



**KLAUS-PETER
WOLF'S**

EAST FRISIAN CRIME NOVELS

The most successful
German crime writer 2024/2025



Klaus-Peter Wolf has sold over 15 million books for adults and children. His books have been adapted into movies, he is prominently featured in the East Frisian Crime Museum and he even has his own Crime Newspaper. Wolf's works have been translated into 26 languages.

In November 2025, Klaus-Peter Wolf was honoured with the Media Control Premium Award as "the most successful crime writer of 2024/2025 in Germany, Austria and Switzerland".

According to Media Control's statement, Klaus-Peter Wolf is once again setting new standards in the German-language crime fiction market. For this extraordinary success, the bestselling author is being honoured with the Media Control Premium Award as the most successful crime writer of 2024/2025. His East Frisian crime novels have been thrilling millions of readers for years, demonstrating that suspense, regionality and strong characters are a proven recipe for success.



Introducing the East Frisian Crime Series

Klaus-Peter Wolf's popular detective novels are set far from big-city life in the peaceful vacationland of the island East Frisia in northern Germany. When horror strikes it does so with terrifying impact. Heading the investigative team are Inspector Ann Kathrin Klaasen and her colleague Frank Weller, who have also developed a romantic relationship in private life. The author presents a multifaceted look at crimes committed in this idyllic setting, writing in a suspenseful style that also allows for hints of humor.

Ann Kathrin Klaasen is 38 years old and the Chief Inspector in the Aurich Criminal Police (Kripo). She lives in the town of Norden in East Frisia, less than two kilometers from the North Sea. Her thirteen-year-old son Eike is entering the throes of puberty. Her husband Hero is a psychotherapist who has long been cheating on her with a client. She delivers an ultimatum: end his love affair or move out. He chooses the latter, and to Ann Kathrin's dismay, her son Eike leaves with his father.

Now she lives alone in the big house behind the dike, hounded in her dreams by the murderers that she pursues during the day.



Klaasen is an interrogation specialist in Kripo, but she is also a strong-willed person and not a team player. She is energetic and surprisingly unconventional, but compassionate and almost alarmingly open-hearted and fallible. She is no superwoman; like everyone else she has her flaws, but she is very good at what she does. She constantly finds herself in extremely difficult situations, which require her to summon all her expertise and knowledge in order to resolve the matter.

Ann Kathrin's father was also an officer in Kripo. He lost his life during a sensational bank robbery and hostage situation. This may be one reason why Ann Kathrin became a police detective and joined the homicide squad. The murder of her father was never solved, and she has devoted much effort to researching the minutiae of the hostage crisis, breaking it down into the smallest details. She has never stopped pursuing her father's murderer.

In order to solve cases, Klaasen tries to understand the victim's situation, to better understand the nature of the crime, even visiting the crime scenes alone at night. Her tracking sense and her sometimes unorthodox methods have helped her apprehend two serial killers in East Frisia. Because of this her expertise is often in demand all over Germany - whether she likes it or not -- whenever a psychopathic killer strikes.



Klaus-Peter Wolf

East Frisian Killer Vol. 1

Celebrating the 20th anniversary of the most successful German seaside crime series: More than 6.5 million copies sold!

- Winner of the Media Control Premium Award as "the most successful crime writer of 2024/2025 in Germany, Austria and Switzerland"
- Rights to the series sold to: British English (Zaffre), Danish (Mellemgaard), Estonian (Atlex), French (Piranha), Polish (Media Rodzina), Russian (Ast)
- Film rights sold to ARTE



January 2026 · 384 pages



Klaus-Peter Wolf is "the most successful German language crime fiction writer" (Media Control). His Ann Kathrin Klaasen novels are mega-best-sellers, regularly occupying first place on the Spiegel Bestseller List. The freelance author and scriptwriter lives in the East Frisian town of Norden, in the same neighbourhood as his fictional DI, Ann Kathrin Klaasen.

