

Welcome!



You are welcome to the fifteenth edition of our college newsletter, the DCFE Tribune, which brings you some highlights of the college year 2023-2024.

It was a year in which we kicked off celebrations to mark our 20th anniversary (see page 2 for further details) and welcomed over 1200 students on campus.

In this newsletter we bring you some photographs from our 20th anniversary event and reflect on the timeline of the growth of the college (see pages 4 & 5). Students are at the heart of the history and growth of the college and we were delighted to be joined by past graduates at the event.

This year's students are already making a great contribution to the college academically, culturally, socially and in terms of extracurricular. I particularly want to mention the Students Union, the Green Campus committee and all the students who helped with or took part in extracurricular activities, charity fundraising, and community outreach activities in the

first term. I also want to thank our students for their contribution to so many companies and concerns through our work experience programmes. They were ably supported by staff who gave of their time freely to ensure that students were able to avail of opportunities outside of the classroom.

The other main news is that we have submitted to SOLAS the final business case for a new college campus. This work has been ongoing since the announcement in December 2021 by Simon Harris TD Minister for Further and Higher Education that DCFE was approved for a new college campus. Government funding has been secured to purchase a green field site in Dunboyne for a new FET College of the Future campus, the first of its kind in the country

It marks a fundamental step in the progress to the development of a new FET College of the Future campus in Dunboyne, the first of its kind in the country.

We are delighted by the progress on the announcement by Simon Harris TD Minister for Further and Higher Education which will provide the region with a state of the art, purpose-built facilities for PLC courses, traineeships, apprenticeships, skills to advance programs, community outreach courses and night classes under one roof.

This investment is a testament to our staff ,

students, and the schools and communities we serve, who have put their trust in us for so many years to help us grow to over 1200 students and become a centre of excellence for teaching and learning in this region.

On behalf of all associated with the college I would like to acknowledge and thank the Martin O'Brien, Chief Executive Officer and staff of Louth and Meath Education and Training Board (LMETB), in particular Sadie Ward McDermott, Director of Further Education and Training (FET), Sinéad Murphy (APO) and the staff of Land and Buildings Unit for their constant support on this journey.

Dunboyne College is a college with a family atmosphere which gives students a wealth of skills such as learning, communication, and collaboration. DCFE is a comfortable and supportive place to learn. We provide over 70 accredited courses at QQI levels 5 and 6 as well as Higher National Diplomas (HNDs) and apprenticeship offerings.

Whether you want to be a nurse, teacher, scientist, sports coach, business administrator, web designer, hairdresser, accountant, cabin crew, film maker, teacher, beauty therapist, artist, etc. we have a course that will start you on your way.

We offer practical training, giving you up to date adaptable and transferable skills. We are proud of our staff, our students and their achievements.

Dunboyne College, since 2003, has seen over 10,000 students pass through, gaining qualifications in a diverse range of areas, and progressing either to further studies at higher level, or going directly into the world of work. For the third year running our student population has numbered well over 1,000. This past year has seen record numbers of well over 500 students progressing from our college to third level courses in Ireland, the UK and throughout Europe. Over 80% of students who applied to CAO last January received an offer. The majority progressed to Maynooth University (156 offers), TUD (90 offers), DCU (54 offers) UCD (36) and Trinity (19) but students also received offers from Dundalk Institute, UCC, NUI Galway and other technological universities. (see page 3 for full details). We do not capture the high number progressing to Northern Ireland or UK, predominantly

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College News & Events

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in the Nursing and Healthcare sectors. For example students are also using their QQI results to access healthcare degrees while availing of free fees at Ulster University in areas such as Physiotherapy, Nursing and Occupational Therapy.

Dunboyne College has a proven track record in delivering results for third level progression and employment. We are very proud of our progression statistics that have improved year on year and our employment statistics which are among the best in the country.

In addition to these students, the majority of the students who studied on the vocational skills courses obtained employment, this is particularly relevant in the health, service, business and leisure courses. Well over 90% of the students who finish with us each June are either in a third level course or employment the following September.

Thank you for taking the time to read our newsletter and share in the many activities and events of recent weeks. Please keep an eye on our website, www.dunboynecollege.ie, and our Instagram, Facebook and Twitter pages, which will keep you informed of events as they happen. We will be taking applications right through the year until next September, and we hope many students will continue to join in the experience of Dunboyne College, some of which you will find on these pages here.

If you are thinking of coming to us next year, feel free to call in at any stage for more information on our courses and activities.

You can always phone us on 01-8026577, email dunboynecollege@lmetb.ie or look up our website at www.dunboynecollege.ie.

We are always delighted to hear from you.

Denis Leonard

Denis Leonard
Principal

20th Anniversary Gala Ball

Dunboyne College celebrated its 20th year since its establishment at a gala event held on the 20th October 2023 in Trim Castle Hotel.

Guests in attendance included; Helen McEntee TD, Minister for Justice, Thomas Byrne TD, Minister of State at the Department of Tourism, Culture, Arts, Gaeltacht, Sport and Media, Cllr Nick Killian, Chairperson, Dunboyne College of Further Education Board of Management and his colleagues Cllr Maria Murphy and Cllr Brian Fitzgerald, Chairperson Municipal District and Martin O'Brien, Chief Executive Office, Louth and Meath Education and Training Board (LMETB).



They were joined by representatives of Higher Education Universities and Institutes including Professor Eeva Leinonen, President of Maynooth University and her colleagues Professor Aidan Mulkeen, Registrar, Dr John McGinnity and Ita McGuigan, Diarmuid O Callaghan, President Dundalk Institute of Technology (DKIT) and David McDonnell, Principal Drogheda Institute of Further Education (DIFE). Other guests included current and former staff of the college, current and former staff of Meath VEC/LMETB and industry representatives.

Speakers on the night reflected on the growth and development of the college. Event Organiser Shane Woods introduced Principal Denis Leonard who reflected on the historical development of the college. Sadie Ward McDermott, Director of Further Education, LMETB, spoke about the contribution of the college to the economic and social development of the region. Everyone in attendance was delighted to hear from the college's first graduate, Kate O'Brien, who advocated strongly about the contribution Dunboyne College made to her career development.





2003

Dunboyne College begins in the old national school with 54 students and two courses in Business and Social Studies after sanction by Peter Kierans, Chief Executive Officer, Meath VEC and Eamonn Gaffney, Principal, St. Peter's College.



2004

The first graduation class progressed to 3rd level degree courses and employment opportunities after receiving their certificates at the first graduation ceremony from Dr. T.K. Whittaker.



2005

Dunboyne College moves to four prefab buildings located at St. Peter's College. Courses running include a Nursing course through DCU Nursing Department and a Pre-Arts course which prepared students for entry to BA Arts in Maynooth University. This is the first Arts pathway entry for FE students.



2007

Dunboyne College moves to two units in Dunboyne Business Park with six classrooms and six courses.



2011

The establishment of an Advisory Group, comprising of local and national politicians, community leaders and business people. Members include John Bruton TD, Mary Wallace TD and Kevin Tuck. They work on a proposal to move towards a fit-for-purpose building, increased capitation and standalone status.



