



The Tiger Roams the Jungle By Orrin Thompson

Orange and brown through the jungle,
The tiger loves his food in a bundle,
And all through the night,
His eyes shine bright,
For he's the tiger that roams the jungle.
Tiger, tiger, you look so pretty,
People mount your head, what a pity,
For you are a majestic beast,
And so big you need a gigantic feast!
You wait all day and night, For your perfect
time to bite!



Sacred Heart College v St Catherine's Killybegs. Quarter-Final (Under 14).

The Irish News Cup November 2023

By Cillian Ellis

We arrived at St Davog's Aghyaran for our quarter final match v St Catherine's. We were very quiet for the first 15 minutes then we found the next gear. We had the wind in our favour, but Killybegs kept matching us point for point. We scored a goal that put us ahead by 2 points at half time. We were against the wind in the second half but went out all guns blazing. Each team member put in their best performance to nudge ahead.

St Catherine's were unable to match our speed. A soft penalty went against us, yet they were unable to capitalise on a last-minute free kick. The final whistle blew, and Sacred Heart were delighted to have held their nerve and come out on top. Sacred Heart were the better team in the second half and this was a deserving win! The preparation for the semi- final had begun and we knew we needed to be ready from the first blow of the whistle!



RAT

By Kara Poltorak McCullagh

Cruelty free, I've lost my sense of sight in my left eye, and all I hear is ringing in my wide ears, why can't I find a perfect pitch? All for the newest Maybelline lipstick. The product isn't even that great! It's sticky and an awful shade, although it cost me a patch of fur; I have a bald spot on my good side. All in the name of beauty. My whole bloodline were testers; my parents, my grandparents, and probably my ancestors too. My parents both died from testing a bottle of deodorant. They had second degree burns all along their back, now I have the same ones. But humans can only see me as disgusting, old rat, even more repellent with my gooey eyes and stubby tail, ever since I got it amputated.

My shifts about to start soon, they just turned on the lights, the awful bright lights that burn my eyes which lets me know it's time to wake up. It's not like I get any sleep nowadays with that aggravating screech I just can't switch off. But no one knows... I've planned an escape today.

They always leave the fire door open for any incidents that may occur. So, when they open my cage that's when I'll scurry to the exit and just keep going. Oh! Here's my chance. Then I scuttled and sprung, they wouldn't dare to touch me with my hideous scabs.

I made my way to the tubes in 'London's Underground'. Oh my goodness! This place looked ancient, with the kerb crumbling and the aggressive colouring on the walls. There

were so many rough looking people laying on the floor, maybe they were testers too, like me!

I dandered to one of them, breathing in his face. His eyes began to open just like a frog, "AHHHHHH" he jumped in fear. Then everyone parroted the same thing back at me. I promise it's not my fault I look like this, but at least your make-up bags have pretty bottles in them, I did that just for you.



The Grim Reaper's Reach

By Jessica Humphries

The forest branches hung over me like a lurking shadow as I walked home on the bleak winter day. An unusual presence came upon me, and my gut felt like it was screaming at me to run. The faded trees that were forgotten were lying awake and withering away sadly with every breeze of wind. Then suddenly a haze of fog came over the forest, my heart sunk into the depths of my chest, as I realized this was no the type of forest where frogs leaped on the colorful lily pads or where birds chirped cheerfully, this was the forest where fluffy animals did not creep and where darkness harvested on the living. Then I felt a bony finger creep on my shoulders sucking the joy out of any pleasant atmosphere, I turned, and my body froze feared of the future of my life in the mist of this dark creature I stared into its coal eyes which gave meaning to the word darkness and its dark cloak represented death by its presence. I knew by looking at this dark figure that he was not here for hugs, I told myself to run and that's what I did. My vision was blocked by the mist, but I continued to run but my fate was met by the barbed wired gates of the end of the forest. I looked behind me to see a figure from not too far ago approaching in the tall grass, slowly lurking toward me, making everything more dead than it ever was.

I banged the barbed wire hoping for the day where I would live tomorrow, when the figure approached towards me, I accepted my fate as there was no point running from my inevitable doom which was approaching fast. I closed my



eyes waiting for the darkness incarnate figure to approach, when I opened my eyes, I saw the shadowy figure come closer to me and grab me by my arm and throw me against the nearest oak tree. My vision started to double as I began feeling faint, I saw this shadowy creature pick me up and the last thing I saw was the stony path of the forest as the creature was taking me somewhere. SO, IF YOU SEE A DARK CLOAK STAY AWAY OR YOU WILL BECOME ONE OF THEM!