The beginning of the successful series as a special edition with exclusive additional material: Klaus-Peter Wolf offers exciting insights into the creation and success story of his East Frisian crime series.

A series of murders shocks the island of East Frisia. One by one, several members of the "Rainbow Club" are brutally murdered. This association takes care of the concerns of disabled people. Were there irregularities in the income? What happened to the money that relatives paid to the association? Who harbors such hatred that they want to wipe them all out? Her first investigation becomes a major professional and personal test for Chief Inspector Ann Kathrin Klaasen.

"Klaus-Peter Wolf's books are cult classics." - Frankfurter Rundschau, Sven Trautwein

"Wolf is delightfully whimsical and satisfies the longing for the North Sea with a great deal of authenticity." - Münchner Merkur

Klaus-Peter Wolf

The Oath. East Frisian Killer Vol. 9

Full English translation available

Rights sold to: English, Bonnier Zaffre/Manilla (worldwide)

Find an English sample translation at the end of this catalogue!



February 2016 · 528 pages

Klaus-Peter Wolf is one of the most successful crime fiction writers in Germany. His Ann Kathrin Klaasen novels are mega-bestsellers, regularly occupying first place on the Spiegel Online Bestseller List. The freelance author and scriptwriter lives in the East Frisian town of Norden, in the same neighbourhood as his fictional DI, Ann Kathrin Klaasen.

Is this killer cleverer than the police?

When Ubbo Heide, former head of the Aurich police, receives a large package one morning, it is only the beginning. The package contains the severed head of a man Ubbo Heide knows only too well, a man Ubbo Heide has tried to bring to justice for years. Always he has had to let him go, but now someone else has delivered him to justice, and his head to Ubbo Heide. Then, a second head is discovered – another criminal who could never be tried. Is someone trying to step in where the police have failed?

Further Titles



Klaus-Peter Wolf

The Santa Claus Killer Vol. 1

- More than 100,000 copies sold
- More than 15 million books sold by Klaus-Peter Wolf!



October 2023 · 256 pages

Klaus-Peter Wolf, born in Gelsenkirchen in 1954, lives as a free lance writer in the East Frisian town of Norden, in the same neighbourhood as his detective Ann Kathrin Klaasen. His novels featuring the East Frisian chief inspector regularly top the Spiegel best seller list, and the film adaptations for ZDF delight millions of viewers. With over 15 million books sold translated into numerous languages, Klaus-Peter Wolf is one of the most successful authors of recent years. The author is a member of the PEN Centre Germany and an equally successful volunteer caketester at his favourite café.

Celebrate Christmas in a completely different way with Germany's number 1 in suspense: Klaus-Peter Wolf.

Most people were preparing for Christmas by decorating their houses, baking Christmas cookies, lighting candles and placing a reindeer in their front yard. He was disgusted by all of this – he had other plans. He would free up the freezer for another corpse. For the next Santa Claus. There were too many of them around at this time of the year anyway. He was determined to thin out their ranks. And the biggest of all witches - Ann Kathrin Klaasen - would certainly not get in his way.

A wonderful read! — Uli Wagner/SR3 crime tip

Klaus-Peter Wolf's talent for revealing the terrible sides of trivial everyday scenes in passing is also fully realised in his Christmas thriller! — Thomas Koppenhagen — Luxemburger Illustrierte REVUE

a great read [...]. This book is highly recommended for reading – and not just at Christmas time. -- Michael Kerst — Düsseldorfer EXPRESS

cosy and creepy [...]. — stern.de

Further Titles



Klaus-Peter Wolf

A Murderous Couple Vol. 1: The Promise

- Summer with Klaus-Peter Wolf: the start of a new series
- All of his books have been No. 1 bestsellers
- The new, suspenseful murdering dream team



May 2023 · 464 pages

Klaus-Peter Wolf, born in 1954 in Gelsenkirchen, is one of Germany's most successful crime writers. He lives as a freelance writer in the East Frisian town of Norden, in the same neighbourhood as his fictional DI Ann Kathrin Klaasen. And like her, after many years in the Ruhr District, the Westerwald, and Cologne, he moved to the coast and chose to become an East Frisian. His books and films have received numerous awards. His books have been translated into 26 languages to date, and over 13 million copies have been sold. Over 60 of his scripts have been filmed, including several for the TV series *Tatort* and *Polizeiruf 110*. The author is a member of the PEN-Zentrum Deutschland.

