

Scrappy BUT HAPPY

A PRICELESS LIMITED EDITION
EXPRESSED IN WORDS AND PICTURES BY DUBLIN SIMON SERVICE USERS.



Dublin Simon
Community



BLUE

Stop seeking let it happen
Stop mapping then you will have joy
Oh boy craic and fun
The simple things are just as good
As cars boats and planes and big houses
too

John Dn

Artist: Eleanor

Foreword

“It is better to create than to be learned, creating is the true essence of life”

(Barthold Georg Niebuhr, 1776-1831).

“**Scrappy but Happy**” is a collection of artwork and creative writing produced by the service users and residents of the Dublin Simon Community.

The desire to create and express oneself is universal. With this in mind, Dublin Simon delivered a series of Creative Writing classes to service users, to promote engagement and give an opportunity for self-expression. Part of our work involves giving service users a voice and helping them to recognise their right to self-advocate. The Creative Writing classes centred around the “Free Writing” method, which allows participants to find their individual styles by writing from their own experience, perspective and language.

There was initial reluctance, uncertainty and anxiety among participants, soon followed by interest, enthusiasm and enjoyment as they began to acknowledge their own and others’ hidden talents. During workshops, the writers supported each other through applause after readings, and through listening with sincerity and mutual respect. As one participant declared, “I didn’t know learning could be fun.”

The writing in this collection is poignant and gritty, joyful and funny and, as the title suggests, ever hopeful and resilient. The idea to collate participants’ written work into a book gradually evolved to include other forms of expression, in particular artwork, reflecting the diversity of the service users of Dublin Simon. Most of the artwork included here - drawings, sketches, paintings - was already on display within our services, and we wished to equally acknowledge the imagination of these artists, some of whom are anonymous.

Dublin Simon would like to sincerely thank staff and volunteers, the Creative Writing tutor Valerie Sirr and most importantly, the participants and contributors for their assistance with this project.

We very much hope that you enjoy the book.

Dublin Simon Community

February 2011

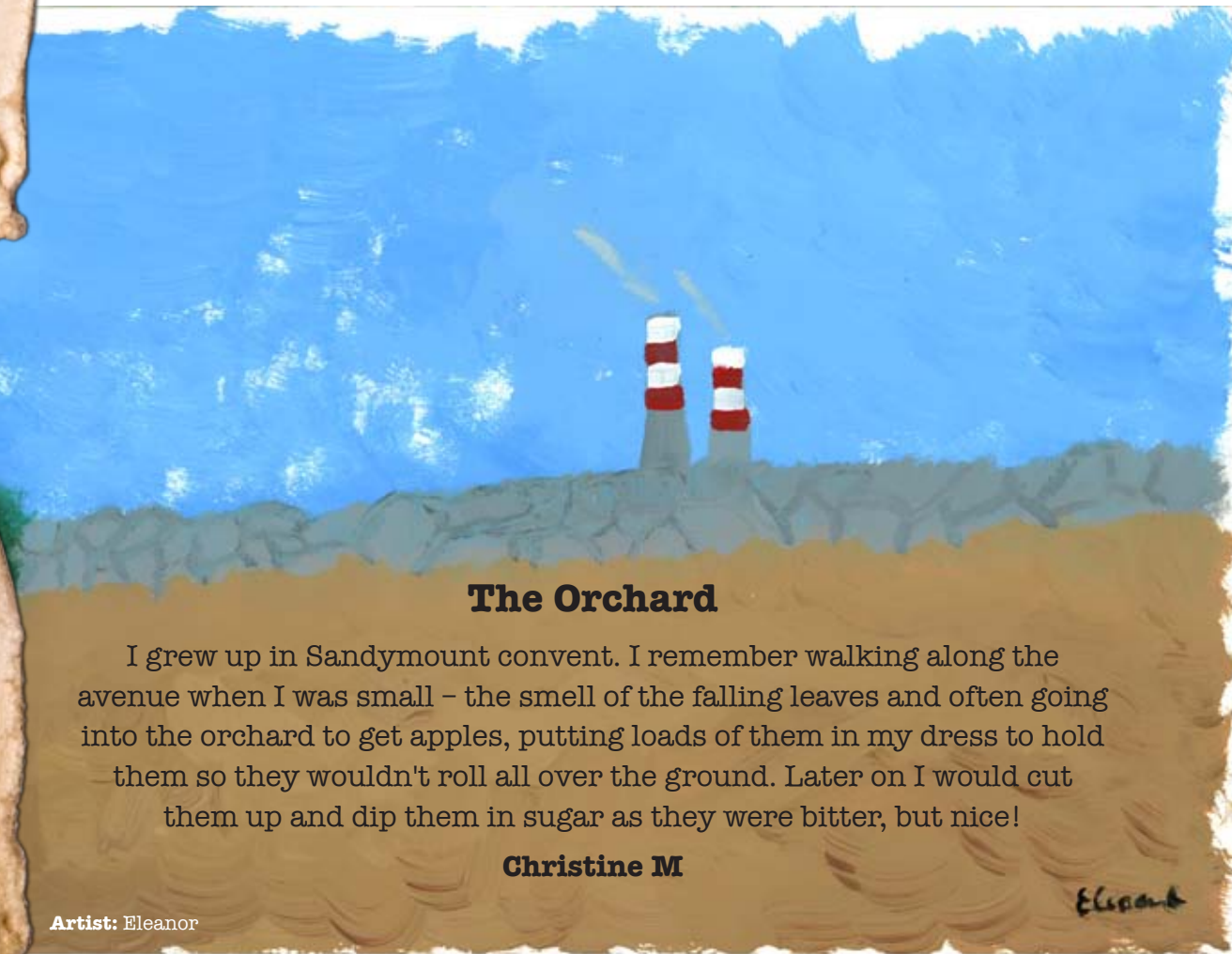


INVENTION OF INVISIBILITY

Do you remember the time we tried to come up with a way to protect me Ma's veg patch from slugs which were eating her veg? I remember the night the solution came to me. I had been sitting out in the garden chair when I noticed loads of slugs out. I also noticed they weren't on the paved sitting area where I was sitting. I wondered why they wouldn't crawl across this area. What was the reason? Why was this area different? It looked the same as the rest of the garden; the only difference was that this area had a few outdoor garden lights. They were the old kind that had to be plugged into a transformer inside the house (I was very young; it was before the solar powered lights). I realised it was the electric current from the wires and after a few experiments, I found a way to make a harmless invisible fence for around me Ma's veg patch that would protect it from slugs and snails.

Jack

Artist: Anonymous



The Orchard

I grew up in Sandymount convent. I remember walking along the avenue when I was small – the smell of the falling leaves and often going into the orchard to get apples, putting loads of them in my dress to hold them so they wouldn't roll all over the ground. Later on I would cut them up and dip them in sugar as they were bitter, but nice!

Christine M

Artist: Eleanor

Eleanor

Quitting Heroin

Do I remember the time I tried to stop taking heroin? Well it was the worst thing that I have ever tried to do on my own as I was all over the place. Doing things that I wouldn't have done before. Starting to fight with my family. Then it went out to the flats and I started with the police and ended up in a police cell. And it got that much out of control. That's how I remember it.

Gary K



Peace

As a child I travelled through many towns and villages. I camped on the river banks where I drew water and fished and washed my clothes.

All day my father would travel the stony back roads with an old black-and-white mare and wagon. We would pull in on the roadside or in a field to make a drop of tea and get something to eat, give the horse a drink and let her graze for a while. Then we would move on again.

At night we would take a bale of straw from the farmer's field and spread it out under the cart and sleep in peace. In the morning I would wake up to the sound of the pheasants, crows and finches whistling, and the river gently flowing and there was so much love and peace in the sounds of the places where we travelled and lived.

