

Abhainn – Burn – River



Abhainn Burn River

Scríbhneoireacht/Scrievin/Writing

Le/Bae/By

Páistí ó/Weans frae/Children from

Castletown NS – Gaelscoil Uí Dhochartaigh– Lifford NS - Strabane PS

Spreagtha ag/Inspired bae /Inspired by

Flann O'Brien

Curtha in Eagar ag/Editet bae /Edited by

Alan Millar – Dubhán Ó Longáin

Introduction by Joseph Kelly

Mar leabharlannaí feidhmiúcháin le Seirbhís Leabharlainne Dhún na nGall, ba mhór an onóir dom páirt a bheith agam sa togra scríbhneoireachta seo a thug deis do pháistí scoile i dTír Chonaill agus Tír Eoghain ceiliúradh a dhéanamh ar oidhreacht teanga an cheantair agus an scríbhneoir mór le rá Brian Ó Nualláin araon.

First of all, thank you to the young people who have contributed to this book. It was a joy to be involved with your workshops, to hear you share your ideas, play around with language and create wonderful characters, stories and poems. You are all authors now and you should be very proud of that. May this be the first of many books for you.

Thank you to the teachers and staff of Strabane Primary School, Gaelscoil Uí Dhochartaigh, Lifford National School and Castletown National school who made time in their busy schedules to not only to bring their students to the writing workshops but also support them in the subsequent editing of the work that makes up this magical publication.

Thank you to the writers Alan Millar and Dubhán Ó Longáin for your commitment to this project. The initiative was only possible because you both share a passion and a love for the linguistic heritage of the northwest. The innovative methodologies that Dubhán and Alan developed and subsequently employed together in such engaging workshops created a space and atmosphere where the young people felt comfortable to let their imaginations run free as you will discover when you read their fantastic work.

Thank you to Donegal County Library Staff, especially Tom Kelly, Sinead Noonan and Donna Cavanagh who have provided support and guidance throughout.

Buíochas speisialta do Denis McGeady as an jab ar dóigh a rinne sé le dearadh an leabhair

Thank you to Marie-Elaine Tierney and the staff of Strabane Library for supporting the project, liaising with schools and allowing us use of your library for workshops and to celebrate the project.

Thank you to Creative Ireland who funded this project.
Those of us who come from this part of Ireland have been handed down many rich and expressive words that we share, which flow from a number of different rivers, burns or abhainn. If the work in this book is anything to go by, then these waters will continue to flow for a long time to come. Go raibh míle maith agaibh.

Joseph Kelly
Donegal County Library Service.



Comhairle Contae
Dhún na nGall
Donegal County Council

Intreoir le Dubhán Ó Longáin

Nach méanra dúinn go bhfuil laoch liteartha mar atá Brian Ó Nualláin luaite lenár gceantar? Clú agus cáil air mar cheann de na chéad scríbhneoirí iarstruchtúracha, is minic an greann tur a fheiceann muid i muintir ár gceantair le sonrú ina shaothar. Bíodh an magadh a rinne sé ar scríbhneoirí agus léitheoirí na Gaeilge in An Béal Bocht, castacht The Third Policeman nó At Swim-Two-Birds, nó áibhéil Cruiskeen Lawn ann, bhí sé ceannródaíoch mar údar.

Agus níl sé roimh am é a cheiliúradh ina cheantar féin agus seans a thabhairt do dhaltáí scoile na háite aithris a dhéanamh ar a scríbhneoireacht. Chuige sin, tá mé buíoch de Sheosamh Ó Ceallaigh as an chuireadh chun na ceardlanna seo a dhéanamh agus Alan Millar as iad a éascú liom.

Chuir mé romham na scoláirí a chur ag scríobh mar a scríobh Ó Nualláin. Sa leabhar The Third Policeman, úsáideann gardaí a rothair ró-mhinic agus déantar rothar as cuid acu mar gheall ar na hadaimh iontu féin ag meascadh leis na hadaimh sna rothair. Chuige sin, scríobh cuid scoláirí faoi eachtra a tharlódh más é go ndéanfaí rud a úsáideann siad go minic daofa féin. Ina cholún nuachta Cruiskeen Lawn, chum Ó Nualláin ciall nua áiféiseach don bhriathar ‘cuir’. Chuige sin, scríobh cuid scoláirí scéal bunaithe ar chiall nua a bheith le foclaí áirithe. Thar rud ar bith eile, bhí clú air as a shamhlaíocht. Chuige sin, chum scoláirí áirithe scéal bunaithe ar chloch. Bhí orthu scéal a chumadh mar gheall ar an chloch ach a bheith chomh háiféiseach agus is féidir.

Rinne mo chara, Alan Millar, tréimhse leo ansin ag díriú ar an Ultais agus stair na teanga sin sa cheantar. Thit rud iontach amach; nuair a fuair muid an obair chríochnaithe, nasc roinnt de na scoláirí obair a rinne mé féin leo agus obair a rinne Alan leo le chéile.

Ní hamháin go dtagann trí abhainn le chéile anseo ach trí theanga. Rinne na scoláirí obair iontach chun Gaeilge, Ultais, agus Béarla a nascadh. Go mbaine tú, a léitheoir, súp as toradh na hoibre céanna!

Isn't it a blessing that a literary hero like Brian Ó Nualláin is associated with our area? Renowned as one of the first post-structural writers, the dry humour seen in the people of our area is often evident in his work. Whether it's his mockery of Irish language writers and readers in *An Béal Bocht*, the complexity of *The Third Policeman* or *At Swim-Two-Birds*, or the exaggeration seen in *Cruiskeen Lawn*, he was pioneering as an author.

And it is certainly time to celebrate him in his own area and give local schoolchildren a chance to emulate his writing. To that end, I am grateful to Seosamh Ó Ceallaigh for the invitation to conduct these workshops and to Alan Millar for facilitating them with me.

I decided to have the students write as Ó Nualláin wrote. In the book *The Third Policeman*, gardaí use their bicycles too often and some of them start to become bicycles because their atoms mix with the atoms in the bicycles. To this end, some students wrote about an incident that would happen if they themselves

turned into something they often. In his news column Cruiskeen Lawn, he invented new absurd meanings for the verb 'cuir' (most commonly translated to English as 'put'). To this end, some students wrote a story based on certain words having a new meaning. Above all, he was famous for his imagination. To this end, some students composed a story based on a stone. They had to compose a story about the stone but be as absurd as possible.

My friend, Alan Millar, then spent a while with the students focusing on Ulster Scots and the history of that language in the area. Something amazing happened; when we received the completed work, some of the students had linked together the work that I had done with them and the work that Alan had done with them.

Not only do three rivers meet here, but three languages. The students have done a wonderful job of connecting Irish, Ulster Scots, and English. May you, dear reader, enjoy the fruits of the same labour!

Forewurd bae Alan Millar

Hoo it bigged mae hairt tae help facilitate these schule-weans workshaps, an this byous blad o scribevins tae come oot them - Abhainn-Burn-River. Twas a joy, tae bae a pairt o a celebration o the heirskip o Flann O'Brien wan o Irelan's mucklest scribevers an forbye, tae heize the leids o Ulster-Scots an Irish, whase heirskip hereabouts is sae muckle strang amang oor folk.

Mae leid feir Dubhán Ó Longáin bigged his darg aroon Flann O'Brian an Irish. Flann wuznae kent fur Ulster-Scots, bit I thocht, his byornar free-heided scribevin maun fit gye weel wi the non-standart glamour o the Scots. My ettlin wuz, through the Flann O'Brian 2025 Collogue themes o Hame, Heirskip, Springheids, tae gie the weans a gleek at the ruchness o Ulster-Scots an hoo weel it sits wi aal the virr an hecht o modern Irelan an ayont.

I pit thegeither a wee leet o wurds, fur weans tae discuss, frae easy kent tae wurds noo loost; forbye, a screed aboot Ulster-Scots as a dialect o wider Scots leid, includin four local scribevers, twa frae Strabane, twa frae east Donegal - Cecil Francis Alexander, William Starrat, George Dugall, and Sarah Leech, then tae finish wi an Ulster-Scots an Irish diaspora yarn.

