

Deutsch 301 • Herbstsemester 2013
Sitzung Nr. 16 • 21.11. • Tagesordnung • assignment & deadlines

Vorige Sitzung: Vokabeln

sich (krank) melden - call in, report in (sick)	eng / entfernt - near / distant (relatives, etc.)	Henne und Ei - chicken and egg	die Nase voll haben mit X - have it up to here with X
relationship - Beziehung suggests something closer and subjective; Verhältnis is more general and distant			
Verwandt - relative	chase, run after - jemandem (dative) nachlaufen - chase after someone		
fall, crash - stürzen	enthalten - contain	matt / glanz - matte / glossy	riesengroß - huge (gigantic)
Was Hänschen nicht lernt, lernt Hans nimmermehr - you can't teach an old dog new tricks			
aussterben - die out	ausgestorben - extinct	main X - Haupt[x]	Kohlenstoff-Fußabdruck - carbon footprint
resemble, be like - jemandem (dative) ähnlich sein			

Unterlagen u. Grafiken [Zahlen in () beziehen sich auf meine Datenbanksammlung]

Schlüsselwort/begriff des Tages / der Woche

Ausbildung u. Fachkenntnisse

lernen - learn, study (work at studying)	unterrichten - instruct, teach	zeigen- show
beibringen - teach (a skill that involves physical learning or no thinking)	Ahnung - idea (inkling)	machen - make, do
lehren - teach, give instruction; jemanden + verb + lehren = teach someone to verb	belehren - to give a lesson to (also in wisdom, life, etc.)	jemanden eines besseren belehren - to teach someone thing (by school of hard knocks, mistakes, etc.)
tun - do (important things); behave (act)	produzieren - produce	herstellen - manufacture
zuerst - first, initially	zunächst - next (step)	zuletzt - lastly
anfangen - begin	weiter+verb - keep verb-ing	aufhören - stop
indem man+ verb - by verb-ing (similar with bevor / nachdem - before verb-ing, after verb-ing)	aufpassen - watch out	prüfen - check, examine
achten auf X- pay attention to X	vorsichtig sein, dass - be careful that	nicht vergessen + zu + verb - remember to + verb

Schwerpunkte (Zeichenerklärung)

- SmallTalk: Wie wir das Erntedankfest verbringen / feiern werden; Reisen?
- Gespräch: Reisen - Was für eine Rolle spielt das in unseren Zukunftsplänen? Nächste Themen:

Sprachen, Glück (bei der Arbeit, im Leben)

- Gespräch: Wie lernen wir was / neue Sachen? Beispiele: Autofahren, Computer und Handy, Musik, Sport. Und jetzt wenden wir unsere Sprachkenntnisse an! **Wir kneten Krawatten!**
- Weiter über SpeakEasy (**Firmenwebsite**) - Erfahrungen bei unseren Besuchen in den Geschäften; Geldsachen - der Gewinn, der Verlust
- Übung: Teamarbeit; unsere Mitarbeiter / die Lernenden in unseren Kursen - was sind das (nicht) für Leute, und was tun sie (nicht)?
- Einführung: Kenntnisse u. Fähigkeiten, die man häufig am Arbeitsplatz / in der Firma / (und auch bei SpeakEasy) braucht (skills inventory 0018)
- Gesundheit: Unfälle - Verletzungen, Was weh tut, Wehwehchen (Bildwörterbuch: Skelett); (BITTE: "Als ~~wann~~ ~~wenn~~ ich 12 Jahre alt war..."; Schmerzen / weh tun; meine Augen / die Augen; die Augen tun weh / die Augen tun mir weh / Meine Augen tun weh ; Meine Augen tun mir weh; Ich habe den Arm gebrochen / mir den Arm gebrochen / meinen Arm gebpchen / mir meinen Arm gebrochen
- nächste schriftl. Aufgabe: **Meine Persönlichkeit**; Familie: wem ähneln wir / sind wir ähnlich? (Der Apfel fällt nicht weit vom Baum [Fladen... Ochsen])
- Nees, Chapter 6; also a look at last meeting's **handouts** from *The Economist*
- Wrap up: We're almost 75% through the course; how many stars should you get?

Aufgabe(n)

- Aufgabe: **Meine Persönlichkeit** (fällig: 26.11.)
- Wir besuchen und untersuchen einige Firmen, als Vorbereitung auf die nächsten schriftlichen Aufgaben:

