

# Larkin's Creative Corner

2024





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Larkin Community College  
Coláiste Pobail Lorcáin



Ms Kavanagh, Ms Meehan and Jean dedicate  
this volume to the talented and creative JCSP  
students at Larkin Community College  
who contributed to the school's  
Short Story Competition and so made  
this publication possible.

Thank you one and all.  
Keep on writing...Keep on creating!

Cover illustration by Geraldine Villegas

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# Introduction

In the heart of Dublin 1, nestled at the junction of Cathal Brugha Street and Marlborough Street stands Larkin Community College. It is a diverse college filled with creative young minds who want their voices heard. 2024 marked Larkin's first Literacy Week. As part of this fantastic new initiative, Jean, our wonderful JCSP librarian, Ms. Meehan and Ms. Kavanagh decided to run a short story competition with our Junior Cycle students. Ms. Meehan found a nationwide competition that students could enter to coincide with this. As a result of this, much of the students' writing centres around the themes of Nature, Wellbeing and Healing. Although, as always many of our students' creativity could not be contained within the confines of these themes, with many having a story brewing inside them that needed to be shared.

This book is a collation of all the entries that we had the pleasure of reading during Literacy Week. Thank you to all our wonderfully creative students for sharing your imaginations with us.



# A Snowy Friday

By Andrei Gabor (3<sup>rd</sup> year)

I woke up as usual on a normal Friday morning at 6:20am. I looked out of the window and saw that it was snowing hard. I went to the kitchen and had my usual breakfast of milk and cereal, then I dressed up in my uniform and left my house to get the bus.

It was mad freezing outside and so slippery. I immediately put on my gloves and kept walking towards the bus stop. I looked at all the cars around me and they were frozen and full of snow. I got to the bus stop and luckily it came after only two minutes. I went inside, tapped my Leap Card and went to sit down. My bag and hood were full of snow; it was very wet on the ground and people even slipped!!!

Nothing crazy happened on the bus for one hour and I just chilled on my phone. When I was getting off the bus, I was very careful and watched my steps so I wouldn't slip and fall to the ground.

As I was making my way over to Centra to get a chicken fillet roll, I was checking some chats on my phone and all a sudden, a huge ball of snow hits my

face at 200 km/h. I see it was my friends just having a joke and I have to admit it was funny even though I was mad wet; I mean at least now I know that I have to use my phone less and be more careful. Anyways, I went to Centra and got my usual order. I went to school and went straight to the toilet so I could dry up. After that, I went to class and saw from the window that there was even more snow on the ground. For the second class, I had business, and we went to the PE hall instead of normal class and had lots of fun outside with the snow.

We had our ten minute break, and I had a chat with my friends. All the other classes were normal, until we got the biggest surprise of our lives - we got to leave at 12:50!!!

After school, I had lots of fun with my friends even though it was freezing outside. We had a snowball fight, and we were all soaking wet.

Since it was lunchtime, and it would have taken me 2 hours to get home since I live in Blanchardstown, and I was in Dublin 1. We went to eat in McDonalds, and I had a Big Mac menu offer from the app that had medium fries, medium coke and 6-piece nuggets. I was so hungry and really enjoyed that meal, definitely the best €10 I have ever spent in my life. After that, I went home on the bus. It was the best Snow Day ever!!

# Nature

By **Melania Partac (1<sup>st</sup> Year)**

Nature,  
Beautiful, Beautiful Nature  
Sunsets and rises  
Land and sea  
Flowers and trees all come from nature.  
The feel of the sun and the smell of the flowers  
The taste of fruits and the sight of animals  
The freedom of running through the burning sand  
And dancing joyfully in the falling rain  
The excitement of snow and making a snowman  
The heat of the sun that comes from our God  
Now people are ruining these 'beautiful things'  
But if we work together we'll have it forever  
So dream today, make a wish on a dandelion  
And plant a new seed  
On this land of green.

# Three Thousand Feet Beneath the Surface

By Ava O'Reilly (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

One sunny morning my friends, Hallie Mai and Riley, and I went to the beach. Holding hands, we dived and... sent big splashes against the rocks. We were enjoying ourselves when suddenly, I saw something shimmery swim by me really quickly. We tried to swim to see what it was.

Then there it was, we were shocked. We had just spotted two mermaids; they had a pink shimmery tail, purple top made of shells, one with long blue hair down to her waist, the other with short blonde hair. They were stunned to see us.

We started to speak to them. The one with the long, blue hair hitting her waist was named Bonnie. She had a soft, soothing voice tone as she spoke to us. The other one with short blonde hair barely passing her shoulders was named Darcy. She had a really loud voice and was a really hyper and bubbly person.



We told them our names and started to become friends with them.

We were swimming around and they were showing us their favourite parts of the sea. They showed us some of their friends, a fish named Flounder, a seahorse named Dolly, a crab named Ben, and two dolphins named, Lola and Lily.

After we were swimming around, and playing some games when suddenly, Hallie Mai started to run out of oxygen. We started to panic since we were so deep into the water. Her oxygen was getting worse and worse. Bonnie swam to go get Lola. We tried our best to swim back but Hallie Mai's oxygen kept getting lower. Bonnie came back. We put Hallie Mai on Lola's back. Lola swam rapidly back to shore, well at least that was what we thought.

Three hours had passed as we waited for Lola to swim back with Hallie Mai with a full oxygen tank. We thought maybe they got lost along the way back down, so we decided to swim around and look. Another two hours went by and still no idea where Lola and Hallie Mai had gone. We eventually swam back to shore, and still couldn't find them.

It was getting darker as time went by, and we started worrying. Finally, we saw Lola swimming back towards us. We asked her where Hallie Mai was. Lola stopped; a worrying look appeared on her face. She

suddenly says “What do you mean where’s Hallie Mai? I thought she was with you guys”

In a panic, everybody glanced at each other. Everybody stared at Bonnie as she says, “I’m sure we gave her to Lola, well something big blue with something spikey on its back”. Everybody started splitting up and swimming. Bonnie had given Hallie Mai to a shark.

Nervously everyone was swimming around trying to find the big shark Bonnie had described. Finally, we had found the big shark Bonnie had explained to us. We tried to make friends with him and it was actually working. He said his name was Sharky. We had a great plan to feed the shark a lot to make him vomit and hopefully Hallie Mai would come out along with all the food.

