

10 ANNIVERSARY 2010 - 2019



# Live encounters

YOUNG POETS & WRITERS

FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH  
DECEMBER 2019

GERALDINE MILLS  
SAVING WORDS

COVER ARTWORK BY IRISH ARTIST EMMA BARONE





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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

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Geraldine Mills

A native of Galway, Ireland Geraldine Mills is a poet and fiction writer. She has published five collections of poetry, three of short stories and a children's novel. She has won numerous awards for her fiction and poetry, including The Hennessy New Irish Writer Award, a Katherine Kavanagh Fellowship and has been awarded two Arts Council bursaries. Her fiction and poetry are taught on Contemporary Irish Literature courses in the USA. She is a mentor with NUI and a member of Poetry Ireland Writers in Schools' Scheme. Her most recent poetry collection, Bone Road (Arlen House) and some of her other titles are now available from <https://www.bookdepository.com/search?searchTerm=geraldine+mills&search=Find+book>

## GERALDINE MILLS

### SAVING WORDS

I was sitting in my writing chair that looks out onto the garden, jotting down images from this vantage point: a white horse against the blue of sky, a goldfinch perched on the teasel, holly berries brightening. My pen moved across the page as my five-year old granddaughter stood by my arm, her feet jiggling up and down. I paused, asked what she was doing.

'I'm dancing to the music of your pen,' she said. And there it was, the glistening, untrammelled link between reality and the child's creativity.

Children live their lives in metaphor, knowing nothing of vehicle or tenor or the common ground between them. They see the world just as they see it, in all its realms. They are our greatest inspiration.

There was another occasion when my grandniece was in my care for a day; after we had a tea party with her animals and we messed up the kitchen making bubbles and constructing a train from collapsed chairs, she took off on her own trip. While the rains poured down outside, she strolled along the narrow road of our hallway with a parasol in one hand and a large magnifying glass in the other. She was hunting for bears. Using her eyeglass, she peered behind corners and inside boots to see if she could find them. She returned exhausted from her expedition and had to be revived with one of the fairy cakes we baked earlier. The bear had gone to one of the planets that day.

Months later I was reminded of that image as I prepared a visit to the junior classes in a local school. Hunting for Bears was the perfect basis for a story that they could identify with. I wrote it down, gave the character a name, a purpose, packed my parasol, my magnifying glass, a teddy bear or two and off I went.



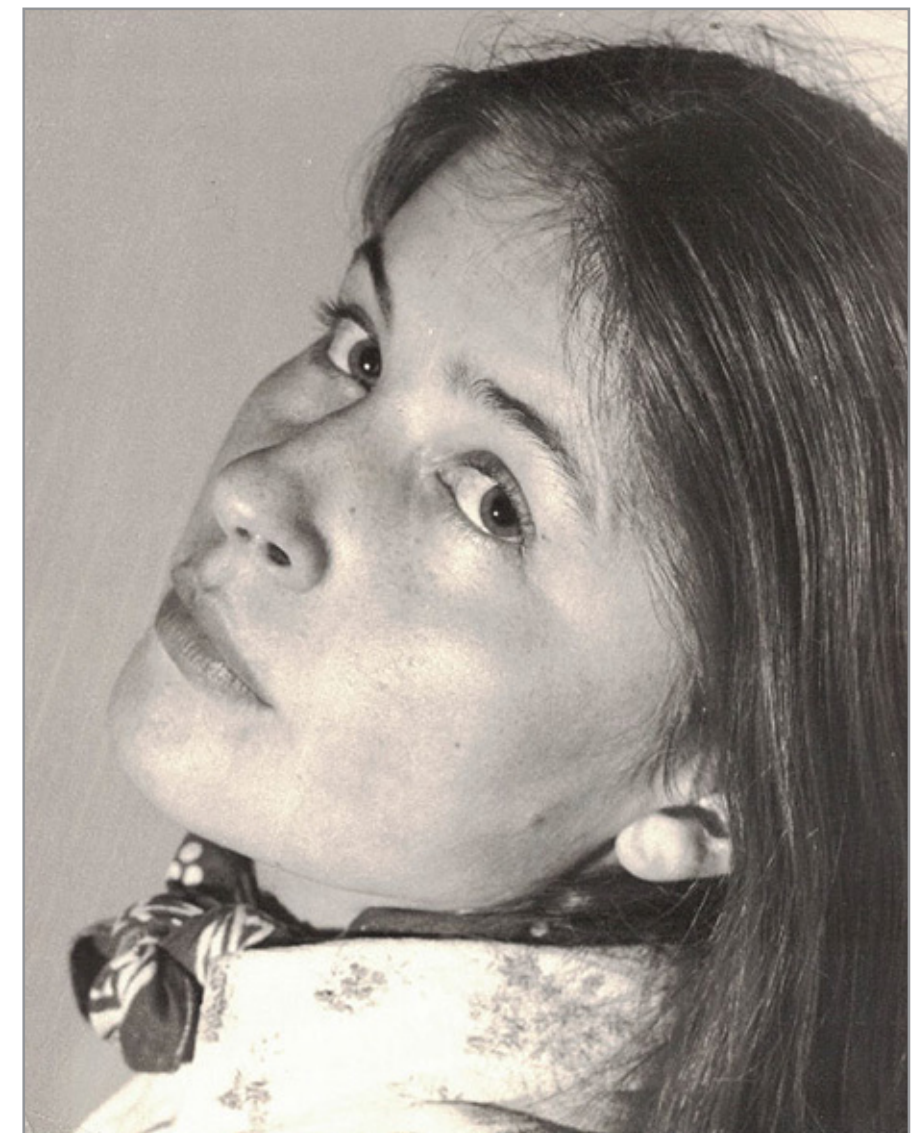
Our lexicon of everyday words included bramble and nut, wren, hare and magpie. They had their importance in our world. It never occurred to us that they could be dispensed with. And that is what happened some years ago when a popular children's dictionary decided that these words were no longer in vogue; they were devalued currency and as a result, were replaced by the ABC of analogue, broadband and chatroom.

Standing in front of the children, they happily inhabited the world I painted for them. Getting them to form a round with their thumb and fore finger, they created their own spyglass. We practised looking through it before we wandered around the room searching for this elusive bear. They rummaged in their lunch boxes, interrogated the teacher's cupboard, infiltrated the pockets of their coats. Finally, the furry creature was spotted near the shelf of copybooks and the story ended happily; but not before they decided we should go looking for elephants next. By the time I had packed up my bag of tricks, they were getting ready to return to the world of arithmetic and spellings. Back into the real world again.

I am forever learning from children, rediscovering the child I used to be. Growing up we were let run wild in the woods. Our mother, wise in her negligence, put no stop on us as we tumbled over the discarded cinders of yesterday's fire as we scaled the stone wall of the everyday into the forbidden world of the other.

We lived between ground and air, feral, hunter-gathers that stripped brambles of their purple-nippled fruit, threaded ghostly mushrooms onto long filaments of grass; gnawed the flesh off claret-ripe haws as if juicy apples. We were experts in the foraging of the hazel nut, knowing nothing of the tree's lore, only the magic of its abundance. We scavenged tree after tree, our instinct sharp in its knowing, ripeness proving itself in the flick of a thumb against the bract that surrendered a perfect mahogany kernel from its sheath.

When we had our cache, like small wood animals we settled on the cushions of moss beneath the trees, the stone a perfect tool in the crucible of our palms. Then as the sounds of shell cracking drove the magpies from their perches, we eased out each perfect kernel. We gorged on each one, no need to go home for dinner, a midden of shells mounting at our feet. Our lexicon of everyday words included bramble and nut, wren, hare and magpie. They had their importance in our world. It never occurred to us that they could be dispensed with. And that is what happened some years ago when a popular children's dictionary decided that these words were no longer in vogue; they were devalued currency and as a result, were replaced by the ABC of analogue, broadband and chatroom.



Geraldine Mills just out of college, 1975/1976.

By giving a global platform to the writers of the next generation, *Live Encounters* continues to foster that support. By giving them a voice, seeing their work published goes a long way towards developing that self-esteem. And with that young people can dance to the music of their own pens.

