

FOUNDED 2010

Live encounters

POETRY & WRITING

Children's Edition

FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH
FEBRUARY 2019

GERALDINE MILLS
presents
The Songs of Children

COVER ARTWORK BY IRISH ARTIST EMMA BARONE

**SUPPORT LIVE ENCOUNTERS.
DONATE NOW AND KEEP THE MAGAZINE LIVE IN 2019!**

Live Encounters is a not-for-profit free online magazine that was founded in 2009 in Bali, Indonesia. It showcases some of the best writing from around the world. Poets, writers, academics, civil & human/animal rights activists, academics, environmentalists, social workers, photographers and more have contributed their time and knowledge for the benefit of the readers of the magazine.

We are appealing for donations to pay for the administrative and technical aspects of the publication. Please help spread the free distribution of knowledge with any amount for this just cause.

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

Mark Ulyseas
Publisher/Editor
markulyseas@liveencounters.net

Donate

All articles and photographs are the copyright of www.liveencounters.net and its contributors. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the explicit written permission of www.liveencounters.net. Offenders will be criminally prosecuted to the full extent of the law prevailing in their home country and/or elsewhere.



©Mark Ulyseas

CONTRIBUTORS

GERALDINE MILLS

Guest Editorial

DUBLIN SCHOOLCHILDREN

ETHAN

CAITLIN

ANNIE

CLODAGH

SOPHIE

ETHAN O C

SONNY

ROISÍN

CIARA

ANDREW AND AOIFE

MAIA CAMPBELL

BETH O'MAHONY

CAITLÍN FEENEY

LARA DEVANEY

DONNACHA DONOGHUE MISKELL

LÍADAN O'TOOLE

RÓISÍN BRENNAN

NICOLE MULHEARN

NIAMH OGILVIE



Geraldine Mills

Geraldine Mills is a poet and fiction writer. She has had four collections of poetry and three of short stories. Her short story collections have been taught at the University of Connecticut, Eastern Connecticut State University and Emerson College, Mass, USA summer programme. She has won numerous awards for her fiction and poetry, including The Hennessy New Irish Writer Award and a Katherine Kavanagh Fellowship. She has been awarded two Arts Council bursaries. Her first children's novel, *Gold*, was published by Little Island in 2016. She is a mentor with NUI Galway and is an online tutor in the short story with Creative Writing Ink. She is a member of Poetry Ireland Writers in Schools' Scheme. She has just finished her next novel and is currently working on her fifth poetry collection.

GERALDINE MILLS

Guest Editorial

THE SONGS OF CHILDREN

Up to the day she died, at the age of 93, my mother could recall many of the poems she had learned at school as a little girl. She recited them to us when we were of that age and then in turn to many of her grandchildren when they grew to appreciate the music of sound.

We knew them all, the one about a girl called Betty who fell off a chair at a party, or little Willie who was regularly quoted to us because when he woke up ... 'no grumbling was heard for he jumped out of bed as bright as a bird.'

The one I loved most of all was the one about the raindrop. As it dripped down the window pane it turned into a little man who proceeded to chase the other drops before him until they gathered in one large pool on the window sill. As she rhymed out the words, my mind's eye could only see the tiny sparkling liquid man alive and talking to me, telling me I should be doing something with my day instead of staring at him. I always argued back that if he hadn't made the day so dark, I would be out running through the fields.

Before she died, I asked her to write them out for me and I still have the blue-lined pages with her achingly familiar handwriting: that perfect cursive of her time. I have since passed them onto the next generation so they too can teach their own children when the time comes. She was my first teacher of the colour of words.

Albert Einstein once said that: *Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited, whereas imagination embraces the entire world...* Children never have to learn this. They are the consummate holders of the ability to form images. They come into the world with a blank page and write upon it whatever they wish. They play with language in the same way they play with rattles or balls: throwing words around, shaking them to see what noise they might produce. They become sound even before their tongues find a way around their first syllable.

© Geraldine Mills

Children are people who live in a land where the seen and unseen happily live together. They understand the mysterious nature of writing. Take away the confines of a ruled copy and an eraser and they can take the story anywhere. Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to see a child who has not shone academically to suddenly surprise themselves and their teachers (even more) with the stories they can conjure up. They grow in confidence and I have heard teachers tell me that it is the first time they realised that there was a well of untapped creativity within the child.

They find poems everywhere. In the discovery of how their hands move, in the way the sunlight falls on a table, the chase of their own shadow. Later they love more than anything else the inherent poetry in nursery rhymes; I spy games, Imagination games.

Give them a word and they'll take them on an adventure. They will take a ladder to the sky to bring down the wind. They will sail upon the sea of the kitchen tiles. A spoon, a pair of gloves, are all props for knights and scuba divers, astronauts. It is where poetry comes from.

One of the most satisfying jobs for me is tapping into that imagination. As part of Poetry Ireland's Writers in Schools' Scheme I get the opportunity to go around the country encouraging children from four years of age to eighteen, to expand whatever vast world of imagination they have within them.

I bring my bag of tricks and they cannot wait each week to see what I will pull from it. It is usually an object that they cannot easily recognise and upon which they will build a story. Once they understand that there is no right or wrong way to respond, that their answer is as unique as their fingerprints, then it opens up a treasure trunk of all those undiscovered worlds and they are off. One tells me it's a giant pear, for another it becomes a witch's cottage; someone else will see the old skin of a rattle snake, a leather belt, an overripe banana.

