

Start here.

'I would Restore...

~~The crimson sky~~ ~~The blood of~~

The blood of a nation seeped from the mountains horizon and tainted the crimson sky. ~~His~~ His fingers running through the moist grass, James lay upon ~~the~~ the mound and gazed out over this caloused ground. ~~in a torn sanded~~ ~~from the~~ ~~the~~

~~Then~~ ~~from~~ Holding the tender wound at his side, not just the evening dew on his fingers was replaced by fresh blood.

~~The~~ The shrapnel from an IRA bombing had been ~~lodged~~ ^{torn open his side} ~~in his~~ ~~side~~ just beneath his bottom ribs. ~~As another~~ jolt of pain seized him, ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ and he lay writhing

~~in~~ ~~despair~~ What had he done? Gone for a walk ~~there~~ past Nelson's statue. And he was a Catholic! They were larger care. They're lost what they were fighting for, freedom. Now all they see is PROTESTANT or CATHOLIC labelled on your fore head.

What if we just went back? He considered the ~~the~~ sacred ground where he lay.

a wish , a hope
* * *

James stood there, staring across the vast field and he saw
~~the~~ ^{the} great commotion of ~~people~~ the burial
ground. People waiting to see the
king. The great king of Leinster.
He had died and was near ~~to~~ to
begin his journey into the earth.
Their king had died ~~and~~ yet James
was ~~astounded~~ ^{met} ~~by~~ ~~the~~ not with an image of
violence or hurt, but of ~~unity~~ ^{grief} ^{sorrow} ~~and~~ However
it was unified sorrow. ~~A people who~~
~~He did not~~ ~~see~~ There were no
guns, no bombs, no blood. There were embraces
and a people who came together, to
find unity, find comfort, in collectiveness,
~~after~~ despite great tragedy.

~~***~~ ***

What if we just went back to how
it was?

~~a message~~

~~***~~

~~The~~. Another jolt of pain seized him, from

Additional writing space on back page.

his abandonment and he returned to thoughts of
the sacred ground. ~~This~~

This time, it was not ~~the~~ ^{the ground} ~~home~~ of peace
and unity, but of two sides. An old
people and a new imposing force. This was
the ~~beginning~~ ^{beginning}.

a message ~~of~~

a message of violence

* * *

Green and Orange, old and new. The
two sides stood for a moment in
deadlock. ~~But~~ For a ^{moment} ~~split second~~ James
saw the ^{sun reflected in the} white field ~~at~~ ~~the~~ between the
two. By god it was the most
beautiful he had ever layed his eyes on. The
next, all there was, was red. ~~The~~
green ^{held} ~~held~~ back the orange onslaught
for hours. ~~but~~ ~~A~~ ~~roar~~ ~~scattered~~ ~~and~~ ~~with~~

A sudden roar and then there was but
orange. orange and ~~red~~

You may ask for an extra Writing Booklet if you need more space.

Start here.

Here, the battle of Boyne and
 the Orange stood victorious, in a land
 that wasn't theirs, they ~~had~~ ~~created~~
~~over the green~~ tanned ~~the land~~ with
 green ~~blood~~. The land that was lush
 and green was no more.

This mound ^{which} ~~was~~ was the centre of
 the old ^{peaceful} Ireland, now but a bloody
 symbol of aggression. ~~How~~

Now, every man for himself. This
~~the~~ great foreign power, split the land in
 half and left but sorrow. Not united sorrow,
 just sorrow.

Solitude

I would restore the great chambers of
 Boyne, prepare a sepulchre under
 the cupmarked stone.