

OUT IN SPRING 2019

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I AM THE GIRL MY MOTHER WARNED ME ABOUT

BY DEMIAN LIENHARD



Ich bin die, vor der mich meine
Mutter gewarnt hat
Novel. German.
Release: March 2019
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» *That's a whole bunch of dead people one might think, but I disagree. In the valley I come from, that's perfectly normal.* «

Except for the high bridge, there is nothing special about the little town Alba lives in. The bridge is 25 meters high, on a windless day the fall lasts 2,08 seconds and statistically the street underneath is the most dangerous in all of Switzerland. At least that's how it feels to Alba: the school-year is far from over and her class is already down by three students. Meanwhile in Zurich, students are protesting. After the riots outside the Zurich opera, they continue to fight. For cultural freedom, against housing shortage, drugs on the streets and surveillance. »Deflate the state!«, that's their war-cry. The world seems to be upside down and Alba is caught right in the midst of it all while dealing with her very own problems. One of them: Jack. His given name is René but with the wild kind of stuff that continues to happen to him, he seems more like the hero of some crazy American road movie, thus the name Jack seems way more fitting. Shortly after Alba's ›accident‹, the two of them become a couple. For the moment, Alba is happy, but no one knows better than Alba that there must be a snag – especially when it comes to happiness. There always is. And once you're in that downward spiral there's no stopping it ... or is there?

Demian Lienhard's story of the highs and lows in his protagonist's life is strikingly original, full of intelligent humor and subtle tragedy. The reader follows his refreshingly rebellious and likeable narrator through the blistering 1980's and 1990's in Switzerland which were informed by growing social problems and an insurgent youth movement. The narrative voice itself is the glowing core of this novel, a sparkling mix of *Smells Like Teen Spirit*, *La Boum* and an irresistible warmth, black humor and wittiness – you'll be ready to follow her wherever she goes, even if it's a trip to hell.

» *›Time is a great healer.‹ But I knew: That's a lie. Time doesn't heal anything. Going by. That's all she's capable of. And she's not even very good at that.*

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