The novels featuring DI Ann Kathrin Klaasen regularly occupy first place on the *Spiegel* bestseller list for several weeks, and a number of them are currently being filmed by ZDF, thrilling millions of viewers.

There are more than 467 East Frisian crime novels and 68 detectives - but this is the new Number One!

A new series from Number 1 bestselling author Klaus-Peter Wolf

He is a man with principles. And he doesn't shun murder. She is a woman with a past. And with a quick wit. Together they play more than golf!

A thirteen-year-old schoolboy dies from a heroin overdose. The man responsible was just acquitted. Due to lack of evidence. Because many of the witnesses could no longer recall what they saw. And because the police made mistakes. So the man who is also called the Dutchman, walked free from court. I can't let that happen, Dr. Bernhard Sommerfeldt thinks to himself. I will have to pay him a visit. And his future wife suspects that their tranquil life in East Frisia won't come about anytime soon.

The new, suspenseful dream team - They are a murdering couple and have made each other a big promise!

Perfect holiday reading!

Further Titles



Klaus-Peter Wolf

Rupert Undercover Vol.1: East Frisian Mission

- Number 1 for suspense – over 9 million books sold
- Number 1 on the bestseller list 9 times over
- Finally, Rupert in the main role



June 2020 · 384 pages

Klaus-Peter Wolf is one of the most successful crime fiction writers in Germany. His Ann Kathrin Klaasen novels are mega-bestsellers, regularly occupying first place on the Spiegel Online Bestseller List. The freelance author and scriptwriter lives in the East Frisian town of Norden, in the same neighbourhood as his fictional DI, Ann Kathrin Klaasen.

Rupert has always wanted to join the Federal Criminal Police. But they didn't accept him. And now they need him, because he's the double of an international drug lord. For Rupert, this is a lifetime opportunity. He can finally prove what he can do. A dangerous undercover operation gets underway. All on his own, he soon notices that nothing is as it appears to be and that the situation is more dangerous than they thought. Can he even survive without the help of his East Frisian colleagues?

Further Titles



Klaus-Peter Wolf

Deathly Silence in the Mudflats – Sommerfeldt Emerges. Sommerfeldt Series Vol. 1



June 2017 · 416 pages

Klaus-Peter Wolf is one of the most successful crime fiction writers in Germany. His Ann Kathrin Klaasen novels are mega-bestsellers, regularly occupying first place on the Spiegel Online Bestseller List. The freelance author and scriptwriter lives in the East Frisian town of Norden, in the same neighbourhood as his fictional DI, Ann Kathrin Klaasen.

He is the doctor the people of North Dyke trust with their lives. Highly cultured. Charming. A doctor devoted beyond the call of duty. Dr Sommerfeldt treats his patients more comprehensively than anyone, caring not only for their ailments but finding solutions to their everyday problems. He listens to them. Occasionally, he disposes of an abusing husband. Or a blackmailing ex-boyfriend. He lends money he doesn't have. No one knows that he is a man with a past. A very different past from what many may imagine. A man with a new identity and a new life. Who is Dr Sommerfeldt? At once gripping and highly entertaining, this new crime series will be every bit as addictive for readers as Wolf's East Frisian series.

