

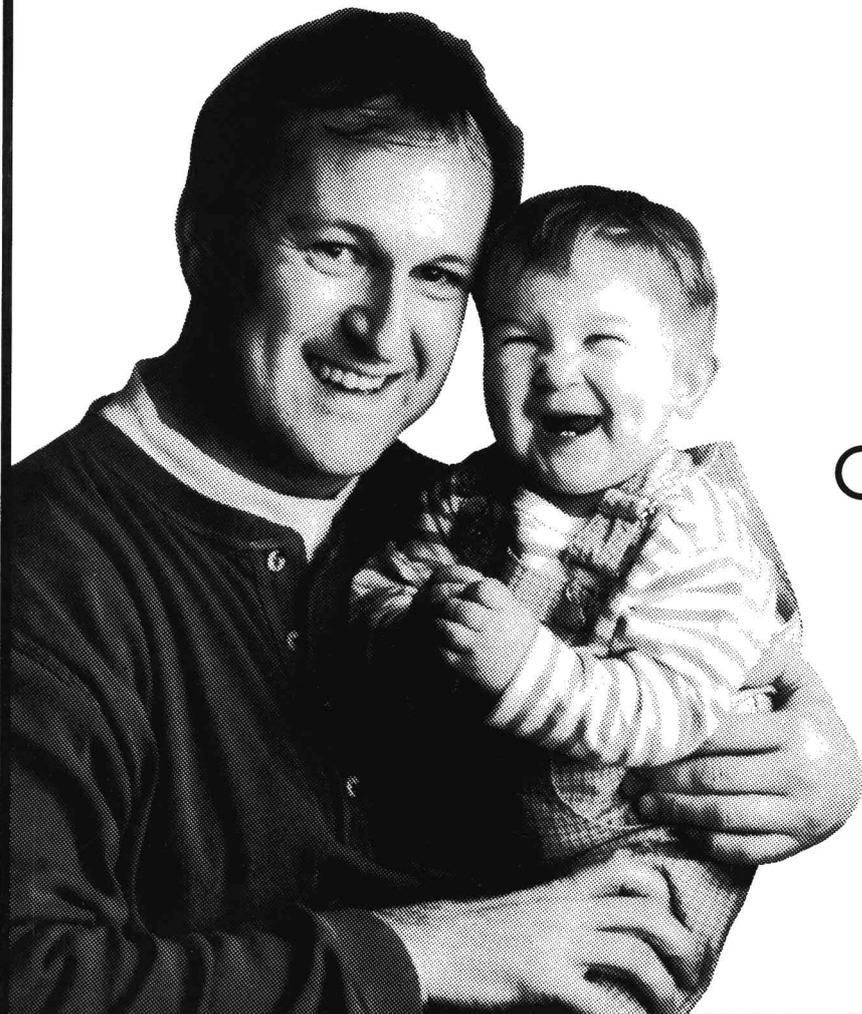
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THE SIMMARIAN

The Magazine of

**St. Mary's Christian Brothers' Grammar School
Glen Road, Belfast BT11 8NR**

Principal

Mr. K. Burke, B.Ed, Dip. RE.

*Reverend Brother
Edmund Ignatius Rice.*



1762 - 1844

**Founder of the
Christian Brothers**

Acknowledgements

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● INTRODUCTION ●

As we draw near to the end of another school year, this Simmarian 2001 records and celebrates much of the recent life of St Mary's. I wish to sincerely thank all those who have contributed to the Simmarian, including those who submitted articles, our sponsors and, of course, all those who are directly responsible for producing this magazine, in particular, Mrs Donna Tohill.

There were many great achievements this year in all areas of school life - sporting, cultural, business, scientific, charitable and social. The articles in this issue cover many of these.

There has also been a number of initiatives which have greatly enhanced the mission of the school. One of these was the employing of a full-time lay School Chaplain, Mr Martin Curley. We would take this opportunity to welcome Martin onto the staff. His employment has, in turn, resulted in the introduction of a number of spiritual and social events.

Our congratulations and appreciation is offered to all the pupils and teachers who organised and participated in so many extra-curricular activities.

Professor John Gardner, Department of Education, QUB, was our guest speaker at

Prizegiving at which, among other achievements, the excellent results of the year twelve and year fourteen pupils were acknowledged.

Our Fun Day this year was very successful and we were happy to welcome the many parents who joined us. It was a pity about the burgers arriving late! I must mention here that I did abseil, albeit at the end of the day when most people had already left. A very exhilarating experience?

We would take this opportunity to wish Mr Will Hodgkinson, who has retired after many years of distinguished service to the school, a long and happy retirement..

Also our good wishes go to the following teachers who left us to take up other employment: Mr P Breslin, Ms T Farrell, Mr S Fearon; Mr J Gribbon. From the science technical staff Mr P Morris and Mr S McCusker left us to take up employment at QUB.

We were happy to have the services of the following staff who joined us this year:

Mrs M B Byrne, Mrs L Cleary, Mr M Leydon, Mr V Murphy and Ms N Nic Bhloscaidh.

Miss O Dempsey and Mr D Malone joined the science technical staff.

Congratulations to Miss L McNally who is now Mrs L Tunney. Also to Mrs C Gillespie, Mrs M Curran and Mrs M Murray who all gave birth to healthy babies, not forgetting Mr J McGreevy who became a father and our bursar Mr D Finnegan who had another daughter..

For every good year there are unfortunately incidents which cause much sorrow.

We were greatly saddened by the tragic death of Pádraig McBride, a year twelve student.

Brother J M Murphy, ex-principal of St Mary's, also passed on to his eternal reward on the 7th May 2001. JM will be remembered by many past pupils as a firm and wise Headmaster of Barrack Street and was responsible for the planning and building of the Glen Road campus.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-amanacha dílse.

As we go to print could I ask you to remember Brother Lynam in your prayers. He is seriously ill at present. Brother devoted many years of his life to teaching mathematics in St Mary's.

Ba mhaith liom mo bhuíochas agus mo chomhghairdeas a chur in iúl do phobal na scoile i gcoitinne ach go mór mór do na múinteoirí a d'oibrigh chomh díograiseach sin.

Go n-éirí go geal le daltaí, múinteoirí agus tuismitheoirí Scoil Mhuire amach anseo.

C de Búrca
Príomhoide

In Remembrance



*Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy
on the soul of*

Padraig McBride

Who died in September 2000

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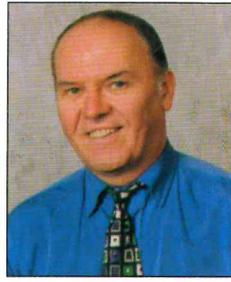
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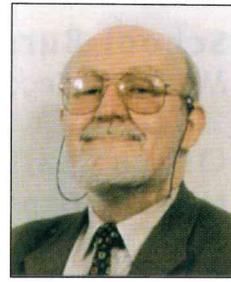
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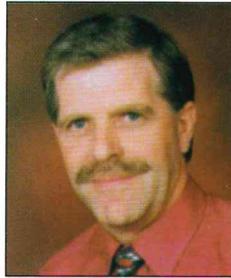
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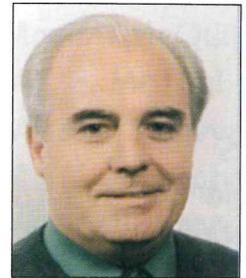
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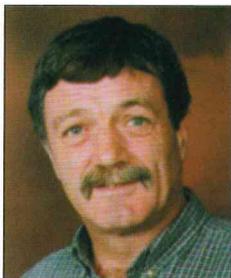
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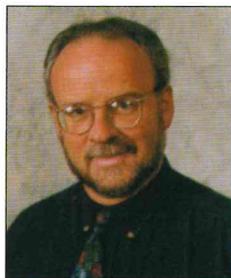
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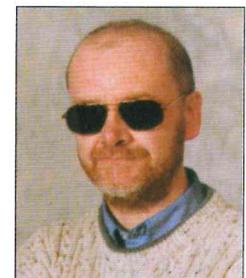
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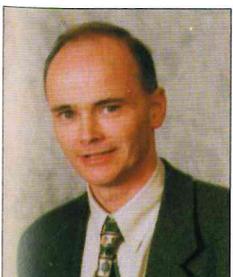
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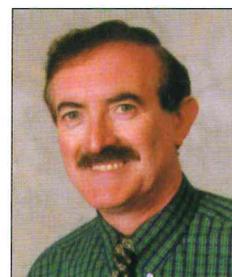
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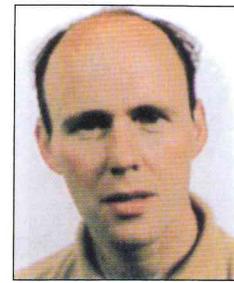
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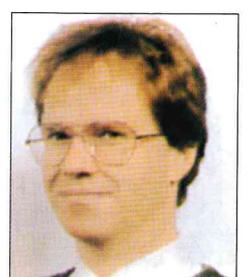
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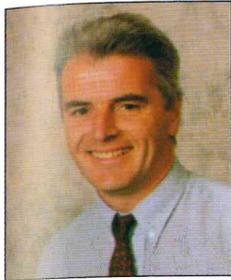


