



On Your Way Home By Ethan Reynolds

As I lay with my head hung heavy next to you, I dreaded gazing upwards. The mortuary was chillingly cold to be inside, and I did my best to not acknowledge the details of my surroundings. I made effort and raised my head to observe you. You lay so still on the cooling board with your hands joined and your face so relaxed—it was almost like you would awake any moment to ask why you were here. But you didn't and you wouldn't and you couldn't. I knew it was true and everyone had informed me of that simple fact that I seemed to ignore.

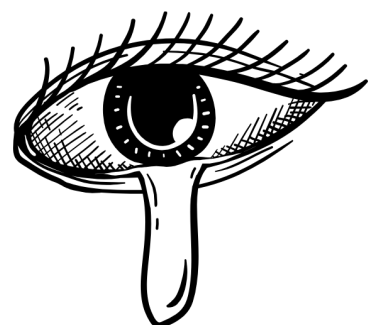
The day after I could not lay around. I sat down and within moments I stood up again due to restlessness. I felt like a caged animal in this reality that I was currently stuck in. 'Life goes on and it doesn't stop'. That's what I've been told by everyone now. That I shouldn't be here thinking of you and the tragedy that this situation was. I couldn't care less in all honesty, down could be the new up, $2 + 2$ could equal 5 and the world could go silent for all I care. My blood boiled inside of my veins and I felt ready to burst at everyone's complacency.



I was given a note today, written by you addressed to me. It was your final wishes to me in the form of your immaculate handwriting telling me to not be sad and that you wished to be set free upon our favourite mountain. I gazed at the note then gazed at the last picture we had taken together on the very same mountain together. I faintly smiled but I didn't enjoy the thought of letting go. I stayed beside you where you lay in our home, gently put to sleep in your mahogany bed. I wanted you here with me. No matter how I wanted you with me and I fought tooth and nail for the possibility but ultimately, I knew it wasn't what you wanted.

It was days after the funeral now and I sat in my old Renault gripping the steering wheel so tight I could see my white knuckles through my thick gloves. I looked down at you, your spirit and your goodness all contained in ceramic and couldn't contain my sorrow. I blubbered and blustered in the driver's seat for what seemed to be hours before gathering myself and exiting my car. I started the trek up the mountain the way we had always done before, stopping along the way at where we always stopped before, speaking as if you were there beside me as you always had been. When the peak was in sight, I grew more and more apprehensive as if something clung to me and begged me not to go.

I managed to shake this fear and trepidation off as I climbed the last few steps to see the sunset rising from behind the clouds. I looked at you softly and lovingly as the gentle breeze kissed my face and the smell of a nature's morning graced my nostrils. With a heavy heart and apprehensive hands, I released you, watching you fly away to your resting place where you would surely be welcomed. I knew you would be happy at your new home as I would be happy with your memory.



My Coffee Cup

By Jessica Humphries

My mum said life is like a coffee cup

I never knew what she meant that day

Now I know what she was trying to say

My coffee cup began to pour, the day the bombs fell

**Screaming and rushing crowds made my coffee cup want
more**

My coffee cup started to fill up

The day my house fell to rubble

Memories of before are gone

And my parents are six feet under

My coffee cup is overflowing

The cracks in my coffee cup are showing

Yes I am a survivor

But is that enough

While others have no promise of tomorrow

I am starting to think it is not my coffee cup's fault

But it is the way we as people think.

Guilt, anger and power

Makes people's lives fly away in a blink

I should probably scream

But what will that do

As my coffee cup is about to sink.

**This poem has been selected for publication in the next
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Verse”* by the ‘Young Writers’ book publisher.**



St Patrick Poem By Clodagh McHugh

Taken, stolen from my family,
I was just a teenager,
Terrified, on that ship,
Being taken to an unknown land.

Six years, six years I have been a slave,
Misery, misery being ripped from my family,
100 prayers during the day, 100 prayers during the night,
Praying for a miracle - could I be saved?

Finally, in the thick of it all - a vision saved me,
A ship was waiting- finally! It's time to go home again,
The excitement is real.
My heart beating as loud as drums.

