

AN OCEAN OF STORIES!

**An Anthology of Children's Ocean Stories
by children for children**

**Specially Selected and Compiled by
Carmel T. Madigan**

Loophead Summer Hedge School



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An Anthology of Children's Ocean Stories
by children for children

**from the Explorers Ocean of Stories
personal story writing project
run with participating primary schools
in counties Clare & Limerick
2020-2021**

Loophead Summer Hedge School



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For biographical details on artist, author and educator Carmel T. Madigan, go to:

<http://www.carmeltmadigan.com/artist-biography.html>

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Other books published by Author/Loophead Summer Hedge School:

The Wild Flowers of Loophead (2012)

Seasons, Species & Patterns of a North East Atlantic Rocky Shore (2014)

Conversations with Nature (2016)

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Explorers Education Programme: www.explorers.ie

Loophead Summer Hedge School



P r e f a c e

It was September 2020, and classes were returning to school for the first time since March 12th 2020. Schools were returning with stringent protocols which included no external visitors to classrooms. I was contracted by the Marine Institute to deliver the Explorers Education Programme to primary schools throughout county Clare, but with no direct access to classrooms, a different strategy needed to be hatched out.

Luckily, I had a brainwave!. With it being such a difficult period for both teachers and students alike, I began to conceptualize a plan to develop a writing project, that was ocean themed and which also cultivated a sense of well being. The project needed to work across various situations, including home schooling, schools with poor internet and WIFI capabilities, as well as in normal and blended learning situations. It therefore needed to be activity based. I began conjuring up the essentials for a personal story writing guidebook. I ran my plans through Cushla Dromgool-Regan, of the Camden Education Trust, who manages the Explorers Education Programme on behalf of the Marine Institute. Cushla showed great positivity towards this proposal, and by the following weekend, I was glued to my computer, designing out the guidebook as planned out on A2 sheets of paper. The end result of this was the publication of a twenty page, ‘Ocean of Stories - Explorers Personal Story Writing Guidebook’, which was sponsored by the Explorers Education Programme.

I gathered some early reviews from teachers and other educational professionals, and I found it was met with some very positive feedback!. This gave me great confidence in ploughing ahead, because it is still just the end of September, classes are still finding their feet and I am now in a position to circulate the Explorers Education Programme application form to schools with my new offering.

The next part of the development of the project entailed the creation of videos to accompany each exercise/group of exercises in the guidebook. This involved a couple of trips to the west Clare coast, to Spanish Point in October, with my sons, Fergal and James, to make these videos at my ‘school desk’ on the shore, with the intention that I would be carrying the sounds and energy of the ocean directly into the classroom, it being my backdrop. These videos were then circulated via USB with the guidebook, to schools that had signed up to participate after mid-term break.

It was obvious from the outset that both the guidebook activities and the videos were having a really positive impact in the classroom. These were followed up with zoom sessions to classes, for chats and discussions about the ocean, writing and their potential story topics. I greatly appreciated the enthusiasm of the first batch of teachers that participated in the programme with their classes before Christmas 2020.

In the aftermath of the Christmas season, things took a serious dip with schools shut again, and home schooling again, taking hold. I greatly appreciated the brilliant effort of teachers, who worked on the Ocean of Stories writing project through this bleak period.

As schools returned, classes that hadn't yet started, took the project on with great gusto. I am so delighted, overwhelmed and hugely impressed with the dedication of effort and quality of writing that has emanated from the Explorers Ocean of Writing project over this most difficult of periods in primary education.

I am delighted that I was able to bring something to the classroom that was fresh and new to them, and to carry the ocean in with me through sound and movement. I am hugely appreciative of the Marine Institute's Explorers Education Programme for their flexibility in providing me with the opportunity to engage with teachers and students for this very worthwhile project.

Over 300 children produced stories, artwork and poems that were inspired by the ocean, as part of the Explorers Education Programme's project. The stories chosen for the final Anthology were selected on the basis of good writing, diversity of personal ocean based experiences and imagination. The stories contained herein, are truly beautiful, expressive, engaging, intriguing, thoughtful, succinct, and make for wonderful insightful reading, whatever your age. These stories are the children's own, their lived experiences intertwined with creative thinking, even fantasy at times, while some are pure fact or pure fiction. All these stories are lovely to read and the reader will feel enriched having read them.

There are over fifty contributions, from fourteen participating classes, with a selection of at least three contributions from each class.

I hope you enjoy and treasure this little book, written by children about the ocean, during a time when the world was in a state of flux due to the Covid-19 pandemic.

A c k n o w l e d g e m e n t s

I wish to thank a number of people for their support with the creation of this book.

Firstly, thank you to the 300+ children who shared their amazing stories with me. I only wished we could have included them all.

I would also like to pay tribute to the teachers for their support and their ongoing enthusiasm during the project over the 2020-2021 school year:

Ms Jo O' Brien, teacher, Cratloe NS; Ms Sinéad Kirby, teacher, Cratloe NS; Ms Claire Fitzgibbon, teacher, Cratloe NS; Mr Mike Sheedy, teacher, Cratloe NS; Ms Sharon Brady, principal teacher, O' Callaghan's Mills NS; Mr Ger Cremins, teacher, Scarriff NS; Ms Alison Varley, teacher, Killaloe GNS; Ms Antoinette McNamara, teacher, St Patrick's GNS Limerick; Mr Christy McNamara, teacher, St Patrick's GNS, Limerick; Ms Maria Carroll, teacher, Lahinch NS; Ms Bríd Queally, principal teacher, Fanore NS; Ms Marie Minogue, principal teacher Moveen NS; Ms Eleanor Corry, Principal teacher, Kilkee NS; Ms Sheena Gleeson, teacher, Inch NS.

I would also like to thank Ms Cushla Dromgool-Regan, The Camden Education Trust; Dr Noirín Burke, Galway Atlantaquaria; the Marine Institute & the Explorers Education Programme; as well as Prof. Sheryl O'Sullivan, for their support with the project.

I would like to thank my own family for their ongoing assistance and encouragement during the early stages of the project: Fergal, Robert and James Madigan.

Finally, to all the published authors in this book, thank you for your fantastic efforts of writing and editing your stories. Congratulations. Your combined efforts gave reason for this publication. Keep writing.



HOLDFAST
FOREST KELP

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C O N T E N T S

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Foreword

Ireland is an island nation with a proud tradition of ocean explorers and innovators. For many this passion for the ocean started with their childhood excursions to the seashore. Leading many young children in their discovery and passion for the sea, is Carmel T Madigan, based in County Clare, Ireland. Carmel is an amazing artist and marine expert. Her energy and passion for the ocean has always been an inspiration for the children, teachers and our Explorers Education team – creating ocean champions.

I am so pleased to have been able to support Carmel in the development of the 'An Ocean of Stories!' project with the children and teachers in Counties Clare and Limerick this year (2020-2021), as part of the Marine Institute's Explorers Education Programme. Although it has been a challenging time for many, this project has provided a time to find that positive place for our well-being and reflection. The stories and poems written by the children highlight their thrills, adventures and happy times and our interconnection with the ocean. It conjures up many of my own childhood memories of 'sand in the sandwiches, jumping off piers, being tumbled by waves, to having that big ice-cream on the way home! I am sure that for many who read this book, the readers' will also turn the pages smiling with similar thoughts.

I wish to congratulate all those involved in this project. As an island nation with an ocean territory ten times the size of its land area, a rich coastline and marine biodiversity, the ocean is very much a part of Ireland's heritage and culture. The ocean provides us with over half the oxygen that we breathe, it influences our weather, it feeds us, entertains us, inspires us, and connects us!

I sincerely hope that this book inspires those that read it. As one of the stories of a sailor's adventure traveling across the seas, the Ocean may separate us physically around the world, but it provides us the opportunity to bring humanity together for a healthy and prosperous future!

Cushla Dromgool-Regan
Strategic Education and Communications Manager
The Camden Education Trust

The Camden Education Trust are responsible for the strategic development of the Marine Institute's Explorers Education Programme.



KILKEE

The Rescue

by Tommy Byrnes

It was the first day of our Summer Holidays. We were in our Auntie's mobile home in Kilkee, with my mum, dad, cousins, auntie and uncle. We woke up at 7am and I went up town with my cousins to get some fresh rolls so that we could have them to eat after swimming. It was starting out as a sunny day with clear blue skies. There were no clouds to be seen.

For breakfast, we had some delicious croissants. I quickly ate mine so that we could get to the pier in time for the tide. I put on my bright green wetsuit, as did my cousins. We were jumping out of our skin with excitement.

We got to the pier in two cars. We jumped out and ran along the pier to the very end and dived into the salty water. As soon as I hit the water, I felt a shock from the ice-cold Atlantic ocean. After a while, we felt a bit warmer. We had a few turns jumping off the pier and we were having the best fun ever.

Suddenly we heard a deafening screech coming from a siren on a boat. Everyone panicked and climbed out of the water. My heart started beating so fast. In an instant, the doors to the boathouse swung open and the lifeguards emerged guiding a bright blue jet ski behind them. They dashed out into the water.

They jumped on the jet ski and sped off towards the cliffs beside Georges Head. We all stood on the pier in shock and curious to know why the lifeguards were in such a rush.

In the distance we could see a dark black boat swaying in the tide getting closer and closer to the cliffs. The lifeguards arrived just in time before the boat crashed into the cliffs.

Two people were passing by on their own boat and saw what was happening. They moved closer to the boat that looked like it was in trouble and needed help. The lifeguards jumped onto the black boat that was about to hit the cliffs and quickly searched the boat for passengers. They found three people on the boat. Two were on the top deck trying to get the boat out of danger and the other passenger was below deck. The lifeguards guided two passengers onto the boat that had arrived to help out and the other passenger onto the jet ski with them.

They returned quickly back to shore safety. The passengers were loaded onto waiting ambulances to be checked out and make sure that they had no injuries.

A large boat was sent out to tow the crashed boat back to shore. Thankfully everyone was safe and there were no injuries

We packed up and headed back to the mobile home. It was a very unusual day at the pier, but we still had lots of fun.

Fishing Adventures

by Cathal Downey

It was the June bank holiday weekend and the sun was high in the sky. Dad came home on Thursday and announced that we were off to Dingle to our mobile home. I was super excited. We hitched on the trailer and started packing. We packed bed sheets, towels and wetsuits. We travelled in the dark of the night. We stopped in Newcastlewest for petrol and food. All that hard work packing had made me hungry. Dad took a short cut up over the Conor Pass, the food in my stomach was bouncing over the hills.

After a good night's sleep in my camp bed, I went to the beach. It was great to see the ocean again. It was good to feel the soft warm sand. I was looking forward to a weekend of swimming and building sandcastles and jumping off the pier. The beach was packed with parents and children all enjoying the sun and the waves. We went for a long walk across the beach to Ventry. The weather was sunny and the waves were lapping against the shore like little whispers. I could feel the soothing sand between my toes. I had a pain in my head from my sister moaning.

That Saturday night, we went fishing with friends, Eddie and his son. I had never been fishing before. I was very excited at the thought of catching my first fish. Eddie had a dog called Sam. The fishing rod was left on the ground, Sam took a bite of the hook and got hurt.

Everyone tried to get the hook out and there was blood everywhere. I was very upset seeing the dog in pain. Dad ran to the mobile home and got

a knife and torch. Dad played vet and managed to get the hook out of the dog's mouth. We were all cheering and clapping.

Eddie recommended fishing as a relaxing hobby on Operation Transformation, but from my experience, it was far from relaxing. Swimming is much more relaxing and fun!



My New Dingy

by Eoin Downes

It was summertime 2018 and the weather was blisteringly hot with temperatures reaching the high 20's. The sky was blue and not a cloud to be seen in sight. It was great weather for the beach.

When I woke, I was bouncing with excitement as we were going to the beach. After breakfast, I helped Mam and Dad to pack the beach towels, sun cream, snacks and drinks. The day before, Mam had bought a rubber dingy. Today was the perfect day to try it out as there wasn't a puff of a breeze about. It was a big, blue dingy with a shark design on it. I couldn't wait!