Michael D

A Gentle Wind

About fifteen years ago, I was renovating an old building. It was in the middle of the country, where all you could hear was the river flowing and the birds singing (by birds I mean birds with feathers!), with the wind gently laughing.

The renovating lasted for twelve months and it is when I find myself in hard times, I still always think of this memory.

Olly B

Reflections of my Childhood

At the age of ten years old, I would wake up in the morning and look out of the window through black clouds to see if I could see any sort of blue skies, to say to my father could he take me and my family to Balbriggan seaside.

He would, and we had a great day out. At the end of the day, we would go down to the fishermen and buy fresh fish from them. We would head home and have a great fish supper.

Those were the happiest days of my life.

Thanks Father and Mother.

John Dy



Artist: Tony F

Beginning to Float

**She wears her feelings on her face
Trying to improve like running a race
The streets outside have gone real crazy
A constant reminder to never be lazy
There's a life out there just waiting to arrive
If I put in the effort and continue to strive
There's good and bad but find your feet
It's only your mind you have to beat
Ask for help, it's there for the giving
And remember it's you that you have to be forgiving
We're all here in the same boat
No more sinking, we're beginning to float.**

Dionne S

LUCKY

One day I met up with my neighbour next door. His name is Jay. He is in a relationship with my sister's friend. Jay is 28 years old and loves having a joke or two. Lately his girlfriend has thrown him out of her home. And Jay now looks very dirty and doesn't clean himself. And he wears very big glasses. He also gets very mouthy. Jay has dark skin, looks after his body but has very dirty clothes. Jay walks a lot faster than other people. Anything he says comes out very funny at all times. Jay has very few brothers and sisters and they meet up to have a talk to see how he gets on. Jay also has a little puppy called Lucky. They both stay at home all day and go out for a walk in the night. When Jay bets money, he buys drink and they are always together and look very happy. They don't hide anything from each other and no secrets. Jay does lots of tricks with his dog.

Philip M



Artist: The Man

A YARN

I was walking down Grafton Street when I came upon a man drawing art on the street. He was a good artist. He was drawing a picture of the Molly Malone statue. It was very good, but the smell of drink off this man nearly knocked me out. I gave him a few smokes and a couple of euro for a drink. But then I realised it was Jimmy McCarthy, the biggest con artist in Dublin. This man had more money than I had. We bumped into some friends and decided to go for something to eat. When we went to eat our food, Jimmy found a maggot in his soup. With a smile he picked it up and gulped it down, but puked it all up. Then he demanded to see the manager over his soup, as he was a vegetarian and didn't expect any meat, no matter how many legs it had. He told the manager he wanted compo or he'd bring him to court. The manager started to panic, so he said would €500 do. Jimmy took the money and we went on our way to get pissed for the day!

Group Piece

**IT AIN'T WHAT YOU DO
IT'S WHAT IT DOES TO YOU**

FEAR

What it did to me and the way this enemy dictated and ruled my life. I tried everything to conquer it, I stood up to it and it overwhelmed me, I ran from it but it always caught me, I tried to hide from it but it always found me.

I asked a few people I trusted about this thing, but even then I couldn't admit to them I was full of fear, because I feared what they would think of me.

Then one day I discovered an antidote. It felt like someone had waved a magic wand and the fear was gone.

This antidote was the answer to help me communicate and be comfortable around my fellow men/boys without fear.

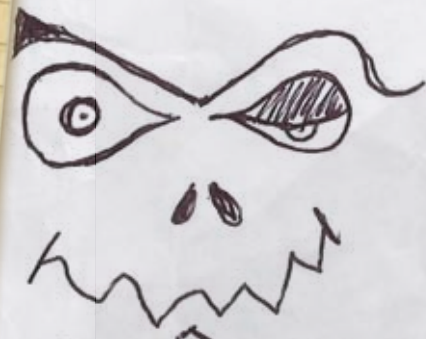
The antidote helped me a lot in different times.

It also took me to hell and it wasn't bringing me back.

I am one of the lucky ones, when help found me I could do nothing but give in.

Today, with the help of God and my fellow human beings, I am learning how to deal with fear, without any magic wand.

Christy J



Alternative Measures

Do I remember the time I tried to bang half an E...
But half of it got stuck in the barrel and would not go into me
So I took off the spike and let it fall
And I drank the rest, blood and all
As soon as I came up
My pupils were as big as a cup
With any substance in my brain
My mind races like a train
And just like all times before
I wanted drink and drugs more and more
So I went to a hand gel container on the wall
Which I heard had a high content in alcohol
So I drank that for a couple of days
Just until I got paid
Then I had enough money to drink vodka
And get as much of it into me
Just until I got into the Simon Community

Evan O

Thumbing our way to Kerry

Do you remember the time we tried to thumb our way to Kerry, myself and two girls? It coincided with a friend of mine having a party in Tipperary which was on the way. It was an open house. The girls were constantly worried that they would be gatecrashing the party. I constantly had to reassure them that my friend (who was the daughter of a multi-millionaire) would make them very welcome. Our lift stopped to use the toilet. While the three of us were left alone in the cab of the truck, I spoofed them up saying that they would have to excuse my friend's humble abode,

to which they replied that they didn't care once they had a floor and a roof. About an hour later, the truck driver dropped us 400 yds from the house. We walked to the start of the drive up to a £5m house. I will always remember the look on the girls' faces and the names I was called. They were expecting a hovel. Instead they slept in four-poster beds and were given free tickets to Tralee. It took a long time to regain any trust. It was the start of a great weekend.

Shay L

Do you remember the time we tried to thumb our way to Kerry myself and two girls, it coincided with a friend of mine having a party in Tipperary which was an open house. The girls were constantly worried that they would be gatecrashing the party / I constantly had to reassure them that my friend (who was the daughter of a multi-millionaire) would make them very welcome. Our lift stopped to use toilet while the three of us were left alone in the cab of the truck / I spoofed them up saying that they would have to excuse my friend's humble abode to which they replied that they didn't care once they had a floor and a roof. About an hour later the truck driver dropped us 400 yds from the house. We walked to the start of the drive up to a £5m house. I will always remember the look on the girls' faces and the names I was called.

REMEMBRANCE OF GROWING UP

One of my first memories is of being the oldest of five children. I was the only girl of three brothers until my sister came along twelve years later.

I remember my father coming home and telling me that I had a sister. I should have been overjoyed, but I remember feeling jealous of her because I didn't think that I would be the centre of attention anymore. Anyway, as time went by, we became very close, and my father still worshipped the ground I walked on. But as time went by he began to put a lot of pressure on me to do well in everything, but my brothers got away with murder and I began to resent this, because I felt too much pressure was being put on me.

I always had good jobs, did well in school etcetera. Then I started drinking through one thing and another and now I feel a failure and have let them down and I cannot forgive myself for that.

Donna O

Artist: Anonymous



Having Fun

As a child growing up, I was always active. I used to be up early for school. After school I would go home and do my homework then have my dinner. Then I would go out to my friends.

We would go to the horse yard. We loved horses and we would take them out for a gallop, then bring them back to the yard and feed them. Then we would go home to my Ma. She would go to the Centre to get tents for the summer and she would go down and help with the project for the school holidays.

The first day our group went swimming we had great fun. Then we met with other groups along the way and we stopped and had a chat. Then we went home, put the feet up and watched the telly.

Artist: Anonymous

The next day we got ready for the day ahead. We always done what my mother asked, but some of the boys would get out of hand. That's when the project worker would get involved.

