



National
College *of*
Ireland

National College of Ireland

Revision Sessions April 2015
Leaving Cert. English Notes

Paper I

Families in a Time of Crisis

Q.1 How does the language of the opening paragraph suggest the powerlessness of the migrant people? Support your answer by reference to the text.

The vulnerability of the migrant workers is powerfully evoked by Steinbeck in this extract from *The Grapes of Wrath*. They are presented to us as mere insects, 'bugs' whose natural habitat no longer sustains them. An insect in its own environment may be expert at survival and quite proliferate. However out of their own habitat, as the migrant workers find themselves, are helpless. This simile establishes their weakness and powerlessness as they traverse America.

Steinbeck describes how the migrants crawl and scuttle as they leave their homeland. These are interesting verbs which suggest the tentative nature of their departure and the fear inherent as they embark on this arduous journey.

The migrants find solace in each others company. They 'huddled' and 'clustered' together finding support in the larger group. Their need for others is a clear indicator of their powerlessness on their own, just like an insect deprived of its colony and natural habitat.

The opening line itself in this paragraph is perhaps the starkest presentation of their helplessness. The juxtaposition of the place from which they are coming, 'the side roads', to where they now found themselves, on the 'great cross-country highway' presents a stark picture of their powerlessness. These poor farming families, forced to migrate for economic purposes, are 'lonely', 'perplexed', sad, worried and defeated in the face of the great unknown.

Language technique

According to Department of Education Guidelines you are expected to be familiar with **FIVE** distinct language styles. However it is highly unlikely any one passage or answer will be written exclusively in one individual style. It will more than likely be an amalgam of two or three types. It is your task to decide the primary style of the passage or the primary style in which you must write.

Persuasive writing

The purpose of persuasive writing is to make an emotional appeal to the reader. It does not have to confine itself to logic. It appeals to the emotions of its audience. It is used by preachers, teachers, politicians, lawyers and advertisers. The language of persuasion is subjective and can be dishonest and misleading in its selective use of fact. During the debate on the Smoking Ban the Vintner's Association certainly had a very different point of view to the Department of Health! This is in contrast to language of argument which is objective and honest.

Types of persuasive writing: speeches, sermons, articles, advertising on TV or internet or in print media.

Techniques used:

- ↓ Rhetorical devices which include: rhetorical questions, listing, repetition.
- ↓ Rhetorical questions are an excellent way to create a dramatic pause and to allow your audience time to reflect.
- ↓ Short snappy sentences create an energetic tone of voice.
- ↓ Epigrams which are concise memorable statements can be very useful. E.g. 'Ask not what your country can do for you – ask what you can do for your country.' JFK Inaugural Address.
- ↓ Antithesis or contrasts create a wonderful cadence as can be clearly seen in attached speeches. 'Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill...' 'United, there is little we cannot do.....Divided, there is little we can do...' JFK Inaugural Address.
- ↓ Satire can be used to ridicule a person or organization. It can be serious or comic. If serious it is often used to encourage reform in an individual or society. Comic satire is frequently used by cartoonists or comedians to ridicule politicians.
- ↓ Use of alliteration
- ↓ Groupings of words e.g. 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' M.L. King
- ↓ Imagery: 'America has given the Negro a bad cheque, a cheque which has come back marked "insufficient funds".....but we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt.' *ibid.*

Argumentative Writing

The primary purpose is to induce reader to accept the writer's point of view or see a subject or idea in a new light. This is done by asserting a position and by supporting this by means of analysis and logical argument. It must be supported by facts and examples. It must have a clear, logical structure and must be consistent throughout. The success of the language of argument depends on whether the writer is able to present convincing evidence in a context of sound logic. This means that the conclusions drawn must follow logically from the assumptions or premise on which they are based.

Types of argumentative language: journalism, philosophy, scientific and legal documents.

Techniques used:

Deductive argument.

- ↓ state a general principle: all the planets in the solar system are spheres
 - ↓ makes a specific statement: the earth is a planet in the solar system
 - ↓ deduces a conclusion from 1 and 2: therefore the earth is a sphere
- The reader must however be on the lookout for a false premise e.g.
- ↓ The most entertaining programme on television is the one with the largest audience
 - ↓ 'the Late Late Show' has the largest audience
 - ↓ Therefore 'The Late Late Show' is the most entertaining
(NCCA Draft Guidelines / Leaving Certificate Syllabus)

Inductive argument

- ↓ state your proposition or point of view: the death penalty is an abuse of human rights
- ↓ supply evidence: it is barbaric, an innocent person might be executed by mistake, it cheapens the value of human life, against God's commandments 'Thou shalt not kill', is a state sanctioned murder
- ↓ State your conclusion: Therefore the death penalty is an abuse of human rights.

When writing an argument:

- ↓ It is important to ascertain whether the opinions presented in evidence are based on assumptions or fact, or whether they are subjective and therefore open to interpretation. This is clearly evident in Vincent Brown's article published in *The Irish Times* of 23rd August 2000.
- ↓ Statements should be objective and evidence should be factual.

- ↓ A logical structure and clear evidence provide a coherent argument.
- ↓ Anecdotal evidence such as a short story or an account of an incident may be used. However this is a weaker form of evidence than scientific or factual information.

Informative Writing

The purpose of the language of information is to convey facts i.e. convey information in a clear and precise manner. Sometimes a writer may present information in a selective way by emphasising some relevant facts but excluding others, thus presenting a distorted, unbalanced, prejudiced version of the topic being discussed.

Types of informative language: reports, instructions, obituaries, records, memos, bulletins, travel guides, textbooks, speeches, diaries, newspapers, reviews, scientific and medical journals....

Techniques used:

1. Concise, accessible, user- friendly language.
2. Should be objective and neutral, balanced and non-didactic.
3. Reliable sources, statistics.
4. Tone of voice should be formal.
5. Bullet points, numbering, tabular, listing.
6. Close attention to target audience.

Narrative and aesthetic writing

Narrative writing is the telling of stories, real and fictional. Its primary purpose is to entertain the reader. Good narrative writing always sounds true even when stories are fictional. Readers are looking for believable characters, accurate descriptions, realistic dialogue and convincing plots.

Types of narrative and aesthetic writing: autobiographies, biographies, narrative travel account, diaries, novels, news features and stories, reviews, short stories, drama, film, poetry.

Techniques used:

- ↓ Characters must be realistic; your audience must care what happens to them.

- ↓ Setting should be seen, heard and felt. Frame your story, design your set. You must depict a credible world. It must draw attention away from the fact that it is working to create a fiction.
- ↓ As a story teller you must help the reader see and hear the actions. **Show, don't tell.**
- ★ **Four acts in story:**
 - State equilibrium/balance
 - Disruption of equilibrium/conflict/ complications
 - Struggle to overcome disruption
 - Restoration of equilibrium

- ↓ Remember a short story is 'a piece of fiction dealing with a single incident.... It must sparkle, excite, impress.' Sean O Faolain. It is a slice of life.
- ↓ Plot development highlights struggle between people, within a person or between a person and their environment. They must have a goal with obstacles in the way and try to end with an unexpected twist. Conflict leads to suspense, creating excitement and apprehension.
- ↓ Use chronological order and/or flashback.
- ↓ Point of view
 - First person point of view is when story is told by character involved in the story. We feel very close to the story being told. We usually live with the fears and hopes of the narrator
 - Third person point of view is from the point of view of an omniscient, all seeing point of view. This author is an invisible observer with the power to see everything.

The difference between narrative and aesthetic writing is that the latter is there to enlarge the reader's imaginative and emotional awareness. Your narrative will always have elements of aesthetic writing. This is evident in James Joyce's short story EVELINE. The unseen poetry section in Paper II is an exercise in aesthetic awareness. (See notes on unseen poem for further analyses.)

It is important to remember in Paper I that the genre of a text does not always fit neatly into a predetermined package.

STYLES OF WRITING

Diary Entries

Reviews: Film, Theatre, Book, C.D., T.V. Series/Programme

Property

Obituary

Radio Talk

Travel Guide

Travel Destination

Sports Article

E. Mail

Restaurant Review

Memorandum

Report: Business / Journalistic

Editorial

Letter to the Editor

Letter of Application

Curriculum Vitae

Letter to Friend / Family

Speech: Welcome / Retirement

Interview

Marking scheme

P CLARITY OF PURPOSE

- Have a precise understanding of question asked.
- Rephrase question for clarity.
- Engage with the task.
- Do what you were asked.
- Elements of originality.
- Focused.

Reference
Focus
Understanding
Originality.

C COHERENCE OF DELIVERY

- Did you maintain your reader's interest?
- Were your ideas developed logically?
- Were your examples clear and relevant?
- Clear knowledge of text.
- Relevant examples, references and quotations used.

Sustain response
continuity of argument
knowledge of text
= % used. Ref. quotes

L EFFICIENCY OF LANGUAGE

- Did you express yourself clearly?
- Aware and on control of language register?
- Effective use of language.
- Clear and lively delivery?
- Relevant for target audience?
- Paragraphing.

quality of expression
- NB cannot be
higher than above

M ACCURACY OF MECHANICS

- Spelling
- Grammar
- Punctuation
- Capital letters
- Apostrophes

TIME APPROPRIATION and ALLOCATION of MARKS

PAPER I: 200 MARKS

2 and 1/2 hours plus 20 minute READING TIME.

70 minutes per question

Section I A. 35 mins 50 marks 140 mins.

B. 35mins 50 marks P.15 D.15 L.15 M.5

Section II 70 mins 100 marks P.30 D.30 L.30 M.10

150 mins Use texts as source
plus 20.
for 'B' and ess.
∴ read all text
Be careful of p.
AES. write

Before reading the paper it is advisable to brainstorm on theme. This is essential as it encourages originality. Use texts as source of information for Question B and

Essay

PAPER II

3 Hours plus 20 mins reading time

60 mins for single text 60 marks P.18 D.18 L.18 M.6

70 mins for comparative 70marks P.21 D.21 L.21 M.7

50 mins for poetry 50marks P.15 D.15 L.15 M.5

15 mins for unseen poetry 20marks

You must give a personal response, rooted in the text.

195 mins 200 in all including reading time

Stages in answering a question.

1. Have a precise understanding of question asked. Rephrase question for clarity.
2. In which LANGUAGE REGISTER is comprehension passage written? (Question A, Paper I)
3. In which particular LANGUAGE REGISTER am I expected to write? Is a formal or informal approach required? A serious article should respect the intelligence of your reader. Humour is appropriate in a popular article, when the purpose is to entertain.
4. Who is my TARGET AUDIENCE? Always be conscious of your specified audience. N.B. in Poetry Question as well as Question B on Paper I

see 2003 essay 6 [2001 Task 1 B]

P I 2003
 ① Journey through time. Time capsule: (B) should read like a letter. Lang. of info - narr with credible detail. Must have a good sense of T. Aud. + consistency of Reg. used throughout

② Talk on a Journey - Narr., anecdotal, informative, humorous. 1st pp. reg - Avoid preparations + start of journey - cut to the chase for essay also.

Unseen Poetry: an appreciation of the Aesthetic.

A poem is an artistic idea, painted with words. Unlike a painting it is much more than just visual; it is sensory in the fullest sense of the word. Poets assail our senses, seducing us into their world, so that we can hear, see, taste, touch and feel the experience. It is important to connect with this experience so that we can respond in a personal, fresh way.

Having read the poem once, pause, reflect. Brainstorm: what image/picture comes to mind, any key words or phrase, are there specific colours which you recall? Who is speaking in the poem? Is it the poet, or is he or she pretending to be someone else? Who is the poet speaking to? Is it to a particular person or a general audience?

During your second reading you can focus more closely on striking language and images. What feelings are being evoked: sad, melancholic, gloomy, angry, lonely, excited, exultant, frustrated, anxious, pensive?

Always take a moment to consider the title of the poem. What does it suggest? As you read the poem, acknowledge how it relates to the subject matter. What particular image is evoked when you first glance at the title 'The Skunk' by Seamus Heaney? It might surprise you to know that it is a beautiful love poem to his wife!

Close your eyes and think of your favourite song. Feel the feeling the song creates inside. Name it. This is how you find the mood, tone of the poem, the voice of the poet. Does the poet invoke a sense of pathos in the reader? Do we have a deep, sympathetic feeling for his/her subject matter?

Colour plays an important role in a poem. It can reflect the mood and signify change. This is very obvious in Sylvia Plath's poem Child.

Examine the shape of the poem, stanza length, sonnet, villanelle, and sestina. Ask yourself why the verses are structured in this particular way. Notice the punctuation of the poem; observe the use of enjambment (run-on-lines), short sentences, and monosyllabic words. What effect do they have?

Is the language conversational, abstract, archaic? Are there any specific words or phrases repeated? This is clearly a persuasive technique and is used by the poet for emphasis. Look at Yeats' September 1913 and Easter 1916.

How would you describe the rhythm of the poem... fast or slow... regular or irregular? Does the poem rhyme, look for internal rhyme?

Can you notice any sound effects? Look for assonance, consonance, sibilance, alliteration, onomatopoeia and comment on the effect they have on the poem.

Observe the images - simile or metaphors that are used. Do you notice an unusual connection between two distinct things? This is known as a conceit. John Donne probably coined the most famous conceit of all in his poem A Valediction forbidding Mourning, in which he likens the lovers to a compass. Are the images mysterious, beautiful, startling, sinister?

Does the poet use symbol in the poem. Check what aspects of the symbol are relevant to this particular poem. Fire can represent warmth, family, or danger. A rose can represent love, beauty or suffering. You must be careful! To which aspects of the symbol the poet is alluding? Remember, sometimes the literal meaning is enough!

Are there any obvious changes from beginning to end? What journey of discovery is made as the poem progresses? Is there an "epiphany" a revelation or insight into the meaning of something? I like to think of an epiphany as that moment in a darkened room when the light is switched on and you remark 'Wow, now I see!'. Notice the words that indicate a shift or change i.e. however, yet, perhaps, although, but.

Do you notice any significant allusions in the poem; quotations, reference to another literary work or situations or characters from history or religion. This is very clearly seen in The Prodigal, Elizabeth Bishop and "Out, Out..." Robert Frost.

As you reach the final lines reflect. Has the poem significantly changed from beginning to end? Is this a logical and satisfactory shift? Or is there an element of bathos? Do we, the reader feel let down? Maybe the poet does as Yeats subtly expresses in Sailing to Byzantium.

Lastly, be open and receptive to the poem, trust your insight and root your response in text and Enjoy!

You're

Sylvia Plath

Clownlike, happiest on your hands,
Feet to the stars, and moon-skulled,
Gilled like a fish. A common-sense
Thumbs-down on the dodo's mode.
Wrapped up in yourself like a spool,
Trawling your dark as owls do.
Mute as a turnip from the Fourth
Of July to All Fools' Day,
O high-riser, my little loaf.

