

## Atoms of Justice

*Terry Pratchett* gilt gemeinhin als Fantasy-Autor. Mag wohl sein. Seine Bücher jedenfalls sind treffende Satiren mit philosophischem Touch, in denen er sich nicht nur das tägliche Leben, sondern vor allem das Geschäftsleben (und die persönlichen Schwächen der Akteure) zum Thema setzt: In *Making Money* das Bankwesen, in *Going Postal* die öffentliche Verwaltung (aber auch den persönlichen Ehrgeiz), in *Reaper Man* die Freuden der Frühpensionierung. Und so weiter.

In einem meiner liebsten Bücher findet sich die folgende Konversation zwischen dem Tod und seiner Enkeltochter:

„All right,“ said Susan, „I’m not stupid. You’re saying humans need ... *fantasies* to make life bearable.“

REALLY? AS IF IT WAS SOME KIND OF PINK PILL? NO

HUMANS NEED FANTASY TO BE HUMAN. TO BE THE PLACE WHERE THE FALLING ANGEL MEETS THE RISING APE.

“Tooth fairies? Hogfathers? Little - “

YES. AS A PRACTICE. YOU HAVE TO START OUT LEARNING TO BELIEVE THE *LITTLE LIES*.

“So we can believe the big ones?”

YES. JUSTICE. MERCY. DUTY. THAT SORT OF THING.

“They’re not the same at all!”

YOU THINK SO? THEN TAKE THE UNIVERSE AND GRIND IT DOWN TO THE FINEST POWDER AND SIEVE IT THROUGH THE FINEST SIEVE AND THEN *SHOW ME ONE ATOM OF JUSTICE, ONE MOLECULE OF MERCY. AND YET –* Death waved a hand. *AND YET YOU ACT AS IF THERE IS SOME IDEAL ORDER IN THE WORLD, AS IF THERE IS SOME ... SOME RIGHTNESS IN THE UNIVERSE BY WHICH IT MAY BE JUDGED.*

“Yes, but people have *got* to believe that or what’s the *point* - “

MY POINT EXACTLY.

*Aus: Terry Pratchett, “Hogfather”*

*Petra Sonne-Neubacher*