2014

Dunboyne College grows to over 450 students and is granted a roll number and standalone status after a meeting with Minister Damien English TD. The college is now separate from St. Peter's College and a stand alone college under the newly established Louth and Meath Education and Training Board (LMETB). Denis Leonard is appointed as its first Principal and is joined by Emer Cloak as Deputy Principal.



2015

Dunboyne College is added to the Department of Education and Skills (DES) building list after a visit by Jan O'Sullivan TD, Minister for Education and Skills.



2016

Martin O'Brien, newly appointed Chief Executive of LMETB, ensures that Dunboyne College has its own operations costs funding.



2018

Meeting with John Halligan TD, Minister of State for Education and Skills. The meeting organised by Helen McEntee TD, resolves the issue of having 800 students which exceeds the allocation of 500.



2019

Resolution of allocation issues allows Dunboyne College to facilitate 1,000 students.



2021

Simon Harris TD, Minister for Further and Higher Education and Helen McEntee TD, Minister for Justice announce Dunboyne College will be the first FET college of the Future with QQI level 5 and 6, Apprenticeships, Pre-apprenticeships, Traineeships, Skills to Advance, and early years of degree programs under one roof on a green field site in Dunboyne.



2022

Meetings with Presidents of Maynooth University, TUD, DKIT and DCU to develop long-term partnerships for progression, advanced entry, and co-location of some courses.

2023

In the 20th Anniversary year, DCFE has 1,200 students, over 80 courses at QQI levels 5 and 6, including two apprenticeships and the introduction of Higher National Diplomas.

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Campus Events Week



Science Week

Science week in Dunbooyne College took place from Monday 13th November 2023 to Friday 17th November 2023. Throughout the week, students were hard at work in the Science Laboratory experimenting acids and bases.

Daily Scientific facts and quiz questions kept the students minds occupied. And everyone had a chance to try some experiments at home from producing, 'naked eggs,' to, 'layering of liquids,' with different densities.

The highlight of the week was the Science Week Fundraiser for Breast Cancer Research. A bespoke chocolate biscuit cake made by our very own Dr. Fiona Hoey was up for grabs.

Many prizes were raffled with the lucky winner, Danny King from Business and Journalism, being the first prize winner. An amazing €582 was raised from the generosity of the staff and students at Dunbooyne College.

The week concluded with a Science competition with Robert Black from Physiotherapy and Joe Koka from Pre-University Liberal Arts as our winners. Preparations are currently in place for Science Week 2024.



Green Campus Committee

Theme for 2023-34 - Water

As part of the Green Campus's theme of Water this year we will be organising the creation of a rainwater catcher on site. The hugely beneficial practice of rainwater harvesting helps to conserve groundwater, save the energy required for tap water, limit stormwater runoff, nourish plants, and reduce costs!

Green Campus Student Members

A huge thank you to all of our volunteers for our Green Campus Committee 2023-24;

Animal Care 1: Sarah O'Sullivan, Patrick McLoughlin, Nathan Keogh, Aoife Keller, Abbie Dunne, David O'Connor.

Animal Care 2: Amber Cullen, Caroline Swords.

Animal Science 4: Eddie Giltrap, Oscar McCarthy.

Animal 6: Rose Farrelly, Cian Duffy, Carmela Sumayo, Emma Buggy, Renee Saunders, Brendan Mahon, Saul Byron Murphy, Sean Murphy, Mary Kelly, Aoife Glennon, Laura Walsh, Eli Gaffney, Lorraine Daly, Avis O'Donovan.

Walktober



We aim to encourage and support staff and students to walk more, particularly on the commute to and from college, and to support and facilitate long term physical



activity during the month of October. Teams were formed by staff and students by registering online and using an activity tracker/download a step counting app. Huge congratulations to this year's winners, 'The Roadwalkers,' and had a team average of 184,614 steps. In the picture from left to right are Sinéad Maguire, Clodie Duclos, Caroline Swords, Barry Smith and Fauziya Ahmed.

Global Compass Award

Dunbooyne's Green Campus Committee is working with Saolta to begin our application for the Global Compass Award. We are working as part of a pilot programme to explore Global Citizenship Education in Further Education and ACE. We will be analysing over the coming months how Sustainable Development Goals can be embedded in our core modules in an active and practical way. This involves collaboration with other FEs as well as tracking existing good practice in terms of our assessments, class activities and events weeks.

Energy and You

A new online course available to staff and students was kicked off this December aiming to increase student awareness of environmental issues and solutions. This course offers students access to knowledge around Energy saving and the environment, on completion of the quiz they can then receive certification.



Christmas Jumper Day: Fundraising for Kildare Wildlife Rescue

Animal Care and Animal Science held their annual Christmas Jumper Day event on Thursday 14th of December. They were fundraising for Kildare Wildlife Rescue this year and had stands with calendars, Christmas cards, cakes and raffle prizes outside the student canteen. Staff and students alike supported this great cause by showing off their Christmas jumpers adding an extra touch to the festive spirit on campus!

A phenomenal €1,006 euro was raised by this event, huge congratulations to our Animal Care students and tutor Annalise Durant for all their hard work!



Learning in Action

Meath Archaeological and Historical Society visit Arts Culture class

Julitta Clancy, President of the Meath Historical Society, visited Arts Culture in October as part of their Local History module. She shared her extensive experience as a local historian, outlining projects she has been involved in and detailing her work as an archaeologist over the past twenty years. This session was informative and greatly beneficial to the students.



Guest Speaker Robbie Morris with Pre-Paramedic classes

On Thursday 12th October, Robbie Morris, the Station Officer with Maynooth Fire Station in County Kildare, spoke to the students giving them an insight into the career of Retained Fire Fighter.

He was very well received by the students and stayed on afterwards for a question-and-answer session.



Team Building CDM

Students from CDM work together as part of their Team Building module.

CSN doing practicals: PC Assembly/dis-assembly.

As part of their Computer Systems and Networking course students must practice PC assembly and dis-assembly.



Gerry Tully Irish Musician performs for Folklore students

Irish musician Gerry Tully, singer and guitarist, visited Arts culture students as part of their Folklore module, singing Irish ballads and speaking about the history of Irish Music for students as part of their presentation on the history of Irish music. This truly brought the subject to life for the class.



Samsung Guest Speakers for Work Experience Module

Students from various classes in the Business department attended a guest talk headed by Molly Nolan, discussing work placement with Samsung. Tips on the interview process and the value of work experience was of great benefit to Business Studies students.



Finnish Students Visit Dunboyne College



Johanna Lähde from Sasky College, along with students, visited Dunboyne College for a week packed with all kinds of activities both inside and outside of the classroom.

Students from Sasky college completed workshops and discussions with the Airline and Tourism class. They toured Trim Castle and were entertained by Anton McGabhan who played the fiddle and discussed the history of Irish music and the Irish instruments. They also had a delicious Irish breakfast cooked for them by the Cookery students.

Glen Mulcahy Workshop with Journalism Students

Media expert, Glen Mulcahy, with over 20 years' experience as Head of Innovation with RTÉ, worked with Journalism students as part of a three-day workshop which will integrate with their Technical Skills for Journalism module.

He brought his vast expertise in Media and filming to Journalism students sharing skills on video editing, mobile journalism and photography.



Students worked on practical skills such as filming a shot sequence exercise using the five shot method.

