

SCRIBBLERS:

NEXT GENERATION 2015



JCSP
Demonstration
Library
Project

10th Anniversary



Scribblers

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Why do we write? Writing allows us to explore our world. We write to find out more about ourselves, to find out what we think, what we know, what makes us afraid, what inspires us. We write to discover how the world moves through us. As John Lennon said: "My role in society, or any artist or poet's role, is to try and express what we all feel. Not to tell people how to feel. Not as a preacher, not as a leader, but as a reflection of us all."

This year in Beaufort more young people than ever before have become poets, actors, storytellers. We write many different genres in our writing clubs but with poetry we can break lots of rules about language, we can play and experiment to discover what sounds we like, where we can find rhythm, what delivers meaning, what stirs us to empathy. Thanks to Scribblers, both Juniors and Seniors, Pencil Breakers, Mrs Minions & the Cairde Girls, Beaufort College is proud to give you our third collection of poetry. Most of this work was produced by students who chose to stay behind at the end of their school day to get together and see what they could create. We are very proud of their results. We would also like to acknowledge the contribution of writer Stephen Murray of Brave New Words for a wonderful workshop that helped many of our students come up with ideas and poems for this piece of work. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we've enjoyed producing our third collection of poems.

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FROM THE PRINCIPAL

"A poet can survive everything but a misprint."

Oscar Wilde



Every word in this publication has been chosen carefully, every image considered, every comma, apostrophe and full stop scrutinised. This process continued until you have before you language distilled to its rawest, purest and most noble expression. I congratulate our student writers on the publication of "Next Generation". I am indeed privileged to lead learning in a school where talent and creativity is both abundant and prolific.

ANGELA CROWCOCK

Principal

Scribblers

BIG DREAMS

by The Pencil Breakers

Let us introduce ourselves
We're Shovals, Jambo and KP
We're sporty, chatty, handsome lads
Inventive fun and funny
We're the sharing caring types
We're impossible not to like

And we have big dreams us three.

We dream of feeding teachers rotten egg supremes
Topped up with dirty plasters,
We'd add dog dribbles on the top
And try not to howl with laughter.
We'd change the school for you and me
All canteen food, it would be free
We'd all get free ipads and PCs

We have big dreams us three.

We'd get a bigger library
We'd use our phones for most of class
We'd make every teacher nice,
If they're bad we'd make them pay,
We'd stick them in a tiny cage
With lots of fighting monkeys.

We have big dreams us three.

We would ban the following
Uniforms, homework, drugs and smoking
And the people we love getting sick.
We'd find a cure for cancer and ebola
Instead of having to go to class
We'd have jugglers outside on the grass
While Eminem plays the banjo.

We have big dreams us three.

We'd host robot invention contests
Instead of doing stupid tests
We'd do sprints outside all day
We'd have the Meath footballers come out to play
After we have finished school
We'll go and play for Liverpool.

We have big dreams us three.

We'd live off Scrunchymunchytrippledippleglitter
sugar canes.
Invent Baninoreos, banana mint and oreo ice cream
We dream of spray painting the moon
We'll go to New York from where we'd rule
We'd make Ireland larger, we'd hitch it up to Europe
We'd end poverty and water charges
We'd have Gaelic played in every country

We have big dreams us three.

We're Shovals, Jambo and KP
We're sporty chatty handsome lads
Inventive fun and funny
We're the sharing caring types
We're impossible not to like
And we have big dreams us three.

THE 2014 PROCLAMATION

by Scribblers (Juniors) The Second Coming

When we are free

Ice cream will be apple, blueberry and white milky-way flavoured and it will always be scrumdiddlyumptious.

When we are free

On special occasions we'll have Wrapples made from Scribblerberries and rainbow sprinkles while seated on unicorns.

When we are free

After we close down the school, teachers will have to stay in the boys changing room forever and live on meat and fish flavoured puke.

When we are free

Cars will never break down on the way to see Eminem and gates will gently repel quad bikes.

When we are free

We will cure ebola and cancer.

When we are free

We will be smarter, funnier, cheekier, and more persistent.

We will be a herd of wild sexy beasts coming at you like tanks.

When we are free

We will train the world's best teams, run orphanages And score match winners while taking selfies.

When we are free

We will be crazy, random, nuisance-making devils That will roar and get Northern Ireland back.

When we are free

Our stomachs will be bottomless pits that we can fill up without getting fat.

We will lie on the ground and get covered in puppies.

When we are free

We will be able to go back to that amazing moment when the book is just about to begin.

We will be characters.

When we are free

We'll be sexy and we'll know it.

When we are free

We will be able to fly

We will turn the sky upside down while texting our buds and wear pyjamas while bungee jumping.

When we are free

We will bring Michael Jackson back from beyond

We will remake Harry Potter and take all the starring roles.

When we are free

We will be Professors

We will be Captains

We will be Authors

We will be Superwomen Farmers

We will learn everything

We will be courageous

We will be unusual

We will be ourselves

And

We

Will

Be

Awesome.

