René Kaiser

Julian and the Hidden Worlds

Book 2

The Sea above the Roofs



Book 2 · English edition

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The Sea above the Roofs

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Maps · Doors · Worlds · Connections

A Sea Has More than One Side

Dear children and everyone reading aloud,

Julian and Lio have visited the button city. Oda has lent them the Atlas for a shared journey. Its first main page is safe again. Kaja accompanies them along the connecting routes, keeping the return envelope separate from new invitations.

Now a letter leads to the rooftop sea. From the street, fish swim above chimneys. From a boat, roofs rise like islands. Yet a ship lies on dry ground while water drips into a grandmother’s bedroom.

The 25 chapters tell a harbour adventure of their own and continue Book 1. Reading in order is recommended; important connections are explained again. Julian no longer carries rune echoes. His compass with its ten stars stays at home.

In this imaginary world, routes change through magical connections. Adults undertake rescue, ship work, inspections and work on the Atlas binding. Children observe, ask questions and pass on messages.

Read together, study the pictures and pause whenever it suits you. Enjoy exploring above and beneath the roofs!

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CHAPTER 1

The Horn in the Wardrobe



Julian heard the ship’s horn while searching for his second sock. It came from the wardrobe. A yellow scarf appeared between two jackets, followed by Kaja’s face.

“The connection’s rather narrow,” she explained. Her feet stood safely on the floor, but one end of her scarf had wound around a low hanger.

Julian carefully freed it. Lio sat beside the missing sock. “Apparently, a sensible journey begins by rescuing the clothes.”

Blue water shimmered beyond the open wardrobe door. Not a drop fell onto the bedroom floor. A second horn call sounded in the distance.

Kaja showed him the blue letter from the rooftop sea. They had brought it from the button city the previous evening. A boy had asked for help: a sea lay above his village, and since the new Atlas fold, rain had fallen into bedrooms.

Julian placed the borrowed Atlas on the dry table. Its first divider was bright. On the second main page, a ship still stood on a roof.

“I haven’t pulled anyone inside,” Kaja said. “We have an invitation. But first, we’ll check which side is dry.”

Julian found his sock beneath Lio. After breakfast, he told someone at home and packed string and pencil. The compass with its ten stars stayed on his desk. Today, a letter would guide them.

Lio got up. “Then perhaps the horn can be a little more quietly excited now.”

CHAPTER 2

The Letter’s Dry Side



Kaja laid two envelopes side by side. The blue one showed rooftops and a ship. Julian’s bedroom appeared on the pale one.

“Invitation and way home,” she said. “One stays separate from the other.”

She unfolded a little staircase from the blue letter. Its steps ended on a firm landing with a railing. Beyond it lay a dry street. Julian could see it, although water floated overhead.

He put the Atlas in his backpack. The button from the button city had now been sewn inside. It helped him recognise that particular city door. A different connection belonged to the rooftop sea.

Kaja checked the landing and put the return envelope in its own compartment. “We walk here. Nobody needs to jump into the water.”

Lio touched the first step with a paw. “An excellent quality in stairs.”

They stepped through the letter. Salt smelled different from the rain outside Julian’s window: brighter and wider, as though arriving from somewhere without a ceiling.

A transparent blue expanse hung above white houses. Fish swam through it between the chimneys. A red sail rose above the highest tiled roof.

Julian stopped. He had seen many seas on maps. None had ever laid a fish’s shadow across his shoes.

Kaja looked around. “We need somebody who can guide us from here.” A boy in a blue cap came along the street. An empty bucket swung from his hand.

CHAPTER 3

Jonte and the Empty Bucket



“You got my letter!” The boy put down the bucket. “I’m Jonte.”

He wore a dark teal waistcoat over a red shirt. Fair hair stuck out beneath his blue cap. His gaze travelled from the Atlas backpack to Lio’s ears.

“Is the fox coming too?”

“The fox has already arrived,” Lio said. “And would like to know why the sea is visiting the roofs.”

Jonte pointed upwards. “It lives there. Normally, its underside stays sealed. But now it drips through in several places.”

A shadow crossed the lane. A silver fish swam above a chimney and disappeared between two clouds. Julian followed it with his eyes.

Then he heard a steady plink from the house beside him. Jonte picked up his bucket and opened the door. “One bucket isn’t enough at my grandmother’s any more.”

They crossed the dry threshold. Inside, the bed stood well away from the wall. An older woman with a silver braid and lavender cardigan moved a chair aside.

“Our visitors shouldn’t have to sit in the rain straight away,” she said.

Julian placed the second bucket where she showed him. Afterwards, he helped lay a light blanket on the free chair.

Lio stayed beside his feet. “A world with a sea view from underneath. One needs a proper look at that.” Grandmother nodded. “Preferably from somewhere dry.” She showed them which corner remained clear, and Kaja kept her postbag there.