This hands-on practical experience as well as tips and tricks proved invaluable to students.



Mature Students

Information Workshop

This workshop was facilitated by Meabh and Derek, our Guidance Counsellors, on the 26th of October. Our Guest Speaker was Pamela Ryan, a past student of Dunboyne College of Further Education. Two of our current Mature Students Bernadette Thomkins and Sharon McTiernan also spoke.



Motivational Workshop

This motivational workshop was given by Karen Crehan. Karen talked about time management skills and managing stress to our mature students.



Nursing and Healthcare Clinical Placement

Our Nursing and Healthcare students began their first clinical placement in December in a range of care settings including acute hospitals, nursing homes, community units, maternity and paediatric care environments. This experience is invaluable as they can now apply theory to practice and gain an insight into life as a healthcare worker. We are so proud of each of them for demonstrating care and compassion and representing Dunboyne College of Further Education so positively. A big thank you to our clinical partners who facilitate these placements - The future of healthcare is in safe hands!



Graham Gallaher with Animation students

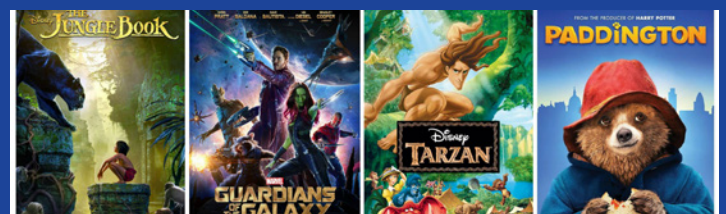
The college was very honoured to have Graham Gallaher as guest speaker. He delivered a very informative and engaging talk to our animation students, who thoroughly enjoyed hearing about many different aspects of Graham's thirty-year career in the film and animation sector.

Graham worked in various different roles from concept design, 3D animator, animation director and director in very successful television and film productions.

Some credits include; Tarzan, Guardians of the Galaxy, Paddington, Jungle Book and Disney's recent hit series, Kizazi Moto.

Graham really enjoyed talking with the animation students after his presentation, and had time to look at some of their current animation project work.

Graham looks forward to returning to the college for additional guest talks as the new HND in Animation commences in September 2024.



Speech and Language Therapy

The Speech and Language Therapy (SLT) students have been very busy during the first Semester. Their modules cover both SLT Practice and SLT Theory modules. The course is delivered by a Clinical Speech and Language Therapy specialist, Marie Thérèse O'Callaghan, and Dunboyne College of Further Education teacher, Jean Young. The focus of the course is on how to assess, diagnose and treat children and adults with communication and/or swallowing difficulties.

Students were joined by members of the Learning Hub team to undertake Lámh Sign Training in November. Despite working online through Storm Debbie the group completed the Module One Lámh Course for those working with children and adults who use Lámh to enhance their communication. All participants received certification for completing the workshop.

We were also delighted to participate in two workshops with Marie Slevin, a Speech and Language Therapist from the HSE Health Care Unit in Dunshaughlin. The first one covered the role of the SLT Therapist. Recently she ran a workshop for both SLT and SNA students on Communication in the Classroom and understanding Developmental Language Disorder. Students from both groups learnt about SLT assessment and the strategies they can use in their own roles working with children aged 0-18 years old.

Recently the SLT group participated in an interactive workshop with Laura Donnellan from CHIME the national charity for deafness and hearing loss. Everyone completed their training on Deaf and Hearing Awareness and were proud to receive their certificates as part of their ongoing journey to become SLT Assistants and SLT Therapists in the future.



Class Trips

Croke Park and the GAA Museum

Sports Management and Coaching and Arts Culture had a tour of Croke Park and the GAA museum on 26th October, as part of their course modules.

This interactive and informative tour will be of huge benefit to their studies and forms an intrinsic part of their extracurricular activities.



Maynooth Fire Station

On Thursday 19th October the Pre-Paramedic, Fire and Ambulance classes were delighted to accept an invitation to visit Maynooth Fire Station in Co. Kildare. Maynooth Fire Station is a Retained Fire Service and serves the Greater North Kildare area.

Robbie Morris (Station Officer) greeted our students and welcomed them to witness a demonstration of how the Fire Crews deal with an overturned vehicle.

Robbie along with three of the crew had set up a scenario for our students to witness.

The Fire Crew demonstrated the use of the equipment they utilise in these specific circumstances. It was great experience for the students, to witness one of the numerous situations the crews of all Fire Services have to deal with.

After the demonstration Robbie and the crew gave the students a tour of the station, vehicles and equipment used. The crew explained to the students how an emergency call is dispatched to them and how they prepare to deal with this call. Robbie and the Fire Station Crew very generously gave their time to the students to answer any questions they may have had.

Thanks again to Robbie and all the staff at Maynooth Fire Station!



Collins Barracks and the Natural History Museum

Students of Arts culture visited Collins Barracks and the Natural History Museum as part of their studies.



Newgrange

Arts Culture visited Newgrange as part of their Archaeology module with teachers Siobhán Leavy and Enda Daly.

They will use information from this trip to help them with their first assignment.





We were also delighted to have a quick discussion with the Operations Manager for HSE NAS Northeastern Region – Jonathan McKenna. Overall, a very enjoyable and beneficial visit.

National Ambulance Station Visit

On Friday 15th December the 2 Pre-Paramedic Fire and Ambulance classes took part in a visit to Dunshaughlin Ambulance Station in Co. Meath.

They were met by Station Supervisor and Advanced Paramedic – Ben Heron and Paramedic Ciarán Byrne.

The students were given a tour of this station which responds to calls all over Meath and the surrounding counties.

We were able to explore the different Emergency Ambulance vehicles that are used by the Paramedics rostered at this station.

We had a demonstration and Q&A relating to medicines that Paramedics and Advanced Paramedics carry on the Ambulance and are trained to administer.

Enable Ireland Crumlin Visit

On Thursday 14th December we were delighted to be able to take the two Pre-Paramedic Fire and Ambulance classes to Enable Ireland's Crumlin Centre. This visit is part of the student's, 'Person Centred Focus to Disability,' module and is very important in their progression through the course.

We met Catherine, the Service Coordinator in Crumlin Service, and Marie Winters of Enable Ireland.

Marie and Catherine were very generous with their time, demonstrating and illustrating the different services available through their Service Centre. We would like to thank Catherine and especially Marie for all her help in facilitating this very worthwhile visit.

Careers and Guidance: The Tips

As always, you can contact Derek Ball and Meabh Nimmo, Guidance Counsellors, for further advice.

TIPS

You are choosing a course, not a career. Try to avoid getting stressed or anxious around the whole process of selecting a course. If you decide to progress to third level, chances are you may end up doing a post-grad course afterwards to specialise in a particular area.

Remember, there is always a way to get to where you want to be. It is important that you plan back-up routes for your college progression.

With regard to Level 7 & 8 degrees, all students sit in the same classes and take the same exams. On completing a level 7 degree you can apply to return to that college for an extra year and upgrade your qualification to a level 8. Hence when completing your CAO it is imperative to fill in both the Level 7s and Level 8s.

