

■ Tekst 2 Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha

De onderstaande tekst is een fragment uit de roman Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha van de Ierse schrijver Roddy Doyle.

He leaned against the pillar in the yard, in a bit so he wouldn't be seen when a teacher drove or walked in. He wasn't hiding though. He was smoking. By himself.

I'd smoked; a gang of us all round a butt, pretending to inhale more than we did and holding onto the smoke for ages. We made sure that everyone saw that the smoke coming out of us was straight and thin, smoke that had the cigarette stuff sucked out of it. I was good at it.

Charles Leavy was smoking alone. We never did that. Cigarettes was very dear and they were too hard to rob from the shops, even Tootsie's, so you had to smoke them in front of someone; that was the whole idea. Not Charles Leavy though. He was smoking by himself.

He terrified me. He was there, all by himself. Always by himself. He never smiled; it wasn't a real smile. His laugh was a noise he started and stopped like a machine. He was close to no one. He hung around with Seán Whelan but that was all. He had no friends. We liked gangs, the numbers, the rush, being in. He could have had his own gang, a real gang like an army; he didn't know. We pushed each other to get beside him in the line in the mornings in the yard; he didn't know that either. There were mills going on around him, fights that never touched him.

I was on my own. The steam came out of my mouth like cigarette smoke. I sometimes put my fingers to my mouth like I was holding a cigarette, and breathed out. Not now though, not ever again. That was just messing.

This was great. The two of us alone. The excitement made my stomach smaller; it hurt.

I spoke.

– Give us a puff.

He did.

He handed the cigarette to me. I couldn't believe it, it had been so easy. My hand was shaking but he didn't see because he wasn't really looking at me. He was concentrating on exhaling. It was a Major, the cigarette; the strongest. I hoped I wouldn't get sick. I made sure my lips were dry so I wouldn't put a duck's arse on it. I took a small drag and gave the fag back to him quick; it was all going to explode out of my mouth, it had hit my throat too fast, the way it did sometimes. But I saved it. I killed the cough and grabbed the smoke and sucked. It was horrible. I'd never smoked a Major before. It scorched my throat and my stomach turned over. My forehead went wet, only my forehead, and cold. I lifted my face, made a tube of my mouth and got rid of the smoke. It looked good coming out, the way it should have, rising into the roof of the shed. I'd made it.

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- 3p 5 □ Geef voor elk van de onderstaande uitspraken over de ik-persoon aan of deze wel of niet klopt met de inhoud van de passage uit *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*.
- 1 Hij beschouwt roken als een stoere groepsactiviteit.
 - 2 Hij is erg onder de indruk van Charles Leavy.
 - 3 Hij kan goed begrijpen waarom Charles Leavy geen vrienden heeft.
 - 4 Hij komt tot het besluit om nooit meer zware sigaretten te roken.
 - 5 Hij rookt voor het eerst van zijn leven een sigaret.
 - 6 Hij weet te verbergen hoe beroerd hij zich voelt na het trekje aan de Major.
- Noteer het nummer van elke uitspraak, gevolgd door "ja" (= klopt wel) of "nee" (= klopt niet).