Vague as fog and looked for like mail.
Farther off than Australia.
Bent-backed Atlas, our travelled prawn.
Snug as a bud and at home
Like a sprat in a pickle jug.
A creel of eels, all ripples.
Jumpy as a Mexican bean.
Right, like a well-done sum.
A clean slate, with your own face on.

1. What particular vision of things is given in this poem? Take into account the poet's unusual use of words.
2. Comment on the language used in this poem, and how it communicates the ideas.
3. Write a short comment on the tone of the poem.

DNA: Richard Feynman

There are the rushing waves
mountains of molecules
each stupidly minding its own business
trillions apart
yet forming white surf in unison.

* Ages on ages
before any eyes could see
* year after year
thunderously pounding the shore as now.
For whom, for what?
on a dead planet
with no life to entertain.

Never at rest
tortured by energy
wasted prodigiously by the sun
poured into space
A mite makes the sea roar.

Deep in the sea
all molecules repeat
the patterns of one another
till complex new ones are formed.
They make others like themselves
and a new dance starts.

Growing in size and complexity
living things
masses of atoms
DNA, protein
dancing a pattern ever more intricate.

Out of the cradle
onto dry land
here it is
standing:
atoms with consciousness;
matter with curiosity.

Stands at the sea,
wonders at wondering: I
a universe of atoms
an atom in the universe.

Remarks

Personal Response to DNA by Richard Feynman

As an enthusiastic science student ~~on~~ ~~first~~ reading ~~it~~ is interesting even at first glance ~~(the way)~~ this poem appeals to me. The structure of the poem immediately reflects the title. The stanzas of five lines and seven lines appear as if they could slot into a DNA molecule and the use of enjambment ~~(the way)~~ present the flowing image of DNA we have in our minds.

On closer observation, the poem is Feynman's use of ^{unusual} descriptive language help to portray the abstract nature of DNA and atoms and molecules are.

He describes the sea in terms of molecules and atoms - "Mountains of molecules" form the "white surf" of the sea. The atoms "come" out of the cradle onto dry land. It is difficult for many to imagine an image of DNA or molecules however Feynman successfully represents their motion and nature through his descriptive language.

As a further attempt to describe the nature of molecules Feynman personifies the atoms. They are "each stupidly minding their own business" while thunderously pounding the shore. He presents them as strong particles who are "tormented by energy" and get ~~big~~ ~~large~~ these "atoms with consciousness [and] matter with curiosity" are able to "dance". By personifying the atoms Feynman ~~gives~~ gives the reader a sense of the nature of DNA and portrays their importance in our everyday lives.

He alliterative, ~~repetitive~~ language and uses "mountains of molecules" "wonders at wondering" and his

use of repetition create an effective rhythm to the poem. The rhythm of the poem almost reflects the sound of waves revealing the poet's seaside, atomic epiphany. This aquatic sound is further enhanced by Feynman's use of assonance, "deep in the sea" & "living things".

~~Personally the last two lines provide an interesting contrast for reflection in a universe of~~

The poet's ^{thought} antithesis in the final two lines provides an interesting epiphany and causes us to reflect on the meaning of DNA - We are ~~not~~ "a universe of atoms" but just "an atom in the universe." A statement which scientists spend years considering is poetically presented in what I consider to be a rather satisfactory poem!

20/20 ++

Butterflies

Q2 (a) ~~The poem butterflies ~~is~~ ~~clearly~~ ~~makes~~ ~~very~~~~

~~effect~~

The poem butterflies most certainly makes very effective use of irony. The title is ~~the~~ ~~source~~ of irony throughout the poem.

When ~~we~~ ^{most} think of butterflies ~~they~~ ^{relate} ~~to~~ a happy, free and playful time with suggests

(butterflies) ^{playfulness} ~~are~~ usually connected to happiness and freedom. ^{Butterflies are usually associated} Their ^{with} delicacy ^{reminds} us of childhood and ^{innocence} ~~but~~ they ~~are~~ ~~not~~ after related to war.

~~They~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~after~~ ~~related~~ ~~to~~ ~~war~~

Immediately in the first line we are transported to "Bosnia [where] there are landmines / Decorated with butterflies" and we realise the irony of the title.

The naivety of the children is ~~shown~~ ~~as~~ ~~they~~ "hands outstretched, they reach triumphant" for the butterflies. They ironically become, like the butterflies, "winged in the act."

The entire poem is peppered with ~~examples~~ ~~of~~ ~~irony~~ ~~which~~ ~~gives~~ ~~this~~ ~~poem~~ ~~a~~ ~~very~~ ~~poignant~~ ~~feeling~~ ~~making~~ ~~it~~ ~~a~~ ~~very~~ ~~poignant~~ ~~poem~~.

(b) "Butterflies", the title is itself is a beautiful image representing the ugly reality of landmines. The language reflects this antithesis. ~~The~~ ~~line~~ ~~"~~ ~~Landmines~~ ~~are~~ ~~"~~ ~~decorated~~ ~~with~~ ~~butterflies~~ ~~"~~

Boland's use of verbs portray the child as naive, ~~but~~ ~~also~~ ~~scared~~, ~~but~~ ~~also~~ ~~optimistic~~, ~~and~~ ~~before~~ ~~they~~ ~~are~~ ~~in~~ ~~of~~ ~~their~~ ~~situation~~

There is almost a ballet like scene created as the children chase the butterflies with

outstretch[ed] and "reaching" for ^{freedom} ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~mines~~ as they ~~but~~ ironically like the butterflies. ~~(But)~~

hands. The beauty of this scene is that it is ephemeral in becoming wings!

Her description of the butterflies "bright, elusive insects" is a beautiful image however the reality is that the children are in fact reaching for the land mines. The final line ~~"gaily and ephemeral"~~ most powerfully represent the above statement. The terrible reality of children being killed by land mines is portrayed with beautiful language. Their bloody ~~eyes~~ bodies are not disgusting but "gaily" ^{hair} short lives ephemeral, like the butterflies.

7/10

Personal response to "Valentine" by Carol Ann Duffy

A brief scan of this poem led me to believe that this is not a typical love-poem, and at first the title did not sit comfortably at the top of the page. The word "Valentine" fuels the concept of love, happiness and the gifts you exchange to convey these emotions. However the poet uses the image of an onion to express her emotions towards her lover, and an onion is not the most desirable gift for a person to receive. Its pungent smell perverts the nostril and its abrasive aroma upsets the tear-ducts. On briefly scanning this poem, I felt an uneasy relationship between the poem and its title.

However having delved deeper into the poem I realised the clever association the poet has made between the concept of an onion and the fundamental ideas that people associate with the word "Valentine". As a result I really like this poem and the accompanying twist of ideals that the poem evolves around. "Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips, possessive and faithful as we are, for as long as we are".

The poet uses startling images to stir the emotions of the reader, and to enable them to understand her unusual portrayal of a Valentines day gift. Most relationships bring joy and sadness, love and heartbreak and the typical gift of "a red rose or a satin heart" do not represent all the aspects of a relationship. However an onion itself provokes tears and its stale taste lingers on lips, but by spinning this idea the poet offers us the full spectrum of a relationship, "It will blind you with tears like a lover. It will make your reflection a wobbling photo of grief"

It is this intriguing perspective of a typical poetic theme that I enjoy about the poem. You can probably guess what my next Valentines gift will be.

J. Kennedy

President John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address, 1961

By President John F. Kennedy

May 18, 2004, 1:41pm

Transcript of President John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address (1961)

"Vice President Johnson, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Chief Justice, President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, President Truman, Reverend Clergy, fellow citizens:

We observe today not a victory of party but a celebration of freedom--symbolizing an end as well as a beginning--signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and Almighty God the same solemn oath our forbears prescribed nearly a century and three-quarters ago.

The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe--the belief that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of God.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans--born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage--and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

This much we pledge--and more.

To those old allies whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends. United there is little we cannot do in a host of cooperative ventures. Divided there is little we can do--for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.

To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall

always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom--and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside. 578830)

To those people in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required--not because the communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.

To our sister republics south of our border, we offer a special pledge--to convert our good words into good deeds--in a new alliance for progress--to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbors know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this Hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house.

To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support--to prevent it from becoming merely a forum for invective--to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak--and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.



Inauguration of John Fitzgerald Kennedy,
January 20, 1961
NARA - Record Group 111, Records of the
Office of the Chief Signal Officer (111-SC-

But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from our present course--both sides overburdened by the cost of modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

So let us begin anew--remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us.

Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms--and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce.

Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah--to "undo the heavy burdens . . . (and) let the oppressed go free."

And if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again--not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need--not as a call to battle, though embattled we are-- but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation"--a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, North and South, East and West, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility--I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it--and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you--ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own."

Transcription courtesy of the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum.

The inaugural ceremony is a defining moment in a President's career, and no one knew this better than John F. Kennedy as he prepared for his own inauguration of January 20, 1961. He wanted his address to be short and devoid of partisan rhetoric and focused on foreign policy. He began constructing the speech in late November, working from a speech file kept by his secretary and soliciting suggestions from friends and advisors. While his colleagues submitted ideas and drafts, clergymen provided lists of Biblical quotations. The final product, however, was distinctly the work of Kennedy himself. Aides recount that every sentence was worked, reworked, and reduced.

Kennedy wrote his thoughts in his nearly indecipherable longhand on a yellow legal pad. The climax of the speech and its most memorable phrase, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country," was honed down from a thought about sacrifice that Kennedy had long held in his mind and had expressed in various ways in campaign speeches.

"I Have A Dream"

by Martin Luther King, Jr,

Delivered on the steps at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington D.C. on August 28, 1963. Source: Martin Luther King, Jr: The Peaceful Warrior, Pocket Books, NY 1968

any
road
sound
ment
slow
start.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity. But one hundred years later, we must face the tragic fact that the Negro is still not free.

emigr

One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land.

introduction
extended

So we have come here today to dramatize an appalling condition. In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir.

metaphor

This note was a promise that all men would be guaranteed the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation.

listing in 3's.

ef. of ipan'

So we have come to cash this check -- a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to open the doors of opportunity to all of God's children. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment and to underestimate the determination of the Negro. This sweltering summer of the Negro's

legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights.

The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges. But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.

We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. we must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

Ref
cadence

We cannot walk alone. And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" we can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

visions
yehy

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

Religious
imagery

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at a table of brotherhood. I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state, sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that my four children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor's lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. This is our hope. This is the faith with which I return to the South. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with a new meaning, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring." And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania! Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado! Let freedom ring from the curvaceous peaks of California! But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia! Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee! Let freedom ring from every hill and every molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"

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CITIZENS OF IRELAND.....YOU HAVE CHOSEN ME TO REPRESENT YOU.....

Citizens of Ireland,

91.

"Tiger Kittens". Thank you. Thank you for electing me as your representative both here and abroad. Thank you for having the confidence in me, a man of great hopes and strong convictions, to lead our youthful nation onwards and upwards through the next century. Thank you for putting me, a humble Dublin boy on the same page of the history book as inspirational leaders, such as Mary Robinson and Mary McAleese. Hopefully, I will not taint this gleaming white page, with the coffee stains of incompetence and insignificance. Thank you for giving me the enviable opportunity of leading this fledgling nation crammed full of proud hard working citizens, into the next millennium.

Repetition
imagery

varied
S.S.

link sentence.

We live in a nation of promise. Our economy is thriving as the "Celtic Tiger" bounces on through the Irish countryside, stopping in every town and village, to proclaim the onrush of curious tourists. Governments around the world envy our budget surplus. Our education system, churns out wave upon wave of skilled professionals, who in turn have enticed many multi-national companies is, as our Gaelic ancestors would have said: - "faoi lan seoil" or under "full sail". We are the "talk of the town". Never before has our nation had such a real chance to flourish. We are in pole position; we are the pace-makers in this long distance run. We are the flawless homework assignment that all others are compared to.

short / long
sentence

imagery

S.S

But as we stride onwards, full of pride and hope, we must look back. For it is only from the study of history can we avoid needless repetition of our mistakes. We must look back, to the Celts. A society of strong and brave warriors, who, even in a time of occasional barbaric slaughter, used their own version of a democratic voting system. These men and women knew, even then, that everyone deserves a voice. Young or old. Smart or dumb. Black or white.

historical
analogy

We must look back at the seven hundred years or oppression we suffered at the hands of our British brothers. Not as a means to justify some blind retaliation, or to further segregate our diverse society, but as a means to gauge how lucky we are. We live in an integrated society of equal opportunities. We must use this wonderful chance, for if we did not, we would betray the generations that had no such chance.

u

comparative

From our English counterparts, we can learn much more. Our nation knows the bitter taste of prejudice. For centuries, our Irish ancestors were on the receiving end, our forefathers backed up against the ropes, ducking and diving, trying to evade the painful beating. Many of our Irish ancestors, found sanctuary in the ropes of Australia and America, where they were, in the main, accepted by the multitudes. We have taken our beating as a nation; our northern divide and political unrest are our black eyes and burst lip. We must not make the same mistakes as our English counterparts. The flight of so many Irish abroad, during tough times such as the Great Famine, is mirrored flawlessly in the recent influx of immigrants to this country. We must show them the out stretched arms of hospitality. We must treat them as real people, with real feelings. We must not use them as a subject for cheap laughs!

imagery

formative
past tense

analogy

You have chosen me, to represent you, as an ambassador for this great country. I am not a racist. Nor do I have time for prejudices of any manner. We must respect the fundamental human rights of immigrants today. Jesus told us: -

(P)

"Do onto others, as I would do onto you".

So let us move forward, as a nation of broad-minded young free spirits. With the help of an increasing work force, both Irish and international, we can sustain the growth of our young nation. We can become a successful and powerful nation, but only if we move together. Together we stand, divided we fall. Together, as one we can do it.

el. ref.
persuasive

req.

Antithesis

hist @
oped
pan

Recently, I heard Bertie Aherne, my esteemed counterpart and friend say that Ireland as a nation, both economically, physically and spiritually, is the role model for the twelve European countries, which are ready to enter the ever-expanding European Union. We, the Irish represent everything that these less fortunate nations think and believe they can ascertain through membership of the European Union. *facto-*

So let us do it. Let us stride with our heads held high into the next millennium. Lets hold our our arms, and welcome our foreign visitors, be them temporary or permanent.

Let us do it Ireland. Let us be their role model.

P 28
C 27
L 27
M 9

71

EXEMPLAR 2

PAPER 1

Section 1 - Comprehending

Text 3 Question B

Imagine that as a reporter for a local newspaper you plan to interview a celebrity of your choice. Write a proposal/memo for the editor of your newspaper in which you explain why you want to interview this celebrity and giving an outline of the areas you hope to explore in the course of the interview. (50)

F.A.O. John Sinclair, editor Dublin Weekly News

From: Alex West, reporter Culture/Living

Re: Next celebrity interview

John,

For my next interview, I'd like to take Alan Rickman. I know he hasn't anything out at the moment, but he has several large releases scheduled for this Autumn and I think we're more likely to get an interview if we go now.