Further Titles



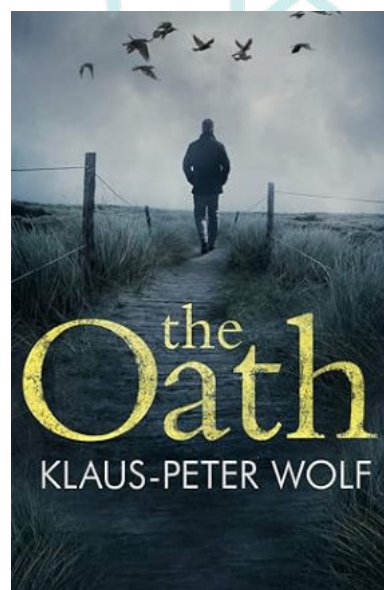
Klaus-Peter Wolf

East Frisian Oath

512 pages

Full English translation available upon request

If the system can't make them pay, then he will . . .



An atmospheric and chilling crime thriller from an internationally bestselling author, perfect for readers of Ann Cleeves and Peter James.

Former chief of police, Ubbo Heide, is enjoying a peaceful seaside retirement – until a gruesome package containing a severed head turns up on his doorstep and catapults him back into a world he left behind.

When a torso is found on the local beach, it's assumed it's from the same victim. That is until a second head turns up. As the investigation reaches fever pitch, Chief Inspector Ann Kathrin Klaasen, now assigned to the case, realises that the two victims are connected. Soon it's clear that this quiet coastal community is facing a brutal serial killer. One who is taking justice into his own hands . . .

Klaus-Peter Wolf is the most successful crime fiction writer in Germany, Austria and Switzerland. His Ann Kathrin Klaasen novels are mega-bestsellers, regularly occupying first place on the *SPIEGEL* Bestseller List. The freelance author and scriptwriter lives in the East Frisian town of Norden, in the same neighbourhood as his fictional DI, Ann Kathrin Klaasen.

Excerpt from the English Edition translated by Steven T. Murray

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Ubbo Heide had spent the night enjoying his favorite pastime: simply sitting and gazing at the sea.

For him this was the most beautiful place on earth. Here, with this view of the natural might of the North Sea, even the wheelchair lost its hold over him.

Ubbo's thoughts took wing. He felt free and content. Suddenly everything seemed all right. Eventually he dozed off, as the candle in the tea warmer flickered and burned out.

Along with the tourists, the early morning ferry brought the mail from the mainland to the island.

Across from the Café Pudding the wind speed was measured at 7 to 8 on the Beaufort scale, which was officially called a Moderate Breeze and regarded by most coastal inhabitants as invigorating.

His wife Carola returned from the island's bakery with *Seelchen*, set the table, and brewed a fresh pot of tea the way Ubbo liked it: black tea with peppermint leaves.

He was snoring quietly. She liked the familiar sound. When he fell asleep in his chair he snored like a seal with asthma. Lying down, especially on his back, he was as loud as a rusty buzz saw.

Carola Heide had brought along the *East Frisia* magazine and was reading an article by Holger Bloem as she stood by the table.

The mailman rang the doorbell. Ubbo gave a start and pretended that he hadn't been asleep, but had been awake for quite a while.

As Carola pushed open the door she said: "They say the new chief of Kripo is one Martin Büscher from Bremerhaven. Do you know him?"

Ubbo smiled. "Oh yeah, I know him. . ."

He rolled his chair over to the breakfast table and grabbed the magazine. Each new issue was more important to him than food.

Carola took cold cuts from the fridge and draped them lovingly on a cutting board.

Holger had written about Ubbo Heide and his book of unsolved criminal cases. Thanks to him the book was now in its third edition. As a result Ubbo was occasionally invited to give readings and lead discussions. He, the former chief of the East Frisian Criminal Police, called Kripo, was still plagued by his failure to solve a number of cold cases. And murderers and child abusers really belonged behind bars. In a self-tormenting way he enjoyed talking about these cases and the ineptitudes of the justice system as well as his own failure to find the perpetrators.

These events made him feel like he was doing something meaningful by passing on his experiences. He always opened with the words: "If it's true, ladies and gentlemen, that a person becomes wise from his mistakes, then a wise man sits before you. If not, then I'm simply one of the usual idiots."

Holger Bloem had quoted this remark and called Ubbo Heide "the genial father figure of the East Frisian Criminal Police."