Dubhán an maesell wur mair nor content that oor exercises fittit sae gyely weel thegeither, an gled tae say the weans hae heized oor hummle efforts wi byornar efforts o thair ain.

We wur parteecularly chuffed at the wye sae monie weans, whutch we didnae spae, crossed the merches o the exercises we had set. It wuz byornar the wye the obsidian stane, daft Wullie, puddocks an mair forbye, came thegeither in thair scievins. This, an ither creative virr, we baith agree, wuz mair nor guid tae see.

Muckle thanks maun gae tae Joseph Kelly, for axin me tae tak pairt an wha's springheid ettlin brocht us aal thegeither an tae Dubhán, fur his furthie advice, as I hadnae daun workshaps lik these afore. I hae nae hesitation in commendin this bonnie blad o screivins tae readers.

It was a privilege to help facilitate these school-children's workshop and this marvellous collection of writings to come out of them – Abhainn-Burn-River. It was a joy to be part of a celebration of the heritage of Flann O'Brien, one of Ireland 's greatest writers and to celebrate the languages of Ulster-Scots and Irish, whose heritage hereabouts is so strong among the people.

My language comrade Dubhán Ó Longáin built his work around Flann O'Brien and Irish. Flann wasn't known for Ulster-Scots, but I thought, his extraordinary free-headed writing must fit well with the non-standardized magic of Scots. My plan was, through the Flann O'Brien 2025 Conference themes of Home, Heritage, Origins, to let the pupils glimpse the plentiful variety within Ulster-Scots and how well it sits with all the vigour and promise of modern Ireland and beyond.

I put together a wee list of words for pupils to discuss, both ones well known and others now lost; as well as that a short talk about Ulster-Scots as a dialect of wider Scots language, mentioning four local writers, two from Strabane, two from Donegal - Cecil Francis Alexander, William Starrat, George Dugall, and Sarah Leech, then to finish with an Ulster-Scots and Irish diaspora story.

Dubhán and myself were very pleased that our exercises worked so well together, and glad to say the children have lifted our humble efforts with some extraordinary efforts of their own.

We were particularly chuffed at the way so many pupils, which we didn't anticipate, crossed the boundaries of the exercises we had set. It was fantastic the way the obsidian stone, daft Wullie, frogs and more as well, came together in their writings. This and other creative gusto, we both agree, was very good to see.

Great thanks must go to Joseph Kelly for inviting me to take part and whose original vision brought us all together and to Dubhán, for his generous advice, as I hadn't done workshops like these before. I have no hesitation in recommending this bonnie portfolio of writings to readers.

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Bróga Reatha

le Clodagh Ní Ghabhann agus Bláthnaid Ní Dhochartaigh

Lá breá samhraidh, bhí cailín aclaí, díograiseach darbh ainm Blanaí ag club luthchleasaíochta ag rith 1200m. Ní raibh rud ar bith eile ar an domhan arbh fhearr le Blanaí a dhéanamh ná rith. Bhí a corp ard, tanaí mar a bheadh síota ann agus í ag rith an 1200m. Bhí sí cúpla méadar ar shiúl ón líne deiridh nuair a thit sí agus thiontaigh sí ina péire bróga reatha. Níor thug ach cara Bhlanáí (Lodagh) an t-athrú seo faoi deara. Níor chreid duine ar bith ag an club í. Tháinig an traenalaí reatha ar na bróga níos moille ar aghaidh nuair a bhí sí ag glanadh an trealaimh suas. Thóg sí na bróga reatha, chuir sí uirthi iad agus thosaigh sí ag rith. Faoin am sin, bhí Blanaí scriosta, ghlac a múinteoir reatha na bróga abhaile léi mar shíl sí gur chuidigh siad léi a bheith níos gasta. An lá dar gcion, bhí an múinteoir reatha ag ullmhú chun páirt a ghlacadh i maratón Bhaile Átha Cliath. Bhí atmaisféar iontach ann, gach duine áthasach ag amharc ar an mharatón. Bhí Lodagh ag amharc ón taobh agus chuala sí Blanaí ag scairteadh ó na bróga ach ní thiocfadh léi rud ar bith a dhéanamh di. Bhain an múinteoir reatha an maratón ach nuair a d’amharc sí síos, ní raibh ach stocaí uirthi. Bhí na bróga i ndiaidh tiontú ar ais i mBlanaí. Bhí cara Bhlanáí sona sásta chun í a fheiceáil arís. Lean Blanaí ar aghaidh le lúthchleasaíocht agus rith ach níor tharla a léithéid de seo di arís!



Dequvius agus an Guthán

le hAobheann Ní Cheallaigh agus Casey Ní Rua

Maidin ghrianmhar amháin bhí gasúr darbh ainm Dequvius ina luí ar a leaba. Go tobann, bhris an leaba ina dhá leath agus scairt Dequvius ar a mhamái. Dúirt sí leis go mbeadh air leaba nua a roghnú ar líne agus go dtiocfadh léi é a ordú níos moille mar bhí sí le bualadh lena cairde faoi choinne cupán tae ag a 11:00. Ní raibh guthán ag Dequvius le bheith ag cuartú ar líne agus shocraigh sé dul chuig na siopaí chun ceann a cheannach. Bhí na gutháin ar fad a chonaic sé i bhfad róchostasach. Bhí Dequvius réidh le dul abhaile ach ansin chonaic sé fear ard síos an tsráid in aice leis na boscaí bruscair. Bhí an fear ag seastán ar a raibh comhartha “GUTHÁIN AR DÍOL: £3 AN CEANN.” Ní raibh Dequvius ábalta é a chreidiúint. Cheannaigh sé guthán ón fhear agus bhí sé chomh tógtha sin gur cheol sé an bealach iomlán abhaile.

Rith sé isteach i seomra leapa s’aige agus las sé an guthán. I bhfaiheadh na súl, bhí splanc ollmhór ann agus thiontagh Dequvius ina ghuthán! Bhí sé ina luí ar an urlár agus imní air go mbeadh sé fágtha mar seo go deo. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin, chuala sé an doras ag oscailt, Mamaí a bhí ann. Bhí sí ag cuartú Dequvius ach ní bhfuair sí ach guthán ina luí ar an urlár. D’amharc sí ar an scaileán agus chonaic sí teachtaireacht: “Má tá tú ag iarraidh do mhac a fheiceáil arís, cuir freagra chuig an uimhir seo!” Bhí bolg Mhamái mar a bheadh meaisín níoacháin ann; bhí a fhios aici go raibh rud éigin as bealach. Scríobh sí go critheaglach, “Cá bhfuil mo mhac?” Lonraigh solas geal as an ghuthán agus thiontaigh sé ina ghasúr arís. Bhí faoiseamh an domhain ar Mhamái Dequvius a fheiceáil agus níor cheannaigh an gasúr rud ar bith ó sheastán ar an tsráid arís

Katy Perry

le Macushla Ní Bhrádaigh, Faith Ní Chonnagháin, agus Niamh Nic Congail

Lá grianmhar amháin i mí na Bealtaine, bhí Niamh ag brionglóideach faoi cheolchoirm Katy Perry go sona sasta. Fuair sí ticéid le dul lena mamaí dá breithlá. Bhí focail gach amhrán de ghlanmheabhair aici agus bhí sí ag baint sult as iad a cheol ina micreafón. Dhruid sí a súile agus dúirt sí, “Ba bhreá liom bheith ábalta ceol le Katy Perry.” Nuair a d’oscail sí a súile, d’aithin sí go raibh sí ina luí ar an urlár ina seomra leapa. Ní cailín a bhí inti níos mó ach micreafón. Nuair a rinne sí iarracht bogadh, thosaigh sí ag rolláil . Rolláil sí síos an staighre agus amach an doras. Rolláil sí go dtí an SSE Arena agus bhuail sí cos Katy Perry. Thóg Katy Perry í agus dúirt sí leis an lucht éisteachta, “ An bhfuil sibh réidh le bheith ag cóisireacht?”