We told the shark we were having an eating competition. We started to feed him all sorts of stuff, hearing the crunches and snaps and the moonlight shine off his sharp teeth. We heard the crunches of the seaweed in his teeth, then a grumble. We all started to back away. Finally he had spit up Hallie Mai. We were so happy to see her. The shark had apologised since he had thought Bonnie was giving Hallie Mai to him as a snack. We all giggled in a bubbly tone and forgave him. We had a great time and were so sad to leave. We said goodbye and as the water

dripped from our hairs, we got back on the big boat. We laughed, as we sped the whole way home listening to the crashing of the waves against our boat.

# Tales of the Grassland

By Besong Nkongho Ebai (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

The man was putting on a hat while sinking down into the grass. He had been tracking this creature for over a week. He focused in his binoculars, looking for special animals in Africa watching a safari .

Still the small animal kept quietly creeping in the grass and he kept spying at the animal and observing until he spotted the animal. The grass where he was hidden was bright and fresh and it was so far for him to see the animal in the binoculars. He kept using the binoculars for observation.

Eventually, when he saw the animal, he crept closer and he caught it. He was able to touch it and smell it. It was a good animal.

# A Stroll Through Nature's Embrace

By Cara Andrea Bislig (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

*(A poem about feeling down but then  
finding comfort in nature.)*

In the misty hues of melancholy's reign,  
A river of sorrow flowed all around,  
There was a destructive storm brewing inside  
my brain,  
That shattered all my happiness down.

My eyes were swollen and red with tears,  
And a dark cloud followed me around  
I was sunken in my own thoughts and full of  
despair,  
Floating on misery, I felt drowned.

I took a walk, just to clear my mind,  
A stroll through nature's embrace,



With every step that I left behind,  
Thoughts that crumbled me down, started to  
replace.

Little by little, the massive burden I carried  
around lightened,  
The heavy weight in my chest decreased,  
And the tiny amount of hope in my mind  
brightened.

As wind blew through my hair,  
It gently brushed my skin.  
The pure softness of the autumn air,  
And comforting calmness that it brings.

With every small step I took,  
And each sorrowful tear,  
When it felt as though everything broke,  
The deepest of cracks disappeared.

When I saw the reflection of the bright moon,  
Depicted on the surface of the lake,  
The flowers in my heart bloomed,  
And went away all the troubles that I faced.

# M50 Madness

By Carson Walsh (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

The lights from the ambulance lit up. Suddenly there was a big crash. I looked up ...

The street and I were currently stuck in traffic on the M50 motorway, and it was an unbelievably dreadful day outside. I could hear thunder and lightning in the sky. I could also see a fire brigade at the crash. I knew it wasn't good. Everyone was out of their vehicles. I got out of my car, and I walked up towards the flashing lights. It was someone in a body bag. I hoped he was ok. Later that day, I went home, and I saw it was on the news and it was all over social media.

Later that day, I got a phone call. I found out that the person in the crash was my uncle, and he was dying in hospital. I went to visit. He was on a breathing machine and had horrific injuries. It was madness. He said five words to me "I'm gonna be gone soon." I got so emotional. I left him flowers. I went that night, and I got a phone call saying he died. That is the story of the horrific M50 crash.

*The End*



# Football

By Xuan Kai Chen (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

I play football. I am a goalie. When I play soccer, I get muddy. Some people tackle. Some people score goals a lot. We play football in the field. I am a striker.

On Sunday I play a competition. There is a coach in football. I score goals and I win. We do running in sports. My favourite player is Cristiano Ronaldo. He is 1.87 metres high.

# The Perfect Book

By Darcy Fitzgerald (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

On a normal afternoon - well not so normal – my friends and I were on an Adventure going to different libraries trying to find the perfect book.

When suddenly, we all saw a book on the ground which was quite normal and then we looked up and there were millions of books flying everywhere. It felt like a dream or maybe even magic.

My thoughts were this can't be happening and then a gust of wind made me, and my 3 friends LEVITATE.

No one believed us that it happened.

We told our parents, police, teachers EVERYONE.

But everyone thought we were kids making up stories. I was so frustrated because I know it was real.

However, when I went home there was a book on my bed opened on page 135 and I knew I didn't bring it home. I read the book and it told me so many ancient stories of how the library was magic...

# Amusement Park Poem

By Dylan Lynch (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

I woke up alone in a random amusement park.

The sun shone and the rainbow sparkled.

I walked around and I got some food,

All of a sudden I vomited mushrooms.

I got some tissue to clean it away,

Then it started talking it said hey,

I ripped it up as fast as I can,

Then I turned around and saw a man,

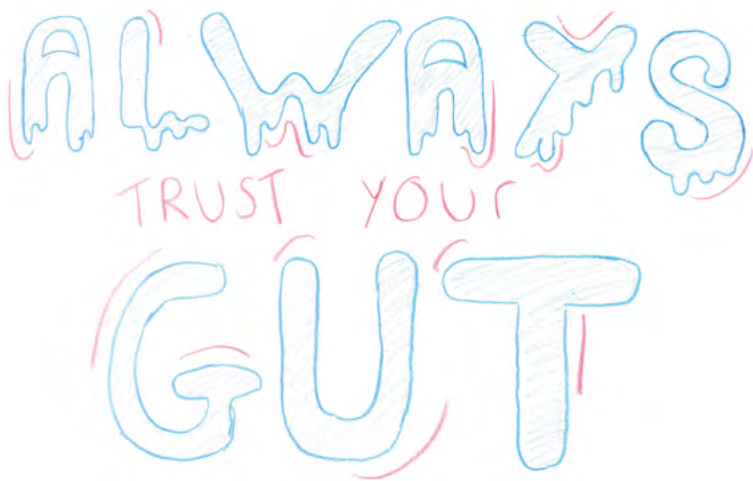
I blinked once and then he disappeared

But I had a feeling he was still near

“Wake up! Wake up!”

Is all I could hear, I finally woke up

I'm glad it was a dream I'm only here!



# Always Trust Your Gut

By Ellamay Roche (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

On a sunny Saturday morning, as usual I was getting ready for my football game. I didn't really feel like going to my match; I just didn't feel right. I went up to my parents' room to say goodbye, but they weren't there. I didn't think much of it, so I left the house and made my way to my match.

