Journeys - an act of going from one place to another

- Journey
- Expedition
- Travels
- Excursion
- Outing
- Junket
- Pilgrimage
- Odyssey
- Jaunt
- Trip
- Gallivant
The journey is the reward

Taoist saying

Life, as the most ancient of all metaphors insists, is a journey; and the travel book, in its deceptive simulation of the journey’s fits and starts, rehearses life’s own fragmentation.

Jonathan Raban 1942-

As you journey through life take a minute every now and then to give a thought for the other fellow. He could be plotting something.

Hagar the Horrible

A journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single step.

Lao-tzu (604 Be - 531 Be), The Way of Lao-tzu

Make wisdom your provision for the journey from youth to old age, for it is a more certain support than all other possessions.

Dias

Education is the best provision for the journey to old age.

Aristotle (384 Be - 322 Be)

It is good to have an end to journey towards, but it is the journey that matters in the end.

Ursula K. LeGuin

The avarice of the old: it’s absurd to increase one’s luggage as one nears the journey’s end.

Cicero (106 Be - 43 Be)

If all the difficulties were known at the outset of a long journey, most of us would never start out at all.

William Buckley Jr

A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.

Chinese proverb

Along the journey we commonly forget its goal. Almost every vocation is chosen and entered upon as a means to a purpose but is ultimately continued as a final purpose in itself. Forgetting our objectives is the most frequent stupidity in which we indulge ourselves.

Freidrich Nietzsche
We do not receive wisdom, we must discover for ourselves, after a journey through the wilderness which no one else can make for us, which no one can spare us, for our wisdom is the point of view from which we come alt last to regard the world.

Marcel Proust

We must get beyond textbooks, go out into the bypaths and untrodden depths of the wilderness and travel and explore and tell the world the glories of our journey.

John Hope Franklin

Sincerity is like travelling on a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey’s end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.

John Tillotson

Everything in life is somewhere else. And you get there in a car.

E B White

A traveller without observation is a bird without wings.

Eddin Moslih Saadi

Who would venture upon the journey of life, if compelled to begin at the end?

Francoise de Maintenon

Stop worrying about the potholes in the road and celebrate the journey!

Fitzhugh Millan

Heroes take journeys, confront dragons and discover the treasure of their true selves.

Carol Pearson

If you want to succeed you should strike out on new paths rather than travel the worn paths of accepted success.

John D Rockefeller Jr

The soul of the journey is liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases.

William Hazlitt
What does journey mean?

The concept of a journey is a very old one. The word journey comes from an Old French word jour which literally meant the duration of a day. The verb to journey meant the distance travelled over a day. So a journey was both a thing and an action.

A journal used to be a record of a day's activity and a journalist was someone writing about the activities of a day. Of course, these words have widened their meaning so that journal can cover longer periods of time and a journalist can write articles over longer periods of time than a day.

A journey suggests a trip, a movement from one place to another and includes all the experiences undergone along the way. The good thing about a journey is that it can be physical or imaginative. There is also a sense that any physical journey incurs experiences which affect one's psychological state, the psyche, both intellectually and emotionally.

We can fly from Sydney to New Zealand and undertake a physical journey. We can sit at our desks in the classroom and take an imaginative journey as we daydream. We can take a journey which changes us as people. It can simply be that we have experienced something beyond our normal everyday lives, the death of a friend or relative, moving house or school, expanding our emotional horizons.

Picture the Times
Four stage Process of Analysing Static Images

1. Description
   - What can you see?
   - Name all the objects / elements that appear.
   - How have they been created?

2. Analysis
   - How have the objects/elements been arranged?
   - What are the relationships between the various objects / elements?
   - What is the mood of the work?
   - What factors / techniques contribute to this?

3. Interpretation
   - What do you think the individual objects/elements mean?
   - Are there any recognisable symbols?
   - What emotive / connotative techniques are evident?
   - How have these been communicated?
   - What effects are created by placing the separate objects /elements in their various relationships?
   - What is the overall theme / main idea /intended purpose?

4. Judgement
   - How successfully does the static image convey its main idea?
   - What techniques have been employed successfully? Explain fully.
   - What techniques are less successful? Explain fully.
STUDY THE CARTOON USING THE FOLLOWING GUIDELINES:

1. Framework:
   - Is there a frame around the cartoon?
   - Does the frame isolate the cartoon from or link it to text in any way? Why?
   - Does this help the meaning of the cartoon?