We loaded up the car, and then we jumped in. Finally, the wait was over, we were there! The water looked so calm, not a ripple. I changed my clothes and jumped in. The water was cool, perfect for swimming. I splashed my sisters and they were screaming. After a while, we had some lunch and a drink. When we were finished, I went to grab my dingy but Mam said "No" as the weather had slightly turned, now the wind had picked up and the clouds had started to gather.

Mam and Dad got talking to some friends and when their backs were turned, I quickly grabbed the dingy and ran into the water. In an instant the waves started to appear and the weather had gotten cooler.

Before I knew it, the wind was at my back and I was floating out to sea. I never noticed I was floating away from the shore as I had my back to the sand. When I eventually looked around, I was far out at sea and started calling for help. Eventually, what seemed like hours but really only a few minutes, a walker on the cliff high up saw me waving. He called Emergency Services and requested a lifeboat as he could see that there was someone drifting out to sea.....me!

As this was happening my parents were frantic with worry on the beach. The lifeboat was launched and within minutes I was on the boat safe and glad, to be out of the water and away from the dingy. In no time at all, I was at the shore, and my parents ran towards me delighted with arms open that I was saved.

I turned to my mother and father and apologised for what I did and told them that I would never disobey them again and I never want to go on a dingy again! A week later, I found out that it was a man called Bill that called the Emergency Services. I am forever grateful for his watchful eyes! Any time since that "eventful day" that I have been at the beach, I've stayed quite near the shore in full sight of my parents!



'Artur Polish Fish' - Cubist Fish by Aneta, 5th class - Șcariff Ns

The Tsunami

by Abbie McLeish

It was the last day of school before the Summer holidays. There was a lot of mixed emotions because it was our last ever day of primary school. My friends, Leanne, Olivia and I were bawling our eyes out while watching the slideshow the school had made for us. We have been friends since junior infants, when I had fallen and they ran over to me. Then, Leanne gave me some of her apple and Olivia had given me some of her rice cake. From then on, we were inseparable. We were known as the LOL girls: Leanne, Olivia, Lauren. We finished the slide show and suddenly the day was over and primary school was in the past. It was the holidays, time for fun, freedom and especially, friends!

I skipped all the way to my flat at the edge of our little town. I flung open our chipped, red front door and strode inside. My parents weren't home yet, so I threw my navy school bag onto the floor beside the dinner table. I put the kettle on and made myself a ham and cheese toastie. An hour later my parents arrived home from work. They both worked as dental hygienists in town. "Hi Lauren!" they called in unison. "Hi mom, hi dad!" I called back. They asked about my day and we talked for a while. "We have some exciting news for you Lauren", my dad said, walking through the door after making another mug of tea. "We are going to be

going on a day out to the beach tomorrow!" "Where?" I queried. "To a lovely beach up in Clifden. We can leave early then have some lunch at a little café I found online. It's supposed to have very good catering for coeliacs". "Pack your bag tonight with a towel and any other things you might need" my dad said to me.

I ran upstairs immediately and started shoving things into my small, purple bag. After I had finished packing, I had a nice, relaxing bath and changed into my blue, velvet pyjamas and then went to bed early because I had an early start the next morning.

The next day, I awoke to the jingle of my alarm going off at 7:30 in the morning. I leaped out of bed and stretched. I then changed into my pink one piece swimsuit with grey shorts and a white t-shirt over it and I raced downstairs. My parents were sitting at the kitchen counter, eating porridge and discussing boring dentist stuff. I placed some toast in the toaster and when it popped up, I slathered it in butter and jam and scoffed it down.

After about half an hour, we were on the way to the beach in our little red car. It was a long drive, but we got there

The Tsunami

by Abbie McLeish

eventually, after getting lost twice. We had some lunch in the café my Dad was talking about and it was lovely. I had some tomato soup and a roll, and both my parents had a toastie with salad. After we had finished it all, we headed to the beach. For some reason the town was very quiet. There were few if any cars on the road, or people walking around, though I didn't take much heed of this. We got to the beach, but it was strange. It was deserted and there was no water in sight. "This must be the wrong place" my mom suggested, so we began to walk back to the little town.

Suddenly, we heard a deafening sound of rushing water behind us. We turned back, confused and we saw a huge wave crashing towards us. It was bigger than the biggest building I had ever seen. It was a Tsunami. "RUN!" my dad yelled. He picked me up and thrust me forward, so that I was further away from the wave. I cut my legs and arms and hit my head hard. I looked back and saw my parents running, so I ran too. I was panicking. I stole another glance behind me and saw my parents being swallowed up by the water. I suddenly heard a scream like none other I had ever heard before. It was desperate, shrill and agonising. I realised that it was coming from my own mouth. I felt salty tears trickling down my face and tasted them on my dry, cracked lips.

I couldn't move. My legs were stiff and numb and my brain wasn't working properly. I should have ran. At the last second I got my sense back and started to run, but it was too late. The wave had claimed me. I had been defeated. I felt the salty water stinging the cuts on my legs. I started to lose air and my eyes started to shut. Suddenly, everything was black.

I woke up in a cool room. I heard hushed voices whispering among themselves. All the memories came flooding back to me. I slowly opened my eyes and saw a white room with a television and a night stand. I was on a bed with crisp white sheets. I was in the hospital. I suddenly realised, if I had been rescued, then maybe my parents were too! I started to scramble out of bed and then groaned in agony. It hurt all over. I had a headache, my arms and legs were aching and so was my back. A kind looking nurse came in. "Hey, hey, hey!" She said. "You're not allowed to get up yet". I asked her what injuries I had and she explained. Turns out I had a broken arm and a leg and had been concussed. I then asked about my parents. "I'm so sorry honey, but they haven't been found yet" she explained. I started to cry and I guess she began to panic because then she said, "That doesn't mean we won't find them though!".

The Tsunami

by Abbie McLeish

After a few weeks my leg and arm got better and I was put into foster care. Every single night, I went to the beach and just stood there. It wasn't like I was trying to find my parents or anything like that, it was just nice to be there. I knew that my parents were watching over me and wouldn't want me to be upset, but I couldn't help it. I cried myself to sleep for the next year. I wish that it had been me who died in the wave. I was lost without them.

I'm nineteen now and I'm doing okay. Sometimes when I'm in bed, I can feel their presence, reaching out, to touch me, to grab me, then as soon as they came, they were gone, forever.

Lobster Pool

by Morgan Leahy

It was a windy day as the car pulled into the parking area. The car door opened with a click. I stepped out and I was hit with a blast of air. It was salty but refreshing. Dad was at the boot already, he called Jack to help him and he grabbed the fishing rods. Shane also helped out. Mum had drifted towards the prom wall. I joined her and we talked and looked at the vast glistening horizon.

Dad called us over and we began to trek to the rocky ledge that dad liked. To get there we had to walk through two muddy fields. Lots of sea gulls flew above our heads leaving out deafening squaks.

When we finally arrived, the cold breeze had kicked in, but the sun also beamed down. Our destination was wet and covered with limpets. Jack went for a swim, while Shane and dad went fishing. Mum and I began looking in rock pools. We saw a few fish and little crabs. Then we came to a rock pool buzzing with life and teeming with creatures. We noticed a small leg at the edge of a crevice in the outer rim of the pool. Mum dropped a piece of food into the pool and a large red lobster emerged from the crevice and grabbed it!

Jack and Shane and Dad came over fast and were planning how they were going to catch it! Mum and I were rooting for the lobster. Shane was googling up how to cook it...while mum told him 'not to sell the fish that is still swimming in the ocean!' They weren't able to catch the lobster. The next day, they went back with a lobster pot but there was no trace of the lobster.



Whale Watching in Vancouver

by Darragh Keogh

This is the story of what happened in the middle of our across Canada trip back when my family and I lived in Canada.

We started in Ottawa, Ontario, where we lived at the time, and proceeded to head westward across five of the six provinces (east to west: Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia), and at this point we had reached the furthest west coast, Vancouver, British Columbia, on the edge of the Pacific ocean.

The water there was calm enough, as we were sheltered by Vancouver island. A few times during our stay in Vancouver, we went on whale watching trips.

On the first trip, I got a bit sea sick, but I soon got used to it. The boat was about twice the size of your average fishing boat.

We saw so many orcas, I lost count. The orca's dorsal fins stuck about one and a half metres out of the water. We also saw a humpback whale. It surfaced only a few centimetres away from the boat! The speed of the orcas as they sped through the water was incredible, and the experience was completed with the ocean spray on my face. We also saw an island full of puffins. Seeing those whales was an amazing experience, one I will never forget.



The Lost Dolphin

by Ruby Lewis

I was having an early morning stroll down on Dogs Bay Beach in Clifden when I saw this very pale man. He passed me as I was walking and he kept staring at me. I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he was giving me a weird vibe. He spun back around and came towards me. I turned back around just in time to see him holding a walkie talkie and in a worried voice saying "I'll be right there!"

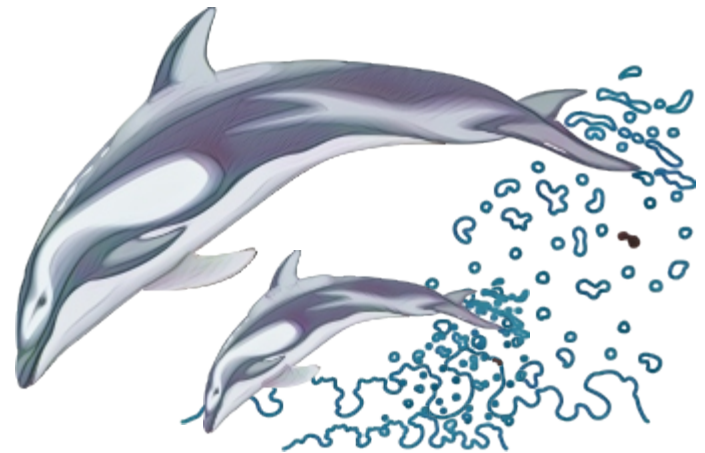
I was training to be a vet so it was nice to have a quiet moment to myself. I found a rock by the shore and sat on it looking out at the crashing waves. There was a cliff to my left but it was quite small. I closed my eyes and listened to the sea. I saw the pale man on the cliff when I opened my eyes, he was looking at me.

I felt weird so I started walking up the beach. I saw a dolphin in the waves. It looked sad like it was looking for something. I looked back on the cliff and realised that the man had seen it too. He shouted down at me and said "that dolphin is the mom of the dolphin that is trapped here". "We have the medical equipment but I don't know how to use it. Please can you help?????"

I knew I could help since I was a vet so I shouted up at him "YES I CAN HELP. I'M A

VET!" I ran up as fast as I could up to the cliff. I saw the dolphin. There was a large pool of water and the dolphin was stuck. It had a huge opening on its side. I got the vet kit out and fixed its side and the man thanked me and said the marine vet will take it from here. Just then a helicopter flew above us and moved all the rocks and let the dolphin out and reunited him with his family.

A few months later I was finished vet school and I was originally going to go to work at a vet's office, but since I helped save that dolphin, I decided to help with the wild ocean animals that need help. I love my job sooooo much.





BIO-LUMINESCENCE ON AN IRISH BEACH - NIGHT TIME

The Shimmering Beach Lights

by Julie O' Rourke

On September 16th 2020, there was a sighting of blue glowing waves otherwise known as bioluminescence on Kilkee beach. My parents heard about it on social media, and straight away, they decided to go and check it out. It was a calm night. There was no wind, no rain and it was surprisingly very warm. When my parents arrived at the beach they were so surprised by what they saw and immediately came back home for us, as we live less than two minutes away from the beach.

I was half asleep, my brother Corey was sleeping and my brother Dean was on the phone. When my dad came for us, he said there was something absolutely amazing on the beach. I left the house with no shoes or socks but I did have shorts and a shirt on and my brother Corey was in his pyjamas. He was asleep but my dad woke him up. My parents also called my aunt, uncle and my Nana. They were all down at the shore by the time we landed. Everyone was amazed at how beautiful it was. We took lots of photos and videos, we got a brilliant video of my aunt kicking the water. My dad might as well have been swimming because he was half way into the water. My mum was in the water too, splashing and kicking the waves. There was too much seaweed so I decided

not to go into the water. The tide was out, so it was safe to be there on the beach. It is something I will never forget.