Home again, the mission is not over, there is more to be done.
My knowledge had to be enhanced, through years of intense studies,
This was no mission for the fainthearted.

Another vision, am I ready for this mission?
Are they ready for me?
My time in captivity was crucial to my spiritual development.
I had to return to my beloved Ireland,
Where the fields of green shamrocks dance in the wind.

My mission, was to convert the pagans,
My mission, was to turn sinners into believers,
My mission, was to fight the hostility of the land,
My mission, was to teach the people about God,
This was aided by the special shamrock.

The simple shamrock symbol explained the Trinity:
"The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit"

A mission of great success,
Remembered today on the 17th of March,
A day of joy, song and dance!



Super Mario Bros. Wonder Review

By Rory McGlone

Before we start this, let's make one thing clear, these are my opinions. You don't have to agree with them.

NON SPOILER SECTION

Super Mario Bros. Wonder was a fun experience, the game looks, and feels really good. It has a sort of a cartoonish art style. The level design is excellent, with the help of the wonder flower to spice things up. The story goes like this: Mario and friends were invited to the Flower Kingdom by Prince Florian (I don't know why), Prince Florian shows off the wonder flower and the evil Bowser swoops in and grabs it, resulting in him turning into a castle. The story isn't the best but it gets the job done. I loved the variety in this game, you could ride on snake pipes, you could dance to a musical, you could float in space! This game is really wacky and that is what makes it enjoyable.

SPOILER SECTION, SPOILER WARNING

The bosses in this game are really lacking. It's Bowser Jr. every single time. The game gets really hard towards the end, and it was challenging. The final boss was Bowser himself, and it was really hard but at the end of the game Bowser gets defeated before he messes up the entire kingdom. I can't touch on the post-game, as I haven't got to that point yet, but I have been warned it is really hard.

MY FINAL THOUGHTS

Was it good? Yes. Was it perfect? No. It is lacking in some parts, such as the bosses, but it was an overall fun experience. I recommend picking this one up.

Score: 8/10



The Devil

By Sean McAleer

I am in a really big poltergeist situation. Things have been thrown around the room. It started when I just got home from work. I got a bad feeling as soon as I walked in through the door. It was like a weird sensation I've never felt before, my heart skipped a beat. I said to myself I'll be ok; I won't be hurt.

It started at around ten o'clock, the electric went off around half ten. I thought it would just turn back on but it didn't. I decided to light a candle, it only made a little flame of light.

I got pushed out of bed. I fell pretty hard like someone either pulled or pushed me out of bed.

I was frightened. There was a shadow at the window, I thought it was that tree I should have cut down about a week or two ago. It was a large human-like figure it was about seven foot tall. It was a very paranormal thing to happen to me.

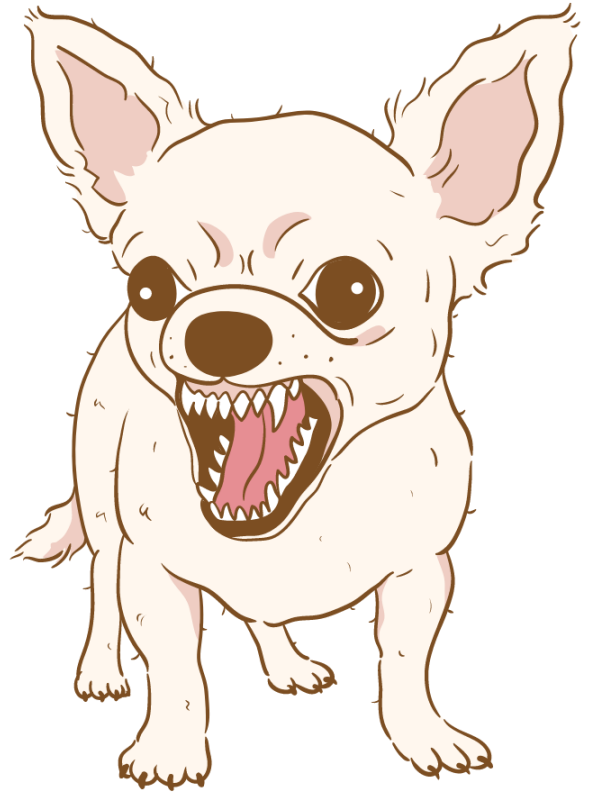
There was a chill in the air. I asked myself "Why is this happening to me? I have been told I am one of the nicest people in the world".