2. Dimension:
   - Who is in the cartoon?
   - What size are the characters and figures used?
   - What is happening?
   - Is the background simple or complicated?

3. Symbols:
   - What symbols are used?
   - What do the symbols represent?
   - How do the symbols help convey the message of the cartoon?

4. Bias:
   - Who looks nice, kind, helpful?
   - How have you identified this?
   - Who looks ugly, nasty, stupid?
   - What facial features are used to convey emotions?

5. Message:
   - What is the cartoon saying?
   - Is there a serious message?
   - What ideas does the cartoonist want you to think about?

6. Words:
   - Has the cartoonist used labels/speech balloons/captions to get the ideas across?
   - Which words convey emotion' or action e.g. ‘POW’?
RELATIONSHIP - WHAT IS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE VIEWER, THE IMAGE AND THE COMPOSER?

MODALITY
• Does the image convey realism? (eg photographs) - HIGH MODALITY
• Is the image less realistic? (eg cartoons) - LOW MODALITY
• What is the effect of the composer's choice?
• How are colour, tone (shade/light) and texture used?
• To what effect? Consider ideas of science fiction, as well as effect on responder.

CONTACT
• Does the image engage the responder directly by making direct eye contact (demand)? Does the image not directly engage the responder (offer)?
• Is the image looking at another image, phenomena or thing?
• What is the effect of these choices?

MODE - HOW HAS THE IMAGE BEEN PUT TOGETHER?

READING PATHS
• Where is the eye of the responder first drawn (salience)?
• Does the eye then move to another part of the image? Which part?
• What guides this movement? Consider shapes, colours, gaze etc.

VECTORS
• How is movement shown? What idea does this convey?

LAYOUT
• What objects are placed in the foreground of the Image? (REAL)
• What objects are in the background? (IDEAL)
Language Appreciation Guide

1. Theme and Purpose
   a. Subject - what is it about?
   b. Composer's purpose:
      - To instruct
      - To describe
      - To narrate
      - To persuade
      - To move (impact on the responder)
      - To be emotive (attack or defend)
   c. To whom is it directed?
   d. Themes
      i. Underlying ideas
      ii. Deeper communication to responder

2. Tone
   a. Attitude or feelings expressed by the persona
   b. Examples: belligerent, dignified, sincere, sarcastic, exaggerated, apologetic, loving
   c. Determined by word choice and the meaning attached to the words
      - Connotation
      - Denotation
      - Coloured language
      - Euphemism
      - Innuendo

3. Structure
   a. How the text is constructed and for what effect
      i. Paragraphs
      ii. Sentence length and use of clauses
      iii. Use of spacing

4. Vocabulary (word choice, diction)
   a. Connotations - shades of meaning
   b. Tone
   c. Level of language
   d. Use of adjectives and adverbs
   e. Use of active or passive voice
   f. Use of tense
   g. Use of figurative language

5. Sentences
   a. Are they short, long, regular and for what effect?
   b. Type: simple, complex, compound
   c. Effect: balanced, abrupt, flowing
   d. Punctuation: commas, full stops, parenthesis, question marks
   e. Coherence: how are the sentences connected?
   f. Topic sentence - introduces the topic.
6. Style
a. How does the style of writing fits its purpose - is it suitable, effective?
b. Elements of style:
   i. Appropriateness - the matching of manner to the matter, of form to content. Consider the composer's purpose and how the central idea is being conveyed and expressed.
   ii. Arrangement of ideas - the way the composer presents the line of argument or information.
   iii. Diction: choice of words
      1. Are the words appropriate to the theme and tone of the passage?
      2. Do the sounds of the words influence meaning or mood of the text?
      3. Is the choice of words appropriate to the composer's purpose?
      4. Are the words used figuratively or literally?
c. Words to describe style:
   - Simple, direct, clear, concise, exact
   - Rich, vivid, colourful, florid
   - Artistic, poetic, refined, learned
   - Remote, serious, dignified, reserved
   - Colloquial, familiar, friendly
   - Unnatural, exaggerated
   - Pompous, grandiose
   - Quaint, eccentric, absurd,
   - Subtle, delicate

7. Levels of Language
a. Formal
   i. Prepared text
   ii. Correct grammar and extensive vocabulary
   iii. Well ordered with well developed line of argument
b. Colloquial
   i. Conversational language
   ii. Simple language, natural, spontaneous
   iii. Shorter and simpler sentences and structure
c. Slang
   i. Specific language for a group or sub-culture
   ii. More colourful, emotive