A DAY OUT HUNTING

by Stephen Tallon

The bite of the cold
On a frosty morning,
A morning life,
Less people,
The smell of the fresh air,
Touching the metal of the gun.
When I am about to shoot
The split second thinking,
If it's safe?
Seeing wild deer while hunting
When they break out of the cover
When they quietly run off

When they stop and look back,
Checking if it's safe?
Then that glimpse of joy,
The pheasant comes down.

Having a good lunch after
The long morning's hunt,
The hot 'tae' that warms you up,
What makes it so special?
I'm out with my dad,
Being
In nature.

A FRIEND

by Abi Adeniyi

A friend is what we all need
Someone we can turn to,
Someone to fill us up with grace
One that always has a smile on her face
A friend is what we all need.
To make your world a happier and better place
A friend is someone you should treasure
I can tell you it is a pleasure
To have a friend.

ACADEMY OF KAVTRON

by Dylan Kavanagh

Tanks stripped naked
They throw rocks at each other
Invincible
Never get ill
Able to teleport
Can see through walls
Super strong
Graduates of the
Academy of Kavtron.

PIPPIN

by Amy McKendry

Awoken by a sniff in my ear,
I wipe away a sleep induced tear,
Through the dark I see a small puppy's head,
How the hell did Pippin get into my bed?

Cuddle in m'dear and we'll sleep some more,
For god's sake Pippin, it's only half four!!
For such a small creature he hogs most of the bed,
I'm terrified I'll roll on him,
He's no good to me dead.

He gets hair everywhere!
And the smells from his end,
But as clichéd as it sounds,
He really is my best friend.

MUSIC

by Amy McKendry

Ah music, isn't it great?
It helps you forget all the things that you hate.
It can make you laugh
It can make you cry,
Or keep you occupied as time goes by.
In a bad mood?
Sure it'll be fine!
Just stick on Hozier's *Cherry Wine*.
Ben Howard and Bon Iver,
Ed Sheeran and John Mayer.
There's so much to choose from,
You're spoiled for choice,
It's amazing the beauty
To be found in a voice.
It helps you escape
The stress of day to day life,
With the right music
There's no hassle or strife.
Whether it's blues, rock, indie or pop,
I just hope to God it never stops.

FROM LIGHT TO DARKNESS

by Katie McCabe

The light can be tempting
When you feel so empty
Like a darkened doorway
That used to bring you home.
It can often be too bright
Don't rush into the light.
It's a great empty void
Where you aimlessly roam

You feel a darkness descending
You're a mind that needs mending
An obliterated heart
That was once made of stone.
Although in the dark
The battle has started
At least in the dark...
You are not alone.

ADOLESCENT IDEAS

by William Carey

Every day, this is what I see,
Drink, drugs, robbery,
What is this?
I don't understand this pessimism
Why can't there be optimism?

Some scrape and stab themselves,
Because of abuse.
Why can't parents help us?
Do they feel they are no use?

Our schools, do you do enough?
When bullies they get out of hand.
Do we pick on those who
Defend themselves? Who take a stand?

Parents do what they want,
Treating us like juveniles.
It leads to confusion
That can destroy life for a while.

However, if we all stand strong
We can all find out,
Life is too short
So fulfil it.
That's what it's about.

Ignorant people annoy me
Thinking that they're God.
However, they have problems,
Caught like fish on a rod.

Adolescent ideas
This is where I belong.
I know where I stand.
If you are listening,
Some are filled with hate,
Where I have sympathy.
Everyone has problems,
They need my empathy.
I have learned no one is perfect,
Everyone needs a chance.
They'll get my help,
So we can all be enhanced.

ALL THESE FEELINGS

by Promise Mawoyeka

It's not easy
All these feelings,
Happiness, sadness, confusion, pressure.
Those are just a few,
It's how I feel most of the time.
Sometimes I feel alone in this world
Of so many people.
Like there is nobody to talk to,
Like you have to choose your words carefully,
Consequences.
Under pressure
Because of "friends"
And what they might think.
Pressure makes you overthink
Start to panic.
Feel like backing out.
When I'm in an argument

Trying not to feel it
Trying to stand my ground.
Whenever I am happy
I'm not truly happy,
I wish I could feel pure happiness
It's like something or someone is stopping me.
Sadness builds up,
When it becomes too much I burst,
All my feelings show.
I cry out my emotions, mostly fear.
Confusion comes from all these questions.
Why?
Why do people have to be so difficult?
Why can't we all be friends?
It's not easy
All these feelings.

BE YOURSELF

by Daniel Orefuwa

These years are the most intense years in our lives.
Society is the hunter,
We are the prey.
Friends betray,
Adults lie,
People judge.

Pressurized by society
To turn you into the monster
They want you to become.
All they need is the lightning.
Pressure is society's weapon.
Deadlier than a bullet.
Pressurized to be attractive,
Pressurized to be like those who have fallen
Into the hands of this mad scientist
Called Society.
Society pressures us to drop our favourite things
With the label
Childish.