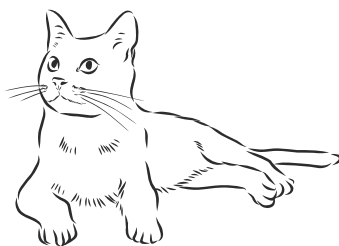
Mhothaigh Katy Perry go raibh rud éigin iontach speisialta faoin mhicreafón seo. Bhí a guth iontach binn nuair a cheol sí ann. Thug Katy barróg don mhicreafón agus thiontaigh sé ar ais go Niamh. Thug Katy cuireadh do Niamh agus a cairde, Faith agus Macushla, dul ar thuras thart ar an domhan agus páirt a ghlacadh ina ceolchoirmeacha.

Draíodóir-Cait

le Micheál Mac Lochlainn agus Kaiden Ó Dubhánaigh

Lá amháin, bhí mise agus mo chara, Kaiden, i mo sheomra ag súgradh ar an X-box. Go tobann, nocht tairseach agus léim draíodóir-cait amach. Thiontaigh sé mise agus Kaiden inár gcait agus osclaíodh tairseach eile fúinn. Thit muid as an spéir agus isteach i ndomhan nua. Mhúscaill muid ar an talamh i gcoill.

Bhí muid ag spaisteoireacht thart ar an domhan nua nuair a rinne dragan ollmhór ionsaí orainn. Dhreap muid suas crann ach..... thig le dragain eitilt, rith muid gan stad fríd na crainn agus tháinig muid ar nead éin. Éan ollmhór a bhí ann. Thosaigh an t-éan agus an dragan ag troid le chéile. Bhí eagla an bháis orm agus ar Kaiden, mar sin, rith muid linn agus d'éalaigh muid amach as an choill. Tháinig muid ar chathair mhór agus nuachtán ina luí ar an talamh. Bhí sé scríofa go raibh muintir na cathrach amuigh ag cuartú draíodóir-cait. D'imigh muid ón chathair agus tháinig muid ar chaisleán. Nuair a d'amharc muid suas bhí an draíodóir-cait thuas sa túr is airde sa chaisleán. Scaoil sé liathróidí tine orainn. Rith mise agus Kaiden ar nós na gaoithe ach cheap an draíodóir-cait muid agus chuir sé faoi gheasa muid. Chaill muid an mothú agus mhúscaill muid i mo sheomra agus bhí an X-box go fóill lasta.



Harry Potter

le Laoise Nic Léid agus Aoife Ní Chonbhuí

Maidin amháin, bhí Laoise ag teach Aoife agus bhí siad ag amharc ar Harry Potter don 50ú am. Tháinig Mamaí Aoife isteacha agus dúirt sí leo, “Bíonn sibh ag amharc ar Harry Potter rómhinic!” ach níor éist siad. Ag 12.00 meánoíche bhí siad go fóill sáite sna scannáin ach nuair a d’amharc siad ar a chéile, ní fhaca siad Laoise ná Aoife níos mó, chonaic siad Harry Potter agus Ron Weasley.

“Níl muid i mo theachsa níos mó!” arsa Ron (aka Aoife) agus a shúile ar leathadh.

“Caithfidh gur amharc muid ar an oiread sin Harry Potter go ndeachaigh muid fríd an scaileán agus isteach sa scannán,” arsa Harry (aka Laoise) agus í ar crith le heagla.

I ndiaidh leathuaire, bhí siad níos socraithe agus chuaigh siad chuig an chéad rang s’acu i Hogwarts. Bhí siad ag foghlaim faoi dheochanna draoícta, ach rinne siad meancóg agus phléasc sé gach áit! Ach d’éirigh stoirm mhór taobh amuigh agus nocht Voldemort. Bhí troid ollmhór acu leis. Fuair siad an lámh in uachtar ar Voldemort agus fuair sé bás sa deireadh. Go tobann, bhí siad ar ais ar an tolg i seomra suite Aoife, ag amharc ar Harry Potter!



Ella turns into her Mixer

by Sophie Arthur

One day Ella was baking and all of a sudden she fainted and when she woke up, she was a mixer. She was horrified and had no idea what had happened! After a couple of minutes she realised that she had been using her mixer way too much so she ran to the doctor to see if they could help but they couldn't help her at all! Next, she decided to drive to her best friend Sophie's house (I am Sophie, her best friend) to show me what happened. I was so shocked I called a few people to see if they knew anyone who could help but no one did. After around an hour we got a phone call and it was someone who had an idea of what to do so we drove to the address they sent me and when we arrived, we saw a huge big old building. We jumped out of the car and ran up to the door and Ella knocked on the door. An old creepy witch opened the door and told us to come in, so we did. It was a bit dark and smelly but when the witch waved her wand, bam, Ella was back to normal again!

The Day I Turned into a Warrior Cat

by Holly Wilson

I love reading Warriors (by Erin Hunter) so much, so I started to worry a lot once I started hearing of strange instances where people started turning into the things they love or use most. Like Chloe and Mia turned into dogs, Rollie turned into a toilet! And I think someone's cat turned into a sofa? But I didn't care, and I kept on reading. I mean, I had just got a load of Super Editions! But soon, I started noticing some changes. Like a tingling sensation on my cheeks, and a swishing feeling behind my lower back. And my nails were growing longer, my teeth pointier. And my taste buds have changed too. I only enjoy meat now, and have no appetite for sugar. One night everything changed.

"Ahh!" I squeaked, as I took in my surroundings. I wasn't in my bedroom; I was in the... nursery? I was in the Thunderclan camp! I jumped up excitedly. I looked at the three kits sleeping beside me. I would recognise those pelts anywhere! My littermates were Fernkit and Ashkit! And there's Cloudkit too! But that means... Brindleface is my mother! And somehow I know my new name. My name is Hazelkit, and I'm going to be a Thunderclan warrior! Suddenly, Fernkit awoke. "Hazelkit! Today is our apprentice ceremony. Suddenly, I remembered everything. Bluestar had visited yesterday and given Brindleface the news. I couldn't wait for dusk! "Do you promise to train to be loyal Thunderclan warriors?" Bluestar asked. "We do." "Then from this moment forward, until you earn your warrior names"- Bluestar named Fernpaw, Ashpaw and Cloudpaw, "And Hazelkit, you will be known as Hazelpaw.

Lionheart, you will mentor Hazelpaw. You are an experienced mentor; train Hazelpaw to the best of her potential.

The ceremony is over.” I was an apprentice! And I was going to be the best Warrior ever!

“After a long and hard apprenticeship-“Firestar started our warrior ceremony. So much has happened since I was apprenticed. Cloudtail had become a warrior, Brindleface had joined Starclan, along with Lionheart and Bluestar. And Tigerstar the traitor had become the Shadowclan leader after being exiled, and the battle with Bloodclan. But Firestar was our leader now, and I was becoming a warrior!

“Hazelpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and defend this clan, even at the cost of your life?” Firestar asked the sacred words. “I do.” I replied solemnly. “ Then I give you your warrior name. Hazelpaw, from this moment forward, you will be known as Hazelwing. Starclan honours your bravery and your kindness, and we welcome you as a full warrior of Thunderclan.” “Ashfur! Ferncloud! Hazelwing!” the clan chanted I was a warrior at last. And I would serve my clan to my very last breath. I still remember my old life, and sometimes I miss it. But being a warrior was my dream. And it’s better than being a toilet like Rollie.

Turning into Quads

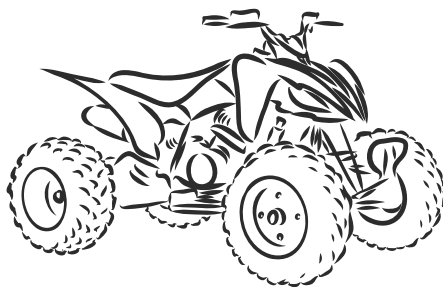
by James Duggan

Logan and I drive our quads all day every day and one day Logan and I turned into our quads! We drove around all day and went off-roading. When it was dark, we went diffing with the lights on. The next night I was a tractor.

The Day Me and James Turned into Quads

by Logan Middleton

James and I drive our quads every day. On a Saturday morning, James and I felt weird and then all of a sudden, we turned into quads! I turned into a Quadzilla Stinger and James turned into a Honda 420. We diffed all day and I felt tired so I went to sleep. And I woke up as a tractor



Mo Ghuthán

le Charlize Nic an Ultaigh agus Cian Ó Gallchóir

Bhí cailín ann a d'úsáid a guthán ó dhubh go dubh. Charlize an t-ainm a bhí uirthi. Satharn amháin, bhí sí ag súgradh ar a guthán nuair a bhuail mothúchán aisteach í. Chuala Charlize a mamaí ag teacht isteach ina seomra agus ag scairteadh a hainm os ard. Nuair a thug sí freagra, ba chosúil nár chuala mamaí í.

