

# LITTLE DONTKNOWWHAT?

*Does Love exist?*



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**DONTKNOWWHAT?**

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Aicke-Wulf Linsner



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Ruffling up to the heights on its frolicky trips the wind  
tosses around the creaking treetops' tips.  
Romping playfully through the countryside Little  
Dontknowhat? wonders, not quite satisfied:



“Where can I find someone  
who can tell me: ...”



“What, oh what, might Love be?”



Little Dontknowhat? runs to a hedge with Snuggle held tight and discovers a snail, hiding behind it in plain sight.



“I have to ask you, even so, about Love, dear Snail, will you tell me though?”

*“You will miss Love, if it’s missing; that is always so – but when you’ve found it ... Oh! You will know!”* answered the Snail.

Little Dontknowhat? twists and turns around and looks in every corner – yet Love cannot be found.

“It’s not here!” mumbles Little Dontknowhat? meekly.

“It must be somewhere else,” it says, quite bleakly.

“I’ll keep going on and on until I have finally found love!”  
Little Dontknowwhat? vowed and looked at the Snail from  
up above:

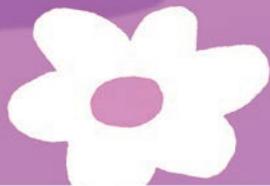
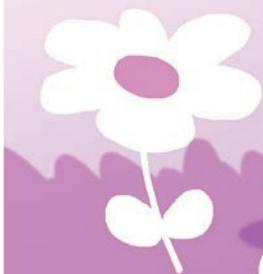
“Dear Snail, could you help me, I pray, by taking me with  
you a little way?”

“Sure thing – hop on!” said the Snail, smacking her lips.  
And the search goes on ...



The journey had begun and the day was yet long.  
Snuggle and Little Dontknowhat? were still going strong,  
daring and bold and fit as a fiddle, on towards the horizon  
little by little.

Onto a meadow Little Dontknowhat? wanders,  
sees something there dangling down and ponders:  
“That strange giant thing is really mismatched; it looks  
like four fingers ... with a cow attached!”



The fright goes away quickly, and stopping a shudder Little Dontknowhat? says: “Boy-oh-boy ... that is some udder!”

“I have to ask you, even so, about Love, dear Cow, will you tell me though?”

*“I can’t say much – but this is true: There’s a way to your heart, if Love’s looking for you,”* quipped the Cow.

Little Dontknowhat? twists and turns around and looks in every corner – yet Love cannot be found.

“It’s not here!” mumbles Little Dontknowhat? meekly.

“It must be somewhere else,” it says, quite bleakly.





Fresh and lively Little Dontknowhat?, as a lot of time passes, meets up with a fish after leaving the grasses.

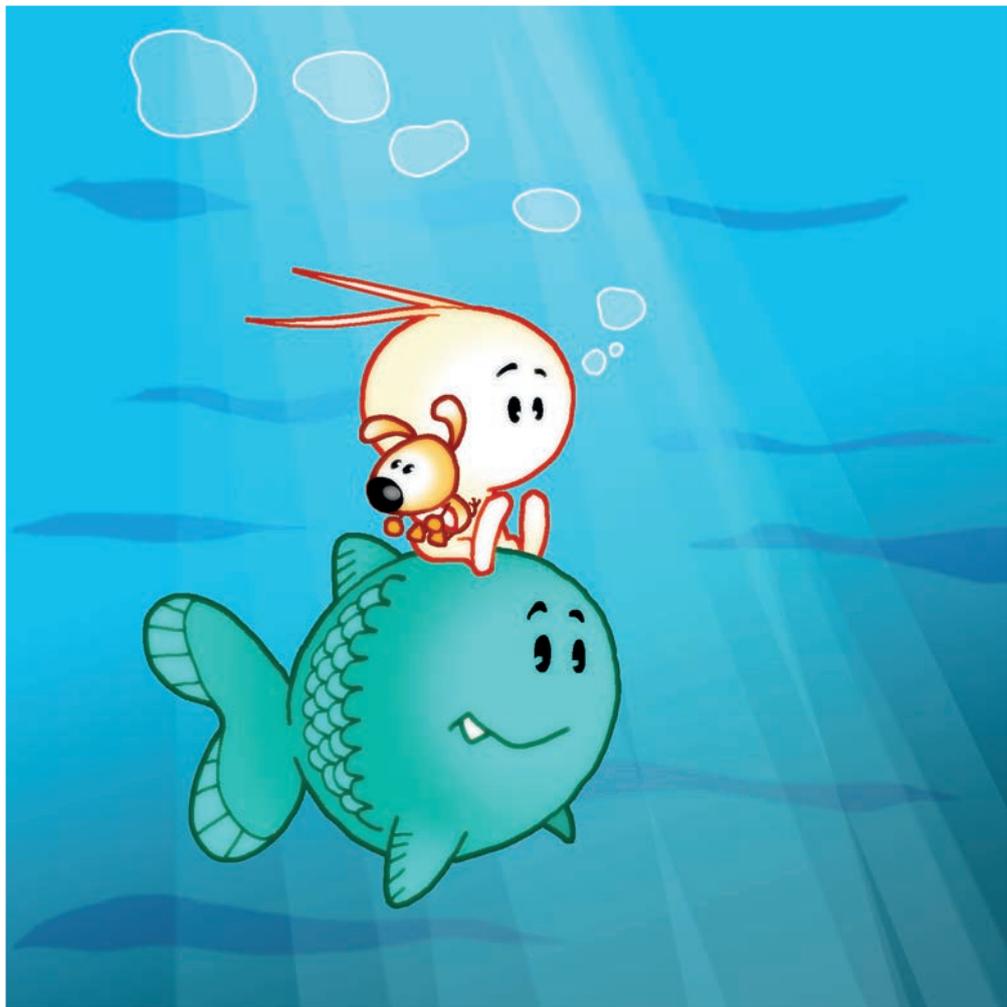
“I have to ask you, even so, about Love, dear Fish, will you tell me though?”