Children are people who live in a land where the seen and unseen happily live together. They understand the mysterious nature of writing. Take away the confines of a ruled copy and an eraser and they can take the story anywhere. Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to see a child who has not shone academically to suddenly surprise themselves and their teachers (even more) with the stories they can conjure up. They grow in confidence and I have heard teachers tell me that it is the first time they realised that there was a well of untapped creativity within the child.

A teacher who continues to nurture that discovery releases the child into a magical world that helps them grow in esteem and armed with so many stories they can become anything they want.

Many countries have recognised the importance of fostering this part of the brain and from Australia to the USA there has been investment in having a Children's Laureate. Ireland is no exception and our Laureate (Laureate na nÓg) has been in existence since 2010.

And all across the world there are people diligently encouraging children to be creative. I know of one young teacher in Colorado who is passionate about doing this, in a school where children struggle with day-to-day living. She is the bread to their souls in the way school dinners nourish their little bodies. She is not alone in her commitment.

According to its website, 'it was established to engage young people with high quality literature and to underline the importance of children's literature in our cultural and imaginative life.' This year's holder of the title, Sarah Crossan, is a very strong advocate for children's poetry. It is her aim to encourage all children to write; to become the best poets they can be. She believes that by doing this it will sustain us, nurture us and help us survive.

She has seen for herself that young readers will embrace poetry if they're given the chance. She is brimming with new ideas of how to encourage teachers and students to have a positive response to it. She is working with Irish poets and performance poets across the world, getting them into communities where children are more vulnerable. She aims to create a social media campaign where she gets well-known people in Irish culture to recite their favourite poems and talk about poetry.

One of her initiatives already has been the **WeAreThePoets** project. This was a partnership between the Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland in the hope of encouraging children of all ages to use poetry as a way of expression.

And all across the world there are people diligently encouraging children to be creative. I know of one young teacher in Colorado who is passionate about doing this, in a school where children struggle with day-to-day living. She is the bread to their souls in the way school dinners nourish their little bodies. She is not alone in her commitment.

There are magazines, and blogs and websites all encouraging children and young people's creativity. Under the superb aegis of Mark Ulyseas, *Live Encounters* is a perfect example of this commitment. To dedicate, not one, but two issues to the imagination of those special creators is inspired. With its beautifully produced photography it gives an outlet to so many children who would not normally get such a platform. It brings home to me the belief that that there is still light in this, sometimes, dark world where words are a devalued currency.

There is no more fitting way of celebrating its ninth birthday than with the songs of children. May it continue to grow and thrive.

The Children of Lir poem is based on a popular Irish Myth. King Lir's four children were transformed into swans thanks to the jealousy of their evil step-mother Aoife. Condemned to roam for 900 years, the children were finally restored to their human bodies, alas as old people, too frail to survive. Transforming from human to swan is a familiar trope in mythology. The Children of Lir myth is responsible for art, music and literature themed around its story. It's a haunting evocative tale of loss and hardship but it's a tale of loyalty and kinship too. The children remained true to each other throughout their years of exile.

A collaborative Long Poem By children in Second Class, Castleknock Educate Together National School, Dublin as part of a Myths, Legends and Fairytale Teacher/Artist Project. These students represent many cultural backgrounds. *Adam, Aoife, Arthur, Ashkan, Cian, Conor, Daniel, Deen, Dina, Ella, Eve, Filips, Finn, Isabelle, Kajetan, Magdalena, Maisy Fae, Maya, Saman, Sara, Sarah, Sofia, Stefan, Taariq, Ted, Umiya, Zainab, Will, Lauren, Noah, Ales, Gavin, Maya, Seha, Conor, Francesco, Roisin, Tahreem, Liam, Loachim, Ollie, Erin, Suzie, Maya, Kristofer, Dara, Saoirse, Emma, Maciej, Luke, Maaz, Anne-Marie, Patrick.*



The Children of Lir (1914) by John Duncan

THE CHILDREN OF LIR

Four children play like angels.
They swim in the lake, sea-foam
curls around them, lacy
cloaks spread over delicate shoulders.
They dance themselves dry, happy
as the day is long. One girl Fionuala,
three boys; Fiachra, Conn, Aodh.

Weather turns dark, skies ebb.
Their mother Eve dies, their father
Lir re-marries, a stepmother
for his children. Her name is Aoife.
Jealous of Lir's love for his children,
Aoife casts a wicked spell, transforming
them to swans but for pity's sake, leaves
them their beautiful voices so they can
sing in harmony, pass away the lonely
hours between dusk and dawn.

Cold and snowy
half-children
half-swans
arms stretch into feathery wings
graceful necks lengthen
towards billowing clouds.
In lake waters they see swan.
The scent of swan
is a strange sensation but when
they open their mouths, their voices
reassure them of their bond.

THE CHILDREN OF LIR

Fionuala loves her elegant neck
 spiralling towards the sky,
 Conn preens his powerful feathers
 like a warrior.
 Aodh is a confusion of arms and wings
 as if he'd put his clothes on inside out.

