



# Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2014

## English - Ordinary Level - Paper 1

Total Marks: 200

Wednesday, June 4<sup>th</sup> – Morning, 9.30 – 12.20

- This paper is divided into two sections, Section I COMPREHENDING and Section II COMPOSING.
- The paper contains **three** texts on the general theme of INTERESTING PEOPLE.
- Candidates should familiarise themselves with each of the texts before beginning their answers.

- Both sections of this paper (COMPREHENDING and COMPOSING) must be attempted.
- Each section carries 100 marks.

### SECTION I – COMPREHENDING

- Two Questions, A and B, follow each text.
- Candidates must answer a Question A on one text and a Question B on a different text. Candidates must answer only one Question A and only one Question B.
- **N.B.** Candidates may NOT answer a Question A and a Question B on the same text.

### SECTION II – COMPOSING

- Candidates must write on **one** of the compositions 1 – 7.



## TEXT 1

## ROY KEANE

The following text is based on an edited extract from *Keane, The Autobiography* by Roy Keane, co-written with Eamon Dunphy.

1. I was born on 10 August 1971, the fourth of five children, in Mayfield, a northern suburb of Cork city. I was named Roy Maurice, the second name being after my dad, who is better known as Mossie. My mother, Marie, came from a well-known sporting family. Though my father worked at one stage for the local Sunbeam Wolsey knitwear company, it had gone into liquidation by the time I was growing up. After that, at a time when work was hard to come by, my dad took work wherever he could find it, including jobs at Guinness and Pfizer's. These were the 1970s and 1980s when one world recession seemed to follow another. Growing up I was aware that money was always scarce, for example, we never had a car. Yet to be honest I was never really short of anything. My mother and my father were warm, loving parents. My older brothers and my sister looked out for me.

2. I went to the local primary school. I didn't shine in the classroom. I was quiet, happy not to be noticed. For me and my friends it was sport rather than education that really mattered in our lives. Life began when the bell rang to signal the end of the school day. After school our lives centred round the local community. Trips to the city, which was five miles away, were a rare treat. Every St Stephen's Day we'd go into town to see the latest picture, followed by a trip to Burgerland. Sport was our drug of choice. Before finally choosing soccer I had a go at hurling and boxing. My hurling career was brief. My hurley broke and a splinter in my leg caused a wound that took months to heal.

IMAGE 1



source: Irish Times (Cathal Noonan/Inpho)

Roy Keane signs an autograph for a fan

3. I boxed at Brian Dillon's Boxing Club at Dillon's Cross. I had only four bouts, in the Irish Novice League, though I won them all. My boxing coach gave me an ultimatum to pick soccer or boxing. So the boxing was ditched. But boxing had helped me to develop as a sportsman. Skipping and sparring made me more agile. I also acquired a certain confidence when confronted by physical aggression. The techniques and disciplines learned in the boxing ring provided me with a psychological edge: I could look after myself even though I was small and shy.

4. Like most Cork people I am extremely proud of my roots. When asked about their origins Cork people invariably reply with a mischievous grin, 'Irish by birth: Cork by the grace of God.' Laughter is something I'll always associate with my own home and my city. Laughter through good times and bad. And laughter at any poor fool not blessed by being born in the Rebel County (Cork). A superiority complex is the mark of a sound Corkman. And the women are worse.

5. Ours was a staunch soccer family. My father was a useful player with two local junior clubs. On my mother's side of the family her dad and two uncles all won FAI junior medals. So my brothers and I were bred to play. There was never any doubt that I would play for Rockmount AFC instead of my local club where all my school friends played. Because of its renown Rockmount attracted all the best young footballers from all over the Cork suburbs.



Roy Keane supports the Irish Guide Dogs for the Blind

For me it meant a seven-mile journey there and back, but it wasn't a bother. My mother was always good for the bus fare. And if I needed a pair of football boots she would miraculously provide them. Maybe not the best brand on the market, but more than adequate for me.

6. I loved my first games of properly organised football. Pulling on a jersey, wearing real football boots. Playing on pitches that were marked with (rough) white lines, goalposts and nets. This was the real thing. I even loved the referees for settling the disputes that sometimes caused our street games in Mayfield to end in chaos. Joining Rockmount was a huge leap forward in my young life. At last I was a footballer. At the end of my first season at the club I was voted Player of the Year. Looking back, I now understand that this relatively modest experience was to shape my whole life.