I decided to take a shortcut since I was running late but the quickest way was through a dodgy, dark forest. My parents didn't like that forest and told me to never go through because anything could happen.

However, I was running late and didn't want to be any later.

While I was walking through the tall trees and big green bushes, it got very quiet. I saw a very old lady talking to herself and struggling to walk. I wanted to help but my mother and father told me to never talk to strangers and I had already broken one rule so I kept walking.

As I was reaching the end of the forest, I started to see the sunlight again but suddenly I heard the sticks cracking and the leaves moving even though I was not walking. I saw the old lady again. I thought to myself this can't be true; the woman could barely walk and now she was in front of me. As I got faster, because it kind of creeped me out, the old woman turned. It was like she was staring into my soul. I started to get shivers and I say we stared at each other for a minute straight.

Very quietly she said "Why did you not help me back there?" I was shocked. I couldn't believe that it was the same old lady.

"I'm sorry I didn't see you back there." I lied.

"You're a liar!" the old woman shouted at me. I started to run I knew I would get away since she could barely walk.

As I got faster, I tripped. I landed on my face so all I could see was dirt. As I wiped my eyes and when I glanced around, there was the old lady staring down at me.

Suddenly I wasn't in the forest I was back home, I thought to myself it was probably just a crazy bizarre dream. I walked down my stairs and walked into my kitchen, "GET OUT OF MY HOUSE YOU UGLY CREATURE!" my mother screamed.

"WHAT? WHAT?" I screamed . I ran out of my house crying wondering why she screamed at me . As I was walking down my estate, everyone was running inside screaming crying. I was so confused I didn't know what was happening. But suddenly I saw my reflection. I WAS HIDEOUS. I was full of green fur, I had no clothes on and I looked like every animal you could ever think of. I started to cry I didn't know what to do.

Until I saw the old lady again, she had an evil grin and was staring at my hideous body. I ran over to her as fast as I could. "Here we meet again." the old women said.

"Please turn me back to normal please!" I begged on my hands and knees.

"You promise to always help people who are in need?" she said.

“I promise I just want to be myself again.” I cried. Suddenly everything went black for a minute or two. I was back in my room. I ran to the closest mirror as possible, I was me again. I was never happier to see my clear skin and my long brown hair. I ran into my mother and gave her the biggest hug.

“Are you ok?” my mother said.

“Yes I just wanted to give you a hug”. I said very happily.

*The End*





# The Echoes of the Forgotten Ones

By Ewa Pelka (2<sup>nd</sup> Year)

In the twilight hours, when the world succumbed to shadows and whispers, a group of teenagers gathered at the edge of town. They were a motley crew, bound by their shared sense of restlessness and a hint of madness that danced in their eyes. Among them was Lily, with her wild curls and a laugh that echoed like a secret. There was Jake, brooding and unpredictable, his mind veiled in darkness. Then came Sarah, the enigma of the group; her piercing gaze betraying untold stories. Lastly, there was Sam, quiet but observant, bearing the weight of unseen burdens.

Their destination loomed ahead, a relic of forgotten dreams and faded memories—the abandoned amusement park. Its rusted gates creaked open, inviting them into a realm frozen in time. The air hummed with a sense of anticipation as they ventured deeper, their footsteps echoing against decaying structures.

Lily led the way, her steps light with excitement. “Isn’t this amazing?” she exclaimed, spinning around to face her companions. “Imagine all the stories hidden within these ruins.”

Jake scoffed; his expression guarded. “It’s just a bunch of junk,” he muttered, his voice laced with scepticism. But even he couldn’t deny the allure of the forgotten park, its twisted roller coasters, and crumbling carnival games.

Sarah remained silent, her eyes darting to the shadows that danced in the corners of her vision. She felt a strange pull, as if the park itself whispered secrets only she could hear.

As they delved deeper, the darkness seemed to seep into their souls, unravelling the fragile threads of sanity. Laughter echoed eerily through the empty corridors, mingling with the distant cries of forgotten spirits.

Sam shivered, his senses tingling with unease. “Maybe we should go back,” he suggested, his voice barely above a whisper. However, his words were drowned out by the others’ reckless abandon.

Lily skipped ahead, her laughter ringing through the stillness. “Come on, don’t be such a coward,” she taunted, her voice tinged with a hint of hysteria.

Jake followed close behind, his steps heavy with defiance. “I’m not afraid of anything,” he declared, though the shadows seemed to mock his bravado.

Sarah lingered behind; her gaze fixated on a crumbling carousel frozen in time. Something stirred within her, a memory long buried beneath layers of illusion. She reached out, her fingers brushing against the cold metal, and for a moment, she swore she heard the distant sound of laughter.

As they reached the heart of the park, they stumbled upon a forgotten stage, its curtains tattered and torn. Lily twirled onto the platform, her movements fluid and graceful. “Let’s put on a show,” she suggested, her eyes alight with madness.

Jake smirked, his lips curling into a wicked grin. “Why not?” he agreed, his voice laced with mischief.

Sarah hesitated, her heart pounding in her chest. But the darkness had already claimed her soul, and she found herself stepping onto the stage, her movements guided by unseen hands.

Together, they danced beneath the moonlit sky, their laughter mingling with the whispers of the night. And as they lost themselves in the chaos, they became one with the shadows that lurked within the abandoned amusement park, their minds forever haunted by the echoes of the forgotten.

# It's My Birthday

By Halle Harcourt (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

Grabbing our whistles, we blew with all our might. With one week before my birthday, I forgot to send invitations so me and my Mam went to the shop to get paper and colours. I had so much to organise because I intended to invite all my friends and family to my birthday party.

I was finally becoming a teenager. I had to order balloons, birthday cake, candles, streamers and hats online. My Mam started to organise the food and we decided on pizza and chicken curry. I made a start on the invitations, which I knew I had to hand out to my friends on Monday.

Finally, the day was here... my birthday. My party started at two o'clock, so my friends and family started to arrive. The excitement I felt when I saw all my friends coming with lots of colourful presents was massive. Then my mum put on the music and started preparing the food. We played lots of games, for example, pass the parcel, musical chairs.

The time flew pass really fast, and I was sad it was

coming to an end. All my friends had to leave because it was getting very late. I really enjoyed every minute of my birthday party.