In the interview, I'd like to discuss the following areas:

(i) His theatrical background

Rickman started off in theatre. I'd like to get his thoughts on both his theatrical experiences and also what he thinks of the current state of west end theatre. Does he think it's overrun with musicals and American imports? Is there a reason he chose to do his last stage production in New York as opposed to London? And (remembering that he is said to have not enjoyed his run as 'Anthony') did he enjoy the production? Would he like to do any more Coward plays? Are there any more theatre roles he'd really like to try his hand at?

(ii) His work in Independent and British film

Rickman has worked extensively in independent film productions, particularly in Britain. Does he enjoy these experiences? Does he prefer film to theatre? Have there been any productions he's especially proud of his involvement in? Are there any that he regrets doing? Any that he regrets not doing? What does he think about the recent success of some actors he's worked with on these productions (i.e. Clive Owen)? Does he rate the British film industry as a real competitor with America?

(iii) His directing experience

After 'The Winter's Guest' does he have any more plans to direct? If not, any reason? If so, anything in particular, of just on the lookout for anything that grabs him? If he does direct again, are there any people he'd particularly like to work with?

(iv) Work in mainstream Hollywood

He has been involved in several major Hollywood films, most notably 'Die Hard' and 'Robin Hood, Prince of Thieves'. Does he enjoy the mainstream American film industry? Is he proud of his involvement with these films? Does he plan to do more 'Blockbusters', or is he going to remain in smaller-budget productions?

(v) Harry Potter

Does he read the books? Does he feel typecast as a villain? Is he proud of his involvement with the 'Harry Potter' series? If the rest are made, will he continue to appear? What does he think of the child actors? Which of the four films has been his favourite to work on?

(vi) Upcoming projects

Rickman has several projects in the pipeline including 'Perfume, the story of a killer'. What other projects is he involved with? Does he enjoy working with Dustin Hoffman? What does he think of 'method acting'? Does he have any plans for a break, or will he continue working? At nearly sixty, does he think he'll stop any time soon?

(vii) RADA

Rickman is currently vice-president of RADA, the most prestigious acting school in Britain. Why did he get involved with the school? Does he enjoy his work there? What does he think of RADA detractors, who say the school is old-fashioned? How long does he plan on remaining there?

That's what I've got planned though I've a little research yet to do. I really think we should go after him for as soon as possible. By the time 'Harry Potter' is released he'll most likely be unavailable. If there's any questions, just contact me and I'll try to fill you in.

Yours sincerely,

Alex West

(Culture/Living)

P 15	15
C 15	15
L 15	15
M 5	05

Mark awarded ex 50: 50

Comment:

- Captures and sustains appropriate register very effectively
- Has clear direction, structure and argument

Reviews

Most reviews contain the following four elements:

1. Introduction
2. Description
3. Evaluation
4. Recommendation

These four steps — outlined in detail below — are useful and easy to apply to all items that you are likely to be asked to review.

1. INTRODUCTION

Begin with an introduction, giving the title, the name of the creator (where relevant) and a very brief outline of the general subject matter of the item being reviewed.

- *'All Quiet On The Western Front' by Erich Remarque is a vivid portrayal of life in the trenches during World War One.*
- *'Ole, Ole, Ole' is a film that follows the fortunes of a group of Irish football supporters on a weekend excursion to...*
- *... is a highly entertaining story which takes a look at life behind the scenes in a busy...*

2. DESCRIPTION

Next give a description of the item. In the case of a film, play or novel you should give a broad outline of the storyline — without giving away the ending or any key twists in the plot! (Two or three sentences will be adequate).

- *Darren Fahy is having a very dull summer holiday with his studious cousins in the south city suburb of Foxrock. However, things liven up in an unexpected but welcome way when ...*
- *Tom Smith, the central character of this story, wants one thing in life...and will stop at nothing to achieve it..*

In the case of a radio or TV programme, outline the main points or issues it with which it aimed to deal. In the case of an Art Exhibition or a recording give a description of its scope and subject-matter.

- *In the opening moments of the film, police chief, Arnold Baldwin, is faced with the task of solving a brutal murder — but he has too many suspects with too many motives.*
- *The film revealed the scale of the tragedy of ... Firstly it showed the causes of...*
- *A small Mexican village is regularly terrorised by a gang of cutthroats. The frightened townsfolk don't have the courage to take on the gang so they hire seven of the toughest gunmen to...*
- *... an unusual twist of fate results in the pursuer becoming the pursued.*

3. EVALUATION

Next make your judgement, pointing out what you regarded as the strong and the weak aspects of the item under review. You should state the criteria on which you are basing your evaluation — and approach the task in a balanced manner. There is no point in faulting a sci-fi film because it lacked realism or a school play for being amateurish.

- *The classroom scenes are particularly well-handled by the author.*
- *It has a well worked-out plot, full of intricacies and surprises.*
- *The film is packed with scenes of high suspense and action.*
- *The large number of forgettable characters, at times, make it difficult to follow the story line.*
- *The film is rich in sentimental melodrama, unconvincing characters who speak B movie dialogue, a pathetic attempt at humour and a predictable ending. Definitely worth a miss!*
- *Much of the interest in this story is the powerful manner in which the author recreates the brutality and brevity of life among warring Celtic tribes.*
- *Sean Connery is excellent in the leading role. The film contains a number of unforgettably funny scenes.*

4. RECOMMENDATION

Is the book worth reading; the film worth viewing? Give your verdict — but try also to identify the kind of readership or audience that will or will not enjoy it.

- *'Journey to the Sun' is a page-turner, a novel that keeps the reader interested to the final unexpected twist. A must for all lovers of Sci-fi.*
- *Those who like 'an easy read' or a 'light read' may find this novel tough going but for anyone prepared to stick with it, the rewards are far greater than any airport block buster.*
- *The book is a solid down to earth guide, giving most of the pitfalls and offering little hope of fame or fortune. Useful for aspiring fashion models — and their parents.*
- *A nightmare thriller that keeps viewers in a state of high tension from beginning to end.*
- *If you enjoy fast, mean and moody guitar-playing then this CD is a must.*

view

New Series of Lost "crash lands" on RTE2!

The long-awaited ~~new~~ ^{second} series of the hit drama Lost spectacularly arrived on our screens last nite and as is customary left avid fans begging for more. The acquisition of this major series before any of its English rivals is a major coup for RTE and "Lost" is now added to an already admirable Spring season line-up.

For those of you actually marooned on a desert island for the duration of the popular first series, Lost centres around a group of survivors "lost" on a mysterious island after their plane crash landed. Joshua Davidson plays the smooth Jack in the leading role but the performance of the minor characters is arguably what makes this show compelling. The roles of Mike (John Anderson) and Sayid (Abdul Sacwil) ~~and~~ are magnificently ~~perfo~~played but the hit of the series must be James Lowland as the lovable Hurley.

The show follows the trials and tribulations of the 43 members of Pan-Am 147 as they battle to find food, shelter and to protect themselves from the mysterious "Others." The intrigue of the series manifests itself in regular flashbacks to fill in the gaps in character backgrounds we learn more and more about the islanders ~~every~~ every episode and this keeps addicted viewers coming back for more.

A series so popular (800,000 regularly tune in) is always going to have its critics and there are those who say the plot moves too slow!

Even if this is the case the fact each show ends on a cliff-hanger makes it impossible for viewer to leave mid-season. *Lost* may not be the most intellectually advanced television drama but the producers certainly know how to keep an audience hooked.

So whether you're an addicted fan or a first-time viewer, book yourselves a seat on the couch next Monday at 9 and probably for every week afterwards. Be warned, you will be hooked and you will be "lost" without this excellent series!

Lost Mondays 9pm RTE 2

Excellent. Brian

How The West Was Won - Led Zeppelin

Led Zeppelin, the explosive quartet! Zeppelin hit the infamous London music scene in 1960 with melodies that were beyond music. Like an answer to a prayer or solution to a ~~son~~, they showered the world giving it a wash ~~it~~ so badly needed. ~~son~~ at.

Combined by Jimmy Page (lead guitar); Plant, Bonham, Jones and Page himself were a match made in Heaven. Their bluesy rock concoction forms an incendiary sound which invades existence. Each note perfuses with expression. Like a whirling wave of clarity, infinite joy was injected from every 'wail', 'twang' and 'shing'. at.

CD, one of the box set, 'How the West was Won', captured a perfect summary of the 'Zeppelin Era'. The first track, 'Immigrant Song', ignites emotion and truly defines the meaning of rock and roll. The ballad express beats through aggression and will leave you in a sweat.

The band reached their blues ~~peak~~ climax when they produced 'Since I've been loving you'. The song exposes Page's guru, quirks through his unhampered combinations of 'six string glory'.

Following the world famous 'Stairway to Heaven' is 'That's the Way'. This song ~~That's the way~~ overpowers Plants (vocals) bursts of attitude and brings it down a notch. Do not fret!! The country style tune usurps body and soul with positivity and peace. under.

The three songs, listed above, all originate from the 1970 album, Led Zeppelin 3. This is the album which sent Zeppelin down in history.

Michael Russell

to back and took time out for a retreat in England. It was there that Led Zeppelin 3 was born. Although the three songs chosen above are featured on Led Zeppelin 3, their genres are strangers. The compilation, 'How the West was Won' takes you on a musical rollercoaster, which mirrors the ~~careers~~ careers of the 60's quartet.

The first two songs are hard hitting and heavy, I think this represents Zeppelins early days of hard going and heavy drinking. It then progresses into a deeper form of music, blues, in track six. Blues is a trickier style of music which the group only conquered at this middle stage of its life span. The album concludes with ~~three~~ acoustic tunes representing a diminuendo in the album and the lives of the musicians as they slowed down.

The album sums up the ^{renowned} legends that is Led Zeppelin. Such a faultless album should be allotted a space in all homes. The fact that the album appeals to the generation who lived it and all since is simply proof that 'How the West was Won' is not an album but a soundtrack to life!

Excellent, M. Russell
Well done.

Just one unclear
section.

EM

714

D13

L13

M4

Review. (Film)

Wayne's World

That absolute genius Mike Myers has done it again, he has written, directed and starred in yet another outrageously funny film. Wayne's World is the story of Wayne Campbell and his bemused best friend Gareth Elgas on their search for fame fortune and ~~love~~, well I suppose you could call it love. Wayne and Gareth encountered many ^{hilarious} speed bumps and pot holes on their journey from Wayne's ^{neighbourhood} basement where they broadcast their live cable ~~to~~ T.V show to Hollywood and stardom.

Wayne Campbell, played by Mike Myers is a long-haired, head banger with a passion for rock music and all it entails, his best friend is the eccentric and ~~possibly~~ ^{hilariously} funny Gareth Elgas, ~~played by~~ ^{played out of you don't know} Gareth is possibly one of the greatest fictional characters of all time. His ^{use of} immense attention to every detail makes and expression makes even ~~could~~ make anybody laugh.

The comedy is an ^{eclectic} ~~eclectic~~ mix of wit, sarcasm and ~~and~~ something I just can't quite put my finger on. Mike Myers used just the right amount of each ingredient to make ~~the~~ ^{this} a gut-wrenchingly funny film.

The plot line ~~is~~ lacks substance and realism, but it exists which is more than can be said for many other films of this genre. The musical contribution from Led Zeppelin and the ludicrously funny rendition of Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen give this film

a certain musical merit.

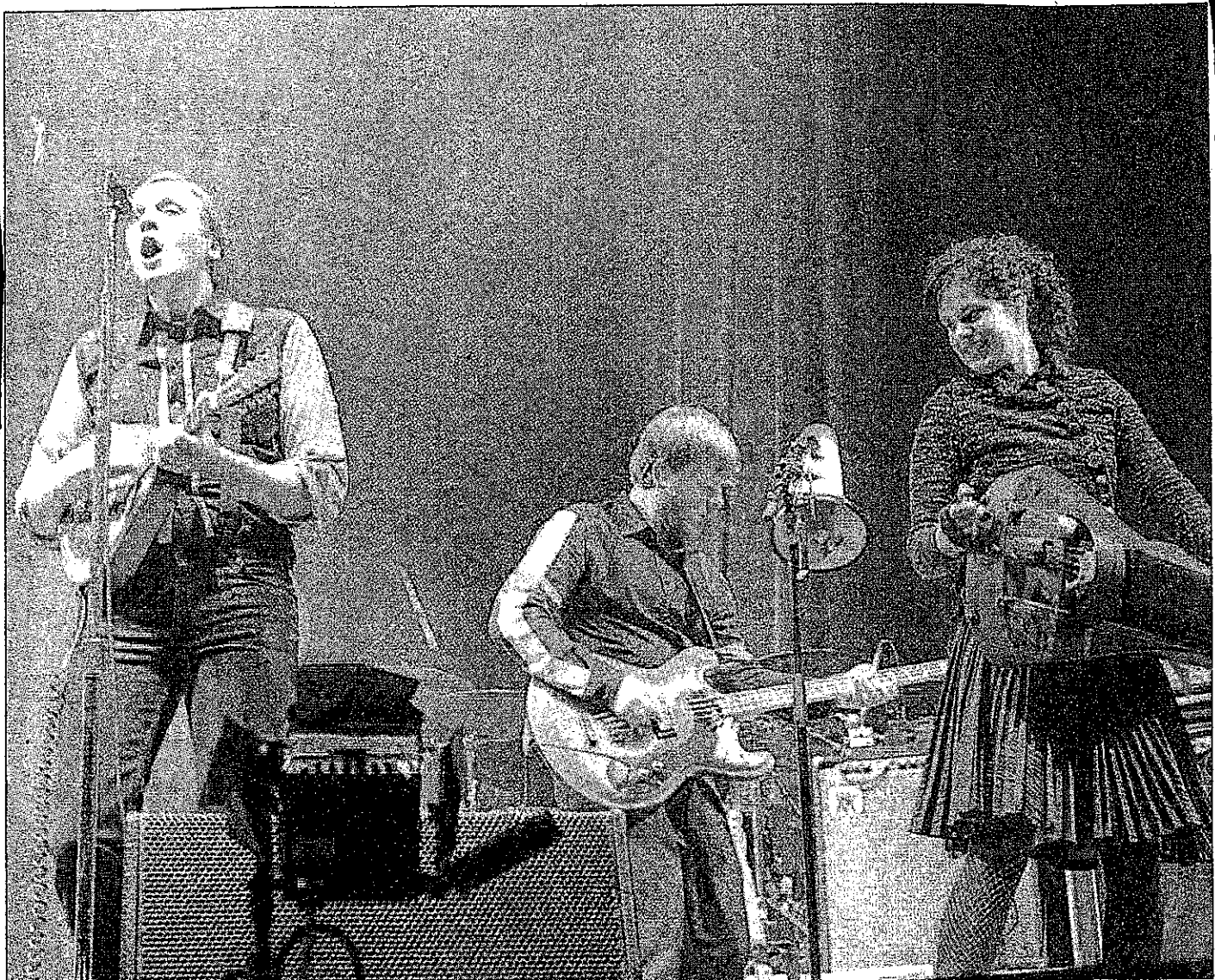
This ingenious masterpiece is well worth at least one watch viewing. This film gets funnier the more you watch. I can guarantee that anyone with even the slightest hint of a sense of humour will split their sides uncontrollably when they watch this film. In my opinion Wagner's World weighs in as one of alltime ~~comedies~~ heavyweight comedies of all time.

