

About Me

My name is Charlotte Collins, yes Collins as in Micheal Collins. I'm his daughter. Most of my life has been all about my father along with other people fighting for independence. Of course due to my father's job we live in Dublin. I love what he's doing and all but he's never really around and to be honest.....I think Ireland was fine the way we were and no offence to him but I feel like he's made Ireland worse. A lot of people who had homes are now homeless, we get bombed almost everyday and he comes back home almost dead from exhaustion and wounds. All in all though he is my father and I'm pretty sure I'm meant to support him in his decisions.

My Father

My Father has done many things in life he's been apart of Chairman of the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State (COTPGOTIFS), Post Office Savings Banks, London GAA, Gaelic League, IRA and he's been put in and set free from Frongach Internment Camp. And my biggest achievement in living in three different places in my life.

Mother

Catherine Brigid Kieran. My mother. My mother is one of the most amazing people I've ever met. She has always supported father with fighting for independence and she supports me with feeling like he's made the wrong decisions even though we both think it's gone a bit too far. Although her and father have frequent fights about an up coming attack in August, I would say they have a pretty good relationship even though father would like us to 'move away from the danger' and says that 'America would be a better place for us' and mother refuses and tries to talk him out of all this war saying things like 'you've already gone to prison once' and 'do you want to get yourself killed?' he tries to defend himself and have the last word but then mother says 'you have a wife a daughter a family if anything were to happen ANYTHING..... we would be NOTHING but a memory and our daughter would be left without a father' then she points to me and everything goes quiet and then my parents remember I'm in the room and immediately change the subject but like I said their relationship is fine

Written: July 19th 1922

With your Permission Please

I had to. I had to go check on the war. It's not like dad gave me a choice he doesn't tell me anything. And as much as I love him..... he doesn't know me. I mean he thinks telling me 'oh ya honey all this war is is a bunch of people holding water balloons and throwing them at each other, if the 1 hit someone their out so basically we need to get them all out' please I'm surprised he thinks I'm that dumb but seriously he never gives out any information. Well I mean I guess that's his job you know? Keeping all the big secrets from the other side. Well anyway without his permission I decided to follow him and the IRA into war I'm surprised a literal army can't spot an eleven year old girl well maybe they did and don't know how much of a threat I can be.



Really Strange

I knew the war would be weird and gruesome but I have to say, it was really strange. I'm not sure what I expected but I didn't expect this. There was no hand to hand fighting just guns. There was no guirella warfare just shooting. I knew my father had been lying about war but I didn't know how much. I have to say seeing father on the battle field with the other members of the IRA was pretty exciting but it also made me think fathers decision was even worse than I thought it was.



*Written: August 22 1922
This was written at Bealnablath*

The Last Word

I couldn't believe. I can't believe. I don't want to believe it. Father was in battle doing well when he say me. He couldn't believe that I had followed him. So, he made sure no one was looking and came over to me. Now, when I say he was mad I mean he was **MAD**. He said I could be kidnapped, killed, put into prison hurt in anyway etc. All I wanted to do was shout back but I couldn't. Like I couldn't bring myself to it so I just said I was sorry. But surprisingly, he said he didn't forgive me, he said that if I didn't go home then and there I would just have to fend for myself. I was so shocked. He is my literal father and he was just leaving me? Just like that? I was just about to go home when it happened. Father was shot.



Save Us All

I rushed to him hoping he was ok and for a split he looked at me with a reassuring smile and in that moment I thought there was hope..... until he was gone.

It was the medics. They said I needed to step back and get out of their way and I wanted to yell, I wanted to scream, but all that came out was..... help me.

I looked up at them with desperation and tears in my eyes and for once I wasn't seen as Micheal Collins daughter, I was seen as a little girl who just lost their father only asking for help. So, they let me in.

The way to the doctors was hard. I held fathers hand the whole time. I looked up at the sky trying to figure out what to do, but I saw nothing. There were no clouds, no stars, and I couldn't see the moon. It was like the sky was trying to sad too. It was like it was trying to warn me. Trying to help me. Trying to protect me. It was like father was already up in the stars looking down on me.

You Will Do Great Things

When we got there mother had already arrived. She was so shocked to see father like this. She even fell back a bit.

I tried to follow them into the room but the doctors said I could not come in. It was gut wrenching to feel like something could happen to him and I couldn't even be there to say goodbye, but I looked at father, I looked at mother I could see how much they needed me to leave. So, I did. I left wondering if I'd ever see him again.

It was sun rise when mother nudged the door open. Although she didn't say anything but I new father wasn't going to make it. When she came out, her eyes were red and all puffed up, glistening with tears. She didn't even say anything. She just put her hand on my shoulder and nodded. She want me to say goodbye.

I walked in shaking all the way through the door. I never thought I'd have to say goodbye to father. I mean as much as I new how it could end I always saw him as big soldier who was indestructible. I started to cry but father told me he needed me to listen to him very carefully. He then told me three things; To take care of mother. To stay who I am.

To never change. To remember that he loved me. And he then he gave me a note and whispered: Don't let anyone, not even mother, see this. And then he said. You will do great things

In that moment a man, a soldier, saviour, a father, a fighter, a husband, and a king passed away.



A New Beginning

It seemed like everyone in Ireland was at the funeral. He was showered with roses, bombarded with speeches and drowned with tears. There was not a dry I in that cemetery. But after the funeral, after everybody had left, I read the note. He asked one thing and one thing only: *"Win the war for me"* and the best part is. He told me how to do it

Fun Facts

This book is fictional but it is based around a true story. Michael Collins was a real person who was shot during the 1916 rising and he did have a wife named Catherine Brigid Kieran but he did not have a daughter named Charlotte. He was apart of the things we said he was in the chapter “*My Father*”. One fifth of Ireland attended his funeral and he was buried at Glasnevin Cemetery Dublin at the age of 31 years old.

Acknowledges

Thank you to book creator for helping me create this book. Thank you to iPad 3 for helping me find book creator.





The End

Thanks For
Listening