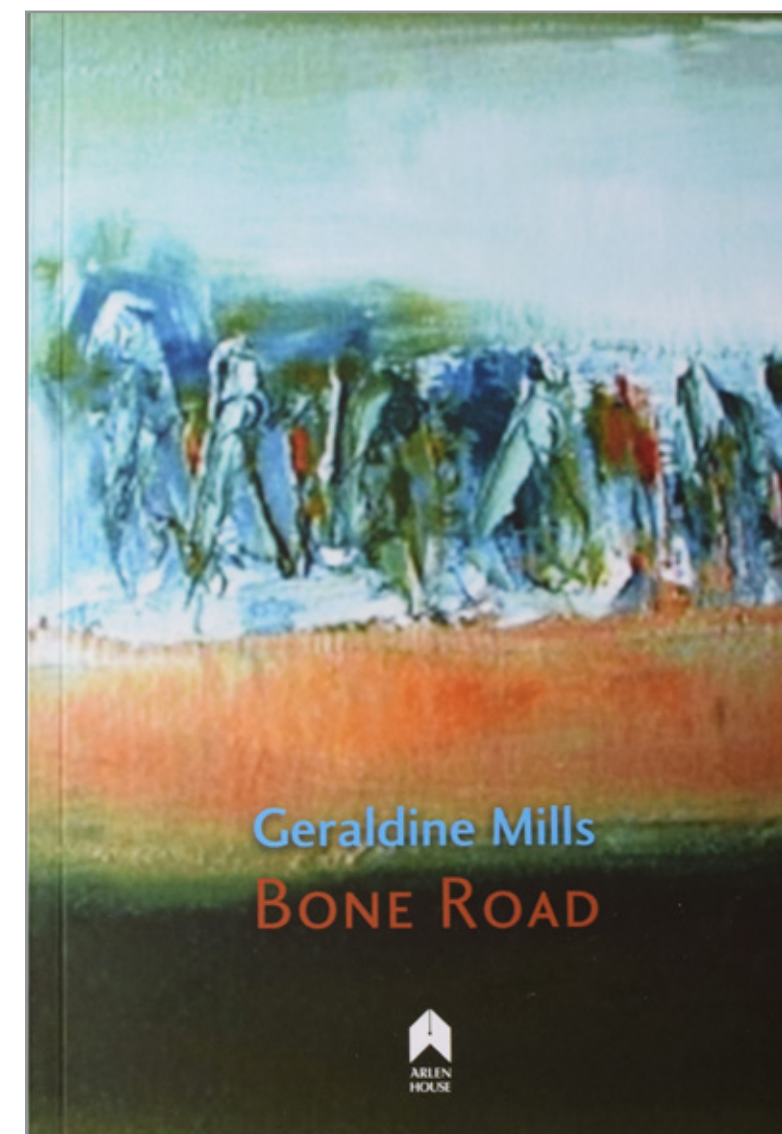
Andrew Motion, the former UK poet laureate, said that “by discarding so many country and landscape-words from their Junior Dictionary, it denies children a store of words that is marvellous for its own sake, but also a vital means of connection and understanding.” The beautifully illustrated book *The Lost Words* by Robert Mc Farlane and Jackie Morris is a response to the removal of these words so that they will be kept alive for the future.

It is crucial that every child has access to the treasury of words that enrich their imagination. Around the world there are hundreds of writing organisations, especially the International Alliance of Youth Writing Centers that support development of creativity among young people. Included in this alliance are the Story Planet from Canada; Gabinete de Historias from Buenos Aires; The Writers’ Exchange from Vancouver; Sydney Story Factory, and many, many more. Each of these organisations encourage writing and storytelling in order to develop the self-esteem of children and teenagers so that they can believe in themselves.

Here in Ireland we have a similar resource for mentoring young writers. It is called Fighting Words ([fightingwords.ie](http://fightingwords.ie)) and as their website states their ‘aim is to help children and young people, and adults who did not have this opportunity as children, to discover and harness the power of their own imaginations and creative writing skills.’

Founded by Seán Love and Roddy Doyle, Fighting Words is also about using the creative practice to strengthen children and teenagers – from a wide range of backgrounds – to be resilient, creative and successful shapers of their own lives. Patrons include such notable writers as John Banville, Colum McCann, Ann Enright, Nick Hornby, Richard Ford and Lorrie Moore.

By giving a global platform to the writers of the next generation, *Live Encounters* continues to foster that support. By giving them a voice, seeing their work published goes a long way towards developing that self-esteem. And with that young people can dance to the music of their own pens.



*Bone Road* by Geraldine Mills. Published by Arlen House.  
Available at: <https://www.bookdepository.com/>



Angelina is a Year 11 student from Melbourne, Australia. She enjoys performing arts, music, writes and reads in her spare time. Her favourite authors are Rupi Kaur, Heidi Wong, Neil Gaiman and Adam Silvera. 'their flesh, my bone' is inspired by the desire of perfection in the present world, and the destruction that comes with such a strong desire.



## QUIDDITY (N.) THE ESSENCE OF SOMETHING

They bring people together  
Or tear them apart  
It depends how they are used  
From their endings back to the start

They can shatter dreams  
Break hearts  
Secure insecurities  
Assail anger  
Bloom sadness

Its like treading on glass  
Be careful or its painful  
Easy to grasp, hard to let go  
Its duality, is difficult  
But that isn't realized

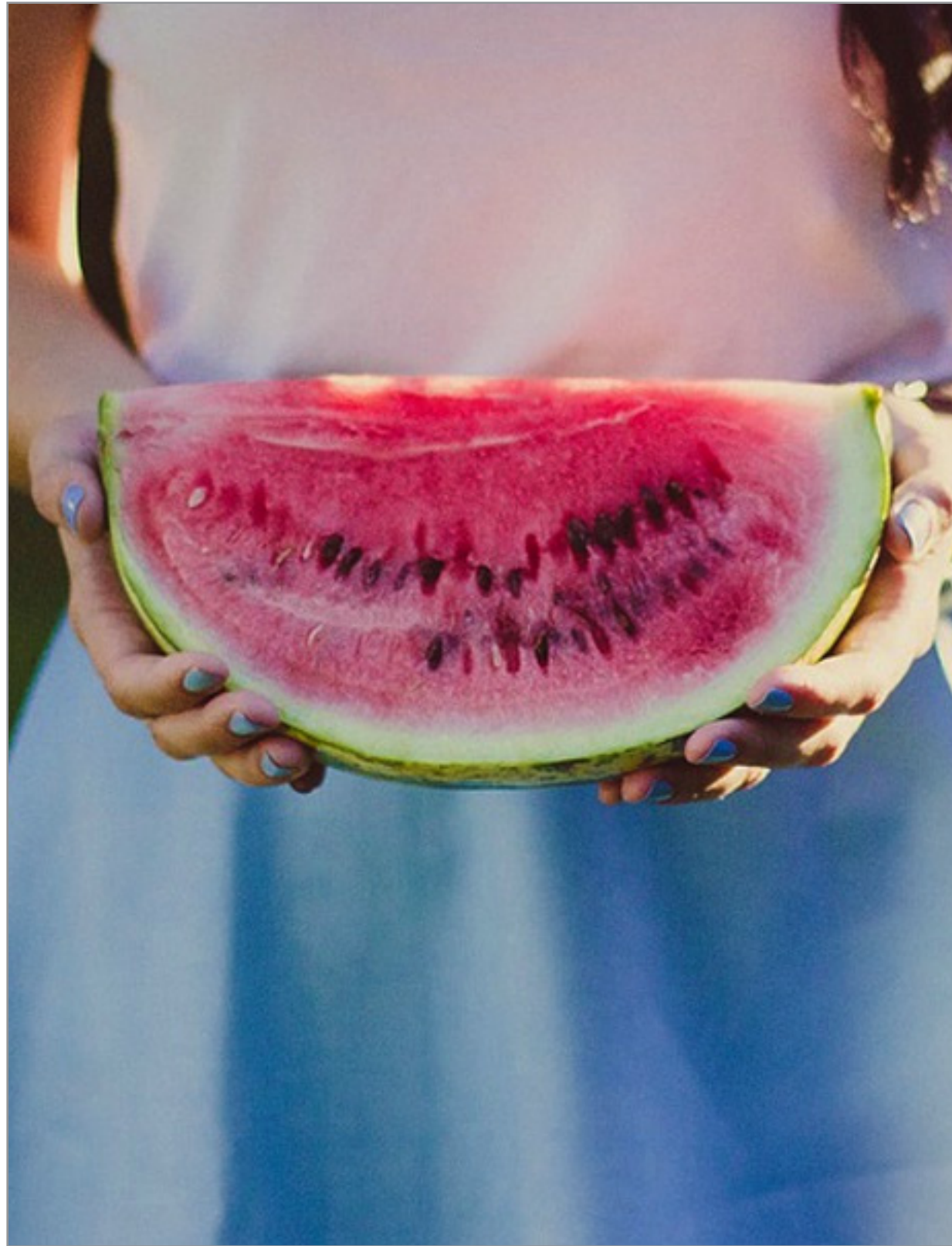
They can inspire ideas  
Provide comfort  
Show care  
Instill belonging  
Bloom happiness

But this type isn't used  
Laconically speaking  
This society  
Carelessly uses  
These things called words

Photograph Pixabay.com



Angelina is a Year 11 student from Melbourne, Australia. She enjoys performing arts, music, writes and reads in her spare time. Her favourite authors are Rupi Kaur, Heidi Wong, Neil Gaiman and Adam Silvera. 'their flesh, my bone' is inspired by the desire of perfection in the present world, and the destruction that comes with such a strong desire.



## THEIR FLESH, MY BONE

*to those with sleepless nights and broken bones.*

you'll find no rage here.  
you'll find only the blood of  
a starveling wolf  
who feasts only on the decapitated heads of  
lavenders and the veins of  
daffodils.

dear friend, why do you howl?  
is it 'cause of the purple lilacs you  
love but will never get?  
or does the fault lie with  
the ashes clouding up your iris?

my darling, why must you claw out your ribs?  
is it 'cause ivory looks better on you?  
why must you return to  
feasting on your own flesh  
is it 'cause you want to be rid of  
the frost on your back?

or is it because you're human?  
feast on me if you need,  
because i was once starving too.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Britney is a Year 11 student from Melbourne, Australia. She enjoys reading, swimming and writing poetry in her spare time and especially loves playing with her younger brother. Jules Verne and Enid Blyton are her favourite authors and she continues to re-read their books every holiday! This poem was inspired by the sounds of the nighttime and the oddly lucid moments that one encounters before falling asleep.