Broccoli's Best And Last Day! By Hollie Snow

Broccoli's Best And Last Day! I finally woke up from my big, long, sleep. However, today was different than other days. Today I was in a giant blue crate with my fellow broccoli companions. Today was the day someone could take me home! Someone had the chance to buy me today! A bucket of smiles and giggles fell over me!

You see, from the moment I was a baby broccoli, it had been my absolute dream to be bought by someone! Then that day, darkness turned into light as the delivery man who wore a red hat and a black jumper opened the rusty doors of the van, took us broccolis into the shop.

I was quickly stocked onto the shelves along with all the other broccolis. I tried to look as best as I could. I fixed my green, flat hair, made sure I was standing properly and even washed my face. There was only one thing wrong. Do I smile with teeth or no teeth? After dawn, the shop was getting ready to open. All I had to do until the clock struck 8am. It was now 6:58am. I decided to go with no teeth. I felt it was more intimidating and

serious looking. I wanted people to know that too. I thought "Maybe it might bring me more attention?" I hoped it would.

"Hey Brody!" a voice squeaked from behind me. It was Tilly the Tomato. I didn't really want to talk back to her because everyone knows that Tomato + Broccoli = NO! But I decided to talk back to her anyway.

"What do you want Tilly?" I questioned.

"You do realise that nobody is going to buy you because nobody likes broccoli and also everyone will be too in love to even spare a minute to look at you!" she uttered. I rolled my eyes to the very back of my head after she said this and let me tell you, she wasn't impressed.

"Right folks! 8 o'clock! Opening time!" shouted the manager. Ok. This was it. Go time. 8 o'clock came and floods of people came into the shop. I waited. Then waited for an even longer time. I started to think Tilly was right.

A while after this, an old lady with a white coat and silver handbag came over and started picking up a few broccolis. She picked out Gerry the giant broccoli and Sammy the short broccoli. Suddenly, I felt a rub

on the head. She picked up me! I was in her basket! As she started to walk away, I stuck out my tongue at Tilly.

I was in her shopping bag which was in a little red Peugeot car, and on the road! That day I was as bright as the sun! According to Gerry, this woman had a very ancient house. I had 5 achieved my goal. I was so proud of myself! As soon as we got inside her house, she took us out of her bag, gave us a shower, and even put us in a sauna! How nice of her!

My head was very burnt after this. "Right, shall we eat dear?" an old man asked, who I think was her husband. "Oh yes dear, tuck in!" the old woman replied, while putting Sammy and I on her husband's plate. The old man picked up a big, shiny, fork and stuck it in Sammy and I! I could see the man's tonsils!



The Mystery of Jay

By Jamie Timoney

There once was a man called Jay, he worked at Apple but it was no use because whenever he went to find a product for a customer he always accidentally shocked the customer and when he worked at the till he broke it.

But then Jay wanted to be a teacher, (we all know how that's going to turn out) but he kept on zapping the children, staff and himself!

So Jay gave up he tried to end his misery but then a beautiful girl came and stopped him and then they fell in love.

But then some people (called Cole, Kia, Lloyd, Zane and Wu) came over, and it turns out that the girl that saved him was their friend Nia!