Contact our Guidance Counsellors



Meabh Nimmo
dball.dbc@lmetb.ie



Derek Ball
dball.dbc@lmetb.ie

Student Voice

Nuala McKeever at the Viking Theatre

Truth, Love or Promise: How a one-woman show can feel like a star-studded cast.

By Seán Tannam

Viking Theatre, Dublin.

This one-woman production shines in its creativity and character building, constantly entertaining and engaging the audience.

Directed by Dan Gordon and written by and starring the electric Nuala McKeever, *Truth, Love or Promise* certainly does promise an entertaining night. The one woman show delights in its creativity, that seemingly comes off in ease from all directions. The audience follows a woman who is grieving after the loss of her husband, and we see her join a group writing class that will house the rest of the energetic cast (all played fantastically by McKeever). Small talk turns to coffee, coffee turns to friendship and friendship leads to the uncovering of secrets that unknowingly bind the characters together, whether they like it or not.

If this sounds like an engaging production that you're curious about, then my job is done. Nuala McKeever brings 3 unique and incredibly different characters to life right before our eyes and truly conveys their emotions so that we feel each and every heartfelt beat with them. Helped by wonderfully effective yet simple stage design, nice moments of music to show us time passing and a plot that albeit predictable is good fun to watch unfold, we become invested in each character and their lives, seeing them as they arrive and never as an act.

Having detailed the set, wardrobe, and plot it must be noted it would all fall flat if not for the talents of McKeever, possessed by three different characters and supporting the entirety of dialogue by herself, yet making it look a breeze. A theatre triumph for Dan Gordon, and a mighty good show from McKeever, *Truth, Love or Promise* will be a name to remember.

4/5

A wonderfully witty one woman show

By Kacey McGrane

Acclaimed writer and actress Nuala McKeever proves to be an expert in her craft as her latest play, 'Truth, Love or Promise,' hits the stage. This one-woman show explores the importance of identity and the power of friendship as the three main characters navigate the ups and downs of life through the support of one another.

Set in a creative writing class in Belfast, we meet recently widowed Brenda, a boisterous Maureen and English sweetheart Johanna. Through this class the three women form an unexpected friendship that ultimately gives them the strength to navigate the hardships of love and loss by sharing their stories.

It is clear that Nuala McKeever has that magic touch, as she has manifested a beautiful masterpiece that keeps the crowd wide-eyed and entertained. The whirlwind of emotions I experienced through this show further enhanced the emotional investment I held for the characters. McKeever portrays grief and vulnerability with such a rawness that brings the audience to tears. However, within minutes she'll turn those sobs into laughter as her comedic timing and quick quips give a sense of realism to dark moments, as Irish people frequently dance about their feelings.

The use of props on stage was wonderful. The set was small and minimalistic, yet I still felt as though she took us on a journey. I found it particularly clever how she used three different pairs of shoes to represent each character, as I think that really gave us an insight into their contradicting personalities. Her use of accents also helped distinguish the characters from one another and really made it feel like there were three people on the stage, not one.

'Truth, Love or Promise' is a wonderfully heart-warming play that had me leaving the theatre in tears, from laughter and sadness. I really enjoyed watching it and would highly recommend making a trip to the Viking Theatre. I can truthfully promise you'll love this play.



Creative Corner

Where have all the Children gone?

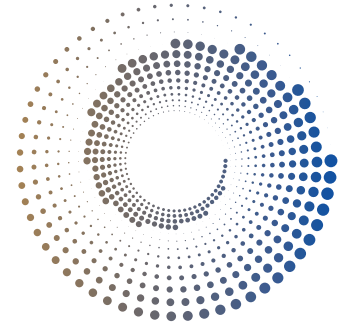
By Alisha McEvoy

Where have all the children gone?
Once lively, now silent, withdrawn.
Voices and laughter that filled the air,
Now replaced by an empty despair.

They are usually out playing till dawn,
All they do now is pawn.
Stuck inside on their phones,
All they ever do is groan.

Gone are the days of carefree glee,
Replaced by use of technology.
Their innocence, a treasure untold,
Now hidden in a digital fold.

In fields once filled with play,
Where their giggles echoed throughout the day.
Now silence lingers, an empty song.
Where have all the children gone?



Trapped

By Zoe Brennan

You said you would stay,
you said you would go,
you said you loved me, but how could I ever know?
You left and came back, week after week
Thinking your presence was enough, for our
relationship to keep
Didn't text, never called,
Never picked up the phone,
That usual fake voice,
With the expected tone.
I would rather none than this pathetic act,
Please release me so I can be free from this trap.



A FRIEND OF DOROTHY

By Ciara Kelly

I am a friend of Dorothy,
my heart, a shining ruby, it's beat an uprising of love,
my home, far from the gilded gates of the Emerald City,
my bravery, strong against wicked witches,
my thanks, to her merry band who march down their yellow-brick road,
my mind, a pristine quiet, a hurricane at last passed,
my wish, to fly over the rainbow,
and find all to be her friend.



Short Stories

Possession

By Tara Power

I am neither alive nor dead, I simply am. And it has begun again. I have been awake since dawn, silently gazing upon the peeling ceiling paint through the crack of the four-poster bed. I listen as the rain pelts angrily against the decaying windowsill. The house had begun to rot. And I suspect it began when Lizzy died.

It has been two weeks since I last saw my sister. Her red coat slung across the back of the old desk chair in front of me. Exactly where she last left it. Nothing has moved. Nothing has changed. And yet everything is different. I stand from where I was perched upon the bed and trudge across to the ruby coat. As I shrug it on, I notice movement from the corner of my eye. From the gaps of condensation on the frosted glass I can barely make out the figures. Funeral mourners slowly making their way down the steep garden lane. Mr. Hughes and his wife. Their hoard of children seemingly left behind. The storm is keeping people at bay. It's for the best truly.



None of us can drive, myself, mother, or George. So, Mr. Hughes kindly offered a ride down to the Church in town for the procession.

As the pair draw closer, I gaze down, and that's when I notice them. The tiny bloodsucker bugs crawling over my hands from a crack in the wallpaper. Disgusted, I crush them one by one until both the ledge and my palms are blotted with small red spots. The shrill sound of the doorbell brings my attention back to the day at hand.

Grabbing my heels off the floor, I swing the door open, stumbling down the hall as I slip them on. Descend down the spiral staircase. The guests await me in the

parlour, windswept and drenched. I mumble a hello and as I go to shake Mr. Hughes' hand, I notice it. The palms of my hands littered with tiny red specs, and I can't for the life of me remember how they got there. But it's too late to pull away. He doesn't seem to notice thankfully.

I'm beginning to think something is the matter with me. I am having an awful time remembering things lately. Sombre conversation begins to flow, but I can't seem to find anything to say, so I offer to make tea for the couple and leave for the kitchen.

'With Cindy,' says the Mother.

I press my ear against the door. 'It has taken a,' ...there's a pause, 'a worrying toll.'



'I can arrange it, no hassle, no harm done.'

'I think it... would be best'.

I jolt back from the door. Panic flares within me. The kettle begins to scream. She wants to get rid of me. Send me away because the girls hysteric. She can't. I can't leave. This is my home. It has been my house long before that vile old woman got her grubby claws on it. I am not the one who will be leaving. Then it dawns on me. I can't waste anymore more time. Back in the kitchen I yank the cupboards open until I lay my eyes upon a carving knife. It's heavy in my hand. My heart is beating so loud. I'm sure they must hear it from across the hall.

