Germanisms in my land

 I am sitting next to a window writing a story. Actually, I am trying to write the story, but a conversation on the street between my grandma and her neighbour draws my attention:

GRANDMA: Howdy, Dara!

NEIGHBOUR: Howdy ho!

GRANDMA: Whatcha gonna do with dat *ceker* (bag)?

NEIGHBOUR: I'm goin' to the shop. My *nahtkasl* (night table) has busted, an' I have no *šarafciger* (screwdriver). How's yer family?

GRANDMA: Oh fine, it's fine. They've no time fo' themselves, an' the kid has no *sicflajš* (diligence). He's only gettin' Fs. Whut's up with yours?

NEIGHBOUR: They're alright. Darko's gone t'work in *bauštela* (construction), and the kid's climbin' a ladder ova there.

Their *špreha* (talk) isn't very interesting. Someone next door moves the *firunga* (curtain). It's Joža. He opens the window.

JOŽA: Hiya! How are ya?

NEIGHBOUR AND GRANDMA: Good!

JOŽA: Dara, you're gon' be late for the *cug* (train)!

NEIGHBOUR: Gee, good thing ya told me!

JOŽA: Anđela, what's dat smoke comin' outta yer window?

GRANDMA: Oh, gee! *Ajpren-juha* (roux soup) has burnt, even though my *vekerica* (alarm clock) was *nariktana* (set)... Dang!

Now that the *zašprehavanje* (talk) is over, I can finally finish my story.

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