I am so delighted my Dad came down and got us even though it was well after eleven pm when we got home and I had to be up for school the following morning. I didn't care though because I couldn't wait to tell my friends and talk about what I had seen with anyone else who managed to catch a glimpse of the shimmering blue waters.

When I went into school, I told my teacher and friends straight away. I found out that my friend Rian was at the beach earlier in the night before me and he said he went swimming. We both giggled and listened to each other's stories.

But only for social media we would have missed a massive once in a lifetime opportunity to witness something magical. When I tell anyone about what I saw they find it hard to believe me, but the waters really did glow that night in Kilkee and it is story I will recount for the rest of my life to anyone who will listen.



BALLYBUNION

Cave Escape

by Alexie Rooney

One warm, sunny day, a girl named Aimee went to Ballybunion beach Co. Kerry with her friends Aoife and Elisha. They had so much fun playing on the sand. Later, they decided to go swimming in the ocean. It took a long time to reach the water's edge because the tide was out quite far.

When they arrived at the water's edge, the tide was coming in. They noticed a cave. Aimee and Elisha wanted to explore the cave but Aoife said that the tide was coming in and she didn't dare to go into the cave. So, Aimee and Elisha went into the cave without Aoife. The tide was coming in very fast and there were huge waves crashing against the rocks. Aoife sprinted into the cave to find Aimee and Elisha.

On her way in she heard someone running towards her. It was Aimee, she came racing out of the cave to tell Aoife that she could not find Elisha. The girls began to worry. They both really wanted to go back inside the cave to find Elisha, but they couldn't because they noticed the waves were too high and were coming towards them really quickly. Aimee went to try and find a Lifeguard but she couldn't find one. Aimee had to think of another way and fast. She thought that there was no other way but that Aoife and Aimee would have to go into the cave to find Elisha. They had to do it quickly

before the waves completely filled the cave with water. Aimee dashed back to Aoife and told her that they needed to go into the cave to save Elisha before the cave was full with water. The two girls raced into the cave and looked everywhere for her. It got darker and darker as they went deeper into the cave so they had to use the torches on their phones.

As they were walking they came to a bend and then they found Elisha. Elisha was so relieved that they had found her. Suddenly they felt water against their feet so the three girls dashed out of the cave as fast as their legs could carry them.

They were so relieved to get out of the cave in time. They were really hungry after all that exercise so they went to get some food. After their food they went for ice cream to cool them down. They really enjoyed it.



Ferry to France

by Rachel Murphy

In summer 2017, we were going on holiday to France. We were driving to Rosslare, where my cousins the Fahy's live. We arrived at their house at around 4pm, we had dinner and we went to bed.

The next morning we all drove to the ferry, the Fahy's in one car, us in the other. We then parked our cars on the boat and separated to find our rooms. The rooms were small but the best thing was that there were two bunk beds on either side of the room. We then met the Fahy's in the restaurant.

We then felt the ferry starting to move and everyone went outside to say goodbye to Ireland. At this stage it was around 11.30 am. We all went to look around the ferry to see if there was any fun things to do, and there was. There was a play area and a disco and there was even a cinema. We were all starting to get hungry, so we went to find the restaurant. A couple of hours later, we went to watch a movie in the cinema. After that we were tired and went to bed. We had to wear seatbelts in bed.

Next morning, we all woke up and had breakfast. About an hour later, my auntie gave me and my cousins a make over. It was really fun. It was twelve noon, and we could see France in the distance. Then we heard the Captain saying that it will be another half an hour until we dock.

We all started packing our bags. My uncle bought us a stick of rock that was the colours of the French flag.

We approached the harbour at Cherbourg, and we went down to the bottom floor to get into our cars. Finally, we drove off the ferry to find our hotel. And that was just the beginning of our holiday.

When we were in France, we played football and tag on the beach. We swam in the ocean and found loads of sealife. My auntie even taught me to surf. It was one of the best holidays ever.



Family Trip to Scattery

by Tobey Molony

Last summer we spent our holidays down in Spanish Point, where we have a mobile home. We were so lucky to have the mobile during Covid-19 because nobody could fly anywhere. We did a lot of travelling during that time around our county Clare. My favourite times were when we would go over to Fanore beach for a swim. I liked the way there was a lot of big rocks on the beach because you could shelter behind them and have a nice picnic in the sunshine with the wind being blocked by the rocks.

The best experience of the summer was our trip to Scattery Island. We got up early and I was very excited because we were going to get on a small ferry to the Island. We packed a lunch and some sweets to have when we got there. My dad drove my family and I to Kilrush harbour, where we would be getting on the boat. On the coast road over, we could see Scattery Island in the distance, very near to the mouth of the estuary, where the river Shannon meets the Atlantic ocean.

When we arrived at the harbour, my dad got the tickets and we waited on the dock for the boat to arrive. I felt giddy and excited with my brother and sister; we couldn't wait to get on the boat. The boat finally arrived on time and we got on board. We had to socially distance, because of Covid-19. Our boat went through a lock, and when the gates

closed, we were in a space that filled with water to bring our boat up to sea level from the harbour. That was an unusual experience.

The boat trip was about twenty-five minutes, sometimes the sea would spray water up onto the deck and we got wet.

We arrived at the island and had to step into these sponge footbaths to sanitize our shoes in case we carried a rare disease that can be brought onto the island from the mainland (myxomatosis). It would endanger the rabbit population of the island, which is overrun with rabbits. It was very unusual to see so many popping up in the fields.

On the island, we got a guided tour of all the historical sites and lots of information about the history of the island. It was very interesting. The weather was sunny with some small showers and we were able to enjoy our picnic. We spent three hours on the island before returning on the boat to Kilrush harbour.





Cubist Fish - by Emily - 5th Class Scarriff NS

The Lost Shrimp

by Amy Hogan

Hi my name is Simon Shrimp and I lived off the coast of Portugal until one day I was swept away.

It all started when my Mum, Dad and I went to lunch in the Sea Grass Bistro. On the journey home there was a horrible storm. We swam home as fast as we could until a big clown fish bumped into me and knocked me into a strong current. The water banged me onto a hard rock and I passed out.

I woke up with a big headache and my tail was stinging with pain. I couldn't hear or see my parents. I was a lost one year old shrimp that needed medical help. I had no clue what to do. I looked around and saw nothing. The water was shallow so I made my way to the sand. I found a snail that I ate but it was not enough for me.

I kept moving to look for more food or to see if I could find anyone to help. After a little while, seaweed and small rocks appeared in the distance. I swam towards the rocks and a few minutes later, I saw a mussel. He wouldn't speak so I kept moving. I decided to build a home to keep me occupied. I gathered some rocks, pebbles, sand, seaweed and some tiny sticks. After two weeks my house was finished. I was so proud of my efforts.

I was lonely and missing my family. I made up games to keep me occupied. I played soccer with a pebble surrounded with sand and seaweed. I found a plastic straw floating in the ocean and used it as a hockey stick.

The years passed and I got use to hunting and occupying myself. Every night I wished that I would find someone that could stay with me.

One day I sensed a storm was coming. I knew by the look of the sky and the feel of the water. I secured my house and made it stronger with extra sand and seaweed. When the storm arrived I put on my hockey gear. I wasn't leaving anything to chance. I heard waves crashing, birds aggressively chirping, sand flying and the ground shaking.

After three hours it finally stopped. I went outside to see if the storm had done any damage. I looked around and saw a small rock. I noticed it was moving. I slowly swam towards it until I was a metre away. I noticed that it was a shrimp. I made my way over to it and immediately saw that the shrimp had passed out. I brought the shrimp into my house and put him into the guest room until he woke up.

I asked for his name but he wouldn't say. He wouldn't stop screaming. Eventually he realised I wouldn't hurt him. I sat down beside him and spoke calmly to him. I told him all about my life story. He started to talk and his name was Sam. Sam lived off the coast of Florida with his parents and two sisters. He was three years old and the middle child. He was upset to think that he might not see them again.

I told Sam he could stay with me and I wasn't

The Lost Shrimp

by Amy Hogan

lonely anymore. I taught him how to hunt, build and play soccer and hockey. Sam was a big fan of basketball and created his own game and taught me how to play. Sam and myself were very happy with our life.

Later that year a big hippy van with six salmons liked where we lived and said “I liked the vibes here”. So they moved in beside our house. They asked me and Sam to build a house for them and they would pay us. It took us a month and a half to build their house and we were delighted to have new neighbours.

The hippies had a daughter that married Sam and they built a house on the other side of my house. I also helped him build their house but I did it for free as Sam was like a son to me.

As the years progressed, different types of fish started to move in and it became a neighbourhood. Everyone called the town Siblin. Two years later, there are shops, schools and a garage. I owned the shop and developed the school.

I became very wealthy and gave my businesses to Sam.

‘Tis an ill wind that blows no good’.





The Pier

by Hannah Connolly

I had always wanted to jump off the pier in Kilbaha. I had watched my cousins do it but they were older than me and they made it look so easy, anytime I tried though I was always too scared. For my twelfth birthday I got a life jacket so I was swimming a lot more and was way more comfortable in the water but I was still worried about jumping off the pier.

Last summer though things were different. All of my friends were way more willing to jump off the pier, half of them already had, then one by one the rest jumped in and I was the only one left. Trips to the beach could often be boring, as everyone would jump off the pier except me, so I decided that one night last summer, I would have to jump off the pier at least once before school started.

So one hot evening in July at Kilbaha pier the time had finally come for my big moment. Loads of people were there, some people brought speakers and others brought cameras. It was so much fun watching those who were doing dives and backflips into the water but still I was standing against the wall...freezing. Again I was thinking quietly to myself and decided "I'll jump off tomorrow".

The next night everybody met up again with the speakers and the cameras and the backflips. I knew tonight would be the night...well really in the back of my head I knew I would probably cower out but I kept a look on my face that said, "Watch out I'm ready to jump any minute now".

A few minutes later I innocently took a couple of steps forward to see how high the tide actually was but that was a mistake, everyone was now chanting my name but I wasn't ready. I walked back to the wall, the chanting stopped.

After fifteen minutes of walking back and forth my cousin Sinéad finally asked me "Hannah, will you jump off after me?" I thought about it and agreed. I knew if I said yes, I'd have to do it. The question was would I though? I'd probably just cower out again. Sinéad knew what I was thinking and asked the question that changed my whole summer, "Do you promise on my dogs life?" Everyone knew what that meant, their eyes all sinking into me. "Fine", I started but she had already jumped. "Well", I thought "I'm a woman of my word," and with that I jumped in!

Well, really I stepped off the pier rather than jumped, but all the same I was now in the water. A cheer went up, "I don't know why I was so scared," I said out loud climbing up the steps. Before I knew it, I was jumping in again, and again, and again! It was wonderful, and from that night on I went down to the pier with my friends and family every night of the summer.

Salty Air & Periwinkles

by Robyn Kelly

Last summer my family and I went to Kilkee. It was a very bright and sunny day. We stayed there for two days.

My uncle insisted on bringing his ‘rusty crusty’ jet-ski. Finally we arrived at Kilkee. I was very excited to go swimming but we had to empty our bags first. We got everything we needed then drove to the beach. I was jumping out of my seat with excitement. My nana helped me put on my wetsuit before we all ran down to the water. My nana was making sandwiches for when we were hungry.

I was having so much fun swimming and splashing around in the water. The smell of the water was so salty and refreshing.

I took a break from swimming, so I decided to build an amazing sandcastle. Suddenly a young child came galloping towards me and knocked down my beautiful sandcastle. I was terribly angry at him, but I got over it. At the end of the day it’s only a sandcastle.

Afterwards my uncle started screaming my name, so I went over to him. He asked me if I wanted to get onto the jet-ski with him. I didn’t want to, but he made me. We set off into the ocean. It was so bumpy and the waves made me go flying into the air. I was clutching onto my uncle for dear life. My heart was racing. I was screeching louder than all the seagulls... combined!! We were going so fast when all of a sudden...the jet-ski stopped. There was seaweed wrapped around the jet-ski.

He went underwater to try untangling it. He did... Thank God! We drove back to the shore and told everyone what happened, and I said, “I’m never doing that again”.

After I calmed down, I saw a stall that was selling periwinkles. I begged my nana to see if we could buy some. She said yes!! We walked up together, hand in hand. I was skipping with happiness. I ate them all myself... they were too delicious to share!