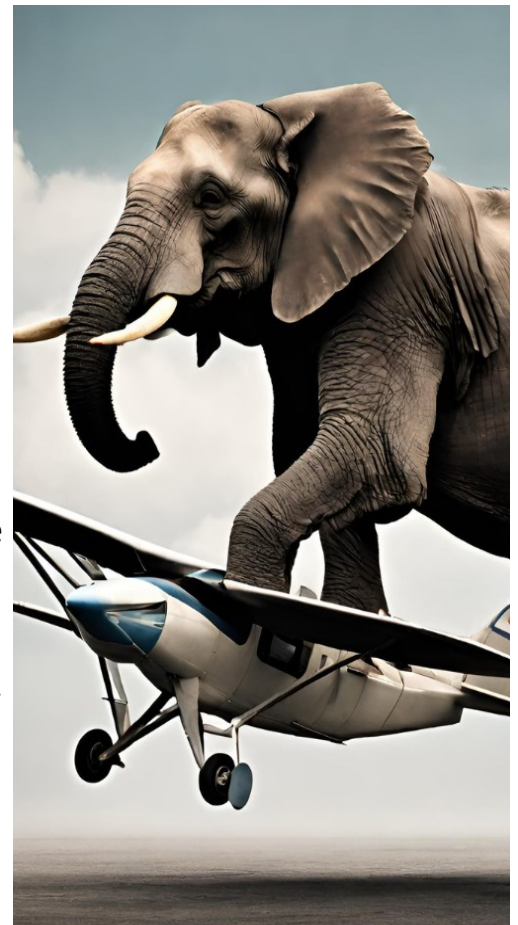
The Flying Elephant

By Orrin Thompson

Suddenly, they both heard the mighty sound of a trumpeting elephant outside the aeroplane. As soon as it happened, the mother looked up and shrieked in surprise! Then the boy slapped his mother across the head so hard that she fainted and the boy thought he saw blood where he whacked his mother.

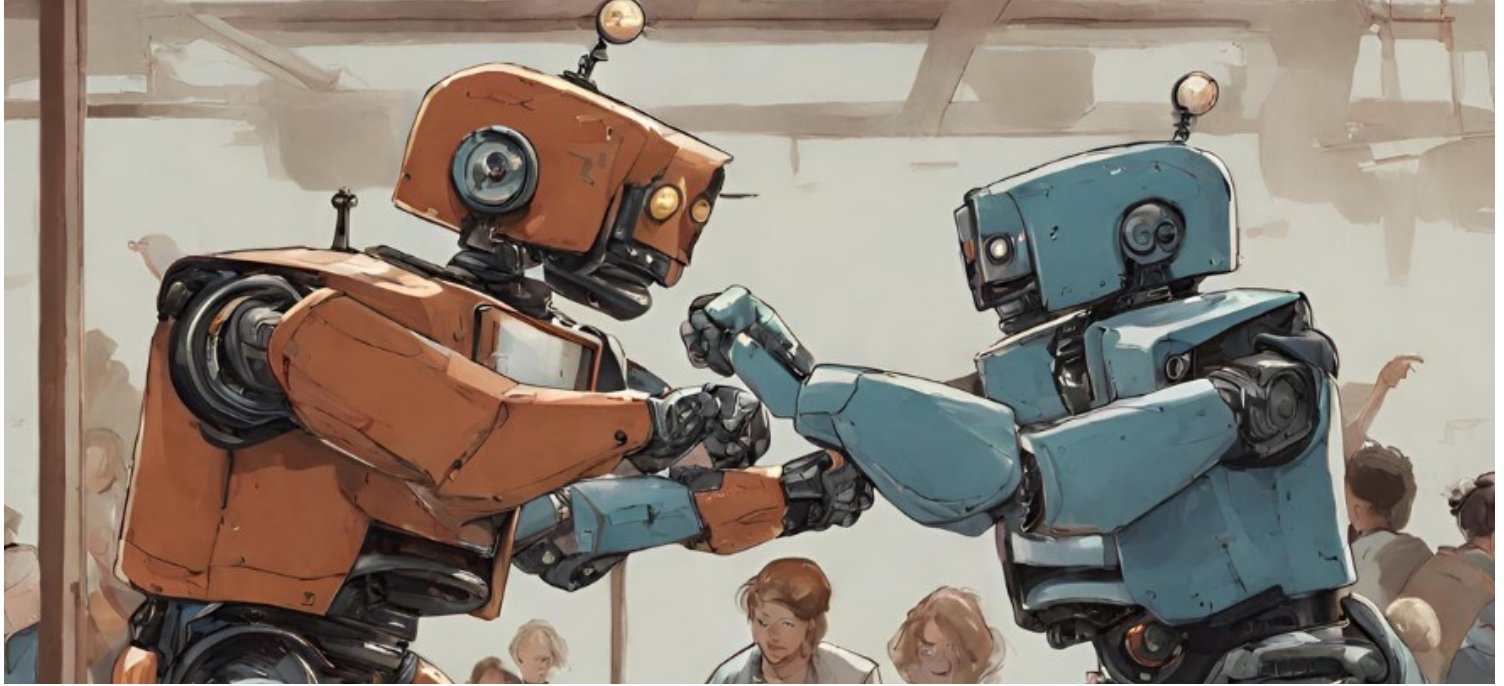
After the boy tried to stop the sticky, red blood oozing from his pale faced, sharp featured mother's head, went back to the round window of the aeroplane to try and spot where the elephant was now. But he could not see it anymore. When the boy was wondering how an elephant could just vanish without a trace, he saw the big, grey elephant out of the corner of his eye. Suddenly, after the boy had turned around to the window again, he saw it. The huge elephant was riding a tiny plane! That was when the boy passed out from shock.

