



CO. CLARE READING AND WRITING SCHEME MAGAZINE

ISSUE: 3

Warren's Winter

I wish it could be winter forever
Cold, strong winds blowing
White trees with no leaves
No heat, sunshine or blue skies.
Mind wide awake with crisp cold air
Kids laughing and screaming with joy
Skating on ice - footprints everywhere
Fields of snow, every fence, every tree
as white as can be, prints in silver filigree,
Mothers always knowing where we were
Because of footprints in the snow
Where the top of every bus, train
and wall is white. People dressed in
Duffle coats, Russian hats and gloves.
Darker evenings with hot soup before
the continuously smoking fires
I wish it could be winter forever.

Warren Campbell.

Cottage

It was a lovely cottage that
sat upon a hill it had a
half acre around it that my
grandad used to till.

Potatoes, carrots, cabbage
parsely, peas and all.

I can only just remember
it because I was very small.

But now the years have
gone by as I gaze upon
the hill but know there's
only grass there where
my grandad used to till.

Martin.

Macra Na Feirme

I have joined Macra na Feirme in Quin.
we meet every Wednesday night at 9.00pm.

We play football and hockey after the
meeting.

We go dancing and enter competitions.
We are going bowling next Friday night.
I enjoy the social life in Macra.

Christy Slattery

Sleepless Nights

I think that was my trouble, I went to the Christian Brothers. Their teaching method was to bash the learning into you. But I was stubborn. If they were going to beat it into me I was going to beat them by not learning. Of course in the end I got hurt doubly. I was beaten in school for not reading and writing and then when I came out of school I wasn't able to read or write.

At first it didn't matter to me that I couldn't read or write because I went into construction work and all I needed to use was a shovel. The first time I found it troublesome that I couldn't read or write was when I went into the bookies to make a bet. It was embarrassing trying to copy the name of the horse with people around. I could read enough to read the form of the horse but I couldn't read its name so I could never tell anybody which horse I thought was going to win.

When I was eighteen I started learning to read by myself with the newspapers but I never learnt to write because I had no necessity to.

Now I'm thirty. A year ago I got a job with a security company which entails driving around premises all night and checking there is nothing wrong. When an alarm goes off I have to fill in reports so I have to phone my wife to help me fill them in. As I work from 8.00 in the evening to 8.30 in the morning, five or six alarms could go off in the middle of the night and I have to phone my wife to spell what I write. She doesn't get much sleep. So I decided to learn to write and went to the Clare Reading and Writing Scheme. They gave me a test on reading and writing and found it incredible that I had taught myself to read to the standard which I can but I could not spell.

So I am being helped by a lady from Feakle and I am getting on very well. My first novel should be in the shops early next year.

M. Fittz Scott.

The Gulf War

WAR! It started over dirty oil.
Innocent people killed for nothing.
It is horrifying looking at the news ever day.
It should be stopped before we all die!

I think that Iraq should withdraw from Kuwait.
The only thing that people can do now is pray.

The U.N. knows that they have Saddam under pressure.
But if the U.N. keep doing this he will start using
chemicals which will kill hundreds of thousands.

The Americans have missiles on their aircraft so accurate
that it would shoot through an eye of a needle.
But they are using these bombs on factorys,
hospitals and homes. But they have stopped
the flow of oil. I only wish that this gulf war stopped
before it goes too far and the world might end.

Anon.

My Earliest Memory

My earliest memory is the day I made my first Holy Communion, it was a really special day for me. My mum washed my twin and I the night before. I was up with my mother the next morning. Then my grand-auntie came in. My grandmother came down to help my mother dress us.

I had a lovely white dress and veil, black shoes, my feet were so small my mother could not get white ones to fit me. My grandad bought my bag, my nana bought my beads.

My brother Donal wore a lovely blue suit, with a double breasted jacket, gold buttons. My mother wore a suit, brown dress, brown sleeveless jacket. My dad wore brown slacks, with a double breasted cardigan.

My younger brother Brian wore grey slacks and a blue blazer. My grandad wore a blue suit with a wine sleeveless jacket.

My grandmother came with us to the Church in our car. My grandmother sat with me in the Church as she was my God Mother. We both held the candle. Then my grandmother walked with me to the rails. My father walked with Donal. My Nana kept smiling at me then she started to cry.

