

Erstellen eines Beitrages zum Dissertationsband anhand eines Musterbeitrages

Robert Görke

Institut für nur eine Affiliation
Dieser Block hat eine Leerzeile Abstand vom Namen
Variable aber vernünftige Zeilenzahl
(E-Mail Adresse in Normalschriftart:) rgoerke@ira.uka.de

Abstract: Das Erstellen eines Beitrages findet vor allem in dem Bereich des Dokumentenschreibens Anwendung. Eine Vielzahl von Algorithmen lösen das Problem in linearer Zeit in der Größe der Ausgabe. Es wurde jedoch vermutet, dass es möglich ist, bei gleichbleibender Qualität eine Laufzeit von nur $O(\log n)$ zu erzielen. Unser Ansatz beruht auf semi-zyklischen Querverweisen. Dieses Abstract heißt *Abstract*, und wird nicht durch irgendwelche Makros, Templates oder Packages umbenannt.

1 Einführung

Das Erstellen eines Beitrages ist ein sehr interessantes Thema. Viele Leute interessieren sich heutzutage dafür, und es wird sehr viel daran geforscht und ist überhaupt sehr toll und wichtig und dieses Paper soll gefälligst angenommen werden. Blablabla es geht hier um blablabla, und das hat auch schon blablabla mal gemacht, aber ein bisschen anders, und natürlich nicht so toll. Wir blablablabla und zeigen dass es tatsächlich so ist, so unglaublich es auch klingt, danach beschreiben wir zahllose gut durchdachte Aussagen, experimentelle Tests und empirische Behauptungen, motiviert durch sinnvollen Aktivismus. We conclude the paper with a short conclusion.

2 Semi-Zyklische Querverweise

Tja, man muss an sich schon aktiv etwas Merkwürdiges tun, um hier noch vom Template abzuweichen, also schreibe ich hier einfach mal drauflos ...

Einen habe ich aber noch: Die beliebte Praxis, ein Paper reihenweise mit negativen vertical spaces zu pflastern, um das Seitenlimit einhalten zu können, bitte ich hier nur sehr sparsam einzusetzen. Das einheitliche Bild des Bandes leidet sonst doch allzusehr.

IN primeval times, a maiden, Beauteous Daughter of the Ether, Passed for ages her existence In the great expanse of heaven, O'er the prairies yet enfolded. Wearisome the maiden growing, Her existence sad and hopeless, Thus alone to live for ages In the infinite expan-

ses Of the air above the sea-foam, In the far outstretching spaces, In a solitude of ether, She descended to the ocean, Waves her coach, and waves her pillow. Thereupon the rising storm-wind Flying from the East in fierceness, Whips the ocean into surges, Strikes the stars with sprays of ocean Till the waves are white with fervor. To and fro they toss the maiden, Storm-encircled, hapless maiden; With her sport the rolling billows, With her play the storm-wind forces, On the blue back of the waters; On the white-wreathed waves of ocean, Play the forces of the salt-sea, With the lone and helpless maiden; Till at last in full conception, Union now of force and beauty, Sink the storm-winds into slumber; Overburdened now the maiden Cannot rise above the surface; Seven hundred years she wandered, Ages nine of man's existence, Swam the ocean hither, thither, Could not rise above the waters, Conscious only of her travail; Seven hundred years she labored Ere her first-born was delivered. Thus she swam as water-mother, Toward the east, and also southward, Toward the west, and also northward; Swam the sea in all directions, Frightened at the strife of storm-winds, Swam in travail, swam unceasing, Ere her first-born was delivered.

Then began she gently weeping, Spake these measures, heavy-hearted: "Woe is me, my life hard-fated! Woe is me, in this my travail! Into what have I now fallen? Woe is me, that I unhappy, Left my home in subtle ether, Came to dwell amid the sea-foam, To be tossed by rolling billows, To be rocked by winds and waters, On the far outstretching waters, In the salt-sea's vast expanses, Knowing only pain and trouble! Better far for me, O Ukko! Were I maiden in the Ether, Than within these ocean-spaces, To become a water-mother! All this life is cold and dreary, Painful here is every motion, As I linger in the waters, As I wander through the ocean. Ukko, thou O God, up yonder, Thou the ruler of the heavens, Come thou hither, thou art needed, Come thou hither, I implore thee, To deliver me from trouble, To deliver me in travail. Come I pray thee, hither hasten, Hasten more that thou art needed, Haste and help this helpless maiden!"