"Timmy... Oh Timmy... Time to wake up, you'll be late for school." Timmy's mother said. After that Timmy then opened his eyes and realised he was in his bed. It must have been a dream, Timmy thought, well at least I will have a wild story to tell my friends.



Techno City

By Orrin Thompson



Techno City has a population of 1,763,912. It has a high population of Creators, people who have the special ability to create any technological device from thin air and their limitations to build anything are their own imagination. Most of the citizens of Techno City are friendly, peaceful people who care about each other, but some of the citizens kidnap Creators to make robots to battle each other and make bets on which robot would win.

Another thing is that Techno City is humongous because of its big size of population, so some Creators willingly help to expand Techno City and keep it safe from the outside world. That is because the rest of the planet has been infected with a fast-spreading virus that turns anyone and anything to stone.

This is why their number one biggest rule is to never go outside the city walls and if they ever try to, then Techno City's police units, which is made up mostly of Creators and a few highly trained normal people, will track you down until there is nowhere left to run and torture you to near death in front of your entire family. 7

For Techno City to make its big, tough decisions, it has a council of Creators with ten council members. Nothing goes on before the council sees it and approves it to go on, or else the people who went through with it will all get tortured to death but in a safe secure location so no one finds out.

That is basically Techno City's dark secret. Some people say that the infection is over and that there are mythical creatures living in the outside world like dragons, fairies and maybe even giraffes! But most people just think they're crazy or just weird. So please, come and see our wonderful city of Techno City!

Can Cats Talk?

By Mhairi Mackie

Wouldn't life be so much easier as a cat? No responsibilities, no job and always having someone to take care of you, to feed you.

Life for my cat, George, has always been easy and I envy him for it. He's never had to work a day in his life, and never had bills to pay. He gets to sit around and sleep all day because that's what everyone expects him to do.

I, on the other hand, have bills to pay and a job to do. I don't get to sleep all day and have someone take care of me. As I get home from another long day at work I'm greeted at the door by George waiting for me to feed him.

I set my bag down on the table and take a seat, happy to be off my feet from standing all day. George comes around and sits beside me and rests his head on my arm. I let out a sigh as I lift my hand to stroke his soft fur, it always feels like touching clouds, because of how fluffy it is.

"Hi George how are you?"

"Meow"

"I don't know why I even bother talking to you, it's not like you can answer me, can you?"



***A Night In December* By Niamh Lunney**



It was a dark blizzardy night in December. The frost was forming across all the windows, and the snow was falling at a rapid pace. Bella was home alone, her parents were out of town for work, so Bella decided to invite a friend over. Emily, the two girls finally decided they would light a big, cosy fire, order pizza and watch a festive movie.

While Bella rang Dominos to order the two pizzas, Emily went outside in the freezing cold, to collect sticks for the fire. She was nearly fin-

ished filling up the bucket, when she suddenly saw a tall silhouette standing in the corner. However, when she heard Bella calling her name she left, but she never looked away from that corner. After a bit the two girls suddenly heard an eerie whisper saying, "I know you two girls are alone...". The two girls both ran to hide somewhere so the creepy stalker wouldn't see them. Out of nowhere the doorbell rang...

There was a tall, dark silhouette standing outside. The girls could see him press his face up to the glass and try to look in. Both girls were terrified. Their hearts were thumping out through their chests with fear. What did this man want from them? He raised his fist and started thumping on the door.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Both Bella and Emily screamed "GO AWAY!".

The voice calmly replied, "Two medium pepperoni pizzas?". The girls jump up in their excitement to open the door, but what they saw haunted them...they saw the delivery guy laying dead on the doorstep, with bright red blood seeping into the fresh white snow on the ground, standing over him was a tall, masked man holding a butcher's knife "Hello girls, good-bye girls" ...



The Disappearance Of Mrs Wooley's Tomatoes.

By Lily Keys

This is the story about my elderly neighbour, Mrs Wooley, and the disappearance of her tomatoes...

It was just your average Saturday morning, and Mrs Wooley came home with approximately 50 tomatoes, the usual amount she brings home every morning. Mrs Wooley was a civil little lady, and her most prized possession was tomatoes...She loved tomatoes so much that she would eat them for breakfast, lunch and dinner and sometimes even for supper.