Fiachra's orange beak reminds him
 of the Alder tree, how it's pale wood
 bleeds gold when cut in two.
 Across their noses, a black mask rests,
 soft as velvet but useful too,
 a reflector to take the glare off lake
 waters while they forage
 fish for food.

Transformation complete,
 they take flight.

Luminous light
 trails across the horizon.

These swans are gorgeous
 they swim in the fabulous sky
 they live in the gleaming lake
 of Derravaragh, three hundred years
 singing beautiful melodies.

Mornings are for dining.
 Afternoons for flying.
 Evenings for singing, mournful
 songs that crinkles lake water
 mingle with other birdsongs.

At night they see green fields
 shielded with cloths of darkness
 or sometimes, fairy fireflies
 hover in the woods beneath them,
 twinkling fireworks that brings
 them joy. They sing of sorrows,

uncertainties
 bleak tomorrows.
 But in the month of May
 Hawthorn blossoms
 gift a clutch of white feathers
 to summer bushes. Reminding them
 of their delicate selves, how
 true beauty lies within.

Big wings
 Shine
 White
 Light
 Swan feather

Swans float on the lake
 water moves very slowly
 as time crawls around the days.
 It is calm but they must move
 to the Straits of Moyle,
 another three centuries.
 Swans are growing older
 the water is going down.

Three hundred years on
 they come to Inish Glora
 everything is changed



THE CHILDREN OF LIR

Time travel
with a wise owl
hooting in the night.

If they look in a mirror
they can see the past
If they look in a mirror
they can see the future.
Inish Glora is like a crystal ball
They can see everything in a mirror
They can see everything in a lake.

Stars disappear from their skies
dragons too have gone
no more left to fight
the place the swans return to
so much changed.
Familiar landmarks disappeared
no trace of castle or places
played in as children
except for lingering scents,
roses, petals like wings
strewn on the ground
telling them they are home.

Beautiful
Snowy
Broken
Feathers
Cut webbed feet
How could they ever forget the sad seas flown
over, wings beating like the oars of a ship
the melancholy music heard
each time storms lashed them.

The four children of Lir
return to the place of their birth
they are no longer swans
when a Holy man Caomhóg
rings the bell Aoife foretold.
The sound of the bell
is like soft wind blowing through
Rowan trees. The tree of life.
Magical, enchanted.
They too are branches
Of this same tree.

As arms and legs transform
to wing and feather,
back they go again to arm
and limb but old people now,
shiny feathers swopped
for grey hair, wrinkly skin,
but their smiles are like sunshine
to each other, they see each
others' faces once again
before they fold around each other
like wings. For the very last time.

The four children of Lir
become the four seasons.
They will never be forgotten
In spring daffodils, summer berries,
autumn gold, winter reminders of
growing old.



Ethan is a 5th class student in Scoil Chuimín agus Caitríona, Oughterard, Co Galway, Ireland. He likes drama and football.



A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

Dear Mr President,

My class and I
have been learning about recycling.

I think that we should reduce waste,
People should use reusable cups and shopping bags.

We should use reusable bottles too.
I hope you will do whatever you can, to help us.

Thank you,

Ethan

Caitlin is a 5th class student in Scoil Chuimín agus Caitríona, Oughterard, Co Galway, Ireland. She likes reading, music and drama.



The world's second-biggest garbage dump is in Brasilia. It has been growing since the 1950s, when city planners failed to factor in proper facilities for trash disposal, and now occupies the equivalent of 250 football fields. Photograph Philip Reeves. <https://www.npr.org/sections/parallels/2018/01/20/579105943/as-a-massive-garbage-dump-closes-in-brazil-trash-pickers-face-an-uncertain-future>

BRAZILIAN RUBBISH

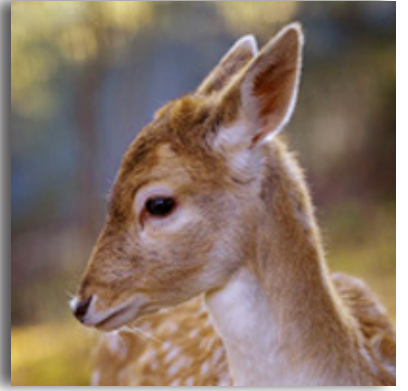
I am a waste picker, I work in Brazil,
Picking up rubbish, up and down the hill,
We have to wear yellow jackets
And hard hats that are red.
We get 25 dollars a day
Sleep with rats in our beds.

The hours are long, but that's OK,
We do an honest day's work
Which is more than you can say.
Magna is on the bus
They tell her that she stinks
She says 'I'll have a shower
Then I will be fine, I think.'

Mary and her children,
Not one, not two, but three,
Zumbi is the director
Sharing reasons that others need to see.
Taoi is our hero, he takes us to protest
Irma makes the food
And her cooking is the best.

We feel good in here
Even though we work in the sun
It's amazing how much joy is shared
Because even in the rain, we have fun.

Annie is a 5th class student in Scoil Chuimín agus Caitríona, Oughterard, Co Galway. She likes music, art and maths.



Ireland is the top producer of plastic waste in Europe; generating an average of 61kgs per person every year - almost double what the UK produces. <https://www.irishtimes.com/news/environment/plastic-how-much-do-we-generate-and-how-can-we-reduce-it-1.3469909>

SOME SOLUTIONS

Dear Mr President,

I am writing to say we have
a serious problem with rubbish here.