Philip

I hate this film
but I almost want
to watch it again!!
Well done.

HomeNews

ON FIRE: Arcade Fire perform in the Phoenix Park



Arcade Fire, the indie-rock band from Montreal, Canada, playing in the Phoenix Park. Photograph: Patrick O'Leary

Arcade Fire live up to billing with incendiary Phoenix Park show

DAVIN O'DWYER

Few bands have captured the devotion of the music-loving Irish public quite as emphatically as the Montreal group Arcade Fire.

Every concert is greeted with feverish anticipation and fast-selling tickets - their two shows in the big top in the Phoenix Park on Tuesday and last night were their fourth and fifth shows here this year.

performance their untouchable status is further burnished.

The huge marquee in the Park, erected to host gigs while the Point is closed for extensive renovations, prompted memories of the seven-member act's first gig here, a deservedly fabled performance at Electric Picnic in 2005. That show, just months after their first album, *Funeral*, was released here, saw them on the cusp of the wave of international superstardom, and their incendiary performance left

most important, and popular, bands in the world, appealing to everybody from music-obsessed teenagers to middle-aged professionals. Every variety of Arcade Fire fan was in evidence last night, as the crowds made their way to the "Big Top", which, according to promoters MCD, was the "largest single-tented structure ever erected in Ireland".

The inside of the tent was filled with neon and red velvet before the top members took to

Both *Funeral* and this year's *Neon Bible* were given a good airing, with Win Butler doing his best messianic ringleader shtick, while his younger brother Will and Richard Reed Parry settled into their demented percussion groove.

Small cameras on their microphones gave us close-up images of the members as they ramped up the atmosphere, before they finished with an arms-in-the-air, voice-straining encore of *Interpretation* and *Wake*

TEXT 2

QUESTION B

Family Home and Contents for Sale

Drawing on the detail in the above text, and its accompanying illustration, draft the text of an advertisement that offers the home and its contents for sale. (50)

Mark ex 50 by reference to the criteria for assessment using the following breakdown of marks.

P 15	
C 15	
L 15	
M 5	

Expect candidates to adopt a register appropriate to the set task (including, perhaps, the exaggerated claims of property advertisements, contact details for the auctioneer, etc.). The text of the advertisement should reflect clearly the unique qualities and atmosphere of the house.

Candidates might focus on some of the following:

- its appealing location
- its structural status
- its unique 'character'
- the furnishings

Etc.

TEXT 3

FAMILIES IN A TIME OF CRISIS

QUESTION A

- (i) How does the language of the opening paragraph suggest the powerlessness of the migrant people? Support your answer by reference to the text. (20)**

Mark ex 20 by reference to the criteria for assessment.

Expect clear discussion/illustration of the author's ability to communicate the powerlessness of the migrants. References must be drawn from the first paragraph of the text.

Possible points:

- use of insect imagery
- striking use of verbs
- contrast between the insignificant migrants and the huge forces operating against them

- emphasis on primitive needs (food, shelter, water)

Etc.

Some candidates might disagree in part, suggesting that, as the paragraph develops, their congregation makes them stronger and more secure.

- (ii) **In the remainder of the passage, how does Steinbeck show the bonds between people becoming stronger and more powerful? Support your points by reference to the text. (20)**

Mark ex 20 by reference to the criteria for assessment.

Candidates may choose to respond to this question by referring to content and/or style. One point well made and adequately supported may be sufficient for full marks.

Possible points:

- twenty families became one family
- relationships grew stronger and worlds were created
- leaders emerged
- laws were made and rights established
- several illustrations support each point
- the emphasis is on the particular
- the use of rhetorical repetition

Etc.

- (iii) **“There grew up a government in the worlds...” Look again at the final paragraph. What, in your view, is the most important thing it says about people? Explain your answer, illustrating briefly from the text. (10)**

Mark ex 10 by reference to the criteria for assessment.

Expect the answer to state the point clearly, to explain the choice and to illustrate briefly.

Possible points:

- people need the security of a community
- in times of hardship, people support each other
- people thrown together in difficult circumstances create their own structures
- social structures emerge against a background of ‘give and take’

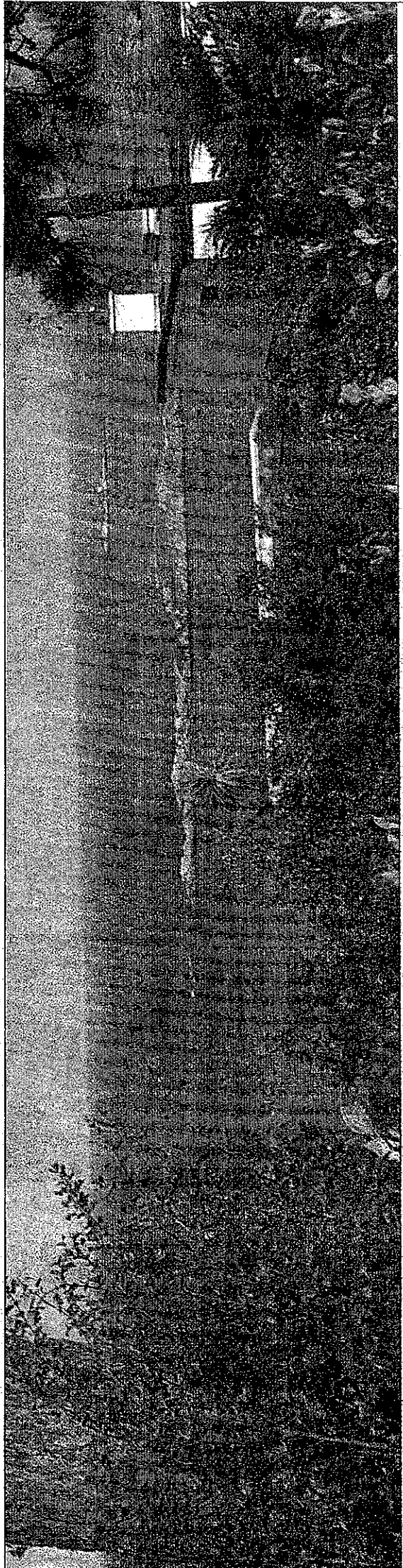
Etc.

Irish Times

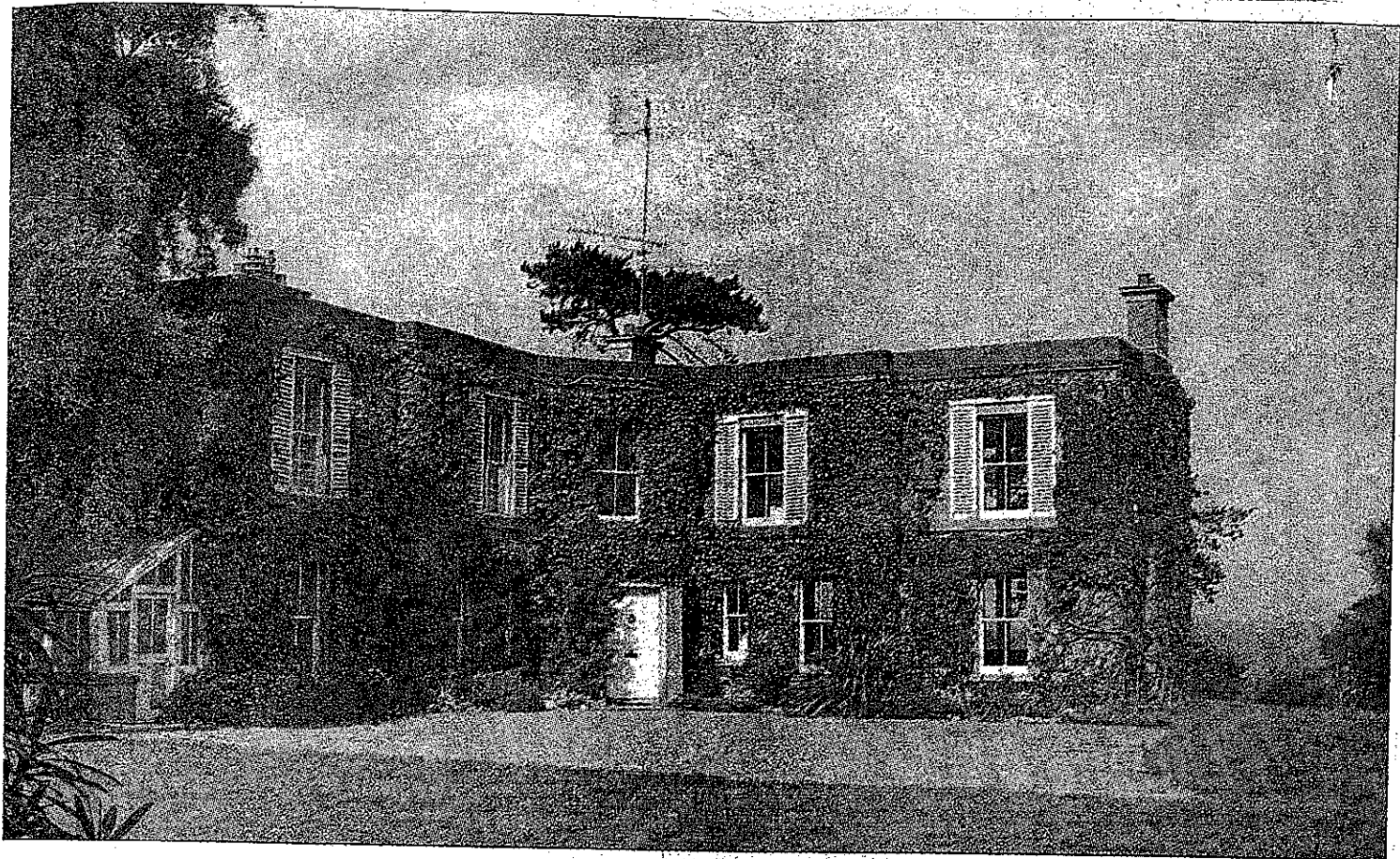
Thurs 15th Sept. 2005

Property Supplement

Hidden trophy villa with views of the sea



Property phrases: Exciting and innovative space. A keen eye can spot the details.
• Detached red brick ~~with~~ fine bedrooms with ample parking & period features.
• The house has delusions of grandeur here and there but executed in a rather eccentric fashion. There's quite a bit of detective work to be done.
• Restoration project. Historic house. The house is from various periods.
• Rediscover & re-creates the historic detail. The house is part of a unusual scenario.
• Woodwork, paneling, etc. Traditional modern. Set in an idyllic location.



A hidden home
with development
potential on
Dalkey's Nerano
Road will be trophy
buy. Property
Editor Orna
Mulcahy reports,

Galway-based auctioneer Helen Cassidy makes her Dublin debut with one of the finest properties to come on the market in Dalkey, Co Dublin.

Sorrento, on Nerano Road, is an intriguing six-bedroom house hidden from the road standing on three-quarters of an acre of grounds overlooking Colliemore Harbour.

The 19th century house has been in the same family since the 1960s and is now on the market, with a tender date set for October 28th.

The guide price of €5 million puts it well within reach of many buyers seeking trophy homes, as well as builders looking at the development potential of the mainly level site.

Located a few minutes' walk from

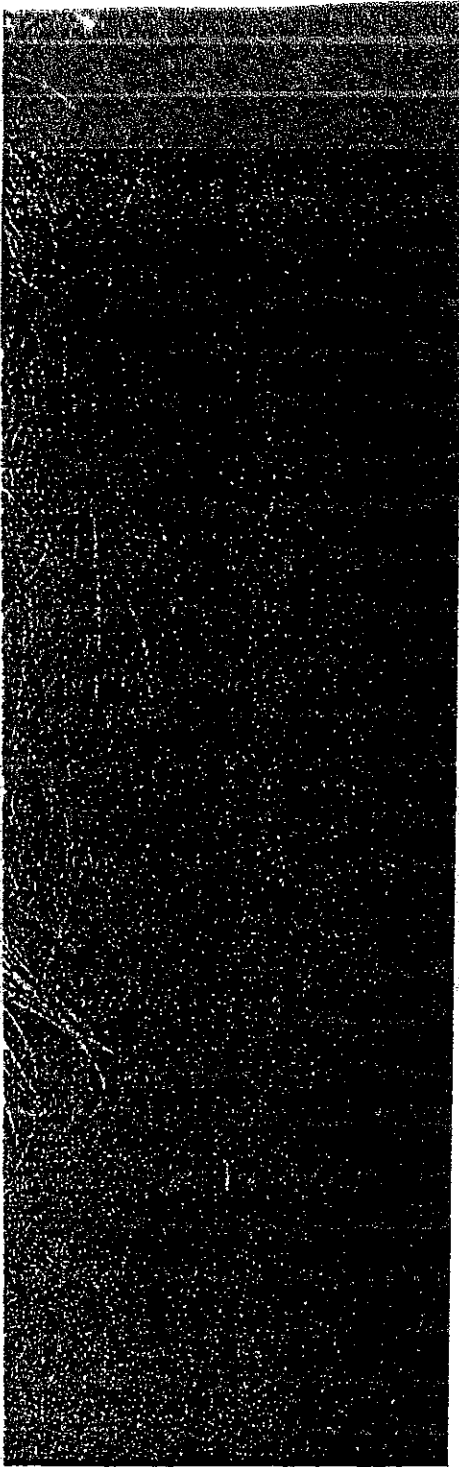
**Sorrento, Collemore Road: €5m
six-bed to be sold by tender**

Dalkey village, Sorrento is set at the end of a long gravel driveway that curves around to reveal the house with its wide V-shaped front clad in virginia creeper. To the left is a wide area of lawn that was once a tennis court. Beyond this is a superb Victorian greenhouse where the owners grow everything from peppers to strawberries.

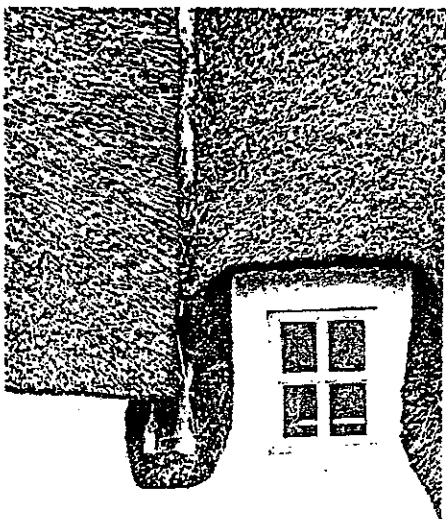
Behind the house is a large area of garden that slopes down to an orchard with extensive road frontage and access onto Green Road.

