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Lupita Manana

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Nach einem tödlichen Unfall ihres Vaters verlassen 13-jährige Lupita und ihr älterer Bruder ihr mexikanisches Fischerdorf und machen sich auf den Weg in die Vereinigten Staaten, wo sie genug Geld zu verdienen hoffen, um ihre Familie unterstützen zu können.

Bereits auf dem Weg passieren gefährliche Dinge, die beiden Teenager müssen immer wieder Hindernisse überwinden, bis sie endlich ihr Ziel erreichen: Kalifornien.

Hier müssen die beiden die Erfahrung machen, dass ihre Träume nichts mit der Realität gemeinsam haben...

Empfehlung: Jgst. 12 GK

Mögliche Reihenthemen:

Immigration: USA/Mexico, American Dream

Aunt Consuelo called her and Salvador to eat some tacos she had just made.

To Lupita's astonishment, Salvador refused. "I go to work at five o'clock tonight. Lucky will come for me in a few minutes. He's just gone to the cleaners to get his jacket. I'll eat at the cafe."

Aunt Consuelo was not offended. She only laughed. "Does the food taste better there, Salvador?"

"No, but there is more of it."

She chuckled, then said, "Bueno. If you don't eat, it means more tacos for the rest of us. You come here, Lupita. You eat his tacos and yours, too. You need to put some meat on your bones. She's too skinny, isn't she, Salvador?"

"Sí, Lupita has always been skinny."

Catarina, of course, took up the teasing. "Lupita says she doesn't want a *novio* here, Salvador. She must think she's so skinny that no boys will ever pay attention to her."

"I told you I don't want anyone," Lupita burst out. The taco was burning her hand.

Ignoring her, Aunt Consuelo spoke to Salvador. "Your, sister never goes anywhere to meet anyone her own age. All she sees are the old men who harvest with us. [...] Lupita has no friends her own age, not even girls like herself." Consuelo folded her arms and planted herself firmly in front of Salvador. "Look here, you are Lupita's brother. You left my house and your sister to live with Lucky Ruiz. I think you should do something to see that Lupita also has friends, as you have."

Lupita stared at her aunt in wonder and held her breath, waiting to hear what Salvador would say.

"Lupita goes to Mass, doesn't she?" he mumbled.

"How would you know? You're never there! *Sí*, she does, and she comes right back here with us. Lupita does not meet anyone at church." (S. 170f)