Mark M



FORMATIONS AND LIMITATIONS



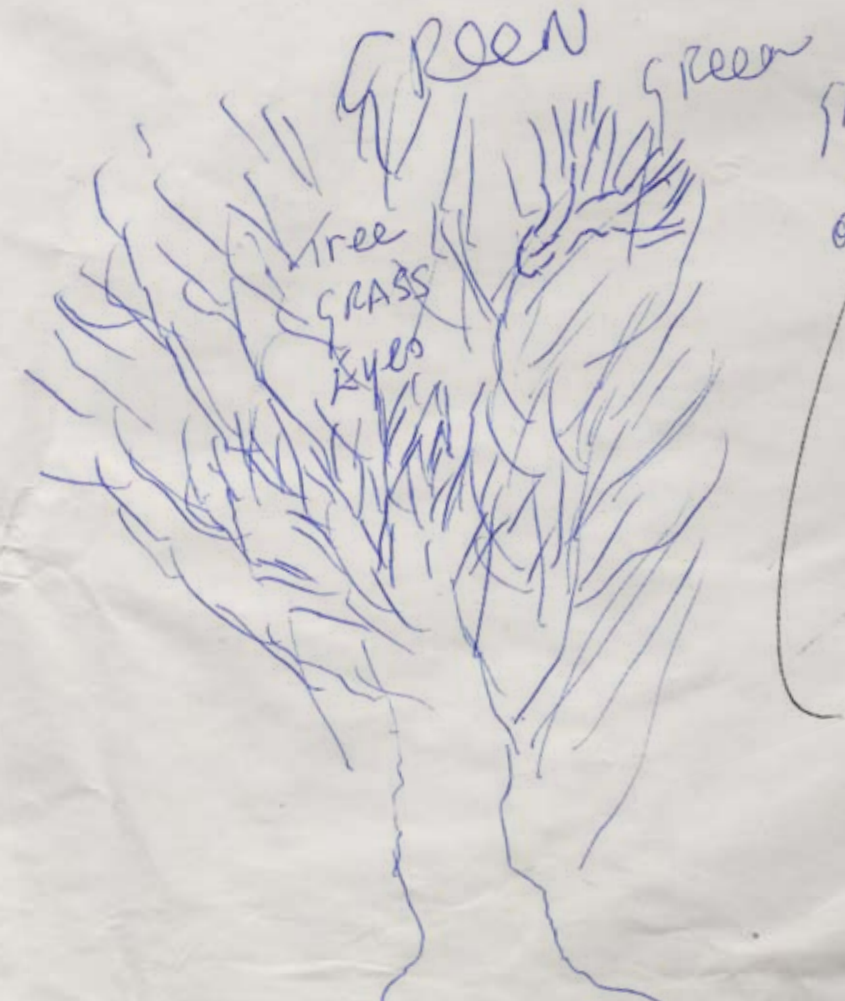
Artist: Ken M

The Farmer's Fields

I remember going up to the farmer's fields. There was a big house that was once inhabited, but it went on fire and was left just a shell.

A farmyard that had a couple of sheds and a barn surrounded the house. This was all surrounded by a field with hedgerows and trees. One field had two big Chestnut trees in it. Further on past this place there was another farm which had giant haystacks in it during summertime. We used to go up and play in them, jumping off the higher level on to the ones below.

Terry M





Secret Simon

Mr Simon Murphy was a well liked man in his community; he had plenty of friends in the area he lived. When he was 21, his mother and father had passed away. Mr Murphy received a sum of money left to him in their will and had bought a pub in Galway. Mr Murphy was a well built man. Mr Murphy's father hailed from Leeds in England and had two brothers. Simon did not keep in contact with his uncles and had not seen them since his father's funeral. His mother was born in Dublin and was an only child. So the only thing Simon had for company on a daily basis was his black lab dog Molly. Every morning Simon got up at 6am to bring Molly for a walk and get ready for the opening of the pub. As it was a weekend there was a lot of sport on and it would be busy. He had put a lot of time and money into his pub and was very proud of it and his greatest fear was to lose it. As he was working away he was thinking to himself about his secret he had been keeping the last 10 years. He had a talent for keeping secrets but he desperately wanted to get this off his chest but knew he never could as everything he worked so hard for would be gone in a flash.

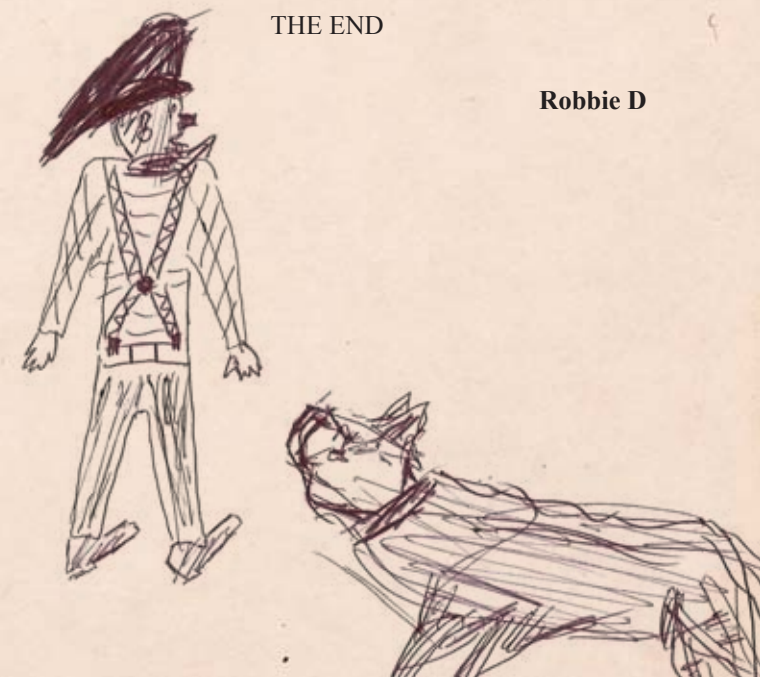
Artist: Julieann

His secret was dark and horrible and could never get out. It was ten years to the day on his 21st birthday. He had been in his local pub in Ballyfermot playing pool and drinking with his friends. When 9 o'clock came he got a phone call and looked all flustered and left the pub quickly. He hailed a taxi outside. In the taxi he asked the driver to bring him to Gallenstown Drive. When he arrived there he paid the driver and quickly ran into his home. In the kitchen he was to find a scene that would haunt his memories and dreams until the day he died. On entering the kitchen, he found his mother lying in a pool of blood, barely alive. He found his father slumped on the chair with one gunshot wound to the side of his head. In a state of panic and a moment of madness, he decided to finish his mother off. He'd seen the knife that was used to inflict the first wounds, on the kitchen table beside where his father was slumped and could only assume there had been a fight between the two. In the fight his father had stabbed his mother and thinking he had killed her, rang Simon and asked him to come home quickly. Before Simon could get there, he had taken his 38 Revolver which was now lying on the floor and shot himself out of guilt.

He took up the knife and in one foul swoop, stuck it into his mother's heart finishing the job his father had started. It was a cut and dry case as far as the cops could see. He was never in any fear of being found out. After he sold the house he moved to Galway where his secret remains with him.