No one is buying the recyclables
and it takes 450 years for plastic to break down.

Some of the rubbish ends up in the sea.
Here are some solutions:

You could buy a travel mug
instead of buying a coffee in a paper cup,

buy bio bags, you could grow your own vegetables
I hope you can try to help solve this problem.

Thank you,

Annie

Clodagh is a 5th class student in Scoil Chuimín agus Caitríona, Oughterard, Co Galway. She likes music, art and her pets.



A VERY IMPORTANT STORY

Dear Mr President,

I hope I am not interrupting your day.
This is a very important story you need to listen to.
We need to make a difference in our world.
We need to all step up and stop the pollution.

Thank you for reading this.

Clodagh

Sophie is a 5th class student in Scoil Chuimín agus Caitríona, Oughterard, Co Galway. She likes music, art and reading.



WE CAN DO SOMETHING

Dear Mr President,

I have something very important to tell you.
So just cut me some slack.
I have never written to a president before.

As you know, rubbish has become a major issue.
We need to do something instead
of just watching David Attenborough protest.
WE CAN DO SOMETHING.

Even if it was just small things
like if we all picked up one piece of rubbish a day,
that would be all the rubbish out of Ireland in a month.

As soon as one country starts,
other countries will get jealous and start as well.
And before you know it,
everything will be fixed by one little eleven-year-old girl
and the President of a small country in Europe.

Thanks for taking the time to read this,

Yours sincerely,

Sophie.

P.S. I am glad you won the election

Ethan O C is a 5th class student in Scoil Chuimín agus Caitríona, Oughterard, Co Galway, Ireland. He likes maths, football and art.



A woman sits next to a pile of discarded costumes after Carnival celebrations at the Sambadrome in Rio de Janeiro on Tuesday. | AP <https://www.japantimes.co.jp/news/2014/03/05/world/trash-pickers-give-rio-carnival-costumes-new-life/#.XDn61tszblU>

LEARNING ABOUT BRAZIL

Dear Mr President,

I think there is a very serious issue
you need to address because it is crazy.
We are learning about Brazil.

I think it is crazy the way
they have to work in Brazil,
like in the dump, just because they are poor.

I don't want it to happen in any other place.
We need to recycle, reduce and reuse.

Thank you,

Ethan O C

Sonny is eleven years old and is a 5th class student in Scoil Chuimín agus Caitríona, Oughterard, Co Galway, Ireland. He likes reading, football and drama.



MORE DEADLY THAN SHARKS

Dear President,

We have been learning
about the poor people in Brazil
and found out most of them
are rubbish pickers.

It could happen anywhere in the world,
even Ireland.

Do you know that only fifty per cent
of recycling items are recycled?
There are so many solutions:

You could grow your own vegetables,
eat in a restaurant instead of
getting a take-away cup,

buy reusable cloth bags
instead of plastic ones.
Even fish are affected
at the bottom of the sea.

The rubbish pollutes the water
and kills the fish.
It's probably more deadly than sharks.

Thank you,

Sonny

Roisín is a 5th class student In Scoil Chuimín agus Caitríona, Oughterard, Co Galway, Ireland. She likes reading, singing, playing music and art.



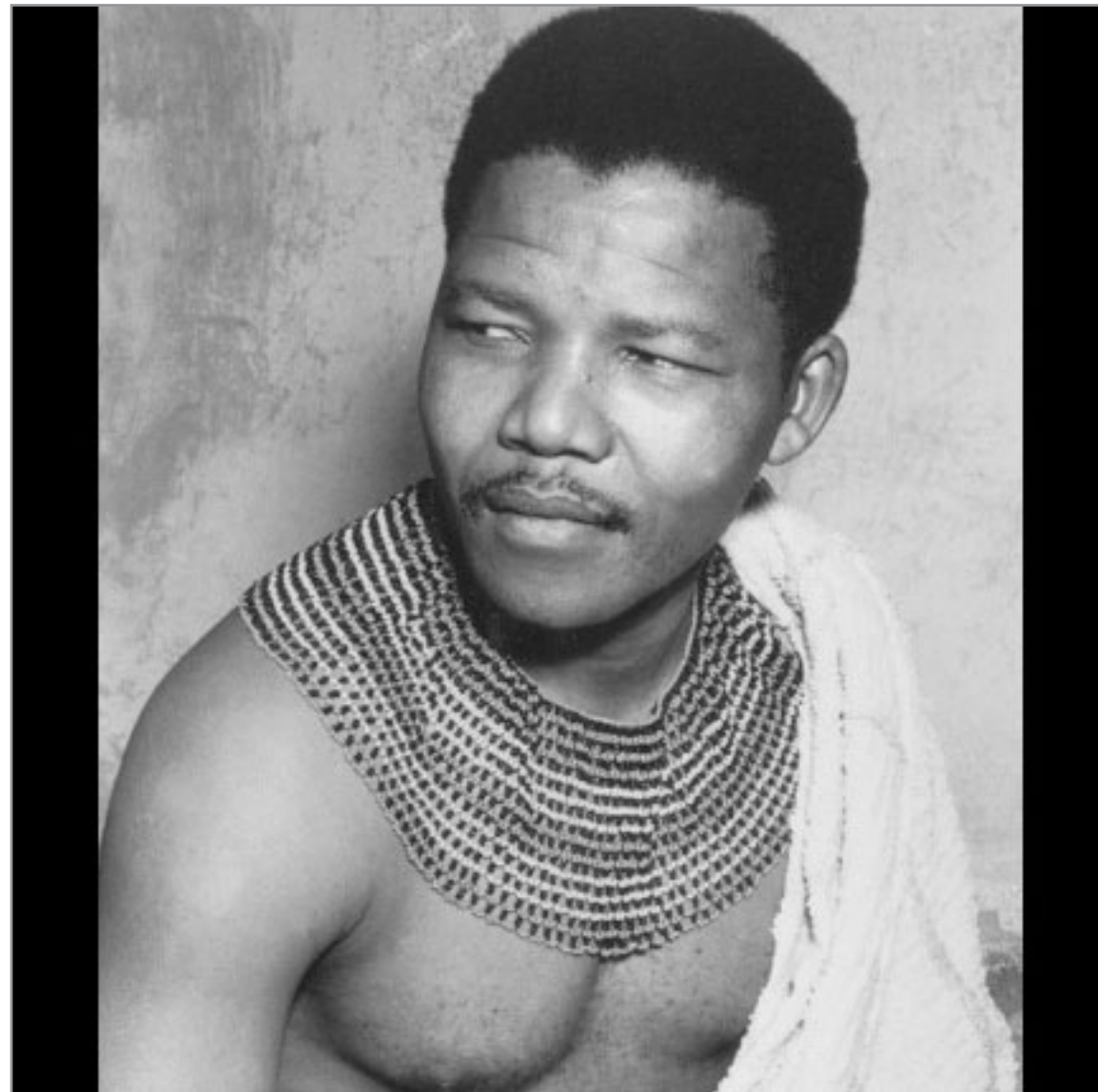
THE MAN WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE

