



3rd Edition Winter 2024

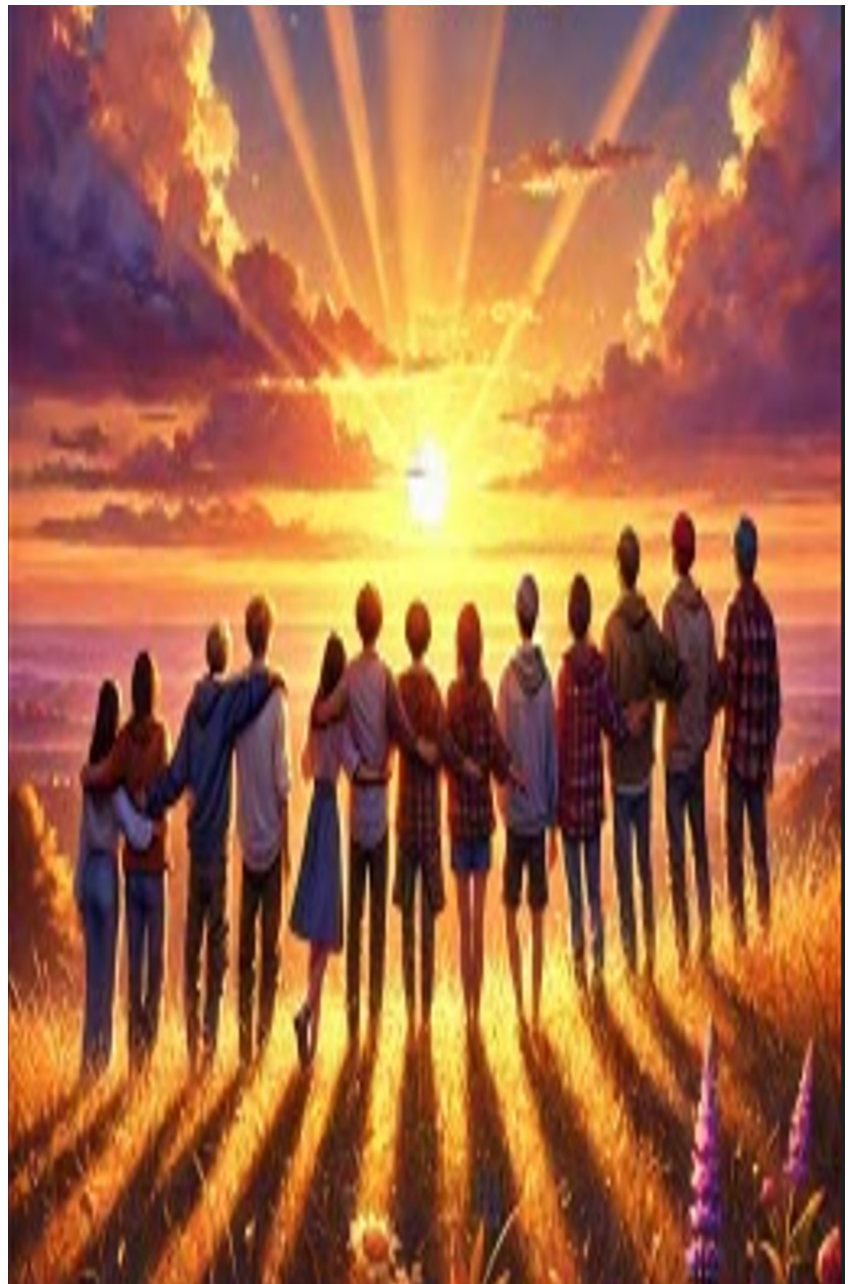
### All My Friends

In every laugh,  
In every cheer,  
My friends bring me close and near.  
With every laugh that we share,  
A bond so strong,  
Beyond compare.

Through ups and downs,  
We stand as one,  
Together facing the setting sun.

In my heart, where love does dwell,  
All my friends matter,  
I can tell.

