

History



us
and History helps
understand mankind,
our first mistakes.

Though we are human
ourselves, we don't know how
far we can bring human
potential and to what use.

History helps us unravel
that mystery and to respect
the ways of nature.

History is IMPORTANT!

Lucija Kuzniak-Madajczyk

Written by: Lucija Kluzniak-Madajczak, 4th class

Told by: Paul Ó, Calmáin

~~Paul's phone number.~~

Paul's address: North Street,

⁷¹
S. Kibbereen, Co. Cork

The Turn Of A Plan

Paul's grandmother, Charlotte Dawling, was around 16, when her father sadly died. The whole family gathered to bury him. It was planned to happen on Monday, which was Easter Monday that year. But one of her brothers, who was a member of the Volunteers, heard from one of his colleagues that it would be wiser to bury his father on Sunday, even though that was strangely unusual, because something "BIG" was going to happen. What he didn't know was that the Rising was planned for Easter Monday.

So Paul's great grandfather was buried on Easter Sunday in Harold's cross, in Dublin.

It was a thirstily hot day and Paul's grandmother remembered it all.

Fantastic how mind's work...

It was so hot in fact that Paul's grandmother was out in the garden in her blouse.

This all happened due to a turn in the plan. A wise one it was too!

By Lucija Kluzniak-Madajczak

This is a poem ~~is~~ composed by Paul o Colmain
in honour of that story in history, this is it:

EASTER 1916

My mam's mum's dad died Easter weekend 1916.
My genteel granny told me when I was 9.

Old enough to recognise the drama of the date.
Too young to cop that he was her daddy.

Buried in Harold's Cross a day early
due to a wink tipped to a brother in the Volunteers,

life and events continued around them
as they stood in their sun-drenched, neat back
garden
after the burial.

It was only April
but so hot
they were in their blouses.
And in the distance,
what sounded like 'thunder.

By Paul o Colmain

Told By: Malina Kluzniak
Written By: Lucija Kluzniak-Madziejczak, 4th class

Malina's Address: Klauzyny 12/83
Warsaw
Poland

The Child, The Young Lady & The Policeman

I was born in Ireland, in Donegal, but my parents, grandparents and great grandparents are from Poland. I love Ireland and it is my only childhood home. My spirit and my heart ~~is~~ lay here. Yet Poland still remains close to me, with its mountains and forests, its lakes ~~lakes~~ and its rivers... that is why I chose a story from Poland.

This story happened in the Polish Communist regime. It takes place in Warsaw, the capital city of Poland, when my mother was a child of three or four, and my grandmother a young lady. In the Communist regime ~~to~~ the government were doing some very stupid things and, in general, being complete idiots. People were forbidden to write or publish anything that the government, in short, nothing against the government.

One day my grandmother was pushing my mother down the street, with shopping bags in the pram as well.

The shopping bags had forcing old shopping in it as they tend to have.

But what has shopping got to do with
Communist Regime in Poland? ...

You might well ask. laaaaaah!

But you see, secret newspapers and books
were hidden in with the shopping. ...

You see my ^{to} grandmother was somebody
in the Communist-Regime to whom
secret-papers were sent about all that
was happening in Poland at that time.

She passed them on to other people
and sent on the news.

Now a policeman came along ^{and} as my
grandmother was rather attracting (if you
don't mind my saying so) he asked
her if he could help her carry the
shopping bags. Now being a very clever
woman she agreed - pardon me about
saying she's clever, but she is - .

That is a funny scene. A
policeman carrying a shopping bag,
not knowing that inside it are illegal
papers. ...

And he never found out. ...
Funny, ain't it? !!

By Lucija Kluzniak-Madajczak.

happening
happening

shopping

Written by: Lucija Kluzniak-Madajczak, 4th class
Told by: Marie Cullen.
Marie's Phone Number:
Marie's Address:

North Street,

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Skibbereen, Co. Cork

UPON THE DARK SLOPES OF WAR

Marie's mother is Mary Harlon, and her father was Andrew Cullen.

Marie's grandfather, Edward Harlon, fought for Michael Collins in the Irish revolution. When Marie was a young girl he would sometimes tell her stories of months of hiding in the mountains, having very little to wear, because they had a very small amount of time to run away, and in bare feet, because he forgot his shoes. He was hiding from the British.

It would have been very hard and dangerous. I imagine that hiding in the mountains was a little like hiding in a stack of hay, but if you put out a leg or arm you would be devoured by a blood-thirsty dragon or trapped by a foul and evil wizard.

It would have been very uncomfortable seeking shelter in the trees and the undergrowth and drinking river-water as they would have done.

Marie's grandfather's feet were dreadfully cold and frozen. He would wrap them up in dry leaves and moss, trying to keep warm.... he lived that way for over a month.

Marie would often question her grandparents

about the war, but they would become upset and sorrowful and wouldn't speak about it.

The British were trying to wipe away the Irish, wipe away the language, the ancient culture, as if they were wiping away dirt with a cloth. Brother fought brother. Father fought son. Families were being torn apart one by one.

How much more war and hatred, pain, and anger do we need in a world that will never be perfect, never be perfect, but can always be changed for good, if only people realize that you have one life and you do not want to live it quenching happiness and spilling blood.

War is ~~a~~ like a piece of food falling in a dirty place and somebody thinking, "If I lick it, it will become clean so I can eat it."

By Lucija Kluzniak-Madajczak

War And Nature

Mist hovers upon the broken ground
And starved it is where war has found.

No plant shall grow in reach
Of the dark-encircled ring,
Till the sun shall shine and with it life shall
bring.

No bird shall rest upon the land,
which holds the human wrath,
Till rain shall come and with it wind blow,
the darkening day away.

Winter winds and
Summer sun,

Washing the pain away
and keeping war at bay.
And all the earth shall rejoice,
when the land is unscathed,
upon which man's wrath lay.

By
Lucija -
Kluzniak
Madajczak