There was a man from South Africa
He was a jolly good fella
He went off to school,
They called him Mandela.

Then he went to jail,
his toilet was a pail.
Then he was freed
So it was the people he could lead.

He died at ninety-five,
We wish he was still alive
To lead us here with pride
Because the government had lied.

Ciara is a 5th class student in 5th class in Oughterard NS. She likes reading maths music and art.



NELSON MANDELA POEM

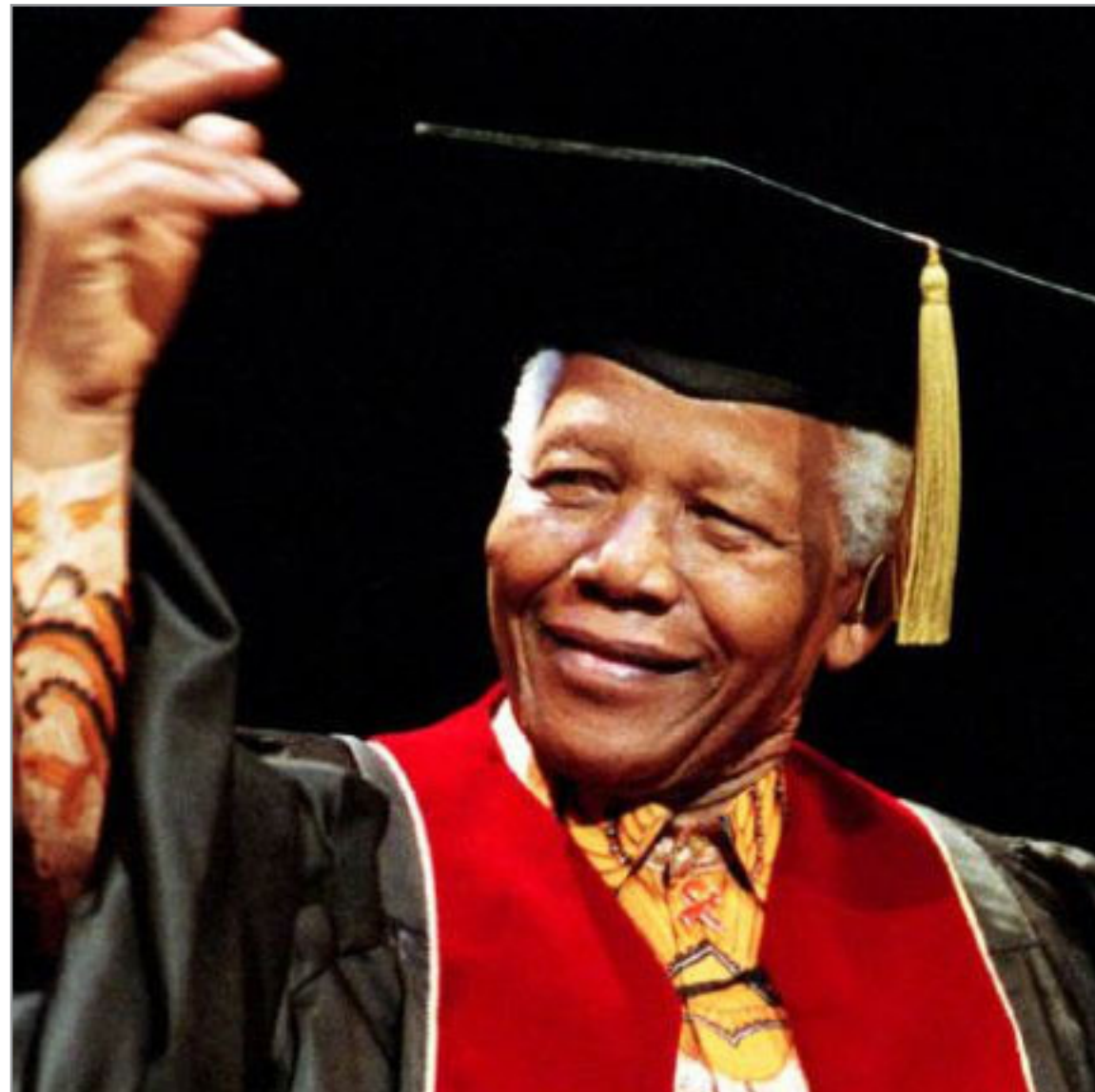
Nelson Mandela was a great man
Who found the good inside all of his clan.
He stood up to the crowd
But was not allowed.