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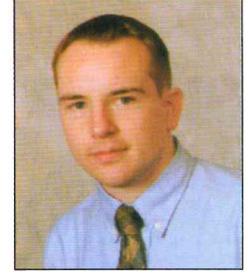
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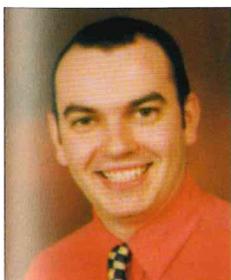
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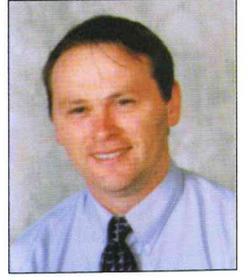
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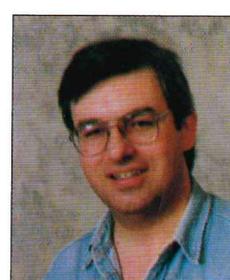
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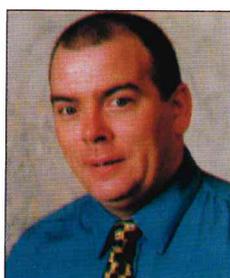
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Two Stalwarts of Science Retire

Mr Nigel Cushley retired from teaching in the Summer of 2000. In a successful career Nigel was much admired by parents, colleagues and pupils for his quick efficient way of conducting business and - the essential quality in a teacher - his unfailing good humour and high spirits.

He brought great distinction to all his roles in St Mary's whether as Head of Science, Counsellor, Form Teacher and Senior Teacher. His teaching was of the highest order and he enlightened pupils with the quality and clarity of his work material. Certainly the major alterations to the school in terms of the construction of the Edmund Rice Building and the refurbishment of the main building would have been inconceivable without him. We wish Nigel and his whole family many happy years in which to enjoy his retirement.

Joining Nigel in retirement this year was Mr Will Hodgkinson. Will began his career in St Malachy's for four years and then moved to St. Roses before joining St. Mary's. Will made significant contribution to generations of pupils. Always courteous but firm, he treated pupils equitably and set the highest standards in teaching.

As the NAS representative, his support for colleagues was quiet and effective and the school community was sorry to see ill-health bring his career in St. Mary's to an end. Will still monitors events in the school through Mrs Hodgkinson and we in turn are delighted to hear of his contentment in retirement.

slán leis an tUasal seán Ó fearáin

I mí Meán Fómhair na bliana seo d'fhág an tUasal Seán Ó Fearáin Scoil Mhuire. Tháinig Seán chugainn sa bhliain 1995 ó Mheánscoil na mBráithre nuair a ceapadh mar mhúinteoir i Roinn na Gaeilge é agus ón chéad lá ar aghaidh ba mhór agus ba luachmhar an cur isteach a bhí aige ar chúrsaí Gaeilge sa scoil.

Ní amháin gur scoth múinteora a bhí ann, ach chuir sé go mór le cultúr na Gaeilge fríd an scoil. Bhí baint mhór aige le drámaíocht na Gaeilge. Bhain daltaí na scoile comórtais Scoil drámaíochta agus Slógadh faoi stiúradh Sheáin. Bhí sé féin ar an fhoireann a léirigh 'An Triail' agus 'Lá Fhéile Míchíl' a chuidigh go mór le tuigbheáil daltaí Ard Leibhéil ar na drámaí céanna.

Bhí baint lárnach ag Seán le Feis Bhéal Feirste, agus go leor comórtas idir-scoileanna eile ar nós 'Abair' agus Díospóireachtaí Ghael Linn a spreag an oiread sin daltaí le sult agus tairbhe a bhaint as an Ghaeilge agus a choinnigh an Ghaeilge beo láidir ar Scoil Mhuire.

Bhí an díograis céanna le feiceáil agus le cluinstitín, ní amháin sa seomra ranga, ach ar fud na scoile. Múinteoir an-éifeachtach Seán a chronófar go mór ní amháin i Roinn na Gaeilge ach sa scoil i gcoitinne. Guímid rath Dé air ma phost úr.

Go n-éirí go geal leat a Sheáin!

An Cumann Gaelach

Bhí Gaeilgeoirí na scoile gnóthach le himeachtaí sultmhara taobh istigh agus taobh amuigh den scoil. Bhí líon mór as an chúigiú bliain páirteach i dTráth na gCeist a d'eagraigh Gael Linn i sÓlann Ard na bhFeá i mí na Samhna. I measc na scoileanna eile a bhí páirteach bhí Coláiste Lagáin, Coláiste Muire agus Pádraig, Scoil San Genevieve agus Scoil Naomh Dominic. Tháinig foireann amháin ón scoil seo amach ar bharr le freagraí ar cheisteanna a bhain le réimse leathan ábhar, bua nach raibh furasta nuair a aithníonn tú go raibh níos mó ná caoga foireann san iomaíocht don duais sin. Comhghairdeachas don cheathrar sin:

Pól Hamilton, Sean O'Reilly, Stephen Downey agus David Gillen.

Bhí seans ansin i mí Feabhra ag an tríú bliain clú a bhaint amach don scoil le Tráth na gCeist dá gcuid féin. Tháinig céad scoláire ón scoil s'againne le chéile le trí chéad scoláire ó na scoileanna thuas luaite san ionad céanna. Bhí an bua ag foireann as Scoil Mhuire arís - agus an iarraidh seo bhí chóir a bheith céad foireann sa chomórtas! An ceathrar cliste críonna an t-am seo:

Piarras Duffy, Gerard Crossan, Chris McParland agus Barry Carleton.

Ba chosúil gur bhain na hiomaitheoirí uilig sult as na céilithe a bhí ar siúl i ndiaidh na quizeanna. Ní raibh leisc ar na buachaillí s'againne dul amach ag damhsa. Cé go raibh a lán cailíní i láthair, bhí cuid acu cúthaileach agus rinne siad an damhsa lena gcomhscoláirí féin!

Bhí comórtais labhartha ar siúl ag tús mí Feabhra, a bhí níos dáiríre ná Tráth na gCeist, is é sin ABAIR. Bhí áthas orainn mar scoil fáilte a chur roimh ár gcuairteoirí ó Mheánscoil Feirste agus ó Scoil Mhíchil, an Lurgán. Chuir na cainteoirí ar an eolas muid faoi ábhair éagsúla a roghnaigh siad féin le hóráid ceithre bhomaite, agus bhí na moltóirí, Joe Lavery agus Malachy Duffin, ann le comhairle fhiúntach a thabhairt ar na hiarrachtaí a rinne siad. Ar fhoireann Scoil Mhuire bhí:

Patrick McCabe, Ciarán McCallan, Ciarán Fitzsimmons, Dónal McManus (sinsear) Ciarán Bradley (sóisear) sa phictiúr.



Sa roinn sóisearach bhí Ciarán Bradley ag maíomh "nach bhfuil meas ag an aos óg orthu féin" agus ní raibh amhras ar na moltóirí go raibh sé réidh le dul ar aghaidh chuig an chéad bhabhta eile. Sa roinn sinsearach bhí caighdeán ard ó na scoileanna uilig. Chuir Dónal McManus in iúl dúinn "Fadhbanna an Duine Óig", agus leis an argóint sin fuair sé an dara háit sa chomórtas.

Ar chomhscór le Dónal bhí Máiréad NicOitir, sa phictúir ó Mheánscoil Feirste a d'inis dúinn "Gur Fearr iad na Mná ná na Fir". Ach bhí an bua tuilte go huile is go hiomlán ag Paul Dummigan ó Scoil Mhíchíl. Mhínigh sé féin buntáistí agus míbhuntáistí leis an chóras nua scrúdaithe AS/A2. Thíos tá Paul le Joe Lavery ag bronnadh na nduaiseanna.



