My Time At St. Brides

By Joe Logan P7 Graham

When I started St. Brides I was so small,

I couldn’t believe the size of the hall!

All the teachers were unreal,

Even when kids started to wail!

The school dinners were sweet,

And dessert, what a treat!

The school trips were brill,

Once we even went to see krill!

In P5 we went to Croke Park,

It was an awesome landmark,

We went to Colin Glen in Year Six,

We tried some cool and awesome tricks!

In P6 and P7 I played football for the school,

And the coaches were actually pretty cool!

We did swimming classes from P5 to P7,

Honestly it was like floating in heaven!

Earlier this year we played basketball,

As Coach Gavin would say,” Get up when you fall!”

Each year we had Sports Day,

“On your marks, get set, go!” Mr McCloskey would say. When our class won, we shouted, “HOORAY!”

And finished with an ice-cream to end the day!

In P1 nativity, I was the donkey,

Though I think my tail was a little bit wonky!

In P2, I was Joseph in the school play,

I have to say it was a great day!

In 2012, I started nursery,

Dressed all in green, I didn’t feel me!

Mrs McCandless greeted us at the door,

When my mum left, I almost fell through the floor!

In P1 we had Miss O’Prey,

Who was a great start to everyday!

In P2 we had Mrs O’Hare,

Who was always very fair.

Mrs Griffiths was our teacher throughout P3,

For all the wrong reasons she couldn’t forget me!

We had Mrs Gray in P4 who loved cats,

They kept her sane when I drove her bats!

Mrs Kennedy helped us through P5,

She kept us on our toes and very alive!

Through P6 we had Mr McAuley,

Who was always fun and very jolly!

We had Mrs Graham in P7,

Who made school a real heaven.

She was always happy and kind,

Though supporting Chelsea, she must be out of her mind!

Thinking of Dylan, Dan and Ed,

Helped me on Monday mornings to get out of bed!

They have all been a great friend,

There was never a problem we couldn’t mend!

But now the coronavirus has taken over us all,

In lockdown, we can just about get out to kick a ball.

To all the workers in the NHS,

Without you I wouldn’t want to take a guess,

Of where we would be in this ugly mess!

The virus of 2020,

Has taken the lives of plenty,

My Mum, my home school teacher, is trying her best,

But is not as good as my real teacher, I must confess!

In St Brides we did Maths, Literacy and more,

But that was long, long before,

This nasty bug called Corona sneaked about,

And soon we were no longer allowed out.

Until lockdown is over, you may weep,

For the hugs and kisses will have to keep!

One day when this will all come to an end,

Hopefully I won’t have driven Mum round the bend!

We will look back and cherish the thought,

Of the lessons we learnt and the ones we were taught!

THE END