My brother got sick when he received. After Mass we went to the convent to have some photos taken with my mum, dad, brother and then with Nana and Grandad.

After, I remember my grandad and uncle Patrick swinging me by the hands up to my Nan's saying how pretty I was. Then we went down to the Haven Arms. When I think about that day it makes me cry because the two people I loved very dearly are now gone.

Marie O'Shea.

Mary Robinson

Mary Robinson is married with three children. In the past she worked as a lawyer and she helped many people with their problems. Her husband is called Nick. Before the Election, the Robinsons lived in Ranelagh. She is a good woman for the women of Ireland. She will live in the park for seven years. I would like to wish her luck as Seventh President of Ireland.

Fiona.

Budget

The Budget Day was wednesday
January 30th 1991.

The DAIL moved into line with
other parliaments, it went out
live for the first time as
Finance Minister Albert Reynolds
delivered his third budget.

T.D's got used to the idea of
having cameras around them. The
budget is going to affect people's
daily lives and lifestyles.

Tax on fuel, light, power, clothing
and footwear. For many families
around the country, standards of
living may rise and people on Social
Welfare remain in poverty. The Budget
leaves people no better off.
Glenroe needn't fear losing the top
spot.

Fiona.

My Car

My car is a Ford escort.
I have it for a year and a half.
It is ten years old.
It is good but it is heavy on petrol.
I service it myself.
I change the oil and put in
new plugs and points. I also
put in a new oil filter. I can
change a wheel when it is flat.
Sometimes I drive to Limerick
and Cork. I like driving.

Christy.

Soccer

I am very interested in games especially in Soccer. I followed the World Cup on television every day. I enjoyed it all. I was delighted that Ireland played so well. We were all proud of them.

I play soccer with the lads. We love the games. I read the sports page on the paper. I would like to be a good player.

Robert.

Clarecastle

I'm living in Clarecastle for ten years.
I used to live in Ennis but I got married
to Mary from Clarecastle and I got a
house there. I like to live there because
the people are friendly and
there is a good school and there is
a Scout hall for the kids.

Mary likes it because she is living
near her mother and sister.
I like it because I'm near the pitch
and put.

Chris K.

Dublin City Talent

The Dublin City Talent contest took place last Sunday the 20-1-91. It was run by Dublin Macra na Feirme.

The County final was held in Newmarket that night. Quin took first prize in disco dancing.

I was part of that team. I also took part in solo singing. I came fourth in it. We now go forward to the Regional Finals in the disco dancing.

Christy S.

Scattery Island

Scattery is an island about two miles from Cappa. You can get there by canoe from Alveroo. People used to live there years ago but they all died. There are goats on the island and they're used for breeding.

People from Kilrush go there hunting rabbits and catching live rabbits with ferrets and nets. The ferrets are bred in Ennistymon and my friend has two. The ferrets are muzzled, nets are put over the burrows and the ferret goes into the burrow, the rabbit runs out and gets caught in the net. You sell the rabbit to the farmers with greyhounds and they use them for running the hounds.

You are not allowed to shoot on Scattery Island because it's private. The rats on Scattery are as big as rabbits.

Joe.

Ann Marie

My name is Ann Marie. I have been
with the Clare Reading and Writing Scheme
8 months. Since I joined the scheme
I have learned a lot and got a lot
more confidence in myself.

I arranged a trip to Belfast with
Co-Operation North and other schemes.
It took up some time but I didn't mind.

We went to Belfast for a weekend in
November. We had a great time.
I think everybody learned a lot.

I went on a trip of Belfast.
It was very interesting. I also
got involved in computers and when
I got home I started a computer course.
I am learning a lot.

Everything in Belfast is different
but we could learn a lot. I would
like very much to go back again.

Leaving Home

I remember the day well. It was the first Monday in December. I was going to Kent, outside London. I had got a job working in an old folks home. I had been unemployed here in Ireland.

I got up early that morning to spend that few precious hours with my family. That morning seemed to fly; every song that was played on the radio was sadder than the next.

I tried so much to put on a brave face. I didn't want to cry because it would upset my mother.

My father said goodbye to me early in the morning. He gave me a wonderful present, a bottle of holy water, he was crying as he said goodbye.

My mother, two brothers and my sister came to Limerick with me. We got to Limerick at 1.30. My coach was leaving at 3.30. We went into a restaurant to have something to eat. The talk was small, just friendly. We did not talk much about the past we were all too hurt and lonely deep down.