**By Yasmin Bogle**



## Éirinn

Éire atá álainn, gléasta i nglas saoirse na nGael  
i gcroC na n-éan scoil na naoibhinn, ar an gcnoc  
is an fhás gaoith na hÉireann, ag séi deadh go  
sí dreí

Trá na mbaile, tonnta ag rith. Sce iti mi ni na  
n-óige, i bhféile na mblaíh. Féil eacon ag eitilt,  
i ngrien na maidine. Éire, mo chroí is tú mo ghrá.

## Ireland

Ireland, so beautiful, dressed in green,  
The freedom of the Gaels  
In the hearts of the birds, the choir of the saints, on the hill,  
And the growing winds of Ireland, blowing forever

The beach of the town, waves running. Stories told  
Of youth, in the festival of flowers. A vision flying,  
In the morning sun. Ireland, my heart, you are my love.

**By Jay Devine**



## **Doomsday**

There's this thing I call Doomsday,  
It's a day when the world dies.  
You may think it'll happen in a million years,  
But it's a lot sooner,  
Listen, and you'll see why.

The climate clock keeps ticking,  
Tick, tick, tick.  
But people are ignoring it,  
This is what I call Doomsday.

Hurricanes are happening around the globe,  
But a lot more have happened  
Since a long time ago.  
This is what I call Doomsday.

People litter and expect it to all be okay.  
Litter, litter all day.  
They think it's some game to play.  
This is what I call Doomsday.

**By Connor Crawford**



## الشتاء

في الحديقة، زهورٌ تَتَفَتَّحُ  
تَحْتَ الشَّمْسِ تَبْتَسِمُ وَتُشْرِقُ  
أَطْفَالٌ يَلْعَبُونَ بِفَرَحٍ  
وَيَضْحَكُونَ فِي كُلِّ مَكَانٍ

رَقَاقَاتُ النُّلْجِ تَرْقُصُ فَوْقَ الْأَشْجَارِ  
تَمْلَأُ الْأَجْوَاءَ هَمَسَاتِهَا  
يَا جَمَالَ الطَّبِيعَةِ فِي الشِّتَاءِ  
نُسْعِدُ الْقَلْبَ وَنَمْنَحُ الدَّفءَ لِلرُّوحِ

## Winter

In the garden, flowers bloom  
Under the sun, they smile and shine  
Children play joyfully  
And laugh everywhere

Snowflakes dance above the trees  
Filling the air with their whispers  
Oh, the beauty of nature in winter  
It delights the heart and brings warmth to the soul

**By Rama Al Khahwaji**



## **Life With Social Media**

Is social media all that good?  
Yeah, you have your Instagram models  
And your TikTok dancers who all have "perfect" lives,  
But are they really so perfect?

Social media is fun but can be dangerous  
You can send or receive something horrible,  
You can be scammed on something that looks real,  
But worst of all,  
It can make you feel insecure,  
"Pain is beauty"  
"Eat this salad"  
No, don't listen to everything on the internet,  
Don't follow a crowd,  
Be yourself and learn to love the life you have been given!

**By Roma Maxwell**



## The Darkness of Halloween

It was a black stormy and cold night. The bushes, trees and grass were all still but suddenly there was a shuffle in the bushes then a stray dog jumped out of the bush 'AHHHH' as I jumped with a fright. Everything was getting really strange. That night I was really far away from my house, so I had to walk quite a while. About 5 to 10 minutes later I was close to my house. There was a black and derelict alley way. I really didn't want to walk through this alley way at night but I gave it a go. As I was walking I had seen a black tall figure standing in the cold and misty distance. My brain was telling me 'Don't go any further' so I started to feel goosebumps going all down my arms and legs. I turned around and ran and ran and ran.

That night when I ran out of that dark alley way, my friend Conan's house was in front of me so I gave a knock on his door. Conan answered the door and said 'Hello what's going on, why are you knocking my door at half ten on Halloween night?' I said 'Please come outside and knock for Zach with me, we all need to discuss something okay??' he said let me get my shoes on. As we were walking to Zacks he was asking me 'Why do you want me to come with you at this time of the night?' I said because you have to see what's going on this night.