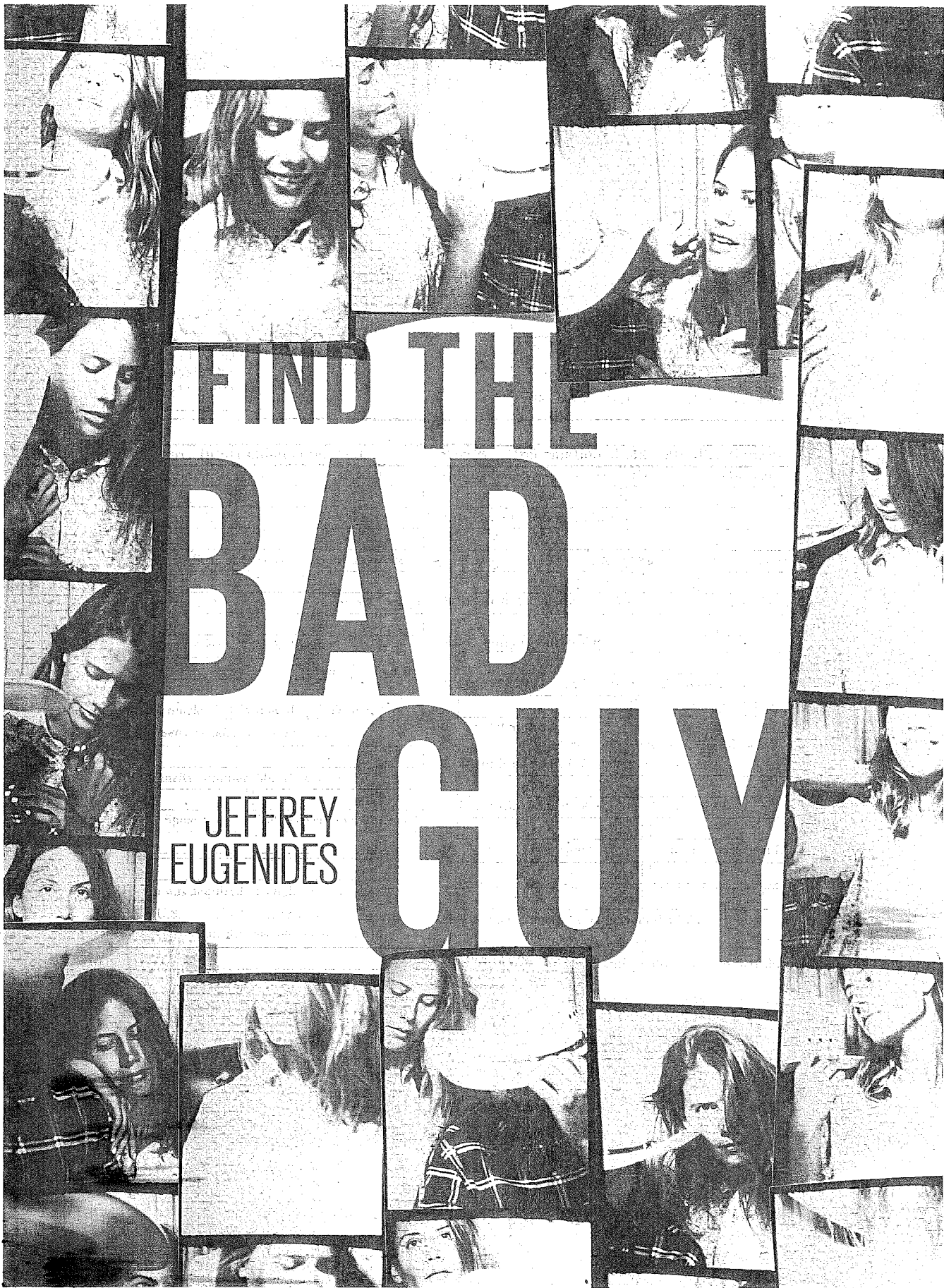
eine Tischlerei (**Johann Rohregg**); ein Haus- und Gartenfachhandel (**Schoell**); ein Großkonzern (**Kaufhof**), mit Auskünften über Karriere, Jobs und Praktika, und eine **Selbstbeschreibung** von einem, der bei Kaufhof Arbeit fand

Vorbereitung auf die nächste(n) Stunde(n)

- Read (over weeks 7 and 8) Nees "Germany: Unraveling an Enigma" Chapter 6: "Building Better Business Relationships" (later we'll come back to Chapter 5, which is more general). As always, draw comparisons to American culture or, rather, the subset(s) of American culture you know about, and to other cultures you may have experienced. Example: Do you think DACH companies have "casual Friday"?

Vorschau auf die nächste(n) Aufgabe(n) und Sitzung(en)

- Soon we'll be talking about the everyday working world: behaviors, skills, people, and a touch of the higher-level areas like pay, fringe benefits, etc. If you feel you lack experience in the working world, talk to other people who do have it.
- Upcoming: a reading & translation assignment about manners and other behaviors in the German-speaking work environment.
- More about Knigge and other sources of advice
- Describing and demonstrating a career-related skill
- Upcoming: research about a startup company or German Schülerfirma
- Upcoming: info about scholarships and German-related job opportunities
- **Wir entwickeln, zeigen und belegen eine Fachkenntnis**



FIND THE
**BAD
 GUY**

JEFFREY
 EUGENIDES

JENS MORTENSEN

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We've owned this house for—what—twelve years now, I reckon. Bought it from an elderly couple, the De Rougemonts, whose aroma you can still detect around the place, in the master especially, and in the home office, where the old buzzard napped on summer days, and a little bit in the kitchen; still.

