



Loreto College Cavan's Creative Writing Society's Magazine

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Looking Back

Last night, I looked back.
I saw a little girl,
her hair slicked back into a tight ponytail,
her cherub cheeks rosy with excitement.
Her pin straight Loreto uniform was too big on her,
Her jumper hung off her like a dress,
Her trousers bunching at the ankles.
She was posing for a picture outside the front door.
Her first day of big girl school.
I sat with her for a bit.
I noticed how beneath her big, excited smile she was shaken with nerves.
How she never really knew when to stop talking.
I wondered if I was enough for her-
If I had done enough for her
If she'd be proud of me and all I'd done.
I sat all night with her,
reminiscing on whether I had done a good job through all these years.
When the sun rose and morning came,
She took my hand.
She smiled as the sun's rays came through my window.
She helped me turn my back on her then.
And as I looked to the future,
To the great unknown,
I hoped just as she did on that day.
I hoped.

I hope.

By Meadh Campbell, 6th Year

Battle Lines

London, 6th of December 1921

A long plain table takes up most of a dull room surrounded by chairs all identical to each other. The walls were bare, the windows covered and the shelves empty yet there was not a speck of dust to be seen. Such a boring place this was and far too quiet, well not quiet exactly, still as if waiting...

Enter: The Irish delegation - Arthur Griffith, Eamonn Duggan, Erskine Childers, Michael Collins, George Gavan Duffy, and Robert Barton.

They moved towards the table cautiously, the men looking unsure of themselves finally sat down the room was no longer still, it radiated with unspoken tension building second by second until finally before the room could pop.

Enter: The British delegation - David Lloyd George, Austen Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, Gordon Hewart, Laming Worthington-Evans, and Frederick Edwin.

These men strode across the room, shoes gleaming against the carpet took their seats as if they were thrones. Arms outstretched and polite smiles in place the men exchanged friendly greetings with one another. To anyone looking in this was a very civil affair, but the men all knew as they once again took their places; battle lines had been drawn.

“Well we better get on with it” spoke the Prime Minister Lloyd George, he placed a single page of paper on the table for everyone to see, that piece of paper held the attention of every person in the room, the jewel of the crown so to say. “It’s all there like we agreed” he said as he offered Collins a pen. Collins hesitated for a second before taking the offered pen.

“Of course” said Collins, the resignation deep in his voice, Collins began to read over the text, his empty hand fisted beneath the table unaware of the quick smile Lloyd George and Churchill shared. When he finished reading Collins found the eyes of Griffith who gave him a

reassuring nod in return. With a set jaw Collins signed his name and passed the pen to Griffith who signed soon after meanwhile Duffy and Barton glared at the British delegation who looked very pleased with themselves.

Once the signing was finished and everyone got up to leave Edwin leaned into Collins and murmured low “you just signed your political death warrant”. If looks could kill Edwin would have been a dead man.

By Angelina Farrelly, 5th Year

Review of the novel ‘Foster’ by Claire Keegan

This story is set in Clonegal in Ireland and is about a young girl, whom we are not given a name of, stays over for the summer with her distant Aunt and Uncle, Edna and John Kinsella as agreed upon by her mother and father. Since her mother has to take care of the household, while looking after her other daughters too, she felt that it would take a lot of her plate if the Kinsella’s could take care of one of her daughters until she got everything back in order.

My favourite character from this novel has definitely got to be John Kinsella because he is a very thoughtful, caring and patient person as he treats the young girl as if she was his own child. He also takes care of her needs when he bought her new clothes as her father drove off carelessly with the girl’s clothes in the car. He always makes sure to check in on the girl when she was asleep as he knew that she felt nervous and uncomfortable with staying over in someone else’s house for the first time.

He also tried to spend as much time with the young girl as possible by walking with her hand in hand along the beach, while trying to get to know more about her, so that the girl would open up more to him. This shows that he is a very understanding person as he acknowledges that it will take some time before the girl feels comfortable around him.

I enjoyed reading this novel because I loved the use of the author's descriptive imagery, such as the scenery at the beginning of the novel. I feel that the author's use of good descriptive imagery makes me feel like I am in the countryside, surrounded by fields of dry, patchy grass. I also liked this novel because it shows the relationships between people or how a relationship between two people can develop. For example, the young girl's father had a very unloving, cold and harsh attitude towards her when he says, 'Try not to fall into the fire, you, to the girl before he leaves the Kinsella's house, whereas the relationship between John Kinsella and the young girl is very sweet and moving as they have such a strong bond and get along with each other.

I would recommend this novel because it is a very heart warming and meaningful story. This is shown in a key moment in the story when John Kinsella and the young character were walking along the beach and noticed that there a third star had appeared in the sky, which symbolises that the girl will always be apart of John and Edna's family. It is also such a heart warming story as you get an insight to the relationship between John Kinsella and the young character when she runs all the way back to their house after being dropped home by John and jumps into his arms, not wanting to let go.

