

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

Challenging Prejudice and Celebrating Diversity

Creative writing
by Ms. Little's
class

St. Nicholas
Montessori
Primary School,
Dún Laoghaire

Paul moritz Pinter Zulekha Guseynzade

Thomas Caligari Matilde Farias Arrieta

Inès Lebot Adam Brnak Miguel Ferrin
Gea

Rowan Doyle Leah Rogacheva

Tabitha Corrigan

annalisa Macari

ADA Sharkey 🇮🇪

Sadhbh Hughes

Román gomes
Ramirez

Ariene sereda

Scott
Clarke
Guertain

Lauren
Gibney

Henry van dan Bergh





FOREWORD

It gives me great pleasure to write a foreword for this wonderful series of books that challenge prejudice and celebrate diversity in so many vibrant and thought-provoking ways. Our dynamic libraries in Dún Laoghaire-Rathdown always strive to be catalysts for the imagination, thereby encouraging and inspiring creativity. What better way than through such an inclusive and stimulating creative writing project devised by author Debbie Thomas between Winter 2021 and Spring 2022.

Debbie is a best-selling writer of five children's books, and she runs creative writing and story workshops in all sorts of places from schools and libraries to hospitals and direct provision centres. She is currently the Writer in Residence at Crumlin Children's Hospital and she loves encouraging children to write for fun. She uses creative writing to explore this world and other worlds and to highlight and celebrate **A World of Difference.**

A big thank you to Debbie, all the class teachers and school principals and most especially the enthusiastic and endlessly creative students at All Saints, Blackrock, Monkstown Educate Together, Oliver Plunkett School, Monkstown, Our Lady of Mercy, Booterstown, St. Joseph's National School, Tivoli Road and St. Nicholas Montessori, Dún Laoghaire.

I know you will enjoy reading these powerful poems and stories and the accompanying artwork as much as I did!

An Cathaoirleach Councillor Lettie McCarthy
February 2022





INTRODUCTION

Creative writing is a powerful weapon against prejudice. Stories and songs, poems and plays help us step into other people's shoes and see the world from different points of view. In two workshops during the spring term of 2022, Ms. Little's class explored the causes of, and cures for, prejudice. They empathised with weird creatures and imagined the story behind a photo. They stepped inside the wolf's fur as he huffed and puffed and blew pig-houses down, and they observed the earth as aliens. You can read their wonderful work here.

Congratulations to all the authors who participated so well over Zoom. Many thanks to Aisling Little for facilitating so patiently through a screen. And finally, a huge thank you to Dr. Marian Keyes, Senior Executive Librarian at dlr LexIcon, tireless champion of all things creative and the queen of can-do. It's been a privilege to work with you all.

Debbie Thomas
February 2022

IF I WERE...

One of the keys to fighting prejudice is understanding and empathising with others. And while some people might seem very different – perhaps they speak another language or wear different clothes – that’s nothing compared to some animals! Imagine being the weirdest or creepiest creature you can think of.

Rowan Doyle

If I were a giant squid
I would swim through the ocean.
Mmm, the fish would be delicious
But sperm whales would be deadly
So I should run away.

Lauren Gibney

If I were a spider
I would live in a cave.
I would eat blood
And run away
From a tiger.





SNAPSHOT

It's so easy to make snap judgments when we meet people: to decide what they're like from their appearance, voice or behaviour in that instant. But there could be many stories behind the scene, just like in a photo...

Now why exactly is this lady standing in a field with an umbrella?

Rain Love

Annalisa Macari

There once lived a lady named Navia. Her life felt a little lonely. She was a doctor and was able to heal people perfectly from their diseases.

One day, when Navia was walking through a field, she noticed a very sick man. She picked him up and ran back to her house. Both of their hearts were pounding like drums. Navia caught her breath and went into her house. While she was healing the man, he said his name was Oliver.

Navia and Oliver became very close and then, months later, they married. Navia would visit the field on rainy days to remember how her love for Oliver began.