He was sent to jail
And tried to send some mail
But sadly it was never received.

Soon he was released
From all of his grief
But all he really wanted was peace.

Then he became president
For all of the residents
Who live in South Africa.

Andrew and Aoife wrote this poem. They are in 5th class in Oughterard NS. Andrew likes Manchester City, maths, football, drama and his friends. Aoife likes soccer, maths, Gaelic football and her friends.



NELSON MANDELA

Nelson Mandela was a lovely man
He made scrambled eggs on a frying pan.
He will have tea
Then go for a pee
He has a dog called puff
Now let's get on to the important stuff

One day he came home from school
And something happened that was not cool.
It was because his father was dead
And it happened in the shed.

He went to college to study law
Just like his dog had paws
He wanted some peace between black and white
And he tried this with all of his might.
He won and failed at the same time
Got sent to jail with a fine

Soon after he got out of jail
He started to look pale
That did not stop him to become President
And soon he saved all the residents
He won the Nobel prize and all was fair.

Maia Campbell, 11 yrs is from Porirua, New Zealand. Her hobbies are singing, dancing, acting, writing and sports.



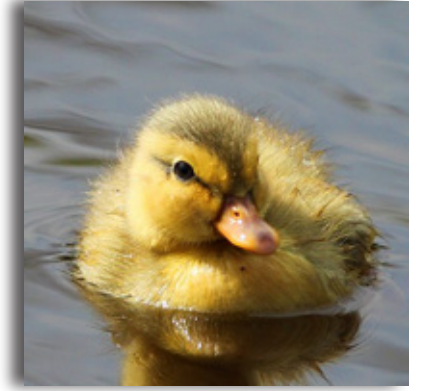
CRYSTAL CLEAR

It's all crystal clear now, have no fear.
Bluebirds sing and mockingbirds jeer,
softly hum a lullaby
and in the morning the sun will rise.

It's all crystal clear now, daffodils sway.
The sun shines soft, warm rays,
Rest your eyes, rest your head,
enchanted dreams lie ahead.

It's all crystal clear now, nature surrounds.
Now you know life has no bounds,
the older you are, the more you are wise.
It's all crystal clear now, you will rise.

Beth O' Mahony, 9yrs, 3rd Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Interests: Roller-skating, reading, drawing & playing with my friends.



A FAIRY'S ROUTINE

In the middle of the night,
When the children are asleep,
Out creep the fairies,
One, two, three.

They give sweet dreams
Of poppy fields and sweets.
They answer your letters
Quietly.

And when you wake up
To the morning sun,
There will be happiness
And letters for everyone

Caitlín Feeney, 7 yrs, 1st Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Interests: Reading library books & going to my ballet class.



WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up, I want to be an athletics teacher. When I grow up, I want to be an astronaut. When I grow up, I want to be an author. When I grow up, I want to be a basketball player. When I grow up, I want to be a carpenter. When I grow up, I want to be a dog-trainer. When I grow up, I want to be a doctor. When I grow up, I want to be an electrician. When I grow up, I want to be a fire-fighter. When I grow up, I want to be a Gaelic trainer. When I grow up, I want to be a hospital-assistant. When I grow up, I want to be an illustrator. When I grow up, I want to be a joker. When I grow up, I want to be Liverpool player. When I grow up, I want to be a maid. When I grow up, I want to be a painter. When I grow up, I want to be a queen. When I grow up, I want to be Skiing champion. When I grow up, I want to be a Zoo-keeper. As you can see everybody wants to be something different. Different people like different things.

Lara Devaney, 7yrs, 1st Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Interests: Reading books, playing with my twin sister Kate, eating bananas!



THE SECRET CAVE

Once upon a time there was a girl who loved the beach. Her name was Ellie. One day she asked her Mum if she could go to the beach. "Yes, you can go, but do not go too far into the water."

"Ok," Ellie said

"But come home at exactly two o'clock," said Mum.

"Yes Mum, but it is one o'clock now."

"Don't go if it is not enough time."

"No Mum I want to go."

"Ok Ellie now off you go," said her Mum.

