERUNGEN ÜBERKAM MICH. MEINE SCHWESTER, WIR SCHWEBTEN  
DURCH DIE LUFT. "WAR DAS NICHT DER SINN DES LEBENS? ZU TANZEN?"

Це повернуло спогади. Я знову побачила свою сестру, нас двох, як ми  
паримо в повітрі, безперервно танцюючи в колі...  
«Можливо, життя створене для того, щоб його протанцювати»



## Ebbe und Flut

sitz und warte mit mir  
durch die Ebbe  
und tanz mit mir  
durch die Flut  
halt meine Hand  
in der Stille  
und dann lauf mit mir  
traufels durch den Sand

Wie Kinder,

wir wissen nicht warum

das Meer uns trägt.

Du das ist egal  
du ist egal

solange wir zusammen sind  
ich und du, in Ebbe und Flut

Ebbe und Flut,

Ebbe und Flut

lausche mit mir

in die Rinde

und dann geh mit mir

durch die Lese

Zwische

in die Fülle





"WAS SEHEN?" - "DIE WAHRHEIT, IM WASSER."

«ЩО САМЕ?» «ПРАВДУ У ВОДІ...»



I looked closer.  
And then I saw them.

ICH SCHAUTE GENAUER HIN.  
UND DANN SAH ICH SIE.

Я ПРИДИВИЛАСЬ УВАЖНІШЕ.  
І ТОДІ Я ПОБАЧИЛА ЇХ.




The golden lights that I had seen along this journey,  
with every new encounter, they surrounded the  
turtle and spread across the water.

DIE GOLDENEN LICHTER, DIE ICH AUF DIESER REISE GESEHEN HATTE,  
BEI JEDER NEUEN BEGEGNUNG – SIE UMGABEN DIE SCHILDKRÖTE  
UND BREITETEN SICH ÜBER DAS WASSER AUS.

ЗОЛОТІ ВОГНИКИ, ЯКІ Я СПОСТЕРІГАЛА ПРОТЯГОМ ЦЬОЇ  
ПОДОРОЖІ У КОЖНІЙ НОВІЙ ЗУСТРІЧІ – ВОНИ  
ОТОЧУВАЛИ ЧЕРЕПАХУ І РОЗХОДИЛИСЯ ПО ВОДІ.





The lights were weaving patterns, and  
I saw my own reflection in the water  
and behind me there was my family.  
Then the lines expanded wider and  
wider, painting everything golden.

DIE LICHTER WEBTEN MUSTER,  
UND ICH SAH MEIN EIGENES SPIEGELBILD AUF DER WASSEROBERFLÄCHE.  
UND HINTER MIR WAR MEINE FAMILIE, MEIN WOLFSRUDEL, MEIN ZUHAUSE.  
DANN VERSCHOBEN SICH DIE LINIEN UND DEHTEN SICH AUS,  
WEITER UND WEITER, BIS SIE ALLES GOLDEN FÄRBTEN.

ВОТНИКИ СТВОРЮВАЛИ ВІЗЕРУНКИ,  
І Я ПОБАЧИЛА СВОЄ ВЛАСНЕ ВІДОБРАЖЕННЯ НА  
ПОВЕРХНІ ВОДИ, А ПОЗАДУ МЕНЕ БУЛА МОЯ СІМ'Я.  
ПОТІМ ЛІНІЇ ПОЧАЛИ РОЗХОДИТИСЯ, ШИРШЕ Й ШИРШЕ,  
ЗАБАРВЛЮЮЧІ ВСЕ В ЗОЛОТИЙ КОЛІР.