## A DIP IN FLIGHT

Late evening.  
Streaks run across a canvas of plaster  
as the street lights flicker to life.  
Doors close. Cars rumble softly as they park,  
each key *beep-beeping*.

Brown wings shift  
like autumn leaves parting their tree  
to welcome a new home  
in the darkness of  
the Night.

How I wish I were that owl:  
eyes keen with a yellow lustre,  
body plumed in a pillow's embrace.  
A screech in the air is the midnight call  
*perch, spin, dip...*

Two wings primed for flight.  
Two claws propped to soar.

A clanker of plates carries  
through from one kitchen to  
the next,  
one house to  
another -  
a pattern of voices (one loud,  
others soft) form stories that  
lace the silent air.

My ceiling is veiny  
with lines of doubt. *Or are they  
my eyelids?*

My ceiling is veiny  
with lines of doubt. *Or are they  
my eyelids?*

There is only one wish,  
a plea for the Night to do its best: to  
overcome the questioning,  
collapsing mind  
with sleep.

A scuffle,  
*... crash.*

Two mice busy in fruitless play  
are lost to talons thrice as large,  
just as feeble minds are put  
to rest  
for hours in the nighttime.

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Kethmi and Victoria are Year 12 students from Melbourne, Australia. They have been friends since year seven and have often bonded over books, literature, tv shows and Latin. Together they have a range of interests from French existentialism and modern psychological thrillers to Jazz and 20th-century history. Nonetheless, these varying interests allow them to have different perspectives, enhancing their writing and ensuring that the process is always entertaining. This poem was inspired by the premise of taking a mundane object, a tomato, and making it the object of profound contemplation.

## FRUIT OF LIFE

A yellow sunburst pulled me into life,  
Among green I grew, fearing my own home,  
Yet my sisters, shining like saffron, spun —  
Gold threads of light,  
For me.

Fuelled, by life's water, I  
Blossomed, through warm guidance I was  
Protected, I  
Shone, viridescent.

A dying spring heralded a glowing summer,  
Blushing, hidden from the drying aestival wind,  
I flourished by a river of potential.  
Ripening.

But as leaves fell,  
Plucked,  
Stolen from Life's vineyards,  
Bruised,  
Brutal hands brought  
Isolation.

Drained, drying, a drought.  
Dressed in poison; prolonging, pain,  
Sharp —  
Silver blades of respite.  
A red hurricane pulled me out of life.

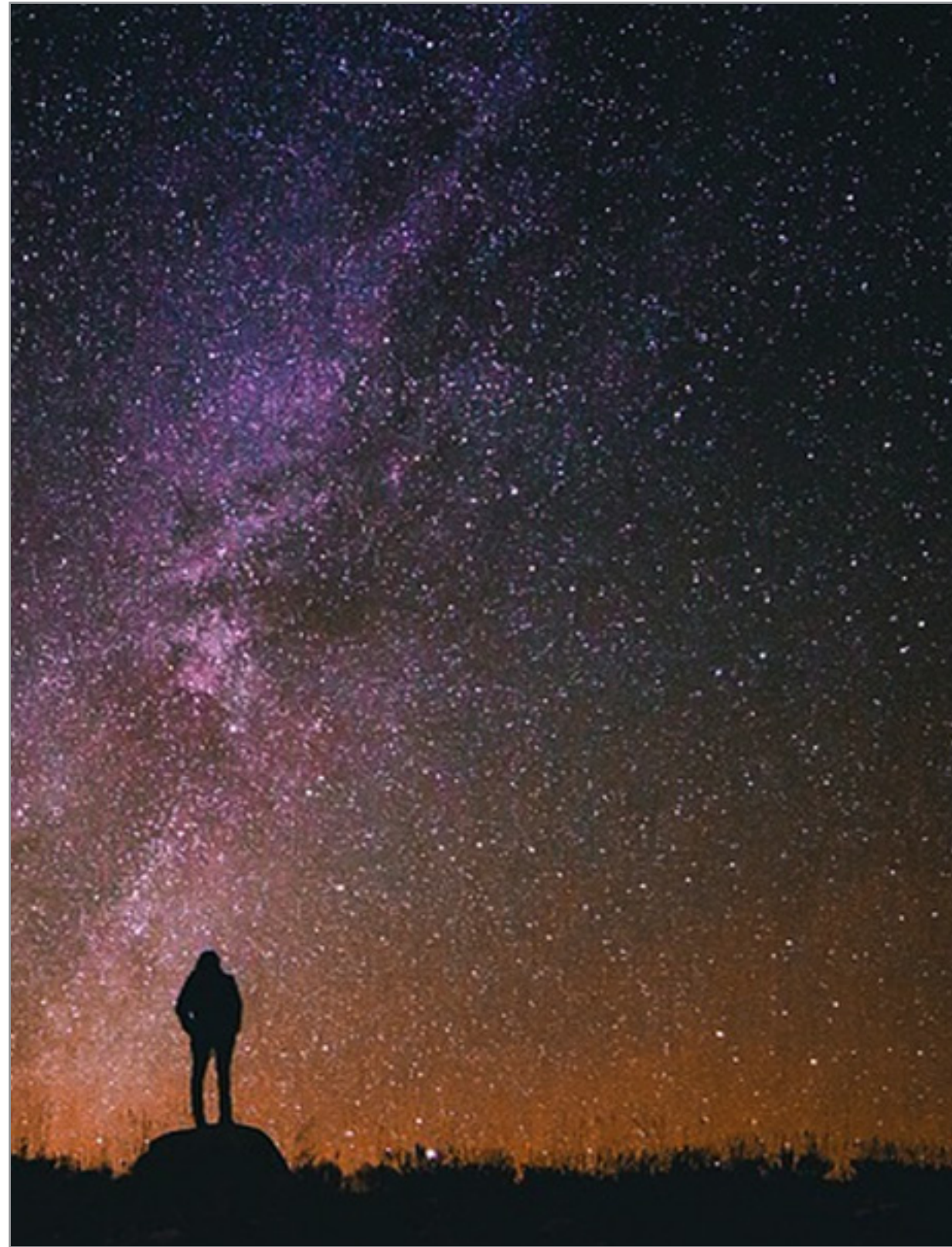
Beyond, a calm winter morning,  
Startling clarity melts into view.  
Liberated belonging,  
Distilled and Stilled,  
Now my sisters, siderating like solar flares, spin  
Scarlett threads of soul-light,  
For me.



Photograph Pixabay.com



Simran is a Year 10 student from Melbourne, Australia. She enjoys listening to jazz, baking, writing, and reading on rainy days. And when the sun is out, she enjoys having picnics, and playing netball. Her favourite authors are J.K. Rowling and Anthony Doerr. This poem was inspired by the bittersweet transition from childhood to adulthood that everyone experiences.



## I ONCE WAS A CHILD

I once was a child,  
Nestling in my mother's arms,  
To escape a nightmare's harm.  
But now my pillow steeps in tears,  
For I must deal with my own fears.

I once was a child,  
In the lap of the sea, allowing her arms to enfold me.  
Waddling about, feet sandy, nose snotty, in a nappy.  
Looking for Ariel in sea foam  
As my mother would call, "let's go home".  
I would build castles out of sand,  
And pile shells in my hand.  
But now I hold them to my ear  
And listen to the tongues of the sea,  
For it teaches me how to be free.

I once was a child,  
Craning my neck to see the stars,  
Which appeared bizarre and not so far.  
I used to star-gaze in search of my constellation:  
The crustacean.  
But now that crab from far  
Is no longer my lodestar.  
Now I lie on my back,  
But rather than seeking the zodiac  
I inspect the pitch black,  
*Asking, does anyone watch me from those suns and stars?*  
*Is this universe only ours?*

Photograph Pixabay.com



Abbie Mcloughlin, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway. Abbie plays Gaelic, enjoys swimming and writing.



## THE PENCIL

The pencil writes across the page thinking I should be free  
standing tall like a tree.  
He didn't like to be this way so he closed his eyes and thought back  
Back to when he was in the shop with loads of other pencils about to get sharpened  
and the lady let him fall on the carpet.  
He didn't like to be this way so he closed his eyes and thought back  
Back to when he was in the factory getting plopped into paint and then he felt faint.  
He didn't like to be this way so he closed his eyes and thought back  
Back to when he was standing tall and then got chopped down and had a great fall.  
He didn't like to be this way so he closed his eyes and thought back  
Back to when he was being planted, oh I was so small.  
He grew and grew until he was so tall.  
He hoped and hoped his heavy leaves would fall down at fall

Photograph Pixabay.com



Adam Duke, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway. Adam plays Gaelic for local team, likes learning new things, enjoys Religion.



## FUR COATS DREAMING

Fur Coats Dreaming  
A fur coat hanging in an old dusty wardrobe  
With a big uncomfortable zip going through  
his body.  
The fur coat didn't like this situation so he  
imagined back.

Back to when he was on a table, being cleaned and skinned and having a big price tag  
glued on to him.  
And a metal zip being sown into him.  
The fur coat didn't like this situation so he  
imagined back.