The other door at the end of the room croaks open. Mrs. Hughes appearing.

'Cindy' she smiles 'My dear, let me give you a hand with the tea'.

The knife hidden behind my back. If I'm to get my home back. This shaky old woman will have to go too. It's a shame, but I can wait no longer. Mrs. Hughes with her back turned to me pouring the boiling water into the mug. I sneak up behind her and reach over to bring the blade to her heart.

I grab the drabby trench coat from the coat hanger. Slipping it on over my clothes. As I re-enter the parlour, Mr. Hughes, his back



turned to me gazing upon the portrait on the mantelpiece. It's a horrid portrait of the mother's deceased husband. His foul expression. His arrogant attitude. It'll be the first to go.

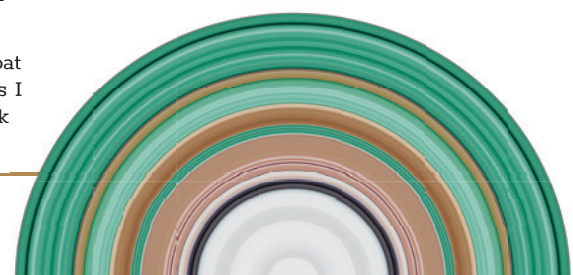
I stalk up behind him, but he turns before I reach him. I'm caught. This makes it all the more difficult. My iron grip on the knife, I raise it above my head. He stumbles back running for the door. He runs down the hall, but I am much faster. I catch up to him and with a single push, he's curled up on the floor. With a twist of the knife to his foul heart, I'm one step closer to what I want. It's all I want. And I am determined to get it. I've waited long enough.

The house is silent now.

But there's one more issue I must take care of. The mother. In the haze of the chase, I have lost track of her. I can only hope she hasn't heard his commotion or wandered into the kitchen. I turn and creep up the stairs. I twist the handle and peak around the door. I hear her humming a tune in the ensuite. I storm into the room, sick of wasting my time. And then, it's over. They're gone. The mother, the sister and the girl. Two townfolk will hardly be missed, my home mine, once more.

It's a sight. The dripping blood splattering onto the white rug. No worry for I will replace it. I will restore my home to its once former glory. Now that I have exterminated the vermin, I have got what I wanted. I shall take my portrait down from that dreadful attic and place it back on my mantel piece. The old one will do nicely in the fireplace. But for now, it's oh so quiet. The only sound, the ticking of the grandfather clock. I shut my eyes.

Alone once more. Alive once more. And I... am the Cheshire Cat smiling.





Alone

By **Connla McCarthy**

I WAKE UP IN HELL. Alone. Covered in mud, blood and shrapnel. I was a free man, but now I am a rotting piece of flesh in a meatgrinder, a machine of killing and misery. The horrors of war continue to haunt me to my core.

I let out a wailing cry from what remains of my face. Nothing. An eerie silence ensues, the fog resting on the surface of this hell forsaken ground. I can hear my scream wave across the barren wasteland of what was the Somme. "HELP!" I yell, but no-one answers. The fiery sounds of war seem a distant memory now. As does happiness and belonging in this life. No more am I the strong, healthy farm boy from Hamburg, judged because of my upbringing, determined to prove himself.

All I remember is the frontlines turning to chaos and fear.

This time I stutter. As I speak, blood spews out of my mouth, through my nose and all the other wounds around my jaw and cheeks. Gaping holes appear all over my blood-stained uniform from the battle. Chunks of my arms, my left collarbone and my right foot, all peeling off from the initial blow. The shrapnel filling my left rib, as my right-hand clutches it tightly to delay the inevitable. The blood sits in the mud pool below me, my reflection propelling back to me in all its ugly and distraught beauty. This empty shell hole becomes my final resting place – but I don't want it to be. This cannot be my end.

I start to panic - I begin to fear death. The fog becomes thicker, so close that it's blowing through my nose and my hair, hurting me slightly. I haven't felt pain like this, it's worse than what father used to do to hurt me back home. How he hit me. That's why I vowed not to drink – not to become a tyrant. Not to become father. None of that.

I don't want to die.

I cannot die.

"Hello brother."

I glance to my right. My shredded face sees a familiar man. "You don't seem in the best condition, do you?"

The man speaking wears a blood-stained German uniform. No helmet or right arm, and a part of his head at the top right-hand side is non-existent. I cannot believe my brother died like this. My vision is also blurry.

"Come with me Kristof, there are people I would like you to meet." His soft voice ringing out and echoing across the vast



*I don't want to die.
I cannot die.*

wasteland. "It's ok brother, do not be afraid. Come with me."

I continue to feel both confusion and distraught. "Since when were you dead?" I spluttered.

"At Verdun. I understand why it's confusing you."

"Does mother know?"

Sadness grows on his face, but he continues to speak. "She was horrified." His voice is not so chirpy and upbeat anymore. "All she wanted was for her two boys to come home."

"And father?"

"He's worse now. Drowning his sorrows away, still living on the side of the street in Bramden."

"But the letter didn't come to him?"

"I know." He gazes straight at me.

His eyes are wet, but there are no tears in sight.

He has seen too much.

"Anyways-"

"Paris by Christmas they said." My comment is responded with a smirk. A dirty, angry smirk. We chuckle for a moment too. That was the thing with me and brother – we always had great chemistry. He taught me so much. The father figure I never had.

"Now, you have a choice." There is a sterner look on his face now. He speaks in a serious tone now. "Live your new reality or let go." He pauses for a moment. "You have a decision to make."

I wake up again, back to this reality. I am fading, I will not last much longer. The pain is too much. Of course, I want to live, but what will life be afterwards? Just like now I'm afraid. Alone. In pain. A cripple. As I sit here, hunched over, I begin to

consider death. A rebirth. Reuniting with past relatives. The only thing holding me back is mother, I worry for her. But the pain is agonizing at this point. It is simply too much. Even if someone finds me alive, I wouldn't last the journey back to mother. See would be horrified by the state of me.

And what would there be for me? To do nothing for the rest of my life. No job would take a cripple, and I wouldn't be able to keep the farm going. I am sorry mother. I have to let go.

All of a sudden, I see a ray of light shining through the fog. It gets closer. And closer. So close that I feel the warmth of it reflecting against my uniform. I begin to feel mobility in my body. At last. With every strength I have left, I rise and stand. It feels so good to move again without pain. I look back at the scene. I can see the German trench from my position.

"You made the right choice." I look back at the blinding light and see my brother once more. He stands confidently and joyfully, his hands in his pockets, visually in his fairer form. His clothes are clean, and he is wearing his gold polo shirt with his blue jeans and black shoes. His blonde hair is short on his sides and brushed to the right. His blue eyes are glowing with happiness and his smile reflects his exhilarated state.

"She will be ok." Brother sees my concern. I think of mother. But I begin to smile. "Yes, yes she will." He nods back in reassurance.

"Now. After you." While he speaks, he points to the light that is so bright it reflects all over me. I am back in my fair form. My hair and face are back. My battle wounds – all gone. My German army uniform is no more. It has been replaced by my favourite lime green shirt. My black jeans and shoes are back too. My short black hair and brown eyes are fully visible now. I take my first step towards the light. I turn around to brother.