THE END

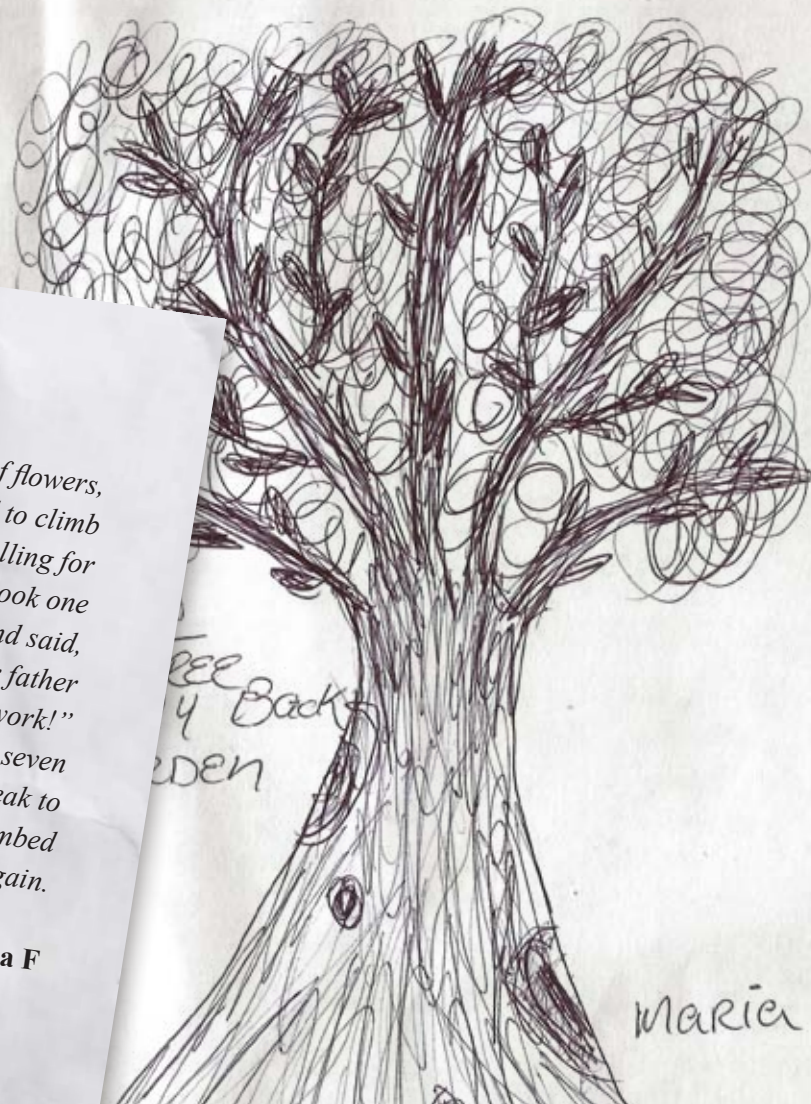
Robbie D



My Back Garden

My back garden – a beautiful place full of flowers, especially roses, and one big tree in which I used to climb and no doubt get stuck, not able to get down, calling for my mother. One day she came into the garden, took one look at me and said, “You hooligan! You can stay there and wait for your father to come home from work!” That was two o’clock. He did not get home until seven o’clock. I was wet through and hungry. I did not speak to my mother for a week – not that she cared. I never climbed that tree again.

Maria F



Nature's Way

As I was sitting on the grass, having a lovely picnic, and the sun beaming down upon me, I could smell the lavender of the beautiful purple flowers. It made me feel so happy and relaxed. I was eating my buns and drinking my tea. There were loads of pretty butterflies flying around me, as if they were so happy too. The butterflies were beautiful; they were bright colours, dark ones, warm ones, vivid ones and unusual ones. Also there were busy bees after the pollen in the flowers, all sorts of beautiful ones. There was so much of a variety of scents, smells and pretty flowers. The grass was very green and the pollen in the air continued to give me hay fever. I get it every summer. I suppose it was better than getting the flu or a heavy cold.

Oh, I love the summer, even the fields are beautiful and lakes and ponds glitter in the sun. In the long summer days, I usually pray for just one thing in nature and it's a colourful rainbow, which I have been praying for all through the summer.