# In My Back Garden

By Hallie May McKennie (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

It was dark in the garden as I heard a faint rustle in the bush, so I decided to investigate.

As I walked into my garden, I started to hear voices like two people arguing. I decided to go check. As I was getting closer, the voices were getting louder. When I got to the bushes where all the noise were coming from, I pulled the bushes to see what was there and when I did, I couldn't believe my eyes. There were two white mice with red eyes and long tails arguing with each other. I was shocked that two mice were speaking in front of me. But what were they arguing over?

I thought I would ask but then I thought to myself was I really going to talk to two mice? No one would ever believe me if I told them that there were two mice in my garden arguing with each other. Yet, I was convinced so I had to ask. I said "hello" and the two mice looked at me.

I then said "What are you doing in my garden"

Then one started to speak. “Well we were passing by your garden, then in the corner of our eyes something sparkled, so we thought we would look and see what it was. Then we found this.”

I looked down... it was a block of cheese. I looked back at them and said confused “a block of cheese”.

Then they started talking again “Not just any block of cheese. This is like gold” I was still very confused at what they had said.

Even though it pungently stank I wanted to know more about it .so then I asked “and why is it so special?”

The other mouse began to talk “Well where we come from a block of cheese that looks exactly like this with the same shine and the same colour disappeared from the king’s great castle and no one knows where it went. The whole kingdom has been searching for it for months now. Just a few weeks ago the king sent out posters saying ‘who ever finds the king’s great cheese will win a reward of A LIFE SUPPLY OF CHEESE.’ But since then, nobody has discovered a thing, so when we found the great big block of cheese, we knew that we were getting a life supply of cheese. When we started to think more about it, we realised there was a problem only one of us could win the prize so that’s why we started to argue.”

I then decided to speak “Why can’t you just share the cheese?”

“Because someone doesn’t like sharing” one mouse spoke. Suddenly they started to argue again, the two talking over each other loudly wasn’t very pleasing to my ears when I suddenly had enough of the bickering.

I roared “STOP and be quiet for a few minutes. Now why can’t you just share the prize and you won’t have to keep mouthing with each other.”

The two mice went quiet when one started to speak. “Well, I guess it wouldn’t be a bad idea.” After a couple of minutes, the two mice finally agreed with each other.

A few moments after I decided to ask what their names were. “What are your names?” They both answered that one was Max and one was Michael. Then Max started to worry about how they were going to bring it back to the king’s castle. It was way too heavy.

“Don’t worry,” said Michael “I have a plan.”

Suddenly Michael took a small stick with a nice shine to it out from behind his ear. When I looked closer, I realised it wasn’t just a stick it was a magic wand. I was amazed. He then used the wand and a miniature horse and carriage appeared in the garden. Michael



and Max then put the great big block of cheese in the carriage and off they went. They thanked me and waved me goodbye. As I went inside, I could only laugh to myself that I was talking to two mice in the garden, it didn't help that I couldn't go asleep all that night thinking about what had happened and where Michael and Max the mice were and whether they won the cheese.



What is there  
after death?

# Nothing

By Hector Kennedy Mozo (2<sup>nd</sup> Year)

What does nothing feel like?

What happens after you die?

First, to explain nothingness I must explain what life and what death is.

Life is when you are alive, it is now, you exist you have a consciousness and desires, you are experiencing the physical world. Death is when you die, you stop existing, you no longer have a consciousness, no mind no desires maybe you are at peace with the world. This is the same before you were born, you don't exist, and your mind is nothing.

Now at first imagining nothing might be simple - an infinitely large black void with no experience, no feeling, and no consciousness. You might even equate it to sleeping without dreams. But it is more complicated than that. Think that you have a friend called Bob. Bob is an astronaut and is going to go to Mars and you will never be able to see or contact him again, but the rocket explodes as it is taking off, for

you both scenarios appear the same as you will never see or communicate with him again.

But is Nothingness bad?

Nothingness alone without any other option is not bad, but compared to existing, not existing is worse. If you have lived for an infinitely long time and you have experienced everything that ever happened, would it really be so bad to stop existing as the only reason we want to keep existing is to experience? If there is nothing more to experience, what is the point to keep existing?

Now let's move on to the subject of the feeling of nothingness, the human brain cannot simulate absolute nothingness as our consciousness has never experienced absolute nothingness. Therefore, often when we try to simulate absolute nothingness, we often place ourselves in it and we still are experiencing thoughts. As for what happens after death, I have no idea. The most scientifically possible answer is nothing. But does this nothingness begin with bliss or pain?

Nothing feels like nothing. No thoughts, no feelings, just nothing, before and after your life. Obviously, I am not an expert in this field. I am simply exploring the possibility of nothing after death, but maybe it is not like that. Maybe you become one with the universe, but the most scientifically possible answer is nothing.

Thus, in conclusion, you can't feel nothing because nothing feels like nothing. You were nothing before and after your life.



# Beach

By Jhonrave Fabia (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

I sit on the beach,  
With my feet on the sand.  
I smell the seaweed and the salty sea.  
When you're at the beach you feel free.

I hear the waves colliding into each other.  
I can't taste the sea but I know it's salty.

I hear the seagulls squawk  
And I hear people talk

I hear the Ice Cream Van  
And see people get a tan.

I taste the air.  
It will be a memory I will share.

# SNA's on the Run

By Jorja Bonnell (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

Looking up the street, I could see flashing lights and I knew something bad was after happening. They blew up the post office and the traffic was horrible. The security guard from the post office was the only one who survived but his arm blew off. There was a huge Garda chase. It was the biggest crime in Ireland, and they robbed all the money.

The burglar was in a black BMW ...maybe it could be Mary, an SNA from Larkin Community College. The police made a big announcement saying there was a big robbery and no one should leave their houses. The president was out at a match with all his security. He was shot dead and no money was left on the president. They found out the suspects were Mary, Tina, and Fiona. They were the last three there when the president was shot.

The police followed Mary's black BMW and found all the money in the boot of the car. Mary ratted on Tina and they were both sent to prison for a long, long time. However, Fiona fled the scene and was never seen again. It is believed that she is sitting on a beach in Georgia.



# **Worst Day In My Life 02/24/2022**

**By Kateryna Sira (1<sup>st</sup> Year)**

On the morning of February 24, I woke up for school. Dad was running around the apartment. I thought he was at work. I went to my room, my mother said that the war had started, that there would be no school and we would go to the village.

