

## Two Crises 100 Years Apart

It was Monday the 30<sup>th</sup> of March and it had been 18 days since the schools closed down because of the coronavirus. I was going up to the attic to get a spare maths copy to do my work in when I spotted something out of the corner of my eye. It was like a tiny door or something. I went over to see what it was. I had never seen it there before, I took a look inside the tiny door. It was pitch black and I couldn't see anything but I could hear voices, people screaming and crying babies. I turned on the torch in my phone and opened the door a bit wider. I leant inside the door and looked around. I could see stone steps that led into more and more darkness.

I decided to follow the voices, the stairs seemed to go on forever. I was starting to get a bad feeling about this but I needed to know where the voices were coming from. I eventually reached the end of the staircase. I was now in a room with three doors and the voices were coming from one of them but I didn't know which one. I decided to go with the middle door. I opened it and slowly walked through it waiting for something to happen. There was a loud bang. I hit my head and fell to the floor. When I woke up I didn't know where I was or how I got there, all I remember was hearing a loud bang and falling onto the floor. I got up and looked around, I was both confused and surprised. I was back at the tiny door in the attic! Except it looked different, it seemed older and more battered and I could still hear the voices and all the screaming.

I went downstairs to tell my mam about the tiny door I found but she wasn't there, neither was my dad, my brother or my sister. Instead there was an older family living there with clothes and shoes that looked about a hundred years old. Everything else in the house looked about a hundred years old as well. I went outside to see if I could find where all the screaming was coming from. I walked outside the front door and all I could see was people running in every direction. Most of the people were coming from one direction so I decided to go see what they were running from. I don't think the people could see me because they seemed to run straight through me.

I was so confused and I didn't know what was going on. When suddenly I saw the opera house in flames. It's the Burning of Cork! I said to myself. Maybe that's why everything looked so old and why everybody was dressed in old fashioned clothes! The Burning of Cork happened during the War of Independence. British forces were getting back at the people of Cork for an attack earlier that day. Had I travelled back in time I asked myself? People looked very scared and frightened just like they are in 2020 because of the coronavirus. During the War of Independence many historical buildings were burnt down including Cork Opera House and the City Hall and many people died. During the coronavirus crisis buildings aren't burning down but many people are dying, I thought to myself.

Next thing I knew there was sirens and fire fighters everywhere! I ran back home and up to the attic, through the tiny door, down all the steps, through the middle door, back up all the steps and back out through the tiny door in my attic. Everything in the attic looked normal so I went downstairs hoping that things would be normal there too. I opened the kitchen door, my mam and dad were there on their laptops, my brother was on the PlayStation and my sister was watching TV. Thankfully everything was back to 2020.

I sighed with relief as I flopped onto the couch and turned on the TV, the 6 o'clock news was on. It made me realise that things in 1920 were bad as well but we built the city up again. So when this whole coronavirus thing is over things will get better again.

*by Saoirse in 6<sup>th</sup> Class*