The End

Sandra M

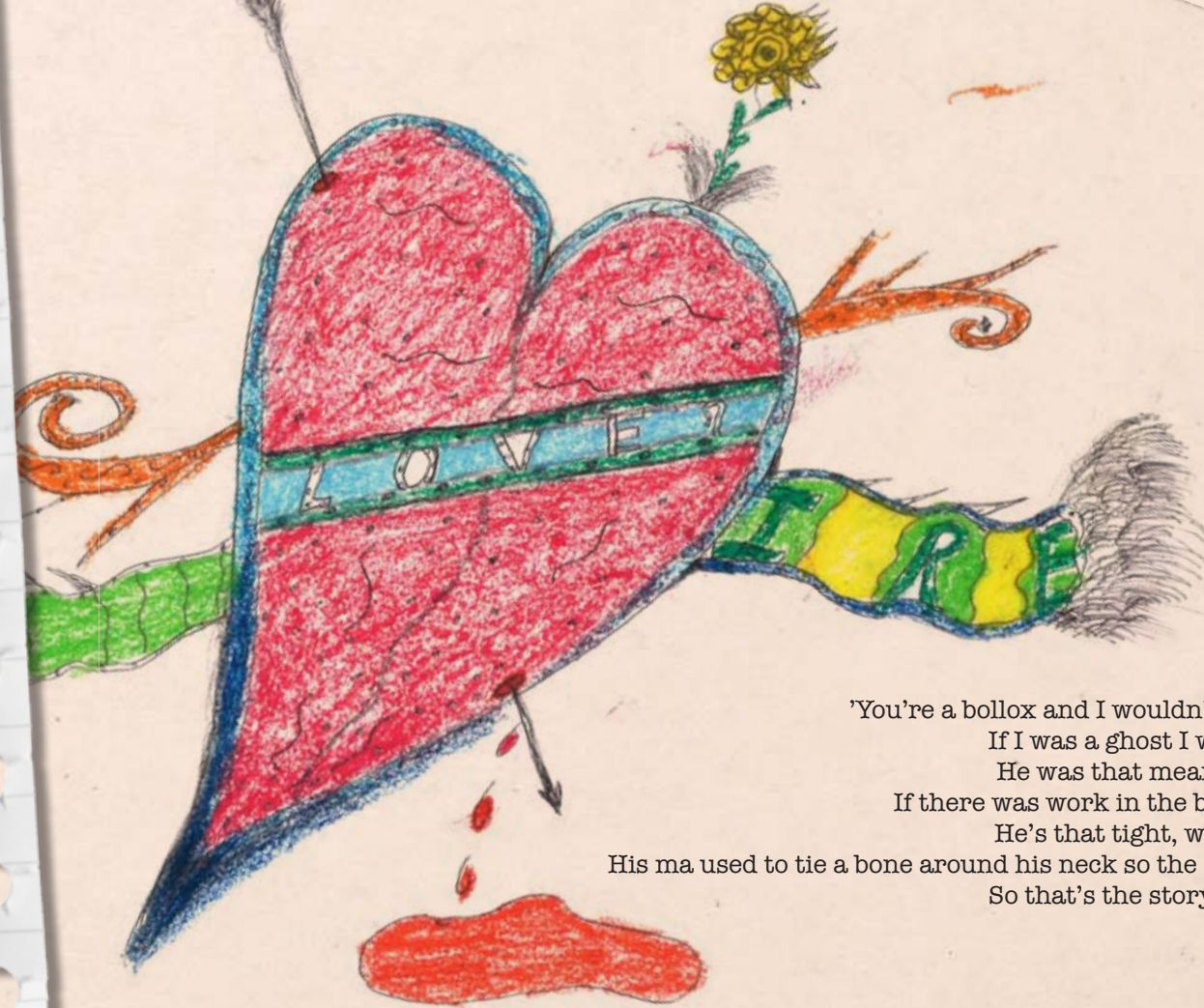
Artist: Patricia



CONFLICT

DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME WE CALLED EACH OTHER NAMES. I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHY. IN THE END IT WASN'T WORTH IT. YOU SAID SOME VERY HURTFUL THINGS TO ME AND BROUGHT OUT A SIDE IN ME I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD. I RETURNED SOME HURTFUL COMMENTS AND THE WHOLE SITUATION GOT OUT OF HAND. I STARTED BREAKING THINGS IN YOUR HOUSE UNTIL YOU THREW ME OUT. OUTSIDE IN THE GARDEN YOU PUT ME TO THE GROUND, GOT ON TOP OF ME AND CHOKED ME WHILE I WAS ATTEMPTING TO HIT YOU. YOU EVENTUALLY GOT OFF ME AND WENT BACK INTO YOUR HOUSE. I WALKED AWAY AND HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO YOU IN YEARS. HOW COULD SOMETHING SO SMALL AND STUPID TURN INTO SOMETHING SO BIG AND CAUSE SO MUCH PROBLEMS. I WAS LEFT HOMELESS AND YOU LOST YOUR SON. I JUST WANT TO APOLOGISE AND SAY SORRY FOR HOW I ACTED THAT DAY. I THINK WE WOULD BOTH AGREE WE WERE BOTH OUT OF LINE THAT DAY AND I'M SURE YOU REGRET IT AS MUCH AS I DO. I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE ME AND MAYBE ONE DAY WE CAN MEND OUR RELATIONSHIP.

LUKE M

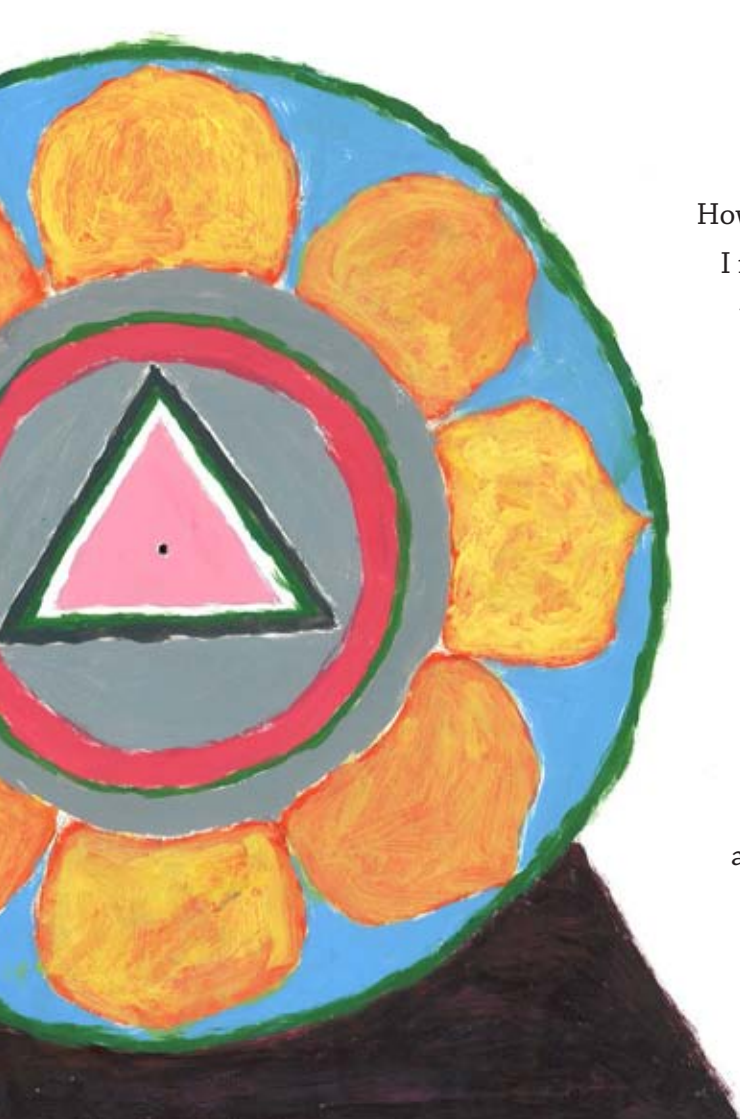


Artist: Anonymous

BEST MATES

What he said to me was
'You're a bollox and I wouldn't give you the time of day.
If I was a ghost I wouldn't give you a fright.'
He was that mean, he owed himself money.
If there was work in the bed, he'd sleep on the floor.
He's that tight, when he walks, he squeaks.
His ma used to tie a bone around his neck so the dogs would play with him.
So that's the story of me and my best mate!

Mixer



CHANGING DUBLIN

How my area of Dublin has changed...

I remember growing up in Tallaght with my mates. We use to tie ropes on the lamp post to make swings. As we got older, we started to hang around the corners, women as well. We'd always have a stereo playing and drink. It could be snowing and we would be still standing there. In the summer we would always meet in the football field and go down to Dolphin's Barn to buy our two litres. They were good days. Now you have a lot of drugs going around – heroin. Junkies. I'd be on the bus and they'd be talking through their nose. Talking a lot of rubbish telling everyone their business. Well, we all have problems no matter how we are. Hopefully we'll all change some day.

Tony H

Artist: Anonymous

LAURA

My friend Laura, she's a nice girl. Laura is unemployed and has no education. She's also living in a temporary home, and is very close to being put out and then will have to live back on the street over not paying her rent. You see Laura has a secret, not many people know about it. She's on drugs. Other people think she only drinks. But money is becoming a problem, and hates the thought of being locked up, but has to get money no matter what. Laura has long black hair, big brown eyes and a nice smile. She dresses good and is about 6ft tall. Then Laura goes into a shop, puts things into her pockets but she gets caught. Then the Garda is called. She tries to use another name and again gets caught. Brought to court and has to go to prison for two weeks. She cries and cries but it gets Laura nowhere.

Christina O

Artist: Joe K



Island Life

The currach rocked from side to side, as the current made the going tough. Only a half moon lit the way but Seamus had made this trip hundreds of times before. The salty spray and cold night air had given him a weathered face, like that of a fisherman. His Aran jumper and woolly hat gave him some protection from the cold and tweed trousers and wellies he wore just like his father and grandfather before. Scotch his collie dog barked intently as the mainland neared. His piercing green eyes looked at his dog, his only true friend and calmed him without saying a word. The bottle of poitín jangled beside him, four crates in all, bound for the shebeen on the coast. Seamus had been taught by his father since he was a boy, how to distil, how to build a currach. Everything he knew he had learnt from him. His mother had died giving birth to his younger brother, Pat. A Garda living in Donegal, they had never gotten on and hadn't spoken in over 40 years, when Seamus was just 17. His brother had never approved