Hormones kick in to control our actions.
Trying to turn us against our parents,
Trying to turn us against our friends,
Trying to turn us against our families.

Boys get aggressive,
Like bears waiting to attack their prey.
Girls get hard to handle
Like time bombs waiting to go off.
Adults treat you like kids
But treat you like adults
When desirable for them.

But there is one thing you can do.
Be yourself.
Don't submit to this taboo
It doesn't matter what others think of you,
They are just as scared too.
Be yourself
Don't let others turn you into someone else.
By setting a good example,
You can free others from the curse.
You might save others
From that prison called depression
That hands down death sentences like suicide.

Free yourself from society's demands,
You will free others
Be free.

BECOMING THE LIGHT

by Barre Emofonmwan

I am that which was spawned within the depths of
shadows.
Curled up, fragile and afraid
Trapped inside the deathly hallows.
Pushed to the brink of insanity
With creatures of the dark
Spreading fear as they surround me.
I lay on this cold floor,
Filled with violent corruption.
Explosive flames of rage
Fuel thoughts of destruction.
I lose hope,
Faith tainted with poisonous disruption.

But in that smoky darkness
I spot in the distance
A glittering light source.
At that instant I hurry towards it

Pushed by a perpetual force.
I fight my way through this black pit of despair.
As the number of foes grow,
I move forward with great care.
I push through them,
Shattering these chains.
Feeling the boiling hot desire to win
Coursing through my veins.
Filled with relief,
I reach the light
At the end of the tunnel.

I knew then it was worth the struggle.
I bathed in the sun's radiating energy.
Being overfilled with strength,
I am that which crawled out of darkness
To become the prodigy of light
And I will shine bright.

BLURRED EYES

by Aoife 'Redabell' Kavanagh

I should have said I am sorry,
Only thinking of myself,
I stood there and laughed
Blurred eyes.
I sit here alone,
I wonder why,
I gaze at black and white lines,
I sit here.
Blurred eyes.
I never knew what I could do,
What a selfish thing of me,
I didn't mean to hurt that girl,
The guilt inside of me.
Blurred eyes.

BULLIES

by Chantelle Casserley.

They are being bullied.
They are harming and killing themselves.
They don't know what they're doing
To those people who love them.
Sometimes they want to make the bully happy.
NO!
Don't do that!
Stand up to him or her!
They are the same as you.
Nobody's perfect.
Don't let someone who's calling you names
Stop you from living your life.
Be able to tell people
You are strong enough.
Tell your story,
Be an inspiration.

DEPARTURE

by Aleksandra Granatyr

Ba-bum,
It's beating.
Ba-bum,
Under my hand.
Ba-bum,
My blood is flowing.
Ba-bum,
It gets to my head.
Ba-bum,
I hear it calling.
Ba-bum,
I smile to my wife.
Ba-bum,
Her hand is warm.
Ba-bum,
Her eyes are dark.
Ba-bum,
The breath is stopping.
Ba-bum,
The pressure drops.
Ba-bum,
It is the time.
Ba-bum. Ba-bum. Ba-bum.
It stops.

FIREFLIES

by Kyle Foyle-Carolan

They are fireflies in the night.
They take free kicks in killer underpants.
They haunt ghosts.

GROWING UP

by Stephen Tallon

Growing up
Making friends and fitting in
Friends are hard to make.
It's not easy
Parents that approve
Trying to be something you're not.
Being different
It's not a bad thing,
It makes you special.
Fitting in is hard
I enjoy the country life
Nature.
I fit in
Just being myself.

MY MOTHER

by Chantelle Casserley

Sunday dinner
Chicken, spuds, mixed veg
Ohhhh! And that gravy!
Thanks Mam for all those dinners.

Moody! OCD!
My Mam's got obsessive cleaning disorder!
She's crazy!
But I love our girly nights in!
Thank you Mam.

My favorite memory Spain, Ibiza.
The summer's breeze
On our first holiday.
Thank you Mam.

I forgive you for all the ugly clothes you bought me,
I know you were only trying.
We are the only girls in the house,
We have to stick together.
Thank you Mam.

Christmas candles, Christmas movies and the fire,
What more could we want?
Thank you Mam.

I'm really sorry for when I do things I'm not supposed
to do,
But I suppose it's part of growing up really!
In the end we always get through it.
And that's why I love you Mam!
Thank you for everything.

WHY DON'T THEY CARE?

By Zoe McQuillan

Why don't they listen?
Why don't they care?
We need some help!
We need to be heard!
We have all got problems,
We all need help!
Why aren't you there?
Please?
I need your help.

There are people
Depressed,
Anxious,
Scared.
Why do they feel they can't ask for help?
Why don't they help?
Why don't they care?
We need help!
We need to be heard!

I WILL GO NOW

by Lee Harding

I will go now,
Over the treacherous hills of my home
Across vast, corrosive seas that surround my country
To find a new town,
That may benefit me.
I will go now,
To leave this blight.
I will not return,
I will not rest tonight.
I will go now,

To find shelter and nourishment.
I will leave my mother's
Tired words of discouragement.
I will go now,
Away from my home.
To make a life for myself,
And forget that I am alone.
I will go now,
Leave this famine behind.
I will go now.