Sea Action

by Amelia Prendergast

Shining Pearls
Dolphins Diving
Shimmering Shells
Splish Splash
Flip Flop
Pulling Tides
Succulent Fish
Screaming Seas
Colourful Coral
Divers Diving
Surfing Surfers
Seagulls Soaring!

9 Thoughts

by Lucy Browne

Colourful Starfish
Dolphins Leaping
Shimmering Shells
Colourful Currents
Splish Splash
Stripy Fish
Seagulls Soaring!



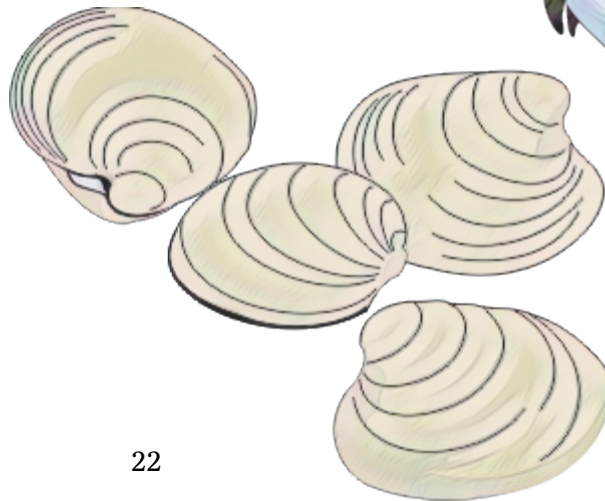
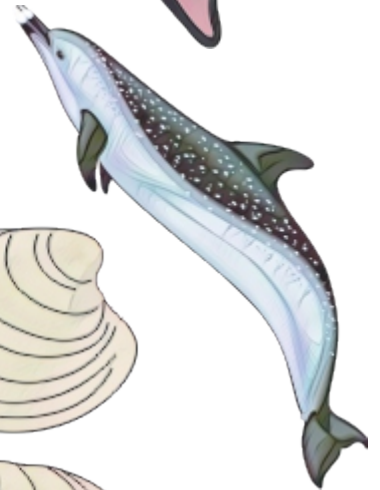
The Sea of Life

by Christian Cunneen

Jellyfish Jiggling
Dolphins Diving
Winding Waves
Sticky Sand

Sharks Speeding
Shiny Shells
Seagulls Swooping
Seaweed Swirling

Curling Currents
Colourful Coral
Crunching Clams



Restaurant Under the Sea

by Lauren King

Hi, I'm Amia and I'm a mermaid and I live in Liscannor. Every day, I call to my friend Laya's house, ring the doorbell, which has a grating noise. Then we go to the twilight zone to meet our friend Wally, the whale. We normally play football at the football pitch, but today Wally said that there was a restaurant downtown.

So we headed downtown to see the new restaurant. When we got there, the manager and main chef was a crab. The crab was Squat and had an impeccable velvety suit and had shimmering shells at the bottom of the chef hat. He had a big sissors in front of him and a ribbon. He looked proud but a little nervous.

Now you are probably asking yourself, how did I know about his feelings? You see mermaids can see animals feelings. Wally came over to the crab. He asked the crab, if we could come in. He said yes and we had a lovely time.

After we had some lunch at the restaurant we went up to the surface and saw all the little children playing on the beach.



Pungent Fish

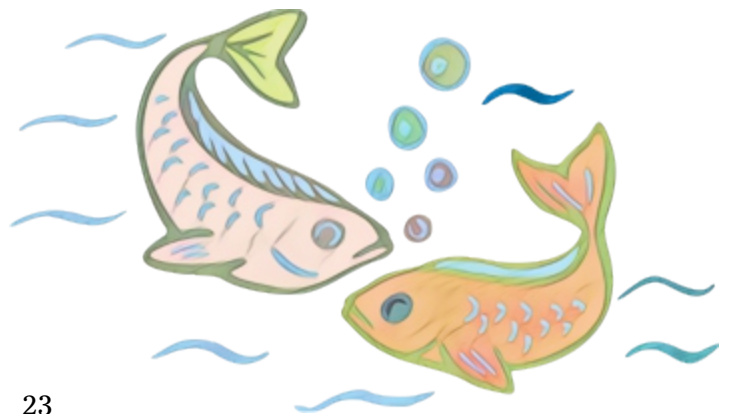
by Gabriel Skrzypniak

The Pungent fish is called Pungy and he lives in Ballybunion. Nobody liked him. He smelled bad. He tried to get fish to play with. Pungy doesn't have a dad because he got eaten by a shark. Pungy was feeling glum and melancholy.

It was Pungy's birthday, but nobody came. One day, there was a shark called Sharpy the shark. They became best friends. Pungy felt so light-hearted again. They played every day.

Then Pungy made more friends. A year passed and it was Pungy's birthday again and everyone came.

But Pungy did miss his dad. After Pungy's birthday, he saw his dad and he was so happy. Pungy asked: 'How did you escape, when you got eaten?' Pungy's dad laughed, hahahaha...I didn't get eaten, I just got swallowed and then the shark died and I escaped. Pungy was the happiest pungent fish ever!



The Girl who Saved the Beach

by Lily Conolin

This story is about a girl called Ella. Ella is a normal eight year old girl with blonde hair and blue eyes. Ella loves the beach. She would go to Banna Strand in county Kerry every weekend.

One weekend, she went to Dollymount strand in Dublin. After a while of playing on the beach, she realised how much pollution there was.

She made a plan. The next weekend, Ella asked her parents if they could go back to Dollymount beach. They said yes. This time Ella, brought a big black plastic bag. When she got to the beach, she started to pick up the rubbish and put it in the bag. Soon, Ella realized that one plastic bag was nowhere near enough. She also needed more help.

Her mam and dad helped but, that was not enough help. Before they went home, they went to a recycling centre to drop off the rubbish. They had to pay a small fee. When they got home, Ella and her dad made a website. They called the website 'Clean the Beach'. The website let you print activities and colouring pages.

The website also let you sign up to join as a member of the group by paying five euro. Over fifty people joined. While they were cleaning the third beach, Ella almost gave up but she got a spark of inspiration thinking about the animals she could save. On the same beach, Ella found a net with sharp objects tangled in it. She was glad she removed this. Ella has cleaned over a hundred beaches. She is very proud.

Cleaning up with the Fish

by Ellie Hohey

There was a little girl named Sarah. She loved going to the beach and collecting shells off the sand.

Once she got older, she got more interested in the ocean and wanted to learn more about it. She went to the beach and decided to go into the water. She held her breath and ducked underwater. She went to the deep end. She was still underwater when a big flash came. Everything went black, she couldn't see a thing.

When she woke up, there were fish surrounding her. "She's alive!" one said. Sarah was shocked. "What am I doing here?" she asked.

"I can help," one said, while coming through the crowd. "I'm Finn," he said. "How do I get back home?" Sarah questioned. "Come with me," he said.

There was trash everywhere, cans, cartons, bottles and more. He stopped. "Why did you stop?" she asked. "Let's make a deal, and then I'll bring you back home". Sarah agreed. "Fine." she said. "You help me clean all the trash up here," he said. "Let's just do it," she replied. They started to get all the trash and put it into a plastic bag that they found. "Can I go home now?" Sarah asked. "Ok I guess," he said with a frown. Sarah felt bad. "Why don't you come to shore with me?" she wondered. "I'm a fish, I can't breathe up there. "I can always come back, can't I?" she asked. "Of course!" he squealed. "Close your eyes and imagine being home". She followed the steps and she was home.



FANORE BEACH APRIL 2021

Finding Gold at Fanore

by Liam Hynes

It all started on my summer vacation to the beautiful beach of Fanore. Fanore beach is located on the west coast of Ireland and although most days are stormy and miserable, some days are hot and sunny.

As my family and I drove into the car park, I felt excited and giddy. I could see the turquoise sea glistening in the morning sun. I could see that my dog, Cooper was excited too. The lines of cars were absurdly long. We unpacked our picnic blanket, chairs and our food and made our way onto the golden sands of Fanore Beach.

As we set foot on the sand to look for a place to sit down, I saw some of my friends in the dunes running around. I decided that after I had lunch, I would join them. Only something caught my eye first. I squinted my eyes and saw that whatever it was, was shining in the sun. I asked my mum if I could go to see what it was, and reluctantly she said “yes!”.

So I dashed across the beach to the rocky area and foraged around in the rocks until I found the thing I saw. It was a gold coin, the size of my palm. I looked around to see if there were more. Disappointed, I slunked back, but before I even took one step, I spotted a small crab shuffling the other way!

Gleninagh Pier

by Annie Hynes

I am so lucky to live right beside the sea. For my sisters and I, the sea makes great family memories.

We have spent many summer evenings all together, at the pier. We dive into the sea with our wetsuits and flippers. Sometimes, we make sandcastles when the tide is out, but I prefer if it is in, and we can jump off the pier.

At Black Head, the sunsets are amazing and in summer one can catch delicious mackerel. At Black Head, one can also catch gorgeous crab for their dinner.

During the winter the sea is so choppy and rough. Sometimes the sea even comes up to our wall.

On sunny days at the pier, the water is rich with small fish and crabs and once, I even found a starfish under the seaweed.

A few days ago there was a seal at the pier. It was amazing and seemed to be watching us. Then again there is always something that I don't like about the sea. I really don't like jellyfish!

Day Out at the Beach

by Heather Walsh

One summer day, my family and I went to the beach. The sea was calm and the water was warm.

Children and dogs were playing in the water and on the sand. Others were walking their dogs along the sandy beach. Groups of people were playing hurling and soccer.

Boats were gliding along the water and birds were chirping and chattering in the sky. The sky was clear and blue and the sun was shining down on us.

In various places along the beach sat children and their parents on towels and blankets, eating their picnics. Some were eating ice cream and some were eating sandwiches. We found a spot and sat down on the sand and we ate some yummy tuna sandwiches.

My family and I walked over to the rockpools. We could see lots of crabs and little pebbles in them. My brother picked up a crab, but then it pinched him. He dropped the crab back in the rock pool and it scuttled back under a rock!

Nearby, we could see a girl crying, she had just got stung by a jellyfish. The lifeguard was putting some cream on her arm to help with the stinging. After a big long walk along the beach we headed back to the car park and headed home. On our way home we stopped for a creamy whipped ice cream to cool us down after a long, lovely day out by the sea.

The Secret Beach

by Emily Cunneen

“Look guys, we’re here, we are staying at a lighthouse!” exclaimed my dad, trying to cheer us up, but with the big grey storm clouds circling above us, the thunder and the rain clashing against our car, Poppy the dog, was the only one excited....

“I’m scared,” said Ethan. “We’re just going to have to run into the lighthouse” ordered my Mom. “In our summer clothes,” I exclaimed. But we had no other choice. I held Poppy close to my chest and the five of us ran into the lighthouse.

When we got in, we were soaked. There were lots of steps leading up to the main part of the lighthouse. “Here’s your room, kids,” said my Mom, gesturing to a fine room. It was late and the weather was still horrible, so we decided to go straight to bed. When in bed, we could hear the thunder and wind outside. Ethan started crying. “Let’s go into Mom and Dad’s room, Ethan,” said Christian in a quiet voice. They left, closing the door and I was left alone with Poppy. I found it hard to get a wink of sleep, so I too, crept in there and fell asleep.

In the morning it was much better weather. At breakfast we were all in a good mood. After breakfast, I put Poppy on a lead and we all set out on an ‘adventure’. After alot of exploring Mom suggested we head back to the lighthouse....then next thing, we found it..a beach. No one was on the beach, but the best part was that there were lots of seals on the beach. We had great fun on that beach looking at

Slippy in Tramore

by Negina Mohammed

Two years ago, my cousins came from America for their holidays.

One bright, sunny day we visited Tramore beach in Co. Waterford. My cousins, my sisters and I went walking along the rocks. At that time I didn't know how to swim. I wanted to just stand on the rocks and look out at the ocean. I didn't realise that the rocks were gooey, slimy, and slippery. I slipped on some seaweed and tumbled into the water. We weren't supposed to go swimming that day so I was fully dressed. After I fell into the water, my sister tried to rescue me. She slipped in too. I was screaming loudly for help. I was really scared. My cousins were falling over laughing!

