

Entry 1 by David:

Cork vs Dublin

As I walked out onto the soft green grass of Croke Park, I felt nervous.

All I could think about was losing this match, The All Ireland Final.

I walked up towards the goalposts and slipped on my gloves.

The weeks of training and teamwork had paid off.

The game got off to a bad start, Steven Cluxton scored two goals in the first ten minutes but at the 52nd minute we had got ahead by one goal.

With about fifty seconds to go, Dublin was losing by a point but the referee gave a penalty against us for picking the ball up off the ground in the box.

I couldn't believe it!

If Dublin scored this penalty, we would lose the All Ireland Final.

I looked up to the sky and took a deep breath.

Our whole community were watching this on T.V.

I dived right but as soon as I did I saw the ball heading straight for the middle of the net.

I stuck my leg in the air and I hoped the ball would hit it.

It did but it barely did.

It hit the top and then bounced off the crossbar.

I jumped out to catch so no one could knock it in.

I heard the shrill of the referees whistle, it was over, we had won.

I couldn't do anything but smile.

Even though they had lost, the Dublin players had a lot of respect for us.

I walked up onto the stand and lifted the trophy.

We had finally won the All Ireland final.

The last time Cork won an All- Ireland was 2010.

The spirits were high when we boarded the bus that would take us back to Cork!

I still couldn't believe we won!

Entry 2 by Austin:

The All-Ireland Final by Austin

I'm in the dressing room on the day of the All- Ireland match and I'm warming up for the match in Croke Park. I'm playing for Cork and I'm the captain. We leave the dressing room and go out onto the pitch. All of a sudden the game starts and we start playing. I get the sliotar and pass it as a defender gets in my way. They pass it back and I flick it in and score. I run back to the middle as the goalie hits the sliotar. We get the sliotar off them and score again. Before my eyes, Limerick score three goals and two points. The referee blows the whistle and it's half time. We all get a drink of water and the coach tells us to have respect for each other and the other team. We get ready to go back on the field. We all walk onto the field again and the game continues. Almost instantly I score a goal and the score is 3-3, 3-2 to Limerick. We get the sliotar again and score a point. Then we score another point. The game is tied. Suddenly, a defender tackles me and I get a free. The fate of the game is in my hands. Everyone is cheering me on. I take the shot and barely get the sliotar between the poles. Everyone is cheering as I get a point. At that moment, the game is over and we've won. As I'm the captain I go up to the infamous podium in the Hogan stand. Everyone looks at me as I lift the trophy above my head and the community goes wild. We won because of teamwork and the respect we have for each other and for the other team. On the bus home everyone is laughing together. What an amazing day!

Entry 3 by Tom:

The Polar Patience

Into the final half the teams are all even.

Our new commentator is Mr Yoda and he likes squirrels, red squirrels.

It is polar bears versus brown bears it's going to be a tight game folks you better stick watching this.

Massive roars are coming from these monsters of creatures some of them are even popping the balls because they have massive face kicking feet.

Water break. The whistle screamed and that made all the bears go to sleep like a lullaby. All the crowd were getting impatient and leaving their seats for free. Splash cold water over their faces so he did that until one giant polar bear splashed the water on its face and suddenly it ate him up like a cold water salty salmon and then went back to sleep.

But that very polar bear was the best polar player on their team.

The brown bears didn't waste any time so they decided to play on so then that put the polar bears in a corner, a really tight corner. They had a burst of teamwork to put the best player in goals for their team. Overtime, the whistle screamed and the brown bears still went to sleep along with the polar bears but the polar bears woke up to see their best player eating up the second referee!

Entry 4 by Jake:

It was time to head into Croke Park. My friend John Kiely and I went into the market. The market was being held there. We were selling tickets to the All-Ireland Semi-Final on Sunday. I was playing against Brian's team. The plan was to score more than the other team. Limerick were playing in the other semi-final. They were playing Tipperary. A good old battle it would be. We left to go get a cup of coffee. A whole row of stalls were gone. I ran into the security room to see what was up. The security man was dead and there were scars all over him. The cameras had been fried.