I remember going into people's houses as a kid and thinking, Can't they smell how they smell? Some houses were worse than others. The Pruitts next door had a greasy, chuck-wagon odor, tolerable enough. The Willots, who ran that fencing academy in their rec room, smelled like skunk cabbage. You could never mention the smells to your friends, because they were part of it, too. Was it hygiene? Or was it, you know, glandular, and the way each family smelled had to do with bodily functions deep inside their bodies? The whole thing sort of turned your stomach, the more you thought about it.

Now I live in an old house that probably smells funny to outsiders.

Or used to live. At the present time, I'm in my front yard, hiding out between the stucco wall and the traveller palms.

There's a light burning up in Meg's room. She's my sugar pie. She's thirteen. From my vantage point I can't make out Lucas's bedroom, but as a rule Lucas prefers to do his homework downstairs, in the great room. If I were to sidle up to the house, I'd more than likely spy Lucas in his school V-neck and necktie, armed for success: graphing calculator (check), St. Boniface iPad (check), Latin Quizlet (check), bowl of Goldfish (check). But I can't go up there now on account of it would violate the restraining order.

I'm not supposed to come any closer than fifty feet to my lovely wife, Johanna. It's an emergency T.R.O. (meaning temporary), issued at night, with a judge presiding. My lawyer, Mike Peekskill, is in the process of having it revoked. In the meantime, guess what? Yours truly, Charlie D., still has the landscape architect's plans from when Johanna and I were thinking of replacing these palms with something less jungly and prone to pests. So I happen to know for certain that the distance from the house to the stucco wall is sixty-three feet. Right now, I reckon I'm about sixty or sixty-one, here in the vegetation. And, anyway, nobody can see me, because it's February and already dark in these parts.

It's Thursday, so where's Bryce? Right. Trumpet lessons with Mr. Talawatamy. Johanna'll be going to pick him up soon. Can't stay here long.

If I were to leave my hideout and mosey around the side of the house, I'd see the guest room, where I used to retreat when Johanna and I were fighting real bad, and where, last spring, after Johanna got promoted at Hyundai, I commenced to putting the blocks to the babysitter, Cheyenne.

And if I kept going all the way into the back yard I'd come face to face with the glass door I shattered when I threw that lawn gnome through it. Drunk at the time, of course.

Yessir. Plenty of ammunition for Johanna to play Find the Bad Guy at couples counselling.

It's not *cold* cold out, but it is for Houston. When I reach down to take my phone out of my boot, my hip twinges. Touch of arthritis.

I'm getting my phone to play Words with Friends. I started playing it over at the station, just to pass the time, but then I found out Meg was playing it, too, so I sent her a game invite.

In *mrsbieber vs. radiocowboy* I see that mrsbieber has just played "poop." (She's trying to get my goat.) Meg's got the first "p" on a double-word space and the second on a double-letter space, for a total score of twenty-eight. Not bad. Now I play an easy word, "pall," for a measly score of nine. I'm up fifty-one points. Don't want her to get discouraged and quit on me.

I can see her shadow moving around up there. But she doesn't play another word. Probably Skype-ing or blogging, painting her nails.

Johanna and me—you say it "Yohanna," by the way, she's particular about that—we've been married twenty-one years. When we met I was living up in Dallas with my girlfriend at the time, Jenny Braggs. Back then I was consulting for only three stations, spread out over the state, so I spent most of every week on the road. Then one day I was up in San Antonio, at WWWR, and there she was. Johanna. Shelving CDs. She was a tall drink of water.

"How's the weather up there?" I said.

"Pardon me?"

"Nothing. Hi, I'm Charlie D. That an accent I hear?"

"Yes. I'm German."

"Didn't know they liked country music in Germany."

"They don't."

"Maybe I should consult over there. Spread the gospel. Who's your favorite country recording artist?"

"I am more into opera," Johanna said.

"I getcha. Just here for the job."

After that, every time I was down San Antone way, I made a point of stopping by Johanna's desk. It was less nerve-racking if she was sitting.

"You ever play basketball, Johanna?"

"No."

"Do they have girls' basketball over there in Germany?"

"In Germany I am not that tall," Johanna said.

That was about how it went. Then one day I come up to her desk and she looks at me with those big blue eyes of hers, and she says, "Charlie, how good an actor are you?"

"Actor or liar?"

"Liar."

"Pretty decent," I said. "But I might be lying."

"I need a green card," Johanna said.

Roll the film: me emptying my water bed into the bathtub so I can move out, while Jenny Braggs weeps copious tears. Johanna and me cramming into a photo booth to take cute "early-relationship" photos for our "scrapbook." Bringing that scrapbook to our immigration hearing, six months later.

"Now, Ms. Lubbock—do I have that right?"

"Lübeck," Johanna told the officer. "There's an umlaut over the 'u.'"

"Not in Texas there ain't," the officer said. "Now, Ms. Lubbock, I'm sure you can understand that the United States has to make certain that those individuals who we admit to a path of citizenship by virtue of their marrying U.S. citizens are really and truly married to those citizens. And so I'm going to have to ask you some personal questions that might seem a little intrusive. Do you agree to me doing that?"

Johanna nodded.

"When was the first time you and Mr. D.—" He stopped short and looked at me. "Hey, you aren't *the* Charlie Daniels, are you?"

"Nuh-uh. That's why I just go by the D. To avoid confusion."