Eventually my sister and I scrambled out of the water. We were soaked. I had to wrap myself in a rug because we didn't have any towels in the car. I was really cold, wet and shivering. I was really annoyed with myself because I thought I had ruined the whole day.

My mom decided we should go home early because I was really wet and cold. To cheer me up my dad stopped the car at a restaurant on the way home so we could get food.

Marmalade Island

by Muireann Benson

Once upon a time there lived a dog called Winnie. She was four years old she loved going for walks and playing ball and swimming.

One day she went swimming at the beach and she found a bottle with a letter inside. It said, "to all the dogs who are swimming at this beach come and follow me".

There was a map attached. Winnie did not know what to do so she decided to follow the map. She swam from the beach and she kept on swimming and swimming. Finally, she got to an island called Marmalade Dog and Puppies Island. Winnie could see a building on the beach. Winnie went inside for a look. There were lots of marmalade dogs and puppies inside. They said "hello," and Winnie replied "hello, my name is Winnie I am 4 years old". "Would you like to play with us?" asked the marmalade dog. "Oh. yes please," Winnie replied.

They had a party and lived happily ever after on Marmalade Island.



Dolphins in Trouble

by Lily Casey

It all started with a day at the beach. I was buying an ice cream when I heard a clicking sound. I went to investigate, and I saw a group of seagulls. I shooed them away. There washed up on the shore was an injured dolphin.

I ran home to get the first aid kit, and returned to the shore and bandaged his fin and heaved him over to the biggest rock pool, that I could find. He got in and swam around a few times and clicked happily at me. Now, I know it's able to swim, so I put it back in the sea. But the dolphin wasn't able to swim against the waves, so I put it back in the rock pool.

That night, all I could do was think about the dolphin. I went to the beach the next day to check on it. I found it in the rock pool where I had left it. I left it in the rock pool for a week. Then, I put it in the sea, and this time the dolphin swam against the waves, but it seemed unsure of where to go. The dolphin must have been lost as well as injured. I thought for a moment. This species will be migrating south in about a month. Maybe if I released it then, it would swim away with its family. I decided to keep it in the rock pool until then. I put it back in the rock pool and then went home for the night. The next morning, I snook back to the beach and I was unprepared for what I saw.

There was the dolphin swimming with a seal. I was amazed. The seal's mother called her baby, and the seal left. The dolphin seemed lonely after the seal. I realized I hadn't named him yet. Wait a minute, was it even a he?

I had to check and there is only one way to find out. It turns out it was a she. Now, what about a name for her? Bubble? No. Splash? No. Ila? Yes. That would do.

Now it was time to take dramatic actions. Her family hadn't showed up for three months. I got the old rowing boat and went out to sea. I found the dolphins stuck behind a fishing net. I heaved the net onto the boat and watched the dolphins swim. I rowed back to the beach as fast as I could, to set the dolphin free. I set Ila free just in time. I was going to miss her. But she was where she was meant to be.





Cubist fish by Donnacha, 5th class - Scariff NS

Sea Reptiles of 65 Million Years Ago

by Noah Hanrahan

Hello! wasn't expecting you! Soon, I will take you back over 65 million years. Then I will give you a bit of information about some sea reptiles that existed at that time.

Now here we go. As you can see, we are currently going back 66 million years to the time of the dinosaurs. You may have noticed cities are disappearing and being replaced with huge redwood trees, mountains are shrinking and hills are rising.

Here we are 66 million years ago on an island off the coast of Costa Rica. Now, onto the first dinosaur, sorry water dinosaur.

Now, I should stop talking and try and find one. Okay follow me. We are on the edge of a cliff. Be careful! This location will help us find one. I should tell you what we're looking for. We are looking for a mosasaur... ah look at that shark: it's doing a whopping big jump out of the ocean! Wait, what's that dark shadow in the water? Wait is it? is it? yes it is, it's a mosasaur.

The mosasaur eats fish, plesiosaurs, sharks and other mosasaurs making it a cannibal. It breathes air, so like dolphins and whales they have to jump out off the water to breathe. It lived in the cretaceous period and was not a dinosaur. They could grow up to 50 feet long.

Anyway, on to the next one the spinosaurus. It was amphibian and... wait, look, there's one in the water, oh, wait, I forgot they can go on land. RUN!

Okay, sorry about that, hope you got a good look at it. Anyway, the spinosaurus ate coelacanths, sawfish, large lungfish and sharks. It lived in oceans and rivers and was the largest carnivorous dinosaur ever.

Anyway we will have to do a bit of exploring for the next one...

Wait! What! It's behind me, RUN! (again). Hopefully we will be able to outrun it. It's top speed is only 28 km/h while the top speed of the average human is 45 km/h. It eats fish mostly, and is a type of spinosaur but they wouldn't fight because baryonyx could guarantee it would lose.

Now onto plesiosaurs, we are safe with this one, because like mosasaur it only lives in water. The first plesiosaur fossil was found in 1821. Thanks to me though, we're going back to explore. It was one of the longest living reptiles being around for 167 million years, living from the triassic period to the cretaceous period and... look there's one hunting. As you can see it eats certain fish that come across its path.

Tyranosaurus rex is called T-rex for short and its name means tyrant lizard. It ate any dinosaur it could sink its teeth into. It was 25 foot long and 20 foot tall.

Dilophasaurus was a medium sized dinosaur and incase you're wondering Jurassic park got it wrong. Dilophasaurus was way bigger than in the movies and it pains me to say it, but a lot less cute as well. It was 23 foot long and its



UNDERWATER WORLD

The Beach is so Boring

by Emily Keane

“But the beach is so boring!” moaned Catherine, as the car rattled along the bumpy road. It was a fine day, perfect for the beach. “Catherine, there is no point in complaining because you are going whether you like it or not,” replied Catherine's mum. “Honestly, I thought you would be thrilled that you and Ryan are going to do this together”.

“Just because Ryan is going doesn't mean I'm going to enjoy myself!” snapped Catherine back.

She had always hated the beach, but she knew her mum loved nothing more than a day at the beach. Catherine's mum grew up beside the sea, so when she, Catherine's dad and Catherine's older brother Tom moved to Dublin city (Catherine wasn't born yet), Catherine's mum, whose real name was Julia, struggled without waking up to seagulls squaking like horns and opening the window to see dozens of cars and surfers and even ice-cream vans scuttling around the place like chess pieces.

Julia managed to get by, and eventually got a job as a teacher. But Julia still missed her life by the beach, so she took a trip up to her seaside house once every three months. Today, Julia, Catherine and Catherine's friend Ryan were going to a one day snorkelling experience. But what Catherine didn't realise was that she was about to have the time of her life.

“We're here!” said Julia as she parked the car, right on the family parking spot. Catherine dragged her feet out of the car. She really didn't want to do this. It's easy for mum to say this will be a whale of a time, thought Catherine, because she has done this before and she loves it!

Suddenly, Ryan came running up to her. “BOO! Hey Catherine,” he exclaimed. You could tell that he, (unlike Catherine) was looking forward to what he and she were about to do. Ryan was a tall boy with short spiky hair and brilliant green eyes. He was wearing a red hoodie and white Adidas. You could say he was quite the opposite of Catherine with her long wavy hair and brown eyes.

“Hi Ryan!” Catherine shouted over the crowd of people that had just appeared. “Did you see the smack of gulls that just passed over the sandbar?” asked Ryan “they definitely put on a show!”

“No,” replied Catherine “mum and I just got here. This is going to be so boring like watching paint dry!”

“What was that honey? Something you would like to share with the class?”

Catherine, Ryan and Julia made their way down to the expedition area. Julia and Catherine hadn't spoken to each other since the incident which made Ryan very

The Beach is so Boring

by Emily Keane

Finally, they reached the expedition area entrance. A giant tent stood in the middle of the beach with a man standing at the entrance.

“Ah, you must be Julia!” He said. This, Catherine guessed, was one of the organizers of the event. “John it's great to see you!” said Julia nicely. “Sorry if we're a little early.... I-” “Not to worry!” chirped John “You can help out Maria with arranging the snorkel sizes. And who are these two?” he asked looking at Catherine and Ryan. “This is Catherine my daughter,” Julia answered, “and this is Catherine's friend Ryan”. “Oh I see,” said John. Are they doing the expedition with you? “Yes they will,” she replied.

Julia and John had been chatting for some time, so Catherine and Ryan decided to have a chat of their own. “I don't know why you're so upset Catherine” said Ryan. “This is going to be fun!” “The sea is boring and lame,” scowled Catherine “Watching tides go in and out and getting in the water only to get a mouth full of saltwater, it's the worst!”

You might think Catherine was being moody here, but really, she's not. Catherine is a bit of a tomboy. She is sporty and loves to play soccer with her friends. But overall, she is nice and loves to help out. Ryan is very sporty himself but unlike Catherine, he quite likes the beach. Ryan is a fun guy who likes to try new things. He and Catherine have been friends since junior infants. But anyway,

back to our story:

“Ok guys we're all checked in and ready to go!” called Julia after a while. “Maria is ready with your snorkels, let's go!”

About twenty-five people had come in since Catherine and Ryan arrived, (including more kids). Everyone got their snorkels and began to get into the water. John's voice could be heard over the babbling sound of the people: “And from here to here is the snorkel area, we have filtered this area so you can see more clearly. But whatever you do, don't go outside the ring bouys unless you want to be stung by a smack of jellyfish!” The crowd chuckled. “Make sure you have fun!”

And just like that, it began. Everyone started to dip their heads under the water searching to see what they could find. Catherine did the same and thinking she would surface immediately, she didn't. It was magical underwater. She felt so light and tranquil. The organisers had put coral in the water to give a tropical feel to it. Even that felt nice. It was as if everything Catherine had said about the ocean and snorkelling was in a dream. It really felt amazing.

Catherine had a feeling she was going to be doing this a lot more. She would never complain about the sea ever again.

Outstanding Seashore Project

by Sinéad McMahon

“Amy! Amy!” called the teacher, “it's time to present your project”. “Teacher, I don't have a project,” replied Amy. “Fine, bring your ocean project in on Monday but no more chances Amy,” said teacher, strictly. The bell went. It was time to go home.

As Amy walked home, she noticed a wooden door. When she opened it there was a bright light. She walked through the door and as the light faded it revealed a beautiful beach. Amy walked along the beach, then suddenly she heard a voice. “I am the most elegant of all because I am a white horse,” said a manly voice. “Excuse me, but there are other sea creatures too!” Amy walked towards the voice, but nothing was there. Then a seahorse popped up and squeaked “Hello!” “A talking seahorse,” gasped Amy, as she fainted.

When Amy came around, she was surprised to see barnacles, limpets and anemones surrounding her. “Ugh, where am I?” mumbled Amy. “You are at the beach,” chirped a seagull. “Hi, I'm Amy,” said Amy, still hurt. “Hi Amy, these are the limpets, Larry and Laoise, the barnacles Barry, Bernard and Bob, the anemones Amanda and Alan, Sky the seagull and I'm Sally the seahorse”, chirped Sally, “and that's Noah the white horse”.

Suddenly, a dolphin washed up on the beach. The creatures comforted him and found out his name was Dara and he needed to get home. Amy decided to help him. They both swam to the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Dara thanked Amy with a seashell necklace.

The next day Amy came into school with an outstanding project and got one hundred and one percent and from that day on continued to visit Lahinch Beach.



Winter Birthday Ballybunion

by Stella Mae Barrett

It was an early winter's morning, and my friends had just left after a sleepover for my 9th birthday. When my mom asked if I wanted to go to Ballybunion, I was very surprised but I said yes, anyways, because who turns down a trip to the beach? Keep in mind my birthday is in January! Minutes later, my cousins came. I don't know how they knew I would say yes. I didn't notice at the time because I was too excited!

In the car, we didn't do much; we talked and looked at the clouds. We would look for cool shapes when we were bored. Normally we would be jumping out of our seats immediately, but today we were hiding out in the car, hoping it would stop raining. In the end, we just had to deal with it. We put on our jackets, hats and scarves and went out into the rain.