## Beziehungs-Weberei

ich webe Faden für Faden  
durch mein Leben von Mensch  
zu Mensch von Seele zu Seele  
wo beginnt das Du und wo  
hör ich auf zu sein  
wo endet das Du und wo  
frag ich an zu sein

## Beziehungswiese


### Beziehungs-Weberei

mit all meinen Farben  
mit all meinem Wesen  
in vollstem Vertrauen  
auf all deine Farben  
auf dein ganzes Wesen  
lass ich mich ein

ich lass mich fallen um mich zu entfalten  
ich lass mich ein um aufzugehen

die Welt sucht bewegte Menschen  
um die Welt zu bewegen

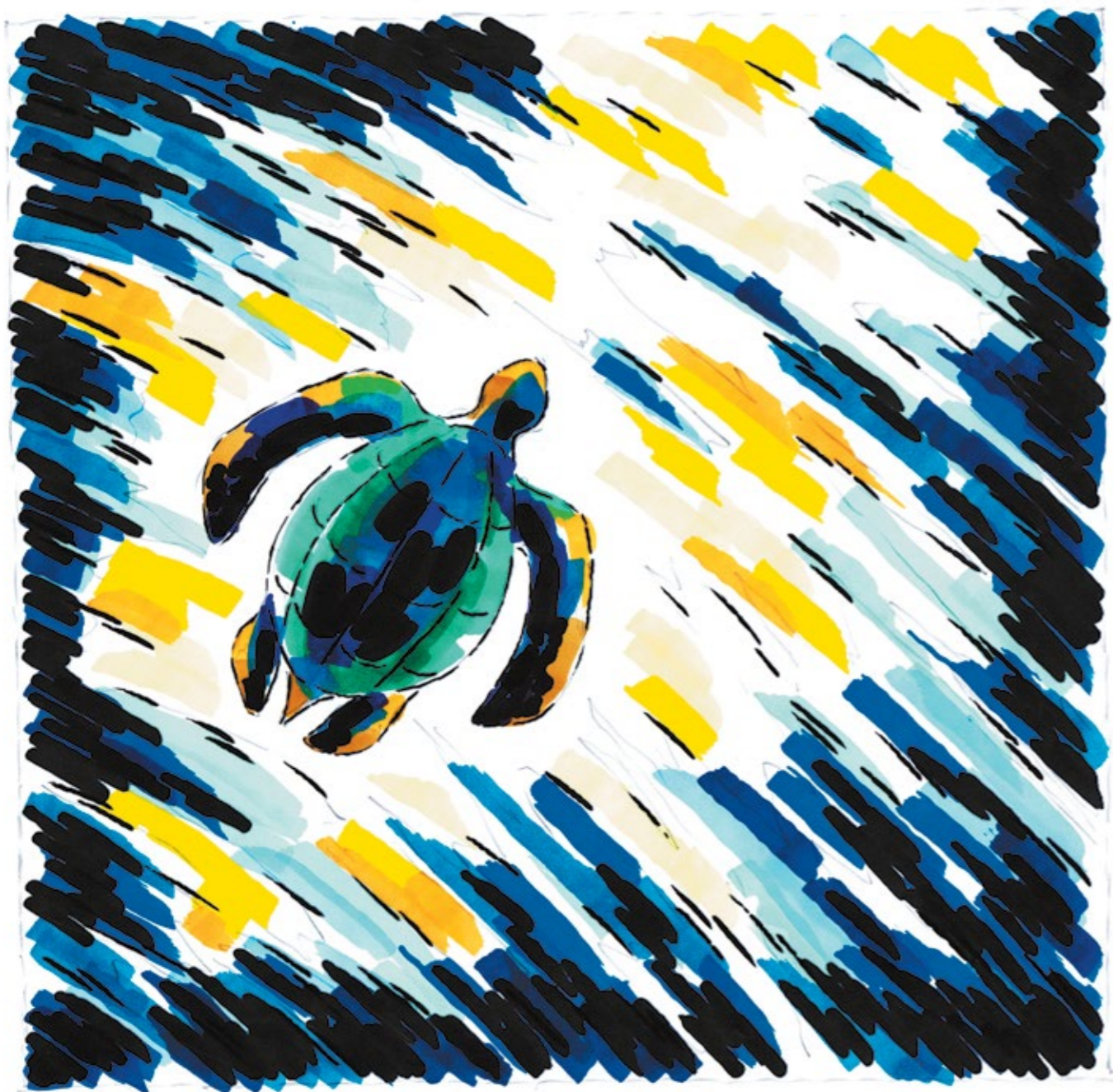


An abstract painting featuring thick, expressive brushstrokes in vibrant yellow, deep blue, and black. The strokes are layered and overlapping, creating a sense of movement and depth. The overall composition is dense and energetic, with the colors blending and contrasting in various ways. The background is a mix of these colors, with some areas appearing more saturated than others.