Back to when he was a mink,  
running around in an open field by a river,  
just before he heard a big bang and was dead on the floor.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Adam Gavin, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway. Adam's interests are rugby and painting.



## PENCIL DREAMING

The pencil sat in the young boy's mouth, crunching down on the wood.  
He didn't like to be this way, so he shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he was in a shop with all the other toppers and rubbers.  
He didn't like to be this way, so he shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he was in a factory, being chopped up into tiny little sticks.  
He didn't like to be this way, so he shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he was a huge oak tree in the Amazon Rainforest,  
with the birds chirping and the squirrels squeaking,  
he was as happy as could be.  
So he dreamed as hard as he could to be back there,  
at least until he would be topped into a tiny little stick.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Alexander Sun, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway. Alexander's interests are fishing, playing the guitar, and the outdoors.



## FISH HEADS

Fish heads remain in dirty old buckets,  
their brains still working but their bodies are not.

They didn't like it this way  
so they tried not to think about it and dreamed back to the past

They remember when they were being hit on the head with a rock,  
such abuse they thought.

They didn't like it this way so they tried not to think about it  
and dreamed back even further into the past.

They remember when their heads were on their bodies  
and they were swimming around playing fish tag, hide and seek  
and other games in the kelp and shipwrecks.

They liked it this way, in fact they loved it this way  
and wished it was still like this, but now they are stuck in fish buckets,  
sad and lonely without their bodies

Photograph Pixabay.com



Aoibhín O Connor, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Aoibhín's interests are - playing the piano, digital art and drawing.



## COAT DREAMING

The coat hung on the rusty hook.  
He was barely a coat anymore,  
Just pieces of fabric sewn carelessly together.  
He didn't like to be this way.  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to when he was in the charity shop,  
With people pawing at him all day.  
He didn't like to be this way.  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to when he was a fine coat,  
Proudly hanging in an expensive store.  
He didn't like to be this way.  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Way, way back to when he was a fox,  
Running in the hot sun with the wind in his face.  
He really, really liked to be this way.  
He dreamed hard to try and stay there.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Caoimbhe McLoughlin, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Caoimbhe's interests are - horse riding, sailing and rugby.



## FLOWERS DREAMING

Old flowers lay in the bin  
They were a stem, leaves and flowers  
Soon the rubbish truck would get them  
They didn't like to be this way  
They closed their eyes and dreamed back  
Back to when they were in a vase squished together with people  
surrounding them saying how beautiful they were  
They didn't like to be this way  
They shut their eyes and dreamed back  
Back to when they were in the shop and sat beside the jams and syrups  
they were nice to say the least  
They didn't like to be this way  
They shut their eyes and dreamed back  
Back to when they growing free with the wind blowing their petals  
They liked to be this way  
They tried hard to stay dreaming this way

Photograph Pixabay.com



Charlotte Gillan, 6th Class, St Aidans NS, Kiltimagh, Co Mayo.  
Charlotte's interests are - horse riding, sailing and rugby.



## JACK AND THE GERALDSTALK

It was a Monday morning and Jack was bored. He was sat at his rickety old desk looking into the abyss of the wall in front of him. He was thinking – thinking about yesterday at the market. He was selling his cow Gerald. A mysterious man had walked up to him remarking ‘how good a cow Gerald was’, and that he would trade it with something much more valuable than money. Jack was curious of course, so when he was handed a bag of five beans he could have kicked himself. But, when he turned around to confront the man who had tricked him into selling Gerald, both the cow and the traitor were gone.

Jack looked at the beans scattered across the table, glowing inexplicably. Then he walked over to the window, opened it, and tossed the beans out. Then he went downstairs for breakfast.

The next morning Jack woke up to the peculiar smell of cows. He opened his eyes. All he could see in the dark, musty room was the ceiling. And to Jack, the ceiling wasn't really that satisfying to look at. So he got out of bed and stepped into the murky hallway, the wooden floor creaking beneath his feet. When he reached the stairs, the deafening croaking and creaking of the steps as he descended was so ear splitting that Jack thought that even deaf old great grandfather Bob was quieter than this. He opened the front door. His jaw dropped. There, in front of him, was about 700 identical replicas of GERALD.

All 700 Geraldts looked up in unison. At the sight of him, the Geraldts trotted towards the centre of the garden. Jack looked on in awe and confusion. Suddenly, the most craziest of things happened. One of the Geraldts stood on his hind legs, while another climbed onto his shoulders on his hind legs – with some struggle-. And another, and another, and it kept going until they touched the clouds. They had created a beanstalk. Except not a beanstalk – it was a Geraldstalk! The cow at the bottom nudged his head a bit – as if to say “climb ...climb!” . Jack had spotted this gesture and began climbing. Up, and up, and up until he was above the clouds. When he got to the top, there was a castle. Jack nearly fell off the Gerald in fright. He placed his big toe on the clouds and found out he could walk on it.

Photograph Pixabay.com



He pushed open the castle door. In front of him was a huge hallway. He walked down the soft carpet until he found a living room. There were three armchairs on each side of a large, oak table. On the table was a feast fit for a giant. Literally. Jack sat down on the floor after his long journey. He ate some chicken and potatoes and then fell fast asleep. When he woke up he heard voices. He walked down the ancient hallway and entered another room – the dining room.

Inside were three giants. But not ordinary giants – oh no, they were gingerbread giants. A mommy giant, a daddy giant, and their daughter giant eating their dinner.

“ Arghh !!! “ Jack screamed.

They turned to look at him.

“ Hey! You there! What are you doing here?”, demanded the daddy giant. “Kill him !, “ he ordered.

The family squatted down and began throwing things at him and trying to squash him.

“Hey! Stop!”, protested Jack.

Jack ran out of the room and down the hall, and entered the kitchen.

The sound of pots and pans, beeping of ovens, and the sound of things frying in the boilers filled the room. Rows of counters and machinery made the huge room like a maze to any human. Jack hesitated, before running over to a knife lying helplessly on the floor. He picked it up, and continued the fight with the giants. He managed to chip off a foot on the daughter, and two hands on the dad. Mum was the only one left. But suddenly, the old fart of a cook appeared beside her. The fight continued. He chipped a finger off the mum. Finally, he was left with the cook.

An idea just dawned on Jack. He clambered over to the oven and hid. Cook followed. With the oven door open, Jack was ready. She stood in front of it, looking for him. He snuck up behind her and pushed the old bat in, closing the oven door behind her.

He found the front door and ran out onto the cloudy lawn.

He was relieved to see that the Geraldstalk had remained standing waiting for him. He clambered down, happy to be out of the dreadful place. As he approached the ground, Jack noticed that there was nothing different about home from when he left. Thankfully.

When he turned to look at the Geraldts, they were gone. Apart from one. The real one. Jack ran over to Gerald and hugged him in happiness. Suddenly there was a KABOOM! from above, and down came bath-full of gingerbread.

From then on, Jack and his mum ate gingerbread for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, longing for the day they would run out of it. But they never did.



Chloe Joyce, 6th class children in Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Chloe's interests are - reading, art and dancing.



## A BOOK DREAMING

A book lay in the bin  
He knew he would not be read again  
He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was tugged and pulled by toddlers hands  
He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was sitting on a shelf in a charity shop  
He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was folded and bent by a careless owner  
He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was in a truck destined for the shop  
He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was sheets of paper about to be pushed into a printer  
He didn't like to this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was a tree about to be cut down  
He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was a helicopter dancing on the wind  
He liked to be this way he dreamed hard to stay there

Photograph Pixabay.com



Clementine Lavelle, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Clementine's interests are - art especially drawing and Gaelic football.



## FOX DREAMING

Old flowers lay in the bin  
They were a stem, leaves and flowers  
Soon the rubbish truck would get them  
They didn't like to be this way  
They closed their eyes and dreamed back  
Back to when they were in a vase squished together with people  
surrounding them saying how beautiful they were  
They didn't like to be this way  
They shut their eyes and dreamed back  
Back to when they were in the shop and sat beside the jams and syrups  
they were nice to say the least  
They didn't like to be this way  
They shut their eyes and dreamed back  
Back to when they growing free with the wind blowing their petals  
They liked to be this way  
They tried hard to stay dreaming this way

Photograph Pixabay.com



Clodagh O'Toole, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.

Clodagh's interests are - horse riding, is a member of Errislanen Manor Pony Club, owns lots of ponies.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## PENCIL

Pencil lay in its smelly case as small as a pea  
Away from sharpeners  
And surrounded by pencils way  
bigger than he was.

He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was bought in the  
shop, along with two other pens that  
were very mean to him.

He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was in the factory  
getting dipped in paint and dye  
the same happening to thousands  
of other pencils just like him.

He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was still a tree  
in the forest, where he's supposed  
to be.

He liked to be this way, he dreamed  
hard to try and stay there.



Dubheasa O' Connor, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Dubheasa's interests are - writing, swimming and playing video games.