Ag amharc amach i dtreo na Cásca agus an tsamhraidh, tá a lán scoláirí ag dúil le tréimhse thaitneamhach a chaitheamh i gcroílár na Gaeltachta - i Machaire Rabhartaigh, i Loch an Iúir, nó i Rann na Feirste. Ádh mór oraibh agus bainigí sult as!

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CONQUER THE CONKER FOR ZAMBIA

This fund-raising event was organised by Miss F. Kinney and 10G to raise money for Zambia in October 2000. Before prizes were deducted, the event raised an excellent total of £255.

The aim of the competition was to win as many games as possible, with the outright winner being the pupil who achieved the greatest total wins. Pupils were, therefore, given the option of paying in with either one, three or six conkers, to increase their odds of winning.

Each group participating was given one class to compete against their own classmates. This was to cause a knockout situation, whereby only the top few winners would proceed to the next round.



Mark Taylor 10B - First Place Winner.



Aaron McKenna 8B - 2nd Place Winner.



Christopher K. Smith 9G - Runner-up.



Niall McCreanor 8C - Runner-up

The final play-offs took place after school on the last day of term to a very appreciative audience. In a nail-biting finish, the determination of Mark Taylor (10B) won through. He secured his victory with an amazing 33 wins to Aaron Mc Kenna (8B), in 2nd place with 22

This fund-raising event was organised by Miss F. Kinney and 10G to raise money for Zambia in October 2000. Before prizes were deducted, the event raised an excellent total of £255.

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cause a knockout situation, whereby only the top few winners would proceed to the next round.



EDITED HIGHLIGHTS

'Conkeror' of the Year 2000

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Chartered Accountants
Registered Auditors

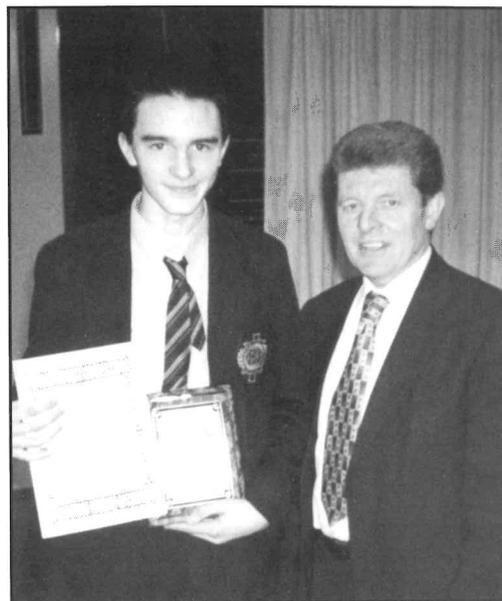
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E-mail: accounts@kennedy-co.com

Junior Prizewinners 2000

| | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|-----|
| Spanish | Patrick McLaughlin | 11F |
| German | David Guiney | 11H |
| Irish | John Keatings | 11G |
| Italian | Gavin Forde | 11G |
| French | Conor Lamb | 11H |
| Geography | Patrick McLaughlin | 11F |
| English | Ronan McClean | 11H |
| Theatre Studies | Robert Simpson | 11F |
| Music | Gavin Forde | 11G |
| Art | Pearse McCusker | 11G |
| Religion | Ronan McClean | 11H |
| Science | Sean McGeown | 11F |
| Mathematics | Patrick McLaughlin | 11F |
| Technology | Kevin McFall | 11F |
| History | Ronan McClean | 11H |
| Football | Liam Boyle | 11E |
| Hurling | Niall O'Reilly | 11A |



Gavin Forde 11G.
Winner of the Italian and Music Awards

Outstanding :

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| David O'Hanlon | 11F |
| Niall McConnell | 11F |
| Kevin McFall | 11F |
| David Guiney | 11H |
| Ronan McClean | 11H |
| Patrick McLaughlin | 11F |
| John Keatings | 11G |



Year 11 Award Winners

Most Consistent:

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| Gavin Forde | 11G |
| Thomas Maguire | 11F |
| Martin McBride | 11F |
| Sean McGeown | 11F |
| Matthew Mutholland | 11F |
| Mark Connor | 11H |
| Conor Lamb | 11H |
| Seamus Nolan | 11B |
| Paul Heaney | 11F |
| William McGuckin | 11F |
| Eamon Doherty | 11G |



(L-R) Pearse McCusker - Music, Sean McGeown - Science,
Robert Simpson - Theatre Studies, Kevin McFall - Technology.

100% ATTENDANCE:

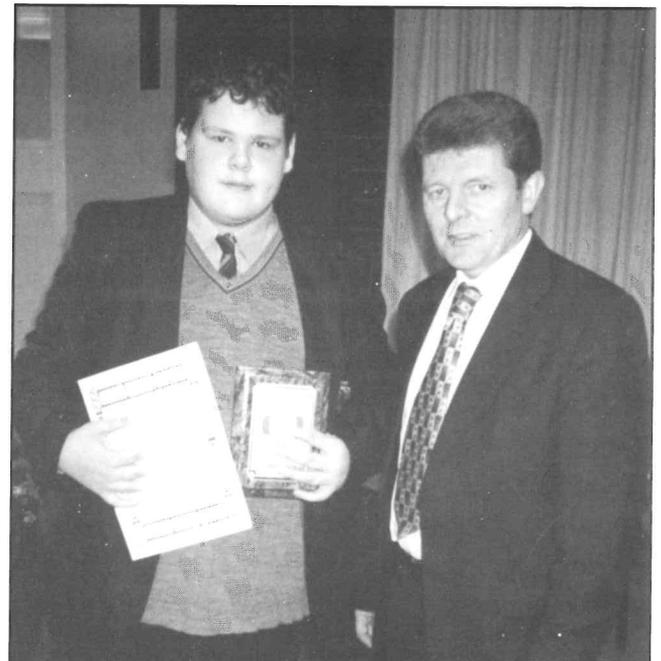
Pearse Mc Cusker 11B
Mark Mc Parland 11B
Michael Pollock 11B
Barry Delaney 11C
Hugh Flavin 11F
Paul Mc Ateer 11D



(L-R) P. McLaughlin - Geography & Maths, J.Keatings - Irish, D Guiney - German, R McClean - History, English & Bobby McCargo Trophy, G Forde - Music & Italian.



The Bobby McCargo
Memorial Trophy:
Ronan Mc Clean 11H



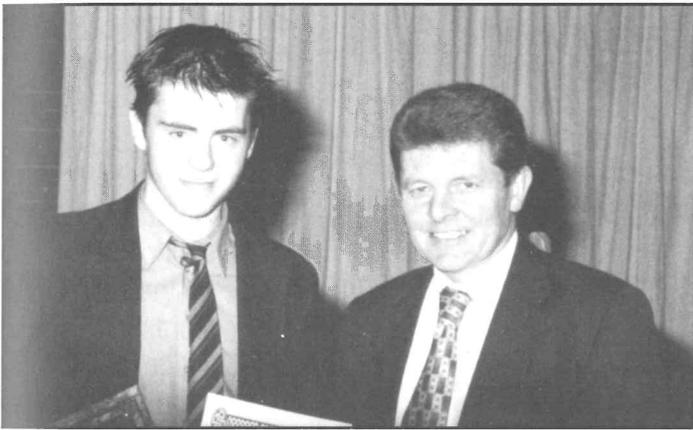
Technology Prize
Kevin McFall 11F



Irish Award
John Keatings 11G



A section of the audience
enjoying the Junior
Prizegiving



David Guiney 11H - German Award Winner



Mark Connor 11H receives his award
from Mr. Burke



- The three top sportsmen in year 11 -
McAllister Shield - Niall O'Reilly (Hurling)
Forresters Shield - Liam Boyle (Gaelic)
Glenn O'Hare Shield - Conor McGoldrick (Hurling)

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|---|

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**Past pupils of all C.B.S. (Primary & Post Primary) are cordially
invited to apply for membership**

***Applications to Registrar
Mark McAllister***

*We wish our congratulations and best wishes to all our pupils who completed
their G.C.S.E. examinations in 2000*