*Like the pattern of clouds in the night sky,  
I saw the outlines of a frog and  
a bird, a caterpillar and a turtle ...*

WIE WOLKENMUSTER AM NACHTHIMMEL SAH ICH  
DIE UMRISSE VON FROSCH UND VOGEL, SCHILDKRÖTE UND RAUPE...

ЗОЛОТІ ЛІНІЇ ЗМІНЮВАЛИСЯ, ЯК ВІЗЕРУНКИ ХМАР, ПЕРЕТВОРЮЮЧИСЬ  
НА ОБРИСИ ЖАБИ, ПТАХІВ, ЧЕРЕПАХИ ТА ГУСЕНИЦІ...



"So have you figured out the secret, finally?"

"Secret? About what?"

I looked around, the turtle had disappeared.

"Home," answered a familiar voice.

"HAST DU DAS GEHEIMNIS NUN ENDLICH GELÜFTET?" – „GEHEIMNIS? WOVON?“ ICH SCHAUTE MICH UM.  
DIE SCHILDKRÖTE WAR VERSCHWUNDEN. – „ZUHAUSE,“ ANTWORTETE EINE VERTRAUTE STIMME.

«Ти нарешті розгадала таємницю?» – «Таємницю? Про що?» – запитала я, оглядаючись.  
Черепашка зникла. – «Про дім,» – відповів знайомий голос.



I saw movement in the air, flashing  
bright like the sky on a bluebird day.  
My friend had returned!  
A warmth was rising in my chest.  
"Yes, I think I understand now."

DA WAR EIN GERÄUSCH NEBEN MEINEM OHR, WIE DAS FLATTERN WINZIGER FLÜGEL.  
ICH SAH EINE BEWEGUNG IN DER LUFT, EIN BLAUES AUFBLITZEN, WIE DER HIMMEL  
AN EINEM WOLKENFREIEN TAG...MEIN FREUND WAR ZURÜCKGEKEHRT!  
WÄRME STIEG IN MEINER BRUST AUF. „JA, LANGSAM VERSTEHE ICH.“

Я ПОБАЧИЛА РУХ У ПОВІТРІ, ЩО СПАЛАХУВАВ ЯСКРАВО, ЯК НЕБО В  
ДЕНЬ СИНІХ ПТАХІВ...МІЙ ДРУГ ПОВЕРНУВСЯ! ТЕПЛО ПІДІМАЛОСЯ  
В МОЇХ ГРУДЯХ. «ТАК, ЗДАЄТЬСЯ, ТЕПЕР Я РОЗУМІЮ.»

Hörst du ihren Flügelschlag  
spürst du ihre weichen Pfoten  
das Glänzen von Silberhaart  
und warmes Gefieder  
Erkennt du dich darin selbst wieder  
von Atem zu Atemzug  
Herzschlag auf Herzschlag  
wie ein Tanz von Kraft  
um eine Mitte in der  
zumal betäubt ein  
großer Wille  
schafft



Mit jeder Bewegung  
mit jedem Werden  
und Vergehen zeigt sich  
der Schöngest  
in allem Lebendigen  
Mit jedem Wesen  
mit jedem klachsen und  
Gehören zeigt sich  
die Wahrheit  
wir sind alle eins

für Tine

Everything made sense to me then.  
The fire that had pushed me on this journey,  
far away from home, and the burning  
strength that had kept me going,  
both my fear and my hope, they  
had made peace with each other.  
A golden phoenix spread its wings  
into the burning light of a new  
sunrise, the burning light of a new beginning.

UND DANN ERGAB FÜR MICH ALLES EINEN SINN. DAS FEUER, DAS MICH VON ZU HAUSE VERTRIEBEN HAT UND DIESE BRENNENDE KRAFT, DIE MICH  
die m NICHT HAT AUFGEBEN LASSEN, ICH SAH SIE VERBUNDEN, MEINE ANGST ALS AUCH MEINE HOFFNUNG, IM FRIEDEN MITEINANDER.  
EIN GOLDENER PHÖNIX BREITETE SEINE FLÜGEL AUS IM GOLDENEN LICHT DES SONNENAUFGANGS, DEM GOLDENEN LICHT EINES NEUEN ANFANGS.