I said I was walking home from my grannies and everything was still until I heard a shuffle in the bush and a stray dog leapt out and ran then it was about 5-10 minutes later and there was a dark alley way and I seen a black figure standing in the misty distance and Conan said 'Oh what are me and Zach going to do to help?' and I said 'You need to trust me... there is very strange things happening and he said ok.' 'OHHH NOOO' I said. Conan said 'What Jack?? 'LOOK THERE IS THE BLACK FIGURE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT RUN AHHHHH, AHHHHH'. Conan had fallen into a black hole, I looked behind me and there was no figure in sight, Conan was shouting 'HELPP MEE!!!.' So I rushed to see if he was okay, seconds later I fell down a hole AHAHAHAHAH. I had fell into a rather creepy and eerie hole and Conan was standing behind me 'What is going on we were trapped in a dark black room with no doors or light and NO WAY out.' We never reached Zach's house or out of the hole.

As you can tell it was a scary Halloween for the boys. The boys thought they found a hole, a dirt hole to crawl back up but it was only an illusion to their mind and as they got close to it, it all just fell down and they got crushed....

To this day still no one knows if they are alive or dead.

R.I.P

**By Jack Cleary**



## **My Emotions**

My emotions are crazy!

Yours are too.

Everyone is different, depends what you do.

Mine are like ticking time bombs,

Going in my head,

Only you can help them,

They all said!

I love my emotions,

One, two, three,

Nervous and excited,

Sad and happy.

**By Codie McCabe**



## **We Are All Unique**

we are all unique and no other person is really the same,  
But we copy others and long for better,  
And try to be like others who are successful and happy.

And the example that we set tells where our interests really are.  
There is one role model that's perfect in every way,  
And with my eyes set on him,  
I will not falter when life's biggest challenges come.

**By Amelia Protsyuk**



## Manchester United

Football is a sport,  
Our team is Manchester United,  
On our way to winning the Premier League,  
Together at Old Trafford,  
Because we are the best,  
All around the world,  
Listening for the cheers,  
Living for the dream.

By Lurcan McGlinchey



## **Tae Neantóga**

Neantóga a bhláith ar ithir bhog.  
Na feithidí ag cogar ar na duilleoga.  
Tae fhuair déanta as anois.  
Glacadhas le treo na tide, an droch-bhlas sa bhéal.  
Agus an marbhphian sa chraoí cé gur maslach é.  
Dhoirt mé m'anam sa charr agus mé ag tiomáint.  
D'imigh sé ar fud na háite.  
Mé ag caoineadh go chúin, ag insint orm fhéin.  
Ba bheag nár athnaigh mé ar bhlas ar do ghuth nuair a dúirt tú.  
Nach raibh ann ach cupán tae.

## **Nettle Tea**

Nettles that bloomed on soft soil.  
Bugs chewing on the leaves.  
It's the markings of cold tea now. I accepted the pull of the tide, the bad taste in my mouth.  
And the dull pain in my heart, despite its implicit humiliation.  
I spilled my soul in the car as I drove.  
It went everywhere.  
I cry quietly, telling myself.  
I barely recognised the tone of your voice when you said.  
It was just a cup of tea.

**By Eilidh McAleer**



## **My Footballing Dream**

I love to play football in a team,  
To play for Liverpool would be a dream,  
To suddenly be praised, soon Packie would be amazed!  
With my bright green boots,  
I came with a shoot!  
“Goal!” I shouted.  
It went in!  
Afterwards, I had a party with my kin.

**By Caoimhin Barra Nugent**



## **Nature**

Never litter outside, because animals may get their heads stuck, oh dear!

All animals and species are unique.

Trees, tall trees, small trees, some trees have different patterns and textures.

Us, if we love our planet, our world could be a better place.

Rain falling from the sky, peacefully.

Everyone deserves a healthy world.