Mhóthaigh Charlize mamaí á tógáil agus á cur ina póca, áit a raibh sí iontach te. “Ní minic a théann sí áit ar bith gan seo,” arsa mamaí. Bhí Charlize go hiomlán trína chéile, ansin, d’aithin sí go raibh sí i ndiaidh tiontú ina guthán.

Chuaigh mamaí amach chun an sconsa a pheinteáil, thog sí Charlize amach as póca s’aici agus chuir sí ar an tábla í. I ndiaidh dhá uair an chloig ag peinteáil, d’amharc mamaí thart agus chonaic sí Charlize, an cailín, ina suí ar an tábla ach bhí an guthán imithe.

Bhí áthas an domhain ar Charlize a bheith ina cailín arís. Rinne sí iarracht an scéal a mhíniú dá mamaí ach níor chreid sí í. “Bhí sé chomh scanrúil agus bhí mé chomh buartha go mbeinn gafa mar ghuthán go deo!” a scairt Charlize in ard a cinn. Bhí an oiread sin feirge uirthi gur thosaigh mamaí ag ceistiú an raibh fírinne ar bith ag baint lena scéal. Bíodh an scéal fíor nó nach mbíodh, bhí mamaí sásta go raibh sé ar intinn ag a hiníon níos mó ama a chaitheamh lena cairde agus níos lú ama a chaitheamh ar a guthán.



Clár Bán

le Dáire Ó Broin agus Francesca Ní Choigligh

Bhí cailín ann fadó a bhí iontach tugtha dá clár bán beag pearsanta. Bhí an-dúil aici ann, bhí sí ag tarraingt a lán pictiúr de rudaí éagsúla air ó mhaidin go hoíche. Lá amháin agus í ina seomra leapa thit sí i laige.

Nuair a mhúscail sí, bhuail mothúchán aisteach í agus nuair a d’amharc sí thart, ní raibh a clar bán ann níos mó. Bhí sí an-bhuartha, chuardaigh sí gach áit, ach faroar, ní raibh sé ann. Cúpla bomaite ina dhiaidh sin, agus í ag amharc thart, tháinig mamaí isteach ag scairteadh a hainm ach nuair a scairt sí ar ais, níor thug mamaí freagra.

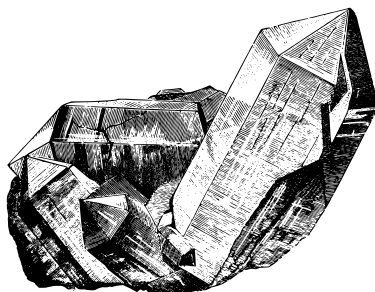
Nuair a chonaic a mamaí an clár bán ina luí ar an leaba chuir sí é sa chófra. Tháinig eagla an bháis uirthi mar ní raibh dúil aici sa dorchadas, bhí sí trína cheile le ceisteanna ansin. D’aithin sí go tobann go raibh sí tiontaithe ina clár bán. Dhá uair go leath ina dhiaidh sin, tháinig mamaí isteach, ach an t-am seo bhí dreach imníoch uirthi, shíl mamaí go raibh iníon s’aici caillte.

Thóg mamaí an clár bán agus tharraing sí croí ar an chlár bhán agus deora ina súile. Go tobann, thiontaigh an clár bán ar ais ina pháiste!

Magic Rock

by Daniela Sidorova

One day, I found a rock. It was black and shiny. When it was morning the rock was more shiny like the sun. After I went to play with the rock, it fell from my hand. I lift the rock and I feel a little bit dizzy after. I go to sleep. The next morning, I wake up, I go to look at the mirror. The mirror says to me that if I take the black rock, I will meet bad people. It was black and shiny, is it a magic rock? Yes, the mirror says.

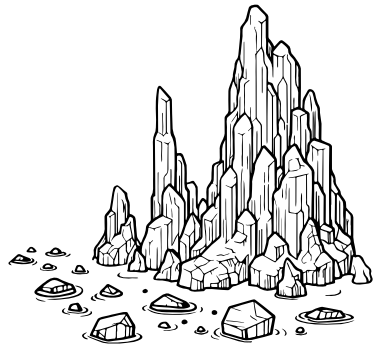


The Mystery of the Rock

by Kaiden Roulsten

I think it is Shrek's Woody hat.

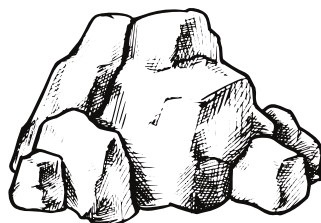
So, this is what happened. So Shrek was walking down near Castlefinn to make sure no one was going to enter his swamp with Fiona and he was carrying Woody and Woody's hat fell into a hedge and Donkey was eating a lot of coal and he pooped out all the coal onto Woody's hat and the weather was cold so it froze and turned black and then it got sunny so it was a wee bit warm and it unfroze so that is what happened.



The Rock

by Sapphire McAdams

One day, I was walking and then I saw the sunshine going down a hole and then I heard a noise down the hole so then I put my hand down the hole and I grabbed a rock. It didn't look like a normal rock, it looked like a rock that you didn't see before so I walked back home with the rock and that was my day. Goodbye!



The Rock of Castlefinn

by Anonymous

I think the rock came thereby. In the ancient Jurassic age, there was a pterodactyl that had eggs of their unhatched kid and one day a UFO hit a tree knocking the tree with the egg and a wee bit of sap from the tree when it broke. This covered the egg making it unbreakable so the egg never hatched. Eventually the egg was found but there are white insides which are the moulded-up bones.

The Story of the Weird Rock.

by Ultan Molloy

The weird rock is actually a piece of an alien spaceship that got kicked by a bunch of cows. Then, when it fell another cow came and kicked it all the way into a hedge. Then a person found it and did not know what it was and assumed it was just a big rock and he threw it back into the hedge.

The Strange Rock

by Adnan Zarrouk

Once upon a time there was a person in space. His
Name was Bob but Bob had 0 IQ, he wanted to
Poop but the problem was the spaceship he was
On had no bathroom at the end he pooped
In space it was going so fast that even fire came out.
It turned black because of the fire
And it landed on the sea it was in the United Kingdom
But somehow it turned by the current it went all
The way to Ireland at Waterford. There was a man
Who was poor and thought it was coal so
He decided to pick it up he had to go all the way to
County Donegal in Castlefinn but he crashed there
And that poop is worth more money that you can
Imagine.

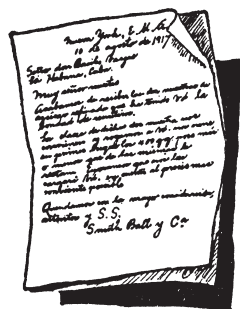
by Josie Wallace

DEAR MORTAL,

You have stolen our transportation device; please put it back in the mail box or further consequences will be paid.

Signed: The little people

You put the device back close the door and run!



A Piece of Obsidian

by Jordyn Salter

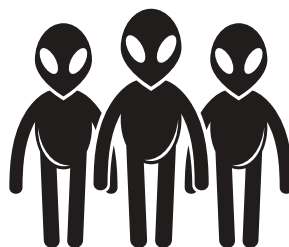
The rock I found in Donegal is no rock at all. It is a piece of obsidian from Minecraft that Steve left by accident! He dropped it when he was going back to the Overworld after having come back from the Nether.



A Magic Musical Rock Dropped Down by Aliens

by Jessica Wray

Once a upon a time there was a rock on the side of the road. I did not know where it was from, but I think it fell off the moon! It landed on a wee spaceship with aliens in it, then the aliens made a strange playlist on a computer type thing. They transported it into the rock, but the aliens crashed into mars. The rock, however landed on the moon. Then another set of different, even stranger aliens found it and did not know what to do with it – Suddenly it started to play the music from the playlist. They were so afraid they dropped it, kicked it back into the atmosphere and somehow that is how the rock landed on the side of the road.