## 'TILL THE COWS COME HOME

Daisy cried in a farmers' bin all day, all night  
The only friends she had were the flies coming to take a bite.  
She didn't know where she was but she knew she didn't like it.  
She heard faint chatter as she felt a sudden clatter,  
It reminded Daisy of her old life,  
she was on a dining table next to coriander and stir fry.  
She didn't know where she was or what was going on but she knew she didn't like it.  
Daisy was next to bags of trash and rain pouring on her skin,  
it reminded her of her old life.  
She was huddled into a crowd of cattle in a big, dark, grey room.  
Daisy could hear screams and distant cries from her friends  
as the over bearing smell of blood smothered the air.  
She didn't know where she was or what was going on  
but she knew she didn't like it.  
Daisy smelled bags of carrots and baked potatoes,  
reminding her of her old life.  
Daisy was laying on the wet, Irish, green grass as content as could be.  
She smiled up at the blue sky nestling her young.  
She did know what was going on and where she was and she knew she loved it.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Ella Skye Hackney is ten years old and lives in New York with her parents and dog Owen.  
She loves ice skating, graphic novels, and political activism.



## A POEM TO HELP YOU ACHIEVE IN LIFE

If you don't like  
what you see  
of yourself,

or you can't be  
in someone else's  
rainbow,

be the person  
you want to be,

mix your own  
colors.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Ellieann O'Toole, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Ellieann's interests are - horse riding, painting and swimming.



## WOOD

Wood lay beside the fire about to be thrown on,  
soon he would be burnt to a crisp.  
He didn't like to be this way. He shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to being in the shop waiting to be bought.  
Picked up and left in the wrong space and of course forgot.  
He didn't like to be this way. He shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to being in the back of a car thrown back and over hitting of the sides.  
He didn't like to be this way so he shut his eye and dreamed back.  
Back to being a tree in the forest finally, birds singing, an owl  
that would come and go, kids would visit now and again  
anyway a tree again.  
He liked to be this way. He dreamed hard to stay there.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Ethan Dooley, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Ethan's interests are - reading, sports and video games.



## ASHES IN A BIN

Ashes lay in a smelly bin,  
Soon the dumpster would be here for him.

He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

He was on fire in the fireplace,  
For hours he was on fire, burning to ashes.

He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Stuffed in a bag, cut to a thousand pieces  
Sold for 9.99.

He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Getting chopped at his feet,  
Falling to the ground with a 'thud'  
Loaded onto a truck.

He didn't like to be this way  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

In a breezy forest,  
Chatting to his friends the animals,  
With birds nesting in his hair.

He liked to be this way.  
He dreamed hard and tried to stay there.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Grace Carey, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Grace's interests are - playing the fiddle, likes roller blading.



## FROGGY

Froggy lay in a smelly bucket  
He was a head, a face and legs.  
He closed his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to when he was captured by children, held hostage for days,  
He didn't like to being this way, he closed his eyes and dreamed,  
Back to when people invaded his pond, trampling over him,  
He didn't like being this way, he closed his eyes and dreamed,  
Back to when he was swimming with his friends,  
jumping on lily pads, Sun shining on his face,  
He really liked being this way, he shut his eyes to stay there

Photograph Pixabay.com



Isobel Walsh, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Isobel's interests are - drawing and playing soccer.



## CAPTURED

Here he is, locked up in a cage  
Being observed by humans  
Only getting fed twice a day

He didn't like to be this way.  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he was awoken by shouting and loud roars from the rest of the pack.  
Everyone got away.  
Everyone but him.  
He was thrown into a cage in the back of a van,  
Ready to be brought to the zoo.

He didn't like to be this way.  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he could run freely,  
Find food whenever he wanted,  
And play with the rest of the pack.  
He liked to be this way.  
He dreamed hard to try and stay there.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Jack Acton, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Jack's interests are - drawing and art.



## CHICKEN BONES

Chickens bones lay in the dirty kitchen bin he was head a backbone and a wing,  
soon the dogs would be in for him.

He didn't like to be this way he shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to when he was a chicken and hot on a plate beside chicken legs  
with lemon juice squeezed on him and a fat man with a knife and fork  
raised about to eat him.

He didn't like to be this way he shut his eyes and dreamed back.

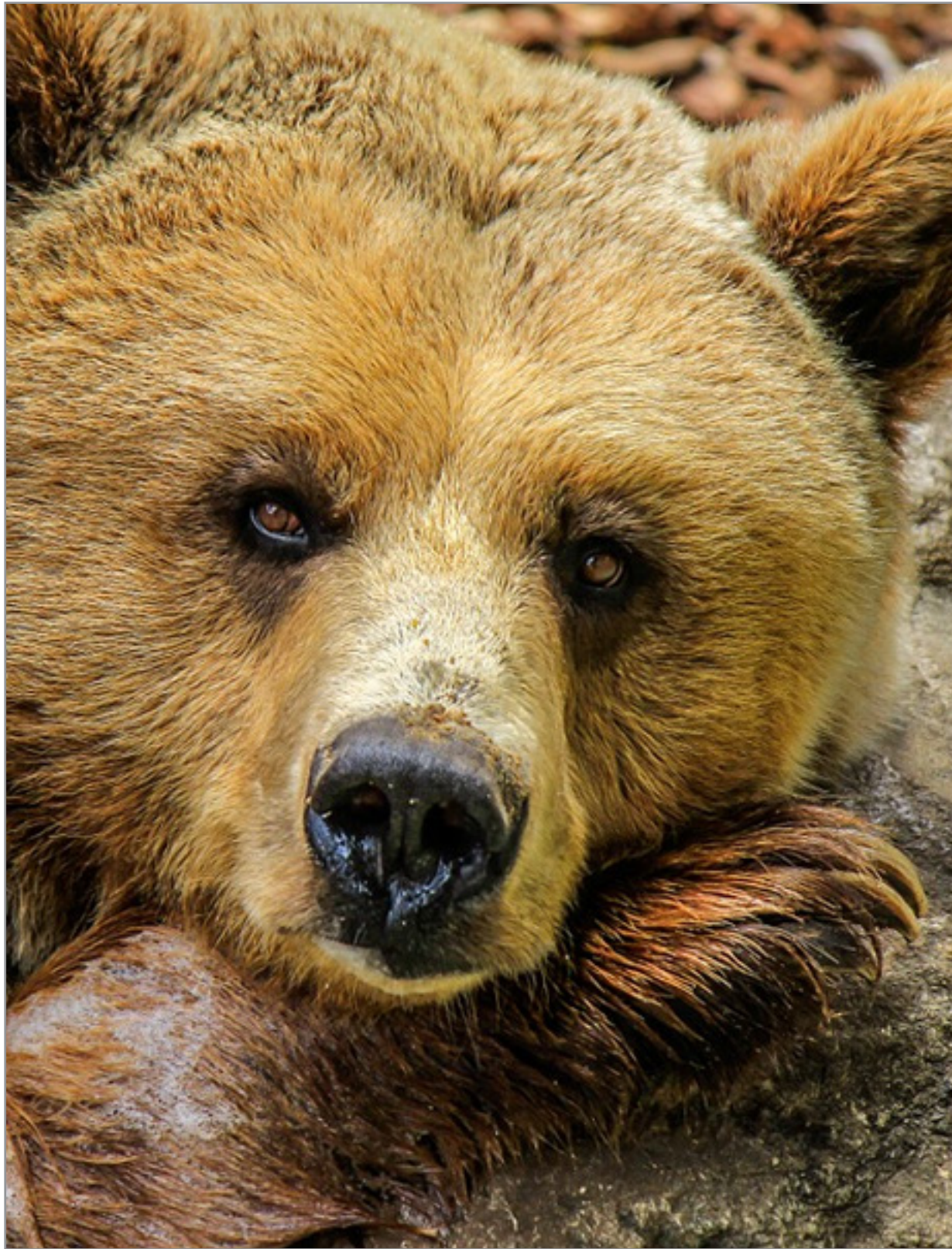
Back to when he was on a farm with all his chicken friends just like himself  
and felt the sun on his face.

He liked to be this way he dreamed hard to try to stay that way.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Laszlo Sipos, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Laszlo's interests are - video games and has a cat.



## BEAR

A bear lay in a small gloomy cage  
He didn't like to be this way he closed his eyes and dreamed away  
Back to when he was in a circus alone and scared  
He didn't like to be this way he closed his eyes and dreamed away  
Back to when he was running away from the hunter  
He didn't like to be this way he closed his eyes and dreamed away  
Back to when he was sleeping in his calm dark cave  
He liked to be this way he closed his eyes and  
continued dreaming away.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Laura Malone, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Laura's interests are - playing the accordion, Gaelic football and horse riding.



## PAPER THINKING BACK

Paper lay in a copy  
Surrounded by other copies  
Full with other poor pieces of paper

Paper didn't like to be like this  
She closed her eyes and thought back

Back to when she was being  
Wrote on with drowning ink  
And dull grey lead

Paper didn't like to be like this  
She closed her eyes and thought back

Back to when she was wood  
Getting chopped in a factory  
With rusty old steel

Paper didn't like to be like this  
She closed her eyes and thought back

Back to when she was a tree  
In her home forest  
With fresh wind in her face  
When she was a free tree

Paper liked to be this way  
She dreamed hard to try and stay there

Photograph Pixabay.com



Maia Barry, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Maia's interests are - playing sports and art.



