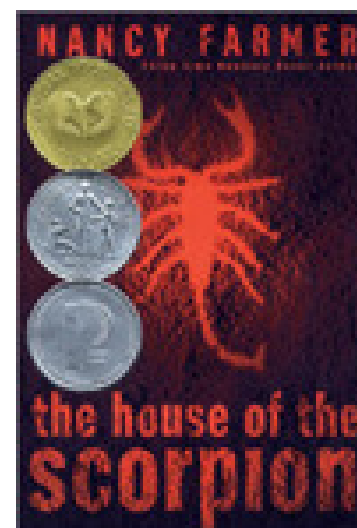


Nancy Farmer

The House of the Scorpion

Simon Pulse
2004 (2002)
380 Seiten
\$ 7,99
ISBN: 0689852231



Matt Alacran verbringt seine frühe Kindheit einsam in einem kleinen Cottage, zusammen mit seiner Pflegemutter Celia. (Alacran bedeutet Skorpion, daher der Titel des Jugendromans.) Er steht er in der Hierarchie ganz unten, denn er ist nur ein Klon. Klone werden in der beschriebenen Zukunftsgesellschaft wie Tiere behandelt. Matt findet aber im Verlauf der Handlung heraus, dass er die genetische Kopie von El Patrón ist, dem 142-jährigen Herrscher des Landes.

Zufällig gelangt Matt in das Haus El Patróns, wo er zunächst wie ein Gefangener in einem kleinen Raum gehalten wird. Als El Patrón aber von seiner Existenz und Anwesenheit in dem Herrenhaus erfährt, verändert sich Matts Leben von Grund auf: Er bekommt Bildung, Musikunterricht und einen rauen, im Grunde aber gutherzigen Bodyguard, Tam Lin, nach Celia die zweite Person in Matts Leben, die ihm Liebe und Zuneigung entgegenbringt. Dann aber erfährt Matt von dem tatsächlichen Zweck seiner Existenz...

Der sehr spannende Jugendroman befasst sich mit einer aktuellen Thematik, dem Klonen, und der ethischen Frage danach, was erlaubt ist. Besonders erwähnenswert ist die sorgfältige („runde“) Figurengestaltung, selbst El Patrón hat liebenswerte Seiten.

Empfehlung: Einzel- oder Klassenlektüre ab Jgst. 11

Mögliche Reihenthemen:

Cloning (Nature and the Environment),
Growing Up

Hinweis: Auch als Audiokassette erhältlich (ISBN 1402531281).

In the beginning there were thirty-six of them, thirty-six droplets of life, so tiny that Eduardo could see them only under the microscope. He studied them anxiously in the darkened room. [...]

Finally the round outlines quivered and lines appeared, dividing the cells in two. It was going to be all right. He watched the samples grow, and then he carefully moved them into the incubator.

But it wasn't all right. Something about the food, the heat, the light was wrong, and the man didn't know what it was. Very quickly over half of them died. There were only fifteen now, and Eduardo felt a cold lump in his stomach. If he failed, he would be sent to the Farms, and then, what would become of Anna and the children, and his father, who was so old? [...]

So Eduardo began to worry again. And for a month everything went well. The day came when he implanted the tiny embryos into the brood cows. [...]

Perhaps the cows hated what had been done to them, because they certainly rejected the embryos. One after another the infants, at this point no larger than minnows, died.

Until there was only one.

Eduardo slept badly at night. He cried out in his sleep, and Anna asked what was the matter. He couldn't tell her. He couldn't say that if this last embryo died, he would be stripped of his job. He would be sent to the Farms. [...]

But that one embryo grew until it was clearly a being with arms and legs and a sweet, dreaming face. Eduardo watched it through scanners. "You hold my life in your hands," he told the infant. As though it could hear, the infant flexed his tiny body in the womb until it was turned toward the man. And Eduardo felt an unreasoning stir of affection.

(S. 2ff)