“There are not many persons who know what wonders are opened to them in the stories and visions of their youth; for when as children we learn and dream, we think but half-formed thoughts, and when as men we try to remember, we are dulled and prosaic with the poison of life. But some of us awake in the night with strange phantasms of enchanted hills and gardens, of fountains that sing in the sun, of golden cliffs overhanging murmuring seas, of plains that stretch down to sleeping cities of bronze and stone, and of shadowy companies of heroes that ride caparisoned white horses along the edges of thick forests; and then we know that we have looked back through the ivory gates into that world of wonder which was ours before we were wise and unhappy.”
― [H.P. Lovecraft](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/9494.H_P_Lovecraft)

“I dreamt a limitless book,
A book unbound,
Its leaves scattered in fantastic abundance
On every line there was a new horizon drawn,
New heavens supposed;
New states, new souls.”
― [Clive Barker](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/10366.Clive_Barker)

***Angela's Ashes****: A Memoir*

The streets are dark and I have to keep an eye out in case I might be lucky like Malachy long ago and find fish and chips dropped by drunken soldiers. There's nothing on the ground. If I find my uncle, Ab Sheehan, he might give me some of his Friday night fish and chips, but they tell me in the café he came and went already. I'm thirteen now so I don't call him Uncle Pat anymore. I call him Ab or The Abbot like everybody else. Surely if I go to Grandma's house he'll give me a piece of bread or something and maybe he'll let me stay the night. I can tell him I'll be working in a few weeks delivering telegrams and getting big tips at the post office and ready to pay my own way.

He's sitting up in bed finishing his fish and chips, dropping to the floor the Limerick Leader they were wrapped in, wiping his mouth and hands with the blanket. He looks at me, ‘That face is all swole. Did you fall on that face? ‘

I tell him I did because there's no use telling him anything else. He wouldn't understand. He says, ‘You can stay in me mother's bed tonight. You can't walk the streets with that face and them two red eyes in your head. ‘

He says there's no food in the house, not a scrap of bread, and when he falls asleep I take the greasy newspaper from the floor. I lick the front page, which is all advertisements for films and dances in the city. I lick the headlines. I lick the great attacks of Patton and Montgomery in France and Germany. I lick the war in the Pacific. I lick the obituaries and the sad memorial poems, the sports pages, the market prices of eggs butter and bacon. I suck the paper till there isn't a smidgen of grease. I wonder what I'll do tomorrow.

 *by Frank McCourt*

***His landing at Gallipoli …***

This was it. We were scared stiff – I know I was – but keyed up and eager to be on our way. We thought we would tear right through the Turks and keep going to Constantinople.

Troops were taken off both sides of the ship onto destroyers. My platoon and other ‘D’ Company men were on the same destroyer. All went well until we were making the change into the rowing-boats.

Suddenly all hell broke loose; heavy shelling and shrapnel fire commenced. The ships that were protecting our troops returned fire. Bullets were thumping into us in the rowing-boat. Men were being hit and killed all around me. I kept my head down and hoped for the best. I remember gripping my rifle so tightly my hands ached.

When we were cut loose to make our way to the shore was the worst period. I was terribly frightened as I was a poor swimmer and dreaded what might happen if we capsized. The boat touched bottom some thirty yards from shore so we had to jump out and wade into the beach. The water in some places was up to my shoulders and I felt sorry for the shorter men in my platoon. The Turks had machine guns sweeping the beach where we landed – there were many dead already when we got there. Bodies of men who had reached the beach ahead of us were lying all along the beach and wounded men were screaming for help. We couldn’t stop for them – the Turkish fire was terrible and mowing into us. The order to line up on the beach was forgotten as our main goal became cover and saving our own lives.

From *A Fortunate Life* by Albert Facey

**To tell …**

The whales lay stranded on the beach.

**To show ….**

The tide was a long way out and the sand flats glistened in the glow of a full moon. Against the reflected light of the sand and the distant water their silhouettes could be seen. Seven … no, nine whale moaned and arched their backs in a struggle for life and a call for help.

At the northern end of the bay was the bull whale, a massive mountain range that had emerged from the sandy beach through some volcanic event that still bubbled with life.

We walked through the dense jungle, keeping to a dirt path that wound its way through the endless trees and shrubs.  The air was thick with the buzzing of mosquitoes and the thick humid heat.  The path opened up into a stream and we made our way up it.  The boy directly ahead of me began to rapidly increase his breathing and lowered his head as he dragged his feet along the rainforest floor.  It was obvious that he was feeling scared and uneasy about the task ahead.  Although I desperately wanted to be regarded as a man in the tribe, the thought of the intense pain that loomed ahead began to take its toll and a thick wave of fear swept over me.

“Through suffering, we release our hold on the toys of this world … We’re like blocks of stone, out of which the sculptor carves the forms of men. The blows of His chisel, which hurt us so much, are what make us perfect.” (*Shadowlands*)

The sun was coming up: the pure, colourless vastness of the sky stretched over him, indifferent to him and his suffering. Harry sat down in the tent entrance and took a deep breath of clean air. Simply to be alive to watch the sun rise over the sparkling snowy hillside ought to have been the greatest treasure in earth, yet he could not appreciate it: his senses had been spiked by the calamity of losing his wand. He looked out over a valley blanketed in snow, distant church bells chiming through the glittering silence.

~Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, by J.K. Rowling.

