

Purpose: entertain readers while informing them about a possible holiday destination - lexical - names destination - Bali, ONELife - stylistic - use of brackets (he was), (it wasn't) - helps reduce distance btw author and reader.

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Zen and the art of switching off

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Audience - professional, hard working people who may be looking for a way to relax and have the income to consider such a holiday

Nina Karnikowski escapes the frenzied pace of her everyday life with a meditation, yoga and detox retreat in the hills of Bali.

sentence fragments create informal manner, akin to spoken language. Also contribute to purpose.

I'm a chronic multitasker. A restless sleeper. A compulsive mental to-do list compiler. A neurotic over-analyser. Put simply: my head is an exhausting place to be.

People have often told me meditation could help me shush things up top, and I have tried it a couple of times.

There was that session a girlfriend convinced me to attend 10 years ago because "the monk running it is so hot" (he was), and those couple of Buddhist meditation classes I did half-heartedly last year because the website said it was a "good antidote for restlessness and anxiety" (it wasn't).

But when I received an invitation to attend a detox meditation retreat named ONELife, high in the rainforest-clad hills of Ubud, Bali, I decided it could be a case of third time lucky. "What have I got to lose?" I asked myself. "Only your sanity," my overactive brain whispered back.

Day one

Hangovers and quests for spiritual enlightenment don't mix. That much I now know, having spent my first waking moments at ONELife Retreat - post-boozy late-night flight - cotton-mouthed and hazy. But as I draw back the thick cream curtains of my stilted bungalow, said hangover is swiftly forgotten. I'm at the bottom of a valley, cocooned by lush, tropical vegetation turned the most striking shades of acid green by the bright sunshine. I might have reached nirvana already.

Day two

"Shut up. ShutupshutupshutUP!" I've been screaming this at myself for the better part of 90 minutes, since I started rounding at 7.30am. I'm failing miserably. Instead of sitting still and quiet as it's been told to, my mind is jumping around and grabbing whatever mundane thought whizzes past it. What should I wear to dinner tonight? What was the name of that book I wanted to read? Should I snuff out that incense? My internal struggle to keep the thoughts at bay is making my heart thump like crazy.

domain - travel and relaxation; 'stilted bungalow', 'Ubud, Bali', 'stress', 'rounding'

personal pronouns in formal

Aj: creates image (purpose)

layout and listing of lays for itinerary (purpose of audience)

'yoga/ meditation jargon' (field)

present participle creates immediacy - audience getting an insight into her thoughts as they're happening

use of interrogatives to show the task of switching off is proving difficult

Registers. Generally quite informal - high degree of personal pronoun use, numerous contractions (I've, I'd, I'm), casual, even colloquial lexis (belly, guffaws, goofy) including word play (shmoxins, post-boozzy, late-night flight) and mild profanity (stump up). Also, instances of all capital usage (UP, BWAAAHAAH) and incomplete syntax (fragments in opening lines)

cultural context - beliefs re: alcohol helps unwind plus belongs to a culture that values alcohol. Hence references to hang-overs, the 'need' for a drink, 'boozzy' etc. Also lets us know she's an 'every-woman' i.e. if it ~~was~~ works for a stressed out casual drinker like me...

Day three

...
Later, I think the three hours of rounding I've done this afternoon has added about 1052 units of stress to my life. Twenty minutes into the first round I had a blinding headache that's hung around ever since. Cronin tells me the headache probably has something to do with the toxins my body's releasing. Toxins shmoxins, I just need a drink And I do get a shot after our delicious seafood dinner, only it's not vodka, it's mangosteen rind and it tastes like dirt.
word play: rhyme = informal.

Day four

...
I've been on a bit of a euphoric/high all afternoon, and as Cronin launches into his nightly talk, I find myself suppressing the desperate need to giggle. My shoulders start to shake until I can hold it in no more. "BWAAAHAAH!" A spurt of rough laughter erupts from my belly. Soon, the entire room is filled with hysterical guffaws. Some - including Cronin - have tears rolling down their cheeks; others are lying on their backs, squirming around like ecstatic cockroaches. simile - creates sense of total abandon through a humorous image.

Day five

I notice a change in people's eyes and skin: glowing, fresh, bright. There's a change in the energy of the group, too: a looseness, a collective sigh of relief, almost. I see it mostly at the farewell feast that night. Balinese dancers do a surprise performance to a traditional gamelan orchestra, and by the end of it we're all dancing on the grass together, cackling away like mad things. Nothing but euphoria, wherever I turn.

'repetition - shows the success of the trip - links to purpose of exploring and evaluating this as a holiday experience.

Day six

...
When I check my naked wrist for the time at the baggage check-in, I realise I've left my watch at the security scan. At this point, I'd usually be in tears. Instead, I stand in the middle of the chaotic departure hall with a big, goofy grin on my face. It may have taken six days of rounding, a complete detox and a whole lot of quiet time, but it seems my brain has, finally, switched off. audience - desirable state

Ajs show impact of holiday

The writer travelled as a guest of ONELife Retreats.

— ~~overall~~ influence of text type reveals that trip was paid for by the retreat. Also links to cultural context

This story was found at: <http://www.theage.com.au/travel/holiday-type/luxury/zen-and-the-art-of-switching-off-20121123-29xbr.html>

we expect honesty from such writers. - i.e. they should declare/reveal such info.