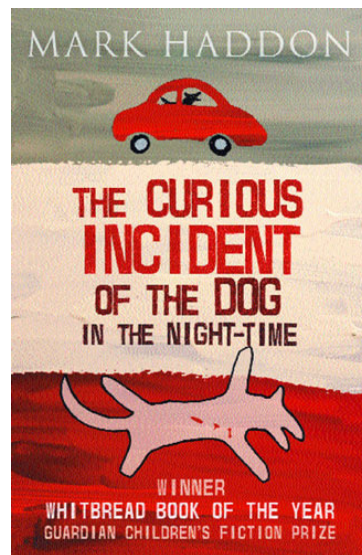


Mark Haddon

The Curious Incident Of The Dog In The Night-Time

Red Fox Definitions
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Es ist die Geschichte des 15-jährigen semi-autistischen Christopher Boone, der ein fantastisches Gedächtnis hat, sehr gut in Mathematik und Naturwissenschaften ist, alle Primzahlen bis 7.507 kennt, jedoch das Verhalten seiner Mitmenschen nicht deuten kann.

Er mag Kriminalgeschichten, speziell die Romane von Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, und als der Nachbarhund Wellington mit einer Gartengabel ermordet aufgefunden wird, beschließt Christopher, den Mörder zu finden und darüber eine Kriminalgeschichte zu schreiben, deren Kapitel er selbstverständlich mit Primzahlen nummeriert.

Christopher lebt mit seinem Vater in Swindon, die Mutter ist angeblich zwei Jahre zuvor an einem Herzinfarkt gestorben. Auf seiner Suche nach dem Hundemörder entdeckt er, was mit seiner Mutter wirklich los ist.

„The Curious Incident“ ist Haddons erstes Buch, das er speziell für Erwachsene geschrieben hat, doch es eignet sich auch für Kinder und Jugendliche.

Ein originelles, manchmal sehr witziges Buch, das durch die Perspektive des Jungen ganz alltägliches menschliches Verhalten in neuem Licht erscheinen lässt

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Then the police arrived. I like the police. They have uniforms and numbers and you know what they are meant to be doing. There was a policewoman and a policeman. The policewoman had a little hole in her tights on her left ankle and a red scratch in the middle of the hole. The policeman had a big orange leaf stuck to the bottom of his shoe which was poking out from one side. The policewoman put her arms round Mrs Shears and led her back towards the house.

I lifted my head off the grass.

The policeman squatted down beside me and said, 'Would you like to tell me what's going on here, young man?'

I sat up and said, 'The dog is dead.'

'I'd got that far,' he said.

I said, 'I think someone killed the dog.'

'How old are you?' he asked.

I replied, 'I am 15 years and 3 months and 2 days.'

'And what, precisely, were you doing in the garden?' he asked.

'I was holding the dog,' I replied.

'And why were you holding the dog?' he asked.

This was a difficult question. It was something I wanted to do. I like dogs. It made me sad to see that the dog was dead.

I like policemen, too, and I wanted to answer the question properly, but the policeman did not give me enough time to work out the correct answer.

'Why were you holding the dog?' he asked again.

(...) He was asking too many questions and he was asking them too quickly. They were stacking up in my head like loaves in the factory where Uncle Terry works. The factory is a bakery and he operates the slicing machines. And sometimes the slicer is not working fast enough but the bread keeps coming and there is a blockage. I sometimes think of my mind as a machine, ... (S. 7f)