The house has a floor area of over 446sq m (4,800sq ft) with two fine reception rooms leading off a big light-filled hallway where French doors open onto the garden. The drawingroom and diningroom face the sea, and there are two further rooms which connect to a rear passageway leading to the big airy kitchen with an Aga cooker.

An interesting curved staircase leads to the upper floor where the principal bedrooms face the sea. Sorrento was probably designed as a summer villa for a wealthy Dublin family. It doesn't have grand cornicework or fireplaces but it does have an abundance of light-filled living space.



Jubbner Oliver Street



Charming cottages of Dunmore East Greg Galloway

It's said that Ireland, once visited, is never forgotten, and for once the blarney rings true. The Irish landscape has a mythic resonance; the country's history is almost tangible, and a sustained period of investment and economic growth has injected a heady dose of confidence and energy. Thankfully, Ireland hasn't paid the ultimate price for this recent transition as the character, wit and hospitality of the people, the most successful of all Irish exports (except maybe the Irish pub), remains wonderfully intact.

BEST TIME TO VISIT

May to September, when the weather is warmer and the days are longer

ESSENTIAL EXPERIENCES

- Enjoying Dublin's gorgeous old pubs and cutting-edge nightclubs
- Visiting the ancient ring fort of Dun Aengus
- Feeling history come alive at beautifully restored Kilkenny Castle
- Exploring the country's past at County Offaly's Clonmacnoise monastery city
- Checking out the murals in West Belfast for an insight into the history of the Troubles
- Sampling the whiskey at Bushmills Distillery, County Antrim

GETTING UNDER THE SKIN

- Read** *McCarthy's Bar*, a terrifically funny account of the author's quest to explore his cultural heritage
- Listen** to anything by U2 and Sinead O'Connor, or more recent offerings by Damien Rice such as *O*
- Watch** *The Commitments* for good fun and *The Quiet Man* for an all-time classic family favourite
- Eat** soda-bread, a fry-up, smoked salmon and Kimberly biscuits
- Drink** Guinness, whiskey and red lemonade

IN A WORD

What's the craic? (what's happening?)

TRADEMARKS

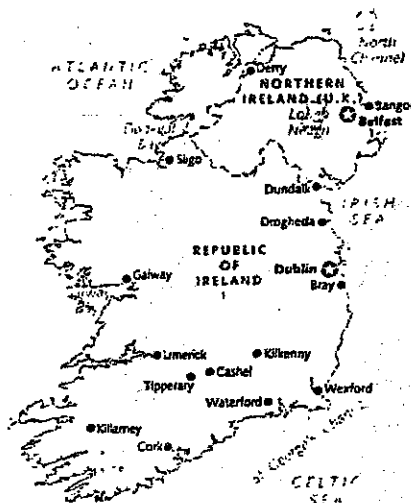
Potatoes; harps; shamrocks; Guinness; the good people (leprechauns); American tourists; shillelaghs; ceiliidh; the Corrs; the Troubles; James Joyce

SURPRISES

The Irish drink more tea per capita than any other nation in the world; until the 19th century the national colour of the Emerald Isle was blue, as the flag of St Patrick featured a gold harp on a blue background

Ireland has not forsaken its stunning natural beauty and proud traditions. Slate-toned lakes, green pastures, tranquil mountain retreats, magnificent cliffs overlooking the wild Atlantic coast, remote sandy beaches, ancient offshore island villages and the friendliness of the people remain untarnished. Many traces of traditional culture survive, especially in remote western areas, and there are still communities in which Irish is the first language. Ireland remains one of the most beautiful and interesting countries in Europe.

— Lonely Planet's Ireland



MAP REF: G.19

IRELAND CAPITAL DUBLIN (REPUBLIC OF IRELAND), BELFAST (NORTHERN IRELAND) POPULATION 3,924,140 (REPUBLIC), 1,700,000 (NORTHERN IRELAND) AREA 70,280 SQ KM OFFICIAL LANGUAGES ENGLISH, IRISH



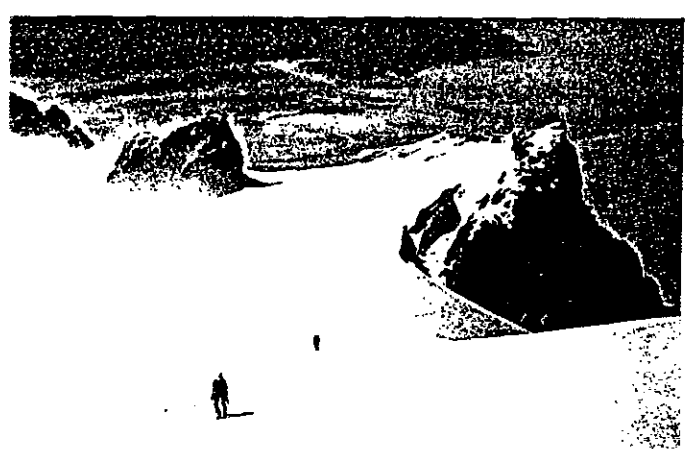
3. A herd of Uganda Kob, a rare breed of impala, gathers beneath the mighty Rwenzori Mountains. © Van Zandbergen



2. An innocent expression, a boy leans against a broad tree trunk. © Eric Weathe



4. Two smiling siblings out for a stroll. © Eric Weathe



5. A group of mountaineers brave the icy wasteland of Stanley Plateau, Rwenzori National Park. © Grant Dixon



6. A group of exhausted porters in the Mt Elgon not far from the Ugandan-Kenyan border. © Andrew Van Smeerdijk

Uganda's remarkable transformation from tragic, war-torn nation into one of the fastest growing economies in Africa is drawing increasing numbers of resourceful travellers to the erstwhile 'Pearl of Africa'. Long held synonymous with the horrors of Idi Amin's terrible dictatorship, Uganda once more has plenty to offer. Downtown Kampala has a contagious buzz and bustle, but can be quickly left behind for beautiful mountains, trekking opportunities and some of the few remaining communities of endangered mountain gorillas.

BEST TIME TO VIST

January to February (when the weather is hot but generally dry) or June to September (the dry season)

ESSENTIAL EXPERIENCES

- Staying up to enjoy Kampala's vibrant, fast-changing nightlife
- Trekking Mt Elgon's cliffs, caves, gorges and waterfalls without another soul in sight
- Spectacular wildlife watching at Murchison Falls
- Penetrating the Impenetrable Forest (Bwindi National Park), home to half of the world's surviving mountain gorillas
- Roaming through the mystical snowcapped Rwenzori 'Mountains of the Moon'
- Chilling away a few more 'no-hurry-in-Africa' days in the Ssesse Islands

GETTING UNDER THE SKIN

- Read *The Last King of Scotland* by Giles Foden, a page-turner chronicling the experience of Idi Amin's personal doctor-turned-confidant; or *The Abyssinian Chronicles* by Ugandan Moses Isegawa, a coming of age story of a boy and of a country during Idi Amin's dark reign and its chaotic aftermath
- Listen to *Ngoma: Music from Uganda*, a cultural preservation project by the multi-ethnic Ndere Troupe
- Watch *Raid on Entebbe*, the Charles Bronson classic about the Israeli rescue mission of a Palestinian-terrorist hijacked plane
- Eat *matoke* (mashed plantains) and groundnut sauce – food for fuel rather than food for fun
- Drink Bell Beer, infamous for its 'Great night, good morning!' ad-jingle, or try *waragi*, the local grain-distilled spirit (watch out for the kick!)

IN A WORD

Mazungu! (white man!)

TRADEMARKS

The tragedy of HIV/AIDS (one in five of the population is afflicted); a freshwater lake bigger than Ireland (Lake Victoria)

SURPRISES

In spite of all they've endured, Ugandans are some of the most open and outgoing people in the world; proof that the number of people, pieces of baggage and chickens that can be squeezed into a *matafu* (minibus taxi) is far more than the 14 it was built for

Take your pick from the highest mountain range in Africa – the Rwenzori Mountains; one of the most powerful waterfalls in the world, Murchison Falls; or perhaps the highest primate density in the world in Kibale Forest National Park – Uganda has all this and more. It's a beautiful country with a great deal to offer and sooner or later the tourist hordes will 'discover' its delights – make sure you get here before they do.

– Lonely Planet's East Africa



MAP REF: N.23

Read the following texts, all of which are examples of functional tasks, and answer the questions that follow.

TEXT 1

TRAVEL GUIDE

- Purpose – to inform, advise.
- Audience – general public, but might be more specific depending on type of tourist and resort.
- Language – clear and factual.
- Structure and Layout – use block lettering for important places, headings for places of interest, eating out, travel, etc.
- Content – useful information about travel, places to eat, places to visit. Tips and advice.

GUIDE TO SINTRA

Basic Information

How to get there: Trains from Lisbon's Rossio station (1 euro 50 cent) and regular buses from Estoril, Cascais, Cabo da Roca, the Sintra beaches and Mafra. The most useful bus service is #434, which takes a circular route from Sintra station to Sintra Vila and the Castelo Mouros and back (Tues-Sun only). Tickets can be purchased on board and cost 50 cent. A Day Rover Ticket (€5) may also be worthwhile if you want to pack everything in; they are valid for any one day on any Stagecoach tour bus; for example the #403 goes from Sintra to Cascais via Cabo da Roca.

Sintra's train station is actually in Estefânia, fifteen minutes' walk from the centre of Sintra-Vila; buses stop across the street from the station.

Historical Background

Summer residence of the Kings of Portugal, and of the Moorish lords of Lisbon before them, Sintra's verdant charms have long been celebrated. British travellers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries found a new Arcadia in its cool, wooded heights, recording with satisfaction the old Spanish proverb: "To see the world and leave out Sintra is to go blind about." Byron stayed here in 1809 and began "Childe Harold", his great mock-epic poem, in which the "horrid crags" of "Sintra's glorious Eden" form a first location. Writing home, in a letter to his mother, he proclaimed the village:

perhaps in every aspect the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts and precipices; convents on stupendous heights, a distant view of the sea and the river Tagu. ... it unites in itself all the wildness of the Western Highlands with the verdure of the South of France.

That the young Byron had seen neither of these is irrelevant: his description of Sintra's romantic appeal is still exact.

What to do: The old town, Sintra-Vila, with its narrow streets and lively bars and restaurants, is dominated by the Palácio Nacional, the former summer residence of Portuguese royalty and now an unmissable museum. In contrast, the alluring Museu de Arte Moderna shows that Portugal is not merely wedded to history, offering an innovative collection of modern art.

Sintra loops around a series of green and wooded ravines, a confusing place in which to get your bearings. Basically, it consists of three distinct and separate villages: the drab Estefânia (around the train station), Sintra-Vila (the attractive main town) and, 2km to the east, the functional Sao Pedro de Sintra.

The Town: It's ten to fifteen minutes' walk between the station and Sintra-Vila, passing en route the fantastical Câmara Municipal (town hall) and around twenty minutes from Sintra-Vila to Sao Pedro. Sintra-Vila's turismo (daily June-Sept 9am-8pm; Oct-May 9am-7pm; 91 923 39 19 or 923 11 57) is just off the central Praça da República, where you'll find a post office and bank, too. If you want to stay, the turismo can help you in times when accommodation is scarce, during the village's annual festa in honour of Saint Peter (June 28-29), and in July, when Sintra holds a music festival, with classical performances in a number of the town's buildings. The end of July also sees the FERIA Grande in Sao Pedro, with crafts, antiques and cheeses on sale.

useful information

Places of interest, amenities, etc.

Advice: Make sure you allow the best part of a day to explore the lush wooded hills around Sintra which shelter some of the area's grandest treasures, in particular the ruined Moorish castle – the Castelo dos Mouros – with its stunning views; and the ludicrously extravagant nineteenth century Palácio da Pena palace. The Palácio de Seteais, a hotel just outside Sintra, is worth a visit for even more opulence, while further afield lie the luxuriant gardens of Monserrate, one-time haunt of English author William Beckford. An antidote to the area's extravagance is the Convento dos Capuchos, a spartan former hermitage in a stunning woodside location. For a complete contrast, there is a string of low-key beach resorts to the west as well as bus connections to Europe's most westerly point at Cabo da Roca.

Valuable tips

Getting around Sintra's environs involves a fair bit of walking; you might want to make use of taxis, which cost roughly €5 one-way to Pena or Monserrate. There are taxis outside the train station and in Praça da República, near the palace; check the price first for every journey since the metres aren't always used.

Question B

Using this example as a model, write a guide to your area. Highlight places of interest and offer tips and advice for the holidaymaker.

2003 Paper 1: Section 1, Text 2 Q (b)

North Korea is a truly incredible place. It has been discarded by the world and overtime, will probably be forgotten by the common man, only to be remembered with a distinct familiarity that brings a rotten look to the face.

You probably associate North Korea with a delusional little man straddling an atomic bomb. Sure, North Korea has a very abrasive foreign policy, but don't we Irish hate the stereotypical image of a red-haired, freckle-dotted farmer lying on the ground outside his local pub, clinging to consciousness but clutching a pint? Instead try to imagine North Korea as your very last cigarette: You are aware of the risks and the possible irreparable damage to your health, but it is the seemingly ever-lasting lingering taste of addiction that overcomes rationality and forces you to buy another pack. I booked my next North Korean adventure yesterday, just two weeks after arriving home. I'll tell you why.

One day I stood atop Hun Fo temple 100 metres over the infinitely ending canopy of forest, listening to monkeys quarrel. I closed my eyes and saw the never-ending metropolis of Dublin city and could hear the painful sounds of cars beeping their horns. In that precious moment, the two images ran parallel with each other. The contrast between them was stark, but their similarities uncanny. Can you guess which mental picture I will take to my grave?

North Korea is that pocket in your jacket that you never open, but occasionally when you dare to do so, you find a twenty euro note. No other place on earth offers you the chance to completely interact with its unique wildlife and habitat. There really is no other place like a completely secluded and propaganda filled dictatorship to enlighten your aspect on the beauty of this world and the terror that inhabits it.

Like all journeys there were a few scares along the way. The airport security is unnerving if you have a phobia of being eye-balled by a man with his index finger on the trigger of an AK-47. That condition for those interested is called You-better-get-used-to-this-in-north-koria. And the seventy meter tall posters of an ugly man in glasses, which are exhibited in shrine-like fashion throughout the city, might make you regret reading George Orwell's "1984" on the plane journey.

However these risks are instantly surpassed when you leave the grey admonitory city of _____ and your adventure cascades into the luscious North Korean countryside. I tread gingerly over the actual descriptions of North Korea because I fear that even my most elaborately magnificent description would be an injustice to it's beauty.

Please, take my word for it, go to North Korea. You will overcome the risks and reap the awards, treasures you will take to your grave. If not, go to Benidorm and feel the sand in between your toes. But know, that countless people have done it before and will do it again, but how many people have told you about their trip to North Korea? For something special, look no further.

