

# *Chicklit 2018; Winter Edition*

*Editor: Liadhain Quaid*



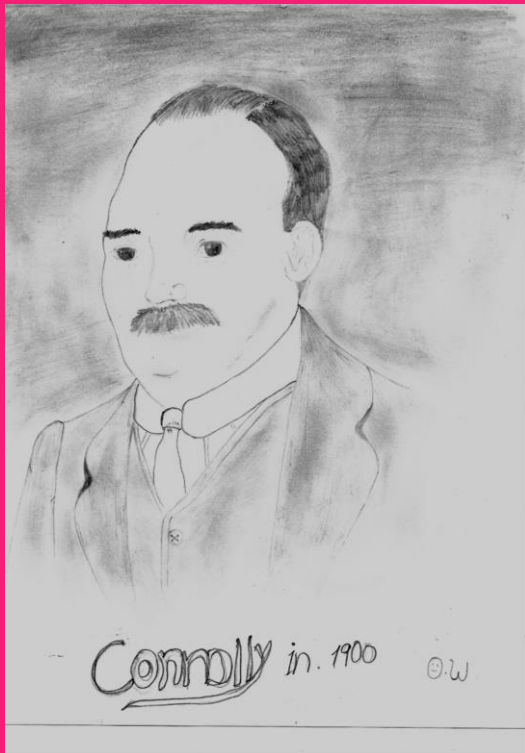
By Oisín Wernick

Five range  
Learning

## Welcome back!!

Hi everyone and welcome back to Chicklit, the winter edition. Thank you to everyone who once again sent in great articles to the chicklit. I have noticed that the same names keep popping up, so those who were hibernating for winter please wake up for the spring edition. Remember, we can't do it without you. To make Chicklit happen we need submissions from YOU!!!! You made this chicklit great so enjoy reading it. Also, look out for cartoons by *Theo Monaghan* along the way. Also send your submissions to [dequaid@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:dequaid@yahoo.co.uk)

Liadhain xx



➤ JAMES CONNOLLY  
BY OISÍN WERNICK

# A Home Ed Riding Instructor

By Rhiannon Kramer, Age 13

As some of you already know, I love horse riding. And recently, I was staying with my friends, when they went to visit their friends, and I came too. They're home educating, and the mother is a skilled riding instructor and owns nine horses! We rode some of the horses, played with the kids and had a great time, and I hope to go back soon. Here are some photos of me riding "Polly"



❓ Two-thirds of the people on Earth have never seen snow.



CHEEKY

## Free the dogs

One day in the pound there were three dogs called Fluffy, Raft and Hop. They were planning to escape from the pound.

‘We’ve got to free all the other dogs,’ said Raft.

‘Nah, they are fine here,’ said Hop licking an Ice-cream off the floor.

They went to the wise dog’s cage to see if he could help them.

‘Doctor, do you think you could help us blow down that big door?’

‘Hmmm, let me see. I could make you have laser eyes, so you can break the door... or I can make you fly out the window and open the door from the outside ... or you could just use the dog door.

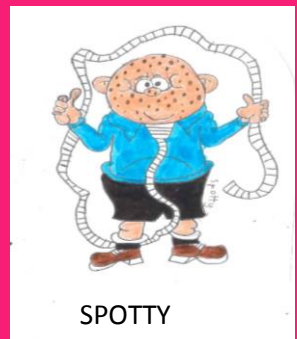
‘What! There is a dog door?!’ said fluffy.

‘Yes, it’s always been there,’ said the doctor.

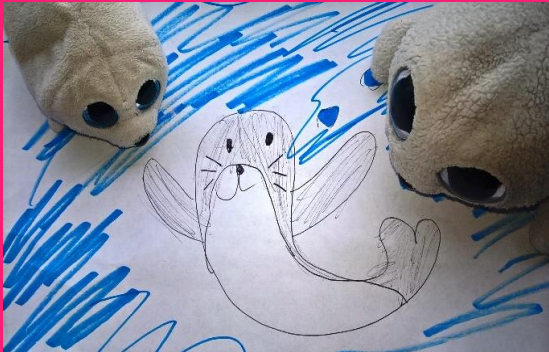
‘Ok, we have to go,’ said Raft.