*This text has been adapted, for the purpose of assessment, without the author's prior consent.*

**N.B. Candidates may NOT answer Question A and Question B on the same text.**

**Questions A and B carry 50 marks each.**

### Question A

- (i) Based on paragraphs one and two of this extract, what do you learn about Roy Keane's childhood? Support your answer with reference to the text. (15)
- (ii) Identify three aspects of Keane's personality that emerge from your reading of the written text above. Support your answer with evidence from the written text. (15)
- (iii) (a) Explain, in your own words, what you think Roy Keane means when he says: "The techniques and disciplines learned in the boxing ring provided me with a psychological edge." (10)  
(b) What do you learn about Roy Keane from IMAGE 1 and IMAGE 2 above? (10)

### Question B

Your school is in the final of a major sporting event. You are the coach of the school team and at half-time your team is losing. Write the **talk** you would give to inspire the team's performance in the second half of the match. (50)

## TEXT 2

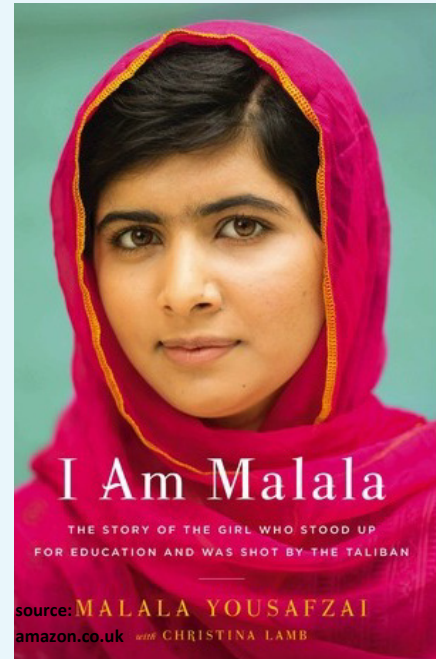
### MALALA YOUSAFZAI

**This text is based on edited extracts from Pakistani teenager Malala Yousafzai's book, *I Am Malala*, co-written with journalist, Christina Lamb. Malala campaigned for education for girls in her community and as a result she was shot and badly injured. In this passage, we learn about Malala's new life in England, her old life in Pakistan and that terrible attack.**

1. One year ago I left my home for school and never returned. I was shot by a Taliban bullet and was flown out of Pakistan unconscious. Now, every morning when I open my eyes I long to see my old room full of my things, my clothes all over the floor and my school prizes on the shelves. Instead I am in a country [England] which is five hours behind my beloved homeland. But my country is centuries behind this one.

2. Here there is any convenience you can imagine. Water running from every tap, hot or cold as you wish; lights at the flick of a switch, day and night. No need for oil lamps; ovens to cook on that don't need anyone to go and fetch gas cylinders from the bazaar. Here everything is so modern one can even find food ready cooked in packets. When I stand in front of my window and look out, I see tall buildings, long roads full of vehicles moving in orderly lines, neat green hedges and lawns and tidy pavements to walk on. I close my eyes and for a moment I am back in my valley – the high snow-topped mountains, green waving fields and fresh blue rivers and my heart smiles.

3. I had been given an award for campaigning for peace in our valley and the right for girls to go to school. In my room in Pakistan were all the gold-coloured plastic trophies I had won for coming first in my class. Only twice had I not come top – both times when I was beaten by my class rival Malka e-Noor. I was determined it would not happen again. I told my best friend Moniba everything. We'd lived on the same



street and been friends since primary school. We shared everything, Justin Bieber songs and Twilight movies, the best face-lightening creams. Her dream was to be a fashion designer although she knew her family would never agree to it, so she told everyone she wanted to be a doctor. It's hard for girls in our society to be anything other than teachers or doctors, if they can work at all. I was different – I never hid my desire to be an inventor or a politician.

4. The day when everything changed was Tuesday, 9 October 2012. It wasn't the best of days to start with as it was the middle of school exams, though as a bookish girl I didn't mind them as much as some of my class-mates. That morning we arrived in the narrow mud lane off Haji Baba road in our usual procession of brightly painted rickshaws, sputtering diesel fumes, each crammed with five or six girls. Since the time of the Taliban



our school has had no sign and the ornamented brass door in a white wall gives no hint of what lies beyond. For us girls that doorway was like a magical entrance to our own special world. Yet, outside the door to the school lay not only the noise and craziness of the city of Mingora, but also those like the Taliban who think girls should not go to school.

5. After school, when our bus was called we ran down the steps. The other girls all covered their heads before emerging from the door. I was sitting on the left of the bus between Moniba and another girl. I remember the bus turned right off the main road at the army checkpoint as always. I don't remember any more. In reality what happened was we suddenly stopped. A young bearded man in light-coloured clothes had stepped into the road and waved the bus down. 'Is this the Kushal School bus?' he asked our driver. 'I need information

about some children.' As he was speaking another young man in white approached. 'Look, it's one of those journalists coming to ask for an interview,' said Moniba. Since I'd started speaking at events to campaign for girls' education and against those like the Taliban who want to hide us away, journalists often came, even foreigners, though not on a road like this.