At last Ellie saw the sea. Oh no it was nearly two o'clock. After a while she got very bored and it was getting dark and her torch was out. Oh no it was past two o'clock and she was getting hungry and she was getting tired. She could see some lights. It was a secret cave and there was a light switch. It was a secret little house! As Ellie walked into the house she called "hello any one there?" Suddenly she heard a growl and then she saw red eyes!! It was a monster.



"Hello there little girl," said the monster

"Who are you?" asked Ellie.

"Oh, you see I am the cave monster."

"The cave monster" Ellie said. "IS there really such thing?"

"Of course, there is. What do you think you're looking at?"

"But, there are no such thing. Can you help me? I'm lost."

"Are you?"

"Yes, can you?" asked Ellie.

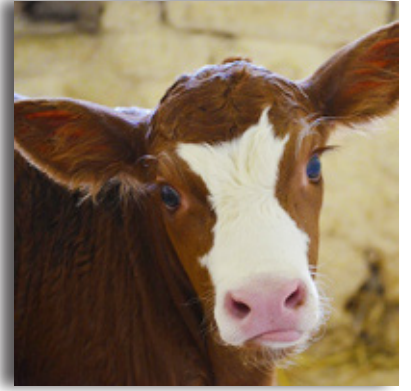
"Hmm I don't like to go out of my cave." Replied the cave monster.

"Oh please," pleaded Ellie.

"Ok but, keep me hidden," asked the monster.

"Ok I will," promised Ellie. In a while she was home and the monster never went back to his cave again. They lived happily ever after.

Donnacha Donoghue Miskell, 8 yrs, 2nd class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland. Interests: Farming, building Lego & swimming.



THE FARMER AND HIS COW

Once upon a time there was a dairy farmer. Now, this cow farmer had a very, very, very, very, very special cow because she was not like any other cow. She was the fastest cow to ever produce milk. The farmer had to milk her every five minutes. He got very tired but loved milking her. One day the cow died!! The farmer was very sad (and I literally mean very, very, very, very sad).

So, he went to the mart in his John Deere tractor with his cow trailer to get a new cow. After he got her he was STILL very sad, and he cried and cried and cried. In bed he was still thinking of Daisy (that was the name of the cow). But then he remembered the photo of her that he had. So now he carries around the photo Daisy.

He lived happily ever after, well up until he got old and died but he got to see Daisy in heaven so he was SUPER happy.

Líadan O'Toole, 7yrs, 2nd Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Interests: Roller-skating, swimming & playing the piano.



THREE YOUNG GIRLS

Once upon a time there were three young girls called Líadan, Kate & Lara. They were triplets. They were 16 years old. One day they were in the park and Kate found a bottle. The girls decided to open it at the hotel where they were staying for 5 weeks.

"Come on then," shouted Líadan who was already running for the exit. Now back in the hotel Lara opened the bottle and out popped a genie. It granted Líadan one wish.

"I wish to have everlasting wishes and nobody else can have wishes unless I grant them some," said Líadan. Straight away she granted her sisters everlasting wishes.

Kate wished that they had three tickets for Disneyland. BOOM!!! They had three tickets to Disneyland.

Lara wished they could go to the cinema whenever they wanted. BOOM!!! You now can go to the cinema whenever you want.

Líadan wished that they were rich. BOOM!!! You are rich because of your everlasting wishes. A gem came up on Líadan's phone. "Off we go to buy a mansion then," said Lara they ran down stairs. Kate threw the key card over her shoulder to the receptionist and all three girls yelled "we're leaving this half a star Hotel!"

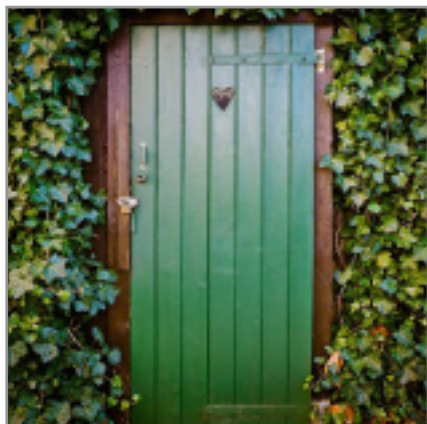
Róisín Brennan, 9yrs, 3rd Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Interests: Reading, writing, roller-skating, drawing & colouring.



THE MAGIC DOOR

Once upon a time there was a girl called Poppy. She lived in Dublin. It was great fun there. She loved playing with her friend Lily. One day Poppy's Mum got a new job in Galway. Poppy was excited and sad. She wanted to go to Galway, but she didn't want to leave Lily behind. After hours of thinking she finally decided that she wanted to stay. She pleaded and pleaded but the answer was always no. On Monday she decided to tell Lily. Lily was nearly in tears when she heard the news. Finally, the day came for Poppy to move to Galway. She promised Lily that she would stay in touch. When she reached her house, she was very disappointed. It was even worse inside. She was to start school on Thursday. She was very nervous. On Wednesday she was roaming the hall feeling sorry for herself when she noticed a door she never seen before. She tried to open it, but it was locked. She went outside to play pirates on her own. While she was digging for pretend treasure, she saw a little glow poking out of a heap of soil. She bent down and picked it up. It was a key! Then she remembered the locked door. She rushed inside and ran to the locked door. She put the key in the lock. It fitted! She quickly unlocked it. Suddenly she was in a strange land. She looked around and noticed that everywhere was made of sweets. The trees were lollipops. The grass was liquorice and, oh my! the clouds were made of candy floss!