## A PENCIL'S DREAM

Pencils lay in a pencil case some small, big and broken  
soon they would be topped again  
They didn't like to be this way they closed their eyes and dreamed back ....  
Back to when he was just wood being broken into a pencil in a factory  
He didn't like to be this way he shut his eyes and dreamed back....  
Back to when he was a tree being chopped down with his other tree friends  
He didn't like to be this way so he shut his eyes and dreamed back....  
Back to when he was a peaceful tree listening to the kids play  
He liked to be this way so he tried hard to stay there

Photograph Pixabay.com



Majka Janus, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Majka's interests are - playing rugby and horse riding.



## PAPER

He was a head, a body with no legs.  
Soon he would be scribbled on, by these horrible kids.  
He didn't like to be this way so he shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to when he was in a shop with more paper and a very mean pen.  
He didn't like to be this way he shut his eyes and dreamed back  
Back to when he was a tree.  
He liked to be this way so he shut his eyes and dreamed back

Photograph Pixabay.com



Maksymilian Waligorski, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Maksymilian's interests are - building from Lego, attends Polish school every week, plays the piano.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## PAPER

Paper lay in the recycling bin,  
All scribbled on and thrown away,  
Soon the garbage truck will come.

He didn't like to be this way,  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he was under the pencil,  
Stabbed and hurt in the belly,  
And then the pen,  
Splattering ink all over his face.

He didn't like to be this way,  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he was sliced into millions of pieces,  
Then stretched, painted and shoved into the printer.

He didn't like to be this way,  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he was hurt with a saw,  
Woodchips soaring away from the chain,  
Then falling over and cut apart onto the truck.

He didn't like to be this way,  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when he was a tree in the wind,  
Leaves flying, circling him,  
And the birds singing safe on his shoulders,  
The owl hooting in his trunk.

He liked to be this way,  
He dreamed hard to stay here.



My name is Molly and I'm thirteen years old. I live in Kiltimagh, County Mayo, Ireland. My hobbies include reading, writing and drawing. I like to read comic books and graphic novels too. I also like to swim and go to the cinema with my friends.



## WHY WON'T JOHN WAKE UP?

The place smelled funny. It tickled my throat and made me cough. Mammy said it always smells funny here. She said they spray the place with the funny smelling stuff to make it clean. I don't like this place; it smells weird and the seats are very sore. There are lots of people here. They make me nervous. Some of them are crying. One girl has red lumps all over her face. They look weird and make me feel sick. Mammy says it's like this a lot.

We have been coming here for a while now. I think it must be something to do with school, like that time the doctors came in and poked me with a pointy thing. Daddy said it was called a needle, but I don't think so. Granny has needles and they don't look like that. But then a lot of things Daddy said aren't true. At least that's what Mammy told me. Mammy and Daddy don't really get on. John says Daddy lives in America now. I wonder where that is. John says it's a very big country, he says we can visit Daddy over the summer, but I don't want to. Daddy was very mean to me. He used to shout at me, and he always went out at night instead of giving me bedtime stories. He left soon after we started going to this place. This funny smelling place with its hard chairs and crying people. Mammy calls it a hospital. We go here every week and John and I must leave school early. John is my older brother and he is sixteen, Michelle and Sean are thirteen but I'm only six. My birthday is in May though. Mammy said we'll go to the cinema for it. Mammy and I love watching movies, our favourite is Toy Story and since it's coming out on my birthday, we're going to go see it. Michelle likes it too, though not as much. Sean hates it. He says it's too babyish and boring.

John is in the hospital now. He must go to a special room with Dr Richard and Mammy. Mammy won't let me, or Michelle and Sean go. She says it's for big kids only. But I'm a big kid too! Whenever Mammy goes in there, she usually leaves crying. John looks upset too though they won't say why. I try to ask Mammy, but she just says that they put medicine in her eye to make it feel better. Mammy does need glasses, so I suppose it does help.

Photograph Pixabay.com

*continued overleaf..*

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John is just grumpy. He recently cut all his hair so now he's bald. At least I think he cut it. He just left for a while with Mammy and we stayed with Auntie Kay. He came back after a couple of weeks later with no hair. I think it's a trend. Like Michelle's earrings or dyed blue hair. Mammy seemed upset then as well. I try to ask Michelle sometimes why Mammy is crying but she just tells me it's Mammy's eye medicine too.

Dr Richard comes back out with Mammy. He says a lot of big words like "surgically remove" and "tumour". I don't know what these mean and Mammy doesn't tell me. She just looks sad and tells me she will be going away for a while and that we were to stay with Auntie Kay again. I wonder if she's going to see Daddy in America. Michelle says she isn't. They leave later and Auntie Kay gives us all chocolate cake to eat. It's nice.

Later, that night I go up to go to the bathroom. I see a piece of cake on the table and go to try it. I just really like Auntie Kay's cake. I notice some paper on the table. It looks boring until I see John's name on it. Under it is written a load of weird words like "brain tumour, fatal, suggested route, surgery, time left around nine months." This looks like those numbers you get on the back of my coco pops boxes. I asked Michelle what they mean, and she said it was to tell if the food was out of date, so it didn't make you sick. I wonder if John is like that. Is he out of date? I'd never heard of it before. I notice another line below it. It just said one word. Cancer. I didn't know what that was either. I decided I would ask my teacher Ms Moran. Ms Moran knows everything. I hear a creak behind me. Auntie Kay is there. She looks very cross. She told me to go to bed. The next morning, she was still cross. I heard her talking to Mammy before school, she sounded worried.

When we go to school, Michelle and Sean went to their friends and I went to my class. My friend Sarah and I played dollies together. Today Sharon and Megan went to the swimming pool, but the house next door was haunted so they had to save their neighbour, Shellie. This is what Sarah and I always play. I asked my teacher what cancer was and she said it was a constellation in the sky.

Constellations are shapes that the stars make in the sky. I know this because Sean loves looking at the stars. He has a telescope and Galileo teddy. He wants to be an astronomer. I want to be an actor and play a cowgirl like Jessie from Toy Story. I don't know how I'll be a toy though. Mammy says they use something called animation. I haven't seen Mammy in thirty-six days. She calls every night but it's not the same. I miss her. I hope she doesn't leave like Daddy did. Michelle says she hasn't, but I don't know.

Mammy called last night with news. She said we were moving to a new house. Sean got so mad. He started screaming and saying rude words. Michelle started crying too. I didn't know what was going on and everyone was making so much noise. I ran out of the room and down to my bedroom. I could hear my Mammy giving out to Sean and Auntie Kay was looking for me, but I stayed under the bed. I don't want to move to a new house. I had a friend, Siobhan, once. She moved to a new house and I never met her again. I want to stay in my house and play with Sarah. I don't want to leave Auntie Kay either. She would be all alone without us. But Mammy came home a couple of days later and we drove all the way to a big city. It was a nice house with four bedrooms. One for Mammy, Sean, Michelle and me but none for John. I hadn't seen John at all. Mammy said he was gone on a school trip and wouldn't be back for a while. But that was ages ago. I've been at school for almost a month and haven't seen John at all. Mammy works all day to get money and I have no one to talk to. Sean and Michelle pick me up and mind me but they are always busy. I miss John. He always said bedtime stories to me after Daddy left and knew all the answers to my homework. Sean and Michelle are nice to me too, but they seem sad. I think it's because they miss their friends. I miss Sarah too, but I've got my Jessie doll to play with. Michelle and Sean are too big for dolls. At least that's what Sean says, but I think they should have dolls too. Jessie helps me feel happy when I'm sad or lonely. I feel lonely now without John. Mammy said we'll see him soon, but I sometimes hear Mammy and Michelle talking when they think I'm asleep. They say stuff like "it'll be ok" and "there isn't much time left". I don't know what they're talking about, but they scare me. I don't like them talking like that. It's like Daddy leaving all over again.

*continued overleaf..*





I've started my new school now. It's ok. I miss Sarah and my new teacher is very mean. She gives me loads of homework to do. Mammy says we can still go and visit Sarah on the weekends. I hope we do. People in my class laugh at me and call me names. I would tell Mammy but she's working all the time and Michelle and Sean are busy with end of year exams. I wish John was here to talk to but whenever I ask where he is, Mammy just says he's on a school trip.

The next day we had to do questions in school. They were what, where, when and why. For homework we had to write a question for each one. I stared at it for ages before deciding what to say. Michelle and Sean were at school so I couldn't ask them, and Mammy had gone to get some milk so I couldn't ask her either. I wish John was here. He could help me with my homework. Eventually I went with:

What does the word cancer mean?

Where is John now?

When will I see John again?

Why is Mammy always crying?

I waited for Mammy to come back and did the rest of my spellings with her. Mammy looked sad and she had started to get grey hair. I wonder why her hair was grey. Only old people like granny and grandpa had grey hair and Mammy wasn't old. When I asked her why she just smiled and asked me what I wanted for my birthday. My birthday was next week. I would be seven! I told her I wanted to see Toy Story 4 in the cinema. She said we could.

There was a loud crash from downstairs that awoke me from my sleep. I had fallen asleep after dinner and Mammy had put me to bed. I felt hot and sweaty and my throat was all dry. I needed a drink. I got up and went out to the kitchen. The kitchen tiles were cold against my feet. Mammy was there on the phone. She was talking to someone in a panicky voice. Michelle and Sean stumbled up to the kitchen, yawning.

"What's going on?" Michelle asked, sleepily. Mammy looked up, tears running down her face.