When they got out, Raft went and got the keys to all the cages and set the dogs free. All the dogs ended up with new families and had many more adventures together.

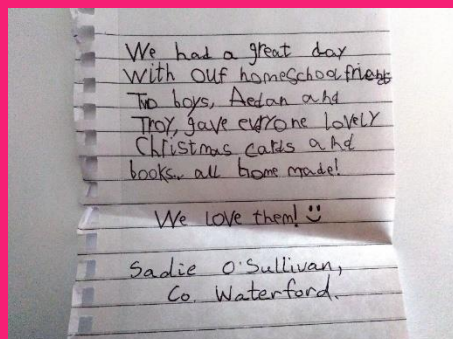
**By Hudson McCauley.**



**by Sadie O'Sullivan (age 9):** This is a photo of me and the teddy seals, a lot of them are my sister's. I love the seals. We have a book called Whales, Dolphins and Seals, I think it is very good! I like drawing pictures of seals, here is a photo of two seals looking at one of my drawings.



One of the lovely home-made Christmas card and books Sadie and Holly received from their friends, Aedan and Troy. The second photo is Sadie's letter about this lovely gift.



## ***Poetry by Lucy Hood***

### ***The thing I hate about feet***

I loathe touching my feet together.

The sensation is sticky and hot.

If they're pressed over a minute,

I fear they will turn to rubber,

But that's a silly thing to hate really.

Much worse things happen in the world.

### ***A nightmarish evening***

White light danced on the blank ceiling.

As she swished the torch from side to side.

The covers of her duvet trembling with the hand clutching the torch.

Worry swirled in her head as she flicked the torch at a window.

The window which had messed up this wonderful evening by pressing  
a chilling blood streaked face against the glass.

Celtic Chickens by Lucy Hood





## ***Chicken's eye***

I looked close into a chicken's eye one day, and what a sight lay before me!

Rather than an orange circle sporting a black dot, I saw a landscape of beauty.

The colours were far from bland, striking I would say!

Flame coloured and sparkling bright, forming their own display.

Of oranges, greens and yellows, leaping to my eye.

Dancing to the centre, they suddenly fade and die.

For the black dot lives there, right in the centre.

Looking dull and plain but holding the speck of light which gives the chicken its character.



This picture is inspired by the work of a friend, Valentina Azzini (you can check her out online here <https://www.valentinazzini.it/>) - she often layers backgrounds and adds elements on top. I have decided to call it: "**CREATIVITY IS KEY**". BY **REBECCA DORIGO**.

- Going to work is statistically three times more dangerous than war

## The 1916 workshop I would recommend and why... By Grace Wernick

This month we were fortunate to host an interesting and interactive event. Dave Swift, from the Heritage in schools' schemes, (which we would highly recommend to all HEN members with primary aged children) presented the happenings of 1916 from a whole new angle. Dave made it interesting by being funny and he had some very intriguing elements to his collection of uniforms, bandoliers, firearms, grenade shells, (all disarmed!) And written items all from that time. Some originals and some replicas.

The part I found most interesting was when he showed us a copy of the proclamation of Independence and how it called both men and women of Ireland, which was quite progressive. Dave also told us how to spot one of the first copies printed as some of the letters were changed, as they were hand printed And they had to be done in a hurry. Part of an O was cut out to form a C and wax was added to a P to form an R, there is also an upside-down e at the bottom. Dave asked us questions at the end and the three of us that answered correctly are in the picture! All in all, it was a great day. As a family we also paid a visit to Seán Mac Diarmada's family home in Leitrim, which is an original thatch cottage. In the house there was a really cool thing called a settle bed, were they apparently hid some people when the British came to visit. Most importantly we saw his last letter to his family from Kilmainham Gaol, that aspect was extremely sad. Personally, I found everything really interesting. If you're ever in the area I think that you should take a look.



(Left to Right): Theo Monaghan,  
Grace Wernick, Aoibhe Jordan.