8. Jargon - specific language or an occupation or activity (technical language)

9. Total Effect
a. Did the composer achieve the purpose of the text?
b. Is it effective?
c. Are the ideas original?
d. Is the text interesting?
e. Is the grammar correct?
f. Is the word choice effective?
g. Does the text suit its context?
GLOSSARY OF LITERARY TERMS & CONCEPTS IN ENGLISH

AFFECTIVE
arousing feelings or emotions

ALLITERATION
is the repetition of consonant sounds in a series of words. If the consonants are the same but the sounds are different they do not alliterate.
Eg: "... the grease that kisses the onions with a hiss." from WILLIAM STREET by Kenneth Slessor

ALLUSION
is the reference to well-known figures and/or other texts
Eg: "And thrice I heard the Cock crow thinking I knew it's meaning well."
from COCK CROW by Rosemary Dobson. The reference here is to the denial of Jesus after his arrest by one of his disciples.

ANTITHESIS
is the placing of one concise view against another
Eg: "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man and writing an exact man" by Francis Bacon

APPOSTROPHE
is an address to a person absent, dead or an address to an abstract entity
Eg. "0 memory so like the little lark that runs" from GALLIPOLI by Mary Gilmore.

APPROPRIATED TEXT
A text which has been taken from one context and translated The process of translation allows new insights into the original text and emphasises contextual differences between the two.

ASSONANCE
is the repetition of vowel sounds. The vowels themselves may be different but the sound has to be the same.
Eg: "If 1 should die, think this only of me " from THE SOLDIER by Rupert Brooke

BINARY OPPOSITIONS
are pairs of opposites that organise thinking and culture (eg. good/evil, nature/culture) and so structure texts. Many oppositions are used in a way that privileges one of the terms (eg in Westerns, the individualism of the hero is privileged over the community spirit of the townsfolk) and so has the effect of promoting an ideology.

CLICHE
is a time-worn phrase used to explain thought or feeling. They are usually images that have lost their power to surprise because of over-use.
Eg: like a bat out of hell or as old as the hills or he's a cold fish.

CONNOTATION
is an idea or feeling associated with a word. Some words have richer associations than others eg 'house' may be the building in which you live but 'home' refers to the same object and has associations of warmth, family, security.

CONTEXT
The range of personal, social, historical, cultural and workplace conditions in which a text is responded to and composed.
CONVENTIONS
Accepted practices or features which help define forms of texts and meaning (see genre). We recognise a genre (type of text) through its conventions eg Conventions of a Western include such stock characters as hero (white hat), villain (black hat), school marm, bar girl, themes such as tension between the settled life of the town and the freedom of the frontier which resolves as hero rides into the sunset with his best pal, his horse.

CULTURE
The social practices of a particular people or group, including shared beliefs, values, knowledge, customs and lifestyle.

DENOUEMENT
comes from a French word meaning unknotted or unravelling and refers the resolution of the plot usually at the end of a play or film.

DISCOURSE
is a term used when analysing texts to refer to the language and ways of communicating that are common to a particular group or institution. It is not as specialised as jargon ego the discourse of education contains such expressions as "students needs", "regular lessons", "recess", "reports" etc.

FIGURE OF SPEECH
(or figurative language) is another term used for imagery and generally refers to such devices as metaphor, simile and personification.

GENRE
A category or type of text that can be recognised by specific aspects of its subject matter, form and language eg: Teenflic - usually set in a high school with stock characters such as the cool kids, sport jocks, nerds. There is often a romantic interest but the central problem is usually social or ethical and problems tend to be resolved in the end with some degree of justice.

ELLIPSIS
refers to the omitting words from a sentence/paragraph. It is common in transcripts of conversations and is sometimes indicated by ...

EUPHEMISM
is an acceptable or mild expression which replaces an unpleasant or hurtful one. For example, some people find it too distressing to speak of death and so soften the effect by such terms as: he has passed on; she has gone to a better place etc.

IMAGE
is a term that has a range of meanings in the study of English. It can refer to:
- a real or ideal resemblance eg: He moulds himself in the image of his father
- a projection of light or arrangement of pixels on a screen
- a public impression eg: a politician's image

IMAGERY
refers to the mental representations of pictures, sounds, smells textures and tastes that are created through powerful or interesting use of language. Imagery can often refer to figures of speech such as metaphor, simile and personification.