Then my dad and I went to buy medicine and groceries for a couple of days. So, we went to the village I think at 10 in the morning. After we got back, we sat all day in the cellar; we slept in our clothes at night.

On the morning of February 25, at around 6 o'clock in the morning, the bridge was blown up. We woke up to the sound of explosions, got into the car, without taking anything at all, and drove somewhere far away. We drove for 15 hours and stood in line for fuel for an hour. Complete strangers gave us a 3-room apartment in which 3 families lived.

While we were in a safer place, my grandparents

stayed in the village because they didn't want to leave the house. Later the whole village was occupied by Russian soldiers who just shot people. Early in the morning they started running away on bicycles. They ran across a burning field, while helicopters blew up above them. Later they ran through the forest, and they couldn't stop because it was very unsafe. When they ran out onto the road, they began to ride bicycles. They travelled 70 km. Since it was night outside, it was impossible to stay outside, and they spent the night at some old man's house.

My mother's brother took them to us early the next day. It was good that they came back alive and lived with us for two months. The truth was that it was no longer important, the main thing was that they managed to save themselves. We lived like this for two months. Mom and Dad worked at the factory.

After 2 months, we returned to the village, because it was dangerous in Kyiv. However, we could not live at home. The soldiers were not allowed into the village; the soldiers lived in women's houses; they stole a lot from us. When we returned to the village, most of the houses were blown up. We lived in the village for 1 month every day, hiding in the basement. Then my mother decided to leave the country. We were in Poland, then we came here.

We have been living in Ireland for two years with the

fear that something will happen to our relatives, who are still in Ukraine, and with the hope that I will return home. The 24<sup>th</sup> of February was the worst day of my life, which I will hardly ever forget. Life in Ukraine, and in general the life of people who saw it, will never be the same as before, because many people, relatives died, many houses burned down. But now the most important thing is to win this war and return home.

# Minds Just Like Ours

By Lianne Ndamba (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

Our mind is like a never-ending void of imagination.  
Gifted with endless memories we obtain like our own  
illustrations.

A case we get to keep only to ourselves, not for you,  
her or him to dare retell.

A game we choose to control with no knowledge nor  
intel, on how far or deep we are willing to go.

Containing pieces most wonderful and sweet that  
heal our soul, and pieces most awful and sour that  
keeps us from our goal.

We dream, we live, and we laugh over the years.

Dreading the day where all that happiness just  
disappears.

Times when all we had to do was sleep and grow  
“dream big dreams so your treats will flow!”

The memories that build up over time, makes you  
really wonder what kind of life you think you’ll really  
slumber.

We wish to erase memories that broke us the most, but those are the memories that helped us to grow.

The mind can be your escape from the world.

But would the world help you escape from yourself?

Your mind is neither an off nor on switch but instead can be a constant reminder of all your problems.

Thinking, worrying and dreaming of what your past or future might lead to, you never really sit down and think whether or not it's worth all these issues.

Changing yourself hoping to be liked, trying to be different hoping they won't be distant.

Even though it can take you astray or keep you awake maybe it just means you're in much need of a break.

Your mind is your own well-being and your main source to healing but also the reason of why you aren't feeling and have a constant need of fleeing.

You can't escape from it. All you can do is embrace it; it's like a love/hate relationship that never plans on leaving.

We seek refuge from others but never our minds.

Blaming ourselves for everything we do, instead of asking how we could have done it right.

Hoping that their minds is way different from our own.

Instead of trying to save ourselves from this continuous feeling of being alone.

We grieve and we cry, and smile and we die but that shouldn't stop us from making ourselves thrive. We get only one life, live it to the fullest you're just as important and just as needed. Don't ever let them tell you otherwise, they are just acting foolish.

But at the end of the day when the sky is all dark, the gleaming and glittering stars shine like beacons of hope for all the lost souls of the world and the street-lights would flicker on like another given chance to do it all again, we'd tuck ourselves into bed and close our eyes and drift off to sleep. Our extraordinary minds would finally take a break from reality and dream big dreams.

# The Princess Fairly Tale

By Kayden Douglas (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

Once upon a time, there was a princess who was lonely. She was a lonely, lonely child all her life. She never had many friends because she wasn't like the other princess. She was in love with football, but she could never play because she was always in a stupid dress and stupid high heels. She could never play. Her dad didn't want her to play either because she was a girl. She was so angry because she was so good at it.

Every day when her dad left for work, she would put on his jersey and shorts and play away. She would do this every day but one day her dad came home early. She got caught playing. Her dad screamed at her "What are you doing I told you too many times go play with dolls or do your make up. You're never allowed touch a ball again. You hear me. Now get out of my sight."

The Princess was heartbroken. So, when it was

midnight, she snook out and ran away. She packed her stuff; ran away; and never came back.

She met a boy, who supported her, got married and is now a professional footballer for Man United ladies and lived happily ever after.

*The End!*





# The Magic Forest

By Lottie O'Dwyer (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

Once upon a time, in a magical forest, there lived a curious little fox named Finn. Finn loved exploring and discovering new things every day.

One sunny morning, Finn stumbled upon a hidden treasure map. Excited, Finn embarked on an adventure to find the treasure, facing challenges and meeting new friends along the way. Finn met Max and Lily in the enchanted forest while he was trying to look for the treasure. Finn greeted Max and Lily nicely and then Max asked Finn 'What is that on the map?' Finn replied that it was a treasure map.

Lily asked 'Could we help you find the treasure?'

'Of course you can!' Finn said, so they were on their way. The three of them were having such a good time looking for the treasure.

After two hours passed, it was nearly midnight. They were all exhausted and so hungry so they all sat on a tree. Suddenly, a box fell from the tree. They were all shocked and they didn't know what it was so Finn

told them to step back and he would look at it. When Finn was trying to get it to open, it wouldn't open so Finn called Max and Lily over. They were pulling it, but it would not open. Max saw a key under the leaves at the tree, what could it be?

They had no idea, then Lily had a look on the box then she screamed 'Give me the key quickly!' so Max flew over with it and then Lily said that it might open the mystery box. Then Lily said look it opened it and there was the treasure box. Finn jumped up in the air... they were all so happy.