I FEEL

by Chantelle Casserley

Life is hard but I am strong enough to live it.
I wasn't given a good life or a bad life.
I was given a life.
It's up to me to make it good or bad.
No one ever asks me what is wrong.
When they do I always say I'm fine
With a fake smile.
So no one knows what I feel on the inside.
It is up to me to tell someone
Or else I keep it bottled up.
On my mind every day.
It's really good to let things out.

I AM

by Michael Augustine

I am despicable at Irish,
Terrified of spiders
Crap at tennis
Addicted to the Internet
Epic at football
Alright in basketball
Sporty
Funny
And especially
Friendly.

LARRY

by Dylan Kavanagh

His name is Lawrence
Larry for short
He is like Denis the Menace
He even went to court.

He nearly took somebody's eye out
He smashed up windows and doors
He could swing a clout
He was an awful mouth.

Although once he was a footballer
Now he thinks he is a thug
If he followed after his father
But now he is selling drugs.

MY YEAR

by Dylan Kavanagh

I feel happy sometimes
I feel sad sometimes.
When I get in trouble in school
I feel afraid
Like I can't mess up
Can't get in trouble
Can't make a mistake.
I can't seem to stay out of trouble
I feel butterflies in my stomach
I feel the fear of messing up
Why can't I just be good?
Why can't I stay out of trouble?
I feel its going to change,
I feel determined
I feel I can make it happen.
Sometimes I feel like Denis the Menace
Sometimes I feel like the best behaved kid in the class.
I feel this is my year.

JIMMY'S LEAVING

by Kevin Joshua

Jimmy, Jimmy, there's lots to say,
You've done an excellent job since your first day.
Cleaning the windows, mopping the floors.
What came next?
Even painting the doors.
Never a day when you were sad
Always a smile
You always looked glad
Oh Jimmy, Jimmy, you're just like a Dad.
Oh Jimmy, Jimmy, 10 years have now passed
It's gone by so very fast
Thank you for all
Time to say farewell at last.

FAMILY

by Michael Augustine

I'm going to tell you something,
It's about my life,
So hold on tight,
Here we go.....

Yo, I play football
And I'm pretty tall
I support Barcelona
I'll finish you off with my rebona
I go to Beaufort College
At breakfast club they don't serve porridge.

Now let me tell you about my bro
He reminds me of Muhammad Ali and Mike Tyson
He will take anyone on.

My Sister
Oh my lord!
She's never bored,

Full of ideas
Smart and funny
Bought me a tablet for Christmas
I better start giving her my next wish list
Hehehe!

Last but not least
My parents,
Who made me come into this world
Always be there if I need them
If I'm mad they calm me down
They tell me not to put on a frown
That's not all so long ago
Even though I am growing up
Everybody needs a parent.

Family.
I remember all the things they give me.

LEVITICUS

by Lee Harding

It's funny how some build the world around Leviticus statements.
It's wrong they say, it's unclean, it's a blind following of Satan.
But of course this is just an example of common extremism.
Christianity is not the only religion that follows such idealism.
Extremists believe that they are fair and strong and kind and holy.
But in truth, it's just no use, they're acting phony.
If you believe that you follow a Bible, Quran or other.
Then never use your hateful feelings solely just to smother.
We are human, we make mistakes, all that can be forgiven.
But we can never accept the perspective of murder-filled ambition.
Do what you will, but always listen, we all have a great deal to lose.
Do not use religion's name to legitimize abuse.

ME

by Abi Adeniyi

Nothing ever bothers me
It's like I live in a fantasy,
See all those things that are going on
It's never just finality.
People seem to judge on looks
But not on personality,
You just have to get with
Plain old reality.

JEMS

by Seamus McKendry

Our little jems,
They were rarely heard,
Those that were beaten and hurt,
Some of their lives,
Cut drastically short.

Our small children,
Stuck in those horrid buildings.
No one knew what went on
Behind cold closed doors,
Kids lying dazed on the floor.

Yes, our little jems
Can show their cracks
Especially after hard smacks
We have to fight the abusers
The drug users
Amoral parents
Apparent wounds
They cower from the world
Because they think
No one has heard.

LIAR

by Aoife 'Redabell' Kavanagh

You lied to me,
You lied to them
You lied to everyone,
How do you feel?
How do you feel now?
Everyone knows you're a liar,
Nobody believes you
When once they did.
You carried on telling your lies
Until the day that you were caught.
For once you told the truth
Too little too late
How does it feel
To be the boy who cried wolf?

ME

by Sarah O'Sullivan

I am confident and insecure,
I worry every hour of everyday
About homework, tests and teachers.
I try not to let anyone down
Even if it kills me.
I love being around friends
but I don't trust anyone easily.
I hate homework.
I hate homework, but not school.
I hate being given-out to,
I know!
I feel bad!
You don't have to make it worse.
I usually don't do anything bad,
But if I did and didn't tell anybody
The guilt would eat me alive.
I don't cheat
Never did
Never will,
I can only be the best I can be,
Some people expect more from me,
I'm only 12 years old
For crying out loud,
I can't be an Einstein or Washington
I am just me
I wouldn't change a thing.