Detective Mirabelle

Ada Sharkey

Mirabelle was a detective. She was wearing black and walking to the murder scene. She noticed it was going to rain so she opened her umbrella. She had a black briefcase with tools to take samples for the scientists to investigate.

She reached the murder scene and found blood on the floor. In among the grass, she found hair. It wasn't that of the victim; it must have been ripped off the murderer's hair. It was short and white. She took the hair sample, put it in a test tube and hid it in her briefcase. She took her cell phone from her pocket and rang for a taxi. When it arrived she hopped inside.

'Where to?' asked the driver in a smooth voice.

'To Baker Street in London,' she said. Before she knew it, they arrived and she was going into the lab...

On a Mission

Julek Grzedzicki

A woman from Cork was leaving because of a secret – she had a new job as a spy. She was going on a mission. She had the umbrella as an antenna and in the briefcase was a radio.





The Refugee

Matilde Farias
Arrieta

A woman was escaping the war. She got all her stuff and ran to a forest where they wouldn't find her. She brought an umbrella just in case it rained. In her bag she had a blanket, a bit of food and some clothes. She sat and waited until a little bit of the war was over and then she thought she would try and find someone who could help her or a house she could live in. So she went deep into the forest. But then it started to rain so she went into a cave and found a girl who was about ten years old called Sofia who had also run away from the war. They stayed in the cave until it stopped raining then they went outside together. Sofia thought maybe they could fly with the umbrella. It was very windy so they held on to the umbrella and flew into the sky. They saw their town destroyed below them so they flew on until they came to a lovely meadow. There they built a house and lived happily ever after.

The Refugee

Román Gomes
Ramirez

The woman was at a castle that was deserted because the owner had died and no one could find him. She was going to the laboratory to investigate the disappearance of the body. She would meet the scientist and give the proof that she found in the castle. All the proof was in the briefcase. She took the umbrella because it was so sunny. But she was in danger because the guys who had the body wanted to kill her.

NOT SO BIG, NOT SO BAD

Stories are the magic key for fighting prejudice. When we stop to read or listen to the experiences and events that have shaped other people, we can understand and empathise more with the choices they've made. That goes for villains too. Even they have dreams, hopes and hearts. Take the Big Bad Wolf. He had his reasons to huff and puff at those pesky pigs.

Out in the cold

Scott Clarke
Guerlain

It was stormy outside in the night. I came across the first little pig's house and I asked to come in. He refused because he thought I was going to eat him. Enraged, I said I would blow the house down.

I came to the second little pig's house. That was after the wind had blown down the first little pig's house. The first pig thought I had done it and told the second pig. I politely asked to come in and they said, 'No!' I asked again politely. Then, while I was breathing, the same thing happened – the wind blew the second pig's house down.

When I came to the third little pig's house I asked politely to come in – three times. But they all said, 'No!'

I climbed the house and onto the roof to come down through the chimney to get out of the cold. But they lit the fire and put a pot of water underneath it. I fell in and burned myself really badly. And the three little piggies called 999. The police came and found me burnt. That's why I came to court in an ambulance.





Revenge

Tabitha Corrigan

The wolf was in court. He told his side of the story. ‘When I was a little wolf the three pigs ate my dad for dinner. My mum and I were so sad, she told me that when I was a big and strong wolf I would show them who’s boss. I was not going to eat them. They got rocks and threw them at my house. My mum went out to tell them to stop but they threw the rocks at her. She went to hospital and did not make it. I had no mum or dad or house. I was cold and scared. The pigs ate all my food, too, so I wanted to teach them a lesson. Then the police caught me and now I’m here.’ The judge sent the pigs to jail. The wolf had lied but did not tell anyone.

Friends

Ariene Sereda

Those three little pigs are my friends and I wanted to play with them but they didn’t let me in each of their houses. The first pig didn’t let me into his stick house and the second pig didn’t let me into his straw house. The third pig didn’t let me into his brick house and they all burned my house down. Now I have nowhere to live. They said to me, in these exact words, ‘We don’t want to be your friends any more.’ That made me cry.