My mum cried a lot, it was so hard to sit there and watch the tears stream down her face. Then the time came to go on the coach. I thought my heart would break. I was leaving someone I loved with all of my heart, someone who had always been there for me. I kissed my two brothers, my little sister, I could not bear to kiss my mother for the last time, it was tearing me right down to the bottom of my heart. I kissed and hugged her. I just could not bear to let her go. My mother just held me close and cried. She said something to me I shall never forget "I love you, Marie". I wanted so much to just turn around and go back home.

I missed my mother so much I was back again in April. That was the happiest day of my life when my mother was in Limerick to meet me.

I swore I would never leave my mother again.

Marie.

Connemara

Some day I would like to go to
Connemara for a holiday. I would
like to see the beautiful landscapes
and bogs, which are very special to
Ireland. I want to meet the people who
live there, and see the way they live.

I would also like to listen to the way
they speak and hear all their old stories.
There are lovely views of mountains and
lakes and the air is very fresh and
clean. Many of the houses are very
isolated and very far apart.

David.

Myself

My name is Kevin and I live in
Kilrush, Co. Clare.

There are five in my family,
three girls and two boys and
my mother is having another baby.

My hobbies are fishing, soccer,
swimming and football.

Kilrush is a nice place to live in.

The beach is only 8 miles from
where we live.

There is a car ferry five miles away.
It goes across to Kerry.

That is all about myself and the
place I live in.

Jogging

I went for a jog on Sunday.
It was a beautiful day.
The sun was shining and the
birds were singing. It really
felt like Spring. I was thinking
how lucky I am to have my health
as other people aren't as
fortunate. Jogging is a very
strenuous sport, you have to work
up to it gradually. Starting off
with one mile first day gradually
building up to a few miles a
couple of times a week. It takes
a while to get into jogging but it's
well worth it in the end.

Nuala.

Me

I live in Kilrush, Co. Clare.
I am 14. I have one brother and one sister,
one father and one mother.

My hobbies are swimming and thunder
and lightning.

I have one dog and no cat.

I used to go to the Tech.

My height is 5'2". I do not
like being grounded when all my
friends are having fun.

My name is Francis.

Francis.

Return to School

I started going to school again just before Christmas and I'm really enjoying it. My teacher is Ann Costello and she is very nice. She makes me feel relaxed and I find it helps me concentrate on my lessons. I look forward to going to school each Monday. My teacher travels some miles to meet me on Mondays so in all I find going to Adult Education classes very nice.

The name of the school is Springfield House, Harmony Row, Ennis. My lessons are in reading, spelling, subtraction, counting and also pronunciation.

I am glad to have a chance to go to school and educate myself as it is important to be able to read and write as I hope to get a job later on. It is great to have a chance. Everyone should take the chance while the opportunity is going.

Phil.

Love

Love is a four lettered word
hard to find hard to keep
LOVE
meaning of love nobody will know.
The four lettered word
LOVE
will anybody know the meaning
of love?
the four lettered word
LOVE
does it mean heartbreak
or
does it mean heart love.
Nobody will know the full meaning
of four lettered word
LOVE

Catherine.

Mike

My name is Michael.
I like singing and I like working.
I like going to dances when ever I can.

