

wallet - thing in which you keep your paper money

close to - almost

impish - *koboldhaft*

wisecracking - joking

stumbled across - came across by chance

cracked the secret - found out (cracked a code like Alan Turing)

ally - friend, someone doing something with you

inevitably - un-avoidably

turn him down - refuse him

precise - exact

flip through - look through quickly

odd - strange, unusual

bewildering - confusing

numbing onslaught - like an attack which confuses you (*betäubender Anschlag*)

feigned - pretended

redundant - useless, pointless

unperturbed - un-disturbed, quiet,

deliberately - intentionally

shifts - changes

commotion - tumult

passersby - people passing by

posture - how somebody stands

moods - emotions, atmosphere

penetrate - get inside

will(ing) - wishing, intending

pore - look at very intensely

‘Tomorrow and tomorrow....’ = Shakespeare. What Macbeth says when he hears that Lady Macbeth has died = life is..... (Look at the end of the Glossary)

struggling - fighting (not hard)

if I would be willing - if I would agree to do it (cf willing above) (if = *ob*)

on commission - when asked to do so

warring - fighting with

mush - *Brei, Pampe, Mus*

treacle - like sugarbeet syrup - what is left when you refine sugar

contradiction in terms - a paradox - (*logischer*) *Widerspruch in sich*

out-and-out - complete

conundrum - puzzle (*Vexierfrage?*)

replenish - fill up
unburdening - telling him my problem, my burden

boisterous - loud and full of life

a measly little punk - a poor little young fellow
without much going for him - he didn't have any advantages in life
trash - rubbish

every once in a while - now and again

the projects - social housing

implication - *Folgerung*
dotty - old and crazy
far gone - not completely crazy/dement

ditsy - *albern*
merchandise -
wares (old-fashioned word like the German)
hauls - (literally something you have pulled home) - thefts
racket - a loud (unmusical) noise
good deed : deed = old-fashioned - *Tat*
wicked - evil (but in fun)
fraught - *belastet*
to matter - *was ausmachen*

Shakespeare: Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

How the days stretched out - each one the same as the one before, and they would continue to do so, tediously, until the end of history. And every day we have lived has been the last day of some other fool's life, each day a dot of candle-light showing him the way to his death-bed. Blow the short candle out: life was no more than a walking shadow - a poor actor - who goes through all the emotions in one hour on the stage and then bows out. It was a story told by an idiot, full of noise and passion, but meaningless.

<https://nosweatshakespeare.com/quotes/soliloquies/tomorrow-and-tomorrow-and-tomorrow/>

Macbeth Vv:Morgen, und Morgen, und Morgen

(Ein Schrei der Frauen innerhalb)

MACBETH

Was ist das für ein Geräusch?

SEYTON *(außerhalb des Bildschirms)*

Es ist der Schrei der Frauen, mein Herr.

(eilt hinaus)

MACBETH

Fast hätte ich vergessen, den Geschmack der Angst;

Es gab eine Zeit, wo mein Blut gefrieren würde

Beim Schall eines Nachtschrei; und mein Haar

Eine düstere Geschichte zu hören, hätte angehoben und gerührt

Wie durch ein Eigenleben getrieben: ich hab' meine Fülle des Grauens gefüttert

Grausamkeiten, jetzt vertraut auf meine blutigen Gedanken,

Können mich nicht einmal zusammenzucken lassen.

(SEYTON zurück)

Wofür war dieser Schrei?

SEYTON

Die Königin, mein Herr, ist tot.

MACBETH

Sie sollte doch später sterben;

Es hätte eine Zeit für ein solches Wort gegeben.

Morgen, und morgen, und morgen,

Schleicht in diesem kleinlichen Schritt von Tag zu Tag

Zu der letzten Silbe der aufgezeichnete Geschichte,

Und alle unsere Gestern haben beleuchtet, für Narren,

Den Weg zum staubigen Tod. Auslöschen, aus, kurze Kerze!

Das Leben ist nur ein Wanderschatten, Ein armer Schauspieler,

der während einer Stunde Streben und Bündeln auf der Bühne

Und dann hört man ihn nicht mehr: es ist ein Märchen

Erzählt von einem Idioten, voller Lärm und Wut,

Das bedeutet gar nichts.

[rendered into German by OÁC]

<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/macbeth-vv-morgen-und-morgen-und-morgen/>