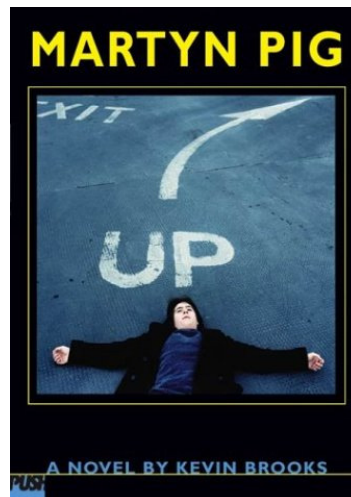


Kevin Brooks

## Martyn Pig

Push Fiction 2002  
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9,10 €



Martyn Pig heißt wirklich so (mit ‚y‘ und ‚Pig‘ als Nachname) und lebt mit seinem alkoholabhängigen Vater zusammen.

In einem Streit kurz vor Weihnachten tötet er ihn aus versehen. Er möchte nicht vom Jugendamt betreut werden und auch nicht von seiner Tante, sondern weiterleben wie bisher – nur ohne den Stress mit seinem Vater. Deshalb beschließt er – ein Krimifan – die Leiche verschwinden zu lassen. Zusammen mit seiner Nachbarin Alex, für die er schwärmt und die er einweihet, macht er einen Plan, wie sie die Leiche loswerden können.

Da der Vater aber kurz vor seinem Tod recht viel Geld geerbt hat, und Alex' Freund alles mitbekommt und anfängt, die beiden unter Druck zu setzen, wird alles sehr kompliziert, aber auch spannend.

**Empfehlung:** ab Kl 8 sowohl als Einzel - als auch als Klassenlektüre (lt. Schüler-Rezension bei amazon ein Spitzenbuch)

**Mögliche Reihenthemen:** Parents and Children, Outsiders, Crime Stories

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Do you see what I mean now, about The Complete Illustrated Sherlock Holmes? If I'd never been given it for my birthday, if I'd never read it, then I'd never have fallen in love with murder mysteries. And if I'd never have fallen in love with murder mysteries then I wouldn't have been watching Inspector Morse on the television. And if I hadn't watched Inspector Morse on the television, dad wouldn't have been sitting there and shouting 'Lewis! Lew-is! Lew-is!' like a madman and I wouldn't have got annoyed and I wouldn't have told him to shut up and he wouldn't have tried to bash my head in and I wouldn't have shoved him in the back and he wouldn't have hit his head against the fireplace and died.

The thing is, though... the thing is, if you look at it that way, if you follow that line of reasoning, then it was all his own fault in the first place. If he hadn't been my father, you know, if he hadn't impregnated my Mum, then I would never have been born. I wouldn't have existed. And he still would be alive. It was *his* fault that I existed. He made me. I never *asked* to be born, did I? It was nothing to do with me.

But then again, it wasn't his fault that he was born, was it?

I don't know.

Does there have to be a reason for everything?

I knew he was dead. I could feel it. The air, the flatness, the lifelessness.

I stood motionless for a minute. Just stood there, staring, my mind blank, my heart beating hard. It's strange, the lack of emotion, the absence of drama in reality.