G.C.S.E. Year Group - School Year 1999 - 2000

AGNEW Dermot
ALLEN James
AUSTIN Fionnbarr
BARNES Christopher
BLACK Karl
BOYLE Robert
BRADLEY Mark
BROWN Damian
BRUNTY Paul
BURNS Brendan
BURNS Kieran
BURNS Sean
CAMPBELL Peter
CANAVAN James
CARBERRY Thomas
CASSIDY Kevin
CHESNEY Kevin
CLARKE Gareth
CONLON Sean
CONNOLLY Michael
CONNOR Fionntan
CURRAN Gary
DEIGHAN Patrick
DEVLIN Joseph
DEVLIN Raymond
DICK Stephen
DIVER Emmanuel
DOHERTY Ciaran
DONNELLY Eamonn
DORAN Noel
DUFFY Emmet
DUGAN Patrick
DYER Christopher
EGAN Thomas
FINNEGAN Adrian
FITZPATRICK Sean
FITZSIMONS Ciaran
FLANNERY Kevin
FLYNN Christopher
GAULT Patrick
GILLILAND James
GILMORE Kevin
GLENHOLMES John
HARTIGAN Aodhan
HASSON Declan

HAYES Gary
HEATH Joseph
HOLLYWOOD David
HOLMES Kevin
HUGHES Paul
HUGHES Thomas
IRVINE Tony
JOHNSTON Christopher
JOHNSTON Ryan
JONES Barry
KEARNEY Stephen
KELLY Anthony
KELLY Ryan
KETTLE Peter
KING Ciaran
LAGAN Ciaran
LINDSAY Diarmaid
MAGEE Damien
MAGUIRE Sean
MALLON Michael
MALLON Paul
MARSELLA Cristoforo
MARTIN Kevin
Mc ALISTER James
Mc ALORUM Gary
Mc ATEER Sean
Mc AULEY Paul
Mc CABE Patrick
Mc CALLAN Ciaran
Mc CALLAN Frank
Mc CALLION Conor
Mc CLUSKEY Joseph
Mc CONNELL Ciaran
Mc CONVILLE Colm
Mc COY Francis
Mc DONALD Gerard
Mc DONALD Kevin
Mc DONNELL Niall
Mc ERLEAN Paul
Mc GARRIGLE Canice
Mc GARRY Stephen
Mc GOLDRICK Mark
Mc GUIGAN Michael
Mc ILMURRAY Colin
Mc ILWEE James

Mc KEE Damien
Mc KENNA James
Mc KEOWN Christopher
Mc KEOWN Ciaran
Mc LARNON Barry
Mc LAUGHLIN Gary
Mc LEAN Kevin
Mc MANUS Donal
Mc NALLY Sean
Mc NAUGHTON Stephen
MONAGHAN Dermot
MOORE Kieron
MORRISON Stephen
MULLAN Padraig
MULLAN Philip
MURRAY Damian
MURRAY Robert
MURTAGH Paul
NEILL Matthew
NICHOLSON Joseph
O'HARE Patrick
O'KANE Stephen
O'NEILL Brendan
O'NEILL Colm
O'NEILL Darren
O'NEILL Joseph
O'RIORDAN Kevin
QUINN Paul
RAINEY Joseph
RICHARDSON Joseph
SCANNELL Michael
SCOTT Martin
SHEVLIN Harry
SLOAN James
SMYTH Christopher
SMYTH Daniel
STEWART Edward
STRONG Christopher
THOMPSON Daire
WALLS Stephen
WARD Canice
WARD David
WARD Joseph
WEBB Brendan

*We offer a special welcome to our new students who joined
in September 2000*

Conor Burns (*St. Patrick's High School*)

Emmett Cowan (*Aquinas Grammar School*)

Billy Creaney (*C.B.S. Glen Road*)

Neil Mc Ginn (*C.B.S. Glen Road*)

Barry Napier (*St. Patrick's High School*)

Academic Awards at GCSE

G.C.S.E. Art (Murphy Associates Medal)

Sponsored by the contractor for the Edmund Rice Complex

James Sloan - (*St. Kevin's P.S.*)

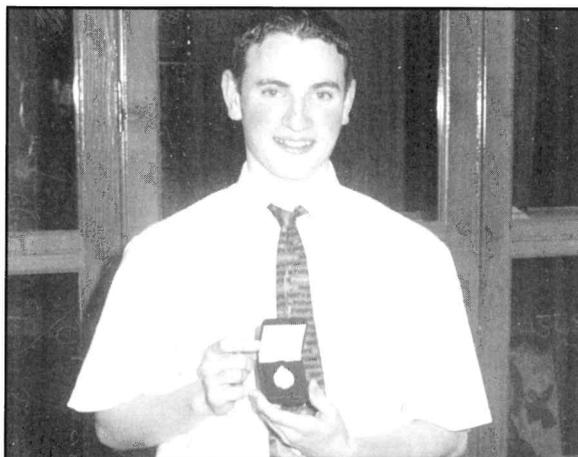
G.C.S.E. Drama & Theatre Arts

Christopher Flynn - (*St. Kevin's P.S.*)



Christopher Flynn earned 6 A's and 3A's in his GCSE's
and took first prize in Drama Geography and Religion.*

G.C.S.E. English
James Gilliland - (St. Teresa's P.S.)



James Gilliland continues the family tradition of excellence in St. Mary's as he receives his award for GCSE English.

G.C.S.E. French (Bro. Nannery Memorial Medal)

This medal is dedicated to the memory of Bro. Nannery, a distinguished past teacher who gave significant service to pupils in St. Mary's throughout the '60's and '70's.

Canice Ward - (St. John the Baptist P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Gaeilge

Ciaran McCallan - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste P.S.)



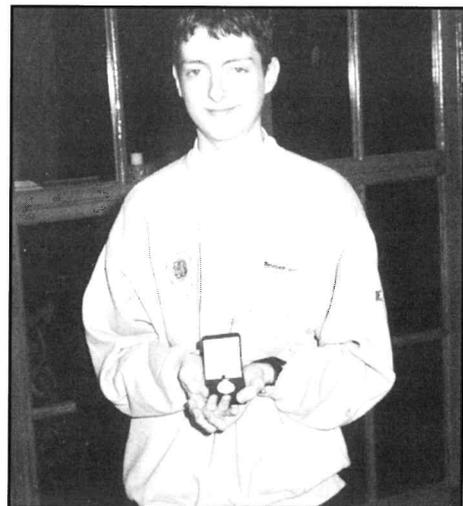
Ciaran McCallan was 2nd in Northern Ireland in GCSE Gaelige

G.C.S.E. Geography
Christopher Flynn - (St. Kevin's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. German (The Billy Adams Medal)

Barry McLarnon - (St. Gall's P.S.)

Barry McLarnon accepting his award for German



G.C.S.E. History (The Oliver McCann Medal)

Named in honour of a highly respected former Head of Department

James McIlwee - (St. Gall's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Irish (The Joe Devlin Award)

Emmet Duffy - (St. Teresa's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Italian

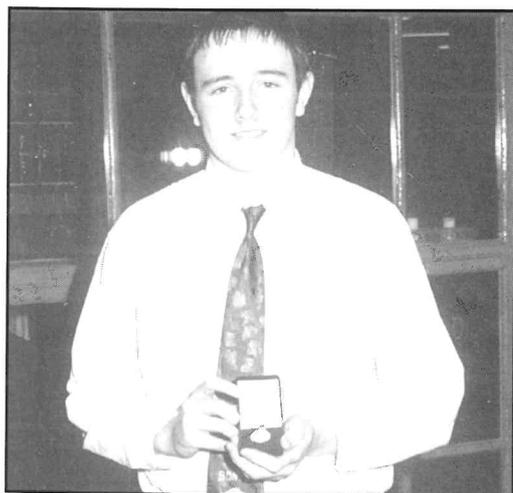
Michael Mallon - (St. Aidan's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Mathematics (Rev. Bro. L. F. Ennis Medal)

Paul Hughes - (St. Teresa's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Music

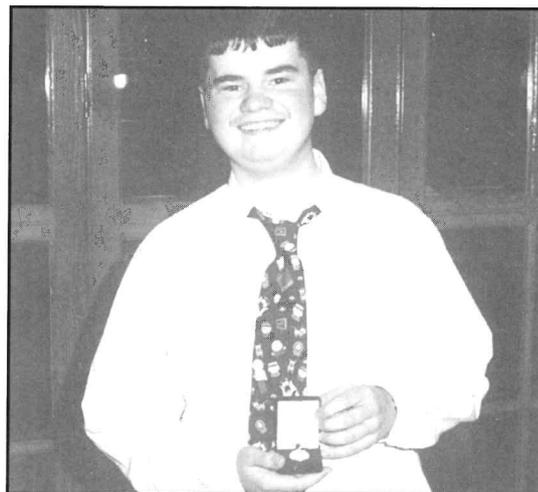
Chris Dyer - (Holy Child P.S.)