I was back at the market. It was the first time I'd seen John since the last market day. He asked me about the stalls. I told him I hadn't figured out who had done it yet. Suddenly, the tunnel went black. There was commotion in the market and then there was an announcement on the loudspeaker. It said that we had one hour to give him all the money we had or that he would kill everyone. Being a hurler helped me find him. I knew where that microphone was so I went out to look for him. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my back and everything went dark.

I heard a deep dark voice. "Take the blindfold off", it said. Two different voices said yes. The man asked me where the money was. I kept my mouth shut. I noticed that one of the other men had dropped his gun. If I could just reach a bit further. As I got the gun, I realised I would need the community to help me so I got out of the ropes and ran to get help. I told them what had happened. For once, they showed me respect and helped.

It was a hard battle but we had enough teamwork to beat them. I was playing Limerick the next day. What would my manager say?

Entry 5 by James:

A Dream By James

There was a little boy who had a dream and that dream was to play in Croke Park. He would normally wish to play there and win. He went to all the matches and the coaches would always encourage players to teach each other with respect. After they say that, they shout teamwork and start the matches, said the boy. He wanted to join the GAA. He asked his parents but they didn't want him to go but after the community said it would be better for him to go his parents decided to take him to training. He was so excited! A few years later the boy got to play a match in Croke Park after years of training. It wasn't easy but with determination he made it. His team won for the first time in a match in Croke Park. His dreams had become a reality. He liked hurling the most but he still practiced multiple sports but never gave up. He would practice every day of the week even on holidays. He brought his equipment everywhere. To this day, that boy is still determined to be the best hurling player in the whole of Ireland. He thanks everybody who made GAA possible to help him learn all types of sports. He still finds new sports to do but without GAA he doesn't think it would be possible for him to make it to Croke Park. He still gives all the credit to the coaches and everybody on the team. He says he could be 70 years old and still be practicing all sports he played when he was younger.

Entry 6 by Charlie:

The All-Ireland Final

It was the morning of the All-Ireland Final. Cork were playing Limerick and our coach was telling us the team. I was in full forward marking Seán Finn. We hopped up on the bus and headed off to Croke Park. Finally, we arrived at the stadium. Guards were blocking the fans from going into the tunnel. We warmed up in the pitch and then put on our jerseys. I was number 14. Everybody lined up behind me because I was the captain. We ran out the tunnel and everybody cheered and we lined up for the National Anthem. When that was over, the referee threw up the sliotar and the game started. There was five minutes gone and the score was 1-6 to Cork and 0-7 to Limerick. The half time whistle blew and everybody in the community cheered as the two teams jogged down the tunnel. The score was 2-12 to Cork and 1-15 to Limerick.

Our coach said we should be proud of our teamwork and it didn't matter if we won or lose. As we ran back on to the pitch, the fans cheered and the second half began. Finally, the game was nearly over. Cork were losing and the sliotar landed in my hand. I went past all the defenders and scored a goal! We won the final for Cork! The respect from the fans was spectacular! I will remember that amazing day forever more!

Entry 7 by Shane:

First time to Croker

We were at training just like any other training and at the end of the session Tim our coach announced a match was coming up but bigger than before. There was a sense of respect in the air. He said we needed two things- TEAMWORK and TRAINING. We have to win this for the community, club and the county.

It was a good feeling to know that we could be All-Ireland champions in just over six months.

Our first match is in two weeks' time against Clonmel. We need to practice whenever we get the chance, 'no matter where or when practice, practice, practice', Tim said. From here on in, we up the diet and up the amount of water and constant practice. It was the big day. All-Ireland final day. The tension was palpable! Good start to the day! Everyone is in a good mood, the gear bag is ready and all the lads are happy, excited and anxious. In the first

minute, we got a lucky goal and we were ahead from there on in. It was a long and tiring match. Clonmel had a good selection of great players and had a lot of practice and time put in.

We had a few injuries but nothing serious. Aidan broke his arm it shouldn't cost us the game.

Half time the score was 6-12 to 5-10 and the final score was 8-16 to 5-11. Kanturk are now

All-Ireland champions 🤪🏏🏆 Wish me luck for the speech 🎤🎧