

The Diary



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Class: 5th.

It was 100 years since the 1916 rising and I was locked in my room like a prisoner in Kilmanham Jail. Now if your wondering why I am, it is because I wanted to escape the drama that was going on downstairs. Mum and Dad hadn't been getting on too well at this point in time, I could predict this because they were shouting and crying at each other.

I was totally bored and wanted to block the of mad parents arguing, and suddenly remembered Lyrannys will; Lyranny died 4 years ago and left me a book that I never bothered to read. So I took a notion to read it. It wasn't a book it was a diary, Lyrannys diary. His name was William Arthur Ryan and he was alive during 1916. He was a young man, only 22 at the time. So anyways, I decided to read one entry, and I guess I kind of entered a world of my own. I could still hear the faint sounds of the shouting and crying downstairs, but slowly it started shrinking, shrinking and then it disappeared...

I read the first entry and I seriously wanted to travel back in time and fight for Irish freedom. The entry made me feel like I was there.

Monday 24th of April 1916

Patrick Pearse read a proclamation outside the GPO today announcing the establishment of an Irish Republic under a provisional government.

One of the people that singed the proclamation was James Connolly, head of the ICA, had a successful occupation of the GPO. The Rebels have completely taken over Jacob's Biscuit Factory and Boland's Mills, The South Dublin Union and St. Stephens Green.

I woke up the next morning hearing Mum crying and the front door slamming shut. Around 5 minutes later a car going down the road cur cur and Dad was in it. I went downstairs to see what was wrong. Mum was sitting at the table crying. I rang nanny to come and see what was wrong. When nanny came she sent me up to my room while she tried to console Mum. Dad had left and he wasn't coming back.

For the next few days I stayed with nanny while Mum had time to get her head straight again. I felt lost without Mum and Dad. While I was staying with nanny I felt the need to read more of the diary. I read the second entry and it me feel like nothing else mattered except reading that diary.

Meanwhile, in 1916 Grandad had to be taken into hospital after he inhaled smoke and he damaged his lungs, but he wrote another entry on the 27th April 1916.

27th April 1916

James Connolly was shot in the shoulder and ankle today and Cathal Brugha was seriously wounded. There was very little fighting at Jacob's and Boland's today but at the GPO the fighting was hotific. I am in

hospital after inhaling some smoke, I feel fine but the nurses think different. I have to go now for a meal. I will write again tomorrow again.

lll

It has been 2 weeks since Dad left and he's still not back. Mum is coping well with the fact that Dad isn't coming back anytime soon. Her and Dad agreed that I should see him every weekend and I will continue to do so. And in the diary Grandad's condition is getting very bad and has been informed that he may die soon. His last entry was written on the 28th April 1916.

28th April 1916

The GPO was under attack today and by evening it was on fire. The Rebels had to break through walls to get to other buildings in Moore Street. Today I was informed that I may die soon and all I want is to see a free Ireland; but I won't live to see that. My prayers are for the country and may God bless every man, woman or child that died during this treacherous fight for justice. May the proclamation always be in their minds.

lll

Grandad's condition got too bad and he passed away on the 28th April 1916. He never got to see the free Ireland that we have to this day. It has now been 3 years since Dad left and Mum has now met someone else. I don't like him very much but I try my best to get along with him.

I still see Dad every weekend even though he is often busy. I still do fun stuff with my parents but I still do chores.

THINGS ARE GETTING
BETTER...