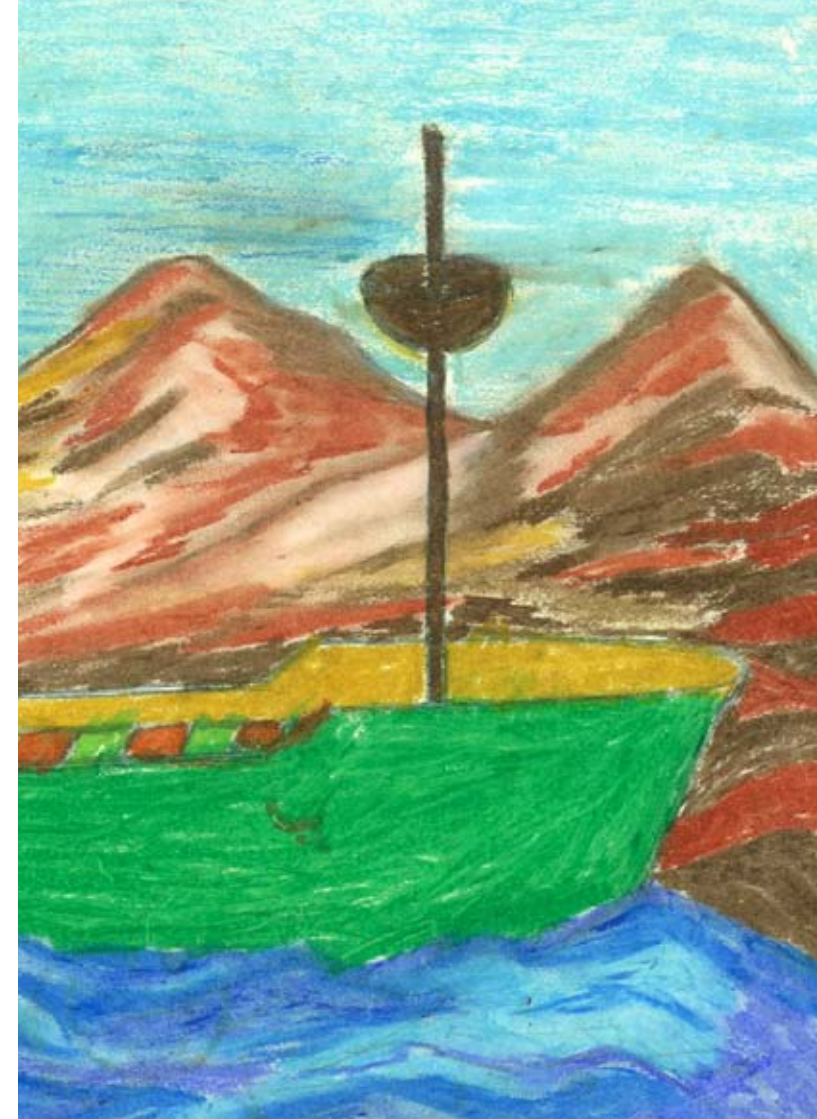
of the illegal bootlegging and sought an honest life away on the mainland. Seamus loved his life though he lived alone with his collie, had no electricity, just a turf fire and kerosene lamps in an old ramshackle cottage, alone on his island. The only people he ever spoke to were his buyers of his poitín and this suited him just fine.

As he reached the rocky coast, he landed his boat, out jumped Scotch and the old man dragged it ashore. He had a two mile walk ahead, carrying one crate at a time. Four trips in all in the dead of night. He would leave the crates in a hidden shed and his money would be left there to collect. Then with a glint in his eyes he would make his way back, happy with his night's work. He would only buy supplies for his poitín with the money he made and some tobacco would be his only reward for himself. Once home he would light the fire, set the lamps and feed Scotch. His one true fear was his life changing

in any way. People moving to his island or the oil companies coming looking for gas and oil, as had happened on some of the neighbouring islands. He loved his quiet life with only Scotch to keep him company and knew of little else. He had no interest in money or material things and had amassed a small fortune, which he kept hidden under his mattress and would probably never be spent. He had no son to take over from him, so his way of life and that of the generations before him would be lost forever.

Craig W

Artist: Anonymous





Artist: James P

Artist: Laura



A RHYME

I HATE TO SAY THAT AFTER THE DAY
I'LL MAKE MY WAY TO THE NIGHT BUS,
THEN HIT THE HAY AND LAY IN THE NEXT DAY,
BECAUSE I DON'T GET MY PAY TILL THE NEXT DAY.
OK.

CHRISTY O



Artist: Anonymous

PAST, PRESENT AND BEYOND

When I was 10 years old, I remember my mother and father telling me about the old times before there were televisions and phones. Where they would sit around the fireplace telling stories. Ghost stories mostly. I'm now 50 years old and I'm telling stories about mobiles, computers and laptops. What will my sons and daughters tell stories about. Maybe going to space for a holiday or flying cars!

Christy O

LAW

For Dr Rich

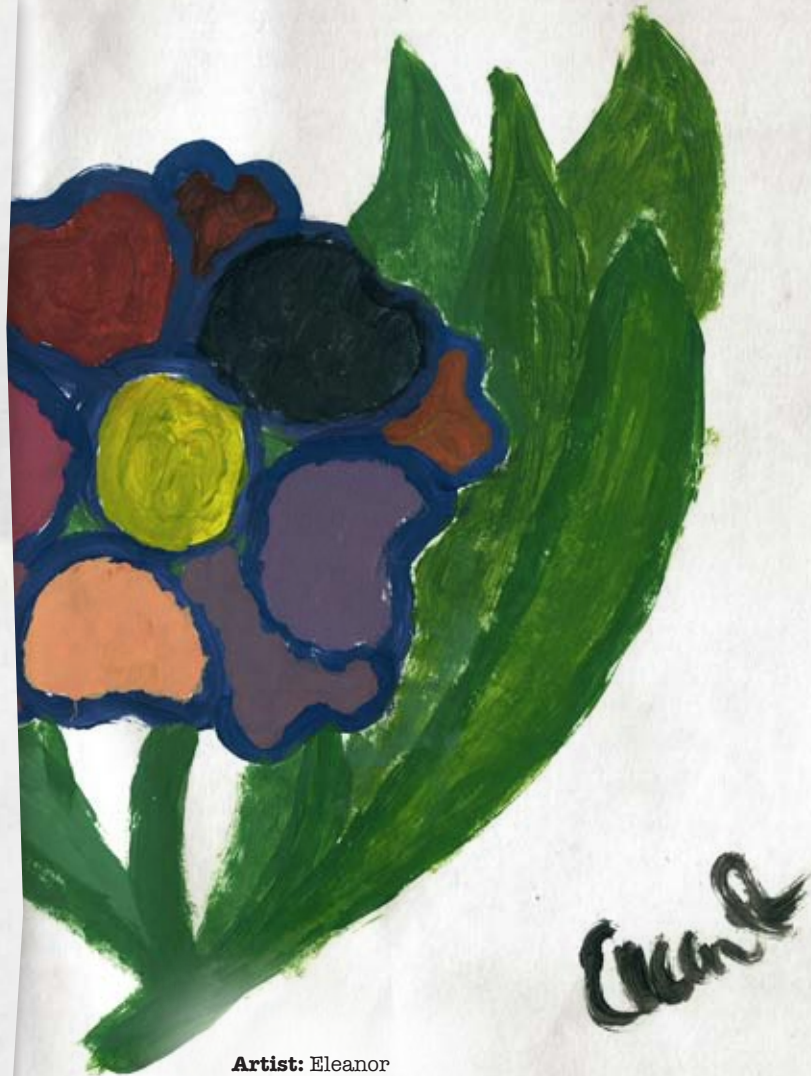
There is no necessary law
In human relations
Comparable to whatever solar law
We can divine
Is this an absolute truth
We enquire
Or another divining
And as I pass this rail-track
As I hear the wails of tortured
Loved ones
I ask God
"Why
Why did you make us?"
He seems to respond
"Someday
That
I will reveal"

Donal M

Connemara

*The land so barren, far and wide
The countless stone walls lay side by side
I remember the wind whistling through the air
The tiny droplets on my rain-soaked hair
I remember the lake, so choppy, not still
Where I caught my first fish and held it by the gills
I remember shivering, wet and cold
I remember it as a great day
Even though I was only seven years old*