But on this day Mrs Wooley's worst nightmare occurred...her tomatoes had disappeared! She looked everywhere, under the table, under her bed, in her car, even in her emergency cupboard but there was only one left... she panicked. She ran over to my house and banged on the door until I answered it.

"Oh hello Mrs Woole-"

"HAVE YOU SEEN MY TOMATOES?!"

"No sorry I haven't seen any of your tomatoes".

She dashed back to her house in her pink granny slippers, ran upstairs and got her dressing gown on. She hurried to her car and sped down to the shops.

Without turning off her car, she sprinted as fast as she could to the door of the supermarket, and quickly waddled to the tomatoes, grabbed as many as she could and dashed towards the till.

"Hello", required the cashier, awkwardly.

"Hi", Mrs Wooley replied quickly. "Would you like a bag?"

"No", she replied in an aggressive tone.

"Are you sure you have quite a lot of tomat- "Yes! I'm sure!"

"Uh-okay, that's \$60.79"

"Here", she pulled out an ancient looking credit card. She waddled even faster to her car and drove home.

She got home and put some of her tomatoes in her special tomato bowl, and the rest in her secret emergency cupboard, and carried on with her day.

She went to sleep just after she had her daily cheese, tomato and toast.

Early the next morning she walked down the stairs smiling to herself, knowing that she had her large stash of tomatoes waiting to be ate. She got down the stairs to realise... that all the tomatoes were gone... she squealed in horror.

"WHERE ARE ALL MY TOMATOES?!"

Once again, she ran to the shops, got even more tomatoes, and this time she put a video camera in her kitchen, to see who or what was taking her tomatoes.

She woke up at exactly 6:00 AM, darted down the stairs, to check the video camera.

She looked back through the video footage only to realise that she was sleep walking into her kitchen, and eating all the tomatoes every single night...



It Happened This Winter

By Niall Quinn

It was a dark eerie stormy night. The trees were swinging, wind was howling like a banshee and icy cold snow was everywhere. It was freezing. A family lived up in the hills miles from the town; they were snowed in and couldn't get out of the house because of the blizzard. They were all sitting in the lounge with a roaring log fire on watching a movie when suddenly they heard a bang on their door.

They went to check who was there but when they opened the door there was nobody to be seen so they all went back inside. They all settled down to continue watching the movie when suddenly they hear another bang at the door!

This time, only Jack, the dad, went out to see who was there. Then they heard him scream, so they all ran outside to see what had happened.

When they got outside, they saw footprints with blood surrounding the house.

They looked for their dad but he was nowhere to be seen, just all this blood!

Just then they heard their front door slam shut! They ran up and looked through the window and see a hooded figure carrying their dad over their shoulder and there was lots of blood dripping from his neck, it had been slashed!!

They scream and scream not knowing should they try to get into the house or run for help.

Before they had time to make that decision, they hear an evil laugh and look around to see two more hooded figures holding massive sharp knives and they said to them "Now it's your turn...".





***Lost In The Sky* By Caolan Candy**

Up in the sky
Super, super high
I think I might die
While flying in the sky
Snow as white as clay
Flying through the day And wonder-
ing through
The air I don't think anybody
Cares.

What Happened This Winter?

By Shania McDonagh

It was one of those mornings. You know one of those mornings you wish you could curl up in the covers. Sadly, I couldn't do that since Ashley wanted to go to the gym today. As I got up to put some clothes on, I spotted a pile of clothes on the floor. I was almost sure they were dirty, but honestly, I didn't care. I flung the clothes on and put a belt on as well. I texted Ashley I was on my way, but she didn't reply, so I just assumed she was in the shower.

As I pulled into her driveway, I got out of my car to walk into her house, but the door was locked. I was confused as she never locks the door especially when she knows I'm on my way over. I just thought she forgot so I reached down to get her spare key from under her door mat, but strangely it wasn't there?

I was so confused but also freezing as we were in the middle of a snowstorm. I got back into my car and reached for my phone in the pocket of my snow-covered jeans. I pulled my phone out with trembling hands. I punched her number into the caller log. I sat for a while



contemplating if I should press ring. I pressed ring and it was a dead line for a few minutes before the call ended. I texted her again and no luck. I didn't want to file a report on her because I knew that they would do nothing so I just left the report to another day as I just hoped she would find her way home. It has been fifty-three years since that day. Still no sign of her...