G.C.S.E. Information Systems

(The Staff Memorial Medal)

Eamon Donnelly - (St. John the Baptist P.S.)



**G.C.S.E.
Physical
Education**

Niall McDonnell - (St. John the Baptist P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Religion (The Kevin Dunne Memorial Medal)

This medal is dedicated to the memory of a pupil who died tragically in 1988 during his Year Eleven in St. Mary's.

Chris Flynn - (St. Kevin's P.S.)

Father Sean O'Neill Memorial Cup

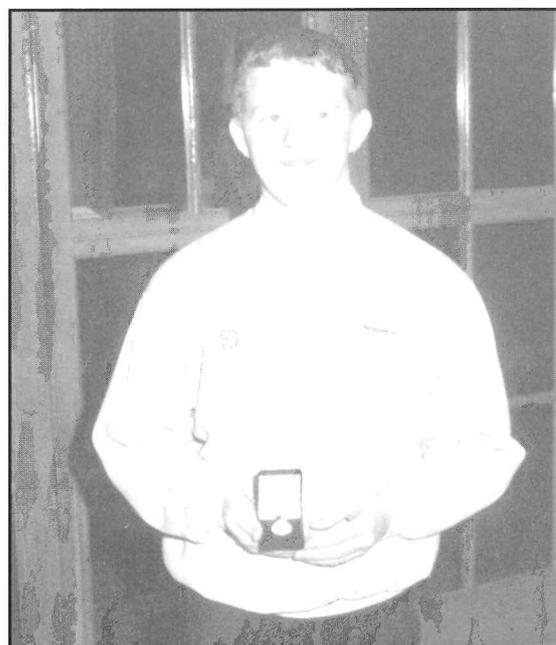
Presented by the Mervyn Family of Tornaroy whose son Thomas earned the highest marks in Religion in the inaugural year of the G.C.S.E. examinations.

Chris Flynn - (St. Kevin's P.S.)



G.C.S.E. Single Award Science

Robert Boyle - (S. Aidan's P.S.)



G.C.S.E. Double Award Science

Ciaran Doherty - (St. Gall's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Triple Award Science (D.J. MacRandal Medal)

Donated by the School Architect, a past pupil of St. Mary's.

Paul Hughes - (St. Teresa's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Spanish

Mark McGoldrick - (St. John the Baptist P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Technology & The Ford Perpetual Trophy

Kevin Holmes - (St. Kevin's P.S.)

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Ciaran Lagan | - (Holy Child P.S.) |
| Colm Mc Conville | - (St. John the Baptist P.S.) |
| Stephen Mc Garry | - (St. John the Baptist P.S.) |
| Padraig Mullan | - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste P.S.) |
| James Sloan | - (St. Kevin's P.S.) |
| Kevin Mc Donald | - (St. Peter's P.S.) |
| James Agnew | - (Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.) |
| Kevin Cassidy | - (Holy Child P.S.) |

The C.B.P.P.U. Gold Medal is awarded to the best
GCSE student 2000

Paul Hughes (St. Teresa's P.S.)



Mr. Burke presents the Gold Medal to Paul Hughes

We wish God's blessing on and every success to our 2000 'A' Level and G.N.V.Q. Students

'A' Level Year Group - School Year 1999/2000

ANDERSON Gareth
ARMOUR Gerard
AULD Christopher
BAGGLEY Barry
BARR Ciaran
BIRCH James
BOYD Christopher
BOYLE David
BRENNAN Paul
BUNTING Stephen
BURNS Declan
CARSON Sean
COLLIGAN Peter
CONNOLLY Joseph
CRAWFORD Paul
CRUDDEN Philip
CUMMINS Michael
CUNNINGHAM Norman
CURRAN Henry
CURRAN James
CURRAN Paul
DALY Brian
DALY Stephen
DAVEY Michael
DEVINE Christopher
DONAGHY Laurence
DONNELLY Aidan
ELLIMAN Sean
ELLIOTT Kevin
FERGUSON David
FERGUSON Kieran
FLANNAGAN Paul
GAMBLE Kevin
GANNON Kevin
GIBSON Paul
GORMAN Ciaran
GOUGH Aodh
GOUGH Francis
GREEN Sean
GRIEVE Kevin
GRIMLEY Francis
HARTIGAN John Joe
HEANEY Gerard

HEGNEY Michael
HODGKINSON Francis
IRVINE Paul
KANE Gary
KAVANAGH Sean
KEARNEY Sean
KEENAN Conan
KELLY Sean
KELLY Thomas
KENNEDY Bernard
KENNEDY Mark
KERR Barry
KING Paul
LINDSAY Martin
LOWE Barry
MAGUIRE Darren
MARSHALL Michael
Mc ALISTER Ronan
Mc ATEER Kieran
Mc AULEY Joseph
Mc CABE Peter
Mc CABE Ryan
Mc CAFFREY Damien
Mc CAHEY Mark
Mc CLEAN Conor
Mc CRORY Anthony
Mc CRUDDEN Paul
Mc DERMOTT James
Mc DONALD Paul
Mc GARRITY Mark
Mc GEOWN Christopher
Mc GETTIGAN Stephen
Mc HUGH Ronan
Mc KAY David
Mc KEARNEY Joseph
Mc KENNA Conor
Mc KENNA Gareth
Mc KIERNAN Michael
Mc LAUGHLIN John
Mc MAHON Conor
Mc MAHON Gary
Mc MAHON Martin
Mc MANUS Eamon

Mc NEILL Jonathan
Mc QUILLAN Gavin
Mc QUILLAN James
MONAGHAN Noel
MULVENNA Patrick
MURPHY Brendan
MURRAY Connor
MURRAY Paul
O'HARA Stephen
O'HARE Darren
O'HARE John
O'NEILL Donal
O'NEILL Francis
O'NEILL Seamus
O'REILLY Liam
O'REILLY Philip
PERRY Alexander
QUINN Brendan
QUINN Brendan
RAINEY Alan
RAMSEY John
RICE Patrick
SHEPPARD Liam
SHORTT Ciaran
SHORTT Jonathan
STITT Kevin
SWEENEY John
THOMPSON Seamus
TOAL Kevin
TOHILL Conor
TOLAND Conall
TONER Eamonn
TOWNSEND Patrick
TURNER Sean
WATSON Dominic
WHITE Patrick
WILLIAMSON Kevin

“Trócaire is one of
the things that
makes me proud to
be Irish.

Trócaire is a Church
organisation which
both feeds the poor
and asks the difficult
question,
'Why are they poor?'

This takes courage
and Trócaire has
always had that
courage.'

Fr. Niall O'Brien



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Academic Awards at 'A' LEVEL

'A' LEVEL BIOLOGY

(The McClure Medal)

John O'Hare - (St. Anne's P.S. - enhancing his 'A' level grades)

'A' LEVEL CHEMISTRY

(The Northern Bank Medal)

David Boyle - (St. Peter's P.S. - now studying Medicine at Q.U.B.)

'A' LEVEL COMPUTING

(The Kevin Jennings Medal)

Sponsored by St. Mary's Auditors

Paul Murray - (Holy Cross P.S. - now studying Computer Science at Q.U.B.)

'A' LEVEL ENGLISH LITERATURE

(The Serridge Medal)

Joe McAuley - (Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. - now studying English at Oxford)

'A' LEVEL FRENCH

Joe McAuley - (Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. - now studying English at Oxford)

'A' LEVEL GERMAN

(The Rory O'Prey Medal)

Liam O'Reilly - (St. Teresa's P.S. - now studying at Q.U.B.)

'A' LEVEL GEOGRAPHY

(The Francis Rice Memorial Medal)

Mark McGarrity - (CBS Glen Road - now studying Law at Q.U.B.)

'A' LEVEL GOVERNMENT & POLITICS

(First Trust Bank)

Kevin Elliot - (St. Teresa's P.S. - now studying Politics at Q.U.B.)



Kevin Elliot receives the First Trust Medal as best Politics student.

'A' LEVEL HISTORY

(The Bank of Ireland)

Joe McAuley - (Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. - now studying English at Oxford)

'A' LEVEL IRISH

(Cumann Gaelach Scoil Mhuire)

Kevin Gamble - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste P.S. - now studying Sports & Leisure at U.U.J.)