"We need to go now. The hospital rang. They...they said it wasn't looking good." Sean and Michelle got up and ran down the hall. Sean got his coat and shoes and Michelle grabbed my hand. I didn't understand what was happening. Why was Mammy so sad? Where were we going? I tried to ask Michelle, but she just told me to go to my room and get my coat. I went up and put it on but then brought Jessie with me too. Everyone was running around, and Jessie made me feel better. Mammy grabbed the car keys, dropped them and then picked them up again. Sean took her hand and said it was going to be ok. Mammy just took the keys off him and went out to the car. I hugged Jessie tightly. Mammy started the car and drove down the road. She was driving fast. I thought we were going to crash. Sarah had been in a car crash once. She said it was very scary.

We didn't meet any other cars on the way. Mammy kept crying and muttering. Michelle and Sean, we talking to her. They kept saying things like "it's ok" and "try not to panic" even though they both looked scared too. We arrived at a big building. It had a strange smell like the old hospital we used to go to. I wondered if that was why we were here, because Mammy's eyes needed fixing. But we didn't go into any special room. Instead we waited outside on some hard seats. It was very boring. I started to play with Jessie. She didn't know why we were here either. Mammy was still crying. She tried talking to some people in white coats, but they wouldn't answer. After ages she came over to me.

"I'm sure your wondering what this is all about" she said. I nodded, leaving my Jessie doll down.

"Well...." she took a deep breath, "There is this sickness called cancer, sweetie and it makes people very ill. It makes people lose their hair and.....and sometimes they don't survive."

*continued overleaf..*





I stare at her. Mammy looks at me, still crying and says  
 “John has cancer, sweetie and they don’t think he is going to survive”

I don’t understand what Mammy is saying. John is going to die. But only old people die or.... or if you get hit by a car. John wasn’t old. Why would he be dying? Then a man comes over to us and brings us through the big doors. I look down for Jessie but realise that I left her behind. I try to go back but Mammy just pulls me along. I start to cry but stop when I see him. John was in a white bed with a dress on. There are weird straws attached to his arms with little packets hanging from a stand. The packets are full of water and red stuff, but they don’t look very nice. There is a weird TV on the wall showing some zigzags. He looks a little funny in a dress and I almost laugh until I see his head. It is all lumpy and red. Michelle says it’s a tumour, but I don’t care. I just stare at John. Why does he look so different? I start crying again. Mammy goes over to John and sits beside him. She smiles.

“You’re ok” she says” You’re going to be ok. The doctors said you’ll get better”  
 John just smiled “Don’t lie” he said. He looked around at us and smiled again, before falling back on the bed.

“Is Dad here?” he asked quietly.

Mammy opens her mouth and closes it before saying “Yes, he’s gone to get you a present.”

This isn’t true. Daddy’s far, far away. I go to tell him, but Sean stops me.

“I love you” Mammy says,

John tries to say something but starts coughing. He starts throwing himself up and down and wiggling about. Loads of doctors come and surround him. I try to tell them to get off, but Michelle picks me up and hugs me tightly. There is a loud beeping coming from the weird TV and the zigzags are moving very fast.

Mammy is crying loudly and so is Sean and Michelle. I’m confused. Big girls and boys don’t cry. At least that’s what Sean says. But the beeping is getting louder, the zigzags are moving faster, John is coughing faster until..... silence. I look up from Michelle’s shoulder. John isn’t moving anymore. The doctors are all walking away and going to Mammy. The beeping has stopped, and the zigzag is now one straight line. Suddenly Mammy starts screaming and crying. Sean is hugging her and crying too. I don’t understand. John isn’t coughing. He isn’t sick anymore. Michelle picks me up and carries me out. But I don’t want to go. I scream and kick her, trying to go to Mammy and John. Why isn’t John moving?

Why won’t John wake up?

*end*



Oisin Foyle, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Foyle's interests are - fishing and playing music.



## THE MOOSE

Moose lay on the forest floor  
He was injured, just attacked by wolves.  
He thought it can't be much worse than this.  
Gunshot.  
It can he sighed.  
He woke up in the freezer, stiff, his big wide antlers bared icicles that glittered in frost.  
He didn't like to be this way so he shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to when the wolves were on his back scratching and biting.  
He didn't like to be this way so he shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to when he was running, being chased.  
He didn't like to be this way so he shut his eyes and dreamed back.  
Back to when he chewed the crisp green moss and chanterelles,  
he roamed in the high hills of Finnish Lapland  
He liked to be this way so he shut his eyes and tried his best to stay there.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Rachel Abraham, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Rachel's interests are - drawing, painting and swimming.



## CHICKEN BONES

Chicken bones lay in the dark cold bin. He was a head a body and legs.  
Soon the stray dogs would be in for him.  
He didn't like to be this way. He shut his eyes and tried to think back.  
Back to when he was cooked and juicy on a plate.  
And a little bit of lemon on the plate as well.  
He didn't like to be this way. He shut his eyes and tried to think back.  
Back to when he was on a counter. With a woman and a knife about to cook him.  
He didn't like to be this way. He shut his eyes and tried to think back.  
Back to when he was running on a farm and had a home and food.  
He liked to be this way. He shut his eyes and tried to stay there

Photograph Pixabay.com



Siofra Gannon, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Siofra's interests are - ballet, plays the piano, likes sailing.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## SHARK FIN SOUP

The shark lay cold  
At the bottom of the sea  
He lay cold not one movement.

He didn't like to be this way  
He closed his eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when they were going to eat his fin  
in a delicious soup  
his fin was gone never coming back

He didn't like to be this way  
He closed his eyes and looked back.

Back to when they cooked his fin  
they put it in soup  
and served it to the guest

He didn't like to be this way  
He closed his eyes and dreamed back

Back to when he was on a boat  
while they cut off his fin  
and then threw him back in.

He didn't like to be this way  
He closed his eyes and dreamed back

He remembered it all  
Being in the sea  
When he swam so free

He liked to be this way  
He tried his best to stay this way



Stephen Dickinson, 6th class Scoil Mhuire, Clifden, Co.Galway.  
Stephen's interests are - farming.



## THE BROKEN PENCIL

The pencil lay in the bin.  
He was rubber, lead and wood.  
Snapped in half he was.

He didn't like to be this way.  
He shut his eyes and dreamed back to when he was being picked up in a store.

He didn't like to be this way either.  
He closed his eyes and dreamed back to when he was in the factory still being made  
that's where he met his best friends, lead and rubber.  
He loved being here he didn't want to leave.  
He dreamed hard to stay like this.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Alwyn, 6th class, is an amazing rugby player, she loves all sports and enjoys hurling too. She plays the tin whistle also.

The 30-word poems & stories from the pupils in Roundstone, Scoil Éanna National School, Connemara.

## DINOSAUR HUNTERS

There were once three dinosaur hunters who were only kids.  
They wanted to catch all of the dinosaurs in the world.  
But then they realised that they were extremely extinct.