It was a dark, dreary day when we began our beach trek. We were walking along the beach when we spotted rock pools. We found buckets of seashells, but unfortunately there were no sea creatures. We didn't get much time at the rock pools because we had to run for shelter!! The hailstones were lashing down and kept hitting me in the face as I ran. Finally, we made it to shelter. My cousins and I were fighting over who found the coolest shells. When the rain and the hail died down, we sprinted back to the water. I was determined to find a crab! I wanted to go swimming but the waves were wild! We weren't allowed to jump in because

my parents said "we would freeze!" I still dipped my toes into the water.

After the beach, we decided to go to eat. I watched as the sun slowly lit the horizon. It was very relaxing and painted the sky a bright orange colour. Once we left the beach, we went to the restaurant. Mhmmmmmm Mario's! The food was delicious as always. We couldn't stay for long because it was getting very late.

The car ride home was very boring. I was too tired to even talk. I was exhausted in the car and fell fast asleep as soon as I closed my eyes. It was an amazing and refreshing experience being on the beach at Ballybunion in the month of January.



Fabulous Sri Lankan Fish

by Evie Harkins

When I was nine, I went to Sri Lanka for two weeks to celebrate my mum's birthday. During this time, and on the day of my mum's actual birthday, we went to this most beautiful beach.

It had loads of restaurants and cafes. The sand was soft on our toes, the waves ended gently at the shoreline with a satisfying swish and we walked across the beach to find a good spot to sit.

Once we found a spot and laid out our blankets, my brother Caleb, my dad and I went over to this little corner of the beach, where it was just deep enough for us to crouch down and see all the little fish darting around the place and coming over and tickling our toes. The sight was amazing. There was a big school of thousands of silver fish. Some were even brave enough to come up to our feet and do a little dance! These were the ones that Caleb, didn't particularly like. I think he thought that they were going to come up to him, open their mouths very wide and go CHOMP! My dad made sure he was OK, and told him that they wouldn't come and eat him. So he plucked up the courage, and went under again.

Dad called my mum and my sister Freya over. Freya went straight in, while mum just had a quick look. Freya loved them.

I would really love to go back to Sri Lanka some day, but if I don't I will always have this wonderful memory.





LAHINCH BEACH

Surfing Experience

by Seáníe O' Driscoll

Last year, my Mam booked surfing lessons for me and my sister. We were very excited.

When we got to the beach we had to put a wetsuit and boots on. There were weaver fish in the water that stung, so we had to wear the boots to protect our feet. My sister was chatting and had made a friend before we even got in the water!

Our instructor Paddy made us carry the boards down to the beach in pairs. We practiced standing on the boards on the sand before we went into the water. Paddy told us not to go out too far as it was deep. So we didn't.

When we got in the water, the first thing we did was wait for a wave, then paddle with our hands when we are lying down on the board.

Once the wave is bringing you with it, you can kneel on the board, and then after a few times, you might be able to stand up. It's really fun and tiring and also very exciting. We wanted to do it for much longer but we couldn't.

We did it for an hour a day for five days last summer and we are doing it again this year!

Bodyboarding

by Richia Vaughan

One warm summer morning, my Mam, two sisters and I headed to Whitestrand beach. Beforehand, in Tulla, we had bought body boards for the summer.

Once we finally arrived at the sandy beach, we saw so many people there. We walked across the warm sand, laid out our blankets and we got ourselves ready.

We raced to the cool water and plopped our boards on the water.

We quickly learned how to use them. We rode out on the waves sometimes tumbling into the water.

Mam came into the water and tried my board, but fell off!

Tired and hungry we got out of the calm waters and walked up to our beach blankets. We had a delicious picnic and after, we had a sand sculpture competition.

On the way home, we drove via Lahinch and got delicious ice cream cones.

The four of us arrived home tired and went to bed exhausted after a long exciting day.

Travelin' Trollop

by Ciarán Hennigan

One day my good friend Colin and I were going for a walk on the beach. We were just talking about how amazing it was that a plane had crash-landed on this very beach a good few years ago during World War II. I knew the whole story because, when my Nana was younger, she saw the plane on the beach, so she was able to tell me all about it.

Colin and I loved planes, and we both wanted to be pilots when we grew up. That is what made us such good friends. It had been a while since we had met each other though because Colin had just come back from Spain. He told me that he got to go on a giant jet and got to sit up next to the pilots. I was so jealous of this. He was so lucky. Anyway, we were on the beach when we wandered over to the place where the 'TRAVELIN TROLLOP' had crash landed.

Normally, we would just sit down and have our lunch there while we watched the waves rolling in, but I had a weird feeling that today was going to be different! We had just arrived at our usual spot, and just as we were about to have our lunch, something caught my eye while we were walking. I went over to take a closer look. And I discovered that it was a piece of metal. I started to pull it up, but it was too heavy. Colin and I just stood there staring at it for a few minutes wondering what it could be.

We both agreed to go home and get some shovels to try and dig it up. We met again about an hour later at the same spot with our shovels. After an hour of digging, we still couldn't tell what the piece of metal was.

One thing was for sure, it was very big, and very heavy. We were keeping an eye on the tide because it had turned and was on its way back in. We decided to go home and come back the next day because the tide was coming in fast.

In the morning I called Colin to come over to the beach with me, but he couldn't because he had a really bad cold, I thought it had something to do with being outside at the beach all the day before. Now, I guess I was on my own. When I got to the beach, I saw that a lot of the sand that was there the day before had been washed away and then I finally realised what the piece of metal I was looking at the day before was. It was a plane. I stood there staring at it. Eventually curiosity got the best of me and I managed to climb inside a small section of it. I wandered my way into the cockpit and saw what used to be an old control panel. I found loads of cool stuff like an old headset and a box that had a tiny bullet in it. These must have been there since World War II. I then had the idea to sell the old artifacts so I could be rich.

The next day I told my parents all about what had happened with Colin and the plane, so they took me to a pawn shop and I sold the bullets and the headset and some other old stuff I had found, I know technically it wasn't mine to sell but still, I got alot of money for it. I gave one third of it to Colin and another third to the Council so they could use it to keep the prom and beach clean!

Travelin' Trollop

by Ciarán Hennigan

The old wreck was only visible for three days because the tides covered it up again with sand. I was sad to see it disappear. I didn't realise it before, but there is a plaque on the side of O' Looneys restaurant in Lahinch telling the story of the plane; 'The Travelin' Trollop'. It was there all the time and I hadn't read it.

We took my Nana to see the old wreck. She couldn't believe it was there after all this time. I was glad she got to see the old wreck because the last time she saw it, she was ten years of age. I am now wondering will I be in my eighties when I see the plane wreck again. I hope not!



Car Overboard

by Dylan O' Malley

It was an average sunny day at the Dover port. Cars, Vans, Jeeps and Trucks were waiting in line to board the ferry to Calais, France. As more people boarded the boat, I noticed a metallic black two door sports car getting closer and closer to the front of the line. When the vehicle pulled up beside me, I noticed that it was some car show host, who I later found out to be no other, than Jeremy Clarkson.

I was busy making sure everyone on the ship had their vehicle's handbrake on, to ensure that no vehicles moved about and hit other cars on board the ferry. My crew mates talked to Clarkson about the sports car and the upcoming episode of the grand tour they were filming.

All of a sudden, the waters became choppy to the point it was almost impossible to stand up without grabbing onto a railing or a pole for support. Waves were splashing & smashing off the side of the vessel aggressively and causing the ship to rock back and fourth.

Suddenly, a loud bang came from the rear of the ferry. I went to investigate with two of my crew mates, Adam and Ted. Upon checking what had occurred, what we saw in front of us shocked us. A blue transit van had flipped onto its side and was covering two vehicle bays. After locating the driver on the top deck I realised something:

We left Dover with a full ship, and that van was covering two vehicle bays. So.. where did the other vehicle go?

Zoe and Chloe's Big Adventure

by Emma Lehane

There was once a girl called Chloe who had a beautiful chocolate labrador dog with blue eyes and a black nose. Her name was Zoe. Zoe was still a puppy as she was only eleven months old. She was still learning but had a cheeky side. Chloe was twelve. She had long wavy blonde hair and green eyes.

It was the start of the summer when her mum and dad told her that she would be going on holiday to Skerries for one week. Skerries was a beautiful town, which had a beach and a harbour. It had loads of interesting shops and restaurants and it was really close to Dublin city. Chloe was so excited.

It was early on a bright sunny Monday morning when they started to pack the car to get ready for their long journey to Skerries. There was a lot of things needed for a week away. Chloe was excited because this was the first time Zoe would be coming on holidays with them.

After two hours of driving and a couple of toilet breaks for Zoe, they arrived at their mobile home. Chloe was super excited while Zoe seemed happy to be out of the car and smelling new scents.

Mum unlocked the door of the mobile home. There was a lot of work to do because they needed to set up the mobile home and unpack. Dad opened the windows so he could let the musty smell out.

Everybody was very tired after the drive and

unpacking, so they decided to bring Zoe for a little walk around the caravan park, while dad went to get a pepperoni pizza. After they had eaten, they got into their pj's and all four sat down with some popcorn and watched a couple of movies before going to bed. Zoe stayed in Chloe's room with her basket beside her bed.

The next morning....the family woke up early, and went for a walk with Zoe. They stopped at a cute coffee shop that had a water bowl station for dogs. Next they walked down the town towards the harbour. They saw all different types of boats like big boats, small boats, boats with engines and boats with sails. They could smell the oil from the sea at the harbour and seaweed on the beach. Zoe and Chloe walked on the beach part next to the harbour. Zoe loved running to the sea and stopping before her paws got wet. Chloe always kept her on a long lead. As Chloe walked on the sand, she could see every type of shell, some shells were broken and some shells were still perfect. Chloe picked up some of the shells and checked if there was anything inside. Some of the shells looked so pretty, she decided to bring some home to remember her holiday.

The family walked along the harbour beach to the pier. At the end of the pier there was a viewing station up high. They climbed the stairs to the top. Chloe could see the Irish sea and some seals swimming below. When Zoe started to bark at the seals, Chloe had to hold

Zoe and Chloe's Big Adventure

by Emma Lehane

her back, because she was really excited.

After their long walk, they went back to the caravan park to relax and cook dinner. Everyday, the family did the same thing except on the last day Chloe and her mum trusted Zoe enough to let her off her lead.

Their day started off normal and when they got to the beach, they took Zoe off her lead. Zoe started to chase something. Chloe couldn't see what it was, but Zoe started to run away from them and before long, she was gone out of their view. Chloe started to look for her, they were calling out her name, but could not find her. Chloe started to panic.

They got to the rocky coast. Chloe's mum heard some whimpering over the noise of the wind. They followed the noise to the rocky shore. The rocks were dry near the beach, but as they went out further, the rocks got slippery. There was green moss with a funny smell covering the rocks and little pools of water with seaweed in them. They didn't stop to look at the things moving in the pools, because they were worried about their dog.

Finally, they found her. She was covered in wet sand and was trembling. They knew her paw was hurt because she was limping. Mum picked her up and carefully they climbed over the slimy, slippery rocks to a little grassy area near the sand. Chloe's mam called her dad to come and collect them. Chloe was so worried.

They waited until Chloe's dad arrived and put Zoe on Chloe's lap to keep her safe. They decided to bring Zoe to the local vet to get her paw checked out.

When they got to the vet's they found out that she had cut her paw on some broken shells. The vet cleaned out the cut and wrapped it up in a bandage.

They went back to the mobile home and put Zoe in her basket to rest for a while. Chloe and her parents packed up the car and closed up the mobile home. They lifted Zoe and her basket into the back of the car for the journey back home.

Chloe was sad that her dog had got hurt and had mixed feelings about going home. She was going to miss running on the beach with Zoe, the smell of the salt in the air and all the interesting crabs, shells and rock pools she loved investigating.

When they got home, Chloe put all her shells that she had collected on her bedroom shelf. Zoe was much better, and her bandage was ready to come off soon. Chloe was excited to go back to Skerries again as there is always so much to do at the beach.