## Volunteering by Enya Quaid

My family has always been involved in voluntary work so lately I decided to volunteer and do some charity work locally. In the past I have helped my granny, working in a charity shop, I have fundraised for different causes such as tsunamis, playing music with my siblings and something else which I enjoyed immensely was playing cards (or gambling as some people put it) with the elderly members of our community. In October this year we decided to fundraise for a new playground in our local town Carnew. Myself, two of my sisters and a friend got together and busked on the main street as a quartet. Unfortunately, our choice of day was not great, and it was drizzling almost all morning. We played for an hour and as half despite the rain and raised a total of almost €200

Slightly more recently I got involved with team Hope to help with the Christmas shoeboxes. TEAM HOPE is an organisation which helps and supports children in Africa and Eastern Europe. At Christmas time they collect and deliver shoeboxes to these poorer countries. The content guideline for each shoebox is something to WRITE, WEAR, WASH and WOW. I really enjoyed helping with the shoebox appeal. It was great fun when all the shoeboxes were collected, and I went to the warehouse in Wexford to help check the contents and pack the large boxes to be sent off to Africa. I'm hoping to help out next year as well. I find volunteer work a very enjoyable way to give back to the community.



# The Ong's in Ethiopia

Hiya all, for those who don't know me my name is Seamus Ong and I'm 16 years old living in Dublin. Last October myself, my sister Mary Aoife and mother Mary went to Ethiopia to do charity work. We went to a town called Ambo which is two hours away from the capital city Addis Ababa. Ambo is up in the Ethiopian Highlands and is roughly 1,800 meters above sea level. We were staying in a compound with the Vincentian missionary priests. Also, in the compound was the KG kindergarten school. This school was built by Margaret Anne O'Brien who is a member of the travelling community in Ballyfermot, she raised funds for the school back here in Ireland. Margaret Anne came along with us and when we were over there the opening of the school took place by Margaret Anne and Father Stephen Monaghan (one of the priests). Across the road there was the Ambo deaf school which is also run by the Vincentians and funded by the people of Ireland. Every day myself and Mary Aoife would go over and help in the deaf school by teaching some of the grade one students to write, count and do a bit of art! While we were over there, we also visited the leprosy project and social housing. The Social housing was built by the Vincentians and seven families live there. These people are extremely poor, and their houses are mud houses with the families sharing the same kitchen and toilets. Despite this extreme poverty, the people are extremely happy and have a very positive outlook on life. This really made me think despite the Irish people having so much we really are not as happy as the Ethiopian people who have so little. This was fantastic trip that we embarked on as it was extremely eye opening and such a great experience. Back now in Ireland we are working with Margaret Anne raising funds for another class room for the children in kindergarten so it's all busy here. If has any fundraising Ideas or would like to help out (you could even sponsor a child) don't hesitate to contact me on 083 488 3284. I would highly recommend for anyone who would consider doing charity work in another country to go - it's a great experience and you will really enjoy it. Seamus Ong





Going for a walk in Ambo!



Mammy with children on the street



Seamus in the deaf school



Mary Aoife in the Social Housing



Learning the alphabet in the KG school



A typical kitchen in Ambo

## Christmas Market by Marcus Clancy

Sometime ago we started a company called Cregg View Crafts and we decided to make some things for a stall at our local Christmas market. My sister Lillian made lots of bunting and we made snowflakes from beads and bookmarks from recycled Christmas stamps. We also took over mummy's kitchen on Saturday to make lots of gingerbread men, they were our best sellers, they were all sold out by lunchtime. We sold nearly everything we made. We were all really happy and tired by the end of the day.

Here is a picture of our stall.



### FUN FACTS

- **Want to know a useful way to recycle your Christmas tree?** Some zoos take donated Christmas trees and use them as food for the animals.
- Otters sleep holding hands.
- If you started with \$0.01 and doubled your money every day, it would take 27 days to become a millionaire.
- If you sneeze too hard, you can fracture a rib.