The Giant's Causeway

By Yasmin Bogle

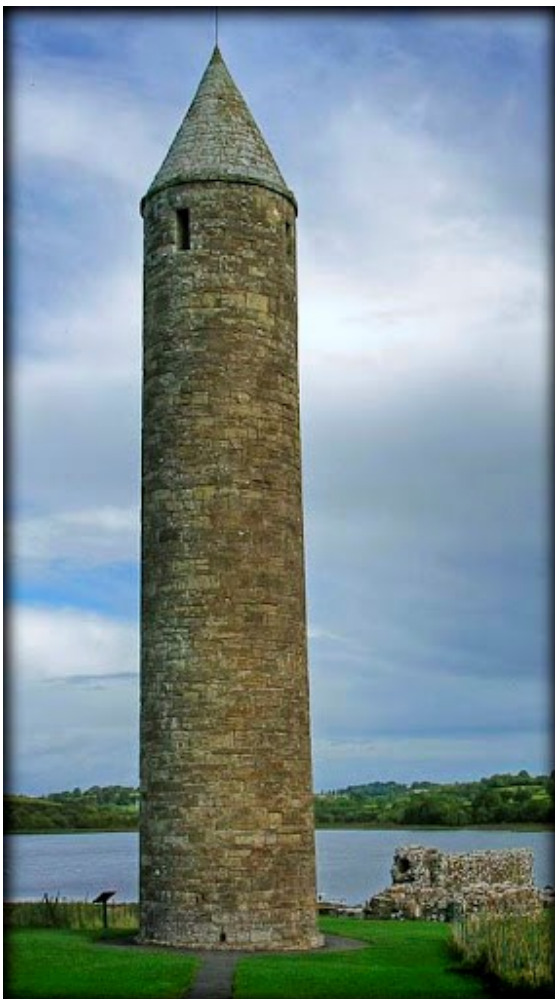
Come visit me,
I am surrounded by the North Atlantic Sea,
I am known all over Ireland,
Step on these rocks that giants have thrown,
Climb up the ancient stones,
Walk the North Antrim cliff path,
You would be amazed at this view,
You could see sunshine,
Hopefully no Irish rain,
But I will still be here,
For when you come again.



Devenish Tower

By Aimee McBride

High and tall
Safe and alive
Only the monks can survive
1000 years still standing
All the others are broken and
maybe vanished
No glass to go with the windows
Only stone to keep it standing
The Devenish Island is where it
stands high and tall
Surrounded by water that goes
around and around
All alone stands the tower
waiting to save another once
again...



After A Christmas Party

By Zuzanna Baczevska

It was a stormy winter night, the trees were howling, the paths were icy. I was walking home, after a Christmas party. The storm was so heavy. While I was walking, I was rubbing my hands for some heat. Just then, I heard something, but I wasn't sure what it was. I heard some snow crunching behind me; when I looked behind me, I saw nothing. Anxiously, I started to walk fast. Even though I heard noises behind me I ignored it. Just then I saw a shadow in front of me, but when I blinked it disappeared...

After some time, I finally entered the forest which led to my house. I saw some drops of blood going the way to my house. Just then, I flinched when I heard wolves howling. Up ahead, I saw a dead animal covered in blood. I turned around to my left, horrified, and saw a tall shadow standing behind a tree...when I looked down at his hand, I noticed a gun. I stepped back and it felt like I bumped into something...when I looked behind me it was a person with a gun. Then BANG!! He tried to shoot me, but I ran away before he could...

Eventually, I saw my house grow closer and closer. I decided to look behind me and saw that the two tall men had disappeared...when I looked back towards my house, I saw that it was very far away. Confused, I walked fast to my house, but it kept moving further away. Just then, I heard something behind me. I saw the two tall men standing there. Suddenly there was a big BANG!!! When I opened my eyes, I couldn't believe what I saw...



Christmas Eve By Olly Burns

On this special night,
sleeping is not
what kids are
thinking about

Christmas Eve is a
restless night
sleeping isn't the
number one priority

Christmas Eve is a
Frightful night
You might
Get coal!!!

Christmas Eve is a
Boring night
Time flies when you're having fun.
Not in this case

Christmas Eve is a
Sad night
The elf on the shelf is leaving!!!

Christmas Eve is...
OVER!!!!
Christmas Day is here.
Along with lots of presents!