Achoo

Leah Rogacheva

Let me start from the beginning ... so I have this terrible cold. I decided to go to the first little pig to see if he had any medicine. But when he didn't let me in, I got a little cross and I sneezed a big sneeze. Since I'm a big wolf, I accidentally sneezed his house down. I followed him to his brother's house because I thought the medicine was there. But then I accidentally sneezed again. I ran to their brother's house and I followed them to ask if they had medicine as my throat was starting to hurt a lot. I climbed on to the roof and jumped down the chimney but they had put a pot of boiling water above the fire and I burned my bottom.

Now that I've told you my story, I'm very hungry. Do you have any pi ...uhh ... peas?





DEAR COMMANDER

Tall or small, Irish or Iraqi, brown-eyed or blue ... whatever our differences, we share so much more as humans. Not least our home: this ancient and beautiful Planet Earth. What would aliens make of us all? Imagine a Martian observing our species and reporting back to Mars HQ.

Sadhbh Hughes

Dear Commander,
Humans are weird. Everyone speaks differently, which makes no sense. Some humans were very nice to me and gave me this thing called a sandwich. They sit in big things like a bubble with wheels, and call them cars. They all wear masks and put gel on their hands. They trap animals and put liquids in them that make them sick. The whole planet revolves around these weird symbols called maths. They don't need to make everything so hard. One day they can teach us to use those phones.

Thomas Caligari

To Space Commander Higher Half,

The most stupid thing I have seen in humans is property. Everyone thinks they can own stuff, and the more they own, the better they are. Another stupid thing is war. All that death.

Something good about humans is belief. Most humans have this. That's something good on this wee ball of earth.

A strange thing is the way they eat. Humans and other animals on this planet eat through a hole in the front of their face! On this very weird note I shall end this letter. Yours truthfully,

Investigator CZ49 Gamma

Paul Pinter

Dear Commander,

The smartest thing I've seen was someone sitting on a white seat with a hole in the middle with a weird flushing noise. The most stupid thing was also the saddest, funniest, most confusing and cruellest, all at the same time: on earth there is gravity. I watched someone being pushed off a cliff with a rope attached to his back. He started bouncing and then he came back up and gave a guy some extremely thin green paper with a face on it – and that was the kindest thing as well. Humans need to learn how to fly, man, but the thing is they know how to fall.

From □□□□□□□□□□





Miguel Ferrin Gea

Dear Commander Bob,

The cleverest behaviour I saw in humans was recycling. The most stupid behaviour was wars. The kindest was adopting and the saddest was having to leave their homes. The funniest thing was their comics and the cruellest was nuclear bombs. Humans need to learn not to pollute the earth. The most confusing thing I found was 'Maths'. Don't even ask me what it means!

Adam Brnak

Dear Commander Billstone,

I have been observing humans. They have had wars and built tanks, boats and guns as well as robots. The dumbest things they do are pick their noses and bully each other. One of the saddest things they do is kill each other. The cruellest thing they do is to kill things underwater. What's weird are the things they do like measuring how much pee is in a pool. They could teach us how to make ropes so you can jump down them and be pulled up. Or how to make puffy clouds that taste good.
From Soldier John

Inês Lebot

Dear Commander,

These humans are magical though they live just like us. The most stupid thing they do is judge other people. The kindest thing is that they help others. The funniest thing is that they make jokes. The cruellest thing is how they kill animals and the most confusing thing is that they have hair. I think humans need to be nicer. I really want them to teach us how to drive a car.

Henry Van den Bergh

Dear Commander,

Those human aliens are funny, mean and nice. They are always thinking of new things to make. They have vehicles that drive you around the place called 'cars'. They have four wheels, bits of metal and glass.

The humans play with this thing called Lego. They are small building blocks. The humans make little houses out of the Lego.