In the meantime the mailman came to the door upstairs. Carola opened the door for him and accepted a large package. It was addressed to Ubbo Heide.

"So who's it from?" Carola asked.

The return address was written with a fountain pen, and the ink was smeared. She tried to decipher it.

"Do you know a Mr. Ruwsch? Or Rumsch?"

Ubbo shook his head. "Never heard of him."

The package looked at least as big as a two-layer cake or six bottles of wine.

Carola sawed away at all the packing tape.

"Did you order something?" she asked.

"No, and it's not my birthday either."

There were lots of Styrofoam peanuts inside, and a blue trash bag was secured with a bungee cord between a pair of freezer packs.

Carola lifted it out of the box and placed it on the breakfast table. A few of the peanuts rolled onto the cheese boards. One fell into Ubbo's cup of tea.

Carola cautiously stuck a bread knife into the trash bag. Air hissed out. She still couldn't see what was inside.

Ubbo sliced open a *Seelchen*. Since moving to the island of Wangerooge he'd learned to love this special type of roll, and his favorite toppings were honey or beer sausage.

Then from his angle he caught sight of the hair and the nose. Instinctively he reached to take away the knife from Carola, but at the same moment his wife let out a shriek. There in the middle of their breakfast table was a severed head poking out of the trash bag, its tangled hair oily and plastered with dried blood.

Carola dropped the knife and reached behind her into empty space. The knife clattered on the floor.

She didn't faint, but she backed away from the table as far as she could go, holding her hands away from her body.

"Is that a real head?" she asked breathlessly.

"I'm afraid so," said Ubbo. He could not only see it but smell it too.

*

The matter couldn't be sugar-coated. For Büscher the transfer from Bremerhaven to East Frisia was a disciplinary action, regardless of the salary increase. He was supposed to take charge of this suicide mission and serve as boss to the legendary Ann Kathrin Klaasen.

One of the guys wore a red tie, the other a blue. But both men were in

agreement. The first would be only too happy to get rid of Büscher, and the other wanted to hire him.

They agreed on what to do, and Büscher looked like a donkey brought to market and being sold to the highest bidder.

"There is a form of authority," said the man with the blue tie, "that is conferred by rank. As of now it's yours, Mr. Büscher. But there is also another type of authority that emanates from the person himself. It's based on recognition of that person's actions. Naturally that's something you must earn. At the moment Ann Kathrin Klaasen possesses that authority. The whole department in East Frisia has been depicted as a conspiratorial community. From the outside, perhaps, it may seem that they are deadly enemies, but in reality they go together like hops and malt. That's the reason for the failure of your unfortunate predecessor, Ms. Diekmann."

He leafed through his papers and swallowed hard. To Büscher he looked like someone in urgent need of a beer. With a dry mouth he went on:


"Since Ubbo Heide retired, Ann Kathrin Klaasen has pretty much been running the station — although without any official commission. But she enjoys the loyalty of her colleagues. And that cannot be underestimated."

He loosened his blue tie.

"She has apprehended four serial killers, and the journalist named Bloem has turned her into a legend. Not to mention that we in-house have seriously considered appointing Ms. Klaasen as the chief of the Aurich-Wittmund Police Department. There were actually votes in favor of such a move. But in the end it wouldn't work. Her personality is just too abrasive. She's not a good team player. She's constantly at odds with the higher authorities, and extremely eccentric."

His voice turned hoarse and he cleared his throat, but no one offered him anything to drink. He tried to make the best of things.

"All the same, Ms. Klaasen cost an interior minister his job, and two state



secretaries were fired. No one who takes political responsibility feels good in her presence, but that doesn't mean they don't like having their picture taken with her. She's very popular with the public."

He could no longer suppress the urge to cough, and fished a throat lozenge from his pants pocket.

"We have two graduates who have completed their studies at the German Police Academy in Hiltrup and have applied for the position."

He waved off the remark, making a face. The lozenge was now stuck to his palate.

"Excellent people, without a doubt, but in this case it would be like handing sheep over to the wolves."