INTERTEXTUALITY
is the ways texts make reference to other texts. These references may be
- explicit such as an allusion
• implied by the many different ways a composer can draw our attention to other texts (such as parallel situations, sameness of genre, satire, parody etc.)
• inferred from your own reading. This refers to the way that you draw on your own experience of texts. These references need not have occurred to the composer and can in fact be drawn from texts composed at a later period. For example, our reading of the original *Emma* by Jane Austen is affected by the fact that we have seen the film *Clueless*.

JARGON
refers to the language or technical terms specific to a particular subject.

HYPERBOLE
a deliberate exaggeration for dramatic effect and not intended to be taken literally
eg: "... the endless cry of death and pain." from *GALLIPOLI* by Mary Gilmore

LANGUAGE MODES
Listening, speaking, reading, writing, viewing and representing.
These modes are often integrated and interdependent activities used in responding to and composing texts. It is important to realise that:
• any combination of the modes may be involved in responding to or composing print, sound, visual or multimedia texts; and
• the refinement of the skills of anyone of the modes develops skills in the others.

MEDIUM
The physical form in which the text exists or through which the text is conveyed.

METAPHOR
is a comparison where one thing is said to be another eg
The crimson rose of passion (Passion= crimson rose)

ONOMATOPOEIA
is the use of words whose sound echoes their sense
eg: "... the boom of shells"
from *THE REAR- GUARD* by Siegfried Sassoon

OXYMORON
is a contradiction in two words placed next to each other to heighten the contrast
eg: "Parting is such sweet sorrow."
from *ROMEO AND JULIET* by William Shakespeare

PARADIGM
Organising principles and underlying beliefs that form the basis of a set of shared concepts.

PERSPECTIVE
A way of looking at situations, facts and texts and evaluating their meaning or value.

POPULAR CULTURE
Cultural experiences widely enjoyed by members of various groups within the community.

PARADOX
is a contradiction which at first seems irreconcilable, but with deeper reflection proves to be a truth. A paradox that is frequent in literature is birth in death which refers to the nature of the life cycle.

PARALLELISM
is the repetition of words, plot elements, or structures with variation, a frequent pattern found in texts.
PARODY
is a conscious imitation of another work usually for a satiric purpose
eg, "I love a sunburnt country a land of open drains ..."

PRECIS
a summary of the main points of a text REPETITION of words is used to add emphasis
eg: "Alone, alone, all, all alone. Alone on a wide, wide sea"
from THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

PERSONIFICATION
is the figure of speech which gives human qualities to non-human things
eg: "The Kind old Sun will know" from FUTILITY by Wilfred Owen

SARCASM
is the use of sharp direct and intentionally cutting words. Literally means flesh tearing
eg: "He has so many faults and defects it will be hard to replace him in the job."

SATIRE
is composition which holds up to ridicule human vice or frailty in a scornful and amusing way SIMILE is the figure of speech which compares two things using 'like' or 'as'
eg: "The bomb burst like a flower." from HIROSHIMA by Angela /1.1 Clifton

SPOONERISM
is the exchanging of the first few letters of adjacent words
eg: "Kinquering Kongs" (Conquering kings)

TONE
is the writer's attitude to his or her subject matter or readers. You can often decide the tone by imagining the tone of voice a writer might be using if speaking the text.
Trip Cancelled

It's happened as they said it would. While I was shoring up my hopes and making plans to go abroad remission has discreetly stopped:

Last night I tentatively pinned a map of Europe on my wall and dreamt its cities of the mind – those languages, that sense of scale.

Today the doctor spoke of death but what I thought of was a day back on the dappled farm beneath the peppertree a life ago.

The words for death are all too clear. I write the poem dumb with fear.

39 Ngunda messenger of God (author's gloss)

REVISITING THE LESSONS OF YOUTH 30 YEARS LATER

SAN JOAQUIN-It is twilight. I am standing outside a locked wire fence that surrounds the feedlot where I worked three summers as a teenager. A new owner, I'm told, is attempting to revive the operation yet again, but for now the place seems a ghostly wreck.