When she ceased her supplications, Scarce a moment onward passes, Ere a beauteous duck descending, Hastens toward the water-mother, Comes a-flying hither, thither, Seeks herself a place for nesting. Flies she eastward, flies she westward, Circles northward, circles southward, Cannot find a grassy hillock, Not the smallest bit of verdure; Cannot find a spot protected, Cannot find a place befitting, Where to make her nest in safety. Flying slowly, looking round her, She descries no place for resting, Thinking loud and long debating, And her words are such as follow: "Build I in the winds my dwelling, On the floods my place of nesting? Surely would the winds destroy it, Far away the waves would wash it."

Then the daughter of the Ether, Now the hapless water-mother, Raised her shoulders out of water, Raised her knees above the ocean, That the duck might build her dwelling, Build her nesting-place in safety. Thereupon the duck in beauty, Flying slowly, looking round her, Spies the shoulders of the maiden, Sees the knees of Ether's daughter, Now the hapless water-mother, Thinks them to be grassy hillocks, On the blue back of the ocean. Thence she flies and hovers slowly, Lightly on the knee she settles, Finds a nesting-place befitting, Where to lay her eggs in safety. Here she builds her humble dwelling, Lays her eggs within, at pleasure, Six, the golden eggs she lays there, Then a seventh, an egg of iron; Sits upon her eggs to hatch them, Quickly warms them on the knee-cap Of the hapless water-mother; Hatches one day, then a second, Then a third day sits and hatches. Warmer grows the water round her, Warmer is her bed in ocean, While her knee with fire is kindled, And

her shoulders too are burning, Fire in every vein is coursing. Quick the maiden moves her shoulders, Shakes her members in succession, Shakes the nest from its foundation, And the eggs fall into ocean, Dash in pieces on the bottom Of the deep and boundless waters. In the sand they do not perish, Not the pieces in the ocean; But transformed, in wondrous beauty All the fragments come together Forming pieces two in number, One the upper, one the lower, Equal to the one, the other. From one half the egg, the lower, Grows the nether vault of Terra: From the upper half remaining, Grows the upper vault of Heaven; From the white part come the moonbeams, From the yellow part the sunshine, From the motley part the starlight, From the dark part grows the cloudage; And the days speed onward swiftly, Quickly do the years fly over, From the shining of the new sun From the lighting of the full moon.

Still the daughter of the Ether, Swims the sea as water-mother, With the floods outstretched before her, And behind her sky and ocean. Finally about the ninth year, In the summer of the tenth year, Lifts her head above the surface, Lifts her forehead from the waters, And begins at last her workings, Now commences her creations, On the azure water-ridges, On the mighty waste before her. Where her hand she turned in water, There arose a fertile hillock; Wheresoe'er her foot she rested, There she made a hole for fishes; Where she dived beneath the waters, Fell the many deeps of ocean; Where upon her side she turned her, There the level banks have risen; Where her head was pointed landward, There appeared wide bays and inlets; When from shore she swam a distance, And upon her back she rested, There the rocks she made and fashioned, And the hidden reefs created, Where the ships are wrecked so often, Where so many lives have perished.

Thus created were the islands, Rocks were fastened in the ocean, Pillars of the sky were planted, Fields and forests were created, Checkered stones of many colors, Gleaming in the silver sunlight, All the rocks stood well established; But the singer, Wainamoinen, Had not yet beheld the sunshine, Had not seen the golden moonlight, Still remaining undelivered. Wainamoinen, old and trusty, Lingering within his dungeon Thirty summers altogether, And of winters, also thirty, Peaceful on the waste of waters, On the broad-sea's yielding bosom, Well reflected, long considered, How unborn to live and flourish In the spaces wrapped in darkness, In uncomfortable limits, Where he had not seen the moonlight, Had not seen the silver sunshine. Thereupon these words he uttered, Let himself be heard in this wise: "Take, O Moon, I pray thee, take me, Take me, thou, O Sun above me, Take me, thou O Bear of heaven, From this dark and dreary prison, From these unbefitting portals, From this narrow place of resting, From this dark and gloomy dwelling, Hence to wander from the ocean, Hence to walk upon the islands, On the dry land walk and wander, Like an ancient hero wander, Walk in open air and breathe it, Thus to see the moon at evening, Thus to see the silver sunlight, Thus to see the Bear in heaven, That the stars I may consider."