The Cowardly Lions

By Conor McCloskey

Bullies fill me with sorrow
They take my stuff but do not borrow
They trip me up, so I look like a fool.
Laughing with friends, thinking they're cool
Deep down they are as angry as a lion
Pretending they are as strong as iron
Like a dog you hear their bark
They'll do their best to keep you in the dark
But I won't give up I'll be strong
I know what they're doing it's very wrong
Because I'm a mountain, I'll stand tall
For once they will be the ones to fall



A Microscopic World By Conor McCloskey

Shrunk to the size of a microscopic world
Now we are stuck on a bird
My friend is a little scared
And we are unprepared
He asks what we are standing on?
I said "It's a cell we're upon"
"What all is in a cell?"
"Come with me and I'll tell"
"There's the nucleus, cytoplasm, mitochondria and the cell wall"
"We can only see them because we are small"
Every living organism starts as a cell
Even humans and plants have them as well

St Patrick By Eunán Heaney

In Ireland's verdant lands, a shepherd lad,
Young Patrick roamed the hills, his heart so glad.
Captured by pirates, sold into slavery's grasp,
Yet through the darkness, faith did firmly clasp.

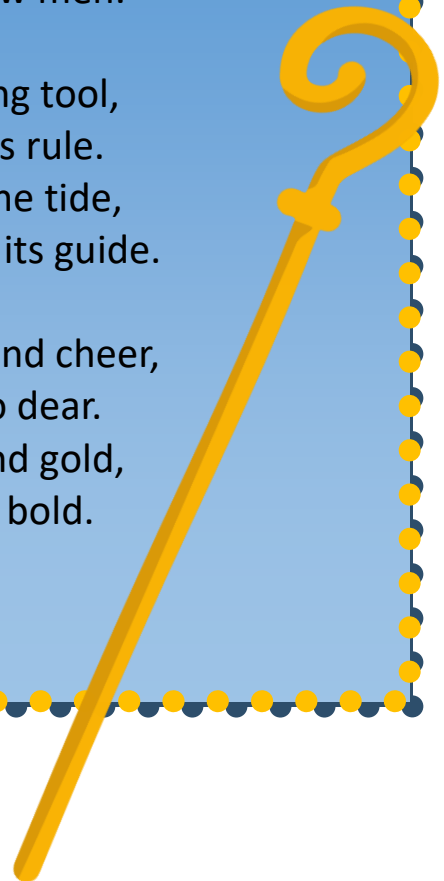
In solitude's embrace, he found his voice,
Through prayer and penance, he made his choice.
Escaping bondage, he returned to his home,
But visions of Ireland, his soul did roam.

A missionary's call, he could not deny,
To spread God's love beneath the Irish sky.
With staff in hand and Gospel in heart,
He journeyed forth, a saintly part.

He banished snakes, so legends tell,
Yet 'twas the serpents of sin he fought well.
By well and hill, by stream and glen,
He preached salvation to fellow men.

With shamrocks as his teaching tool,
He spoke of God, the Father's rule.
From pagan rites, he turned the tide,
In Patrick's name, Ireland found its guide.

So let us raise a toast, with joy and cheer,
To St. Patrick, patron saint so dear.
His legacy lives on, in green and gold,
In tales of faith and courage bold.



The Nice Grandpa

By Olly Burns

I applied for a job as a cleaner for a rich family. Their house was massive but very old.

No one in the family liked me except for the grandpa. He always waved at me asking me “How was my day?” If it was through a window or through a doorway he would always smile and wave.

One evening when I was cleaning the house I saw him waving through the window but then I realised I was on the third floor...



Skateboarding in the Apocalypse

By Orrin Thompson

I was riding my skateboard when a big robot came out from nowhere and shot my wheels into atoms with its death laser beam. Then I went spinning out of control and crashed into a wall. While I was still in agony, the deadly robot came up to me and brutally sliced off my legs and my right arm; then it flew off into the distance back to the robot base camp in the eastern part of Manhattan.