Sometimes humans can be cruel to each other. They have this thing called murder. This is where they kill people for fun. They have wars for some reason. This is very stupid because they hurt and kill each other for no reason. Only some people – others do nice things like helping each other, giving people homes and giving people food. They are weird people!



Paul moritz Pinter

Zuliel Gyzedzidei

Thomas
caigari

Matilde Farias Arrieta

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Adam Brnak

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ROWAN Doyle

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Ariene sereda

scott
clarke
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LAUREN

Henry van dan Bergh

Gibney

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

St. Nicholas Montessori Primary School, Dún Laoghaire

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

Challenging Prejudice and Celebrating Diversity

Creative writing by sixth class

St. Joseph's National School, Dún Laoghaire

Saoirse Meyer Moja Zalybna Julian Hernandez
Ellie Smith Byrne Ewan Srinatan Lennon Kelly
Tadhg Lawlor La Santiago Camacho
Andrei Lomov YuTong Ni Scott Jones
Advika Deepan Sophia Ross Julija Maryusina
Shreshtha Karthik
Tomasz Janikiewicz Iris Moran
Edwardo Luis FRANCESCO LAZZARO Oskar
Tifera Ngwenya Zoe Craig Rowan Sweeney
Vosim Efimov Michael Hennigan V
Mary Tracey Olivia Rybozak Karish Ramesh
Jack - Smith - Byrne
Aleksander Szarecki Mikolaj Czechowski
Maene I. Atiarna Rose Mackay Dhiuyan Sobramony





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INTRODUCTION

Creative writing is a powerful weapon against prejudice. Stories and songs, poems and plays help us step into other people's shoes and see the world from different points of view. In two workshops during autumn 2021, Ms. Quinn's class explored the causes of, and cures for, prejudice. They imagined Hope as an object; told the story of Rapunzel from the witch's side, and stepped into the space boots of aliens observing the earth. You can read their wonderful work here.

Congratulations to all the authors who engaged and empathised so beautifully. Many thanks to Zoë Quinn for the welcome, enthusiasm and generous facilitation of the sessions. And finally, a huge thank you to Dr. Marian Keyes, Senior Executive Librarian at dlr LexIcon, tireless champion of all things creative and the queen of can-do. It's been a privilege to work with you all.

Debbie Thomas
February 2022

A PIECE OF HOPE

Imagine a world without prejudice, where every single person enjoyed equal respect regardless of race or religion, size or skin colour, age or gender. That may sound far off, but let's hold on to hope.

Hold on ... what if we really could? If hope were an object, what would it look like? What noise would it make? How would it smell, taste and feel to the touch?

Oskar Butkiewicz

6th Class

Hope is a small
Transparent orb
Floating in the air
With a yellow blinding light.
No smell, taste or feeling,
Just a high-pitched sound.
It feels like it's there
But it's nowhere.

Scott Byrne Jones

6th Class

Hope is heaven
Hope is believed-in
Hope is air
Hope is fair
Hope is fun
Hope is the moon and sun.
Hope is birth
Hope is earth
Hope is everything.
You can be.



Vadim Esimon

6th Class

Hope is a puzzle box with light blue lights and gold lines on each side. If you solve the puzzle, you will find water with waves and fresh air inside. If you try to pour the water out of the box, you will see that there is infinity water inside. If you drink the water it will be tasty and fresh. The box sounds like you are standing near the sea.

Tomasz Jankiewicz

6th Class

Hope as an object for me is an 'Obamarium' which is a pyramid with Barack Obama's face on all the sides. It's 60cm tall, it's black and triangular and it's comfy. It sounds like Barack Obama and Doctor Otto Octavius. When you bite it, it feels like Tesla 'The Car' and 30 billion SpongeBobs.

Lennon Kelly

6th Class

Hope is a cube full of water,
Silky smooth
Leaks all sorts of smells –
Chocolate, grass and wet paint.
It sounds like the sea
Crashing against the walls of the pier.