'A' LEVEL ITALIAN

Kevin Gannon - (St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying Computer Science at Q.U.B.)



Professor Gardner presents Kevin with his award.

'A' LEVEL MATHEMATICS

(The Rev. Bro. McGreevy Medal)

The name of Brother McGreevy was synonymous with the teaching of Mathematics in St. Mary's in the '50's

David Boyle - (St. Peter's P.S. - now studying Medicine at Q.U.B.)

'A' LEVEL PHYSICAL EDUCATION

(The Glen O'Hare Memorial Medal)

Barry Kerr - (St. Patrick's High School - now studying Sports & Leisure at U.U.J.)

Gareth McKenna - (St. Teresa's P.S. - Year out)

'A' LEVEL PHYSICS

David Boyle - (St. Peter's P.S. - now studying Medicine at Q.U.B.)

'A' LEVEL PSYCHOLOGY

Stephen Daly - (St. John the Baptist P.S. - year out)

'A' LEVEL RELIGION

(The Brother Mallon Medal)

Named after a distinguished former teacher and donated by an ex-pupil John Larkin, B.L., former Reid Professor of Criminology at Trinity College, Dublin

Anthony McCrory - (St. Mark's P.S. - now studying Politics at Q.U.B.)

G.N.V.Q.

(St. Mary's/B.I.F.H.E. Partnership Award)

Winner of The McGarrity Honda Award

Martin Lindsay - (CBS Glen Road - now studying at B.I.F.H.E.)

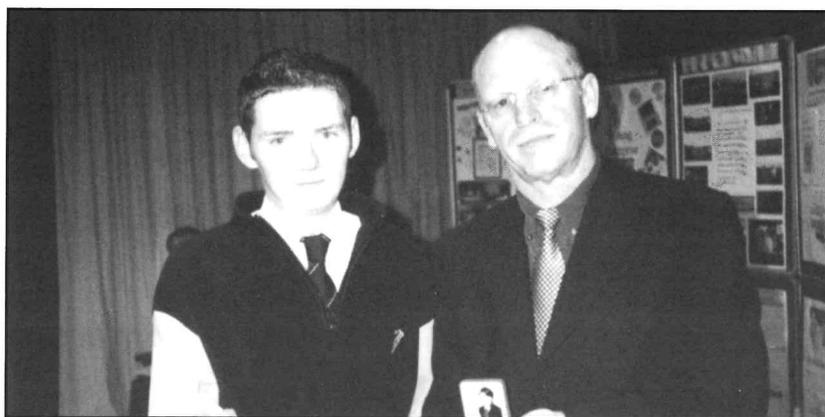
THE BROTHER MONAGHAN CUP

Presented to the outstanding pupil who entered Senior
School from our associated Secondary Schools

Mark McGarrity - (CBS Glen Road - now studying Law at Q.U.B.)

Bonn Sheamais Mhic Eachaidh

Dónall O'Neill - (St. Teresa's Primary School - now studying Irish at U.U.J.)



Dónall O'Neill receives his award for his contribution to Irish cultural life.

Outstanding performance at 'A' level

Laurence Donaghy

- (St. Paul's P.S. - studying English at QUB)

John Joe Hartigan

- (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - studying Dentistry at QUB)

Paul King

- (St. Teresa's P.S. - studying Pharmacy at QUB)

Conall Toland

- (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - enhancing 'A' Level grades)

Eamonn Toner

- (Holy Child P.S. - enhancing 'A' Level grades)

Attendance Awards

Peter Colligan

- (St. Teresas P.S. - enhancing his 'A' level grades)

Norman Cunningham

- (Holy Trinity P.S. - now studying Psychology at U.U.C.)

Sean Kelly

- (St. Peter's P.S. - now studying Anatomy at Q.U.B.)

Paul King

- (St. Teresa's P.S. - now studying Pharmacy at Q.U.B.)

Ancillary Staff Medal

(Presented for outstanding achievement on behalf of all non-teaching staff)

Michael is one of the four students to achieve three Grade 'A's at A level

Michael Marshall- (Holy Child P.S. - now studying Business IT at Q.U.B.)



Michael receives his medal from Governor Mark Barr of St. Mary's College.

G.A.A. Achievements 2000

Gerry Magennis Memorial Award

(Footballer of the Year 2000)

Darren O'Hare - (Holy Child P.S. - now studying Business at B.I.F.H.E.)

Forresters' Medal

(Hurler of the Year 2000)

Brendan Quinn - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - now studying Biochemistry at Q.U.B.)

John Joe Hartigan - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - now studying Dentistry at Q.U.B.)

Bank of Ireland All Stars Hurling Awards

Kevin Grieve - (LaSalle Secondary - now studying Sports & Leisure at U.U.J.)

Brendan Herron - (St. John the Baptist P.S. - currently in year 14 studying 'A' Levels)

Conall Kelly - (St. Peter's P.S. - now in Year 14 studying for 'A' levels)

Gary McCullough - (St. Gall's P.S. - employment)

Brendan Quinn - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - now studying Biochemistry at Q.U.B.)

Mageean Cup Captain 2000

Brendan Quinn - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - now studying Biochemistry at Q.U.B.)

Edmund Rice

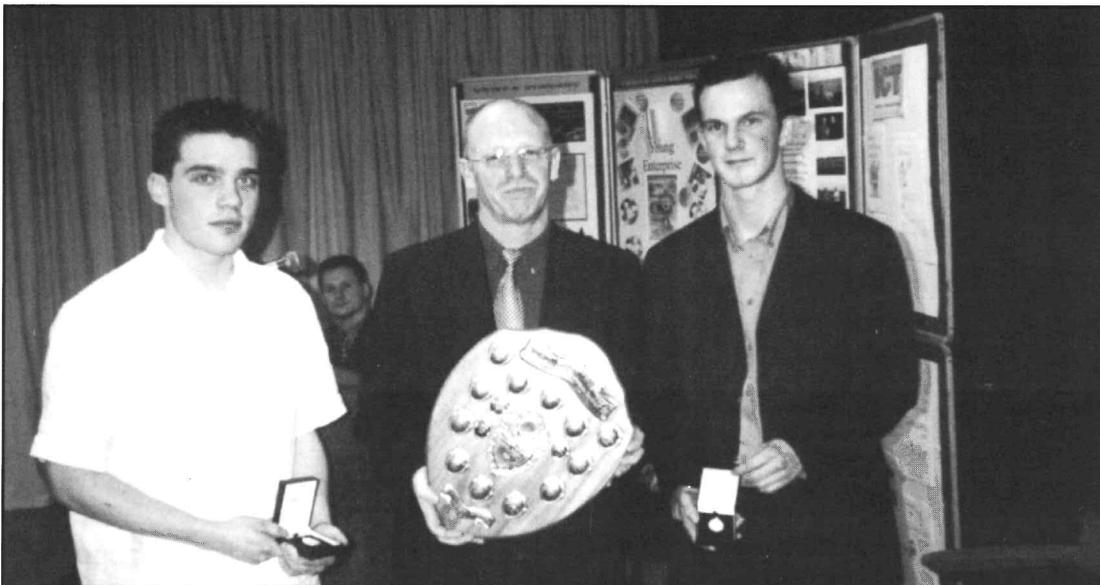
Gold Medal & Perpetual Trophy

(Best 'A' Level Students 2000)

Awarded to:

Joe McAuley - (Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. - now studying English at Oxford)

David Boyle - (St. Peter's P.S. - now studying Medicine at Q.U.B.)



Joe and David Best 'A' Level students 2000. David is studying Medicine at QUB and Joe is reading English at Oxford.



Barry and Gareth share the 'A' Level PE Award, named this year in memory of their deceased colleague Glenn O'Hare. Chairperson of the Board, Mrs Yvonne McCool, makes the presentation.



The Governors and guests enjoy Professor Gardener's return to St.Mary's.



Staff and Parents enjoy the speeches.



Joe McAuley delivers one of the best valedictory addresses in recent years.



Frances enters the spirit of prizegiving as she and her staff prepare the supper.



An opportunity for an old school reunion



Laurence Donaghy and friends get into the party mood.

A Level Theatre Studies



(L-R) P.J. Townsend, Michael Hegney, Dominic Watson, and Sean Green.

This 'A' Level Theatre Studies Group represented Belfast in the Millennium Drama Festival in Leeds last November.