# February 24, 2022

By Mariia Tyshchenko (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

It was February 24, 2022, 23:40. I couldn't fall asleep for a long time, tomorrow I had a hard day at school.

4:30 I woke up to a conversation between my sister and mother. I got up and asked what happened and Mom said the words that changed my life. My mother said that the war had started, after that I heard how the Russians started bombing my city. We were confused and my parents started calling friends and relatives.

The next day we went to the bomb shelter. I was very scared; the conditions there were terrible, and 14 people were sleeping in one room, including me.

My dad and other men went to the store every two days. One of these stores was bombed. We heard the Russians bombing us every day. We were in the bomb shelter for 10 days. We travelled all over Ukraine after this time. I lost a lot of weight. Then we went abroad, but my dad was not allowed abroad because of the war, and I was very upset about it. After three months, he became a military man. Now in Ukraine, all my

relatives are there, except Mam, and to this day the Russians continue to kill innocent people and bomb my country and tear apart thousands of families. I hope the war will end.

# The Red Sky and the Red Hair Girl

By Milana Suokas (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

I was sleeping until I heard a loud noise. I looked outside of my balcony and saw a shocking red sky and rings of clouds!! I was extremely shocked, I thought the night before the sky was perfectly normal. I wondered what happened overnight? What was the loud noise? I went to investigate what it was, I was walking through houses and nobody was there, I instantly got goosebumps due to nobody being here.

A while later I saw a small shortcut to a field where I could see everything in the town, I walked and walked until I froze. I was frightened to see a huge green object; I think it had something to do with the loud noise I heard. "Excuse me, why isn't anyone in this town anymore?" I turned around to see a person, a girl who had long red hair and similar age as me.

"Oh my gosh!! Finally, I thought no one would be here to help. Where were you this whole time and what's

your name?" I said; she gave me a strange look and I felt confused. In my mind I was thinking (did I say something wrong? is she okay??). Then she opened her mouth and said something in another language... it was like I couldn't understand it, but I could understand it a small bit only. All I understood was find me in the big golden palace? And then she left. I was so disappointed that she left because I felt scared alone in a red sky with nobody else. I walked and walked until I found the golden palace!! There was a door with a code, so I kept trying and trying.

Eventually I got the code and I saw the girl. She handed me a translator and I could finally understand everything!! She told me exactly these words "The sky went red because of an extreme eclipse and everyone disappeared but you and I didn't, we got lucky. But unfortunately, they won't be coming back, you need to find the other town." I packed my bags from home and left. I was walking for it felt like a year. I was so tired and thirsty until I looked up, I found a town!! I finally did it; I came into a house!!! I finally lived peacefully; I wonder where the red haired girl went?

THE END.

# Enjoy

By Miley Gifford and Charlie Grimes  
(1<sup>st</sup> Year)

Enjoy every moment of every day  
Take your time to go out and play.

Enjoy the time when it all goes well  
And when it's bad do not dwell.

Enjoy every heartbeat your heart is willing to  
give  
Make it count for as long as you live.

Enjoy the things you like  
Endure the things you not  
Count your blessings there are a lot.

Enjoy the love of people around you  
Pick your self up when you're feeling blue

Enjoy every smile every splinter of fun  
Enjoy your life you only get one.

# An Earthquake in a Small Town

By Eren Deniz Ali and  
Cameron McMahon-Bruce (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

Once upon a time in a small town there was an earthquake. 300 people died and 5,000 people survived. The earthquake was so big it destroyed lots of homes and businesses. People got trapped in the buildings. Lots of people helped to rescue people and to rebuild their homes. Eventually, they lived safely again. They made underground bunkers so if that happens again, they can run and go to the underground bunker so they can be safe.





# Desert Boy

By Scott Rabadon (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

It was best to travel in a group and the sun was setting when we arrived around eleven. We saw a group of children near a school and their school name was in Arabic. A child came to us and he had black hair and brown eyes and had torn up clothes.


One person from our group said “Hi, what is your name?” He answered back that his name was Sameer in Arabic. Sameer told him something in Arabic. A person from our group spoke Arabic to Sameer and Sameer was happy that someone could understand him.

A few hours passed by and we ate with the school children. After eating with our group, Sameer hopped on top of the camels. We went to a river nearby Sameer’s school.

# BODY BUILDING



Everything you can  
imagine is real



# My Journey to Fame

By Sean Mulgrew and George Bontas

(3<sup>rd</sup> Year)

I can still remember the first time I entered the world of Bodybuilding. I was only 15 and I was overly obese. Every day I got bullied for being the chubby kid, so I decided to make a change in my life. I made a commitment to start going to the gym 5 to 6 days a week.

After a few weeks, I started noticing changes in my body - my arms got fuller; my legs got more defined; and I became more confident in my own self. My diet became better, and I started to drink more water. I saw my strength increase since I joined the gym. The people in the gym were very friendly and helped me with things I didn't know. I started to sign up to competitions in my hometown and started to train seriously to see where I could place. I now had a vision of where I wanted my life to go.

I started to sign up for local bodybuilding competitions because what had started as a change had now become a passion of mine. That feeling of being the

last one left on stage knowing I had won; the feeling was sensational. The crowd cheered as my name was called to say I had won. My heart was jumping, and I was overjoyed by winning my first competition.

The next thing on my mind was winning the Mr Universe competition. I knew the preparations I needed were a good diet, good training sessions and a great recovery. My parents were very supportive from the start of my journey. People in my hometown started asking me when my next competition was. The time had come for me to announce that I was going to Mr Universe, and I had been training very intensely. I started the carb cycle, which was hard because my energy was low but in doing so I noticed my body fat percentage drop down.

It was finally my time to walk out on to the stage to compete in Mr Universe and give it my all. I came second which was horrible for my self-esteem knowing all the hard work I put in had gone to waste, but I decided to take it as a learning curve as I now knew what to train for. I knew I needed to focus on school, but I would still go to the gym every day.

In all my career to date, I have won two Mr Universe competitions and six Mr Olympia's, cementing myself as one of the top bodybuilders in the country. This is my success story.



# Humid Reality

By Lania Abas (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

## *HUMID REALITY*

This is a story about a girl that has been through a traumatic event, showing how actions and changes in mental health can switch your reality around.