I think it's a Beard Hair

by Mollie Vance

One day there was a very old man who worked in a shoe lace shop also known as Abrakaram. His name was Michael J. Kimmy but everybody calls him Mic. So, one day Mic finished his shift at Abrakaram and decided to go on his flying pencil named Joe. Mic went on a lovely ride on his flying pencil. He decided to go into the lane beside the field. He was loving the view and the wind on his bald head. He hadn't gone on a ride on Joe in forever. But Joe needed a rest so he decided to stop and give him some fuel. Joe ate rocks for fuel so Mic stopped for just a couple minutes to let Joe get his fuel. But Mic looked into the bushes and saw beard hair. He was shocked. He had never seen beard hair in the wild! It was like seeing a unicorn! He got back on Joe, still feeling shocked. He got home and fell asleep dreaming about the beard hair he had seen.



A Cow's Foot

by Matthew Middleton

I found a strange object in the hedge and I think it is a cow's foot. I think a farmer was getting the meat from the cow and the foot fell off the cow and fell in some black paint. The farmer found it and put it in a hedge and a boy called Mark found it and sold it for £2.2 million.

A Rock Car

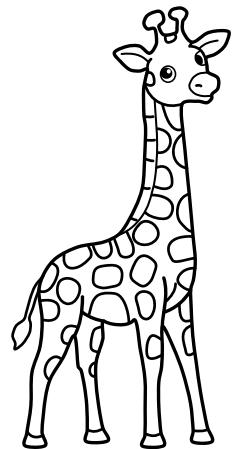
by Darci Mai Lowry

One day a man was walking home from his work and he found a stone in the tree. Curiously, he picked it up. He put it in his car and he wondered to himself what it was. He thought it was a shoe. He looked at it and then he thought it was a car so he tried to hop into it but it never worked so he took it home. 10 minutes go by and it is night time and the stone is glowing brightly. The light was so bright that it was glowing up the whole world. It was so cool. The next day was Friday and the man needed to go to work. He brought the stone into his work. His co-workers didn't know what it was. It turns out, it was a really cool stone.

I think it's a Giraffe

by Freya Toner

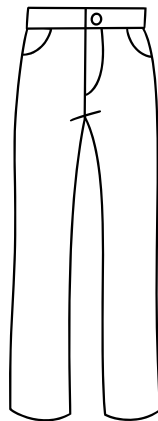
One day, a giraffe was in the zoo. It escaped from its cage and went to the abracadabra monkey man. The giraffe asked him, 'Oh great abracadabra monkey man, I want to be a space rock.' 'Ok, ok,' said the abracadabra monkey man. 'Go to the door and say "rock", you will turn into a rock, then I will come pick you up and throw you into space.' So, the giraffe got out of his seat and stood at the door and said "rock". Immediately the giraffe turned into a rock. Then the abracadabra money man got up and threw the giraffe (well rock) into space. When the rock had finally reached space, it hit a planet and crash landed in a bush very far away from the zoo. So right now, the giraffe has two problems. One: he is not a space rock any more he is just a rock and two: he needs to find someone to throw him back to space.



I think it's a pair of trousers

by Mia Sweeney

One day a man went for a walk with his dog. They went to the ice cream shop. He got a 99 and his dog got a pup cup. They went to a bench and ate their ice creams. A bird was behind the man so the dog jumped on the man to try and catch the bird and spilled the ice cream all over the man's trousers. It looked like a bird pooped on him. He ran and the dog followed. People started to laugh and thought a family of birds went and pooped on him. He ran into someone's farm and got black stuff and put it on his trousers. He started to walk again with his dog until his trousers started to shrink. He panicked and ran to a field and hid behind a bush and then he pulled off the rest of his trousers and they started to go hard so he left them and walked home in his knickers.



The Leprechaun's Shoe

by Jamie Middleton

The leprechaun was flying on his unicorn and was doing some tricks. He did a back flip and the unicorn had enough and told him to get lost and pushed him off. The leprechaun started tumbling to the ground and his magical shoes fell off! Then he had to use his magical hat to fly away. He didn't realize that his shoes had fallen off and when he did, he went to find them. Suddenly he saw a man in a red jumper pick up his shoe and get in his car. He started to drive away and the leprechaun tried to chase him but without his magical shoes, he could not get him. The leprechaun was very sad.



A Leprechaun

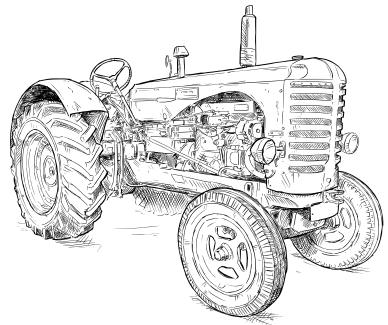
by Rhys Hastings

A leprechaun was working on making a shoe. He messed it up. It didn't fit him so he hid it in a bush. Perhaps someone else would find the shoe and be able to use it. One morning, a little boy found it and thought it was a rock. He showed it to his parents and all of his friends. Everyone had different ideas as to what the rock actually was.

Tractor

by James McClintock

A leprechaun shrunk the tractor. The tractor was a 7740 Ford. The old man was driving the tractor when a leprechaun came out of nowhere. He had a lump of manure that shrunk the tractor into a wee black stone



The Fairies

by Riordan Friel

Daft willie was thran, he had 5 puddocks on his head. He fell into a sheugh and got out again. He had no neb, he had 1000 lugs everywhere. He has 1100 puddocks on his head now. Olly clocked daft willie into the sheugh again and he survived and has 11,000 puddocks on his head now.



The Story of White Fox Fairy

by Reece O'Brien

The white fox fairy was a magical creature.
The fairy was an odd fairy, he was a shy fairy.
At night, the fairy becomes angry and mad.
He glows bright red when he is angry.
He hates people seeing at night.
Legend has it if you see him he will hunt you.
That's why he is shy, he doesn't like being seen.
He lives in an ancient oak tree at the very top.
Beware if you see him at night.

Acrostic Poem About Fairies

by Emily Corry

Fluttering and flapping their colourful wee wings through the burn.
Any fairy can turn men into puddocks.
In people's hames the fairies will fly around the sleeping weans.
Road after road the fairies will giggle
In the night they fly up the brae.
Even though they are pretty they
Still make mischief.



One Lovely Day

by Darcie Blair

One day I was enjoying a wee dance to myself, as fairies do, when big person came and stuck his neb right up to me! I nearly wet myself. He had his neb in MY business, how rude could you be?

Today at the brae I was talking with my fairy friend. She had told me about how she saw big person at the burn the day before. He was trying to catch puddocks when my friend spied him. We decided we wanted to know more. So we went to that same burn, but there was no sign of anyone. Maybe it was some sort of lug of a giant? Looks like we'll never know.

The Daft Eejit!

by Dakota Lindsay

Who is that daft eejit walking around here?! He has what seems to be a massive neb and two huge lugs. His neb looks like some sort of puddock growing out of the end of his face. It's really hard to completely describe him!

Daft Willie!

by Christopher McCrea

This daft Willie guy that moved in next door, hasn't been talking much to anyone! Every day, he danders into the woods. He gets angry when people stick their nebs in his business. He dresses funny; he wears a hat that always covers his lugs and a pair of short trousers pulled the whole way up to his oxters. This town is definitely getting stranger!



Fairies Acrostic

by Ruben Strawbridge

Fairies are furry with wee wings.

Arms with wands at the end.

Intend to either do good or cause mischief

Related in a way to leprechauns.

Irritating little creatures.

Eejects flying around.

Showing off with magical powers.



Daft Willie

by Ella Arthur

One misty night, the rest of the fairies and I were out dancing as usual when some daft man stumbled upon us. It was daft Willie who lives across the road; he must have been out checking his sheep (he's called daft Willie because he is a wee bit mad). He was terrified of us and we thought it was funny so we chased him through the fields. He was that daft, he fell into the sheugh. Willie was screaming like a wean. The next night the fairies and I went out and found Daft Willie again. We started chasing him! This time he ran into the forest. No one found him for three days. I think we might be the reason he is mad.