The play, written by the students and Head of the Drama Department, Mrs. McQuillan, was an emotional satire on war. It was chosen from hundreds of entries at the Belfast Festival to represent the City in the West Yorkshire Playhouse, Leeds.

Photograph Courtesy of Belfast Telegraph

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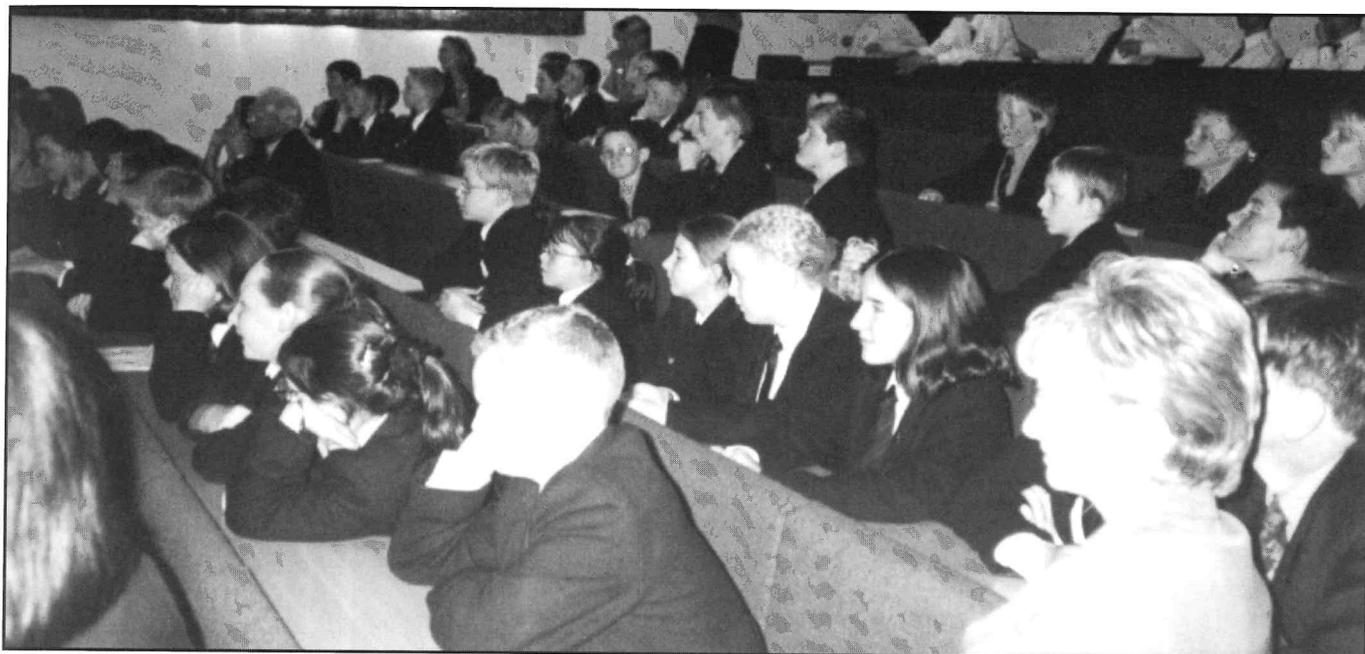
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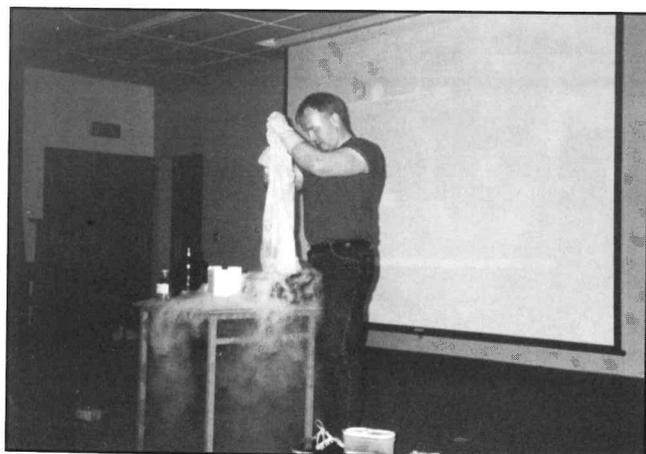
Reach for the Stars

On May 30th 2000 the science department hosted a lecture and video link-up with Mt. Wilson Observatory, California for Year 8 pupils from four Belfast Grammar schools. The schools attending were Belfast Royal Academy, Wellington College, Hunterhouse College and St. Mary's.

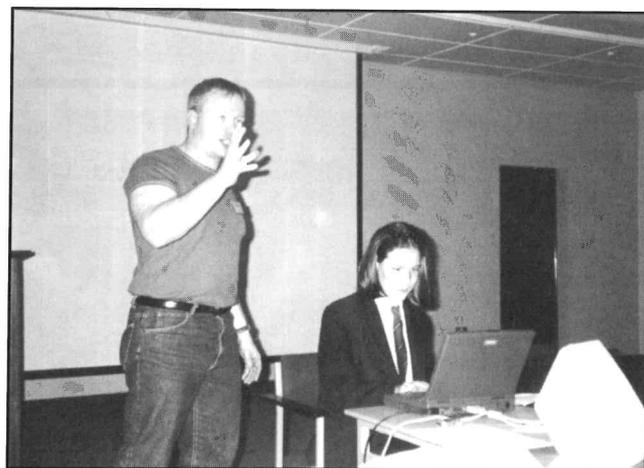


Lecture

Prof M. Bailey, Armagh Observatory gave an excellent lecture on Near-Earth Objects (NEOs). These are described as any astronomically "small" body capable of passing close to Earth. The size of NEOs can range from tens of metres to tens of kilometres. NEOs is one of the most developing branches of astronomy.



Dr. P. Roche making the 'explosive' comet.



A visiting pupil operates the telescope via the laptop computer.

Link-up with Mount Wilson Observatory, California

Dr. P Roche and pupils from each school were able to control the telescope from a laptop computer via a telephone link (modem) to California, U.S.A. Images of stars and galaxies were down-loaded and viewed by the audience on a large screen. Dr. Roche also took the audience on a magical tour of the universe and finished off with a dramatic demonstration of the creation of a comet nucleus using dry ice, coca-cola, ammonia, charcoal and sand.

Dr. P. Roche is the Educational manager of the National Space Centre, Leicester. The Telescopes in Education (TIE) Project brings the opportunity to use a remotely controlled telescope and charge coupled device (CCD) camera in a real time, hands-on, interactive environment to students all around the world.

Thanks should go to all those involved including teachers, pupils and technical staff.



The audience focus on every detail.

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Biology Field Trip to Colin Glen. .

Last April our class, 12A, led by Mrs. Tohill, set off to Colin Glen Forest Park on an expedition to study the ecology systems present in the Park. It was a fine spring morning and the expectations of our group were as high as the sun in the sky! The chance to get off school and the pressures of G.C.S.E. work was probably the reasoning behind this.



Mrs Tohill drops the Bus Keys.

Officer for the Glen and was well informed for his duty. He briefly outlined the plans for the day ahead and before long we were off walking. While we walked Mr Mc Cann spoke to us about the different species living in the Park and how they are affected by different factors such as climate change and food availability. He also highlighted the recurring pol-



Stephen Walls is clearly upset to learn about the weakest link in the Food Chain.

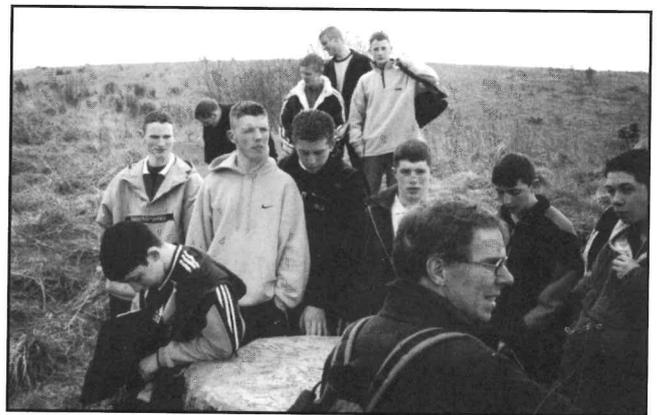
lution and vandalism problem that the Park faces from local youths and how he and his fellow workers try to stop and control the problem.

We learnt a great deal during our visit were made more aware of Colin Glen and how we may help in its conservation. All in all everyone had a great, if tiring day which I would recommend to anyone interested or not in the Park.