*“Love gives you so much: no worries, no fears and once it has found you, it’s yours for the years!”* says the Fish.

Little Dontknowhat? twists and turns around and looks in every corner – yet Love cannot be found.

“It’s not here!” mumbles Little Dontknowhat? meekly.

“It must be somewhere else,” it says, quite bleakly.





In the morning the weather is so far from fine, but the night had passed without much of a whine!

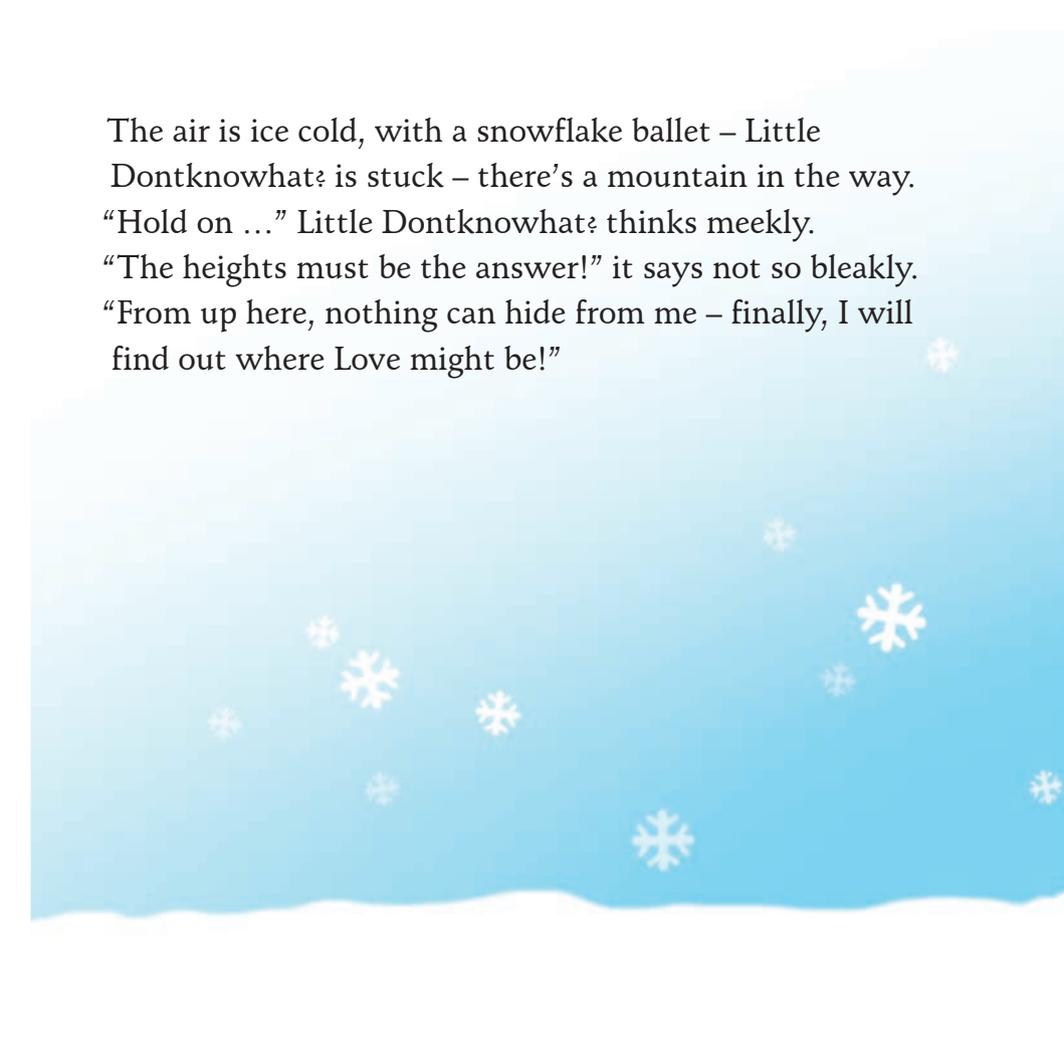
The wind rumbles furiously through the trees with rain pouring down; who could blame Little Dontknowhat?, really, for wearing such a frown.

In spite of everything they trudge along, all dreary and gloomy, with no happy song.

Little Dontknowhat? asks Snuggle: “Where is Love? Can you tell me? How far must I go? Where can it be found? Someone must know?”

Snuggle says nothing, bravely showing through the rain in the direction of where they are going.

The air is ice cold, with a snowflake ballet – Little  
Dontknowhat? is stuck – there's a mountain in the way.  
“Hold on ...” Little Dontknowhat? thinks meekly.  
“The heights must be the answer!” it says not so bleakly.  
“From up here, nothing can hide from me – finally, I will  
find out where Love might be!”







Just where is Love hiding?  
Somewhere, for sure,  
but Little Dontknowwhat? needs guiding.  
And so it heads out  
on the most important search of its life.  
An adventure for your soul.