That was the start of the apocalypse.

ST PATRICK

By Jessica Humphries

I am sitting here all alone, just me, the tide, the sea, and foam.

I felt like the sea that day longing to reach the shore to taste the breath of golden freedom, but instead the only comparison the sea would get from me is the dark ibis that is unknown underneath the surface of the clear blue oasis.

My soul yearned with the feeling of anger at these barbarians who have taken me away from my home, that seems like a distant memory now, only seen in a fantasy. I knew I would have my freedom or at least escape the shackles they had imprisoned me in for an eternity. My life would not become this, I will escape.

That night my night did not ponder on my eternal imprisonment but instead dreamt of a boat not the kind that sang ballads of despair or had winds that made gods look small, but instead one that reflected the sun's beauty in its sails and embraced nature's mystical breath; it was a sign from the man above the sky who created kingdoms and planets with the snap of his fingers and he was calling upon me to get on this boat to travel back to the place I used to call home.

I had realised all the time I had been imprisoned I had been blinded with anger at these barbarians who had captured me but now I was no longer a slave to be told what to do but instead free.

I was free from the endless days of torment.

I was free from the breaths of despair sucking the air out of my lungs and putting me in a choke hold.

I was free to do anything I want.

I knew what I would do with my life now that I was free, I would seek for the things of hidden beauty in the world that was not corrupted or tormented but instead of grace and joy and dedicate my life to the man who had freed me - God - instead of focusing my life on those who had hurt me.



It had been many years since I have devoted my life to my sworn protector, that night the next dream occurred; it was one that was filled with the world's darkness and spreading corruption across the land. It showed the Irish people calling out in despair that was filled with all that was wrong with the world. I must save them.

When I returned to Ireland, I took in the beautiful sights, I watched the river cry tears of an angelic matter, and the fields of flowers were so delicately splattered like an artist with a canvas. A land so beautiful has been destroyed by humanity, they have stabbed this country with their cruelty and natural spirit and have left it to die, I would not let this beautiful oasis be destroyed by the state of humans, I will teach them of your ways.

Once I had been introduced to the people of Ireland, I had discovered they had a God but not of the kind I knew, they believe in the winds that carried our sails, the fire that kept the warmth, the earth that we stood on and the water in the sea and river that flowed with such beauty. I soon taught them of your ways, and they were amazed at the wonders of your existence. They will now be with you in spirit God and see you when they come to your oasis in this life after death.

I am St Patrick, Patron Saint of Ireland.

Bruno's Hope

By Aimee McBride

Brave is how I must act.
Running is what I must stop.
Unable to look at what those have lost.
Nothing is fair in this lonely place.
Only my father is ever-so brave.
Stopping my dreams is all that happens.

Hope is all that I wish for.
Oh why are we here in this monster of a place?
Please let my father go!

Either way, we must stay, this feels like there is no end

This poem has been selected for publication in the next edition (June 2024) of "Through Their Eyes -

***Perspectives In Verse*" by the 'Young Writers' book publisher.**



Sexism By Caoimhe McAteer

I chose to write my speech about sexism because it is something many people will experience at least once in their life and not get the justice they deserve and may still get treated unfairly in the future, and I think that is totally unfair. I think that sexism is one of the worst injustices people face, yet it is so common.

Sexism is seen in many places, like when girls are told they can't play a certain sport because they aren't strong enough, or when a woman gets paid less than a man even though they are doing the exact same job, or when boys get told they can't cry because it isn't manly. This isn't fair because it limits and stops us from being our true selves.

Statistics say about 42% of women in the United States have faced discrimination in the workplace just because of their gender, and research shows that exposure to gender stereotyping as a child causes harm in later life; 69% of men aged under 35 said that gender stereotyping from childhood has a damaging effect on perceptions of what it means to 'be a man' or 'be a woman.' Men were as likely as women to say that gender stereotypes they had experienced had negatively affected their relationships.

There are many things that influence a person to be sexist. One of them being the internet: some people will believe anything they see on the internet and if they see something that promotes sexism, they will agree with it just because they saw it on the internet.