І все у мить стало ясним для мене. Вогонь, який змусив мене вирушити в цю подорож, втеча від дому, і вогонь усередині  
мене, який допомагав мені рухатися далі, моя тривога і моя надія – вони помирилися одна з одною. Золотий  
фенікс розпростер свої крила в палаючому світлі нового сходу сонця, палаючому світлі нового початку.





Blaise Pascal  
About Time

It seems like everything is clear as water that runs  
but the moment later it feels like a lifeless desert.

The two parts that seem so close to each other  
and are so different. Is here a right side and wrong?

Or they are both wrong or right? The mixed feeling.

Can this all be fixed by someone or something out there?

No. The answers are lined right in front of the eyes.

The eyes that don't know. The view and path are directed  
but invisible and blurred. A fear? An uncertainty? Yes.

A wanting to reach the invisible universe of wonder  
and unknown. Who can tell? Who will hold? Or will let go?

Time. The word and the master of all will reveal this mystery.

No need to ask it to move faster. The master will do  
how it should be done. To resist? To try to conquer

the one who was here worlds ago? Maybe. Better to listen.

To connect. To be together as one. The power to do anything

hides in tightly held arms. In the grip  
of hands that no one can break.

Pauya, 16.02.2024  
Tanya, 16.02.2024





## Re-Mind

there are those days where I  
don't exist yet, there are  
those turns that we take  
through years in days  
through life in seconds

would you remind me  
what it means to live  
would you re-mind me  
what it means to breathe

wake me up from my hibernation  
night by night  
lift me up into resurrection  
day by day by day by day

would you re-  
would you remind me  
would you re-  
would you remind me

mhekusavera





Home is not a place.  
It is within you.

ZUHAUSE IST KEIN ORT. ES LIEGT IN DIR.  
ДИМ — ЦЕ НЕ МІСЦЕ. ВІН ВСЕРЕДИНІ ТЕБЕ.

The end?



I don't want this to end.

- 01 SISTER
- 02 PHOENIX
- 03 LIKE A WOLF
- 04 MIGRATORY BIRDS
- 05 SIMPLIFLY
- 06 TREES
- 07 FLOW
- 08 SUNDAY
- 09 EBBE UND FLUT
- 10 BEZIEHUNGSWEBEREI
- 11 TINE
- 12 RE-MIND



LYRICS & COMPOSITION, PRODUCTION, VOCALS, SYNTHS, CELLO, UKULELE, KEYS. RONJA MALTZAHN  
LYRICS & COMPOSITION, PRODUCTION, BASS, MOOG, SYNTHS, VOCALS, FEDERICO MARINA  
SOUNDDESIGN, PRODUCTION, DUDUK, FLUTE, GUZHENG, SYNTHS, CHRISTOPHER MUELLER  
MIXING, MASTERING, MARCO DIPRINZIO  
ILLUSTRATION, TETIANA SHE WOLF

DRUMS, ELECTRONICS, KAI OHLIGSCHLAEGER  
VOCALS, KEYS, EMILY TRILLITZSCH  
SAX, LEXI FARINA  
VOCALS, ARRANGEMENT, KEYS, KIM FRIEHS  
PIANO, ARRANGEMENT, ORGAN, MELVIN SCHULZ GENANNT MENNINGMANN  
FRENCH HORN, ARRANGEMENT, CHRISTIAN DABRINGHAUS  
VIOLIN, ARRANGEMENT, CHRISTOPHER CRIGHTON  
PIRI생활, SAENGHWANG생활, SEOMINGI  
SOUND SAMPLES, CHOIR, HOOLA