Tadgh Lawlor

6th Class

It's big and soft.
It rattles and rattles,
Glow and grows
With happy times.
It smells of lavender,
Tastes of limes.
It could get as big as a house.
This fluffy sphere will
Fill you with hope.

Andrei Lomov

6th Class

Hope is
Solid and big
Smells like clay
And echoes.
When you touch, it is smooth
And its colour is grey.

Eduardo Luis

6th Class

Hope is soft and sweet
Like a marshmallow.
It feels like I'm in Paradise.
It tastes like cake
And smells like flowers.





Iris McMahan

6th Class

Hope is a sphere
The size of your palm
Made of glass,
Smells like Christmas ham
With a hint of lemon
And just-cut grass,
Juicy and fresh.

Hope feels rough and smooth
At the same time.
It tastes like a Christmas pie
Or flowers on a freshly baked cake
Or a mango and banana smoothie
On a cold Monday morning.

Hope sounds like sleighbells
Ringing in the distance
Or birds chirping
In the trees.

Hope is a kind touch to the heart.

Tifera Ngwenya

6th Class

Hope. It looks like a big heart and fluffy plushie,
Warm, cuddly and soft.
If I throw it,
It falls,
Clangs like a bell and bounces.

Hope. It smells like fresh apple pie
On a window sill.
Its lovely scent wants me to eat it
Again and again.

Hope. It feels like a soft pillow
On a cold night.
It makes me want to jump to the moon and back.

Hope. It tastes like apple pie with jam -
Sweet, sometimes sour, and delicious.

Hope. It's a calm hum on a summer night,
A drink in a coconut cup.
Hope.





Yu Tong Ni

6th Class

It's a ball that glows bright yellow,
Hard as a stone
That floats in the sky.
It tastes like warmth inside you,
Smells like Paradise.
If you listen carefully
You can hear singing birds
In the tropical forest.

Kanish Ramesh

6th Class

Hope looks like a pencil.
When you hold it, it feels like plastic.
In your mouth it tastes like metal.
When dropped, it sounds like
Something
 about
 to break.
Its colour is yellow,
So precious I keep it
On a golden pillow.

Sophia Ross

6th Class

Hope is a clear marble
that feels alive.
It smells of smoke and fire.
In its presence you feel like a loved one has passed away.
It sounds like a clanging bell,
Like the person who passed is at peace
and if you cry you're submerged in your tears.
You feel you will drown, but when you breathe your last breath
You fall out of the sky
and land in a big soft bed.
You're at peace.

Olivia Rybczak

6th Class

Hope is a cloud
A big, fluffy cloud
Floating over your head
Any shape you can think of,
Soft as a pillow.
It sounds like a waterfall
Tastes like vanilla pudding.
You can't pick it up
Only touch it.
Hope is a cloud,
A big, fluffy cloud.





Aleksander Szarecki

6th Class

Hope is a skyscraper
Shaped like a gem
sticking out of the ground.
Its platinum steel
Is hard to break –
It'll take a good few explosives.
It smells like an aeroplane,
Never emits a sound.
It's shiny and smooth
And if you get close
A wave of calm
Showers over you.
No-one has ever gone into the building.
It's meant to be empty.
Around it are clear plains
Without a single tree, flower or animal.
All the blades of grass are equal, not one different shape or angle.

Francesco Fortunato Lazzaro

6th Class

Hope is a pizza in my grandmother's house because, every time I'm hungry or sad, I eat something I love. When I was in Italy, my friend and I went out for pizza. When we were sad after tests we took our bikes and together we went for some food in the market. Pizza has no sound but I can eat it just with my eyes or with my nose. I love the food's smell, especially when I go to my grandmother's house. She prepares something good for me every time.

WITCH STORY?

It's easy to judge someone unfairly when we don't know their story. But if we stop to listen to the experiences and events that have shaped them, we can understand and empathise with the choices they've made. That even goes for the bad guys. They, too, have dreams, hopes and hearts.