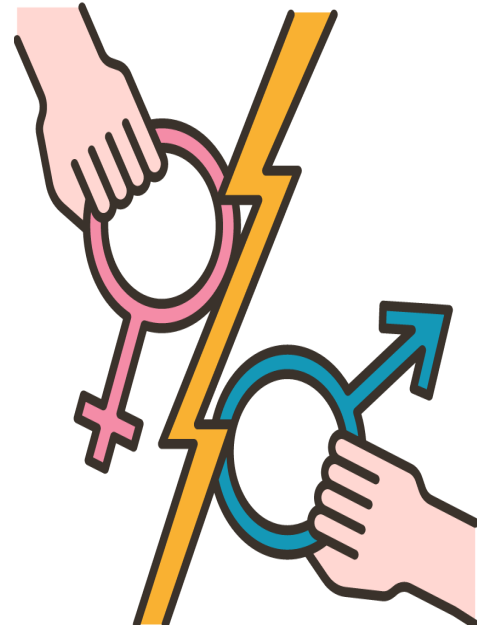
Another thing that influences sexism is family and the people around you. The people you surround yourself with can severely affect your opinions. If someone close to you, that you trust, has sexist opinions and says sexist things it can affect and influence your own opinions.

Many other things like society, education, the environment you're in and more can influence severely wrong, unfair and sexist opinions.

But there is no excuse.

It is such an unnecessary thing that no boy or girl, man or woman should have to deal with. All it does is create unnecessary problems in places where problems are not needed like work, school, a sporting club or anywhere in public.

But our generation and future generations can be the ones to make the changes that are badly needed.



A Jew's Note to Hitler By Connor Crawford

**I am a Jew,
But that might not mean anything to you!**

**You threw me in a camp,
My striped clothes are all damp!**

**Barbed wires that reach the sky,
I had to kiss my wife goodbye!**

You're so evil...

You're so cruel...

You're so angry...

You're a fool!!!

Throwing us into the gas chamber,

Like we are nothing!

Putting us to labour!

I'm signing off,

Die Adolf Hitler!!!

This poem has been selected for publication in the next edition (June 2024) of "*Through Their Eyes -*

***Perspectives In Verse*" by the 'Young Writers' book publisher.**

The Easter Bunny Comes to Play

By Connor Crawford

Jane was just like any other teenage girl, she liked sports, make up and the thing she loved most was: James. James was a tall boy, a beefy boy. As beefy as an ELEPHANT! James had the mane of a lion, golden tufts of hair engulfing the top of his head. Most people say that his hair is the stuff of legends.

However, James had his eyes set on another beautiful girl, Hanna. Hanna had hair as gold as gold gets and she was 16, 2 months older than Jane. Hanna had always had a liking towards James. Whether it was flirting with him in class or walking home together and Hanna knew this annoyed Jane. Jane despised Hanna. She had always thought Hanna was taking James away from her and she was right. Jane hated how bright and similar her and James's hair were. Hanna liked anything James liked. Such as arcades, cars, Greek mythology and anything Star Wars.

In time, Jane decided to build up the courage and ask James out to the Easter ball. "H-hey James," she mumbled as quiet as a mouse, "Would you want to go to the Easter ball with me maybe?"

"Oh, um sorry Jane but I'm going with Hanna." It was at that moment Jane had had enough of Hanna.

"No worries." Jane murmured, trying to contain her anger.

Jane swiftly turned around and saw Hanna standing in the corner, with a smug grin on her face, watching the scene unfold, sucking on a lollipop. As fast as a dart, Jane shoved Hanna and her stupid lollipop to the side and stormed off.

Two weeks later Jane had a plan. Not just any plan, a plan to kill Hanna!

Jane marched over to her basement table and laid out about 7 different knives. There were different varieties of knives. There was a sharp knife, as sharp as the school canteen knives, which are never cleaned or put away. There was a knife that was the size of a teaspoon, but none the less it got the job done.

Jane landed on a sledgehammer to knock the head right off her small body. She held it with might as she pictured the guts and blood spilling everywhere.