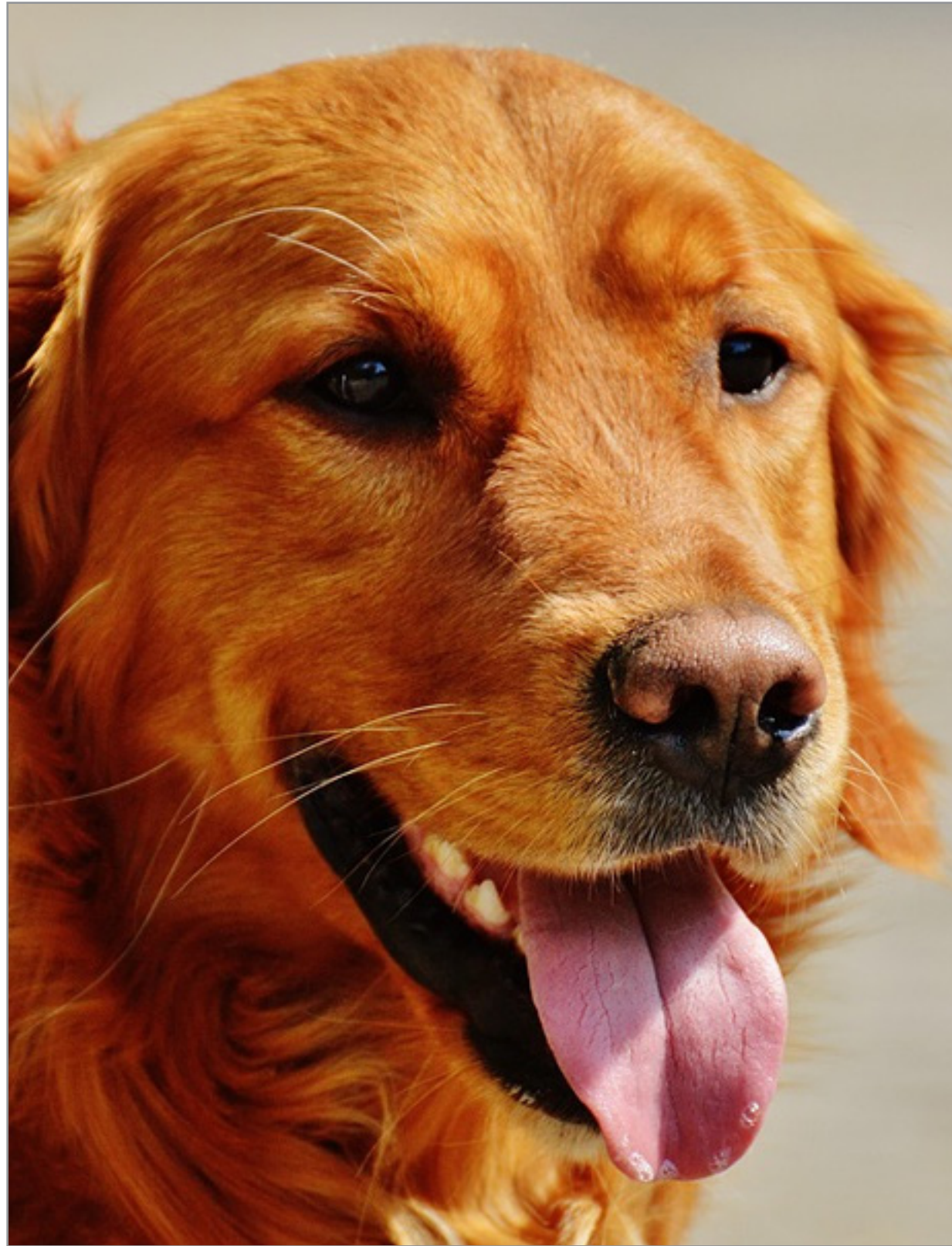


Photograph Pixabay.com



Jack, 6th class, enjoys golf, Gaelic football and also plays the tin whistle.

The 30-word poems & stories from the pupils in Roundstone, Scoil Éanna National School, Connemara.



## A DOG DAY

Hi, I'm Rockie and I'm a dog.  
Today I went to the park with my owner.  
After that we went to get food,  
And then we went home to bed.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Macdara. 5th class, is a great Gaelic footballer, hurler and sometimes enjoy fishing.

The 30-word poems & stories from the pupils in Roundstone, Scoil Éanna National School, Connemara.



## SPINNING SQUIRREL

Once upon a time I was walking outside my house and I saw a squirrel,  
but as I was getting closer it looked as if it was spinning forever happy.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Aidan Mohan, 6th class, has an interest in computer games, he is very imaginative and creative. He likes golf and tin whistle too.

The 30-word poems & stories from the pupils in Roundstone, Scoil Éanna National School, Connemara.

## MICKEY MOUSE

Hi, I am Mickey Mouse and my life is pretty crazy.  
I have power to breathe oxygen.  
Also, I can fly. "Goofy what time is it" "Disco time" says Goofy.



Photograph Pixabay.com



Annie, 5th class is a creative upcoming freestyle artist who is happy with blank paper and a pencil, she enjoys reading too.

The 30-word poems & stories from the pupils in Roundstone, Scoil Éanna National School, Connemara.



## THE SAD GIRL

The quiet girl went to church everyday.  
She never asked for anything and did as she was told,  
she even smiled occasionally.  
But nothing mattered because she was empty inside.

Photograph Pixabay.com

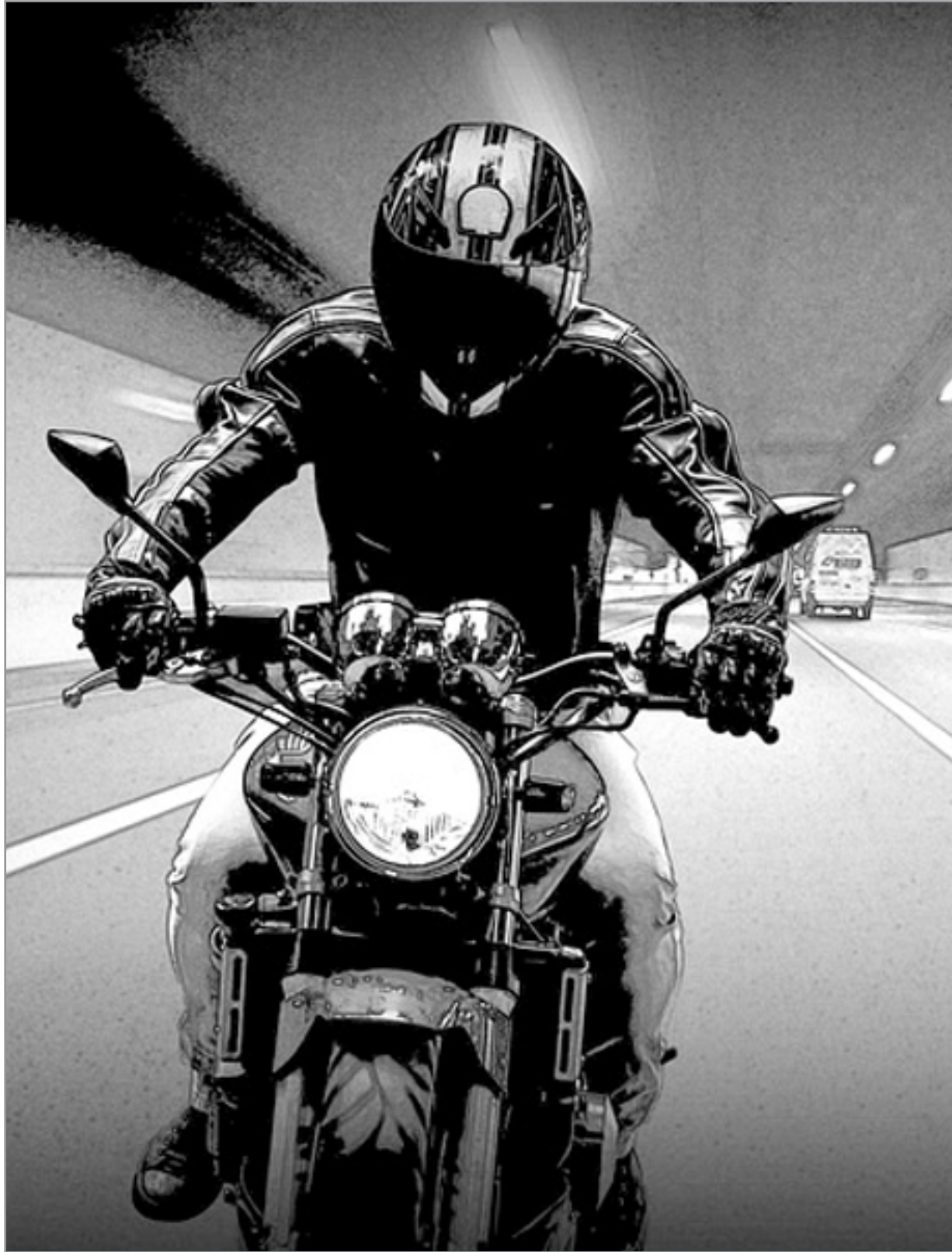


Kieran Ryan, 5th class enjoys playing the piano and the tin whistle and it's fair to say his a book worm. He also enjoys rugby.

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## THE ROBBERY

A normal day at the bank until a man started a robbery.  
He hacked the computers to open the vault.  
He got what he wanted and escaped on a motorbike.



Photograph Pixabay.com



Leah, 4th class, plays the chello & tin whistle, she enjoys reading and is very imaginative.

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## THE WHITE WITCH

The witch stood on the cliff, with her raven and her cat.  
Cat meowed, 'Yes we are going now'.  
The raven cawed, we are going to the cave she said.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Aidan Keane, 4th class, loves sports; soccer, football, hurling you name it.

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## FOOTBALL TRAINING

Every Sunday I go to soccer training, first we pass the ball,  
when were done we sprint we have a match then we go home  
and I play soccer again.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Evan, 6th class, is the next famous soccer player, great at all sports, currently trying out hurling and getting very good too.

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## GHOST STORY

I was playing ball with my friends then we saw a really old house,  
we had a look and seen really old things inside,  
we heard something upstairs...the door shut.



Photograph Pixabay.com



Jason, 3rd class, loves playing with his friends he enjoys sports like soccer, gaelic football and currently learning the skills of hurling.

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## MY DOG

My dog is very nice.  
And he is good at ball.  
He is a lovely dog.  
He is always eating food  
My dog is called rocky.  
His favourite, the backgarden.



Photograph Pixabay.com



Caoimhe, 3rd class, plays the tin whistle and enjoys all sports, a great poetry writer.

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## HALLOWEEN

Pumpkins, vampires, ghosts too  
Are some spooky things I knew,  
Orange pumpkins,  
White ghosts,  
And without forgetting  
Black vampires of course,  
And the best part the candy of course.

Photograph Pixabay.com



Francis, 5th class, is a great care taker. He loves being hands on, all help, he loves farming and adores his Connemara ponies.

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## SPOOKY NIGHT

Kids go trick or treating, knocking on doors,  
nobody answering, Finally, a witch answered: 'who are you'?  
'We are kids' 'I can see that', 'what do you want'?  
'Sweets', OK!



Photograph Pixabay.com



Zoe, 3rd class, loves hip hop & plays the tin whistle.

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## THE GHOST

One day there was a knock on the door.  
I opened it and no-one was there.  
I was thinking it could it be the wind or a ghost. Agggh GHOST!



Photograph Pixabay.com



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# Live encounters

YOUNG POETS & WRITERS

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