**By Eve Clarke**



## Home

A home and a house are very different things

Houses are made of bricks

Homes are made of loved ones

And both can be destroyed in an instant.

Storms can be caused by humans

Whether it be from global warming or words

People can cause disasters

Big and small.

It can cause disasters if buried

But 'can' isn't inevitable

Family is a painting

A painting you must hang up with pride.

**By Archie Golden**



## **Football**

Football is a sport of roughness,  
Although it takes some skill.  
It just takes practice to get over the top of that hill,  
But as they say, practice makes perfect.  
The practice might get rather hectic,  
As people start to get mad.  
After the game, I'm sure you will be glad,  
Even if you don't win the game.  
It's not all about the fame,  
The game is just for fun.  
If you just get it done,  
I'm sure it will be great.

**By Annemarie Gormley**



## Animal Love

I went to an animal shelter before,  
It was like a prison for animals,  
I have loved animals ever since I was born.  
My unconditional love with animals is unbelievable,  
Some people think I have gone out of my mind!  
I roar to lions, I bark to dogs, I scream to a monkey.  
They may not yet be born or be half my size  
But I am obsessed with these creatures.  
Adorable animals are loveable  
And have a heart to not break.  
As a lion runs towards me I scream, "Argh!"  
But I am undefeatable.  
And so a crash hits the whole left side of my body.  
I am left unconscious...  
"Surprise!" I was joking,  
The deep, dark fear went away  
As I slowly hugged all the animals.  
I am now left with a cat and two dogs.  
Animal love is real.  
Animal love is alive.  
It is unbeatable to any human being (unless you're allergic).  
Quietly I am left in my bedroom all alone with my pets  
All sleeping on all sides of me as if they are protecting me.  
I love animals!

**By Ramona Marmarosi**



## **Chess And Checkers**

Chess is unfair to the black.

Horses can jump over; some stay behind.

Even now people push and you don't, it's not your turn.

Sad when you lose but try again.

So you lost your queen; it's not over.

After you learn something, don't stop.

Never back down, never give up.

Dead like chess a bit and checkers.

Chess had bad moves. Some are good, but if you make the bad, it's okay.

History of chess is as interesting as plain history.

Even if you break a bone, learn the opposite.

Checkmate. Play again and do better.

King is the most important; protect it like your loved ones.

Every time you lose, learn and learn until you win.

Real life is scary and fun but enjoy life.

So you make a bad decision. Do a good one next time.

**By Naoise O'Brien**



## **My Dream**

I would love to play for Liverpool  
And I would love to go to a match  
But we can't  
And when I'm older, I wish to play at Anfield  
And meet all the players  
No matter the weather, I train  
Even in rain  
Comfort is progression's worst enemy  
And I never miss a single match  
I am the only Liverpool supporter  
And when they are playing against Man United  
There is conflict and craic  
And it would be my dream to play there  
But that's only a dream  
I have plenty of jerseys and blankets and stuff  
And if I make it all the way  
My family will be so happy and supportive of me  
And I'll be happy.

**By Lucy Harper**



## The Parachute Jump

It was like any other normal, boring day. I looked outside my bedroom window, and it was a miserable day. The wind was screaming like it was being killed.

Me and my group of friends, Caolan, Nathan and Oisin, had been planning this day forever. It was Nathan's birthday, and we were going skydiving! We had wanted to do this our whole lives as it looked really fun. We always used to watch YouTube videos of people jumping out of planes, and now we finally got to do it ourselves!

I dashed quickly down the stairs, got my backpack and sprinted out the door, nearly taking the door with me. Outside, Oisin was waiting in his new car. It was a luminous red colour. I jumped in and we drove to the airport.

"Are you excited?" I asked Caolan, Oisin and Nathan. They replied by shouting enthusiastically, "YES!!!"

When we pulled up to the airport, my body was full of adrenalin and excitement after listening to music which got us pumped up.