6. The man was wearing a peaked hat and had a handkerchief over his nose and mouth. 'Who is Malala?' he demanded. No one said anything, but several of the girls looked at me. I was the only girl with my face not covered. That's when he lifted up a black pistol. Some of the girls screamed. Moniba tells me I squeezed her hand. My friends say he fired three shots. The first went through my left eye socket and out under my left shoulder. My friends later told me the gunman's hand was shaking as he fired.

*This text has been adapted, for the purpose of assessment, without the author's prior consent.*

**N.B. Candidates may NOT answer Question A and Question B on the same text.**

**Questions A and B carry 50 marks each.**

### Question A

- (i) Identify three aspects of Malala's personality that emerge from your reading of the written text above. Support your answer with evidence from the text. (15)
- (ii) What do you learn about girls' lives in Malala's community from paragraphs three, four and five of the above passage? Support your answer by reference to the text. (15)
- (iii) (a) Explain, in your own words, what you think Malala Yousafzai means when she says: "For us girls that doorway was like a magical entrance to our own special world." (10)  
(b) Based on your reading of the passage above, would you like to read more of Malala Yousafzai's book, *I Am Malala*? Explain your answer with reference to the text. (10)

### Question B

Write a **letter** to Malala Yousafzai in which you respond to some of her experiences described in the extract above. (50)

## TEXT 3

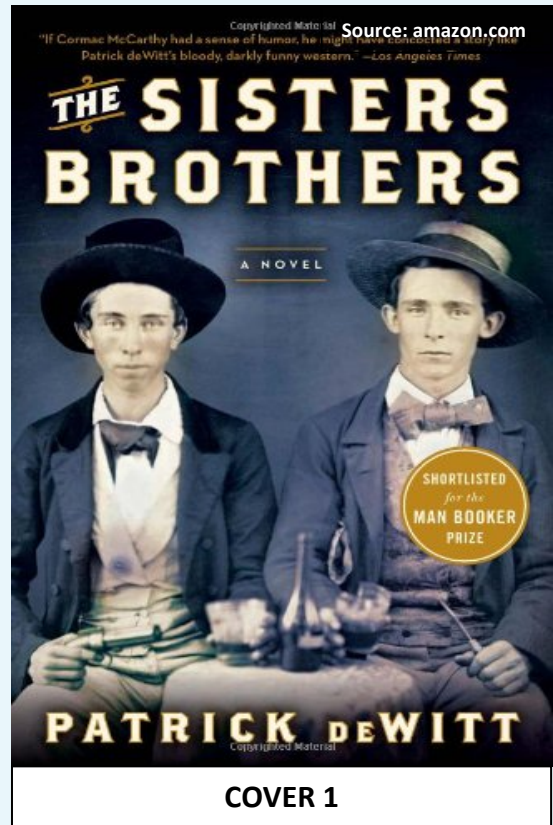
### THE SISTERS BROTHERS

The following text is based on an edited extract from Patrick deWitt's novel, *The Sisters Brothers*. The book tells the story of two brothers, called Eli and Charlie Sisters, who make their living as ruthless killers for hire during the Californian gold rush in the 1850s. In this extract, Eli recounts his horrible dental experience.

1. I passed a night of fever and in the morning Charlie took a look at me and emitted a shriek of fright. I asked him what was the matter and he brought over a tin plate to use as a looking glass. 'What's that?' I asked. 'That's your head, Eli.' The left side of my face was swollen, from the crown of my skull all the way to the neck. My eye was merely a slit and Charlie, regaining his humour, said I looked like a half dog, and he tossed a stick to see if I would chase it. I traced the source of the swelling to my teeth and gums; when I tapped a finger on the lower left row, a singing pain ran through my body from top to bottom and back again.

2. Charlie circled me to stare. 'You can see it from behind, even,' he said. 'The scalp itself is swollen. Your *hair* is swollen.' Luck was with us, and we found a tooth doctor named Watts. As I approached the man he smiled and said, 'What a profession to be involved in, that I'm actually happy to see someone so distorted.' He ushered me into his efficient little work space. Pulling up a tray of gleaming instruments, he asked tooth-history questions I had no satisfactory answers for. At any rate I got the impression he did not care to know the answers but was merely pleased to be making his enquiries.

3. The story of Reginald Watts was a luckless one dealing in every manner of failure and catastrophe, though he spoke of this without bitterness or regret, and in fact seemed to find humour in his numberless



missteps. 'I've failed at straight business, I've failed at criminal enterprise, I've failed at love, I've failed at friendship. You name it, I've failed at it. Go ahead and name something. Anything at all. You're my third customer in three weeks. I expect I'll fail in dentistry, also. Give it another two months on the outside and the bank will shut me down.'