LOVE WILL

by Kevin Joshua

Love will burn you
Love will shave you
Love will leave you standing in the cold
Love will strip you
Love will stitch your lips together
Love will stab you
Love will cut your heart out
Love will feed your heart to your head.

MEDIA

by Jimal Kelly

They are making the same mistakes.
They think it is part of a plan.
They are listening to our
Beating heart.
They are in every step.
They are constantly judging.
They are always watching.
They are the Media.

KEVINITES

by Kevin Joshua

Unreal at football,
Invisible teleporters,
Fighters of shadows,
Statues that
Come alive at night.
They stab you,
They burn you,
They leave you freezing in the cold
NAKED,
Can see through anything
Flyers at super speed
They are heroes,
They bring you misery
They are invincible
THEY ARE KEVINITES!!!!

MY BEST FRIEND AND ME

by Jamie Murray

People tease us all the time,
It drives me mad,
They must be blind,
Can't they see?
We're not getting married,
It just can't be,
So what if we're always together,
I know it seems,
Like forever,
Our mothers are best friends,
But they drive us around the bend,
Having their constant cups of tea,

Can't they leave us be?
Why do they find it so strange?
So what if it's not in the average range,
Of teenage friendship rules,
She is sporty and really cool,
She means the world to me.
I can tell her anything truthfully,
She is always there for me.
She treats people very kindly,
We are just the best of friends,
When will this teasing ever end?

MY BROTHER

by Shauna Crosse-Maher

At times my brother is so annoying,
He tries to get me in trouble by lying.
Holds me back when we have a race,
When I lose he laughs in my face.

Roars and shouts when he loses though,
And I'm his one and only foe
Other times he can be fun,
We played video games but I never have won.
Next to him I feel so small,
But I don't care he is my brother after all.

PAIN

by Oisín Daly

Have you ever put your foot down on a thumb tack?
Imagine the pain.
If you walked on it would be so sore.
If you stood on it you cannot ignore.
The sense of pain so hard to bare.
Who would just leave a thumb tack there?
Was he just walking on it?
Was it just a dare?
Before the skin on your foot was fine,
Now it's just a hole there.
There's blood everywhere!

THE FLAVOURS OF JAMAICA

by Jimal Kelly

The sizzling jerk chicken
The smell of the open air.
From this hill I can see
Half way across the country.
By God I love Jamaica.

The fresh grapefruit dangles
From the leafy tree,
The scaly lizards
Swivel in the grass
The poisonous centipedes
In the bathtub.
By God I love Jamaica.

The marketplace like a roofless
Shopping centre
So busy and loud.
By God I love Jamaica.

Grandpa's restaurant
Serving rice and peas and curry
To the locals
Unique foods
Guinips and bulla
So sweet and gingery.
By God I love Jamaica.

MY MUM

by Katie Casserley

Making food for us all
Minding and helping with homework
Always there when we call,
My mum.

I think she is the best
Positive and pretty
She is so busy she needs a good rest,
My mum.

Being there for me
Being the kindest mum
Being a bit narky,
My mum.

She smells like roses
Her gentle touch
Makes me feel like a princess,
My Mum.

She sounds like a queen
Makes the nicest brown bread
She's a freak for cleaning,
My Mum.

If I could get her anything in the world
It would be a house made of Ferrero Roche sweets
To keep us all warm when we're cold,
My Mum.

Thank you for doing your best for me
Thank you for being fun-loving and joyful
Thank you for listening to what I have to say
You're the best Mum.
You are
My Mum.

THE DRUNK

by Oisín Daly

He was drunk.
His wife wants to say
I'll make you swim in a pool full of salty tears
He was falling off sidewalks in front of cars
Then he will want to say a final goodbye.
He was drunk out of his mind
He was a burning house
With the enemies inside.

NO MORE

by Liam McCabe

I am not to be pushed around
I will be heard
I am not a piece of shit.
Everybody goes through stuff in life
Told that I am not worth it
Not worth the time of day
Not worth living for
Told to go die,
Lose weight,
Fatso,
Go to the gym,
Take a shower,
You are ugly,
No girl will go out with you
No more.

I believed it all,
I believed everything I was told
Until my heart broke in tiny little fractions
Until my heart swelled and felt like it stopped
pumping blood.
Thinking I was ugly
Feeling like I'm shit
Feeling life isn't moving
Stuck where it is in time.
I allowed people to mess with my head
They threw insults high.
I wish for others and myself
To have the courage to talk out
To speak the truth
I still can't
No more.

I wrote it on a piece of paper
But to say it out it hurts me in ways you can't
imagine.
Little things hurt the most
The insults, the lies.
If I was to speak out I would cry a river
I have been hurt and I won't go through it
No more.

I want my say
I Liam Patrick Michael McCabe
I will not be treated like shit again
I have the right to say what I want
To wear what I want, to be who I want.