## **Apple and Orange get along.**

One day in the back of the fridge, Apple lay minding his own business, when out of nowhere Mrs Orange rolled over. 'Ouch!' said Apple. 'What are you doing past the butter! We made a deal that the other side of the butter is your side and this side is my side.' 'Oh yes, I'm sorry Apple, I forgot'. 'How did you forget? You did the same thing yesterdays' then, I won't do it tomorrow. I'd better be on my way.' said Mrs Orange. When Mrs Orange left, Apple felt lonely sitting at the back of the fridge. He did not like it because it was dark and lonely. You might be wondering why Apple did not like Mrs Orange. Well, one day they were having great fun playing hide and seek. But then Mrs Orange and Apple's sister were hiding at the front of the fridge. Apple's sister rolled back and fell out of the fridge! Mrs Orange tried to save her, but it was too late. But Apple does not know that she tried to save his sister. So that is why Apple does not get on with Mrs Orange. Mrs Orange has said sorry so many times, but Apple does not listen. Later that day Mrs Orange came over to Apple's side. 'What are you doing here?' asked Apple. 'I came here to say sorry and that I tried to save your sister. 'How come you never told me that you tried to save my sister?' 'Because I thought you would not believe me.' 'I do believe you, it's just, back when it happened, I said to my Mom and Dad that you probably tried to save her because that's the kind of orange you are. But they said that you pushed her and rolled away. 'I would never do that!' exclaimed Mrs Orange. 'Are we friends again?' 'Yes, if you forgive me for being mean to you all this time.' said Apple. 'Yes, I forgive you. 'A few days passed by and Apple and Mrs Orange were friends again. They shared their sides of the fridge with everyone. Now the fridge does not feel as dark and lonely any more.

***By Ysault McCauley***

WILFRID





we got a  
kitten in October  
his name is  
Catfiáin,  
Holly O'Sullivan  
Co. Waterford.



From Holly O'Sullivan:

There are two photos: One of Sadie and Holly's kitten, Catfiáin. The second photo is Holly's letter about their kitten, that they got in October.



Submission 2 by Holly O'Sullivan (age 7):

My sister and I went to Airtastic in August. Here is a photo of me on the giant airbag. I have four teddy seals. Here is a photo of three of my seals.





D	E	C	O	R	A	T	I	O	N	S
E	G	H	O	L	L	Y	E	D	P	N
C	K	R	U	D	O	L	P	H	R	O
E	M	I	S	T	L	E	T	O	E	W
M	Q	S	A	N	T	A	Z	B	S	M
B	E	T	H	L	E	H	E	M	E	A
E	V	M	J	U	F	I	R	E	N	N
R	P	A	W	A	D	V	E	N	T	Y
H	I	S	T	A	R	Y	T	X	S	F

DECORATIONS  
HOLLY

SANTA

FIRE

STAR

PRESENTS  
IVY



DECEMBER  
RUDOLPH

MISTLETOE

BETHLEHEM

ADVENT

SNOWMAN

CHRISTMAS

13th December 1916

Dear Father

*Wish you were here. Christmas will be no fun at all without you. We've got ever such a big tree but it isn't as festive as it should be.*

*How is the war? Tyler runs around shouting BOOM and saying, Shoot the Hun, but I know that really wars is no fun at all? I am saving up for some things to send you.*

*I know you will be hungry in the trenches, and that food and tobacco will be the best present of all.*

*Hope to see you soon,*

RONNY

---

### **3 o'clock, 13th December 1916!**

I stared out of the window. Now that I'd written to Father, I didn't know what to do. I felt oddly sad. Poor Father, out in the cold, miserable trenches, while we back home ate mince pies and sung carols.

"Hey, did you hear what Mother said!?" said Tyler, barging into the room. "For Christmas..."

"Tyler!" yelled Mother from the parlour "Don't you dare spoil the surprise!"

Tyler giggled and ran out. Shortly, the whole house rang with 'Si-silent night' screeching on the whistle, loud enough to wake the dead.

Then I felt sick. Why did I have to think of *dead*? That had been my fear all along, that Father wouldn't come back home alive.

And the 'surprise'. That just made it worse. No matter what anyone said, I hated them. It was just a secret kept from you. Just giggling and whispering and pointing behind your back. Father didn't have to deal with that at least.

"Ronny! Come and post your letter to Father!"

### **10 o'clock, 18th December 1916**

Johnny Smith breathed a sigh of relief. The gunshot had stopped, for tonight at least. He reached into his pocket and brought out the letter he'd received earlier in the day. He opened the crumpled envelope.

'Dear Father,' he read.

He smiled a sad smile as he finished the letter. His son was right. The war was rotten. But he was wrong about one thing. Food and tobacco, though it was nice, would not have been his best present. Oh no. It would have been something else entirely. The END of this horrible war. He woke to hear the first gunshots and earth-shaking BOOMS of the shells and grenades. He saw a young soldier whispering to the man in the bed next to him, something about “*Christmas leave*” and “*Seven days, starts today.*” Then the soldier moved on to his bed. When he heard the news Johnny could have shouted with joy. Now he could give his son the thing he wished for.