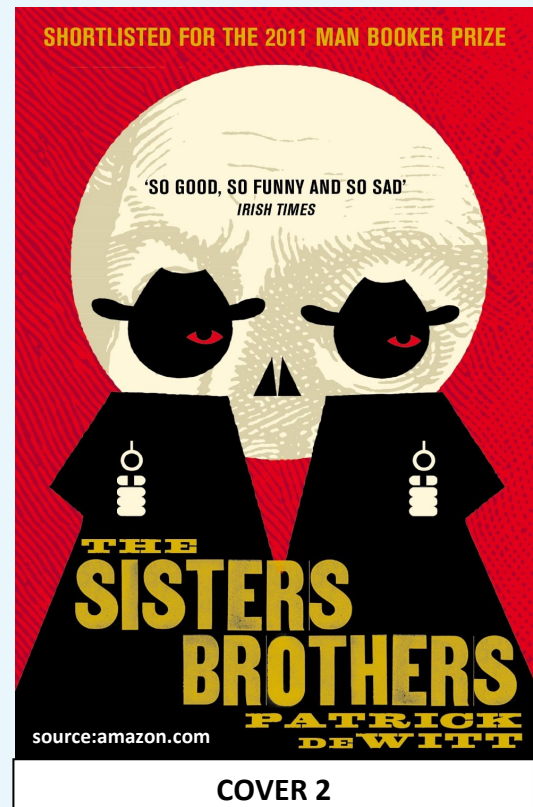
4. He held a long, dripping needle next to my face. 'This is going to pinch, son.' 'Ouch!' I said.

'Where did you study dentistry?' Charlie asked.

'A most reputable institution,' he answered. But there was a smirk on his lips I did not care for. 'I understand the course of study takes several years,' I said.

‘Years?’ said Watts, and he laughed.  
 ‘How long then?’ I said.  
 ‘Me personally? Just as long as it took to memorize the nerve chart. As long as it took those fools to ship me the tools on credit.’  
 I reached up to check the swelling of my cheek and was startled to find I had no feeling in my face.

5. He extracted the two offending teeth and I laughed at the painless violence of it. He stitched the hole closed and filled my mouth with cotton. He showed me a dainty, wooden-handled brush with a rectangular head of grey-white bristles. ‘A toothbrush,’ he said. ‘This will keep your teeth clean and your breath pleasant. Here, watch how I do it.’ I paid him two dollars for the removal of the teeth and he brought out a bottle of whiskey to toast what he called our mutually beneficial transaction. Altogether I found the man quite charming.



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**N.B. Candidates may NOT answer Question A and Question B on the same text.**

**Questions A and B carry 50 marks each.**

### Question A

- (i) From your reading of the above extract, what do you learn about the tooth doctor, Reginald Watts? Support your answer with reference to the text. (15)
- (ii) Do you find Charlie's reaction to his brother's toothache cruel or amusing or both? Explain your answer with reference to paragraphs one and two of the above extract. (15)
- (iii) (a) Explain, in your own words, what you think Eli Sisters means when he says: "I laughed at the painless violence of it." (10)
- (b) Which of the two book covers above (COVER 1 or COVER 2) do you find more interesting? Explain your answer with reference to both covers. (10)

### Question B

The characters in TEXT 3 are interesting for a variety of reasons. Write an **article** for your school magazine about two or more interesting people you would like to meet and explain why you would like to meet them. (50)

Write a composition on **any one** of the following.

Each composition carries 100 marks.

The composition assignments (in **bold print** below) are intended to reflect language study in the areas of information, argument, persuasion, narration, and the aesthetic use of language.

1. In TEXT 3, we are told how Reginald Watts failed at everything in life.

**Write a personal essay about how overcoming failure or difficulties can help to make a person stronger.**

2. In TEXT 1, Roy Keane writes about the youthful experiences that shaped his outlook on life.

**Write a short story in which a central character undergoes a lucky or an unlucky experience that changes his or her life.**

3. Malala Yousafzai, who features in TEXT 2, has done much to promote education for all.

**Imagine you are representing Ireland at an international youth conference on young people and education. Write the speech you would deliver to the conference in which you describe second-level education in Ireland today and explain why you think education is important for young people in Ireland.**

4. In TEXT 3, Charlie Sisters laughs at his brother's painful experience.

**Write a light-hearted or serious account of a painful or embarrassing experience you will never forget.**

5. In TEXT 1, Roy Keane tells us about what was important to him in his youth.

**Write a personal essay about the importance in your life of ONE of the following topics :**

- ambition
- my home place
- simple pleasures.

6. Eli Sisters describes Reginald Watts as a “charming man” in TEXT 3.

**Write a short story in which an apparently charming character reveals a less attractive side to his or her personality.**

7. In TEXT 2, Malala and her friend Moniba shared everything.

**Write an article for a magazine popular with young people about the value of friendship.**



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