Take the witch in the story of Rapunzel. After being arrested she went to court, charged with imprisoning a girl and pushing a prince off a tower. But standing in the dock, she told her side of the story

**Santiago Camacho
Cervantes**

6th Class

Ever since I was young I always wanted a child but being a witch always screwed that up. I grew old and never got the chance of actually being a mother. One regular afternoon I caught her father stealing from my garden! I was nice and let them keep what they needed under one circumstance: they would have to make my dream come true.

Ellie Smith Byrne

6th Class

Well, she was locked up in a tower so she would be safe. Then a stranger came along and started pulling her hair and I could see the pain in her face. I felt so sad to see her in pain – and maybe this man wanted to kill her. So I did what was right and saved her. And why was that stranger on my property? How dare he! My Rapunzel deserves the best of the best. Rather he be blind than Rapunzel dead.





Zoe Craig

6th Class

See, when the man came in to steal my precious plant, I was furious. He said he would do anything. I have always wanted a child so he promised he would give me the baby for the plant.

When I got the baby I wanted her to be safe from the real world, so I brought her to one of my towers. As she grew taller, so did her hair. I would go off every day and get Rapunzel's favourite food and drink in the market. I would come back and she would help me up. I never told her about her real parents because I didn't want to hurt her.

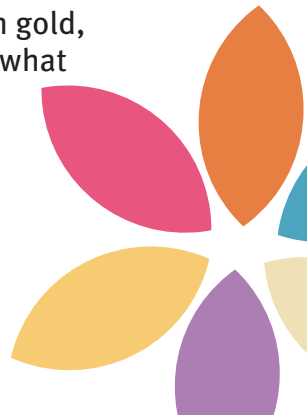
When I figured out there was a guy coming into my garden and seeing Rapunzel, I was fuming mad. When he climbed up, I thought maybe he was a bit too fat for her hair. I could see the pain in her eyes and wanted to take her out of suffering, so I cut her hair. I didn't want to hurt him badly (well, not really). I thought one of my soft bushes was underneath but it was a thorn bush. I felt so bad, I swear.

It all started when I was nine years old. I was a normal girl by the name of Courtney. I was well known in my village for my beautiful voice. I performed for many royal and famous characters.

One day, I was rehearsing to perform in front of the King of Amaria and my instructor said I had a voice to rival Amarus the Goddess of Music. Upon hearing this, Amarus appeared before me and challenged me to a singing contest. All the records say that I lost. But they are lies. I won and, in her fury, Amarus turned me into a witch. I was devastated as I lost the only things I had cared for: my sister who left because of my new 'look', and my beautiful voice.

In despair I retreated to the mountains and was not heard from until years later, when a young man came traipsing through my garden looking for a magical plant, the Sunblossom, to cure his sick, pregnant wife. I agreed to give him the plant on one condition: when his child was born, they would give it to me. You might think this evil but, in truth, I had always wanted a child and there was no one who would marry a gnarly old witch like me.

Later, when I had raised the girl Rapunzel, another young man found the tower where I had hidden her. I was terrified because Rapunzel's hair was more valuable than gold, thanks to the effects of the Sunblossom. I knew what people would do for her hair.



As you know, most witches have the reputation of being evil, but not all of us are. For instance, I am always helpful to anyone who is sick.

My neighbour's wife fell ill so I gave her a plant to cure her illness. Soon after, they had a baby. They had never had a child before and didn't know how to raise her, so I offered to do it for them.

I named her Rapunzel after the plant that cured her mother's illness. I gave her a tower of luxury where she could see the rest of the village from above. I raised her as my own daughter with love and kindness. She grew taller and her hair grew longer than her. Every day when she was hungry, I would climb up her wonderful locks to feed her so she wouldn't starve.

Little did I know that the stupid prince was spying on me. This was outrageous; he didn't have permission. When I wasn't around he would climb up her hair. I had to protect her from the spying prince.

A few days later, Rapunzel needed to cut her hair short. Whilst I was cutting it, he was climbing ... so it isn't my fault that he fell and went blind.