We rushed to the instructor, who looked like he had been doing this forever. He looked so calm and in control. He showed us all the equipment we would need for the jump, and we gathered it all up and carried it on to the plane.

The door squealed shut and the engines started up, roaring furiously at us. My heart sank as we took off... *"There's no going back now..."* I said quietly. The others looked nervously out the window. In my gut, I had the feeling that maybe we shouldn't have done this...

As we climbed higher and higher, the fields below us looked like little pieces of broken Lego. My heart froze as the instructor stood up and rapidly pulled open the door of the plane. He was shouting instructions, but I couldn't hear him over the furious roar of the wind.

He began pushing my friends out one at a time. First Oisin, then Nathan, the Caolan. Then it was my turn... I thought I was going to die. My emotions felt like they were bubbling up and about to pop, and the next thing I knew, he shoved me out of the plane!

I was horrified. I screamed and roared as loud as I could.

"I'M GONNA DIE!"

"I'M GONNA DIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!"

But my screams were drowned out by the wind.

I was tossing and turning about the place, over and over again, like a puppet getting played with. The clouds looked like freshly made cotton candy and I fell through them. I was doing front flips and back flips and side flips, twisting, turning and tumbling. My heart was skipping beats and it jumped into my mouth with fear. The wind was screaming aggressively at me as I crashed back down to earth like a meteor – I felt like I was in a video game, but there was no way out of the game except to hit the ground.

Finally, my parachute opened, and I slowed down. I breathed a sigh of relief as I landed stiffly on the ground. My legs felt jelly and my mind was racing like a race car speeding on a highway. All the thoughts about what could have went wrong and how lucky I was.

Looking back now, I can't believe I actually jumped out of a plane! I was so happy when I landed safely, I will definitely not be doing that again!

**By Riley Taylor**



## The Pitch of War

The football was rolling  
I felt like I was bowling  
The ball flying on the green field  
I had to use my hand as a shield

The pitch was hard  
It felt like tar  
The rain pelted down  
As we ran on the ground

The referee's whistle blew  
And we all said, "Phew"  
The captains shook hands  
While wearing their armbands.

**By Aine Coyle**



## **The Bloody Cross**

Bethany was hanging upside down, her red hair over her face like a curtain of despair and fear. The demon inside poor Bethany had sensed a higher force – a poltergeist. Bethany screamed as the pain inside her grew. She scaled the slimy living room walls and then the roof, her tiny head twisting 360 degrees. The poltergeist burst in, holding a cross covered in blood, screaming, "Be gone, foul demon, by the power of God!" Bethany fell down, her bones broken and crying as the demon left her bloody and weak body, never to be seen again.

**By Connor Crawford**



## **Summer Fair**

The sun is shining in the sky,  
Lots of people are passing by.  
Sweet treats and ice cream,  
They all look so nice.  
The sun shines all day,  
There is lots of time to play.  
It is so fun to run about,  
Now it's time to go out.

**By Mia Watson**



## **Halloween**

It was a breezy autumn night, dark and quiet. But out of the shadows marched a tall, beefy man dressed as Michael Myers. He walked for 2 minutes before stopping suddenly all of a sudden, near a medium-sized, dark house. He stepped menacingly towards the front door, the homeowner seemingly asleep, marched up the neatly painted steps and grasped the nicely polished handle and took two steps in...

He crept down the carpeted hallway, passing golden-framed photographs as he walked. He marched on, slowly approaching the kitchen, his motive quite clear. He grasped the cold handle of the biggest and sharpest knife there and began his walk for the stairs. But when he stopped standing before the first stair, he looked up and saw a shadow... it was the homeowner. He raised his shotgun, aiming at the intruder, and then... Bang!! It hit Michael straight in the shoulder. Bang!! Another shot rang out, hitting Michael in the shoulder, but it didn't faze him, and at that moment, he realised that this intruder was not a man... but a monster.