Sometimes I like playing pool

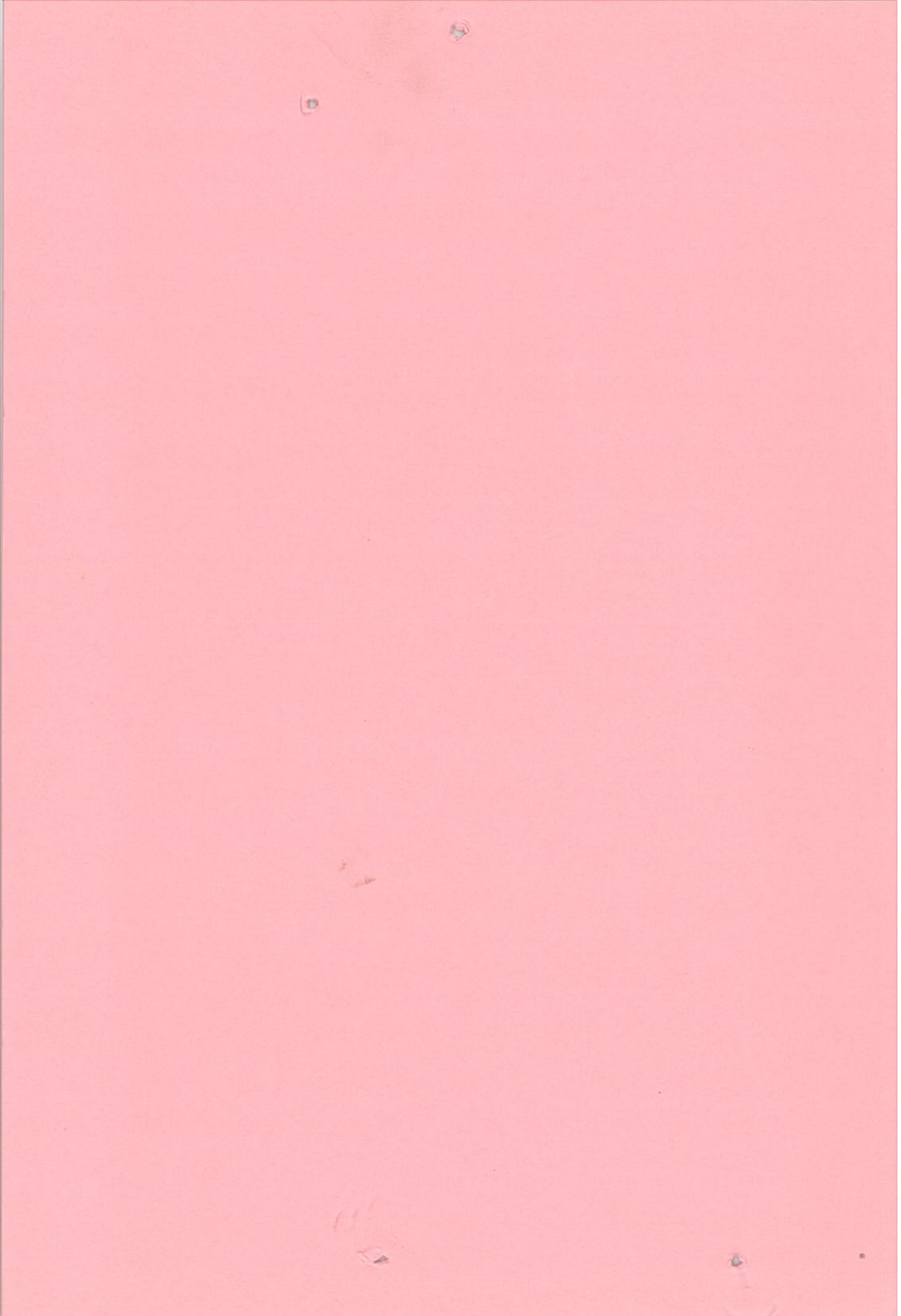
I work five days a week, I get two weeks
holidays in the Summer. For one week I
go to the Isle of Man. The second week I
spend my time at home with my family and
going different places with my friends.

Nan

Nan's life is one of poverty, isolation devoid of human contact. The lines on her face are like a written history, visibly showing the years of hardship she has endured. She lives in a tenement house which was abandoned years ago. The walls of the house are damp and the windows and doors let in drafts. Nan too feels abandoned. Abandoned by a world who doesn't seem to care, sometimes her tears mix with the falling rain as she pushes her heavy burden of firewood homewards.

Firewood is the only source of heating Nan can afford. her days of holding on to a steady job have long past. The only source of income she has now is the pension. She finds it difficult to collect it. It's hard to get up in the mornings. Then there's the fast cars, her judgement isn't as good as it used to be. The fear of being attacked and robbed is a constant obsession. Nevertheless Nan carries on as best she can collecting her pension and storing up firewood. The rest of the world immune to her plight. Nan sleeps more now, she finds if she sleeps a while longer it will help her muster up enough strength to get up. They found Nan in her bed, she hadn't shown up for her pension.

William.



**DO YOU, OR DOES SOMEONE YOU KNOW,
NEED HELP WITH READING AND
WRITING?**

IF SO, CONTACT

(065) 24819

IN CONFIDENCE

**TUITION CAN BE ARRANGED ANY TIME
AND ANY PLACE IN CLARE**

Vocational Education Committee