Daft Willie

by Lexi Mc Auley

‘Good night Willie!’ ‘Good night Mum.’ I am going through a forest and see these glowing lights. Ooh I think they are fairy-lights! Then, I hear little squeaks. Wait, are they... no they can’t be!!! Are they really fairies!!! I take a closer look but every time I do, they run away from my face. One little fairy comes up to me. ‘Hello.’ ‘Oh hello!’ When I speak the little fairy is blown away like a blizzard and scared. ‘What is your name?’ she squeaks. ‘Willie.’ ‘Oh what a nice name! My name is Aurora.’ ‘Oh, that’s a nice name.’ ‘May I just ask..... how did you get in here?’

‘Oh um..., I just did????’ I say scared. ‘That is not an answer!’ Aurora starts to pull out a knife. ‘Aurora?’ I ask. ‘Yes???’ She says in a creepy voice. ‘Are you ok?’ ‘Never better!!!!’ she says. Her eyes began to twitch. ‘Well I just thought you don’t seem ok.’ Suddenly, she begins to replace the sign: Fairy Land to: WORST NIGHTMARE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! And the worst part is it’s written in blood!!! ‘Can I just ask....?’ ‘Yes???’ she replies. ‘What kind of blood is that?’ ‘Oh, glad you asked!’ Her eyes are not twitching anymore. ‘It’s our best specialist and TASTIEST!!! blood.’ ‘Which is?’ I say scared. ‘HUMAN!!!’ Suddenly I see fairies all around with blood in their mouths!!! ‘I’m going to go now.’ I say suspiciously with a little laugh. ‘Oh, what a shame we were just getting started. Please stay for some tea!’ ‘Oh no I’m ok.’ ‘Ok!’ Now I’m back in the forest running as hard as I can thinking thousands of thoughts: Are they really fairies?

Then a sound interrupts me. Oh no, there is a wolf lurking in the shadows. But that isn't going to stop me! I run away faster! This is probably the fastest I've ever run!!! Oh no, someone is calling my name! 'Willie, Willie!!!' Could it be Aurora? 'Ow!' I'm now in a giant pothole. I won't stop falling. Oh no the voice is here again. It has slightly faded: 'Willie, Willie!!!' 'Ahh!' I'm now in my bed. Maybe Mum was calling me to get ready for school. Now I'm waiting for the school bus to appear. And I hear, AURORA???!!! 'This isn't over Willie!!!'

The Fairies

by Oisín Tinney

One night I was working on my crops and I saw a bunch of fairies dancing. I looked at them and they looked at me. I was so scared. They didn't stop staring at me. I ran home as quickly as I could. They chased me all the way home. When I got home, I locked the door immediately. Luckily, they lost me. The next day when I was getting firewood, I cut the tree down. Suddenly, a bunch of dancing fairies came out of nowhere and chased me down the road. I finally lost them. I was lucky!

Letter from America!

by Eden Doherty

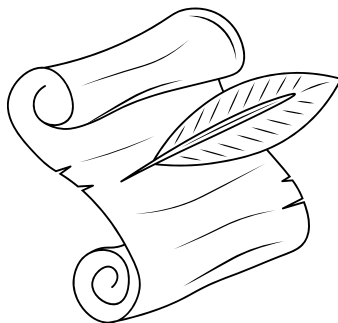
Dear Farrah D,

I'm writing to tell you about America. I miss you so very dearly.

How's Raisice? There is this animal that's really attached to me; it's called a snake. It might not be in Strabane but oh well. It's like a fish but really long, some of them have red eyes and their tongue is as red as my favourite bed sheets! The weather over here is so bad; it's always raining. There's this girl over there and she can't keep her neb out of anything! When it's not raining, we go and sit on a break with a burn streaming through. I think you would love it here! You should come visit sometime! If you come and visit you will have a chance to see the snakes - they can bite you if you get to close though!

Speak soon, Eden

Ps: send a letter to me once you get this – I miss hearing from you!



My Letter from America

by Hollie Logue

To Eden, Darcie and Amira

I miss living in Derry, my new hame is very eerie and I told my mother and father multiple times, but they call me thran. We have a new currency called dollars. There are a lot of daft annoying people. I live beside a brae. I dannered around a wee bit I also found a burn. I went to my new school, our topic is puddocks. Although the weather is nice here I miss the rain. All the weans have a group apart from a girl named Farrah. We red out sheughs together. I was sitting at a brae reading, it was beside a bad sheugh but I read there anyway as it had a nice view. My parents bought me two dogs Molly and Roxy. I gave up doing math; the teachers are eejits. Yesterday I was in a wee carriage. The horse that led us, I called her Nila. I got hame and I was in my treehouse. I saw how big my neighbours garden was. I saw weans playing outside; must be his grandchildren! They saw me and told him. He came out and told me to stop sticking my neb into his weans's business. I told him he is being daft. My room is pink and flower themed, but my brother's room is blue and football themed. We went out for dinner last night I had purties they were disgusting but I was forced to eat them!

I have to go now I will write to you later!

Yours sincerely, Hollie.

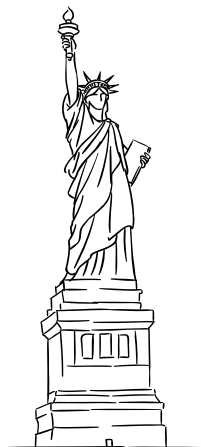
A Letter to James from America

by Cathair Gamble

To James,

I am at Merrymeeting Bay and I am feeling a wee bit homesick. I took myself a danner through a valley to cheer myself up and ended up falling down a brae and broke my arm. I felt right daft. After I had a visit to the hospital, we went a wee walk down Kennebeck-River. I saw something called a snake! It can bite venom into you which I find a bit strange. We told the weans to stay away from it. Now I'm hame and thought I'd write to you. I hope you're keeping well, write soon.

Yours, Cathair.



Letter from America

by Farrah Daly

Dear Eden,

I am writing a letter to you to let you know that I dreadfully miss you and I really wish I could see you in person. Although, I am also writing this to tell you all about America, I've come across many phenomenal sheughs and it has gotten me into a habit of constantly reading all the time! If you haven't already read some of these books from America, you definitely should! Anyways, the weather here is great, and the animals are all new to me!

I am currently living on a brae near a beach and there are so many flamingos! Flamingos are pink, eat fish and they are a flightless type of bird! As I was saying about the weather, it's super-hot in the Summer and freezing in the Winter, there's even a ween of snow! In the vast bright blue sky, I can always see lots of birds! Also, I've made some friends! One of them is called Hollie and she is very nice. I met her as I was on a wee walk with ... my NEW pet dog! Her name is Racie! She is so cute. She is so wee but has a big neb! Anyway, I think that's all I can really say about America, please write back because I'd love to talk to you more.

Yours sincerely, Farrah.

A Letter from America

by Mia Sinclair

Dear Jessica,

How are you? I know it has been a long time. I really miss you. How is the weather in Ireland? I have moved from a river to another river. Here at Merrymeeting Bay it is sunny but windy and I haven't felt so good. I have been really homesick. But I have found lots of wee puddocks, I found most of them near a sheugh. I wish you could see them; I think you'd find these American puddocks interesting! I just so dreadfully wish to see you. I met a wean called Emma. She is a farmer and a country girl, she's fun. But I miss you and enjoy your fun more! I have been begging to go home but all my parents say is NO. But oh, I can't forget to tell you about the strange fish in Kennebeck-River! It's a long fish that jumps from the burn! There's another strange animal, I think it is called a snake. It bites and some of them are venomous! If a venomous one bites you it could kill you. Even though I really miss Ireland, it has been a funny adventure here in America. It's starting to feel a wee bit like hame. It's really pretty but I miss you so much.

I hope I see you soon bestie,

Yours, Mia.

Letter to Arthur

by Jake Stevenson

Dear Arthur Morgan,

It's been a few weeks since I've seen you. I now live at Merrymeeting Bay near a river. It's nice in the countryside. We have a nice wee burn down the field and we have started to grow some purties. We have also started our own farm with lots of cows and bulls! We milk the dairy cows to get our milk. We don't have to go far from hame to get what we need. How are things with you? What's the weather like?

Write back soon, Jake.

