

## School

by Cian Holland

I could hear it before I saw it. Hundreds of children chatting excitedly, each one glad to be reunited with their friends after the long summer. As I stepped off the bus, I paused for a moment before being swept into a crowd of bustling children, eagerly pushing towards the gate. The principal, Mr. Keary, was standing at the bottom of the steep hill that led up to the school, busily trying to organise everyone. All the familiar faces and friendly voices after the long, boring summer really made me feel great. The sun was shining and the birds were singing in the trees. When I got to my classroom, the new teacher was just starting to introduce herself. I sat down beside my friend Daniel. We started to work straight away. First was maths which was very easy, then Irish, and then after a short break, we had history. I could almost hear shots being fired at the GPO, and smell the smoke as a huge fire burned inside it. Men's voices seemed to echo through my mind, and for a while it was as if I was there myself, living it as it happened. Suddenly, the school bell rang, and I was back in, we did some art, but I wasn't paying much attention. My mind was still wandering around the GPO on O'Connell's Street. In the end, the painting that I produced was no more than a few multi-coloured blobs in the middle of the page. Soon, the bell rang to signal it was time to go home. It was good to be back.