He sprinted across the landing, grabbing a vase and preparing for a fight. Slowly, it rose onto the landing, its venomous stare penetrating his soul. It walked eerily, knife gripping tightly, knees ready to pounce. It raised its arm, preparing to slash. Smash!! A vase hit it over the head, broken into pieces, the man had just thrown it at him. It raised its head, unfazed, but its knife fell down the stairs. It didn't need it. It grasped his throat, fed up with his actions and...

He crept back down the stairs and out the front door, marched down the street and stalked for his next victim.

**By Beau Devlin**



## James's Hopes

James inspired football  
And he wanted to become a football player  
Many years later, James was playing for his school  
Even though he wanted to become a professional football player  
So he didn't believe in himself.

Hopes you can achieve  
Officially he didn't believe in himself  
Papa said, "You can do it."  
Even his mom said, "You can do it."  
Surprise, surprise, he made it to Manchester United.

**By Brandon McDermott**



## **Emily and Lily**

There was once two girls, Emily and Lily, they were sisters and grew up together. On the 30th of October 2019, they were out playing football at the playground when suddenly Lily said, "Come on, Emily, let's go for a walk!" Emily, her twin sister, wasn't too sure because it was as dark as a cave, and their mum, Susan, was expecting them home for dinner.

Emily said, "We should go home, it's getting really late anyway."

Lily said, "Ugh, stop being such a scaredy-cat, you loser!"

Emily was embarrassed, so she said, "Come on then, I'm not scared!"

So, they started their walk down the old road. Emily felt the moon screaming at her.

Emily was getting really nervous and said, "COME ON, LILY, THIS IS DANGEROUS!"

Lily yelled, "I thought you weren't a loser."

So, Emily shrugged her shoulders in fear and kept walking on.

An old man around his fifties called the girls over. Both girls were as scared as a mouse. Emily roared, "Lily, I am really scared!"

Lily said, "RUN!"

So, both girls ran as fast as they could and hid behind a big grown-out bush.

The girls waited and waited and waited for hours. It became midnight, and Lily would not go home, and Emily was not going without her.

Emily cried, "Why do you want to go to the forest?"

Lily replied with, "I need to prove to my friends I am not a scaredy-cat."

Emily cries again, "I want Mum!"

Lily laughed, "Of course you do, you baby."

The bats were flying around and around their head. They both shiver in fear. The girls were running as slow as sloths to the bus stop to get some shelter in the torrential rain and the bangs of the thunder and the flashing of lightning.

They kept walking until they reached the heart of the forest. It was really dark and creepy. They heard crunching underfoot. Then things went deadly silent for a moment. Both the girls cried out to each other, "I want to go home!"

The girls were smurfs; they were blue and cold. Suddenly, a shadow pops out, snatches the girls, and laughed. The girls screamed and cried in horror. The girls were shoved into a river and never seen again.

**By Aine Coyle**



## **Unique Is Everyone**

Humans are people,  
Just like you and me.  
But something so simple makes us all unique.  
A talent? A feature? Or something like that?  
You may even have a pet rat!  
Do you sing? Do you dance? Do you play music or do you prance?  
Do you cook? Do you bake? Do you sing or do you rake?  
You have a talent, we all do, too!  
Yours is what makes you, you!  
No matter how big, no matter how small,  
We are all unique, and for my poem,  
That's all!

**By Orlaith-Cait McCarron**



## **A Pumpkin's Curse**

It all began in a mysterious town called Frightful Falls. Halloween was the best holiday of the year. Everyone always dressed up in scary costumes and threw parties, but there was one thing that made people hate Halloween—the cursed pumpkin. Every October, an eerie-looking pumpkin grew in the middle of Frightful Falls. The pumpkin loomed in the moonlight. Around its base, there were twisted vines coiling like a lizard's tail. If you'd dare to carve it, a ghostly spirit would haunt you until you solved a hard riddle. No one wanted to take the risk, not until this year.