Saoirse is a 14-year-old girl that has recently been in an accident. It was 6PM, she was with her father on the bus as the bus driver seemed to have dozed off. The public began shouting at him to wake though nothing hinted that it was helping.

Eventually, the bus drove off a bridge, it consisted of a very fragile fence, and it was quite small, so the bus just slid through it easily, causing damage but that didn't matter after the bus entirely had fallen into the river.

### *SYMPATHETIC ASSETS*

Saoirse rested her eyes as she was sat on her bed, staring at the ceiling. It had been a few weeks since her father's funeral. Saoirse heard footsteps trailing upstairs, her eyes tired as can be and her body lazy as a sloth. Her older stepbrother popped from the corner of her room as he softly knocked on the door. 'I brought you some strawberries. We have too many in the fridge. Grandpa keeps buying them because he knows you love them.' He strolled in with a slight sigh as he said this. 'Not unconditionally.' She scoffed, taking the plate as he chuckled a bit. Before leaving the room, he turned his head a bit. Suddenly revealing a frown. His mood changed swiftly. 'When do you think you can go back to school?' He wondered, a bit hesitant of questioning. 'When dad comes back.' She claimed, knowing very well her father was not going to return. Her stepbrother sighed, knowing he was going to receive this answer, because that was her response every single time. 'Saoirse. I know this is hard, it's hard on all of us. Though you should really consid..' Saoirse filled with anger as she knew exactly what he was going to claim, she interrupted

immediately. ‘I was closer to him than any of you were! You have no idea how it feels!’ She yelled at him, slightly regretting it after she realised his reaction.

### *MONOTONOUS DAYS*

Monday would take ages to reach Sunday, everyday was the same. Saoirse wakes up and does nothing for the entire day. She helps in the house sometimes but it's not consistent for her health. The only thing she didn't refuse eating was the strawberries. This shows how important her father's passing was to her, and how close they were. Dealing with a loss is always tough, and it was clear Saoirse wasn't choosing a good path. The last time she was outside was for her father's funeral. Which had been 2 months back now. Her friends would continuously try to ring her, but she would never pick up. They attempted to visit her and send her small gifts to cheer her up, send her meals. She'd rarely take them. This would be seen as her being bluntly rude and giving bad attitude. Though again, we do need to remind ourselves of what she herself has witnessed. It doesn't justify her actions, instead it explains. This also resulted in bad hygiene which is severely unhealthy and the fact she would skip meals, never take care of herself. She never accepted going to therapy. Where would she end up in life?

## *INTIMATE THOUGHTS*

Saoirse gasped awake as she heard her alarm for the first time in a few months. Memories bombarded her head as she remembered the feeling of waking up for school. Rolling off the bed she managed to amble her way to the bathroom to brush her teeth. It felt refreshing. After this, she swung her wardrobe door wide open and pulled her uniform. She made her bed and hopped down the stairs, sitting at the breakfast table. Her stepbrother was preparing breakfast, he picked up her footsteps and twirled around to see it was Saoirse. ‘What? Where are you going?’ Her stepbrother yelled in confusion, spinning his head around to see if he woke his grandpa up. ‘Are you going to school?’ He tuned his voice down. ‘Yeah, why. Do you not want me to.’ Saoirse replied, crossing her arms. ‘Wow, okay. You should’ve told me beforehand. What do you want to eat?’ He quickly put his food aside and focused his attention on her. ‘Hmm, maybe pancakes?’ Her stepbrother nodded contentedly and headed straight to it.

What is this sudden motivation?

## *FACULTY SECTOR*

The hike to school was nerve-wrecking. Saoirse had a massive urge to turn back several times, but she strived her hardest and managed to get there. As she jaunted through the crowd, she could feel everyone’s



eyes piercing through her soul. She glanced up every few moments and she felt her heart pounding like crazy. Walking through the hallways she felt a tap on her shoulder. 'Hey, Saoirse, right? I heard what happened to you. I'm so sorry you went through this; you don't deserve it. You are such a kind-hearted and caring person and you have so much better coming to you. No matter how much you're hurting. I know you're strong and brave. I know you can get through this.' The incidental stranger smiled before they walked off to class. What was this random kindness? They didn't even know her.

She thought about this for the rest of the day, following for the week.

Beginning to realize that maybe life isn't so bad, and accepting the past maybe is the best option. Her father wouldn't have wanted this dull life for her.

Obviously, healing isn't this quick and easy, but to sum it up in 1000 words this is what I could do.

To put it shortly, Saoirse started taking part in therapy, and slowly getting her life together. She slowly got back into singing and taking part in afterschool clubs more. She's still working on her education with all she's missed. Though healing and growth takes time. I think we are all aware of that.

Saoirse is now on her healing journey and having the

best life that she could possibly be having.

The moral of this story is obvious, healing takes time. Don't rush it. Don't judge someone because you think they are being rude for nothing. Always be kind to everyone because you never know what your words can do. Take care of everyone. Tell your family and friends you love them.

You never know what someone is going through.

# A Terrifying Day

By Riley Cullen (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

Friday after school me and my friend went to my house. When we went to play in the garden, we heard someone screaming for help. Coming from next door. Me and my friend ran into the house to tell my Mam. Then we got my Mam. My Mam rang the fire brigade.

They took like ten minutes to come. We were waiting outside for them to come. They finally pulled up and got all their equipment and they ran in to get the two girls and their Mam. They got the Mam and one of the girls. But they couldn't find one of the girls anywhere. Suddenly, they heard screaming. It was the girl. She was stuck in the wardrobe so they carried her out and then everyone was safe.

That day I felt like a real hero.

# Wind

By Geraldine Villegas (3<sup>rd</sup> Year)

There was a gust of wind. It seemed meaningless; would it not have been for the sight of you. A simple inconvenience is what it should have been, a brief halt in my actions to compose myself. Though, it was you that made me stop in my tracks. How is it that in a blink of an eye, the world around me had vanished? That gust of wind; it was only supposed to evoke disappointment from seeing the hair that you worked tirelessly at become an unruly mess of strands. But how? How come your celestial appearance is only emphasised by the harsh wafting of wind towards you? With every second that passed it was as if colours suddenly became more apparent, more vivid, with the sight of you.

Then, you saw me. I wonder, did you view me the same way I viewed you? Did the lights shine brighter as it did when my eyes fell on yours? The world which I viewed so dimly was cast aside and replaced with an exhilarating vision of the future, a future with you.