VISUAL DEVELOPMENT OFFICER (VDO), TRUMPET, JAN HEUSSNER

LIVE SOUND, SAX 2, JANNIK FROEHLICH  
CELLO, FRIEDEMANN EICH  
VIOLA, FRIEDA EMILIA KUENZEL  
VOCALS, JOHN FELLNER

EIN NEUER TAG BEGINNT  
DIRECTED BY MANUELA VAN GREUNINGEN  
CHOIR, SERAPHINA, ANNA, NORA, EMMA, NANE,  
SONJA, ANTONIA, ENNA, WILLI, EMILY, JOELLE,  
ESKE, CHRISTIAN, LISA, LILLITH, MARIE, AYLEEN,  
TALISA, DAVID, LUIS, JASMIN, JANELLE, MANUELA

BROKENSILENCE

AGENTUR  
LAUTSTROM  
BOOKING



KICK MUSIC  
THE PUBLISHING  
FLAME LEIPZIG

Ableton

CORDIAL

ORTEGA  
GUITARS - 1978

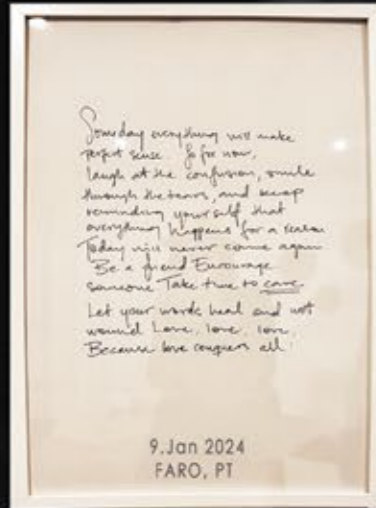


BUJT  
+ KALLIG



# EPILOGUE

This idea was born on the 4th of January, somewhere between Pymont and Prague. Four days later I write down the first draft of our story, and record a new song idea "SISTER".



*my sister, always remember that you are loved*

9TH OF JANUARY 2024. FARO, PT. We follow our favorite bus driver Michel and his Doppellecker to Portugal, with our dear coffee friend Johnny, and Fedes family, mother and sister. In the living room of our accomodation there is a frame on the wall, a handwritten wisdom by an unknown author: "someday everything will make perfect sense.." It moves my heart. I take a photo and send it to Tanya.



21.Feb 2024, OSNABRÜCK, DE

But let's point a complete picture first, and go back to the **7.APRIL 2021**, the day that we got to know each other. Fede and me just wrote a new song, inspired by the Wolfcenter in Dörverden, and have the idea to make an animated music video. To find an artist to collaborate with, I open instagram and search for "wolf animation". That's how I find Tanyas art and I write her a message. A few days later she answers!!! She loves the idea of the song, she is 15 years old and lives in Ukraine!

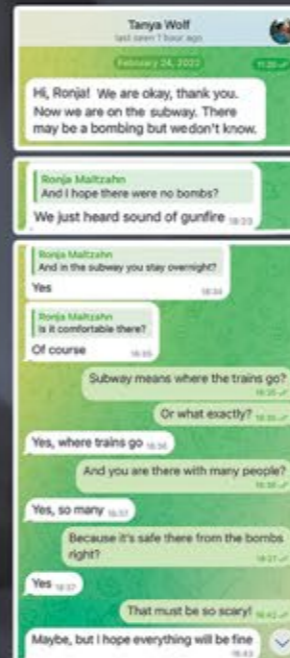


# MAKE ART NOT WAR

15TH OF FEBRUARY, PRAGUE, CZ. Tanya sends me her first idea: "MAKE ART NOT WAR." One day later she wrote the text "ABOUT TIME".

*About Time* 16.02.24  
Tanya Wolf

21.February 2024. We play our song, LIKE A WOLF, the last song on the exam concert of drummer Kai.



24th of February 2022. Russia invades Ukraine and Tanyas home is no longer a safe place. Fede and me are just travelling back from Finland and heard about it on the news. We are so worried!!! When we text Tanya, how she was and where, she answers that she was okay, hiding your family in the subway from the bombs that were falling outside... That must have be so scary!!! "MAYBE, BUT I HOPE EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE." We hope so, too.

The animation video of LIKE A WOLF was finished in January, and we decide to publish it directly, dedicated to peace.