TRAVEL GUIDE

10/20/2018

Mongolia

Mongolia occupies a special place in the mind of many dreamers. If you're looking for adventure, Mongolia is the place to go. ~~(Best)~~ The vast landscapes, nomadic horsemen and evocative legends of Genghis Khan and his Mongol horde ~~and~~ continue to entice wayfarers and adventure travellers. The "land of the blue sky" ~~(is the best destination for something a bit different)~~. ~~(It's)~~ ^{where} ~~where~~ Siberian forests and glacier wrapped mountains meet the vast Gobi Desert ^(and the) Nomadic tribes (who) still roam the grasslands, is most definitely must see for all travellers, as it remains one of last unspoiled ^{travel} destinations of Asia and in fact the entire world.

Best time to visit:

May to October, to avoid the cold harsh winter ^(and) sudden ~~and~~ snowstorms and ^{inclement} extreme weather ^{often} ~~causing~~ ^{causing} the entire transport system to break down during winter season.

How to get there:

Mongolia lies directly between Russia and China. There are no direct flights from Ireland so the easiest and cheapest way to get there is via Moscow. ~~If you're really adventurous~~ for true adventurers, a flight ^{Peking} ~~China's~~ ^{China's} ~~Express~~ followed by a trip on the "galt" to Mongolian Express.

Historical Background

Until the end of 12th Century Mongolia ~~was~~ ^{was} simply a loose rival clans. That was before the arrival of Chinggis Khan (~~is~~ ^{is} known ^{interest} as Genghis Khan). He single handedly united the many tribes and transformed Mongolia into a vast and powerful empire. However

^{behind}
 left a mixed legacy, it introduced written script and
 (used) a legal system (to Mongolia) and remains a
 figure of hope and strength to the Mongolians. However,
 his introduction of the Black Death to Europe in the 14th
 Century ^{along with many other brutal war tactics} ~~caused~~ ~~westerners~~ ~~set~~
 caused his popularity to ^{decrease slightly} ~~shrink~~ among non-Mongols!
 After many civil wars and revolutions and a period of
 Communism, under Soviet control, Mongolia is now a
 relatively stable democracy where, ironically, the Communist
 party won the first democratic election!

Religion: Only since the fall of communism has there been
 a freedom of ^{to practice} religion in Mongolia. Now
 Buddhism and Christianity are both competing for
 the title of ^{the official} Mongolian religion.

Essential Experiences:

- 1/ The beautiful museums and monasteries of Ulaan Baatar are a must see for all, offering a fascinating glimpse of pre-Soviet Mongolia.
- 2/ Spending a night in a ger - the nomads large white felt tents - is an exciting ^{and unusual} experience. Most will find the extremely ^{kind and} welcoming nature of the nomads just as unusual, as they invite strangers into their home, purely for the company!
- 3/ A trip ^{on horseback} across the Gobi desert, and camping under the stars ^{for the more adventurous travellers!} ^{an invigorating experience. But watch out for the wolves!}

- P14 Read: "The Secret History of the Mongols", detailing the life of Genghis Khan.
- D14 Watch: "The Story of the Weeping Camel", the heartwrenching story of a camel who abandons her calf!
- M 5 Eat: mutton ^{with} rice or noodles or disguised as something else
 46 vegetarians beware! ^{vegetarian} ^{palatable} Mongolian dishes ^{are} ^{usually} mutton with ^{some (a few)} vegetables. ^{end to be}
- Drink: arkhui, the incredibly strong Mongolian vodka!

2003 Text 2 Q (a)

(i): The author portrays a scene of bedlam and desperation in the train station of Saratov. The author is "exasperated" with the ensuing melee of people battling for a train ticket, and claustrophobic crowds of desperate people create the "swarming" feeling of "African hands", as Plath so succinctly put it. It is clearly not a place to relax and dwell which is shown in the fact that the author left before returning to chance her arm again. A sixty-five year old woman cannot adapt to such humid human activity.

The frustration created by the pandemic atmosphere of the station is conveyed in Alexandra's "spectacularly different approach" to demanding a ticket. Having "punched the grille", "pummelled her rucksack and "kicked the wall" she still did not get a ticket. The futility of her actions accentuate the energetically hopeless situation at the station. The lack of response from the woman behind the grille is a strong hint that she sees such an aggressive approach everyday in the chaotic maelstrom of frustration in the station.

The final image of the station concludes our impressions of the place. The people have seemingly stopped swarming around the booth like flies to a bowl and have now packed themselves onto the train, with or without a ticket. The train itself is hardly satisfactory with "missing windows" on a "rusty coach" but the idea of boarding a train with "old women being pushed through the windows" is a much more daunting prospect.

MORE TALK, LESS ACTION

The death of the politician John Boland, who was very much a man of action, prompted Vincent Browne to express the following views in his opinion column in *The Irish Times* of 23 August 2000. This is an abridged version.

The talking aspect of politics has fallen very much out of vogue, but politics is about talk, primarily about talk – the action is secondary. Politics is essentially about changing people's minds, winning support for political positions that then enables action. And the process of changing people's minds involves talk, endless talk – the action comes later.

Take a contemporary example. What matters most in Irish public life (to some of us) is the redistribution of the wealth that has been created in such spectacular abundance over the past six years. The redistribution of wealth that regenerates the ghettos of poverty, crime and drugs in our cities and in parts of rural Ireland. The redistribution that would see fairness to women, to the Travelling community, to refugees, to other vulnerable people such as those in prisons, in mental institutions, in old people's homes.

This cannot be done through action, at least not in the first place, because there is not now a political constituency to enable this to happen. Public opinion believes that the priority is tax cuts to put "their own hard-earned money" back in "their pockets". That strong sense of ownership of what is "earned" is a powerful barrier to redistribution.

There needs to be a lot of talk to convince enough people that there is no moral or political entitlement to what one earns in a market economy; that there is no logical reason why society's resources should be distributed on the arbitrary basis of who one's father was, or on the arbitrary contingency of whether one was born with skills that happen to be currently marketable; or the other arbitrary contingencies of whether one is intelligent (in the conventional sense), or literate (in the current sense), or whether

one's family was a Travelling family or a refugee family, or a family from the ghetto areas of our cities. Action cannot divert enough resources to deal with such people without there being a political consensus, at least of sorts, to mandate this to happen. And for there to be political consensus there has to be talk, lots of it, preferably in a good talking shop.

The abolition of the slave trade in Britain and of slavery in the United States took place only after talk, volumes of it. It could not have occurred otherwise. The emancipation of women likewise.

But there is an antipathy to "talkers" – the scorn for all talk and no action, failing to notice that all important action is brought about by talk.

Literary Humour

Types:

1. Situation Comedy – ordinary characters in amusing situations.
2. Absurdism – ridiculous characters and situations.
3. Satire – the lampooning (making fun) of identifiable characters and situations.
4. Irony – dramatic irony
5. Double Entendre – double meanings
6. Farce – a series of awkward encounters involving misinterpretation and misrepresentation
7. Black humour – macabre situations
8. Observational humour

Elements:

- a. Actual jokes.
- b. Exaggerated or stereotypical characterization.
- c. Witticisms and quips.
- d. Colloquialisms and accents.
- e. Malapropisms – elaborate terminology used in the wrong context.
- f. Sarcasm – stating the obvious.
- g. Bizarre imagery.

Humorous "Newspaper Article"

Since the dawn of time mankind has been ~~a~~ a rude, ~~and selfish and corrupt~~ ~~and~~ ~~selfish~~ ~~and~~ ~~corrupt~~ ~~and~~ ~~selfish~~ ~~and~~ ~~corrupt~~, ~~consequently~~ ~~consequently~~ caring for nothing but themselves. ~~The~~ ~~the~~ recent millennia ~~we would expect a decline of this~~ ~~propitiously~~ have proved very successful in the improvement of technology ~~and~~ all things electronic. However there has been a rapid decline in the manners of society.

This decline ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~being~~ ~~lead~~ by "the couples", also known to the public as those in a romantic relationship: love birds and the dreaded "daters". ~~Statistics~~ ~~show~~ According to the latest statistics ~~on~~ each member of a couple has ranked their partner as "the most important person to them". Clearly proving that they care for nothing but each other.

~~The~~ ~~is~~ ~~to~~ ~~pass~~ ~~a~~ ~~day~~ ~~with~~
On an average day, walking through any high-class city street one will be bombarded with disturbing images of couples walking hand in hand, occasionally mouth to mouth, completely oblivious to ~~all~~ ~~those~~ all those around them. They ignore charity workers, leaving children in Africa ~~starving~~ ~~starving~~ to death and disregard all singletons causing them to become jealous and barbaric.

On an average night the situation ~~is~~ ~~is~~ ~~worsens~~ worsens. Parties and night clubs transform into animal mating rituals thus causing a huge increase in the ~~envious~~ ~~envious~~ nature of the isolated singleton, explaining the rise in the amount of fights and ~~the~~ the disgusting habit, known as "bitching".

This problem may also be viewed on a world wide scale. American war experts have recently come to the conclusion that the ~~to~~ war in Iraq ~~is~~

has most ~~certainly~~ been caused by George
Bush's jealousy of Saddam Hussein's almost
sexual relationship with his oil, ~~or in the eyes of the public~~
~~with his~~ "weapons of mass destruction"

Examples of mass destruction caused by couples
can be seen in every day life wherever you
~~can~~ Slowly but surely they are destroying the
world as we know it, causing cruelty and
barbarity, ~~everywhere~~ they go. Until they are stopped
there is nothing to do but sit back and
watch ~~irate~~ singletons become more and
more ~~barbaric~~ savage eventually leading to
the inhumane annihilation of the entire human
race.

Tone and language - Sufists
Political relevance - worryingly accurate!

(46)
50

SHE sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it—not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field—the Devines, the Waters, the Duns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackhorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep *nix* and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so

many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

—He is in Melbourne now.

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

—Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?

—Look lively, Miss Hill, please.

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores. But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married—she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that

had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages—seven shillings—and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad of a Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work—a hard life—but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her.

How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see *The Bohemian Girl* and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

—I know these sailor chaps, he said.

One day he had quarrelled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite but

she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made roast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

—Damned Italians! coming over here!

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being—that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

—Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she

be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, to-morrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:

—Come!

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

—Come!

No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish!

—Eveline! Evvy!

He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

My Daughter Smokes by Alice Walker

Personal
writing

personal
ref.

My daughter smokes. While she is doing her homework, her feet on the bench in front of her and her calculator clicking out answers to her algebra problems, I am looking at the half empty package of Camels tossed carelessly close at hand. Camels. I pick them up, take them into the kitchen, where the light is better, and study them — they're filtered, for which I am grateful. My heart feels terrible. I want to weep. In fact, I do weep a little, standing there by the stove holding one of the instruments, so white, so precisely rolled, that could cause my daughter's death. When she smoked Marlboros and Players I hardened myself against feeling so bad; nobody I knew ever smoked these brands.

She doesn't know this, but it was Camels that my father, her grandfather, smoked. But before he smoked "ready-mades" — when he was very young and very poor, with eyes like lanterns — he smoked Prince Albert tobacco in cigarettes he rolled himself. I remember the bright-red tobacco tin, with a picture of Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, dressed in a black frock coat and carrying a cane.

The tobacco was dark brown, pungent, slightly bitter. I tasted it more than once as a child, and the discarded tins could be used for a number of things: to keep buttons and shoelaces in, to store seeds, and best of all, to hold worms for the rare times my father took us fishing.



By the late forties and early fifties no one rolled his own anymore (and few women smoked) in my hometown, Eatonton, Georgia. The tobacco industry, coupled with Hollywood movies in which both hero and heroine smoked like chimneys, won over completely people like my father, who were hopelessly addicted to cigarettes. He never looked as dapper as Prince Albert, though, he continued to look like a poor, overweight, overworked colored man with too large a family, black, with a very white cigarette stuck in his mouth.

I do not remember when he started to cough. Perhaps it was unnoticeable at first. A little hacking in the morning as he lit his first cigarette upon getting out of bed. By the time I was my daughter's age, his breath was a wheeze, embarrassing to hear; he could not climb stairs without resting every third or fourth step. It was not unusual for him to cough for an hour.

It is hard to believe there was a time when people did not understand that cigarette smoking is an addiction. I wondered aloud once to my sister — who is perennially trying to quit — whether our father realised this. I wondered how she, a smoker since high school, viewed her own habit.

It was our father who gave her her first cigarette, one day when she had taken water to him in the fields:

I always wondered why he did that, she said, puzzled, and with some bitterness.

'What did he say?' I asked.

That he didn't want me to go to anyone else for them, she said, which never really crossed my mind.

So he was aware it was addictive, I thought, though as annoyed as she that he assumed she would be interested.

I began smoking in eleventh grade, also the year I drank numerous bottles of terrible sweet, very cheap wine. My friends and I, all boys for this venture, bought our supplies from a man who ran a segregated bar and liquor store on the outskirts of town. Over the entrance there was a large sign that said COLORED. We were not permitted to drink there, only to buy. I smoked Kools, because my sister did. By then I thought her toxic darkened lips and gums glamorous. However, my body simply would not tolerate smoke. After six months I had a chronic sore throat. I gave up smoking, gladly. Because it was a ritual with my buddies - Murl, Leon, and Dog Farley - I continued to drink wine.

My father died from 'the poor man's friend', pneumonia, one hard winter when his bronchitis and emphysema had left him low. I doubt he had much lung left at all, after coughing for so many years. He has so little breath that, during his last years, he was always leaning on something. I remember once, at a family reunion, when my daughter was two, that my father picked her up for a minute - long enough for me to photograph them - but the effort was obvious. Near the very end of his life, and largely because he had no more lungs, he quit smoking. He gained a couple of pounds, but by then he was so emaciated no one noticed.

WORDS WORDS WORDS

Marmoreal

Dilettante

Torpid

Gambolling

Succubus

Nimbus

Doughty

Perspicacity

Bosky

Etiolated

Velutinous

Ignominiously

Assuaged

Depreciating

Gossamer

Choleric

Incongruously

Solicitude

Vituperation

Inured

Supination

Prelapsarian

Anaglyptic

Truculent

Sardonic

Savant

Disputatiously

Filigree

Incipient

Eponymous

Daguerreotype

Aspidistra

Behemoths

Prodigious

Punctiliously

Narcolept

Ingle

Sardonic

Nosegays

Ruminant

Diffidence

Opine

Pneumatic

Rosacea

Euphonious

Canthus

Undulations

Groynes

Cinereal

Coevals

Horrent

Fallacious

Bombazine

Nemesis

Ostentatious

Assiduous

Capricious

Cavalier

Refection

Simian

Vermillion

Sorority

Catafalque

Crepitant

Happumphing

Valhallan

Apotheosis

Climacteric

Chromatic

Rhinophyma

Congeries

	Precipitous	Effluvium	Littoral
Casuistry	Suppliant	Callow	Expatriation
Wraith	Perspicacity	Torpor	Anabasis
Mephitic	Quixotic	Lassitude	Crapulent
Effrontery	Ovine	Midden	Reticent
Incongruous	Homunculus	Maenads	Vanquishment
Gauche	Winsome	Bole	Vulgate
Harbingers	Ingratiating	Imprecation	Refulgent
Vertiginous	Miscreant	Plangent	Recreant
Louche	Raddled	Timorous	Sardonic
Denizen	Triptych	Putative	Miasma
Insouciantly	Cicatrise	Derivative	Corpulent
Ziggurat	Purloined	Knobkerrie	Unctuous
Civet	Deckle	Cerements	Minatory
Sanguineous	Ichor	Presagement	Effluvia
Soughed	Maja	Assuage	Erucationous
Solicitude	Avatar	Colloquy	Gleet
Dyspeptic	Disquisition		

Diary writing

The purpose of diary writing is to inform, amuse and entertain. It is immediate as it happens on the day. It tells a story and should be compulsive reading. It should be fascinating! It invites its reader into a private world, revealing the hidden person. There is always the possibility of discovering the forbidden or creating an element of surprise.