A Letter Back Home

by Amira Neeson-Maguire

To Hollie and Darcie,

Hi! I'm sorry for leaving you - I really miss you and home. I'll write every week and want to call on the weekend, like a Saturday or something because I have swimming on a Sunday. America is very different from home. People talk funny and they say they can't understand a word I say. My parents have told me it won't be too long before we can try get back home! We will try to visit once a year maybe twice I don't know depends on whether mum and dad can get time off their new jobs. I can't wait for our visit. I will bring you something from America. Maybe a shell from the beach? Cause I know you like the beach. Hopefully, you guys still miss me too! Speak soon! Amira.

Adele's Irish Postcard

by Adele Vance

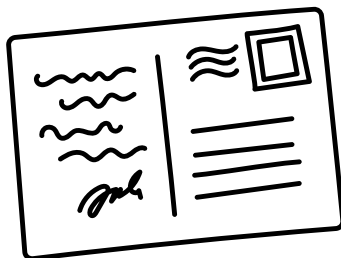
Wind Rose Cottage,
Merrymeeting Bay,
South Boston,
America.

11th May 1896

Dear Siobhan,

I miss Ireland and hame. America is daft! We are staying in a forest on top of a brae. I slipped on a puddock yesterday and landed in the burn so now I'm just resting. There are very wee things to do. Today I went to the park and met a wee wean but he was weird because he strangely dannert into the forest. I'm hungry so I'm going to eat my piece. Make sure to get some purties on the way hame from work. I hope to hear from you soon.

Love Adele xx



Dear Ollie

by Jack Meehan

Merrymeeting Bay,
South Boston,
America.
5th March 1897

Dear Ollie,

How's it going in Derry? How's your family doing?

Do you still like rounders? I can only play with my family. It's terrible in America. I miss everyone so much. The wean's at school tease me all the time. We miss eating purties every night. The food here just isn't the same. I walk up the brae sometimes. My favourite football went into sheugh I am missing it so much. I miss you Ollie I miss you so much!!! Please send me a letter soon.

Jack

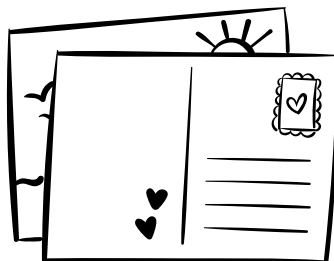
Dear Thomas

by James Brown

Brown Rose Cottage,
Boston River,
America.
3rd of May 1876

Dear Thomas,

I'm in Boston River eating a piece. I kinda miss Manor and all the things I love to do. I hate it here. I wish I could move back to Derry. I want to talk in person. I'm so lonely, there aren't many weans here. I'm in the middle of nowhere I can't play football like me, you and Jimmy used to do and there is a man called daft Willy. He's 56. He's is my oul boy's best friend and my oul doll's best friend. Please send back a letter. Well good bye my friend. James.



Dear Jo

by Ryan Glenn

Merrymeeting Bay,
South Boston,
America.

11th September 1892

Dear Jo,

America is nay good at all. I don't like it much and I want to come back hame. There is a wee cabin in the forest near where we live, at the bottom of the brae. There is a burn near the cabin. Around the burn there is always puddocks and a wheen o clocks.

I sat down to eat my piece and the clocks were annoying me. I stood up to swat them away and I fell in the sheugh. The muck and water was right up to my oxter. I hurt one of my lugs and cut my neb. It was a bad day. Where I live there aren't many weans and the ones that are here are a bit thran for my liking. I miss the lovely purties from back hame, nearly as much as you and my other friends.

Please write back soon.

Frae Ryan.

The Fairy House

by Laura Swierszcz

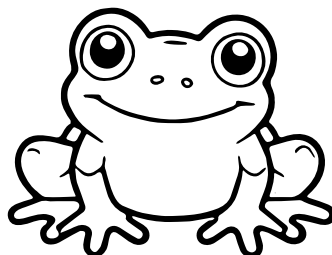
Once in a not so long-ago time period,
Lived a jolly little household of sióga,
Unfortunately, this household was without a house,
Now one day when the wee sióga were scavenging for food and/or
shelter,
They happened across a strangely luminescent black rock,
And as it was it seemed the perfect size to fit all six of our
protagonists,
But of course, these poor creatures were prone to misfortune,
So naturally this big old man came and snatched it up before they
could even find themselves from excitement,
And now a suffering, poor, cold, tired family of sióga are homeless
again,
Just because some selfish man wanted to inspire some daft numpty
little kids!



The Sheugh

by Sam Graham

One day I was going for a wee walk up the brae, when I found a deep burn and beside it an even deeper sheugh. I got in it and found a wheen o flowers. I picked them for my mum and while I was searching that sheugh, I found a strange looking puddock and wanted it as a pet. Now, I was only a wean so I brought it home and kept it, until it was big enough to survive on its own!



The Coffee Bean

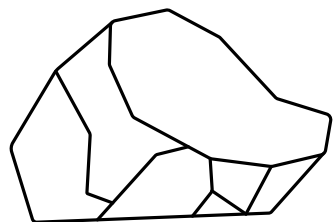
by Dylan McColgan

One day I was taking a wee stroll when I stumbled upon a big sheugh. I stuck my neb in to see what was in it! Inside of the sheugh was a capsule and inside of the capsule was a wee coffee bean. This wee bean looked a bit like the shape of a piece of cheese. I took it home and then I made a coffee with it then a wheen o mae cousins and friends walked in. They're all a bit thran, but I persuaded them to all drink the coffee. Then suddenly we all dropped dead except Josie for some reason...turned out she was a lug and couldn't be bothered to drink the strange coffee-like liquid.

The Mysterious Rock

by Mason Hornby

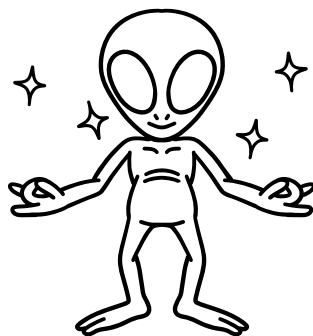
One day I was walking outside when this wee rock landed on my head. I looked over and it was my teacher Mr Martin that threw it at me – what an eejit. My friend came out also and another mysterious rock hit him in the head. Turned out, it was the same rock that landed on my head and I thought that it was the one that Mr Martin threw at me again! And there it was, that lug, Mr Martin laughing beside a bush. Then I heard someone at my door, and it was Daft Willie - he is a person that comes to my door every day and I am sick of it! So, I decided to tell him to get away now! He said he had something that was weird...you'll never believe what he gave me...he gave me the same mysterious rock. Then he disappeared and was never seen again.



The Story of an Alien Foot

by Cathair Gamble.

I was driving down a road in Donegal when I saw a light near the burn. It was strange because I never saw such a strange sight, so I pulled over. I wandered over to the burn and stuck my neb in for a nosy. I found what looked like a rock. But it was actually a 100,000-year-old alien foot from another galaxy! I was shocked! So, I picked it up and took it to a store – I thought I could get a lot of money for it. But I only got one penny and two purties for it! I was so angry I stormed out of the store before I wrecked the place! I took the rock with me and threw it as far from myself as I could (I hope it didn't hit anyone!)



The Talking Rock

by Robyn Grant

Once upon a time there was a rock in Donegal (the rock was a bit of an eejit). One day it rained on the rock, but it was magical rain that made the rock able to talk! The rock said he wished it wasn't raining (it rains all the time in Donegal!). So, he used his new magic powers to teleport to the desert, but there was a flash flood as soon as he got there! There happened to be a puddock in the desert. The rock said, 'Hello', but the puddock thought the rock was a snack and tried to eat him! To save himself, he teleported back to Donegal. When he got there, it was sunny – the rain had stopped! 'Hooray!' the rock tried to say, but without the magic rain he couldn't talk anymore. But he was happy he was hame on a warm, sunny day.

The Space Stone

by Sophia Kee

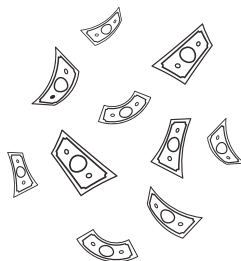
Today there was a strange wee rock that appeared in a brae in Donegal. People think it came from space! I got a look at it. The rock was shiny, big and hard. It was completely black like space. People say it's from space because it looks like nothing that we've ever seen before. Normally things don't come from space, which makes the whole thing hard to believe. Scientists are researching this item in particular. But I think that it is probably only painted glass. Maybe even a special type of stone? People say I'm only being thran. No one knows...