'But the door slid slowly open before Lupin could reach it. Standing in the doorway, illuminated by the shivering flames in Lupin's hand, was a cloaked figure that towered to the ceiling. Its face was completely hidden beneath its hood. Harry's eyes darted downwards, and what he saw made his stomach contract. There was a hand protruding from the cloak and it was glistening, greyish, slimy-looking and scabbed, like something dead that had decayed in water...'
- ***Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban by J.K. Rowling***

'I don't know what I'd expected but it was something different than I saw. She looked unexpectedly young. Or, I suppose said better, she looked unexpectedly "not old". Her hair, which was completely white, had a yellowish cast that could almost have been mistaken for a pale blond, and it was loose around her shoulders. And long. Longer than mine. No doubt she normally wore it pulled up in a bun, and such a style would have given her a more predictable little-old-lady look, but the way it was here now, parted on the side - long, loose, and straight - she seemed ageless as an ancient sculpture. This sense was enhanced by her skin. Though it had the fragile creepiness of age, she had few wrinkles, especially across her forehead, which was smooth to a point of being almost waxy looking. She was of obvious northern Germanic heritage, with pale eyes and prominent features. Although she was not overweight, her bones were big and blunt, giving the impression of a tall, sturdy woman.'
- ***Twilight Children by Torey Hayden***

**"It was mid-October, the harvest well stored. The sun was as hot as if it shone in the first week of September, but a tumbling sky threw great clouds before the wind, and when the sun was obscured then all the promise of winter was in the air. But it was magic weather, a gift to sweeten the sadness of the ending year. There were still blackberries, thick and dripping with juice, but these would remain on the bushes, for by now, as it was said, the Devil had spat on them and they should not be eaten. So birds gorged themselves, and the ground and the leaves of the brambles were strewn with purple droppings. The water, half shadow and half glitter, threw back the colours of beech and bracken tossing them over the boulders like gold and copper coins."**

1. "Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as a flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster." - Charles Dickens, "A Christmas Carol"

EXAMPLE 2: Extract from The Kalahari Typing School for Men by Alexander McCall Smith

Chapter Eleven

Mma Ramotswe Goes to a Small Village to the South of Gaborone

She drove down in the tiny white van, the morning sun streaming through the open window, the air warm against her skin, the grey-green trees, the browning grass, the plains stretching out on both sides of the road. The traffic was light; an occasional van, minibuses crowded and swaying on their ruined suspension, a truck full of green-uniformed soldiers, the men calling out to any girl walking along the edge of the road, private cars speeding down to Lobatse, and beyond, on their unknown business. Mma Ramotswe liked the Lobatse road. Many trips to Botswana were daunting in their length, particularly the trip up to Francistown, in the north, which seemed to go on forever, along a straight ribbon of a road. Lobatse, by contrast, was little more than an hour away, and there was always just enough activity on the way to keep boredom at bay.

Roads, thought Mma Ramotswe, were a country's showcase. How people behaved on roads told you everything you needed to know about the national character. So the Swazi roads, on which she had driven on one frightening occasion some years earlier, were fraught with danger, full of those who overtook on the wrong side and those who had a complete disregard for speed limits. Even the Swazi cattle were more foolhardy than Botswana cattle. They seemed to lurch in front of cars as if inviting collision, challenging drivers at the very last moment. All of this was because the Swazis were an ebullient, devil-may-care people. That was how they were, and that was how they drove. Batswana were more careful; they did not boast, as the Swazis tended to do, and they drove more carefully.

Of course, cattle were always a problem on the roads, even in Botswana, and there was nobody in Botswana who did not know somebody, or know of somebody who knew somebody, who had collided with a cow. This could be disastrous, and each year people killed by cattle which were knocked into the car itself, sometimes impaling drivers on their horns. It was for this reason that Mma Ramotswe did not like to drive at night, if she could possibly avoid it, and when she had to do so, she crawled along, peering into the darkness ahead, ready to brake sharply if the black shape of a cow or a bull should suddenly emerge from the darkness.

EXAMPLE 1: Extract from Jamaica Inn by Daphne du Maurier

Chapter 1

It was a cold grey day in late November. The weather had changed overnight, when a backing wind brought a granite sky and a mizzling rain with it, and although it was now only a little after two o'clock in the afternoon the pallor of a winter evening seemed to have closed upon the hills, cloaking them in mist. It would be dark by four. The air was clammy cold, and for all the tightly closed windows it penetrated the interior of the coach. The leather seats felt damp to the hands, and there must have beena small crack in the roof, because now and again little drips of rain fell softly through, smudging the leather and leaving a dark-blue stain like a splodge of ink. The wind came in gusts, at times shaking the coach as it travelled round the bend of the road, and in the exposed places on the high ground it blew with such force that the whole body of the coach trembled and swayed, rocking between the high wheels like a drunken man.

The driver, muffled in a greatcoat to his ears, bent almost double in his seat in a faint endeavour to gain shelter from his own shoulders, while the dispirited horses plodded sullenly to his command, too broken by the wind and the rain to feel the whip that now and again cracked above their heads, while it swung between the numb fingers of the driver.

The wheels of the coach creaked and groaned as they sank into the ruts on the road, and sometimes they flung up the soft spattered mud against the windows, where it mingled with the constant driving rain, and whatever vew there might have been of the countryside was hopelessly obscured.

The few passengers huddled together for warmth, exclaiming in unison when the coach sank into a heavier rut than usual, and one old fellow, who had kept up a constant complaint ever since he had joined the coach at Truro, rose from his seat in a fury; and, fumbling with the window-sash, let the window down with a crash, bringing a shower of rain upon himself and his fellow-passengers. He thrust his head out and shouted up to the driver, cursing him in a petulant voice for a rogue and a murderer; that they would all be dead before they reached Bodmin if he persisted in driving at breakneck speed; they had no breath left in their bodies as it was, and he for one would never travel by coach again.