By Saoirse Lynch, 5th Year

Dear Future Me In 5 Years

Did our dreams become reality?

Or are we somewhere where

we don't want to be?

Are we filled with tears

Of sadness?

Or are we overloaded

with happiness and joy?

Did life go the way
we thought it would?
Or did we take the
Wrong path?

Has the world given
Us enough love?
Or are we still trying to
be someone we're not?

I know it's hard
right now, I know we try our best.

But I really hope that
All those failures were only
A nightmare.

By Liz Mariya Jimmy, 2nd Year

The Boy That Left

I worked alongside this boy.

He was everything a girl could dream of.

Looking into the eyes of this boy was like looking into the stars.

From his laugh, to his smile, he was kind and caring towards me, I just could not have asked for a more loving person to be with.

And I fell for him increasingly, I think that this the hardest that I have ever fallen for anyone.

One thing about him though was that he always left work early.

One day he came into work different, his perfect smile and his charm was gone.

His ocean blue eyes had no life anymore, as if the crashing waves in his eyes had settled.

The fun, charismatic, boy I once knew was gone. I felt sad, I was replaced with a sad gloomy dark force between us that I could not reach.

And no matter how hard I try he would say "it's fine" and brush me off.

Our conversations where blunt and awkward there was not any life in our co-worker relationship.

Anymore.

I thought that maybe it was because he was having a bad week.

One day I overheard him and our manager yelling at him, for leaving work too early, too much. To see his mom. He would go every day to check up on her.

He would go to the hospital every day to see if she were still alive, if she could even move her fingers, it would mean the world to him that there was still hope, but with hope comes dissatisfaction with frustration and most of all disappointment.

And every day he would bring her flowers to place at her bedside, sadly she slowly withered away and everyday he would leave work just for her, crying, praying, wishing, pleading to the heavens to at least grant him just this, he did all this to see if it were going to be his last day with his mom.

But from that day on he stopped leaving work early.

By Jessica Donkor, 5th Year

Review of the novel 'Boy Giant', by Michael Morpurgo

This story is set in Afghanistan, in Central Asia. This story features a 12 year old refugee called Omar, who has fled from war in his country with his Mother and has ventured across the sea to Europe, hoping to find a place to live in Fore Street, Mevagissey in England with Uncle Said. However, their boat ends up sinking, and Omar finds himself all alone. With no hope of rescue, it seems as if his story has come to an end, but it is only just the beginning, because in the end, a little hope makes a big difference.

My favourite character from this novel is Omar because he is a very hopeful, determined and mindful person, as he always promised his Mother that one day he will meet her and Uncle Said in England. He is also a very determined person as he never gave up, trying to get to England to his Mother and Uncle Said, even when the boat that the Lilliputians had built for him, began to become battered and beaten through the storm, Omar still pursued to keeping moving the boat.

He is also a very mindful person as he didn't want the Lilliputians worrying and panicking about him going over to Blefuscu, to put an end to the war and conflict between their island and Lilliput island. So, that he could set aside their differences and to create peace between the people of Lilliput and the people of Blefuscu.

I enjoyed reading this novel because it shows people that they should always keep their heads up and to never give up when they are faced with a challenge or obstacle in life. I also liked this novel because it shows you how conflict and war between two countries can have an effect on people. It also teaches you that you should always treat people with kindness and respect and learn to get on with one another, even if you don't agree with their views and opinions. I feel is a very important lesson that people need to learn as they go through life as you should always treat others the same way that you would like to be treated.

I would highly recommend this novel it is a very interesting and captivating story. This is because the story is told in Omar's perspective and gives you an insight into how war and leaving his own country to travel all the way across to Europe affects him. For example, when his Mother had little left to sell and only had a few bracelets on her arms and rings on her fingers and she managed to pay for him to go onto a boat to England she promised him that they would find one another in England. With these words, Omar clung onto her and cried, which shows the reader just how much war has affected him. It is also a very captivating story because it shows you the true horrors of war in countries and how people's lives are affected because of it.

By Saoirse Lynch, 5th Year

A World We Live In

Humans are pathetic if you please.

Humans are fake if you are clear.

Humans are a cycle within a cycle that will kill to be on top.

Humans are their own enemy, if they could stop.

Humans are the monsters if they could see.

Even the animals that walk and climb and swim would also agree.

Humans will kill even if it means that it would hurt their pride or more so their ego.

Humans will seek revenge where it mustn't be found.

Humans will build so their voices will be heard from someone above.

Humans will say that this is right then.

Humans will say that this is wrong.

HUMAN! HUMAN! HUMAN! Oh, dear pathetic HUMANS!

Even the earth itself is sick of us like how we are sick of ourselves.

Humans are more like pathetic little bugs that crawl and worm beneath my feet as they squirm for their useless life.

Disgusting little creatures, aren't they?

Humans are more like moths attracted to something that might less kill you.

Humans will even turn against their own brother or sister to make themselves rich.

Humans are more like snakes they will always strike if you give them a chance.

