

Harry – gefangen in der Zeit

Begleitmaterialien

Episode 001 - A holiday in the Black Forest

Focus: greetings, introductions

Grammar: verb placement

Harry Walkott, from Traponia, and his girlfriend Julia are on holiday in the Black Forest. Harry wakes up one morning to find that Julia has disappeared. But there is even worse to come when Harry gets struck by lightning.

NARRATOR:

The German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche once said, "Life is the eternal recurrence of the same." Harry Walkott doesn't yet know how right the man was. But fate has a surprise in store for him: A painful encounter with 50,000 amps - a flash of lightning which will turn Harry's life upside down.

IN THE HOTEL ROOM

NARRATOR:

For the moment though, Harry is still sleeping peacefully in his hotel room in a well-known holiday region in south-western Germany, the Black Forest.

WEATHER FORECASTER:

Guten Morgen, heute ist Mittwoch, der 31. April, sieben Uhr, zuerst das Wetter.

HARRY:

Seven o'clock? Julia! We're on holiday!

NARRATOR:

Your girlfriend isn't here, Harry.

HARRY:

What? Oh, a text message. From Julia? What's that? 'Schönen Tag noch!'

NARRATOR:

Have a nice day. That sounds pretty formal. Have you had a row?

HARRY:

Of course we had a row! For the last week, I've been cycling through the Black Forest with her every day, up hill and down dale, in this sweltering heat. Nothing but trees ... and aside from trees, the only people I get to see are pensioners. Oh, I've had enough!

NARRATOR:

So she's obviously cycled off without you today.

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HARRY:

Thank goodness for that. Perhaps I can finally enjoy some holiday!

IN THE FOYER

HOTELIER:

Ah, willkommen! Guten Morgen!

HARRY:

Does he mean me?

NARRATOR:

The hotelier, he's wishing you a good morning.

HARRY:

Oh, yes. Guten Morgen!

HOTELIER:

Ich heie Thomas Strobel. Wie heien Sie?

HARRY:

What's my name? It's no business of yours.

NARRATOR:

Harry, behave yourself! Introduce yourself properly now!

HARRY:

Hm. Ich, ich heie Harry Walkott.

HOTELIER:

Herr Walkott, Frhstck?

HARRY:

Frhstck? Breakfast? No, thank you. Nein danke! I need a newspaper. Without a newspaper I can't eat a thing!

IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL

NARRATOR:

What a wonderful day! What a wonderful landscape!

HARRY:

Godforsaken wilderness!

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TAXI DRIVER:

Taxi? Brauchen Sie ein Taxi?

HARRY:

I don't need a taxi! Where in this tourist paradise can you find a newspaper?

NARRATOR:

Just ask someone ...

HARRY:

Eh, excuse me. Entschuldigung?

HEINZ:

Die Welt ist verrückt! Das Ende ist nah!

HARRY:

What?

NARRATOR:

The world is crazy. The end is nigh. Two perfectly normal German sentences.

HARRY:

Perfectly normal sentences!?

NARRATOR:

Die Welt, the world, *ist*, is, *verrückt*, crazy. Die Welt ist verrückt. The world is crazy.

HARRY:

Deutschland! I should never have come to Germany!

NARRATOR:

Don't get so upset! Go and get your newspaper. Do you remember the German word?

HARRY:

Of course! *Zeitung*.

AT THE KIOSK

MRS MÜLLER:

Guten Morgen!

SHOP ASSISTANT:

Guten Morgen, Frau Müller! Wie geht es Ihnen?

MRS MÜLLER:

Mir geht es gut, danke. Wie geht es Ihnen?

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SHOP ASSISTANT:

Danke, auch gut. Es ist heiß heute!

MRS MÜLLER:

Ja, es gibt heute ein Gewitter.

HARRY:

This is taking ages! What are they talking about?

NARRATOR:

Oh, how they're doing, how the weather is.

HARRY:

But do they have to do it just now? Excuse me. Entschuldigung!

SHOP ASSISTANT:

Ja bitte?

HARRY:

Traponian News, bitte!

SHOP ASSISTANT:

Oh, es tut mir leid, alle Zeitungen sind weg.

HARRY:

What?

NARRATOR:

They're out of newspapers. That's strange.

HARRY:

Oh that's great!

NARRATOR:

Why don't you try the station?

HARRY:

Wonderful idea! I'll take that taxi there. Hey, taxi, taxi!

HARRY:

My goodness! That's the end of that taxi! Is everyone ganging up against me?

NARRATOR:

Just consider yourself lucky you weren't inside!

HARRY:

Then I'll walk!

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NARRATOR:

Through the forest? The station is in the next village! There's a storm on the way. The sky is already quite dark!

HARRY:

I don't care!

IN THE FOREST

HARRY:

This damned Black Forest, one tree looks just like another!

NARRATOR:

You're lost, Harry. Oh, well done. At least try to be careful. A storm like this can be dangerous!

HARRY:

Okay, okay, okay, I'll wait here until it's over.

NARRATOR:

Under an oak tree?

HARRY:

Where else? I'm drenched!

NARRATOR:

Is this the end of Harry Walkott? No! What was it that the German philosopher Nietzsche said so very appropriately? Life is the eternal recurrence of the same.

IN THE HOTEL ROOM

WEATHER FORECASTER:

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