Büscher later recalled that at this moment he had looked down at his shoes. He noticed that the leather on the toes was worn, and they could use some polish.

The guy with the red tie, his superior from Bremerhaven, said: "Now don't look so dejected. The head of Central Criminal Investigation — that's really something! And you will be promoted from Chief Detective Inspector to *First* Chief Detective Inspector."

The guy with the blue tie glanced at the clock and mentioned an important appointment at the Interior Ministry. He moaned: "We've even received an application from the police management in Osnabrück. But what we want here is an outsider who is not entangled or involved with anything or anyone. An assertive colleague with a lot of experience. In short — we want you, Mr. Büscher."

They had both wished him much success. The guy with the red tie had given him such an odd look, as though he wanted to offer condolences.

Büscher viewed the Aurich station on Fischteichweg as something like Dracula's castle. Ann Kathrin Klaasen and her husband Frank Weller were still on vacation on Langeoog, so Büscher had three days to prepare for the first meeting. Maybe he could manage to win over a few people or at least understand the

group dynamics before the actual witches' dance got going.

The weather was clear and sunny with a brisk wind from the northwest. On his desk he found a note, as if left behind by mistake, or even as some sort of threat: *Whoever doesn't move with the times will perish with the times.*

An issue of the East Frisia magazine also lay on his desk. In the hallway a framed article by Holger Bloem about Ann Kathrin Klaasen hung on the wall. In other places something like that might end up on the bulletin board or in a mailbox, and later in the wastebasket. Here it was made into a holy relic.

Büscher genuflected in front of his new desk. His knees creaked unpleasantly.

I need allies here, he thought. I have to build up a network. Find a friend or at least a couple of people I can trust to some extent.

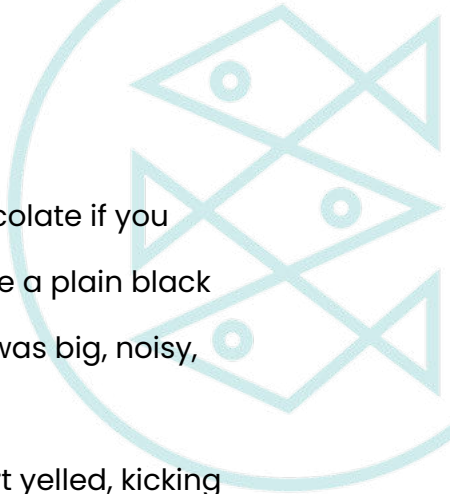
There is something that can tempt every fish; he'd learned that by going fishing. There were predator fish who would snap at flashing, shimmering tin as long as it moved temptingly enough in the water. Others would swallow rotten fish scraps or a piece of meat. He knew that the bait had to be tasty for the fish, not the fisherman.

He heard footsteps in the hall, opened the door a crack, and peered out. It was Rupert.

Büscher sauntered the few steps over to the coffee vending machine. Rupert hadn't reckoned on meeting the new chief like this in the hallway. He had imagined a ceremonious official introduction with some big shot from the Ministry of the Interior, with speeches and definitely a modest toast. Perhaps not with champagne and caviar hors d'oeuvres, but beer and knackwurst at least.

At the moment Rupert was busy trying to come up with some ad copy for the new membership campaign of the rifle club, and that was occupying him completely.

Rupert mistook Büscher for the long-awaited "technician" who was going to repair the coffee vending machine, because it tended to spew out vegetable soup



when you pressed the button for a *latte macchiato*, and hot chocolate if you wanted a *caffè crema*. Under no circumstances would it produce a plain black coffee. The machine had already been replaced three times. It was big, noisy, and basically just took up space.

"It's about time you bums got this thing working right!" Rupert yelled, kicking the machine where the metal was already dented.

Büscher gave Rupert a quizzical look.

"Hey, don't give me such a stupid look! This is the third machine that doesn't work. How dumb can you be? Does anybody work here who can fix this piece of shit? If not, send it back for a replacement. We've got enough idiots here."