"I'm coming in with you." His smile grows.



“After all, you have family to show me to, right?”

He strolls over to me and wraps his right arm around my shoulders. “Ok then. We will do it like we have always done things.” We both look at the light. “Together”.

We both begin to walk slowly but calmly into the light. Time to begin my new journey.

Two British soldiers are walking through no-man’s land after their countries victory over the German Empire in the battle of the Somme with rifles in their hands.

One is a short man in his thirties, battle hardened with a black beard, brown eyes and his green helmet over his head. Beside him is a skinny conscript, slightly taller with sharp green eyes.

“We taught those Jerrys a lesson, didn’t we Cauly?” the conscript triumphally exhales. “I think I got seven or eight of ‘em.”

“No need to boast Harry,” says the older man. “Wars far from over.”

“Yet the government said it would be finished by Christmas,” the conscript continues.

“They all say that,” replies the tubby elderly figure. “Wouldn’t be surprised if it’s still going by next Christmas.”

There’s a slight pause in the conversation.

“You said you have children and a wife, didn’t you Cauly? Two girls and a boy didn’t I hear you say?”

“Yes, and by god will I be happy to see my family again when this sh*t is over!”

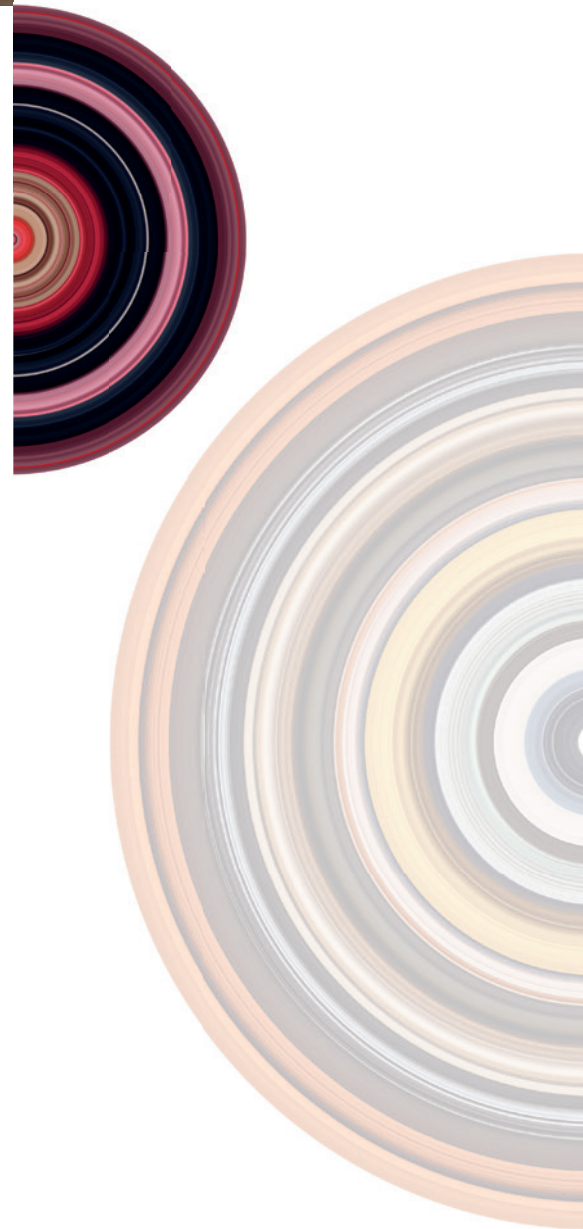
The young conscript stops and stares at something in front of him, looking shocked.

“What’s wrong Harry?”

The older man turns to look at what the young conscript sees. The expression on his face changes from casual to sad, but he is not showing it, for he has seen much of war. His eyes paint the picture.

In front of them lay a dead German soldier hunched over in a shell hole. Below him is a red muddy puddle, and more flesh has rotted on his rotting dead corpse.

“Poor Jerry,” the older soldier says, “Artillery got him.”



Graduation Dinner

By Liam Estie

I think the straw that broke the camel's back was when I arrived to Bandol Ser Mer to find Leon waiting outside in jeans and a t-shirt despite my constant reminders of the importance of this moment and that this is in fact a nice restaurant not that I should really be surprised. Time and time again this man lets me down and little or large it aggravates me. The smile plastered on his face upon seeing me alleviates my annoyance for the time being, he's not vindictive he's just a little forgetful, or is it selfishness.

"Good day good sir" he says as I get within the reach of his arms, hug him and whilst in his embrace all I can smell is the waft of weed rising from his clothes.

Of course he couldn't restrain for one night, one important night.

I think he sees the look of disappointment in my eyes when we separate but before he can say anything I make a comment about his clothes. "Oh, sorry, I didn't think about it," he dismissed but I don't know if that really cuts it for me anymore. How many times can one say sorry with no reform before it becomes nothing but empty noises. I bite my tongue and move forward in the cowardly manner I've never strayed from, partly from lack of courage, mostly from lack of hope. I temporarily exonerate him of his sins and drag him behind me inside to the hosts stand trying not to twinge with embarrassment at every set of eyes that pass over my now overdressed facade in comparison. Our names are checked, and we are escorted to my Sisyphean dinner.

The hostess leads us to our two-person high table not too far from the bar. The lights over our table seemed to glare at me with contempt. Maybe I was being too harsh. For almost 2 years now, Leon has been somewhat of my rock in a raging sea. He did get me through my arrival to this city of pretentiousness, drugs and loud music. Everyone I'm friends with I know through him and for that I suppose I should be eternally grateful, but I no longer know if I can be silent and compliant for the sake of thanks. Screw those lights and their scorn, they don't know how I feel inside. Then again, I suppose no one really does and there is no god I can blame for that, it's all my own doing. I don't express, I don't speak up, I have no backbone to stand up for myself or insert myself into conversation or discussion no matter the people. I've let him be that spine for me for ages and I appreciated it until recently when I came out from under my rock to realise that in reality it's been detrimental to me. It's possibly unfair to place all that on him. How is he to blame for my meekness all this time? How can I blame another person for my actions or lack thereof?



"So, congratulations on your graduation" he said with that smile still plastered on his face. How can I be mad at someone so happy?

"Thanks boss" I give him a halfhearted smile that comes across more as a grimace.

"I'm glad to finally be out of that hell hole, school and me are not made for each other" I say trying to draw myself away from the resentful hole in my chest. I'm such an awful person.

"I'm glad for you too, it was awful seeing how you felt in that place, a complete drain on your soul" At least he's aware of these things, he sees me in glimpses more than anyone else.

"Any ideas about college yet, I'd suggest humbled though I am biased, they do have a great literature course, perfect for you."

"I'm really not sure yet, not even sure what to order yet" I say with a flat laugh. He smiles back at me with that usual blank, unknowing stare. Unaware of the complexities of the choice ahead of me.

"Always so indecisive, that's the Yara way" he directs at me with jest, not meaning anything by it. The camel continues to struggle under the weight of these added straws.

"Axel is having a party at his place on Friday around eight, what time do you want me to pick you?"

