

OLLSCOIL NA hÉIREANN, GAILLIMH
DÁMHA NA nDÁN AGUS AN LÉINN CHEILTIGH

SCOIL NA GAEILGE

Scrúduithe an tSamhraidh 2000
An Dara Bliain

Páipéar 1: NG 236 (i), NG 228, NG 238 (i)

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Mícheál Mac Craith
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Trí huaire an chloig a cheadófar.

Trí cheist le freagairt: **ceist amháin** as gach Roinn. Freagarleabhar ar leith do gach Roinn.

Roinn A

NG 236 Prós agus Scéalaíocht II

Scéalaíocht Bhéil

Seríobh aiste ar cheann **amháin** de na hábhair seo thíos:

1. Tá leanúnachas suntasach i gceist i dtraidisiún scéalaíochta na Gaeilge. Pléigh.

Nó

2. Cumadóireacht ealaíonta tharraingteach atá sa scéal iontais. Pléigh.

Nó

3. Pléigh an léiriú a thugtar ar na daoine maithe sna síscéalta agus tagair d'fheidhmeanna na scéalta seo.

Roinn B

NG 228: Teanga

Aistriúchán

Aistrigh an sliocht seo go Gaeilge:

Billy was at the railway gates as arranged. "I've been thinking of a plan," he said, as we walked the short distance to the station. "As soon as the train arrives from Tralee, the porter will be busy collecting the parcels. When he goes to collect them, we'll dive into an empty carriage and hide under the seats."

The more I thought about it and the nearer I got to the station, the more certain I was that the plan would fail. About a dozen people were already on the platform pacing up and down. Roger was chatting with a priest, giving us a friendly nod as we passed by.

"Stand back now. Stand back." The porter immediately approached the guard's van, whipped the door open and stepped inside. Like a flash we dived into an empty carriage, pulling the door behind us, and slid under the long seats. We held our breath, certain that someone would raise the alarm. The tension was almost unbearable. I heard a shrill blast on the whistle and shouts from the platform. In spite of the tension, I began to laugh as Billy whispered "my head is jammed."

"Keep quiet," I croaked, "or we're done for."

Loud blasts from the engine, then, like a sleeping giant about to come to life, the whole thing shuddered. There were sounds as each carriage jerked forward, picking up the weight of the one behind. The wheels turning only inches from our ears.

Roinn C

NG 238: Litríocht an Fichiú hAois

Úrscéal

Scríobh aiste ar cheann **amháin** de na hábhair seo thíos:

1. Déan comórtas idir Ceol an Phíobaire agus L'Attaque mar shamplaí den úrscéal staire.

Nó

2. Déan comórtas agus codarsnacht idir Cathal Ó Ceallaigh agus Máirtín Dubh Caomhánach.

Nó

3. Is í an bhéim ar an teach mór sa chéad úrscéal an difríocht is mó idir Ceol an Phíobaire agus L'Attaque. Pléigh.