## 5 o'clock, 25th December 1916

I sat back, stuffed with roast goose, potatoes, bread sauce, and Christmas cake. I couldn't think of anything more I wanted, except, of course... No, I wouldn't spoil the evening with *that* thought. “Now,” said Mother, looking at her watch, “should be time for the *surprise*.” I sighed but looked at her expectantly. Seconds later, the doorbell rang. Tyler ran to answer it. And there, in the doorway, stood a figure I knew all too well. But it couldn't be.... could it? And he opened his arms... and I was running, and I buried my face in his army uniform.... “Father!” I shouted. “Oh, Father!”

THE END



By *Theo Monaghan*

## Fun Facts about the Number 9

- I was thinking of something interesting to write about, Dad said why not write about something you like? So, I thought I would talk about the number nine. Nine is my favourite of all the numbers for a few reasons:
- No1. 9 is the last number before double digits.
- No 2. All the 9 times table add up to 9, for example: 9 18 27 36 45... $1+8=9$   $2+7=9$   $3+6=9$   $4+5=9!$
- No 3. When dividing by 9 the answer is always one higher than the digit in the ten's place of the numerator. For example:  $36/9=4$  so 4 is one higher than the 3, which makes doing maths very quick!
- No 4. When skip counting by 9 the units go down and the tens go up, like this: 9 18 27 36 45 54 63 72 81 90.

That is all I have on nine for now. Have a cosy winter, Lillian



BY THEO  
MONAGHAN

# FOR HONOUR, LOYALTY AND BUDGIES.

Topaz was hopping along the trees of the Serengeti. She loved her home, the food there, the sun, and the vast open space of the plains. Then she saw a delicious fruit on the ground. She jumped of her perch and glided down to it. But as she landed on the ground, the fruit disappeared into thin air! Topaz looked around, confused. *Where did Heat g-* But before she could finish that thought, a huge lion leaped on top of her! She was about to scream when...*Clank, clank! Whirr, beep!* She woke up. For a second, she didn't know where she was, but then she recognised it. *A cage. Tiny. Hardly any food. And so many more budgies.....*The five other budgies in the cage trudged over to the machine that gave them their food and pecked at the bowl slowly. *I'd better go over before those birds eat all the seeds,* she thought as she hopped to the bowl as well. The other budgies went back to their corners, leaving one tiny seed ball for her. That was all they got, each day. She grabbed the ball in her beak and bit into it. She finished it in roughly 2.4 seconds. And as she looked out the bars of the cage, staring at the thousands of other cages, all containing millions of budgies, she couldn't help wondering a question she'd been asking for the months she'd been here. *How will I get out of this place?* Later that day, as she was just dozing off to sleep and the dragon with the glittering ice claws was doing his rounds, she heard a loud *clank*. A machine whirred as something brownish-green pressed a single button, and a cage door opened. The ice-clawed black dragon whirled around, catching two budgies flying out of their cage. **ROARRRRR!!!!** he shouted and lunged for one of the budgies with an unbelievably long net. The first budgie in the lead screeched pitifully and tears flew off his wings and body. The bird that was caught tried to escape but there was no chance for her. The first budgie disappeared into the sky, with dragons as black as the night sky gave chase.

This was the end for all budgies of the Serengeti Storms clan, the largest clan in the world, making up 93% of the entire budgie population. Except for him. Topaz knew that. She was a seer and could see thousands of years into the future. Right then she had a vision.

Maybe they really would all be saved?

By Alice Hooke

Hi to all the Home Edders.

My Name is Ellie and I am 14 years old and have been home educated for 3 years now. I just wanted to tell you about my home ed journey. I used to be in mainstream education but that didn't work out for me, being treated like sheep. I find Home education is a brilliant way to reach my full potential and achieve things that could never be achieved at school. I love this way of life being outside in nature and learning different skills while out for the day with other Home Edders. I have met lots of families through Home Education throughout Ireland and other countries sharing different cultures and providing a diversity to learning different skills and opportunities that I would never had...

Ellie 😊



Merry Christmas to everyone from *Siadhain xx*