David G

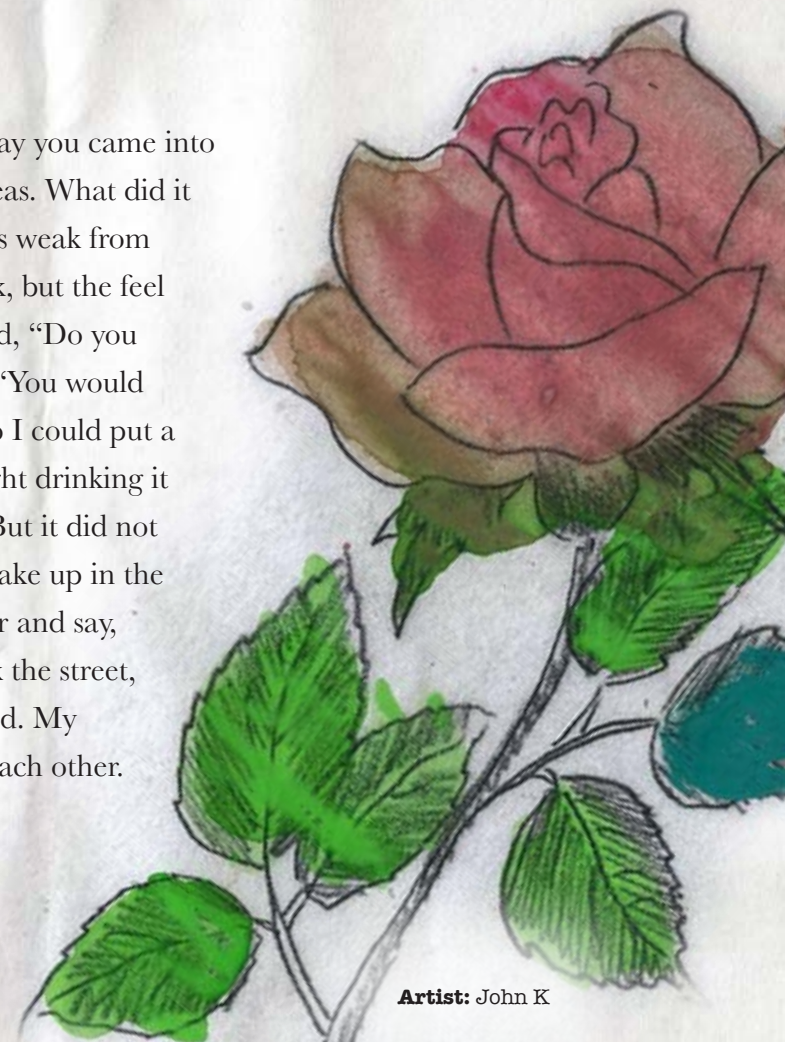


Artist: Eleanor

The Death of Christy

How things have changed in 40 years, since the first day you came into the Simon, a young 40-year old with a head full of ideas. What did it feel like to be the first to get a bed there? My body was weak from sleeping rough. He said my mind was gone from drink, but the feel of a soft pillow eased my soul. He said on his deathbed, “Do you remember when we had to sneak drink in?” He said, “You would go in and lower a pillow on a string out the window so I could put a bottle of whiskey in and most times we would be caught drinking it in your room and we would be put out for the night. But it did not stop us trying again and again, and when we would wake up in the mornings, full of mice, we would be look at each other and say, ‘Oh well, they will keep us company.’” We would walk the street, drinking, eating good food, and clean sheets on the bed. My heart was heavy the day you died. 20 years we knew each other. You taught me everything.

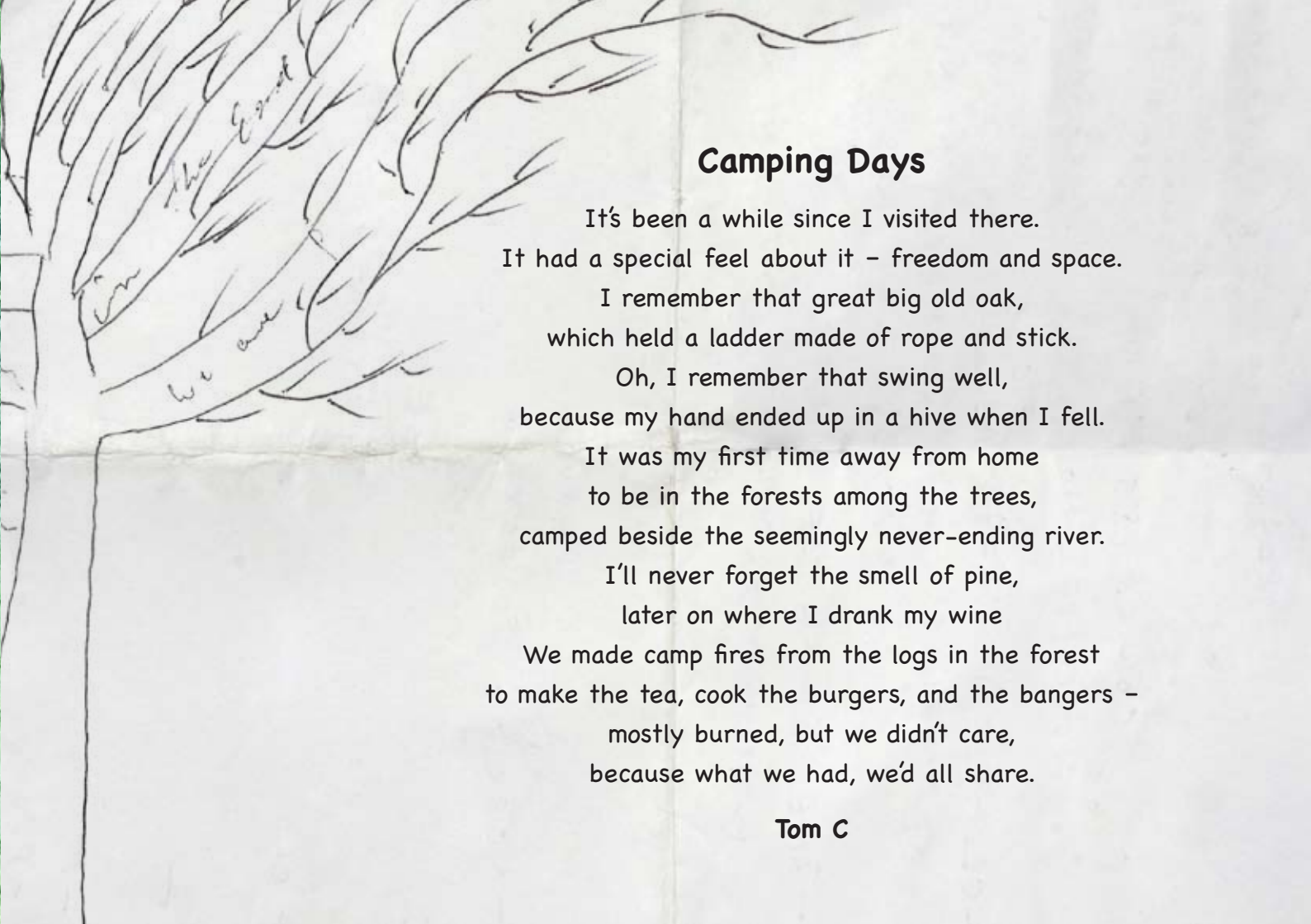
Jimmy W



Artist: John K



Artist: Christine



Camping Days

It's been a while since I visited there.
It had a special feel about it – freedom and space.
I remember that great big old oak,
which held a ladder made of rope and stick.
Oh, I remember that swing well,
because my hand ended up in a hive when I fell.
It was my first time away from home
to be in the forests among the trees,
camped beside the seemingly never-ending river.
I'll never forget the smell of pine,
later on where I drank my wine
We made camp fires from the logs in the forest
to make the tea, cook the burgers, and the bangers –
mostly burned, but we didn't care,
because what we had, we'd all share.