Suddenly a strange man appeared. Poppy looked at the strange man in disbelief.



"Well, who are you?" asked the strange man (who turned out to be Popcorn).

"M-my name is Poppy," she stammered.

"Of course," he laughed. "You're from Flower Grove. Well you better be off. BYE!"

By now Poppy was feeling a bit peckish so she bent down and picked some liquorice grass. She put it in her mouth and oh my! It truly was delicious. Poppy decided it was time to go.

That night Poppy slept happily dreaming of her adventure she had. The next day when she was eating her frosties she decided she would visit the strange land after school. When she reached her school, she was amazed. It looked amazing. It was even better on the inside. When she found her classroom, Miss. Coyle (her new teacher) showed her around and introduced her and another new student. Her name was Rose and she was from Kilkenny and extremely into hurling. Rose and Poppy quickly made friends. After school Poppy invited Rose to her house.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Poppy.

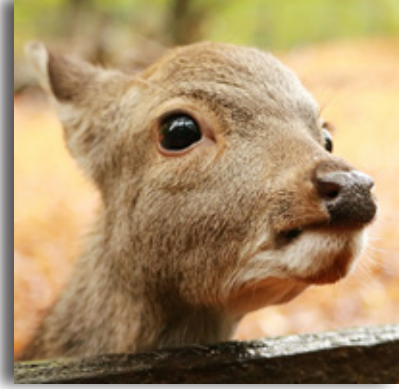
"Course," Rose replied.

"Good," said Poppy. "Well, aren't you going to tell me?" asked Rose.

"No, I'm going to show you," replied Poppy. When they got to Poppy's house, they both quickly did their homework. Then Poppy showed Rose to the door. She unlocked it. Then they both walked in. Rose was amazed. They both stuffed themselves with sweets, played a game of tag to burn off some calories. Eventually it was time to go.

A few days later Poppy's Mum found out she was going to have a baby. About a month later she did. It was a boy. His name was Tom. Poppy wondered if she could trust him with her secret and she did. So now Poppy, Tom, Rose and sometimes Lily go for a nice little adventure and they still do.

Nicole Mulhearn, 9yrs, 3rd Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Interests: Roller-skating, gymnastics, drawing, reading & being with my friends



GOING BACK IN TIME

Lucy was in her attic. She saw a door. She went inside. There was a red button that had an F on it. There was another red button but this one had a P on it. Lucy pushed the button that had an F on it. Suddenly everything went black and started spinning. Lucy was scared. She wanted to go home. All of a sudden everything stopped spinning and Lucy could see again. Lucy pushed open the door. She thought she was at home, but she wasn't. She was in an office with loads of children putting what looked like homework into funny looking machines! Lucy saw another door. She thought it would bring her home, so Lucy went inside. But it didn't bring Lucy home. It brought her into another room except this room was different. This room had trampolines that looked like beds!

Lucy said to herself "I will just have a little bounce".

"No" screamed the bed!!!

"Aaagh" screamed Lucy.

A girl got out of the bed.

"Who are you?" asked the girl.

"Lucy" said Lucy.

"Lucy" said the girl. "That's a funny name".

"What's your name?" Lucy asked the girl.

"Popcorn" she said.

Lucy couldn't help giggling.

"Would you like to meet my sister Lollipop?" asked Popcorn but there was no answer. Lucy was gone.

Niamh Ogilvie, Age 7 yrs, 1st Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Interests: Reading books, go for a walk in the Glen & visiting my Granny, going swimming & playing the piano



ELEPHANT MAGIC

I have a teddy elephant called Fanty and one day something incredible happened. I was in bed and a fairy came in the window and left a magic bottle on my bed-side locker and the next morning when I woke up, I got out of bed and I saw it. I picked it up and it read ELEPHANT MAGIC and my elbow knocked it onto Fanty at the wrong time. Fanty became real and much bigger! I ran downstairs and told Mummy and Daddy what had happened! Fanty came downstairs and Daddy, Mummy and I brought Fanty outside and we went for a walk. Then we went home and went inside. I went upstairs with Fanty and went into my bedroom and got the bottle, poured a little bit of ELEPHANT MAGIC over Fanty and Fanty grew back to normal size.

Fanty said “that is much better.”

“You are better smaller Fanty,” I said and that night the fairy flew in the window and refilled the bottle with more ELEPHANT MAGIC.

Fanty made a friend called Sofie the giraffe. Fanty made lots of friends. Dogs, cats, rabbits, bears and more animals and especially Daddy, Mummy and I.

“I love you Fanty,” I said, “and I love you too Niamh,” said Fanty.

I take Fanty nearly everywhere with me. I take Fanty on holidays, to the beach, to the playground and the library. I sleep with Fanty every night.

Fanty helps me pick flowers for Nana and for Mummy’s birthday in July. Fanty is so sweet, helpful and kind like the rest of my family.

FOUNDED 2010

Live encounters

POETRY & WRITING

Children's Edition

FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH
FEBRUARY 2019

COVER ARTWORK BY IRISH ARTIST EMMA BARONE