SEA SHELL DISPLAY

Trip to Spanish Point Beach

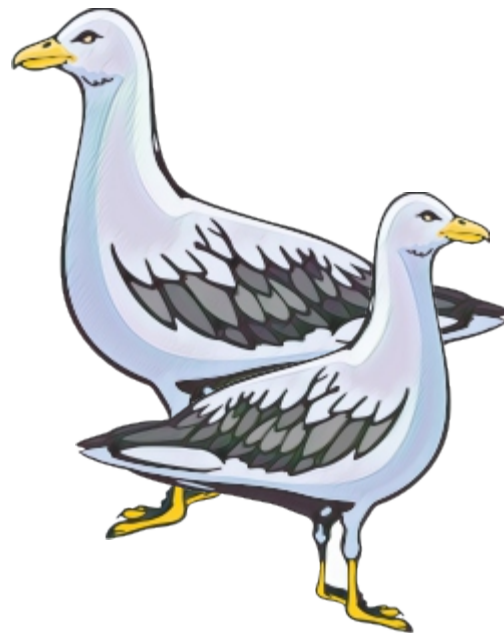
by Christopher Lee

I woke up one morning and the sun was shining in the window. Mammy and Daddy told us to get up. When I went down stairs to have breakfast, I could smell a fry and usually when we are having rashers and sausages for breakfast, that meant we were going on a day trip. I rushed into the kitchen and I was so excited when Daddy told us that we were going to Spanish Point to the beach. I gobbled down my breakfast and rushed upstairs to pack my swimming togs and my towel. I then went to the garage and grabbed my body board and wet suit and I sat into the car and waited for everyone to get their stuff. When Mammy packed the picnic and Daddy had the buckets and spades packed, we were ready to go.

It was the longest car journey because I was excited to get to the beach. When we got close, I could smell the sea air, it is not a very nice smell, but I know that it is a sign that we are close to the sea. When we got to the carpark it was packed, everybody was thinking the same as us! But we eventually found a spot close enough. We all helped to bring the stuff down to the beach and I got changed into my swimming togs in the car and also put on my wetsuit. Then I ran down to the water. The second the wave hit me, it splashed my face and it was so cold, I lost my breath. I was in the water for ages and every so often, I would go up to the rocks and make sandcastles around them. I would pretend it was my house. When I got hungry, I went to Mammy and Daddy for food. It is really hard to eat sandwiches on the beach because the sand will get in it and that, tastes disgusting.

When we were at the beach for a few hours Mammy and Daddy told us to get our belongings ready because we were packing to go home. I was very disappointed to be going home to our house, but Daddy said when we were all packed, dry and in our clothes, we would get chips at the chip shop nearby and we ate them sitting on the wall. They were the nicest chips because they had loads of salt and vinegar. When we were finished, we put all our rubbish in the bin. We all piled into the car and Daddy told us that we were all so well behaved at the beach we could get a treat of ice cream on the way home.

We were all so tired, we fell asleep and I had a dream that I was still at the beach making sandcastles.





HORSE & TRAP - INIS OIRR

My Trip to Inis Oirr

by Caragh Hayes

Last August, my family and I were staying at a campsite in Doolin. We traveled there in our campervan. This was one of the first trips since the previous summer because of the Covid-19 pandemic.

The day we arrived it was extremely windy and you could feel the wet salty sea water in the air hitting off your face. That evening my parents told my siblings and I that they had bought tickets for a ferry traveling to Inis Oirr, one of the Aran islands. I felt joy flowing through my body, and I could see the same feelings in my brother and sister's faces. We could not wait for the next day to arrive! I went to bed that night feeling ever so excited. When the sun rose the next morning, my family and I were up nice and early. When we had all finished eating breakfast, getting dressed and gathering our bits and pieces, we headed outside.

We walked to Doolin pier, where the boats were docked and a long queue of people were waiting for their time to hop on. When everyone was on board, the captain set sail on our thirty minute journey. As the ferry rocked side to side and crashed off the heavy waves, I felt a bit sick. Ten minutes passed and I felt more relaxed. I looked out my side window and saw the turbulent waves crashing against the ferry. We thought we might have seen some dolphins, but surprisingly there were none to be seen that day.

When we finally arrived, I was relieved. We wandered around the beautiful clean beach. My

family and I spent time collecting seashells, dipping our toes in the salty water, and we climbed colossal rocks up to the road. As we walked along the roadway, we watched horse and traps trotting up and down the island, passed some old derelict houses and viewed the beach from a towering hill. We spotted a playground and decided to go and take a small break. I sat at the wooden picnic tables eating some crisps. After that we walked a bit more and got some hot chocolate to keep us going.



The time arrived for us to return and this time we were lucky enough to get seats on the top deck outside. As we were returning, the captain took us to see the Cliffs of Moher. I felt very small compared to the colossal cliffs. When we finally arrived back at the pier, we hopped off and regained our balance. We were exhausted, the weather was still windy, but a bit calmer. I have great memories of this trip to Inis Oirr.

Kilmore Quay

by Niamh Healy

My granny was born and lives in Wexford. The beach is within walking distance. My mom also grew up in Wexford, so my parents decided on building a house there. It's about a five minute walk to the beach, and the small village called Kilmore Quay. I was even baptised in the village when I was about four months old. We spend every Christmas and Easter and sometimes even Halloween there.

Some of my favourite memories down there include the playground where we would go to play, that overlooked the sea and you could see people swimming, fishing and people walking on the rocks from just the top of the slide. Often we would go kayaking or swimming in the still waters of Kilmore Quay. I remember when we would collect rocks off the beach, wash them and paint them, then take them back to the beach and hide them. Then we would go back to the beach the next year and check if they were still there.

Our house in the village is beside houses with thatched roofs and shops that sell fish, fishing supplies and ice cream.

I love going to Wexford, it is part of my childhood.

The Not So Good Very Bad Day

by Aoife Lynch

One day my family and I went to the beach. It was a lovely, sunny day. My dad and I went for a swim. My brother came down to the sea to join us. But the water was too **deep** for him. My dad swam as fast as he could and saved my brother. It was a close one.

After that we got out of the water. We told my mam what had happened. She said she was so happy that my brother was safe. Then my brother and I went exploring. We found sea shells and periwinkles, crabs and jellyfish.

We got lost when we were exploring the beach and we couldn't find our mam and dad. We were so scared. We told the lifeguard. The lifeguard said he could help us but I was still scared. Eventually we found my mam and dad. I was so happy to see my dad and mam. My dad and my mam were frantically looking for us too.

After we relaxed, we checked into our hotel and unpacked our bags. The hotel was amazing. It had one big bed and three small beds, four lamps, three big mirrors and a big bathroom. Later we went for dinner. It was delicious. After dinner we went to the amusement park. I went on the biggest ride. It was so cool.

That was the end of our not so good, very bad day.

Treasury of Beach Stories

by Lauren Wilson

When I was two years old I went to the beach and I saw an old woman sunbathing. In my head I thought that she was the singer Rihanna... so I crawled over to her and said "oh na na," and then she said "um... no love I'm not your nana". Then my mom came and said sorry to the woman. My mother was absolutely mortified but she couldn't stay mad at me because I was too young to understand.

A few years ago, we went to Kilkee beach. It was a very cloudy, windy day. I was surfing in the water, when all of a sudden this big wave towers over me and sent me tumbling in the water. I face planted into the wet sand. I was going to tell my parents but they were weak laughing at me. I started crying, so they took me back to the caravan.

Another one of my traumatic times at the beach was when I was swimming, and my father picked me up and just threw me into the water. I was very angry at him but he bought me an ice-cream, so I let it slide. Finally my beach stories come to an end, I have more but they not as interesting.

This year my cousin's family and my family were on holidays in Kerry and we went to the beach. It was only a quick five minute journey away from our house. The air smelt so much fresher and saltier than the city. We unpacked our picnic blanket, surfboards, swimsuits and food. I put my swimming suit on as fast as I



could, applied some sun-cream and raced my cousin Tommy to the water. It was absolutely freezing!! My brother and my cousin Jamie came running towards us. A while later, we came back shivering with the cold. We were starving so we sat down and ate some yummy rolls. Jamie and my uncle Jeff were surfing while Andrew and I buried Tommy in the sand. My mom and my auntie decided to walk the beach. I went exploring and collected hundreds of unique and interesting seashells in my bucket. They were glistening under the sun. Before we left, my mom surprised us all with ice-cream.

We had one last look at the beach before we made our way back to Banna strand and drove home.

Follow Your Own Dreams

by Rian Clohessey

There once was a young boy named David Seaquest. He lived in Kilkee, Co. Clare. His biggest dream was to go to Australia but it was way too expensive and his parents would not lend him any money. His dad Timmy was a retired sailor and his mum Sheila was a retired solicitor. For David's eighteenth birthday he got a lovely new electric boat. His dad had been everywhere in the world except for Antarctica. So his dad sat him down and said "Son you are old enough to go on an adventure!" Quickly David replied, "I am going to Australia to explore it and maybe, just maybe, if I find a job I could live there full time".

But then his dad butted in and said, "Oh no, no, no, you are going to finish my journey. You are going to Antarctica". David really didn't want to go but eventually his father convinced him. "I will go tomorrow morning". Again, his father butted in before David could finish, "You will need to get supplies now if you want to leave tomorrow morning". David rushed to Kiltrush and went to a supermarket to get food and supplies. When he returned he went straight for the pier in Kilkee. He saw that his boat was fully charged so he loaded all the supplies on board. As he was busy getting himself ready he noticed that the waves when they bashed off the soft, sandy shore had turned blue!

David quickly looked it up on his phone and to his surprise it was called bioluminescence. Bioluminescence or plankton give the water's surface an electric blue glow! He was amazed by the lovely patterns they made. He noticed that one of the patterns looked nearly exactly like a

map of Australia. He didn't take too much notice of it. After an hour David couldn't control himself, he had to jump off the pier into the beautiful water. It was warm but not too warm, the perfect temperature. The water felt the same as every other time he had jumped off the pier before but in his soul it felt magical.

The next day he said goodbye to his mum, his dad, his dog and cats. David boarded his boat and started sailing into the middle of the horse shoe of Kilkee Bay. When he got to the middle of the horse shoe he turned around and saw his mum and dad waving him down. A small tear formed in his eye but he wiped it off before anyone saw his tears.

When he got about a thousand miles outside of the horse shoe he stopped to put in the coordinates for Antarctica on his boat's navigation system. He just stood there thinking about Australia, the beautiful sandy shores and the light blue water surrounding Australia. In that moment he remembered the tongue twister his mother loved to repeat, "She sells sea shells by the sea shore". He burst out laughing. But then all of a sudden the waves went from small to LARGE!! David went below deck and put the ship into auto pilot.

After a while it calmed down, and David went back up on top of the boat. He checked his iPad on the panel next to him and he saw that the boats sensors were picking up something in the water.....it was huge. David took a big

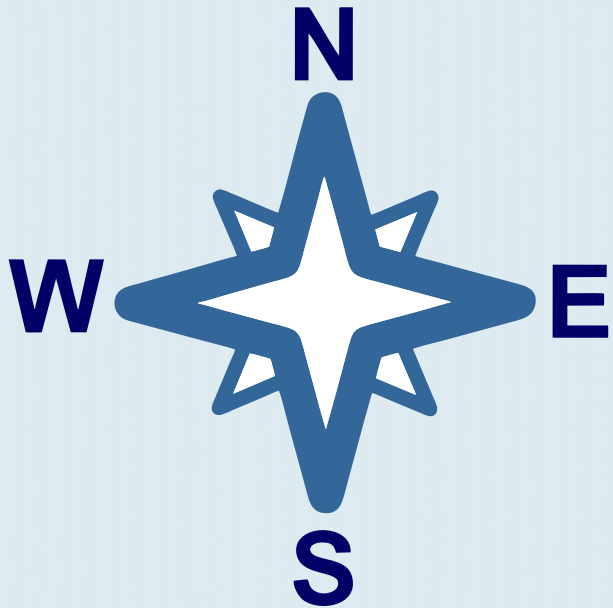
Follow Your Own Dreams

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gulp and decided to go in the water to see what it was. When he was all suited up he jumped straight in. He brought a metal detector just in case. When he was deep enough in the water his metal detector went crazy. When he got a closer look, he could tell it was a “Spruce Goose”.

If you don't know what that is, it is the biggest plane in the world and has thirty six wheels to land it. David spent at least an hour in the water. The cool thing was that the fish had gone and made a little home in the wreck of the old plane. When he reached the surface, he noticed a pod of dolphins beside his boat. When he got dressed, he got a ball and threw it at them and they started playing with it, it looked fun but all of a sudden one of the dolphins knocked off the sat nav tower from his boat. David didn't know what to do? He was stuck, he decided to stay put for the night. When it turned dark, he looked outside his window and he could see the glare of beautiful colours in the water. He rushed out to look into the water but it was clear. Then he looked up and saw it was the southern lights dancing across the sky. They were beautiful!