"Maybe Half past seven? That should get us there about a quarter past." No 'would you like to come?'. No question about if I'm busy or regard for the fact that I despise Axel and his constant sexual harassment and yet I agreed. Why do I do this to myself? Why must I be a constant yes man? I truly am my own nemesis. Our waitress approaches us, she has that real waitress pretty to her. You know what I'm talking about, a great

ponytail, looks nice in her uniform despite its ugliness, the kind of woman you can't help but be jealous of. As she takes our orders, she's got that perfect pleasantness; not uncomfortably peppy but not dull and clearly fake. She frustrates me. She leaves and I turn back to Leon and can tell that not a thought has passed through his brain that whole interaction. I overthink everything.

"So how have you been feeling? You know, since..." I can feel myself outwardly cringe at his question.

"Yeah, I'm fine, I don't really know. I've been talking to my therapist about it and-" I can hear his ridicule without a word leaving his mouth. He's always been opposed to therapists ever since his Uncle's death. His suicide despite his therapist clearly led Leon to believe that said therapist was nothing but a waste of time and money. This kind of thing is exactly why I need to break up with the bastard. Really what I should do is keep up until the end of September and then disappear without a trace to my college on the other end of the country.

"I just worry about you; I feel sort of like you've been drifting away and I just hope you don't blame yourself or anything for what happened" He does genuinely look concerned. He truly does love me. I can see in his eyes that adoration, that warmth and attachment and I feel all those things too but I don't know if it's just because we've been together for so long. There comes a point in a romantic relationship where one no longer really knows the difference between real feelings and learnt feelings. Relationships warp the mind, you become a prisoner who has no clue if it's Stockholm syndrome or not and it's horrible. It's the kind of thing that haunts me as I try to sleep.

Our food finally arrives and as the food is put in front of me I can't help but regret my choice. My caesar salad looks dry and

unappetizing. Like it's lost its resolve, like it no longer wants to be here. Leon immediately digs in, even the way he eats makes me angry. He holds his knife wrong and there's food in the corner of his lips and his food falls off his fork, splashing into the juices on the plate which rain down on the table and he burps and says nothing and each time one of these atrocities happen a button is pushed in me.

I stand up and scream and stamp.

"Why do you have to be such a pig, oh my god what is wrong with you? Why are you so unembarrassed and rude and dismissive and overpowering and why do I still feel I love you despite all these things?" I continue to screech and holler and slam on the table with my fist until I look at him and stab between the eyes with his wrongly held knife.



No malice in his eyes, no thoughts about his destruction of a being.

I suppose I shouldn't care but for whatever reason this act sticks with me for the rest of the night. Our Persephone-esque waitress returns upon her notice of our empty plates to take them away and ask if we want dessert menus.

"What do you think?" he directs at me. In all honesty I'm ready for this dinner to end.

"I think I'm okay actually, but you can order if you want." Maybe he knows I'm ready to leave, maybe he is also ready to retire, either or, he just asks for the bill. Our waitress leaves with a swish of her faultless ponytail.

"I'll get it all, my treat babes." He truly is very sweet, a perfect man in many ways. Most likely the best I will ever get

"That's no problem at all babes, I had a great dinner, I'll see you on Friday yeah?" "Leon?"

"Yeah" I bite down on the inside of my cheek and feel the sharp pain indicating I've broken skin. What the f*ck do I do?

"I love you, I'll see you Friday"

"I love you too Yara" He kisses me and smiles. I watch as he turns and walks down the street. He reaches the corner and then disappears around it. I walk back home.



"How come you aren't eating your salad?" he questions.

"I'm not really that hungry anymore, sorry" I start to shift the leaves around my plate. I wish I could do and say the things I so badly want to do; I feel like the catharsis would make me ten feet taller. There's a small spider on the wall next to us. I watch as it time and time again tries to climb up the wall and each time it seems to be making some progress it falls back to the end of its thread. Up and then fall and then up and then fall, an insurmountable summit for this small creation. Leon notices my absence and follows my line of sight over to the spider flailing about.

"Ugh, such disgusting things" and before I can react he crushes it with his napkin. He turns back to me with nonchalance and goes back to making mundane conversation with me.

in my life. All anyone can wish for in a relationship is love and there is love here. He does love he and I love him and despite all our faults we love each other but what I ask is is love enough for me? Should it be enough for me? He pays and we get up to leave our table. I take one last look at our table in case I've left anything behind. I see this napkin in his table next to his glass, the small dark stain still there amongst the crisp white folds.

We exit the restaurant, finding the streetlights turned on despite the dying sunlight still illuminating the city streets.

"Do you want to go for a drink or something?" He poses this question to me with that same smile he always has on.

"I'm sorry Leon, I'd love to but I'm exhausted and I have plans in the morning tomorrow" I feel guilty but I need to end this. My soul is bursting with frustration and my hands shiver with cold and anticipation.

SCREENPLAY

Screenplay

By Bartosz Labuc

INT. THRONE ROOM-DAY

A SCRAWNY MAN SITS LAVISHLY
UPON THE GOLDEN THRONE.BEFORE HIM A GIANT OF A MAN IN
HEAVY METAL ARMOUR KNEELS TO
HIS RIGHT.TO HIS LEFT STANDS A DROWSY
WITCH.

King

Thank you for coming my most
loyal underlings!

Witch

What do you want, 'Your
Majesty'?KING FOLDS HIS ARMS AND SHIFTS
TO A MORE DIGNIFIED POSITION.

King

Well, it has been one
delightful week since we
liberated the kingdom from the
tyranny of what's-his-name.CAMERA CUTS TO A DRIED
BLOODSTAIN NEXT TO THE THRONE

Witch

So what...?

King

Well, I figured it may prove
prudent to check in on your
work.How go the attempts at teaching
the peasants to read?

Witch

Haven't gotten around to that
one yet.

King

I see... Well, I suppose that's
fine, I don't want them getting
any ideas anyway.Ah - speaking of - how goes
the farming reform? And
the negotiations with the

neighbouring kingdom?

WITCH SHOOK HER HEAD

KING GOES QUIET FOR A BRIEF
MOMENT

King

Witch, what have you done this
past week?

Witch

I've been resting in my
chambers. I was promised a
"cushy well-paying job", this
is hardly it.

King

So, you have done nothing of
what I asked you to do? And you
didn't see fit to - I don't know
- pop down and slap a reform
together? Any reform.

KING TURNS TO BARBARIAN

King

Please tell me you did at least
some of what I asked of you.

Barbarian

Of course, my king! I have
completed all my tasks!

King

Have you now? I suppose
it is possible!(Whispers) Who would have thunk
it.So, how have you dealt with the
rebel forces trying to restore
the previous dynasty?

BARBARIAN CRACKED HIS KNUCKLES

Barbarian

I killed them all!

King

Great, and the assassins sent
after me?

Barbarian

I killed them all!

King

Splendid! Oh, and did you
remember to tell the cook to -

Barbarian

I killed him!

King

Grea... I'm sorry what?

Barbarian

And the cleaner!

King

I asked you to take care of the
cleaner! Not kill them!

KING'S FACE DROPS IN TERROR

(SCARED) What... have you done...
to the foreign diplomat... that I
asked you to take care of?