When writing remember that you are writing to yourself.

However sometimes you may have an audience i.e. diary of a school trip.

Your entry should be made at the end of each episode. Focus on personal observations and reflections rather than long descriptions. Give your reader the inside view.

Your language should be informal, conversational and slang is acceptable. Be spontaneous, your entries should appear unplanned but must be planned! Vary your tone; you can be funny, serious or even sentimental. Write in the immediate past tense, personal reflections written in present.

Diary of a teenager

Monday

Dear diary,

Today was a pretty average day considering all. Breakfast, lunch and dinner, nothing to write home about! The only thing that separated this average Monday from every other of the 52 or so in the past fifteen and three quarter years of my average life was that I was commanded to, in that totalitarian manor that homework is assigned, to create a diary for the inevitably average next four days!! And so I will.....only one day to the gig!

Tuesday

Today was possibly one of the most heart wrenchingly, emotionally painful days of my life. For the past three weeks I've been counting down with unprecedented fervour to this date, the 23rd. for one simple reason, the arrival of a hero, Nick Oliveri, my hero!! The physically dominating, red bearded, wielding bass player from QUOTSA. Tonight he was appearing as a support act at a certain Ambassador Theatre. All psyched up I left for the gig and arrived an hour early. Relief filled my heart as I saw I was not the only ticket holder whose height remained under 6feet! Unfortunately, my passion drew no pity from the physically dominating bouncers. Quoting some crazy legislation, which by their logic meant, that no person under 18 can now go to a panto? I was refused entry and so spent the next three and a half hours sitting in a dark O'Connell Street, accompanied only by a certain Mr Scanlon and armed with my puppy dog eyes and shattered dreams, shattered even more as each decibel reverberated through the cursed bouncers!! I returned home broken and with a deep inexplicable hatred of bouncers!

Wednesday

School flew by today, fuelled with the bitter hatred embedded in me by the previous night's experience and was rounded off by auditions for the school play. Spent the rest of my day making web pages and listening to my idol, Nick. Evil bouncers!

Thursday

Still bitter! I have to endure half a day of Kilmaneham Gaol and Croke Park. Then on to my Dublin home from home i.e. Colm's and to another endurance test....Toastmasters! The futility of it all!

Diary of an angst ridden teenager

Monday

Dear diary

I manoeuvre myself out of bed at around 7.30, wash my hair, put on my make up, chose something nice to wear and trot downstairs for breakfast. I treat myself to Kellogg's Special K, because I am special! Strange dream for a 16 year old, young male! A very unnerving start to my day! And it all went downhill from there! On this glorious Monday I was confronted by Mr X, thaw last surviving leprechaun outside America! From day one there has been a tangible tension between me and the last of the little people! He focuses all his attention on this poor little misguided boy. I, on the other hand, am annoyed, no frustrated, as we have been studying present tense verbs for two months. I am also sure, without a shadow of a doubt, that he eats babies!!

Luckily there was light at the end of my tunnel! My piano is most therapeutic. Bach, Chopin, The Doors, Tom Waits and to finish my night off, The Redneck Manifesto. And now I must stop. Bye-bye, we're gonna be great pals as Anne Frank once wrote.

Tuesday

Again I was left agitated by school. I wasted the day completing DAT tests which prove that I am most suited for a job involving Social Skills (housewife!) My feelings are fuelled by a thought which I have been formulating for the past week. School is trying to indoctrinate me into the Status Quo. This theory can only be understood if you are a 16 year old, angst ridden male with teenage kicks, of course. Stuck at home, grounded for sneaking out of my house at night, twice, in the space of three days. To date I have missed 7 parties/gigs/outings as a result of this grounding! This has filled me with even more angst!

Wednesday

Dear diary,

School again is a myriad of pain. This is only because I am a headstrong, lazy, 16 year old male with attitude. A wise man once said 'if we could only open the doors you perception we would see things as they are, infinite.' I try to open my doors of perception by meeting new people and going new places. That's how The Frames came into my life, at the age of 11! They are by far the most honest band in the world today. They rock! I secretly hate them for becoming so popular. Oh well, it's time for Final Fantasy on my palm computer.

Thursday

Another same old same old day at school but good news awaited at home! My mother has loosened my leash a little and so to organise a few parties.....

serious matter of graduation night, the physical outlet of hurling - and just who used all the ketchup anyway?

Monday

All eyes are bleary eyes in the Conboy household. A Leaving Cert student, a Junior Cert student and an Irish teacher all under one roof in the merry month of May. Add to that a Valuation Officer who's about to be decentralised to Youghal and you've got a recipe for frayed nerves and mental exhaustion. The sign on the livingroom door says: Narcology Association Meeting.

I came home from a Monday of constant grind - no escaping for a class in religion or counselling today. I got in at five, picked a slither for an hour and then got stuck into Irish history. It's my favourite subject but I find it hard on the brain. I escape to maths for a bit of light relief. Despite my bludge for maths I'm hoping for a degree in history and politics at Trinity College Dublin.

A quick dinner with the family and it's back to the books until one of my favourite programmes, Scrubs, comes on at 9:30 pm. Mum and Dad might have had something to say about me clocking out of the study so early but they're asleep in front of the telly again.

Tuesday

School is abuzz with talk of the graduation night - are these people in denial? Haven't they heard of the Leaving Cert? The girls are doing all the organising and are calling for votes on the venue, I had to laugh at the list - all the clubs and pubs are in Irish because ours is a girls' school. An Bosco Dearg Tóg go dtí an Chaitrí Mhá? The Red Bar and Soave never sounded so glamorous.

Headed off to pier a hurling which still against the stuffy, local branch hospital. We were badly beaten, and not just on the scoreboard. I dragged my bruised and aching bones upstairs to tackle physics. This is one of the trickier subjects for a geoscientist student. The Irish force displacement and translational kinetic energy doesn't trip off the tongue. A short while later I slip out of the study and turn on The Sopranos. My body and mind are shattered after hurling and physics but I'm glad of the symmetry. Without hurling, my brain would be kneecapped and my body would be running around like a headless chicken. Instead I have achieved 'comblar'. It's the Irish for 'figeared' but it translates directly as "combined melling". Both my body and mind are melting. Sometimes you've got to look to the Irish for the most just.

Wednesday

Today I broke my personal record for most consecutive hours spent studying without a break. I started at 2 pm, and finished at 11 pm. I'm sure there's some



Seamus Conboy, above, is struck in the books but in true Archimedes form keeps his head above water. Photograph: Dara Mac Donnell

European legislation protecting me from that sort of thing. There's nothing good on the box tonight so I read a bit of Michael Moore's Striped White Men. I haven't got much time for politics these days. The European and local elections will be held bang in the middle of the Leaving but I won't miss my first opportunity to vote. Why did the Government choose the week of the Leaving Cert for the election? I'm sure there's a conspiracy in there somewhere - or maybe I've been reading too much Michael Moore. Haven't made up my mind who to vote for yet.

Anyone lobbying for the removal of Patrick Kavanaugh from the English syllabus? I'd vote for that. Richard Bourton called for the door during dinner, canvassing for the upcoming

elections. His son is doing the Leaving Cert as well, apparently. Guess he won't be too busy to vote. I put the Kavanaugh question to Mr Bourton and he said it was a hot topic on the doorsteps of Collins Avenue. Really, I asked? No, he replied. I think I will try and get out and vote on the 11th. I'll try and cream a few pamphlets on my way to the polling station.

Thursday

Spent the day dreading study. I know that Kavanaugh is waiting for me, lurking in his story grey hell. Everyone is saying he'll come up this year because it's his anniversary. Exam forecasts are filtering back to us from the countless students going to the Institute of Education. I was really shocked when I realised the

amount of students who do the Leeson Street shuffle every Saturday. Got home and tackled the Monaghan Man for as long as I could bear and then joined the family for dinner. Mum was shocked to discover that my brother and I had gone through a kilo of tomato ketchup in one week. It doesn't matter what she cooks (and she's a good cook) we still down it in sauce. We are obviously developing a stress-related dependency. Mum's also concerned about the amount of time we spend watching The Simpsons. She thinks it might affect our exam performance. Me fall English? That's impossible. I didn't sleep too well last night. I dreamt of Kavanaugh sitting on a canal bank demonstrating Archimedes' principle with a giant bottle of ketchup. Believe me my cool exterior, I'm as terrified as the next man.

Friday

After a harrowing day of answering sample exam questions in every class, I escaped to a welcome hurling training ses-

ion. Tomorrow will be a heavy study day so I didn't push it today. My whole family is into sports and luckily my parents never called a halt to my training. Some of my classmates have given up their hobbies for the exams and they're losing the plot. Early to bed, for tomorrow we swol.

Saturday

I got up early and hit the books. My desk is disappearing under a pile of clothes and scraps of paper. My brain is disappearing under a log of maths equations and geography terms. My brother is swarming around the house like it's just another day. Mum's rattling the ketchup. Dad's muttering darkly about people missing training because of bloody exams. Strangely, I feel quite calm. I'm up to speed on history and maths and I'm going out tonight.

Sunday

This morning I ran a virus check on my head. The damage was minimal so I took on a pair French paper. That went well so I had a look at Deirdre Madden's book One by One in the Darkness. Not what I'd describe as my favourite part of the course. After lunch I packed my gear and headed off for an afternoon match. We scored a goal. Pumped up by our success, I nailed a couple of gybics questions before crashing in front of the telly with the rest of my overworked family. The Narcology Association meeting is now in session.

Seamus Conboy will be writing a daily di-

All the sixth-year girls were out chasing the Dublin Minor team. It was good to have a night out without people talking about the L.C. Several beers later I headed home to my clothes. These French notes are all Greek to me now. I think it's time for bed.

Today I broke my personal record for most consecutive hours spent studying without a break.

3.05
f

Diary Writing → (A Limerick Childhood, Angelo)

B:

Q Imagine you are Frank McCourt (age 9) in his first year in Limerick.

Thurs - April 22.

UGH this place stinks! Here 2 days and I've already got a runny nose. Damn rain. And Malachy! O there's something about the smelly Irish air that makes him even more annoying than usual. And the twins broke my airplane earlier. No idea how but I found it in their room - all wet + broken, grrrrr!! "I

Sat April 24

Mum and Dad made us go down to the Furry Bog earlier to ^(mingling) ~~(mixing)~~ with the locals, whatever that's supposed to mean. They said we had to try to make some friends but when we got there there was nothing but smelly snotty nosed kids. And they're so dirty + smell like piss. This whole stupid place smells like piss. I wish John was here! ~~He'd~~ so I'd tell him about this place for one of his crazy stories.

Sun - April 25

~~My first day in Limerick~~
(Aa, I wish!)

It was raining again ~~today~~ today! I wonder how this can last. No way can it rain every single day for 356 days of the year. And the crazy Irish just sit in the Furry Bog coughing away like those ugly loads in Rotanga Junction. We'd go to mass today. It was mad boring. I guess some things are the same in every country. He



nice and dry though! and it smelled alright too

April 30 (Friday)

The sun came out today!!! There was no rain!
~~Not till after dinner anyway! I was so sure this was my day to find those leprecauns. Mr. Smith said I tried looking under the rainbow like Mr. Smith said to but the end was really far away. I bet all the golds outside Limerick. If they put it here it'd just get rusty. grrr - stupid Limerick and its stupid rain! And stupid school on Monday!~~

Mon 3rd May

I should never have faked being sick! NEVER!
When I told mom I had the flu and did Dan's toilet-tissue trick so she'd believe me she said she knew just what to do - Mary had given her a few tips or something. She gave me warm milk that tasted like onion + pepper - I nearly puked! It must of been the onion tips. I bet I'm allergic.

Kellent 47
50

Obituaries

Steve Irwin

Crocodile enthusiast who popularised wildlife on TV

Steve Irwin was a hyper-enthusiastic, thrill-seeking Australian wildlife conservationist who gained a worldwide following with his television show *The Crocodile Hunter*. Last Monday, Irwin (44) was swimming in shallow water off the north-eastern Australian coastline, 60 miles north of Cairns, while filming a documentary, when a stingray's barbed tip punctured his heart.

He was following a fleet of the fish when one turned on him and fatally struck, an extraordinarily rare action. The jab from the 10-inch barb of a stingray seldom proves fatal. Footage of the incident showed Irwin pulling out the barb, but collapsing in the water. Irwin was taken by his boat, *Croc One*, to a rescue helicopter that flew to a nearby island. Despite attempts at resuscitation, he was pronounced dead before reaching a hospital.

Irwin was known for getting melodramatically near the claws and jaws of lions and crocodiles. "While most shows use long lenses, we get right up close so the audience feels like they're smack in the middle of the bush," he once said. In the tradition of film-makers such as Jacques Cousteau, Irwin was credited with popularising wildlife science. He stalked our animals in their habitats while talking to viewers in a whisper and keeping ever alert to a sighting. He was typically clad in khaki shorts and short-sleeved shirts, and his hawk-like appearance of an African explorer, and his spiky blond hair, parted in the middle, gave him a friendly boyish air.

He boasted of hand-feeding the world's most venomous snakes without being bitten. However, a 15-year-old female saltwater crocodile once took a large bite from part of his leg, a snack Irwin defended from the animal's perspective. "The poor little female was just defending herself."

He carved such a distinctive personality that he launched a mini business empire in toys and games based on his programmes. He starred in a documentary film in 2002, *The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course*, in which the CIA goes looking for a fallen satellite that has been

swallowed by a crocodile.

He was a national icon in Australia, where prime minister John Howard invited Irwin to a prawns-and-Chablis barbecue welcoming President George W. Bush in 2003. To much derision, Irwin had called Howard "the greatest leader Australia has ever had and the greatest leader in the world", but he soon backed down by saying: "Oh, that's politics. Give me a break. It's far safer in a crocodile farm."