Pens that once held as many as 50,000 head of cattle are all but empty. The grain elevators and storage tanks sleep under blankets of rust. Squirrels dart about everywhere on frantic sundown missions. Of course, twilight always was a strange, melancholy time at the Noble's Land and Cattle Co. feedlot. At dusk the hiss and thrum of the mill would cease, and the cattle would rise up by the thousands and shuffle about inside their pens,

This stirring would send up thick clouds of dust that, backlit by the fading sun, turned golden red in colour. And the dominant sound was that of tens of thousands of hooves thudding against the dirt-a herd on the march to nowhere.

I have come back here to make a list. It is a list of all the things I learned nearly 30 years ago in three summers at this feedlot. My list-making was triggered by a newspaper headline. "Summer Work Is Out of Favour With the Young," the headline declared. When I spotted this headline my first reaction was: Good for the young.
I was remembering, sourly, how difficult it had been to haul my then skinny frame out of bed at 4:30 a.m. every day, six days a week, for the 35-mile drive to the feedlot and 12 hours of low-wage work. I was forgetting all that I learned in those summers. For instance, how to cool beer with a fire extinguisher. As I mentioned a few columns back, in another context, on slow Saturday afternoons the mill hands would gather in the cinder-block control room with a six-pack of beer. They'd set the cans against a wall and blast them with the gas of a fire extinguisher, chilling the beer in a flash. This, though, was not the only lesson I took away from my summer work experience. In fact, I am a bit startled by the length of the list I've built in the half-hour I've been here, peering through the fence at the ghost mill, remembering.

Here was where I learned how to talk to truck drivers. They'd pull in by the score each morning, hauling grain, and as they waited to dump their loads they'd share with me, the 16 year-old grain-tester, stories from the road. These tended to fall into two main categories: stories about outwitting the California Highway Patrol, and stories about carnal adventures at truck stops.

Here I learned about work, hard, physical work in the oven that is the valley in August. This probably explains why the jobs I've held since all have been of the kind that require soft chairs and indoor "work" stations.

My views on immigration were formed here. I worked alongside men from Mexico. They were not "aliens;" though I assume some were a bit short in the paperwork department. They were not "invaders." They were just men who worked hard and talked dreamily about saving enough money to return home and start cattle ranches of their own.

I learned about maintaining perspective. A good day was one spent driving air-conditioned trucks through the pens, delivering feed to the cattle. On a bad day they'd hand us a shovel and send us out to scoop manure from the troughs. "It all pays the same," one of the veteran hands would say with a shrug,

I learned about mistakes. I once managed with one wrong pull of a skip loader lever to unleash a river of molasses across the feedlot. It took the entire crew all day to clean up the mess, a massive operation, and the total damage was calculated to be in the tens of thousands of dollars. The foreman who informed how much I had cost the company said he wasn't going to fire me or even chew me out. It was clear, he said softly, I already felt rotten enough.

I learned not everybody is born lucky. There was a worker named Alvin, a stumpy little man who once had a job flagging for a crop duster. He was standing in the road one day, waving a flag to show the pilot where to spray, when a woman in a Cadillac struck Alvin and dragged him some amazing distance. He lived, only to be sued by the motorist for the damage his face caused to her bumper. This sorry story was told on Alvin again and again in the little cafeteria where we ate lunch. He didn't seem to mind. He'd listen, blush and smile his broken smile, ruefully shaking his head at his own misfortune,

I could keep going, but the point should be clear by now. When I was young and ignorant of the world I landed by luck on the other side of this fence and found out some things no college or summer camp could have taught me—a common enough experience. And please don't get me wrong, I am not saying that I learned the answers to all of life's riddles at this feedlot; I suspect I didn't even learn a fraction of the right questions.

For instance, none of my rustic tutors ever told me how tedious, seemingly endless, 12-hour workdays with distance will become mere tics in a life that seems to race along all too fast. Nobody in that lunchroom ever suggested that in 30 years I might come back and find all of them scattered and gone and the place overrun by squirrels.

By Peter H. King
Los Angeles Times  July. 2001
Smoke, tea and spilt ink

Last summer I went to Vietnam. I was seventeen. It was my first time overseas and I was alone.

Vietnam is a country of many contradictions. The landscapes are beautiful, the people are friendly, but the history is dark. The culture is rich, but the economy is struggling. The food is delicious, but the living conditions are艰苦. It was a place of both beauty and struggle.

I spent my days exploring the cities and towns, trying to understand the place I was in. I visited the Ho Chi Minh Mausoleum, the ancient temples and the war memorials. Each place had its own story, its own history. I learned about the war, the protests, the sacrifices. I felt a sense of respect and admiration for the people who had lived through such hardship.