"I don't know a thing about coffee machines."

Rupert grimaced. "Yeah, I thought as much. But this time you picked the wrong guy. All you boys should be thrown in the slammer!"

Büscher cleared his throat. "My name is Büscher." He pointed to his name on the door. "And this is my new office."

Rupert had no idea how foolish he looked with his mouth hanging open. As if he were playing charades and trying to look like a human vacuum cleaner.

"You are . . . I mean, you going to be . . ."

Büscher held out his hand. "Head of Central Criminal Investigation."

Rupert shook his hand. "Chief Detective Inspector Rupert. Please excuse me. I thought you were –"

"An idiot. I got that."

Trying to backtrack, Rupert said: "I'm sorry, I was lost in thought. We're supposed to be thinking up an ad campaign to entice new members to join the rifle club . . . I'm working on a catchy slogan . . ."

"Very interesting," Büscher said, feigning interest. Rupert swallowed the bait gratefully, and Büscher could feel him twitching on the hook.

"What do you think of this? – *Join up! Learn to shoot! Make new friends!*"

Büscher nodded. "Learn to shoot! Make new friends!" – Not bad. It puts sociability and camaraderie in the foreground."

Sylvia Hoppe came storming up the stairs. She looked as if she'd hardly slept a wink and had overeaten at dinner. She was completely out of breath.

"Either, everyone on Wangerooge has lost their minds," she panted, "or someone has just sent Ubbo Heide a severed head in the mail."

Rupert smiled with relief. This disastrous news was just what he needed to get out of the embarrassing situation with the new chief. A severed head was just the ticket.

Rupert blustered, "Okay, so what we're going to need is everybody on deck. Evidence Response! Forensic Medicine! A helicopter and –" He glanced at Büscher. "Sorry. Nice to meet you. I'd like to chat, but right now we've got a case to handle, as you've just heard."

Rupert was about to take off with Sylvia Hoppe, when Büscher shouted: "Hold on a minute! I'm in charge here. Is Wangerooge even in our jurisdiction? Isn't it in the Jever administrative district?"

Sylvia Hoppe pursed her lips and made a gesture as if right now she really didn't have time for such nit-picking. "It's in Friesland County!"

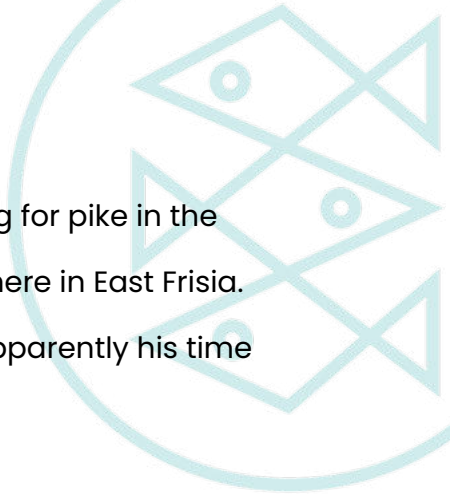
"Exactly. That's a job for our colleagues in –"

Rupert enunciated very slowly and carefully, as if Büscher were a bit thick: "This is about Ubbo Heide! Our boss!"

Sylvia Hoppe grabbed Rupert. They had no time to waste.

"But I'm your boss now," Büscher countered meekly. He wasn't sure whether those two even heard him. They were already heading downstairs.

Ubbo Heide, he thought. It would have to be Ubbo Heide. And then he realized that as chief he wasn't second in command behind Ann Kathrin Klaasen as he'd feared, but actually third. They were still calling Ubbo Heide their boss. There was a hierarchy here that had nothing to do with the official flow chart.



He would have liked most of all to return home and go fishing for pike in the Geeste River using a spinner, instead of hunting down criminals here in East Frisia.

It was the end of June. The season for pike was over. And apparently his time was over too.

Ann Kathrin looked at him as though she'd just woken up from a deep sleep.
"What did you say?"

Weller waved it off. "Nothing."