There was a group of friends: Ella (age 14), Mark (age 14), Lucas (age 13), and Amy (age 13). They were new to the town, so they didn't know much about "The Cursed Pumpkin." They knew there was something eerie, something mysterious about the town, but they didn't think much of it. "Have you guys heard about the cursed pumpkin?" Ella asked. "Apparently, if anyone dared to carve it, a ghostly spirit would haunt you until you solved his tricky riddle!" But none of her friends seemed to care or listen except for Lucas. "Let's check it out!" Lucas said excitedly, "It's almost Halloween after all!"

The whole friend group left at 7:00 PM on a crispy, dark, daunting night to find out more about this peculiar pumpkin. They arrived in the middle of the tiny town and were frantically asking about this eerie pumpkin, but anytime it was mentioned, people would visibly panic when they heard the words "cursed pumpkin." So, they decided to find it themselves. After searching and searching, they spotted a deep alley that led them to the pumpkin. They all knew they had found it.

"Are you guys sure about this...?" Amy said. "It doesn't feel like a good idea." But the group ignored her and trotted into the alley, making Amy follow in. And there stood the cursed pumpkin. It stood ominously in the moonlight, its surface a mottled blend of deep orange and shadowy black, as if it was stained by the darkness itself. "Come on, guys, let's carve it!" Mark said excitedly. "It's just a pumpkin." But they all refused; no one wanted to end up in trouble. Mark sighed as he stepped near the pumpkin. With a determined nod, Mark grabbed some carving tools and started to work on it.

As he cut through its tough skin, the scent of fresh pumpkin filled the air. Suddenly, a freezing gust of wind ran through the town, and out of the pumpkin grew a large ghostly figure. It floated above Mark, glowing like a candle, its eyes glowing like a volcano. "I am the Keeper of the Riddle!" it shouted in a deep, mysterious voice. "Solve my riddle until midnight, or you will be haunted until your days are gone!" Mark's heart dropped like a rollercoaster. "What's the riddle?" Mark screamed in a brave voice.

The ghost got closer, and the air grew icy. "I speak with a mouth and hear without ears. I have no body, but I come alive with the wind!" Mark's heart was thumping like a drum. "An echo...?" There was a silence; all you could hear was the sound of the wind. His mind was racing. The ghost paused, its expression switching from menace to surprise. "It sure is an echo!" the ghost said in his deep voice. "You are free from my haunt, but remember, stuff like this is better left untouched."

As the ghost disappeared, the pumpkin transformed into a soft, glowing ash, leaving behind a warm light that flickered like a broken lantern. A rush of relief washed over Mark and his friends. From that day on, Mark knew to never take the risk and to always listen to his friends. He shared the story all around Frightful Falls, knowing people would never believe him.

**By Jessica Dragoiu**



## **Lueur de Noël**

Les étoiles brillent, une scène enneigée,  
La joie de Noël, un éclat paisible.  
L'amour abonde, les cœurs remplis de joie,  
Joyeux Noël, année après année!

## **Christmas Glow**

The stars shine, a snowy scene,  
The joy of Christmas, a peaceful gleam.  
Love abounds, hearts filled with cheer,  
Merry Christmas, year after year!

**By Yasmin Bogle**



### **Szenteste Előtti Napon!**

Segítünk a vacsorában,  
És körbenyalog a tányéron,  
És becsomagoljuk ajándékainkat,  
Amilyen szépen csak tudjuk.  
Felakasztottuk a harisnyánkat,  
A zúgó tűz mellett.  
De most már nincs mit tenni,  
kivéve  
To  
Alvás!

Miközben az elfek búcsút vesznek a  
rénszarvasoktól és a barátoktól, a Mikulás  
készben áll, hogy lovagoljon a szánon!

### **The Day Before Christmas Eve!**

We have been helping with the dinner,  
And licking around the plate,  
And wrapping up our presents,  
As neatly as we can.  
We have hung up our stockings,  
Beside the roaring fire!  
But now there's nothing more to do,  
Except  
To  
Sleep!

As the elves say goodbye to the reindeers  
and friends, Santa Klaus is ready to ride  
his sleigh!

**By Ramona Marmarosi**

