

The Diary of Noah Murphy

January 24th

Them damn tans thinking they own the fucking place. Who do they think they are. Waste of everybody's time, they canceled school this morning cause the bridge and we were already half there.

I'm only writing in this cause I got it for christmas and I have nothing else to do today.

Diary February 3rd 1990

Some fucking british fella has joined school and they are making me be his guide. Me look after a prod. He's a prick. I think his names Owen. He's got that english smell, same smell as the soldiers, dunno what to say about it, sort of like off milk.

February 8th 1990

Living in Derry is shite.

People are always going at it in street. Then the uniforms turn up and then the smoke is unleashed. The folks are always scared that it's gonna be another bogside. I hear them arguing sometimes and my ma'am says that she wants to move and m'da says there's no way that he's not leaving the town he has worked and lived in entire life just because some english bastards were trying to take over.

He always shouts. At the telly, at the prods on orange day. He also drinks to much, he stumbles in at 3AM singing songs of the good old days, as he calls them. He's my dad and I love him but sometimes I just want to kill him like when he gives mum a slap for being "lippy". I'm when he goes off on me, gives me slap, calls me useless, says I'll never achieve anything. But just wait. He'll begging, I'm gonna leave derry, leave Ireland and head off to the states. I be in the pictures, just like that fella Tom Cruise. I'll be jumping from helicopters with a knife between my teeth shooting robots with a rifle. The first film I'll be in gonna be called "Retribution Target: 2000" it's gonna be so cool, in the film I'm gonna have fight with jean claude van damme and beat him cause I'm the strongest.

February 10th 1990

That english fella hasn't come into school in a while. To be completely honest I don't care cause Im not getting dirty looks in the corridor and my lunch money isn't being taken by Robert O'Toole. I must be the the only boy in the whole world who enjoys school, today in english we learned a poem from an irish writer named Oscar Wilde and I LOVE IT. it's called We Are Made One with What We Touch and See. I took a copy from school so I could keep it and always read it

"We are resolved into the supreme air,
We are made one with what we touch and see,
With our heart's blood each crimson sun is fair
With our young lives each spring-impassioned tree
Flames into green, the wildest beasts that range
The moor our kinsmen are, all life is one, and all is change.

With beat of systole and of diastole
One grand great life throbs through earth's giant heart,
And mighty waves of single Being roll
From nerve-less germ to man, for we are part
Of every rock and bird and beast and hill,
One with the things that prey on us, and one with what we kill. . . .

One sacrament are consecrate, the earth
Not we alone hath passions hymeneal,
The yellow buttercups that shake for mirth
At daybreak know a pleasure not less real
Than we do, when in some fresh-blossoming wood
We draw the spring into our hearts, and feel that life is good. . . .

Is the light vanished from our golden sun,
Or is this daedal-fashioned earth less fair,
That we are nature's heritors, and one
With every pulse of life that beats the air?
Rather new suns across the sky shall pass,
New splendour come unto the flower, new glory to the grass.

And we two lovers shall not sit afar,
Critics of nature, but the joyous sea
Shall be our raiment, and the bearded star
Shoot arrows at our pleasure! We shall be
Part of the mighty universal whole,
And through all Aeons mix and mingle with the Kosmic Soul!

We shall be notes in that great Symphony
Whose cadence circles through the rhythmic spheres,
And all the live World's throbbing heart shall be
One with our heart, the stealthy creeping years
Have lost their terrors now, we shall not die,
The Universe itself shall be our Immortality!"

My teacher Mrs. Connors said the poem is about death and that's a subject I don't like talking about since Cara. Cara was my baby sister I remember holding her in my arms, her toes and fingers were like mini sausages. She loved me. I was the only one she would stop crying for. And then one day I get called to the headmasters office and then I was told she did wake up from her morning nap. I cried then. I cried for days after that too. Da caught me and gave me a kicking and told me to stop acting like a girl. But honestly I do love this poem and I may keep it forever.

February 15th 1990

Holy shit. They found Owens body this morning apparently it's a couple days old and done in the traditional IRA fashion, Mouth and Eyes taped. Arms and legs tied together and one single shot to the back of the head. Easy as my Da says, he acts like he as tip man. You should hear him go on about his prize days in the provisional, what a prick.

February 19th 1990

I am writing this on the ferry on the way to my ma's cousin who lives in wales, she said the violence in too much. We left the dick there she came into my room whilst he was at the pub and told me to pack a bag and we took the car.

Finn Darragh-Lee