MY SISTER

by Katie Casserley

I love my sister
Even though we fight
Say stuff we shouldn't
I still love her,
My sister.

She might not be perfect
But hey, who is?
She is joyful and caring
She might say she doesn't love me
I still love her,
My sister.

She means the world to me
Words can even describe how much I love her
I love everything she says and does
I love her,
My sister.

I don't know what I'd do without you
Baby girl
I love you,
I do
My sister.

PARKVILLA

by Michael Augustine

When I was 7
I wanted to play for Parkvilla.
My parents said no,
The car has broken down.
I was disappointed,
Not that the car broke down.
But because my mum let my brother get a life by taxi
I suddenly gave up,
Thinking
They don't care about me.
But my brother said to me
Michael its ok,
Some times in life you don't get what you want
I didn't understand what he meant
Until I started growing up.

When I was 10
My Mom called me and said
Your dad has something to say
I came over and he whispered into my ear
"How would you like to play for Beechpark?"

ON THE INSIDE

by Aoife 'Redabell' Kavanagh

Life is sorta hard,
A week ago I found
My best friend
Talking behind my back
She denied it,
All those secrets
All those feelings
Shared for nothing
Now who can I trust?
I've been scared on the inside.
They say they love you
They say you can trust me
But no
I can't.
If only they could see
What's on the inside,
These players and their lies.
My cousin
She is one of my friends
A true friend
Known her all my life
I just haven't realised
She told me her deepest darkest secrets
Knows me better than I know myself
Still it's hard to trust.
To recover what's inside.

SHAUNITES

by Shauna Crosse-Maher

They came from Clawstone Castle,
The warriors with arrow heads.
They were stranded on an island of wild animals,
Once tied upside over an active volcano.
They followed the Feather Boys
The missing girls at the graveyards.

They came to a field full of flowers and listened
to the wind.
At the riverside they feel complete
They make mistakes
They are flying in the night sky
Invisible to the world.
They are the stars above the moon
They are the key to your heart.

RESOLVE

by David Orefuwa

*When does a man die?
When he is shot through the heart?
No.
When he dies from a disease?
No.
When he gets blown up?
Hell no!
A man dies when he is forgotten.*

Eiichiro Oda

Living forever is no illusion.
It can happen.
It's a matter of determination and resolve.
Being negative is being stupid,
I used to be "stupid".
It used to be:
I can't do that
Now it's:
I'm ma wreck it!
It used to be:
I am useless
Now it's:
I am awesome.
I'm not gonna let people's comments
Stop me from getting what I want.
I am awesome!
All those who doubt me will see!
I will live forever!
My name is David Orefuwa,
Mark my words
I'm gonna become
The greatest animator in the world!!

THE ADENITES

by Abi Adeniyi

They will hunt you down
While you sleep,
Chase you with bats,
Stay invisible and invincible.
They are love drunk.
They burn inside,
They fall in love
In mysterious ways.
They will judge you,
Fill you with madness
And reckless sin.
Prey on your insecurity,
Steal your confidence.
They are you and me.
They are all of us.

THE WISH

by Konstantin Poliakov

I wish my dad would bring me ice skating every weekend.
I wish we always got along.
I wish I had someone to play football with instead of
playing xbox alone.
I wish I was better.
I wish I had more and more friends.
I wish I can be of use in this world.
I wish for goodness.

THE LOYAL FOOL

by Barre Emofonmwan

After many years of dedication,
For Lear my heart grows in humble admiration.
Now I've grown close to him and wish not to see him
fall,
So I must stand by his side and answer every call.
Although my King does have the mind of a mule,
I'll support him in spite of his questionable rule,
Even if it be revealed who truly be the fool.
My dearest King is like a problem child,
Throwing tantrums ever so wild.
A child trapped within a man now bold,
Like his skin, his mind grows fragile and old.
Neglecting his cries, his kin are filled with vanity,

Demons in disguise, they will drive him towards
insanity,
For he has few allies during these recent tragedies.
I will stand by my King, for he has my deepest
sympathy,
But what be a fool's worth to Lear if I'm not a noble
knight?
I am that with eyes that have obtained true sight,
For all the kings wrongs, I see to it, I make it right.
I am that with ears that have learned to hear,
I listen to the cries from the heart of King Lear.
I am like the flower that blossoms in fragrant scent.
I am the fool that has reached enlightenment.

THE HOUSE OF ROT

by Seamus McKendry

The House of Rot
Stood before me.
Want to enter?
I did not.
When I looked up
My stomach turned,
From the tallest tower,
Someone stared at me
I heard a scream internally.
The shattered windows
Looked like shattered dreams.
I went as far as the front door
Of mouldy wood
And creaking steps
I turned around and I left
As fast as I could.

THE FIGHTING FAMILY

by Kyle Foyle-Carolan

All he wanted was peace and quiet.
Sick of seeing the family fight.
It really annoyed him.
All he wanted was peace and quiet
But no.
It was ruined.
Everybody yelling and screaming.
Sometimes the guards came
Holes in the walls
Glass shattered across the floor
And all he wanted was peace and quiet
He got so sick of it
He snuck out
Went to granny's house
Where he found his
Peace and quiet.