Tom C

The Answer

Are you the answer to my prayer
hope personified
I was stupid and unfair
in need of a good guide
without anything to spare
readily I lied
like an actor with a flare
for flattering foolish pride
wasn't everyone a player
weren't they gratified
any who were unaware
were taken for a ride
but my disguise began to wear
as I with villains vied
if at times I felt a scare
I took it in my stride
one night in the chancer's chair
my cards I coldly eyed

saw calm collected debonair
a knave naïve a queen serene a king so dignified
can never make nor match a pair
until two are allied
and as all in war is fair
many will have cried
out often in the open air
though usually inside
so like a harried hounded hare
quickly has to hide
caught once in a cunning snare
then mercifully untied
I hid and didn't dare
a muscle move - eyes wide
with a terror stricken stare
sure you'd say I'd died
as suddenly I saw you there
standing by my side

and indeed you led me where
nothing is denied
when you genuinely care
what therapy applied
other than that love so rare
as amply you supplied
can anything ever compare
in vain have poets tried
are you the answer to my prayer
will you be my bride
now an honest man I swear
happily occupied
healthy children you shall bear
luck is multiplied
for us all to share
to truth - truth is replied.

James P

FEAR

I AM ANXIOUS, FULL OF FEAR
I CANNOT EVEN SHED A TEAR
WHAT MAKES ME THINK THIS WAY?
Oh, I CANNOT REALLY START TO SAY

IS IT THE FEAR OF BEING ALCOHOLIC?
EVEN THOUGH SOME PEOPLE WOULD SAY I DON'T GIVE A TROLIX
'IS IT THE FEAR OF BEING A GAMBLER?' I HEAR YOU SAY
NO, WHY DON'T YOU CALL IT A DAY?

NO, IT'S NOT ANY OF THESE - IT'S NOT FOR MYSELF, THAT'S THE
TRUTH
TO CARE ABOUT MYSELF, I AM TOO LONG IN THE TOOTH
IT'S BECAUSE OF MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN
IT'S MY FEAR FOR THE UNBORN CHILD
BECAUSE OF THESE THINGS, HOW I HAVE CRIED

MARIO

Upfront

I don't believe in lying,
inside I feel like dying.
You make my heart beat fast,
but I could never forget the past.

When I wake up in the morning,
my face lights up with joy.
You mended my breaking heart,
that's why I can never see us apart.
Now you know how you get me by,
I wonder do you ask yourself why?

You lie beside me sleeping,
while I lie awake weeping and,
when I see you dreaming,
inside my love is screaming.

Louise D

Curiosities

I remember when I was very young
I was curious about what dandelions
tasted like. A bit of advice for anyone
who never tasted them - Don't!

And I always wanted to know what it
felt like to be electrocuted, so one day
after repairing a stun gun, I tried it
out on myself, but because of the jolt
I couldn't really do it, so I had to get
a friend to shock me...It burned and
the pain was intense!

Jack

Proud Moment

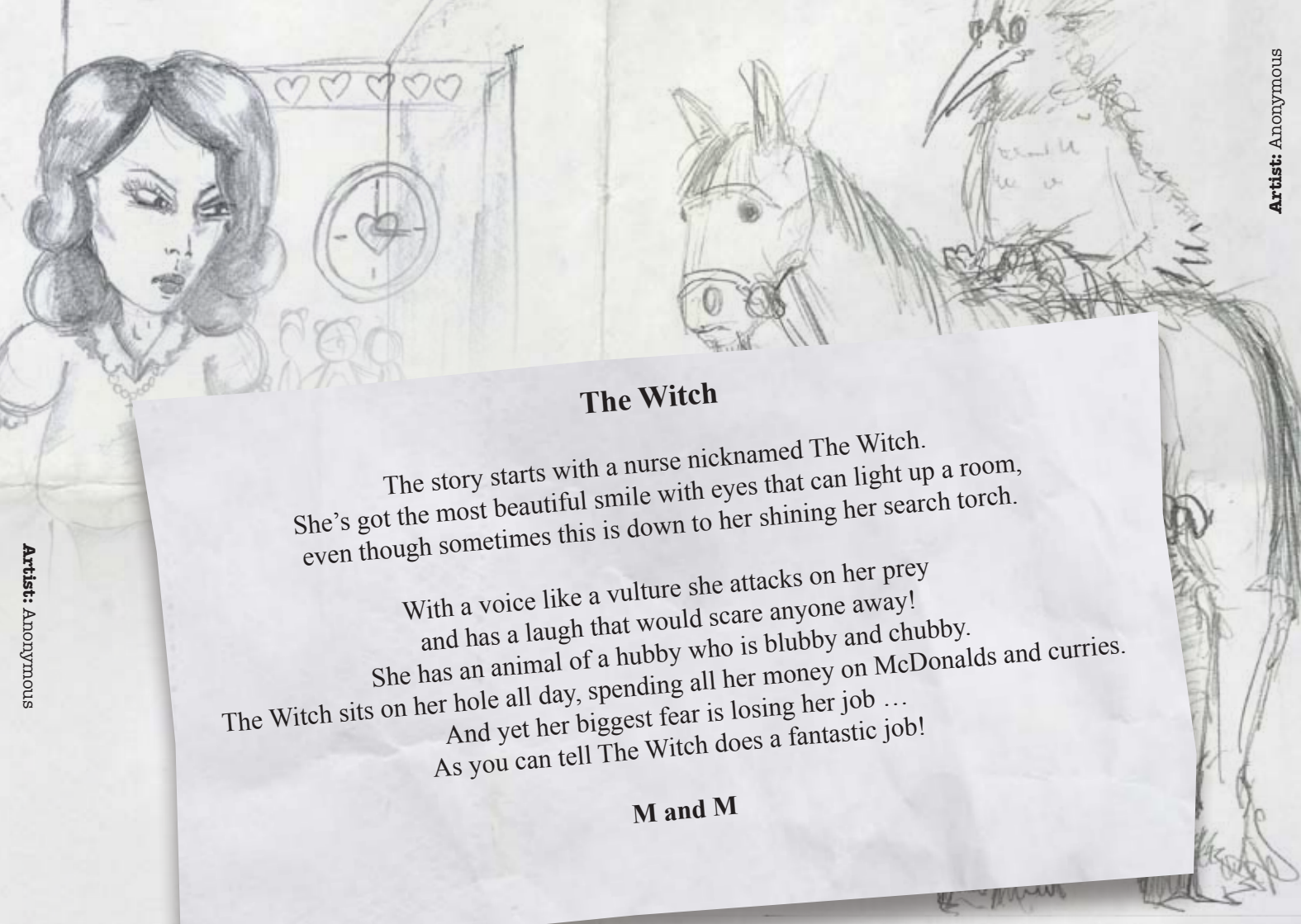
In 1998, my children were born -
Pawel and Ade; they are twins.
I was very happy about that.
They weighed 3 kgs each.

Robert M

Election 2011

I hope this year is brighter than the few we have had before.
No Cowens and no Harneys knocking on the door.
I hope this new election will make people learn and see
You don't vote for a party who only thinks of thee.
I think I'll vote Labour. The Greens for number two.
It definitely won't be Enda Kenny, he hasn't got a clue.

Tom D



The Witch

The story starts with a nurse nicknamed The Witch.
She's got the most beautiful smile with eyes that can light up a room,
even though sometimes this is down to her shining her search torch.

With a voice like a vulture she attacks on her prey
and has a laugh that would scare anyone away!
She has an animal of a hubby who is blubby and chubby.
The Witch sits on her hole all day, spending all her money on McDonalds and curries.
And yet her biggest fear is losing her job ...
As you can tell The Witch does a fantastic job!

M and M

Artist: Anonymous



Artist: Taz



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