# EPILOGUE

23.MARCH 2024  
SLAVS'KE, UKRAINE

Tanya and her sister travel back to Ukraine to see their family, in a safe shelter in the mountains, far away from Kharkiv. There Tanya sends me the poem "Beautiful" as a voice memo. And the first pencil sketch drafts of the story. On the 23rd of March she sends the first color images, with the majestic autumn she-wolf.

Wolf  
is an  
anagram  
of  
Flow.



TANYA - BEAUTIFUL

THIS WORD DESCRIBES EVERYTHING  
SOMETIMES IT ALSO DESCRIBES A PAIN MAYBE  
HONESTLY, I WOULD SAY, EVEN THOUGH SOMETIMES  
IT CAN BE SPARKS OR PAIN OR ANGER  
ITS REAL

AND I THINK THAT MAKES IT BEAUTIFUL  
EVERY TIME I WALK AND I THINK ABOUT EVERYTHING  
ABOUT MY CREATIVE WORLD AND MY INNER WORLD AND  
HOW I WANT IT TO SHOW IT AND MAKE IT MEANINGFUL  
YOU KNOW, NOT IN AN EMPTY WAY  
NOT JUST TO MAKE MONEY OR  
I DON'T KNOW, BE FAMOUS OR WHATEVER  
I WANT MORE THAN THAT I WANT IT REALLY  
TO SPEAK TO PEOPLE AND TO MYSELF, TOO  
TO HELP ME UNDERSTAND MYSELF  
AND MAYBE OTHERS

AND EVERY TIME I AM ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS  
I THINK OF US WALKING IN THIS BIG FOREST  
WITH THE TALL TREES AND THE QUIETNESS AROUND US  
AND YET IT'S EVERYTHING AT THE SAME TIME  
I LIKE THIS CONTRAST OF LIFE  
IT'S NOT JUST BLACK OR WHITE, EVERY MOMENT  
IT'S BOTH, EVERY TIME  
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE.



03.APRIL 2024, TROMSØ, NORWAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TANYA! Fede and me sing for Tanya under the polar lights, in Norway's winter wonderlands, where his sister lives now. Tanya is no longer a teenager, legally an adult! Happy 18. The birthday memory video that we create for her shocks me, Tanya has been EVERYWHERE with us in the last two years!!! The stadium tour of Udo Lindenberg, at the festival when we played with him, one of our biggest concerts ever, for 5000 people in Colw, our bluebird orchestra with 15 people on stage. One year later with Bodo Wartke on stage in Banz, another lovely festival for many many people... We danced together in the crowd of Twenty One Pilots in France, or AJR at the Sziget festival in Budapest.. in how many lakes did we jump together in the warm summer days? And the sea, oh let's not get started on the sea. Tanya has become a true part of our music family!

29.April 2024, Tanya arrives in Hannover...



17.MAY 2024, PRAGUE, CZECHIA  
We travel to Prague together, and go see Thirty Second to Mars! Fede lifts Tanya on his shoulders and Jared Leto POINTS at HER to come on stage. LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL. We leave her in Prague to continue her Czech courses.

Then follows a very sad chapter.  
We had to say goodbye to Buddy, the little dog of Magda and Chris, that was very tragic.

Something beautiful when  
perfect comes, so far and  
laugh at the confusion,  
smile through the tear,  
walk through the pain, you  
with the pain, and  
keep reminding yourself  
what this short life is  
all about. Love, love, love.  
Because love conquers all.

We carry you in our  
Buddy



1.JUNE.2024 POZNAN, POLAND  
Life accelerates, we are back on the road. Poznan ukulele festival. Open air in Bremen. Bröckel. Plauen. Berlin Uku- lele festival. Fête de la musique Hanno- ver.

In the meantime Tanya sends me the next update on the black and white sketches, and there it is, the cuuuutest picture of it all, the two wolf sisters in the flowers. And the most scary one! The storm monster. Her pictures impress me deeply.

And then she travels back to the Ukrai- ne again, to see her parents. And her little dog Ida. Happy times!



7.JULY 2024. FÜRTH, DE

Tanya joins us again! At the Festival in Fürth with Emily, Kai, Jannik, Fede, and Chrissy and Moritz, and our faithful Frank.. Our concert guest book gets filled with a new red wolf drawing!