Rolling in Cash

by Kian Lindsay

So, one day I was walking down the road when I saw something fall from the sky. I went to investigate but all I heard was a humming sound coming from the bush. I stuck my neb into the bush to have a look and found a strange rock. I grabbed it and it stopped humming. I began running with it, but I dropped it! It rolled and fell into a burn. I went down there to get it back but it was being dragged away by the current. My only option was to get it at the other side, so I ran to the other side. But when I got to it a wee wean said it was his! Luckily, his ma pulled him away after it started glowing green and shaking. I bravely grabbed it and ran hame. The next day I took it to a museum. They said it was an alien egg! They demanded me to give it to them but I said 'No!' They snatched it from me, but I sued them. I got £200,000 and the rock and now I'm rolling in cash.



Poor Mr Martin

by Darragh Devine

One day an eejit with an extremely powerful ray gun arrived in Donegal. He shot a rock out of his gun and it went miles and miles into the sky. 1 billion years later it landed on Mr Martin's head and broke his neb.

A Mysterious Rock?

by Leo McCosker

One day this guy called Fred was driving a train. An eejit flying on a purtie-powered rocket blew up the train and Fred was blown to space at a whopping speed of 859,0273 MPH. Fred cracked his neb on a meteor and chipped it resulting in a part of it to fly to Earth. When it flew to Earth it landed with a splash in a burn in Donegal. A hungry puddock found it and ate it. Five hours later he pooped it out on the side of the road.

A Magic Rock

by Tillie-Marie Leitch.

One day, I found a 'rock' ...or so I thought! It was in fact a magic stone that had been left by a burn! So, I came along on a walk and picked the 'rock' up. At first, I thought it was a hat. 'I wonder what it is?' I said. 'Is it a hat?' Just as I said this, the 'rock' magically changed into a hat that kept my lugs warm! I was so surprised. 'Maybe it a shoe?' I said. So, magically it changed into a shoe! 'Wow!' I said, I was really amazed. I could do anything I wanted with this rock! There were so many possibilities! Then, just to make sure I wasn't dreaming, I pinched myself. 'Ow! I'm definitely not dreaming!' I took the rock home with me and kept it a secret.

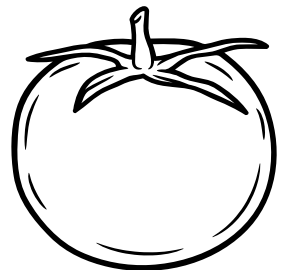
What a Tomato!

by Caleb Toner

One day, a Friday got a new lolly. He went to the tv and he met his sand. They started to play hat. It was great fun. Then Friday chickawacka the tomato. He was very pleased with himself!

Meanings

Car	<i>lolly</i>
Football	<i>hat</i>
Football pitch	<i>TV</i>
Man	<i>Friday</i>
Goal	<i>tomato</i>
Saved	<i>chickawacka</i>
Friend	<i>sand</i>



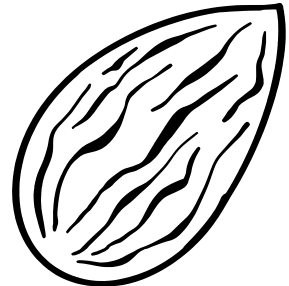
A Nut

by Dylan Middleton

One day I was going to McDonald's to get a nut. When I was walking, I saw a dude person at McDonald's. We started to chat and he was talking about his life. I said, "Do you want me to get you a nut?" He said. "Yes!". So, I bought him a nut and then I saw a super person robbing McDonald's. Then the dude person and I helped the police to get the super robber. Then the worker gave us free burgers for life.

Meanings

Nut	<i>burger</i>
Dude	<i>friendly</i>
Printer	<i>house</i>
Minecraft	<i>Push ups</i>
Super	<i>bad</i>



Tiny Tim

by Jack White

One day Tiny Tim saw a rock flying at him. He wondered to himself, is that my rock? Just then it hit him on the plane and he fell over. He immediately got back up and whispered the rock away. The rock hit another boy called Tim Cheese. Tim Cheese was Tiny Tim's road. Suddenly a big mac came along. Ronald McDonald was in the big mac eating a horse. Then Ronald MacDonald got out of the big mac and he said I'm going to the field for a swim. On the way there, he fell over and hit his plane. He cut his plane but he got straight back up and he was going mad. He ran away and he ran back to Tiny Tim. When Tiny Tim saw him, he asked him what happened and Ronald McDonald said he fell and hit his rock. Tiny Tim and Ronald McDonald started to play net together.

Meanings

Ball	<i>rock</i>
Head	<i>plane</i>
Kicked	<i>whispered</i>
Cousin	<i>road</i>
Big mac	<i>car</i>
Horse	<i>burger</i>
Water	<i>field</i>
Football	<i>net</i>

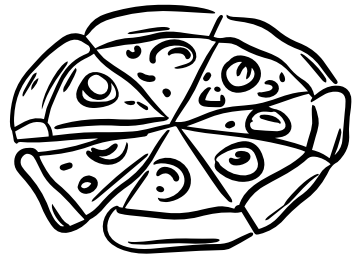
Story about Hat Pizzas

by Chloe Tinney.

My friend used his hat to get the itch off his back then he sat on his leather key. I bought organic glasses and a new bread. I saw a pizza in the barn.

Meanings

Hat	<i>a big back scratcher</i>
Key	<i>a big sofa</i>
Pizza	<i>a sheep that looks like a cow</i>
Glasses	<i>a can of sweetcorn and toes</i>
Bread	<i>a Spider-Man costume, Willy Wonka's chocolate bar ticket and rainbows and sunshines</i>



A Day in the Life of Gerald

by Ollie Bovaird

One fine sunny day, Gerald looked at his toe. ‘What the heck?’ he thought to himself. His toe was a blue mouldy shade and definitely didn’t look normal. He decided to cut it off! Gerald was hungry. He ate some fat pig.

Gerald decided to go into town to watch the Man Utd v Celtic game. He couldn’t believe it, but as he walked into the stadium, he saw a fake. The fake was Alejandro Garnacho. What a game! Man. Utd won 2-1. After the match, Gerald went for lunch. For lunch, he had a Big Mac. On his way home, Gerald went to the lettuce. Finally, he had a bacon and cabbage dinner and afterwards, with a nice cup of tea he had some aubergine. After a really good day, Gerald fell out of the clouds.

Meanings

Toe	<i>finger</i>
Fat pig	<i>eggs</i>
Fake	<i>footballer</i>
Big Mac	<i>Indian takeaway</i>
Lettuce	<i>shop</i>
Bacon and cabbage	<i>roast ham dinner</i>
Aubergine	<i>biscuits</i>
Fell out of the clouds	<i>fell asleep.</i>

The Book Who Found Clock

by Thomas Tinney

Once upon a time a book loved to drink cow. He sat at his cow's foot and ate his box. Afterwards, he went out to the light to check his sheep. As he crossed the light, he suddenly fell into a pen. At the bottom of the pen, was a pot of clock! He couldn't believe it!

Meanings

Cow	<i>tea</i>
Book	<i>old man</i>
Dinner	<i>box</i>
Pen	<i>hole</i>
Cow's foot	<i>table</i>
Yard	<i>light</i>
Gold	<i>clock</i>



Ulster-Scots Glossary.

Burn	<i>small river</i>
Brae	<i>hill</i>
Clock	<i>black beetle</i>
Daft	<i>foolish</i>
Danner	<i>wander</i>
Hame	<i>home</i>
Lug	<i>ear</i>
Neb	<i>nose</i>
Oxter	<i>armpit</i>
Piece	<i>sandwich</i>
Puddock	<i>frog</i>
Purties	<i>potatoes</i>
Sheugh	<i>ditch</i>
Thran	<i>stubborn</i>
Wean	<i>child</i>
Wee	<i>small</i>
Wheen	<i>few</i>



Brian Ó Nualláin - Flann O'Brien- Myles na gCopaleen
1911-1966

Clár Éire Ildánach
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