"Who would have a smug look on them now, Hanna" Jane repeated to herself whilst practicing her swing. "Who is laughing now!?"

Jane lifted her Easter Bunny mask off the grimy and foul floor known as the basement floor. Jane placed the mask over her head and poked holes through the eyes so she could see through the mask.

Before you knew it Jane was standing outside Hanna's house with her sledgehammer in hand. She stood there for about 5 minutes looking unfazed at the house. She looked like a maniac. Slowly, Jane opened the door to Hanna's house and stepped inside.

Jane, as slow as a turtle climbed up the stairs, trying to not make a sound. She could hear Hanna on the phone to her friends saying, "Did you hear Jane actually asked my James out to the Easter Ball" snickered Hanna, "What a pathetic loser!" Just then Jane crept around the corner and whispered into Hanna's ear, "Happy Easter."

Hanna turned around and saw Jane standing with a sledgehammer at the ready to full swing at her in an Easter Bunny mask.

Hanna screamed in absolute horror and tried to run but Jane had already started to swing at her. Hanna braced herself; but nothing happened. She opened her eyes to see James with his hands on the sledgehammer trying to stop Jane from killing Hanna.

Multiple police officers busted through the front door with guns at the ready. Jane surrendered and threw her hands in the air. She had accepted defeat.

Before the police took her away in handcuffs Hanna shouted, "HAPPY EASTER!" Jane was put in jail for her lifetime for attempted murder. She was NEVER seen again.

Or was she...



The Murderer

By Jamie Timoney

It was a cold, foggy autumn night. Pete was running late for work. He was rushing through a lonely, dark alleyway when he thought he saw a shadow in the distance, of a man holding a large knife in his right hand. The man quickly vanished from sight leaving Pete petrified of moving on any further. He stopped in his tracks and noticed the blood-stained walls and eerie graffiti, making him wish he had taken a different route. He remembered hair-raising stories about how many victims had been murdered here in the past. Pete heard a blood-curdling scream and scurried behind a large, abandoned industrial bin. Shivering with fear, he peeked out to see a man dragging a woman's lifeless body down through the alleyway towards him. As the man drew closer, Pete had an untimely urge to sneeze! As the man opened the lid of the bin to throw the body in, Pete timed the sneeze perfectly with the thud of the corpse hitting the bottom.



Some time passed before Pete's boss, Robert, rang his phone. Pete explained the situation to him, but Robert laughed it off, leaving Pete wondering how he could find this amusing. Pete explained that he would not make it to work that night as he had to contact the police. After phoning the police and waiting for what seemed like an eternity, two policemen arrived and took a statement from Pete. They inspected the bin and the body and took lots of photos. One policeman called a detective to come and help look for clues as to where this mysterious man went. The detective and one of the policemen went to look around the corner for the man who they now called "The Murderer". Ten or fifteen frightening minutes had passed, and they still hadn't returned, so Pete and the remaining policeman went to check if they were okay. After turning the corner, they were traumatised to see a spine-chilling blood trail and no sign of the other two. Pete turned frantically to speak to the policeman, but

he was gone! He had disappeared into the darkness of the night. Pete's heart was racing so fast, that in sheer panic - he became disoriented and blacked out.

When Pete started to come around, he heard a faint voice calling his name in the background. Someone said "Pete wake up, you're in hospital, can you hear me?" It was his boss, Robert. Pete sat up and Robert asked him if he got rid of the woman's body. Pete was so confused! He felt a weird sensation come over him as the chilling memories came flooding back. Pete was the murderer! Robert had made him do it, he ordered the hit! Pete was a hitman! He couldn't believe it. Shocked and disgusted at himself, he let Robert take him home. He decided there and then that he must kill Robert and put an end to this whole situation. He immediately stabbed Robert and then killed himself.

BANQUO'S GHOST

By Orrin

Thompson

I am dead,
So I am sad,
But there is hope,
In my young son.
I was stabbed by men,
Hired to kill,
Whatever the matter.
I have a suspicion,
That my friend betrayed
Me and the kingdom,
To succeed in his goal,
But is too blind to see,
The devil's evil he has brought,
And now his world shall
crumble.