I also spent time with the locals. I met farmers, workers, students. I saw their struggles, their hopes, their dreams. I learned about their culture, their traditions, their way of life. I felt a sense of connection, a sense of empathy.

I left Vietnam with a newfound appreciation for the world. I left with a sense of responsibility to do my part in making a difference. I left with a sense of hope, a sense of possibility.

Vietnam is a place of contrasts, a place of beauty and struggle, a place of hope and despair. It is a place that will stay with me forever.
place I had to walk was along the ley lines of southern England. I'd heard about them years ago, and was fascinated by their spiritual significance and the mystery surrounding them. (Ley lines are imaginary lines linking ancient sites, not only in England, but all over the world. They are believed to contain spiritual energy that can be tapped into.) I could walk from London, where Jeremy had last lived, to Cornwall where he'd surfed at Easter that year, following the ley lines as I went. Added to this was the prospect of meeting some friends he'd made that holiday and telling them why he'd never been in touch again. I'd walk the 400-odd kilometres to seek them out and tell them Jeremy's story.

So, when to go? The northern spring seemed the ideal time. Regenerative and, hopefully, good walking weather. With growing conviction that I was doing the right thing, I made my starting point St Bride's, the church in Fleet Street where a memorial had
been dedicated to the 16 journalists who'd died in Iraq last year. Jeremy's name was among them. Easter Sunday seemed the perfect time. I'd attend the morning service, light a candle at the journalists' altar and set off.

**NOW THE REAL PLANNING BEGAN.** FLIGHTS were booked, tickets purchased and arrival dates set. Weeks of physical training lay ahead. Early each day I'd pull on my walking boots, lift an increasingly weighted backpack onto my shoulders and set off along the coast or through the bush trails close to home. I followed a high-energy diet, gradually increased my fitness and started to actually enjoy the two to three hours of walking each day. By the time I left I was optimistic, although still full of doubts. No amount of preparation could really ensure that I'd stand up to the physical test of seven to nine hours of walking, day in, day out. Would my knees hold out? Would my feet get blistered? How would my back stand up to the weight of the pack? How would I stand up emotionally to the strain of being alone for three weeks? Would I find it spiritually fulfilling or not? With all the advice my pilgrim could offer, the only way to find out was to go and see. I looked upon it as a quest for answers.

When I arrived in London on the morning of Easter Saturday, my 21-year-old son, Timmy, met me at the airport. Tim had been on a working holiday in London for the past 12 months and on Easter Sunday he and I lit our candles at St Bride's and walked out along the Thames Embankment to the house in Fulham where Jeremy had last lived. So far, so good. A five-hour walk and a pub lunch along the way. I can cope with this.

Day two, I woke early and, bidding goodbye to Tim, walked out across the Putney Bridge, up the rise and onto Putney Heath. It was to be one of the longest days of my life.

Three and a half hours later I finally reached Kingston-upon-Thames, where I stopped for a mid-morning break. I settled myself into the window of a coffee shop and wrote in my journal. Optimistically, I recorded: "Four hours to Windsor - avant." Less than two hours later I was utterly spent. Was it really going to be this hard? My pilgrim had warned me that I would probably have to work through a pain barrier at some stage, but this early? On the first full day?

It's amazing what a hot bath and a 10-hour sleep can do. Next day I was ready. I never looked back. Each day I passed through tiny villages built around an ancient church, which I'd make a point of visiting. Many of them were dedicated to the Virgin Mary, who'd also lost her son, and I felt close to her as I left prayers for Jeremy wherever I could. Remembering him in this way, I felt I was telling his story as I went, and sharing my sorrow with others. It was strangely comforting.

I walked alone, stopping each night at B&Bs or pubs along the way. Always greeted with interest, I found that I was unable to address the question of why I was doing this walk. Repeatedly I'd be asked, and repeatedly I'd avoid answering. I wasn't ready yet to tell the story.

I realised that at home everyone knew what had happened to Jeremy. I didn't have to talk about it, and the subject had come up less and less. Could I tell the story to a complete stranger? All I knew was that I just didn't want to.