I can recall the first time you spoke to me, how could I not? Those eyes that I gazed into so longingly were

facing me, standing in front of me while I stood there unable to conjure up the words I needed. My mouth remained dry and my eyes wide at the sight of you. At that moment, nothing could be denied. I was smitten. Smitten by one who seemed to be favoured by the gods; one who had delicate features that no other possessed; one with a voice smooth yet slightly pitched lower than usual. The whole essence of your being captivated me. The mere presence of you was enough to bewitch me. The enthusiasm in your voice being enough to instil the same amount of passion you held within me. It's unfair, for how could an individual be as enthralling as you? How do you tackle the adversity that is afflicted against you so easily with such composure? Likewise, how was it that each misfortune that seemed to strike me was solved when you were next to me?

You have healed me. It was as if the inner turmoil I had endured disappeared, it had dissipated into thin air. The comfort I once sought so desperately you provided for me; each word you spoke to me remained in my mind. Even the simple thought of the jet-black hair I adored, or the brown eyes which I found so endearing, would improve my mood. Every ounce of sorrow within me would vanish, it's scary how much of an effect you had on me. You gave me hope in my misery. Through the anguish, you called out to me. You were my light, the one that supplied me with solace whenever lost in the dark. You had

the opportunity to hurt me, to take advantage of the fragility of my heart and shatter it as if it were made of glass. Yet, you chose to heal me, to be the one I loved.

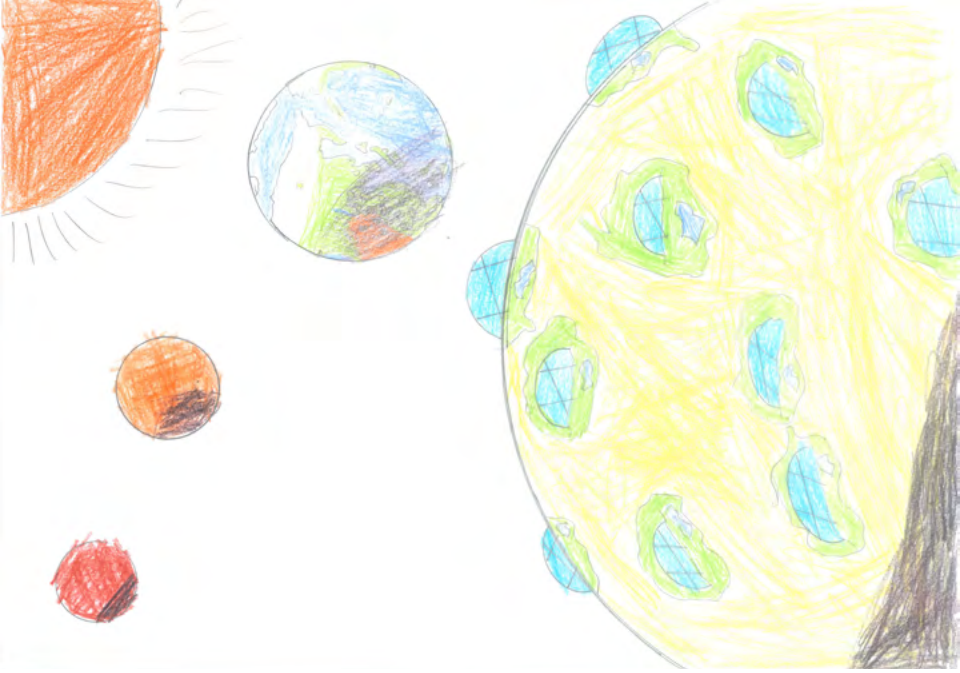
I love you; I love you and I will repeat it as many times as necessary. You healed me, yet how come was I so sure I could do the same for you? You reassured me, expressing your infatuation for me almost non-stop. There was nothing else I could have believed - the amount of trust I had in you could equate to how much I loved you, infinite. But, if you were as lovestruck as I, how come you didn't tell me? How come I was left with an empty bed, left with no aroma of your perfume in the air? How come our room was left with no trace of you anywhere, as if it were only me who resided in our house? How come the only assurance that you ever lived came from a phone call that informed me of your death?

You healed me, you healed me yet I couldn't heal you. Was the trust I felt one-sided? Did my love remain unrequited after all? If you told me about the condition, was there fear that I would leave? I couldn't comprehend the reason you left so suddenly, was there paranoia that if you provided me with any indication of your departure, I would loathe you?

Though, I have come to realise it was the opposite. You cared about me, until the final moments. You

folded your side of the bed just how we used to, each trinket on our shelf was arranged the way we first placed them when we first furnished the house. You left the picture frame which held the picture we took on our second anniversary spotless, not a particle of dust left on the golden exterior.

That gust of wind, each time I feel the bleak air brush against my face I am reminded of you. Perhaps it is you. The wind, I mean. You soar towards me and become the sole focus of my existence for that period of time. Then, afterwards, you vanish.



# The Discovery of Mars

By Yu Fei Zhong (1<sup>st</sup> Year)

One day in the year 2050 NASA, with help from the Chinese scientists, has figured out how to go to Mars without suffocating. Soon the rocket ships began to lift off and head to Mars. The project took weeks, months, years to build but in 2052 the first glass Dome was constructed. Now they can go to Mars much easier. More glass domes are beginning to be constructed.



In the year 2060, Operation Green Grass was activated. Plain green grass was being used to create a liveable condition on Mars. They first got plants, trees, flowers and dirt from earth and planted them on Mars. After that they discovered water in the caves of Mars and started to drain them to the surface of Mars.

A scientist managed to create a machine that could increase and lower gravity on Mars. This made it easier to walk and jump.

In the year 2124, the human civilization has become a type 2 civilization and scientists are predicting that humans will become a type 3 civilization in about 500 years in the future. A type 1 civilization means that people get resources from earth. A type 2 civilization means that people get resources from the solar system. And a type 3 civilization means that people get resources from the galaxy beyond the solar system.





**This 1<sup>st</sup> edition of Larkin's Creative Corner is a compilation of short stories, poems and essays written (and in some cases, illustrated) by JCSP students at Larkin Community College. The collection reflects the diverse interests, perspectives and talents of these students and taps into the boundless creativity that can be found across students in the Larkin school community.**