Julija Marjusina

6th Class

I had always wanted a child, especially a little girl like Rapunzel. She is wonderful and the exact power I need. She helps me with her hair and makes me look ten times youn... never mind, you don't need to know that.

Anyway, when Rapunzel was trapped in my 'house' I knew she couldn't escape so I knew my little girl wasn't going anywhere. So when she wasn't in her little room, I was absolutely horrified – like really horrified. I said to myself, 'She's probably hiding somewhere around the house.' I couldn't find her at all, so I was going to go and look for her outside – but can you guess what I found? My little girl hanging out her hair and someone struggling to get up. RAPUNZEL! I screamed. Now she looked absolutely horrified. When I got back to the tower Rapunzel was hiding something, or someone, in the closet. I opened it – and here we had a very ugly man. 'Uh!' I screamed. He had to get out of my tower.

Saoirse Meyer

6th Class

This is outrageous! When Rapunzel was born her parents cruelly abandoned her and stole my very expensive possessions. I took her in and cared for her and cut her very, very long hair because she said that she wanted it short. When the prince came I was worried because he was holding a gun. He frightened me. I told him to leave, but he wouldn't, so I had to scare him away. I took a spell and was forced to use it. Rapunzel ran away and blamed me for all this nonsense. I am innocent! This is ridiculous – I should be rewarded not punished. They're lying, those horrible people!





Maeve Sharkey

6th Class

My story starts a long time ago ... but you don't care about me, of course, so instead I'll start a bit before the girl was born.

One day a man came to me and said his unborn baby was dying and that all other doctors had said she wouldn't make it to birth. Of course – because that's the kind of person I am – I helped and the baby was born. But sadly, on the day of her birth, the mother passed away. Distraught, the new father came to me and asked me to save his wife. But sadly there is one thing, and one thing only, that I can't do – and that is bring people back from the dead. Sad and alone, the desperate father turned to drink and within a year he and his child were homeless and broke ... so what could I do but take her in?

Jack Smith Byrne

6th Class

I arrived at the court and Rapunzel was already yapping. 'Objection,' I said. 'Everything she said has been a lie.'

The judge said, 'Let the poor old lady speak.'

I said, 'That boy broke into my tower. He took her away and they fell in love. But she didn't really because a potion has put her in this state.'

Rapunzel said, 'She's lying. She kidnapped me when I was young.'

But Rapunzel had no proof. The prince was sent to jail and I got Rapunzel back. She never left the tower again.

DEAR COMMANDER

Tall or small, Irish or Italian, brown-eyed or blue ... whatever our differences, we share so much as humans. Not least our home: this huge and tiny, tough and fragile, beautiful Planet Earth. What would aliens make of us all? Imagine a Martian observing our species and reporting back to Mars HQ.

Mikolaj Czechowski

6th Class

Dear Commander Zuckenberg,
It was wonderful on Earth (□□□□□). I was shocked at how humans can speak! They can also solve mathematics problems. They can play games and interact.

Some of these beings are really stupid. They have phones which they are obsessed with. These dummies hit each other for popularity and literally invade their own planet. They also blow up their colonies near our planet. They love to kill our fellow animals which are smarter than the humans on □□□□□. It is really funny that they need a food source!

I think they really need to get better at being kind to each other. It's really sad that they have the IQ of a □□□□□□ (rotten potato) which is -14,706.





Julian Hernandez

6th Class

Dear Commander,

Humans live on Planet Earth. They have a place called school where they learn Maths, English, Art, SPHE and other subjects. Something I find stupid is that there are 7 billion people in the world and some of them are speeding up climate change. Humans need to stop throwing rubbish in rivers and oceans. Some of the funniest humans are comedians. Humans work at things called jobs. You can be a teacher, a fireman, a postman, a doctor, a builder ...
Commander Out!

