

Our Mouse.

We have a mouse,
His name is Pat,
He is always annoying,
Our little pussycat.

He is up to all mischief,
Both himself and his wife,
Poor pussycat is having
A hell of a life.

He lives on breadcrumbs, cheese and scrap,
And he ate hole in daddy's new cap.

If he gets any bolder,
My nerves they might snap,
And he will end up with his head,
In my little mousetrap.

By: Aoife O' Connell.

Wartime.

An old woman cries,
Though only still young,
For she has lost her dear husband,
And now her only son,
Why not should she weep,
For she has lost them both ... to war.
The pain and the hardship,
The oh! woeful war.
Could she not have them both back,
Her dear and her loved ones and,
stop war on its tracks.

By: Melanie McDonagh.

The Piano Exam.

'Next'
The piano examiner shouted,
My heart it thumped.
I wanted to go through the floor,
As 'next' he shouted.
Through the old panelled door.
I entered meekly,
My mind astray,
With thoughts of failing,
And a happier day.
'Sit down and start your scales'
he said.
I hope my practice paid,
For scale after scale,
The notes went running from my head.
After a short while,
When every piece and scale was done,
I said 'goodbye' and left the room,
To go outside and have some fun.

By: Melanie McDonagh.

School.

When I go to school each day,
The best think I like to do is play.
I would like if there was swings,
And slides and roundabouts and things.
I would like if we could play,
Instead of going to school each day.

By: John Conway.

Scoil Chaitríona.

I go to Scoil Chaitríona,
The best school of all,
Mr. Keane is my teacher,
And he hates basketball.
He always scolds,
The pupils who are bold,
Monday is the day
He goes to play volleyball,
With his pupils in the hall.
Mr. O' Grady is the Headmaster,
And very nice indeed.
In the sports we run faster,
And faster as can be.
In the end he gives us medals,
For our good deed.
Carmel is the secretary,
She types what we need.
She is very kind,
And we like her indeed.
So why don't you come,
And join in the fun,
For Scoil Caitríona is number one.

By: Halima Ansari.

The Vampire.

Creeping slowly down the hall,
Making sure he doesn't fall,
Out of his pocket he takes a gun,
This is his idea of fun.
What does he want? he only knows,
Down the creeper I think he goes,
First silence then a bang,
He burst someone with his fang,
I rush into my room,
Only to find my future tomb,
For the man he is no robber,
I'm quite sure he's on fire.
He is no other than a vampire.

Medeline Walsh.