Like how a snake turns its back on its own kids.

Now tell me what makes a human anymore different to a snake.

Every human a killer if you push them far enough and

One day this will all feel like a dream and one day this will all pass you by.

Your friend your family your money even your very own flesh will turn against you.

One day if you're lucky you would wish you had asked for forgiveness.

One day it will be just you before a lamb.

A lamb pure of innocents that can't be touched by your unclean, wicked filthy hands.

One day you'll regret the day you ever cursed this beautiful earth for all it's been through.

It's because we are humans and that's what we humans do best.

By Jessica Donkor, 5th Year

The True Beauties Of Nature

As the flowers begin to open up their buds, they are being nestled on by bees, pollinating from one flower to the other as they return to their hives to store the pollen in each honeycomb shell. Watch how the caterpillar attaches itself to a branch of a tree with a button of silk, hangs itself upside down to create a silk cocoon, once it has stopped feeding and growing. Within about three weeks, it will transform into the most beautiful, colourful and fascinating insect as we know it, which is a butterfly! What are those tiny little lights that we see floating around at night time and where do they come from? I think that they're called fireflies, yes, fireflies are types of beetles that are just like ladybirds or rhinoceros beetles. They live underneath the ground during the winter, mature during the spring and then emerge in the early in summer, anywhere from the third week in May to the third week in June. They inspire us to take a moment to slow down, ground ourselves in the moment, and to appreciate all that surrounds us.

Look at how the leaves change colour during the months of Autumn, they become a yellow, brown or orange type of colour, which makes them look even more pleasing or attractive to the eye. Although, they slowly and eventually fall off the trees, the branches of the trees are replaced with lumps of snow. This makes it appear as if it's a magical winter wonder land. Take notice of the female birds observing the ground for worms to pluck out and feed to their hatchlings, she's racing back and forth to her nest, she must have had a busy day. What a magical sunset in the sky, the clouds appear in shades of milky pink and purple, such an amazing sight to witness. So you see, there are many wonders out there in nature, all you have to do is to pay close attention to your surroundings, look, watch and listen, and you may just hear the inviting sounds of nature, waiting for you.

By Saoirse Lynch, 5th Year

The Red-handed Bandit Strikes Again!

On the 26th of April the Dublin Museum known for its antiques and high end clientele played host to an unexpected visitor. At 11:05pm what was reported by security as a “dull” and “forgettable” night had no idea what lurked in the shadows until one security officer (who wished to stay anonymous) caught a figure in all black with the Amor necklace (estimated to be worth €900,000) in his hands. When questioned to describe the man the officer said “He was dressed all in black you see, and one of those ski-mask things over his face, so I couldn’t really tell if it was a man or a woman but I do remember seeing these bright red gloves, which I thought was weird since everything else was black” the officer went on to explain how he chased after the thief but he was unsuccessful and the thief managed to get away.

Of course this is not the first time this criminal has been spotted on the 2nd of March after a jeweller was robbed a witness came forward saying he saw a “black figure with red gloves” fleeing the scene of the crime there was also four other robberies in the past year; all with witnesses describing a figure in all black except for bright red gloves all in the Dublin area.

What are the Guards doing about this? When questioned, the lead detective, Henry Mayor, had this to say “we have no suspects in custody at the moment, but we do have a strong lead and are confident that this so called ‘Red-handed Bandit’ will be caught soon. It is vital that we all stay calm and let the Guards do their job”. Detective Mayor refused to answer any more questions.

Where will the Red-handed Bandit strike next? Only time will tell however it is safe to say that there is rather a lot of uncertainty over whether or not the Gardai will ever catch this illusive criminal.

By Angelina Farrelly, 5th Year.

The opening lines in the inscription of my heart are worn down and gone
The faint outline of a warning etched there has been lost to time
I am eighteen years old

I used to bring oranges to school for my friends
I used to peel the rind into soft arches and dissect the nectar within
I'd extend my hand with the small section of my soul
My friends are not hungry anymore
I am eighteen years old

My books are not as clean as they used to be
Fresh print on pristine paper has long been turned to a chaotic flurry of scribbles and
doodles and notes I didn't have time to take
I regret not deciphering the code of education
I am eighteen years old

I used to walk hand in hand with my imagination
Wandering through fields of experimentation
I used to dream
I am eighteen years old

I used to accept how I felt
sweet tears would flow down my cheeks and I would be happy for I knew why
I used to cry
I am eighteen years old

My mother used to hold me
Her arms were the safest place I knew
She protected me like a blanket from the harsh cold of the world
I am eighteen years old

I want to be a child again
I want to hold hands with myself again
I want to feel content again
I want to feel safe again
I want to cry again
I want to feel at home with my friends again

I am eighteen years old

Poem on Civil War

Two brothers had a bond like no other.
Their Bond withstood the test of time.
One test it couldn't outshine,
Was the Anglo-Irish Treaty brought home signed.

By A.O., 5th Year