Summer. For us that means being on the road, play, play, play and meet people, people... Tanya start portaiting! Leipzig. Backstage to Peter Maffay with Lexi, where Tanya conquers every heart with her sketchbooks, the art is her weapon! Calw. The Hesse festival for Udo Lindenberg's Panikpreis, more backstage portails.

01.AUGUST 2024. WISSEMBOURG, FR

France.. We spend a week in a tiny apartment next to the border that we turn into a nest of creativity. The kitchen table is filled with sketchbooks and Tanyas art computer, in the next room I have my my cello set up in one corner, ukulele, microphone, the little midi keyboard, painted with wolves by Tanya, my beautiful mess of demos and Ableton tracks, a pile of poetry books spread all over the bed. In Wissembourg we find an incredible patisserie, and the cake carton, shiny golden, was meant to become art.. wolf art :)

"That's why we're here, isn't it?  
- For cake?  
-To love.  
And to be loved."

(Charlie Mackesy)

3.AUGUST 2024. PFORZHEIM, DE

Just another lemon tree.. we join the Fools Garden festival and Tanya creates more backstage people's portraits.. even a wolf on the washing machine where all the artists sign. "MAKE ART NOT WAR."

HALTERN. Sunday production with our beloved music genius Melvin. HAMBURG. Visiting our wonderful friend and pianist Jean Jacque. Hop into the sea for one night. And then finally HOME again. Go for Picknicks in the sun on the hill, Veno and Tanya and me dancing in the fields. The sketches are blooming, soooo many pictures Tanya has created for our story!!!

1.SEPTEMBER 2024. HOME.

Tanya decides to move to Germany, she currently is under temporary protection from the war. in Prague, luckily the system in Germany supports refugees with a temporary acceptance to live here, too.. and we are officially flatmates now. Willkommen Tanya!

We start two new wolf sister books, that we exchange with thoughts and drawings and poetry, back and forth...



19.SEPTEMBER 2024. HOME.

I find one of my favorite wolf sketches in my sister book! We were in the garden, me with my songs and Tanya with her sketchbooks and colorful markers when I witnessed its creation! How could she do this? Capture a motion, a sentiment like this. It amazes me.

20.SEPTEMBER 2024, DEPARTURE.

Tanya travels back to Prague, to bring her things here, and we pack our things to prepare for our next big journey to Daegu, UNESCO City of Music in South Korea.

1.OCTOBER 2024. DUBAI, AE

I present the "sister" song to my real sister, who currently lives in Dubai. It means a lot to her. And this means a lot to me...

3.OCTOBER 2024. SEOUL, KR

Fede and me land in Seoul and play our first concert ever in South Korea! We are invited to the UNESCO Music conference in Daegu, where we meet HOOLA, an incredible band, and now dear friends.

20.OCTOBER 2024. HOME.

Back home from the other side of the world! Our minds flooded with impressions, our hearts filled with joy. Tanya welcomes us with her gigantic wolf phoenix painting in our living room. A big artistic highlight of the whole year for me.

1.NOVEMBER 2024. MÜNSTER, DE

Friday. The premiere of the musical orchestra in Münster, with many of our beloved BlueBirds. Sunday. Venos birthday. Another memory video with so many faces and places and beautiful moments. Would you re-remember me? Monday. We film the music video for WEAVING with Jan in Osnabrück, starring Emily and Kai and Fede and Lexi and a looooot of white yarn, and glitter and color spray... and TANYA as a dancer!!! The wolf and the dancer. The video took us all night, we arrive back home at 10 am in the morning, hello creative jet lag! Happy and dead Tuesday in the artist house with Lexi and Isa, and the boy, mole, the fox and the horse.. "NOTHING BEATS KINDNESS, IT SITS QUIETLY BEYOND ALL THINGS." Friday. We travel to Berlin to see Jacob Collier live, to be a part of his audience choir.. Saturday. We play a concert in the lake theater Hain. Tuesday. We pick up HOOLA from the airport for the UNESCO anniversary in Hannover. Friday. We play in Buxtehude. Saturday. We play in Hamburg, presenting Tines song to her in person. Then spend then the whole week with HOOLA in Hannover. Friday. Our last concert this year. We sing together with HOOLA and John from Canada, Ciaran from Belfast and the audience, cheering in a standing ovation...