**ON I WENT THROUGH HAMPSHIRE AND WILTSHIRE, Dorset, Somerset and Devon.** Averaging 25 kilometres a day, I visited the great cathedrals of Winchester and Salisbury, the abbeys of Glastonbury and Sherborne, lighting candles and leaving prayers as I went. I was becoming more and more at peace, and closer to Jem, whom I talked to all day long. He was truly walking alongside me and buoying my spirits. I felt as though he was guiding me, protecting me and keeping me company.

By the end of week three, I was nearing my destination. I felt elated as I followed the south-west coastal path to Polzeath, Jeremy's friends received me with open arms. How weird I must have seemed. This stranger from the other side of the world, ringing up out of the blue and asking to meet Telling them the saddest story, through tears and pain. They were good listeners: understanding and compassionate, they waited when necessary, quietly taking in every painful detail. It was so cathartic for me to tell my story, Jeremy's story, my family's story. I felt spent, and strangely washed clean.

That night as I lay listening to the waves pounding on the beach where Jem had last surfed, I cried as I'd never cried before. It was truly a watershed and I faced the next day and those to come with renewed energy and, yes, even joy. I'd done what I'd set out to do. It hadn't been easy, but it hadn't been too hard, either; it'd been the right thing. Telling my story had validated my experience, and somehow made it real at last.
End of Year 6 Dance

In a school hall strung with streamers, eighty children gathered with their teachers to celebrate the end of their seven years of primary school.

It was a sultry summer evening; they had spent the day making wall hangings.

They now wore their best clothes, the girls in short, flared dresses and sly little sandals, the boys in baggy jeans, flowing shirts and enormous shoes, every inch of their burgeoning puberty, hidden from view. Hair-braided, under-cut, moulded and moussed-shone. Cheeks glowed. The hall was full of talk and laughter. Now it was time to dance.

A teacher who had complimented the children by also turning up in her Sunday best, pressed the button on the giant ghetto-blaster and as tortured piano notes trembled in the hall, the boys chose their partners for the Pride of Erin dance.

They'd been practising for weeks. They had learned to step and slide, to dip and kick, to go forward and back and side-together-side. They whirled, they twirled, they clung, they flung, they counted and they kept in time. Most of the time.

When the music stopped they cheered; they clapped their hands and called for more. Most of them were twelve years old. In a few weeks' time they would be starting high school. Big-time. Teenagers. Growing up. Growing tall. Growing smarter, Doing different things. Making choices.

In a few months' time it would take more than music and laughter and friendship to make them happy. Right now they were still kids, counting and smiling in their smart clean clothes.

* * *

It was dark outside where the parents had gathered to collect their children, but the primary school hall was full of fluorescent light and laughter.

'It's time, it's time!' the kids shouted and the teachers nodded and grinned and slid another CD disc into the ghetto-blaster on the stage.

As the new music filled the hall the girls began dancing to a different beat. They danced in irregular lines, without partners, alone but in time, slowly at first, then faster as the grinding thud of the techno music caught their feet and drove them into rhythms of their own creation.

They danced and danced. Boys and girls alike executed swift neat manoeuvres involving hips, legs and feet, twisting and turning, hitting their heels, jumping, turning, jerking around and starting the whole routine again.

There wasn't any counting. The music pounded. The grown-ups fell back into the darkness and watched in wonder as their graceless and awkward children, now as mechanical as well-oiled machines, performed routines they'd never known.
Robert Frost: The Road Not Taken (1915)

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth.

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
SUMMER RAIN

At 4 o'clock cars
clutter on the highway like abacus beads.
No one dares overtake.
Sunlight scrawls
through the dust and the fumes,
and the shadows slap at the edge of the grass.

Somewhere ahead, there's been an accident.
One by one, the engines
stop, the cars slump into dusk.

You wrench yourself from the road,
sift the dark trees
for diversion.
Sub-division houses-teacups
of colour from television sets,

steam rising from ovens and showers
like mist across a swampland. The cricket sound
of voices and cutlery.

Only the children
stay outside, bruised with dirt
and school, squeezing play
from the tattered edges of the afternoon,
In the darkness, they grow
to be heroes, clash in the park
like cars on a highway,
pound out grudges
tight as steel. At last they slacken
home forgetfully.

As the wreck is cleared, rain trembles
across the cars
and the charred, unbroken road.

