

The party that is Facebook

Auf der Facebook Website fühlt man sich wie bei einem Treffen mit der gesamten Großfamilie und allen Freunden. Das Leben findet praktisch auf ihr statt. **medium**

Recently, I heard a salesgirl say to her co-worker, “Can you believe it? I just found out that my mother is using Facebook. I’m getting off it for sure now!” Fortunately, my kids don’t mind that I’m on Facebook. They’ve even “friended” me, as have many of my other relatives — from teenagers to retirees.

In fact, I’m now in close contact with lots of them, people whom I used to see only at weddings or funerals. I’ve even gotten back in touch with people I went to high school with — a very long time ago — since I discovered a Facebook group someone from my high-school class had started. Funny, that: the names all

sound familiar, but the people all look so much older now.

Some of my friends don’t even want to hear about my adventures on Facebook. They view it as a total waste of time. But I love it. It lets me hear and see what friends and family are doing. To me, it’s like dropping in at a party whenever I have time, and hearing lots of different conversations from all corners of the room.

For example, when my cousin Vanessa was about to give birth to her fourth child, she used Facebook to give friends and family the chance to vote for one of four baby names. And the winner was... Gabriel. Another friend solicited ideas for a costume party on Facebook. I stole one of the suggestions to use for my costume: I donned a white trash bag, glued small pieces of white paper all over it and told everyone I was white trash.

My friend Linda suggested on Facebook that everyone pick up the nearest book, turn to page 56 and post the fifth sentence on that page. I loved reading all the responses. And because most people listed the book’s title and author, I now have a lengthy

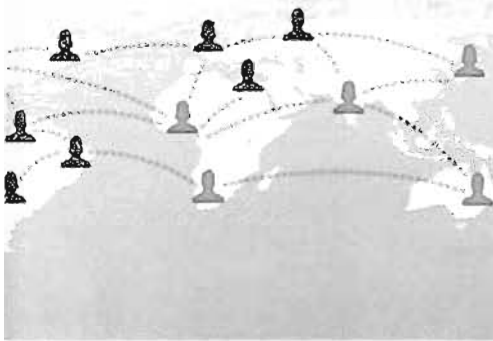
list of books that I’m inspired to read because of those single sentences. Of course, there were some postings from books that I won’t be reading — like the phone book or *Facebook for Dummies*. Is there really such a book?

I also like posting messages myself and reading the comments about them from others. I mentioned a report I had heard on the radio about capturing methane gas from cows and using it to power households. “Now, that’s what I call natural gas!” I

Using Facebook is like being at a party and hearing lots of different conversations from all corners of the room //

wrote. I got a lot of responses, some serious and others less so. My cousin Karen in California said she wished she’d known about this before putting solar panels on her roof: “Wow! You mean I could have bought just two cows, cut my electric bill to zero, and eliminated the need to buy milk?”

Once, as I was eating my typical frozen low-calorie lunch, I posted a question: “Why do these Lean Cuisine meals have to be so small?” One friend, apparently in all seriousness, tried to help me understand: “They’re small in order to keep the calorie count down,” she wrote. Well, duh! But the best response by far was from my niece Jennifer, who wrote, “There’s an excellent reason that they are so small. It’s so you have plenty of room for dessert.” Now, that’s an answer that makes sense! *



bill [brɪ]	Rechnung
capture sth. [ˈkæptʃər]	etw. einfangen
don sth. [dɔːn]	etw. anziehen
eliminate sth. [ɪˈlɪmɪneɪt]	etw. abschaffen
Funny, that [ˈfʌni, ðæt]	Ist das nicht seltsam?
in touch: get ~ with sb. [ɪn ˈtʌtʃ]	mit jmdm. Kontakt aufnehmen
lean [liːn]	schlank, fettarm
post sth. [pəʊst]	etw. ins Internet stellen
retiree [riːˈtaɪəriː]	Ruhestandler(in), Rentner(in)
salesgirl [ˈseɪlzɡɜːl]	(junge) Verkauferrin
solar panel [ˈsəʊlər ˈpiːnəl]	Sonnenkollektor
solicit sth. [səˈlɪsət]	um etw. bitten
trash bag [ˈtræʃ bæɡ] <i>N. Am.</i>	Mülltüte
Well, duh! [ˌwel ˈduː]	Na, klar!
white trash [waɪt ˈtræʃ] <i>N. Am.</i>	weißer Abschaum

Spotlight is on Facebook! www.facebook.com/pages/Spotlight/146418090870