THANK YOU MAM

by Nakita Conaty

You are always happy, excited and enthusiastic
Sometimes a bit moody and a cleaning freak!
When we go for a walk together
Shopping, just the two of us,
Your smile
Makes me smile
You look so happy.
You work so hard
You make me feel safe and understood.
I'm sorry for those times
I've given you cheek
For fighting with you.
Thank you for giving me a home to live in.
Thank you for making me dinners.
Thank you for buying me clothes.
Thank you for bringing me places.
Thank you for looking after me.
I love winter when I'm snuggled up,
When you make me bowls of soup,
Stew and cake and buns,
The smell of candles in our house
Your warm hand on my head when I'm sick
This is home to me.

THE HOMICIDAL MANIAC

by Kathlyn Mahony

She'd do it all again,
Words hurt more than fists.
Hers stung deep,
She'd throw her in a pool!
She wanted to kill her,
She would not have stopped
Until she was gone!
She could do untold damage!
There's no friendship now!
She is despised!
The words still echo.
No regrets.
If she could
She'd go back
She'd do it all again.
She's a homicidal maniac.

THEY ARE

by Promise Mawoyeka

They are tied by the wrists,
Hearts shocked and used as whips.
Cut open the moment two people fall in love,
Invisible to the social network and real life.

They are tired of having energy all the time,
On their knees, begging for sleep.
The fireworks in their minds don't stop glowing into the night,
Their walls are being broken down by the sledgehammers of love.

They are sick of stereotypes,
The minds of the young being polluted by the planet.
The drunks slurring their words trying to start a fight,
Dancing into the night, trying to live their lives.

They are annoyed from being told what to do,
Wanting rebellion and fun.
Waiting for the day to come
When they are able to do what they want.

They are wishing for the best,
Hoping that they will be the better people in the end.

A MESSAGE

by William Carey

We are often looked down upon
By the elders in the town.
We are clearly misunderstood.
Adults think we're loud and rude.
We are just trying to find our feet,
Going around, listening to the latest beats.
We know the latest technology
Let us show you how we see.
Let us show you our creative side
We're trying to swim against the tide.

Some of us are gullible,
Some like to be controllable,
Independence should be our game,
When it's stolen, it's such a shame.
We are often blamed for quite a lot,
We spill blood to prove we are not
How people say we are,
Falling far below the bar.
Which is a tragedy.
It's what adults just can't see.

Every parent thinks they know best.
Preparing us for each major test
Preparing us for the life we face.
It's speeding up like a high pressure race.

If you hold on to anger for a while
It becomes like a cemented tile.
So consider a different kind of future,
We need to evolve as happier creatures.
We will all mature whether sooner or later
Don't hold back, times can be greater.

All I'm trying to say is
Look how you did throughout each day.
Ask yourself could I do better?
All the tears just make days wetter.
Everyone shouldn't suffer inside-out.
So try to smile and not to pout.
People shouldn't hold you back,
Keep moving forward on your track.

Communication is the key,
To setting our potential free.
There is always someone there to trust,
Who can wipe away bad moods like dust.
So the message is to everyone.
Do not think of yourself a number one,
Consider other people's emotions,
Control all your unhelpful notions.
Talk to family, they will guide you,
Don't slack back, make each day new.
We need to give ourselves a chance.
And through this our lives will be enhanced.

THE PERSON INSIDE OF ME

by Konstantin Poliakov

I love that I am intelligent,
I love that I am good.
I love that I am so proud to be in school,
I love that I have lots of friends.
I love that I am happy,
I love to run and play and swim.

I love to get haircuts,
My favourite is the trim!
I love to read,
I love to sing.
I'd love to be a singer,
I'd love to be found on Bing.

THE SHY ONES

by Lee Harding

People like to pick on those who cannot hide their
difference.
Not proof of superiority just an example of jealousy,
It proves ignorance.
Crushed by being ignored.
Fallen into despair,
A state not to be stored.
Sometimes it hurts to let feelings show.
But until we do,
I assure you
We cannot truly grow.
Do you grow walls to maintain difference?
Ignore those who show
Belligerence.

Those fabricated walls
Are destined to be purged.
Walls were meant to be broken,
Difference meant to be urged.
We are the shy ones.
Not always knowing right from wrong.
Don't run from all the predators
Who proclaim we are not strong.
Utilise the sun
Don't just crave fun.
Stand tall.
Give your all.
We will be the most hopeful ones.

THIS IS WHERE

by Aoife 'Redabell' Kavanagh

Cutting themselves,
Kicking each other to the curb.
Stealing money,
Buying people's love.
Taking what's not theirs,
Competing for hearts,
Wanting to hurt the ones they love.
This is where life begins.
This where they will make choices.
This is where their life will end.