At times, Irwin's derring-do led to negative press, most famously in 2004 when he cradled his infant son while feeding a dead chicken to crocodiles inside a zoo pen. He claimed that the child was never in danger, and Irwin was never charged with any crime.

When not filming his specials, Irwin and his American-born wife oversaw the Australia Zoo, a popular wildlife park started by his parents. He used part of his fortune to buy land for animal conservation, which he saw as imperative because of his country's massive land-clearing operations. He also helped lead efforts to save such endangered species. "Our whole passion to be on this planet is to educate people about wildlife," he said in 1998. "I will die doing that. I have a gift."

Stephen Robert Irwin was born on February 22nd, 1962, in Essendon, Victoria, near Melbourne.

His father worked as a plumber and his mother was a maternity nurse, but they were both amateur naturalists, and in 1970 they moved the family to the rural island community of Beerwah on the Sunshine coast. They bought four acres to start their zoo, which opened to the public in 1973 as the Queensland Reptile and Animal Park.

Irwin spent much of his youth helping his mother nurse injured birds and raise kangaroos. At 11, he was overjoyed when his parents bought him his first own life-long scrub python as a birthday gift.

One of his defining early childhood experiences was "jumping" a crocodile in the Australian outback, with his father's permission. The father-son team, called with their bare hands or bred nearly all the 150 crocodiles at

their park.

After high school, Irwin joined the government's crocodile management programme, a plan to relocate the aquatic reptile when they came into conflict with people, and he distinguished himself nationally in the art of crocodile capture.

His work also took him to Australian rain forests, and he became accomplished in studying goannas, a type of lizard.

"Living like a possum, I'd occasionally come down out of the trees for a feed," he wrote in a memoir. "Fortunately, God blessed me with orang-utan arms. To study arboreal animals, you've got to become one: I could climb anything."

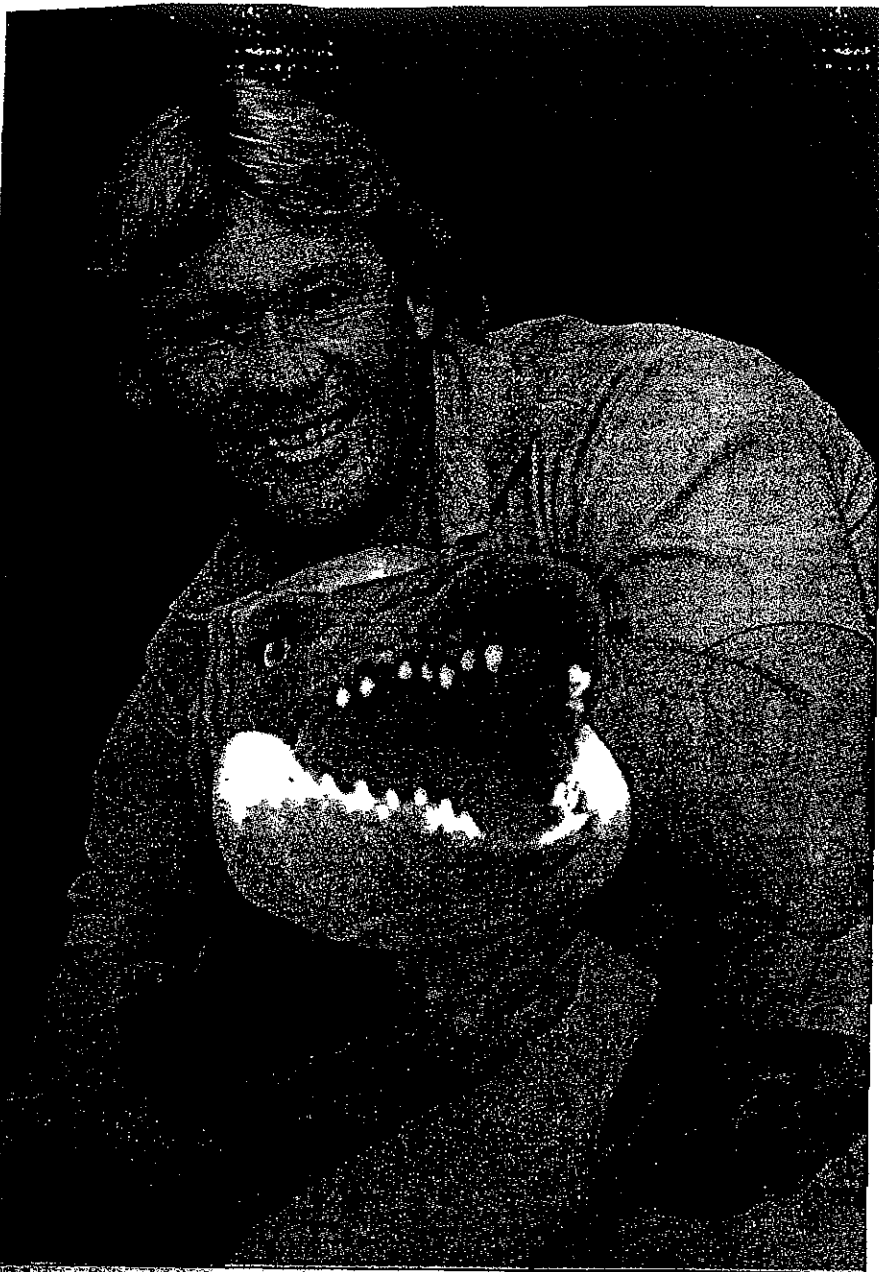
In the early 1990s, he took over his parents' park and headed a cougar conservation effort. He also filmed a 10-hour television documentary about his work called *The Crocodile Hunter*. But the producer, John Stainton, was so mesmerised by Irwin's own amateur videotapes that Stainton persuaded an Australian network to devote an entire series to Irwin.

The show proved popular in limited syndication, and the Animal Planet cable channel began airing the programme in 1996. It became the channel's most popular offering, won a Daytime Emmy Award for best children's series and led to such spin-offs as *Croc Files*.

Robert Thompson, the founding director of the Center for the Study of Popular Television at Syracuse University, said Irwin was the "consummate cable star" who "liberated the nature documentary from bounds of educational documentary" with his vaudeville-like comic touches.

In 1992, Irwin married an Oregon-born naturalist, Terri Rames, who became his filming and writing partner. She and their two young children, Hannah Sue and Robert, survive him.

Stephen Robert Irwin, born February 22nd, 1962; died September 4th, 2006.



Australian Steve Irwin, who was killed earlier this week by a stingray barb during a diving expedition on the Great Barrier Reef.

Photograph: Myung Jung Kim/PA

Obituary → Chinggis Khaan (known to Westerners as Genghis Khan)


Dynamic and inspiring leader of the great Mongolian Empire

Yesterday, ^(of disarray in Mongolia) the masses gathered in central Ulaan Baatar to say "bayartai gyalailaa", goodbye and thank you, to their unifying leader and inspirational master Chinggis Khaan who died earlier this week, ^{aged 70, proving Kushi's} ~~due to~~ ~~the~~ elixir of immortality a failure.

Chinggis Khaan, meaning "Oceanic (or Universal) King" was the honorary name ~~to~~ ~~was~~ ~~given~~ Temujin was given after he ^{men} single handedly united the rival clans of Mongolia.

Temujin ~~was~~ born in 1162, named after the Tatar chief ^{father had just killed} ~~just~~ ~~after~~ ~~his~~ ~~father~~ ~~was~~ ~~bravely~~ ~~killed~~ ~~in~~ ~~battle~~. ~~From~~ ~~day~~ ~~one~~ ~~he~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~world~~ ~~of~~ ~~violence~~. ~~born~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ (Mysteriously), he was born with a clot of blood the size of a knucklebone in his ^{during his teenage years,} ~~first~~, auguring for bloodshed. Although he killed his half-brother, he soon turned his destiny of violence into ~~positive~~ a future of construction and ^{brave} ~~war~~ ^{strong} leadership to Mongolia.

He began his legacy by uniting the many tribes of Mongolia and in 1206 he declared the formation of the Mongol ~~State~~ Empire. It is never easy being leader of a new nation and, ^{it is} even more difficult to successfully control a powerful ~~war~~ ^{warrior} empire but Chinggis managed to do both. ~~In~~ In his lifetime he transformed Mongolia from a ^{small} ~~tribal~~ tribal area to the ~~most~~ largest empire the world has ever seen.

→  He successfully introduced the Black Death into Europe killing the terrible Westerners and destroying many of the ~~old~~ ~~cultures~~ ^{old} cultures. He defeated the mighty Naiman tribe ~~and~~. In 1209, ~~he~~ he was certainly no procrastinator. He seized every opportunity and wasted no time before launching his ~~own~~ ~~own~~ ^{single handedly} cavalry ~~from~~ ~~state~~ ^{from} ~~state~~ ^{travels} ~~travels~~ by

Obituary → Chinggis Khaan (known to Westerners as Genghis Khan)

Dynamic and inspiring leader of the great Mongolian Empire

Yesterday, ~~the~~ ^(of disapproval) masses gathered to say "bayantai ba gyalailaa", goodbye and thank you, to their unifying leader and ^{aged 167, proving Kush's} inspirational master Chinggis Khaan who died earlier this week, ~~the~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} elixir of immortality a failure.

Chinggis Khaan, meaning "Oceanic & Universal King" was his honorific name ~~he~~ ^{when} ~~was~~ ^{given} Temujin, was given after he single handedly united the rival clans of Mongolia.

Temujin ~~was~~ ^{born} in 1162, named after the Tatar chief his father had just killed. ~~He~~ ^{was} ~~born~~ ^{born} in a world of violence.

~~He~~ ^{was} ~~born~~ ^{born} with a clot of

blood the size of a knucklebone ^{in his} first, ^{during his teenage years,} auguring great bloodshed. Although he killed his half-brother, he soon turned

his destiny of violence into ~~a~~ ^{braving storm} a future of constructive fighting and ^{to Mongolia} leadership.

He began his legacy by uniting the many tribes of Mongolia and in 1206 he declared the formation of the Mongol Empire. It is never easy being leader of a new nation and ^{it is} even more difficult to successfully ~~lead~~


~~control~~ a powerful warring empire but Chinggis managed to do both ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ his lifetime he transformed ~~Mongolia~~ ^{small} from a ~~tribal~~ ^{tribal} area to the ~~largest~~ ^{largest} empire the world has ever seen.

~~He~~ ^{He} successfully introduced the Black Death into Europe killing the terrible Westerners and destroying many of their ~~entire~~ ^{entire} cultures. He defeated the mighty Naiman tribe ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ 1209. ~~He~~ ^{He} was certainly no procrastinator.

He seized every opportunity and waited no time before launching his ~~entire~~ ^{single handedly} cavalry, ~~completely~~ ^{completely} known by

Chinggis ~~himself~~ himself } on Russia and China. ~~He~~

~~He~~ He fought the barbarian nomads of Turchen, who now pledge their complete loyalty to the courageous ~~leader~~ warrior.

Most impressively 

Throughout his life he remained a gracious truthful man, never lying to his people ~~and~~ ~~and~~

~~He~~ ~~always~~ always serving them ~~to~~ ~~the~~ He fought every battle ^{new} on behalf of ~~his~~ ~~people~~ ^{people} to provide a better life for each ^{citizen} ~~member~~ of the Mongol Empire and for all our ^{descendants} ~~ancestors~~.

Not only was Chinggis-Khan successful in battle.

~~He~~ He also ~~improve~~ ~~to~~ brought modern ideas and methods into a ^{primitive} ~~basic~~ world. He introduced a written

script to the Mongolian language, allowing all his great deeds to be documented in full. He instituted a

tradition of religious tolerance and initiated the first ^{major} ~~and~~ ~~only~~ direct contact with those in the west, the Pax Mongolica.

He helped create the Yasaq, Mongolia's incredibly successful legal code, which has improved Mongolia beyond recognition. Another major improvement we owe to him is the Mongolian artistic renaissance. ~~He~~ ~~taught~~

~~He~~ ~~taught~~ The magnificence of this great leader will remain an inspirational ^{to his successor. This} and parental figure of hope for all ~~but~~ ~~he~~ will be ^{sorely} missed by ~~as~~ ~~much~~ as the members of his great ~~and~~ empire.

He is survived by his wife, Bortei, his sons, Tsv. Tengri, Kokoichu, Merv and Tangut and all ~~the~~ ^{children} ~~the~~ people of the Mighty Mongolian Empire.

Chinggis Khaan \approx born ~~1162~~ 1162, died 1329.

QA → A Limerick Childhood, (Angela's Asles)

Q Discuss the effect of descriptive language in this piece

The opening paragraphs of John McCourt's Angela's Ashes are powerfully descriptive, ~~(~~is~~ of ~~it~~)~~ evoking a real sense of the Irish Catholic childhood in Limerick. ~~(~~immediately~~ in the second paragraph ~~the~~ repetition of the word 'miserable' ~~in the second paragraph~~ ~~continues~~ ~~to~~ describe this in detail using alliteration of the plosive 'p' sound creating a tone of dissatisfaction.)~~

The abrupt, monosyllabic, ~~one~~ sentence paragraph startles the reader, 'We were wet'. McCourt allows us to clearly see these 'great sheets of rain'. ~~We~~ feel the complete 'cacophony' it causes through the use of powerful phrases, such as - 'hacking coughs', 'consumptive creaks', 'the ~~builds~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~using~~ onomatopoeic 'asomatic wheezes' and 'alliterative, 'consumptive creaks'.

~~The~~ ~~creates~~ ~~a~~ ~~contrast~~ ~~between~~ ~~the~~ ~~wet~~ ~~repulsive~~ ~~the~~ ~~passage~~ ends on a very down note painting a repulsive picture of life in Limerick where coats 'sometimes sprouted mysterious vegetations,' and many a man puked up his week's wages, where ~~the~~ ~~church~~ ~~was~~ simply a 'dry place' in which they dozed to a 'priest's drone'.

The entire passage is peppered with excellent and effective descriptive language which creates a deep sense of pathos within the reader, allowing us to empathise with the narrator as no-one should have an unhappy childhood.

Supers

19
20

Composing

A personal essay does not have to be all about YOU!
It is your opinion on issues

Some ideas for personal essays:

- Historical
- Social
- Economic
- Geographic
- Environmental
- Political
- Religious
- Scientific
- Aesthetic
- Anecdotal
- Personal
- Health
- Sport
- Cultural
- Technology
- Internet
- Nature

You can have sections on these aspects of a topic and make a personal comment about it.

Title: Popular Music

Political – 60's, punk, rap

Moral – exploitation of kids

Social – express youth, culture, fashion

Environmental – waste, noise, concerts

Aesthetic – lyrics, poetry, music, dance

Personal – own taste in music

Scientific – vinyl to Cd to online

Technology – on- line music

Historical – rock n roll

Geographic – global and ethnic

Economic – big business

Religious – spiritual aspect

Title: Freedom

Political

Religious

Freedom of the Press

Historical perspective

Cultural

Personal view and perspective on above aspects

Arrange points in blocks, then off you go