John Foulcher
We Are Going

For Grannie Coolwell

They came in to the little town
A semi-naked band subdued and silent,
All that remained of their tribe.
They came here to the place of their old bora ground
Where now the many white men hurry about like ants.
Notice of estate agent reads: 'Rubbish May Be Tipped Here'.
Now it half covers the traces of the old bora ring*.
They sit and are confused, they cannot say their thoughts:
We are as strangers here now, but the white tribe are the strangers.
We belong here, we are of the old ways.
We are the corroboree and the bora ground,
We are the old sacred ceremonies, the laws of the elders.
We are the wonder tales of Dream Time, the tribal legends told.
We are the past, the hunts and the laughing games, the wandering camp fires.
We are the lightning-bolt over Gaphembah Hill
Quick and terrible,
And the Thunderer after him, that loud fellow.
We are the quiet daybreak paling the dark lagoon.
We are the shadow-ghosts creeping back as the camp fires burn low.
We are nature and the past, all the old ways
Gone now and scattered.
The scrubs are gone, the hunting and the laughter.
The eagle is gone, the emu and the kangaroo are gone from this place.
The bora ring is gone.
The corroboree is gone.
And we are going.

Oodgeroo Noonuccal

(*sacred ground where initiation rites were held)
Ozymandias

Percy Bysshe Shelley
[composed December 27 1817 during a sonnet-writing competition; published 1818]

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said--"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert .... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,
look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away"
Sturt's Dreaming

Captain Charles Sturt (Charlotte called him -- "Charlie dear")
efficient explorer -
projecting a topographical dream
on this mysterious and unknown land;
marshalling his officers and steadfast men,
sheep on the hoof, provisions piled on drays
and, drawn by patient pairs
of plodding bullocks,
a splendid wooden painted boat all set to launch
on an inland sea, already coolly lapping in Sturt's mind.

Iron-shod wheels plough deep in hot red sand,
rattle and jar over wicked gibber plains.
Aborigines, immersed in their own dreaming,
watch this ancestral canoe
toil up the sliding sides of dunes
bobble, insect-like, through spinifex,
on its way to a legendary ocean
charted only
by the false trigonometry of birds.

Bruce Lundgren
Fax X

Today set sail like a cruising ship
taking us with it, so we waved goodbye
to the selves that we were yesterday
and left them ashore like a memory
while we launched out on the open sea,
were travelling! The breeze grew stiff
so we grabbed the railings, tasted the surf
as the sky came towards us, the equator noon
a place to pass us, while the tropics of tea
swung over us and straight on by
as time kept sailing and we hung on,
admiring the vistas of being away
while the shadows died down from the flames of day
and we coasted around a long headland of sky
and into night's port while, out in the bay
tomorrow called out like a ringing buoy.

Gwyneth Lewis
Welsh 1959-
The One Who Goes Away

Born in Ahmedabad, Sujata Bhatt emigrated to the United States in her teens and now lives in Germany. A recipient of the Commonwealth Poetry Prize, she has published three volumes of verse, which have now collected into one volume, *Point No Point* (Carcanet, 1997).

There are always, in each of us,
these two: the one who stays,
the one who goes away -
Eleanor Wilner

But I am the one
who always goes away.

The first time was the most-
was the most
silent.
I did not speak, did not answer
those who stood waving
with the soft noise
of saris flapping in the wind.

To help the journey
coconuts were flung
from Juhu beach
into the Arabian Sea –
But I saw beggars jump in
after those coconuts - a good catch
for dinner. And in the end
who gets the true luck
from those sacrificed coconuts?

I am the one
who always goes away.

Sometimes I'm asked if
I were searching for a place
that can keep my soul
from wandering
a place where I can stay
without wanting to leave.

Who knows.

Maybe the joy lies
in always being able to leave -

But I never left home. I carried it away
with me - here in my darkness
in myself. If I go back, retrace my steps

I will not find
that first home anywhere outside
in that mother-land place.

We weren't allowed to take much
but I managed to hide
my home behind my heart.

Look at the deserted beach
now it's dusk - no sun
to turn the waves gold,
no moon to catch
the waves in silver mesh -

Look
at the in-between darkness
when the sea is unmasked
she's no beauty queen.
Now the wind stops
beating around the bush -

While the earth calls
and the hearth calls
come back, come back -

I am the one
who always goes away.

Because I must –

with my home intact but always changing
so the windows don't match
the doors anymore - the colours
clash in the garden -
And the ocean lives in the bedroom.

I am the one
who always goes
away with my home
which can only stay inside
in my blood - my home which does not fit
with any geography.

Sujata Bhatt
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