THIS WORLD

by David Onaghise

There are many things I like in this world,
Things that make me happy and sad.
Sometimes I feel invisible
When I am with lots of people.
They don't know what I'm going through,
But then I remember life still goes on.
I watch Star Wars,
My favourite part
'Luke I am your father'.
Sometimes I see people and wonder,
What happened to them?
People smoking,
Children drinking,
Why, I say?

BULLIES

by Nakita Conaty

There are bullies.
There are also those trying to cut and kill themselves
They have it in their heads.

They are being bullied by girls and boys.
They just want some love in their lives
But no,
Just because they are not perfect
They get bullied.
Seriously,
Cop on people!
NOBODY is perfect.
They have it in their heads.

Whoever you are,
PLEASE
STOP
BULLYING!
They have it in their heads.

In my life
I get lost in my own head.
I find it hard to concentrate
Because
I have things in my head.

I love my family and friends
Though I always fight with them.
I say stuff I shouldn't
I have things in my head.

My best friend is always there for me,
She makes me SMILE.
I'm going through a hard time this year.
I have to stay strong
With the things in my head.

THE FUTURE

by Sarah O'Sullivan

They are reckless,
They are insecure and over confident,
They are fighting with anyone on the street,
They are hungry in the morning because they had
no breakfast,
They still have the taste of last night's beer in
their mouths,
They are going down a grade every week,
They are climbing up to the top falling back
down,
They have nothing to do, nowhere to go
Being what they absolutely wanted to be,
They are the future
But they don't act like it.

DOODLING

by Wiktoria Borsuk

While others work I doodle
Apple cores that wrestle
Or ice-cream eating dinosaurs.

Is it weird that in Maths
I find myself doodling
Dandelion blowing cats?

Or that sitting in religion
I might doodle a tanned pigeon?

I just love to doodle.
I just drew a tap-dancing poodle.

I can't stop.
Sorry it's just me.
What's my latest doodle?
A bee taking a selfie.

THE THINGS THAT DRIVE ME NUTS!

by Konstantin Poliakov

The things that drive me nuts are:
Paper cuts that sting like a bee,
Screeches, they make my head goes ballistic,
Vanilla ice-cream, it's so plain and it takes like nothing,
Custard, it tastes like rice with orange juice and nearly made me vomit on my primary school teacher,
Coco pops, they bounce everywhere,
Ebola, I think the world will end over it,
Cancer that makes so many people suffer,
My room, when I feel stuck in it I jump like a gorilla and God, I never knew everything was so fragile (especially my head!),
My room x 2, it's pink and freaky,
Classroom chairs, the discomfort makes me want to throw them out the window,

Book returns in our school library, I hate returning the books,
A book series that won't release another episode because I love reading!,
My school locker, the books attack me when I open it,
Homework which I get every day, huh!,
My cat, she uses my face as a scratching post,
My Dad's phone, it is so stupid looking and makes weird jingle bells sounds,
My sister, she keeps on asking me if she can play my Xbox 360 a million time a day,
My sister eating noodles, she plays with them and makes herself a moustache,
My name, it's hard to be called Konstantin the 11th Emperor.

THINGS I WILL NEVER DO

by Shauna Crosse-Maher

Eat a rat, chilli peppers or poison,
Hot wax
Or a whole watermelon in one go.
Throw a cat out the window,
Climb Mount Everest,
Pull a donkey's tail,
Jump off a cliff,
Dive into a shark's mouth,

Buy a Range Rover,
Drink boiling water from the kettle,
Go skydiving into an active volcano,
Tear a butterfly's wings,
Build a mansion,
Get strangled by an octopus,
Sniff a chocolate scented candle.

TRUE EVIL

by Ethan Byrne.

A mother and a son
Walked down the road,
Hand in hand,
Their footsteps pierced the land.

Amidst the smog ridden air,
They saw a silhouette.
It had no hair,
It reeked of cigarettes.

As they hobbled on further,
They felt weary.
They remembered the murder
That took place on this very street.

She was killed in 85',
Three years ago,
It was quite brutal though,
As she was pierced with an arrow.

She hit the ground with a thud,
As her lungs leaked blood,
She said her final words,
"Don't be a sheep among the herd."

Her son knelt beside her,
Riddled with fear,
He then exclaimed,
"True evil is here!"

UNKNOWN PLACE

by Abi Adeniyi

Surrounded by a lot of people,
Curious about what is going on,
I look around and wonder,
Questions filling my head.

I say to myself,
What is going on?
Where are we going?
I wonder.

I ask Mum,
What is happening?
People with guns
Taking us to this unknown place,
Everyone with their hands up,
She just sighs and says,
It will be ok.

I'm scared, afraid
Of what's going to happen
At this unknown place.

I want to cry but hold it in.
I close my eyes,
Wait,
Hope,
Wonder.

UNDERESTIMATED

by Jimal Kelly

It angers me when
I try to explain myself,
What I have done and the reason for it,
I get locked down and punished.
Listen here,
There is always a reason.
I hate when people underestimate me,
Think they are higher than me.
We are all the same.
I am misunderstood,
I am underestimated.