David took loads of pictures they were truly spectacular. He decided to follow the direction of the colourful dancing Southern Lights. The next day to his surprise, he sailed up along the coast of Australia. It was beautiful, the water was a lovely, calming, light blue and the perfect temperature. David finally realized his dream of traveling to Australia.



Turning Tides

by Nathan Nolan

Our story begins at a dock in the south of England. A young man named Johnathan, has enlisted to fight for his country and his fallen friends. Cadet Johnathan is assigned to his ship, a World War II destroyer. After orientation he hears a shout. "Cadet we've heard another one of our ships is under heavy fire, so we are going out to help". "Sir yes sir," came the reply.

Once they had reached the location of the call for help there was only debris and a sunken ship. They found no survivors from the ship that was under fire. They headed shore bound and prepped the artillery in case of another unexpected attack. When they got back sirens were going off. There had been a bombing run in the town.

They climbed down from the ship. They heard a soldier shout out, "General, the enemy came out of no-where. As soon as we knew what was happening it was too late". Cadet, go get a medic". Later on Johnathan was told that there was a fleet of Nazi ships making their way up the English channel. The crews on the channel must stop the attackers!

Johnathan and his crew reached the middle of the channel. This is when thoughts started rushing through the cadets mind, would he come back in one piece? Would he come back at all?

Four hours later:

They heard a shout and many heavy artillery cannons going off. At that time, a thick fog had fallen over the English Channel. The battle

had begun. There seemed to be cannons going off in all directions. Just then a soldier was knocked off a ship beside their ship. Reinforcements came in on both sides.

Neither Nazis nor allies could see what they were shooting at. Just then a siren on another ship went off on the ship beside them. They were going down. Troops were dragged on board Johnathan's ship. Next a shout rang out. Another ship was down. There were shouts ringing out left, right and center and then BOOM, his ship was going down fast.

Johnathan was stuck on a boat at the front of the ship. He tried as hard as he could to get off the boat. He tried desperately, his leg slipped free but he slipped and banged his head off the post. A split second later he woke. He was under water he couldn't breathe. Everything was silent, apart from the ringing in his ears. He saw his life flash before his eyes and then a hand.

He woke in an ambulance, he asked the medic what had happened. They said he had been dragged to shore by the general. Johnathan asked what had happened to the general. They said he had passed away due to high intake of water. Johnathan was speechless.

Two months later, Johnathan went back to the battlefield and fought. He was a survivor of D-Day and lived until 90 years of age.



Cubist Fish by Maebh - 5th class - Scarriff NS

Are You Alright Dear?

by Maya Short

I was striding along the wide beach when I decided to stop at the edge of the shore, beside a big grey rock. The rock was as big as the burning excitement I had to dive into the deep blue sea. I looked around the empty beach and saw no one, only an elderly couple walking their dog.

I noticed a blue bird sitting far away on the boardwalk. It looked so calm and tranquil. I turned back to the ocean and noticed there were more waves as it had gotten windier. I was a strong swimmer so I thought nothing of it. I got into position and was ready to dive in when an old lady came up to me and said, "Are you alright dear? It looks very windy out there". I stood in disbelief. No one has come up to me before and asked me if I was alright. I answered "I am yeah, I'm fine". She looked as calm as the little blue bird on the boardwalk that had now disappeared. The old lady walked away.

I took one more look at the beach and realized that the Snámhaí Sásta tribe were making their way onto the beach. It was nine o'clock already! I quickly took a deep breath and inhaled the salty smell of the ocean and dived as far as my body would let me. I kept swimming and swimming until I couldn't see the surface. I swam a bit deeper and was now feeling the cold harsh waves of water coming towards me like the wind on a mountain. I heard the sound of water and the distant sounds of chatter. I probably wasn't that far down after all, I started to feel a bit light headed but I kept going, wanting to feel the draft of waves against my soft skin. I saw colourful shoals of fish and

green seaweed that you'd find in a horror movie. I pushed and pushed until I was so deep, I could see nothing, only the sounds of chatter and laughter dying away. I started to see things like a big shark that disappeared in front of my eyes, a skeleton laying on the ground and I started to feel frightened. I tried to push my arms and legs to the surface but they wouldn't budge. I started to panic my eyes started to close, my legs and arms floating uselessly around me. I heard distant shouts that felt like they were right above me which was weird because I couldn't see anything. All of a sudden, I wished I was at home in the warm shower, the soft drops of fresh water against my skin, a towel to put around me and the hot fire in the fireplace. I shouldn't have gone so far, I should've listened to the old lady and not went into the water.

I slowly opened my eyes to see a bunch of people around me chatting in worried voices. I couldn't hear what they were saying because I was too tired. I saw flashing blue and red lights and sirens that sounded like a hurricane in my ears. I felt they were about to explode. I didn't know where I was or how I got here but I'm assuming I'm not in the shower or in front of the fire. I was cold, shivers covered my whole body like a blanket. I got up slowly so I was sitting looking at everyone. My vision was blurry but I could tell they all looked worried. I think it might have been the Snámhaí Sásta ladies. They all had swimming gear on and they all looked middle aged. I couldn't really tell

Are You Alright Dear?

by Maya Short

though. I also saw the old lady I met at the beach talking to an official looking woman. The woman saw me and came over carrying a blue blanket.

She looked in her 20's. My vision got a bit better, so I realised I was on the beach right next to the boardwalk. Everyone was asking how I was and the young woman kept telling everyone to be quiet and that I was fine, but I didn't feel fine. I was dizzy, tired and cold. The young woman told me to lie down and try to close my eyes. I didn't listen because, I wanted answers. I asked as politely as I could "What happened?" The young lady replied, "This woman found you on the shore passed out and wet. We assumed you passed out in the water and the waves brought you to shore. Thanks to this lady right here," she pointed to the old lady at the beach, "you'll make it out alive". She gave a slight chuckle and smiled. I just realized she was wearing a blue uniform, she must be the doctor.

At the hospital my doctor told me a night's rest and some warm food will do me great and he'll check on me in a weeks' time. My Mom, Dad and sister came to visit me at home a lot. They brought soup and medicine and blankets just like the nurse had brought me the night of the accident.

After, I recovered, I went to see the old lady every day at the beach. She told me the story about what happened when she saw me, and that the little blue bird was hers. He was named Sea Salt Sam. We would talk for ages and then she'd leave to go for a coffee with her friend, so



I'd walk along the shore glancing at the blue waves and how smooth and calm they looked, my feet covered in the grainy sand. You could see all the footprints from everyone who's been here last and you could imagine what they are doing right now. Making tea, walking their dog? I would sit down right next to the big grey rock and look at the sea and the sand colliding just like boats would do if they crashed onto rocks. The little seashells laying about.

Although I love the beach and it's my heart and soul, sometimes you should know when to step back. I didn't but that's okay I've learned from my mistake and everyone is okay, but that could have been a whole other story.



STORM AT LOOPHEAD

The Legend of the Santiago

by Kevin Spooner

It was a dark and stormy night. The wind was howling and the rain was lashing down in torrents. Waves like giant claws ripped the shore. On the horizon, the shadow of a ghostly galleon drifted towards the jagged rocks. The distant sound of a bell echoed.

Sam and Will were heading to the lighthouse where their grandad worked as the lighthouse keeper. They were going to help him because his daily assistant was off for the evening and he had trouble seeing in the twilight. They were looking forward to polishing the light and switching it on, but most of all staying in the lighthouse cottage with grandad.

The cottage is cosy and full of interesting things. It is set high on a cliff with views far out to the ocean. Sometimes you can see super sunsets, but also scary storms rolling in. Grandad always had a story about every type of weather.

When the boys arrived, they were greeted with a “Ahoy there maties”. It was grandad shouting down from the light. “Hurry up, we have work to do!” This was the only part of the visit they didn’t like, climbing the 115 steps to the top of the lighthouse. When they got there, grandad was already polishing the light. The light was very old and needed to be polished every day, so it shone brightly at night. Grandad handed each of them a rag and the three of them polished away as grandad hummed an old tune. When they were done, they looked out to sea. “Looks like a storm is brewing,” said grandad. “It’s going to be a

long night, we better get some supplies”.

They headed back down the 115 steps to the cottage. “Let’s sit down by the fire to warm ourselves,” said grandad. Before darkness started to fall, grandad made a flask of hot chocolate and some sandwiches. “Is it time to turn on the light grandad?” asked Will “Sure is,” said grandad. “Get the flashlight Sam”.

The three trudged back up the 115 steps again. When they got to the top and looked out, dark storm clouds were on the horizon. “Grandad,” said Sam, “Is there a storm coming?” “Looks like it boys,” said grandad. “It reminds me of a story about a dark and stormy night”.

“A long time ago when my grandad was just a bit older than you are now, he had to mind the lighthouse, on his own. One night it was getting dark and a little bit stormy, as he was heading up the steps to the light. He could see a ship on the horizon, and he quickly ran to turn on the light. It wouldn’t come on. He tried again, but nothing happened. The ship was being pushed toward the rocky coastline. He rang a bell for help but no one came. The ship ran aground on the rocks. Everyone on board was lost. It was called the Santiago. And ever since then, on a stormy night, if you look to the horizon, you might see the ghostly outline of a galleon....”

Sam and Will stared at the horizon, could they see the outline of a ship in the darkness? They were not sure.

The Island of Mystery

by Donnacha Cooney

It was a stormy night. Moses was petrified. He knew he should've turned around but he loved fishing. He was drifting further and further away until he could not see land. It's funny, Moses thought. I sacrificed everything for fishing but it looks like I am going to have to make one more sacrifice.

"What? Ah," exclaimed Moses. His muscles felt like they were on fire. "Hello," a voice breathed. "AHHHHHHHHHH," screamed Moses. Suddenly an old man appeared. "I'm Joshua. Who are you?" "I'm Moses. Where am I?" asked Moses. "That is an interesting question, which I cannot answer right now," said Joshua. "Come Moses, before the monsters kill you".

"Where are we going?" asked Moses. "To my cave," said Joshua. When they arrived at the cave, Moses was stunned. "Look at the scenery," said Moses. The smell of salty water warmed him inside. A glistening tear dropped to the ground. "What's wrong?" asked Joshua. "Will I ever be able to go home?" asked Moses. Joshua's head dropped. "No, you were brought here," said Joshua. "You are already dead. In that sea are some of the most horrifying creatures you will ever see. I have seen many people come and go. They have tried to kill the sea creatures, but, there are too many sea creatures out there. Now it is your turn Moses. Will you accept the quest?" asked Joshua. Moses felt like a small boat in the middle of a stormy sea. He sighed. "I don't have much of a choice, do I?" "No," Joshua smiled. "No you don't."



"Am I allowed any weapons?" asked Moses. "No you have to fight the creatures with your hands," said Joshua. "WHAT" screamed Moses. "Is there no such thing as sarcasm anymore?" asked Joshua. Moses smiled. "Take your pick," said Joshua, as he opened a mysterious door. Moses was stunned. There were swords, spears and daggers. But the one that stood out for Moses the most was a golden spear. "Ah," said Joshua, the lightning spear. Wise choice. Now go child". "One more thing; Will I die?" asked Moses. "You are already dead," said Joshua. "What am I fighting for then?" asked Moses. "That is up to you," said Joshua. "Go!"

Moses was admiring the sea when a small fish swam beside him. Moses was confused then, out of nowhere, around 100 fish came. Moses realised that these were the sea creatures. Moses killed them all. He was exhausted. Suddenly, he heard twigs snapping behind him. He turned around and then BANG,

*“The stories and poems written by the children highlight their thrills,
adventures and happy times and our interconnection with the ocean....
I am sure that for many who read this book,
the readers’ will also turn the pages smiling with similar thoughts”.*

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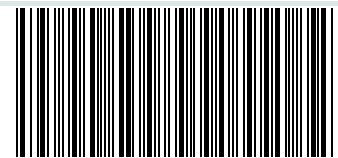
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