Since the Moon refused to free him, And the Sun would not deliver, Nor the Great Bear give assistance, His existence growing weary, And his life but an annoyance, Bursts he then the outer portals Of his dark and dismal fortress; With his strong, but unnamed finger, Opens he the lock resisting; With the toes upon his left foot, With the fingers of his right hand, Creeps he through the yielding portals To the threshold of his dwelling; On his knees across the threshold, Throws himself head foremost, forward Plunges into deeps of ocean, Plunges hither, plunges thither, Turning with his hands the water; Swims he

northward, swims he southward, Swims he eastward, swims he westward, Studying his new surroundings.

Thus our hero reached the water, Rested five years in the ocean, Six long years, and even seven years, Till the autumn of the eighth year, When at last he leaves the waters, Stops upon a promontory, On a coast bereft of verdure; On his knees he leaves the ocean, On the land he plants his right foot, On the solid ground his left foot, Quickly turns his hands about him, Stands erect to see the sunshine, Stands to see the golden moonlight, That he may behold the Great Bear, That he may the stars consider. Thus our hero, Wainamoinen, Thus the wonderful enchanter Was delivered from his mother, Ilmatar, the Ether's daughter.

2.1 Subsections sind natürlich ok, wenn man sie will

”Mistress of the woods, Mielikki,
Forest-mother, formed in beauty,
Let thy gold flow out abundant,
Let thy silver onward wander,
For the hero that is seeking
For the wild-moose of thy kingdom;
Bring me here thy keys of silver,
From the golden girdle round thee;
Open Tapio’s rich chambers,
And unlock the forest fortress,
While I here await the booty,
While I hunt the moose of Lempo.

Should this service be too menial
Give the order to thy servants,
Send at once thy servant-maidens,
And command it to thy people.
Thou wilt never seem a hostess,
If thou hast not in thy service,
Maidens ready by the hundreds,
Thousands that await thy bidding,
Who thy herds may watch and nurture,
Tend the game of thy dominions.

Tall and slender forest-virgin,
Tapio’s beloved daughter,
Blow thou now thy honey flute-notes,
Play upon thy forest-whistle,
For the hearing of thy mistress,
For thy charming woodland-mistress,
Make her hear thy sweet-toned playing,
That she may arise from slumber.
Should thy mistress not awaken
At the calling of thy flute-notes,
Play again, and play unceasing,
Make the golden tongue re-echo.”

Nun kommt eine Formel, alles eigentlich alles kein Zauber:

$$\frac{2 \frac{1}{2W} \sum_i (\sum_{v \in C_i} \omega(v))^2 + \omega_{\max}(n^2 - \sum_i |C_i|^2) - 2W}{n(n-1)\omega_{\max}}$$



Das Paket

`\usepackage{graphicx}`

wurde zusätzlich eingebunden für Bildern.

3 Conclusion

Alles super. Nun habe ich die Obergrenze von zehn Seiten ja fast erreicht, dann komme ich mal zu einem Ende. Und zwar genau jetzt. Aber vorher sage ich noch schnell, dass dieses Buch hier [CLRS01] sehr nützlich ist.

Literatur

[CLRS01] Thomas H. Cormen, Charles E. Leiserson, Ronald L. Rivest und Clifford Stein. *Introduction to Algorithms*. MIT Press, 2. Auflage, 2001.



Robert Görke wurde geboren am 9. Februar 1978, jenseits der Sieben Berge. Danach war er im Kindergarten und so weiter und so fort und so weiter und so fort. Heute ist er der wichtigste Typ in der Branche xy überhaupt. Er hat zudem diesen und jenen Preis gewonnen und wird ab 2067 am Fusionsreaktor Neckarostheim als Chefanimateur den Bereich Füßehochlegen leiten. Jo und damit diese schöne *wrapfigure* aus dem Paket *wrapfig* nicht etwa höher als der Text selbst ist, schreibe ich hier noch einige Zeilen. Den zusätzlichen Leerraum oberhalb des Bildes, der bewirkt, dass der obere Rand des Bildes nicht mit dem Text bündig ist, ist in Ordnung. Bitte lasst den da, damit alles schön einheitlich aussieht. So, nun fehlt nur noch eine Zeile dann ist diese Figure wirklich eine Wrapfigure. Bei weiteren Fragen kann man mir gerne mailen.