Barbarian

I brought him up to the guest
room like you asked.KING FELL BACK DOWN INTO THE
THRONE AND SLID DOWN

King

Alright... we might be able to
salvage th-

Barbarian

AND I SNAPPED HIM IN TWO WITH
BY BARE HANDS!

KING TURNS TO THE WITCH

King

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
THE OLD KING'S ADVISOR, WHERE
IS HE!?

Witch

You had the barbarian take care
of him.

King

OF COURSE I HAVE!

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH THE CHAMBER;
THE KING LOOKS AT THE DOOR.

THE DOORS OPENED, A HERO
ENTERS.

HERO APPROACHES THE THRONE

Hero

Tyrant! I have come to liberate
the kingdom!

Relinquish it willingly or I
shall take it alongside your
head!

THE KING LOOKED TO HIS
ADVISORS, BACK OVER TO THE
HERO, AND SHRUGGED.

OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE,
THROUGH A WINDOW, THE KING SAW
AN ARMY WEARING THE COLOURS
OF THE NEIGHBOURING KINGDOM
STORMING THE CASTLE.

King

(PANICKED) Okay, sure, you
convinced me!

THE KING REMOVED HIS CROWN, GOT
OFF THE THRONE.

HE HURRIED OVER TO THE
BEWILDERED HERO AND PLACED THE
CROWN ATOP HIS HEAD.

Hero

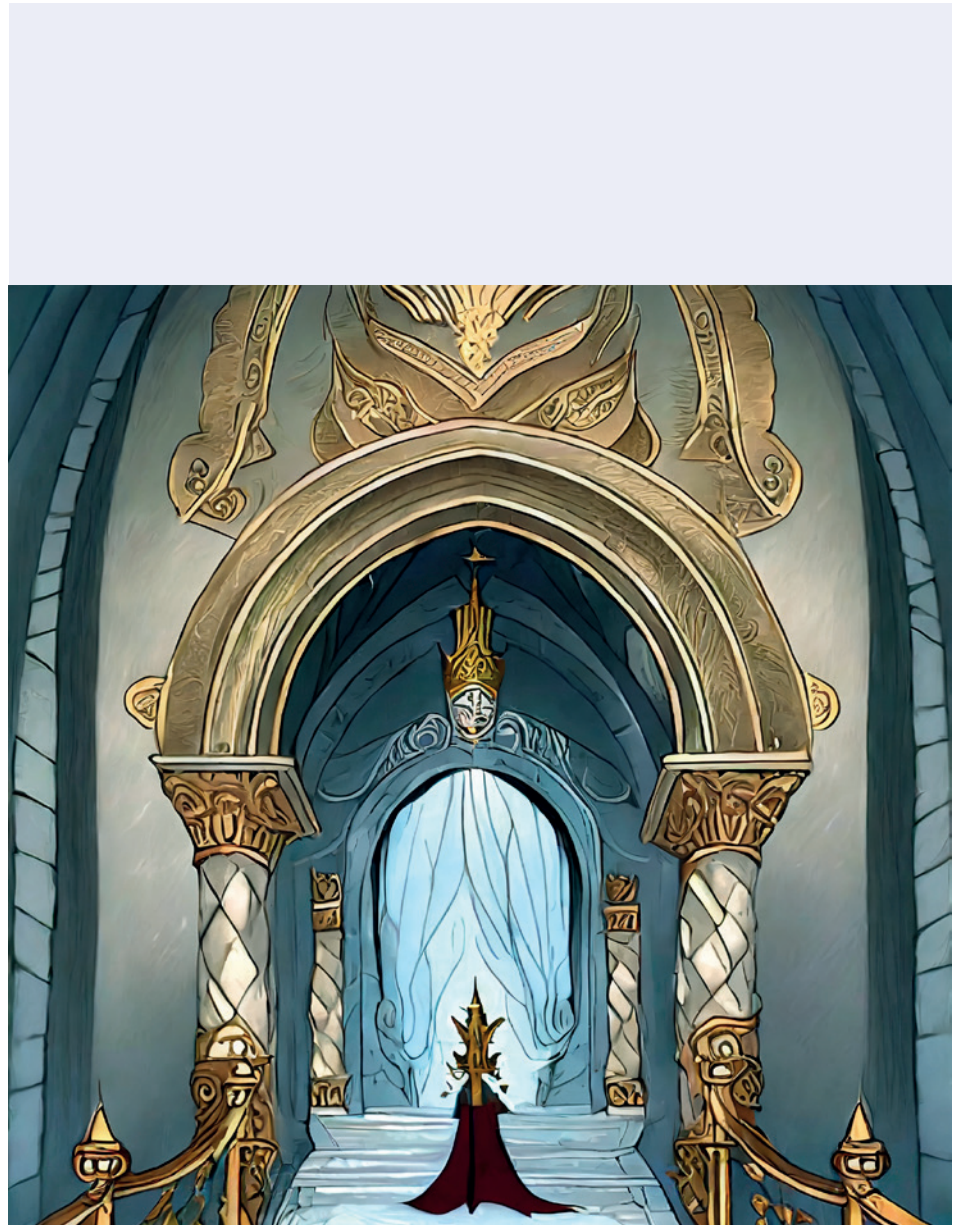
(CONFUSED) Why thank you, ex-
tyrant... that was... easy...

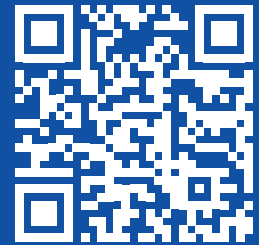
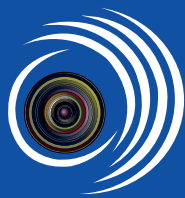
AS THE SOUND OF THE ENEMY
FORCES DRAW NEAR, THE NEW KING
SCURRIES TOWARDS THE DOORS TO
HIS ROOM.

THE DOORS ERUPT AND IN POURS
THE ENEMY FORCE.

ENEMY SOLDIER

Your mad reign is at an end,
usurper!





For enquiries regarding our courses contact our Guidance Counsellors:

Derek Ball dball.dbc@lmetb.ie Meabh Nimmo mmimmo.dbc@lmetb.ie

Course duration is 1 or 2 years depending on the course. All courses are full time requiring on campus attendance.

Healthcare

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- Healthcare Assistant
- Pre-Paramedic Fire and Ambulance (with PHECC EFR)
- Physiotherapy Assistant
- Pre-Occupational Therapy Studies/OT Assistant
- Pre-Speech and Language Therapy Studies
- Pharmacy Assistant

Social Care, Criminology and Psychology

- Social Studies/Social Care
- Youth and Community Work
- Applied Psychology with Criminology
- Criminology, Psychology with Law
- Security Studies and Criminology *NEW*

Education and Childcare

- Early Learning and Care (Childcare)
- Pre-University Arts/Teaching
- Pre-University PE Teaching and Coaching
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Science

- Pre-University Science
- Pre-University Agricultural Science
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- Pre-University Animal Science
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- Pre-Apprenticeship Hairdressing
- Hairdressing Apprenticeship *NEW*
- Advanced Beauty Therapy

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- Sports Management with Business
- Personal Training and Fitness Instruction
- Sports Rehabilitation and Physiotherapy Assistant