"THE WORLD NEEDS PEOPLE IN MOTION TO KEEP THE WORLD IN MOTION"

"The world is full of beauty. And it's up to you to capture it, Louis. To look and to share it with as many people as you can."

(Emily Richardson-Wain)



1.DECEMBER 2024. HANNOVER, DE

Tears on the airport when HOOLA is leaving.. Tanya gives them a frame with their portraits. We will miss you, dear friends!

11. DECEMBER. Tomorrow is my birthday, and my wish for this next year is our WOLF ALBUM. I guess we could let it grow for another five years, collect inspiration and stories (and I hope we will!!!), but for now let's frame this chapter. Let's print this book and share it with as many people as we can. Like Louis Wain would do it.



OUR MUSIC FAMILY. ALL THIS WOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE WITHOUT YOU. THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT, YOUR OPEN EARS AND HEARTS, THANK YOU FOR SINGING WITH US, THANK YOU FOR LISTENING, THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING WE SHARE!

Thank you for everything, Tanya.

We are so sad that the war in the Ukraine took you away from your beautiful HOME. And we are so happy and endlessly grateful that you came into our life.

With all our love,  
Ronja & Fede

...and the Bluebird Family!

LÉNNI	LIAN	UNESCO FAMILY	EZRA	HANNES	EMILIA	ORTEGA FAMILY	WOLF CENTER DÖLVERDEN
NICOLE	TIM	ALICE	KARO	NINA	NACHOZIME	SZABI	CHRISTINA
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JACI	IRENE	INKIE	POSEIDON	RO	DANTE	FRIDOLIN & HANFRED	LEVI
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CHRISTIAN	ZIPPORA	DOROTEA	OLIVER	MAX	JUAN MARTIN	STEFAN	SIRIUS
LAURA	MOSES	ANJA	KAOUTAR	MORITZ	SERGO	ALEX & THE HEINL FAMILY,	KIMO
KRALMINATOR	ELIA	JOE	ETHAN	CHRISTIAN	LUCARUTH	HENNER	DALA
INA	MERKE	MATTHIAS	MARKUS	JOHANNA	DIEGO	NIKO	MILAN
SCHOSCHO	ELLI	NICOLA	CHIARA	TIM	SEBA	CORDIAL TEAM	PINJA
ANNI	CHRISTOPH	BUKEKA	CLAUDIA	UTE	JUAN	TIM	COSMO
MOUNI	SOFIA	DAJUNG	ANN	ERNIE	MARTU	RENE	
KATHIE	ULI	MICHAEL	FRANK	VERA	BABI	COBBI	
PELIX	HILLA	PAULO	COAL	ERNST	BELU	RONJA	
NIKI CLARA	TONIA	PPK	THOMAS	ADAM	MAR	CHRIS	PATREON COMMUNITY
CHRISSEY	BEA	TOM	BENJAMIN	MATS	LEAN	MARTIN	BÄRBEL MATERNE
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STEFFI	JEAN-JAQUES	CHARLY	ROBERT	ROBERT	JULE	PHILIPP	LARS HILDEBRANDT
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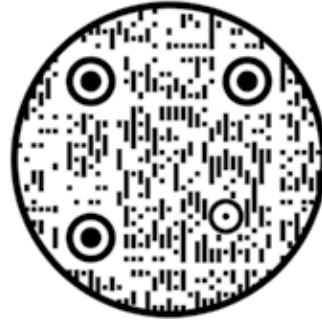
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TO BE CONTINUED...

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RONJA MALTZAHN



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may you find places where you're loved  
may you find people that you love  
may you find shelter in the strange beyond  
may you find light in the dark  
may you find hope when its lost  
may you find water in the desert dust  
may you remember that you're loved  
that everything is here, everything is  
just enough.

Ronja Maltzahn  
Tetiana She Wolf

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