Dhivyan Soobramony

6th Class

Dear Commander,

Report! I have just landed on this mixed-up, blue-green, different, brilliant land. Wow, there are many different life forms. I've just spotted a two-handed, two-legged, two-eyed, one-nosed, one-mouthed, beautiful creature. According to my Z-pad, there are about 7.4 billion of these so-called 'humans' here.

I've also seen the craziest, wildest thing ever. An invisible, solid object – square in shape, strong, durable and reflective. I can see humans through this ... this ... glass.

But oh no, I've just looked at the pollution rate on this planet – the highest I've ever seen. They are throwing rubbish and giving off fumes. And no! They go to this boring, brain-draining place called school!

Evaan Srivastava

6th Class

Dear Commander Pozetyxozen

Commander, I have arrived on a planet called Earth and it is so strange. These humans are not very developed and they are so dependent. They need air, trees and water to survive, not like us. Commander, they are so stupid - even after knowing they need this nature, they destroy it. They are advanced in some things but that won't help. The most confusing thing about them is that they are not united, they are split. In power they are pretty weak and are still living in the third dimension, not the fourth. These guys really need to learn to use science to grow stronger like us. I don't think there is any point in conquering them as they are struggling from something called Covid.

Maja Zatylna

6th Class

Dear Commander John,

I observed the 'Hoomans' for about a week now and saw some very weird stuff:

They eat their food with a metal thing called a fork? A spoon? A knife? The stupidest thing is the way they cry when they are happy. The kindest thing they did was to give me food. The saddest thing was that kids get tortured and put in some sort of jail for five hours every day! Hoomans are really funny; they make all kinds of jokes. In my opinion, hoomans need to learn how to be less funny and how to eat with their feet.





Rowan Sweeney

6th Class

Dear Commander,

WOW. This planet is... uh... interesting. I mean, planet-wise normal enough. Climate-wise kinda unbalanced. Inhabitants-wise? Yeah... I do have something to tell you about that. Prepare yourself. There are these thingies who call themselves... HOO-MANS. I know, right! They have spindly arms and only two eyes! They hear through these squashed lumps either side of their head (which is teeny-tiny). They speak in garbled mumbles through a hole in their head. And they call themselves intelligent! They are soooo weird.

The smartest thing I've seen them do so far is to invent metal monsters they call cears – cers – cares – whatever. And the dumbest thing? Don't get me started. They poop in their homes! They trap the native animals in cages and exchange them for chunks of shiny metal! And they cut down BILLIONS of trees just so that they can spread weird inky scribbles over them. It's just... wait. I think... gotta go, I hear one coming.

Yours sincerely,
Yagzoog

Mary Tracey

6th Class

Dear Commander,

I've just come back from Earth and I'm excited to tell you what I've learned from the earthlings or, as they call themselves, humans. I've seen smart, dumb, kind, sad, funny, cruel and confusing.

The earthlings found ways to go to their moon, even though they don't have wings. This is quite smart but it does take a while to build this machine.

I've also seen really stupid earthlings. Some discriminate against other earthlings because of their identity. They kill their own people because of their skin colour or who they love. Quite stupid really.

There are also kind earthlings. A small earthling picked me up and asked a big earthling if I could be their pet. They fed me, gave me massages and played ball (very fun).



Savirse Meyer Maja Zalyba Julian Hernandez
Ellie Smith Byrne Lennon Kelly
Tadhg Lawlor Lo Santiago Camacho
Andrei Lomov Yu Tong Ni Slath James
Advika Deepan Sophia Ross Julija Marysina
Shreshtha Karthik Iris Monahan
Tomasz Janikiewicz FRANCESCO LAZZARO Oskar
Edwarde Luis Zoe Craig Rowan Sweeney
Tifera Ngwenya Jack - Smith - Byrne
Vasim Efimov Michael Hennigan V
Mary Tracey Olivia Ryborzak Karish Ramesh.
Aleksander Szarecki Mikolaj Czechowski
Maene I. aliarna Rose Sharkey
Evoan Srivatan Dhiuyan Sobramony

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

St. Joseph's National School, Dún Laoghaire