Canice Ward 13H

Colin Glen is situated on the outskirts of Belfast and Lisburn. It has been an area of beauty for hundreds of years and more recently has been given government backing to enhance and preserve the beauty - *'...the Park demonstrates a unique historical and contemporary relationship between human activity and the natural world, being native woodland in an area of high population density'*.

We arrived at about 9.30 and we met our guide for the day, Dermot Mc Cann. He is the Educational



The Students listen keenly to Mr McCann's talk on Habitats.



Ward ponders the meaning of Life.

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Jim Brennan
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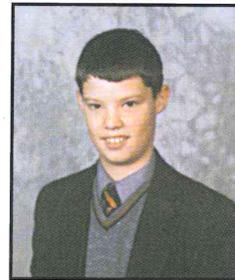
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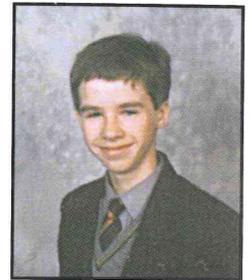
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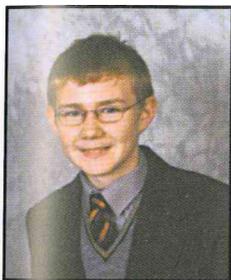
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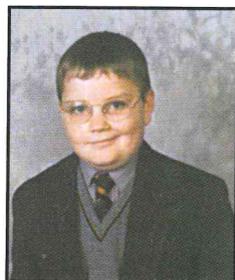
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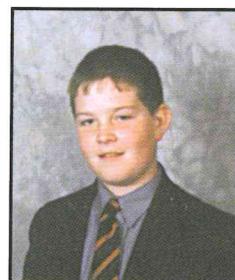
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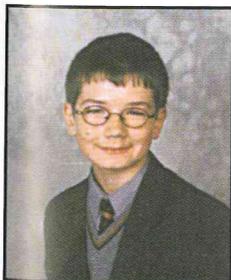
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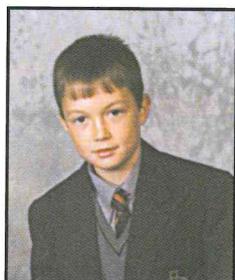
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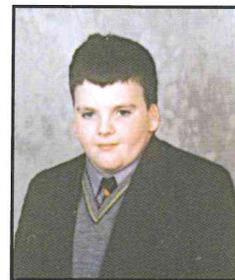
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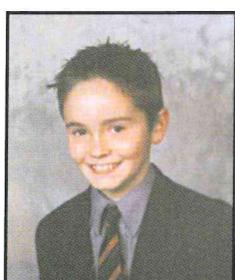
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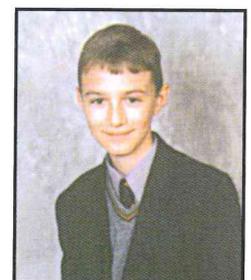
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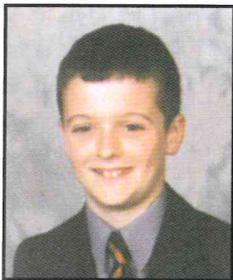
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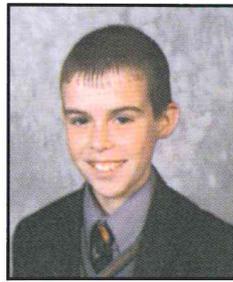
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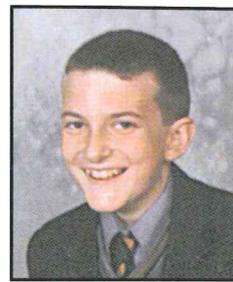
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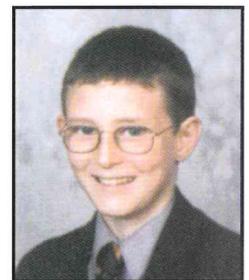
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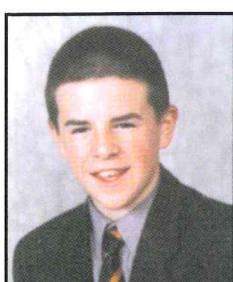
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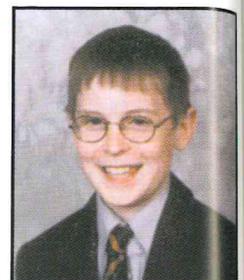
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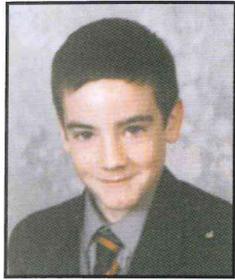
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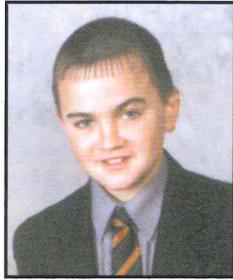
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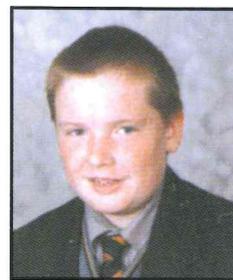
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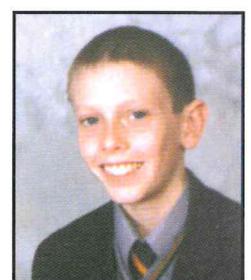
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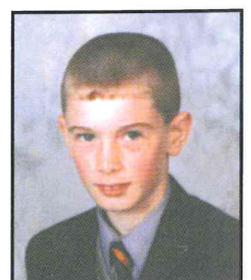
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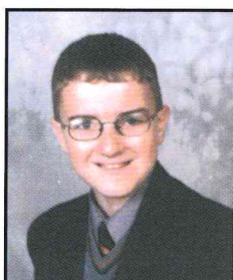
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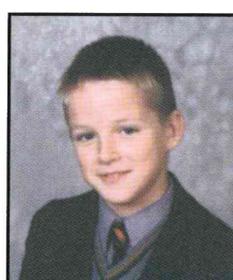
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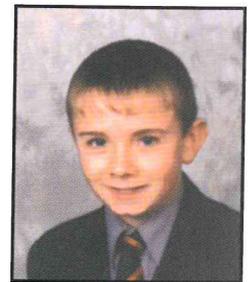
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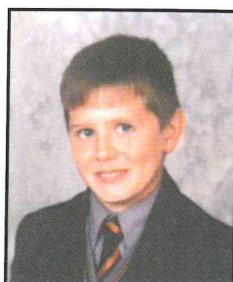
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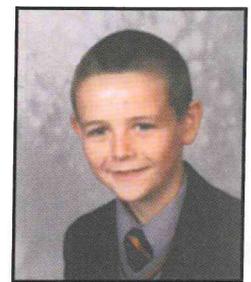
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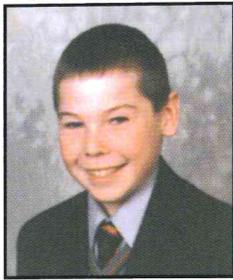


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Seosamh Malocco
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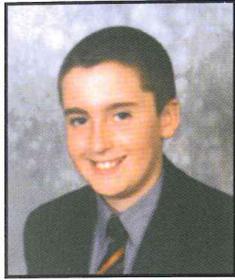
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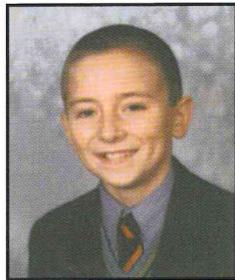
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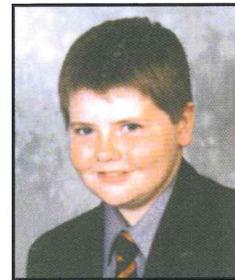
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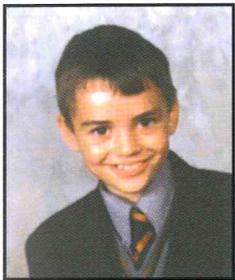
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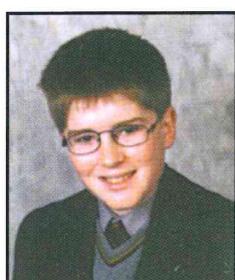
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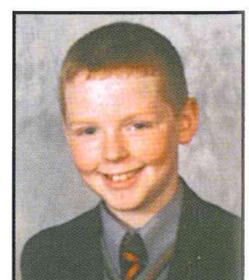
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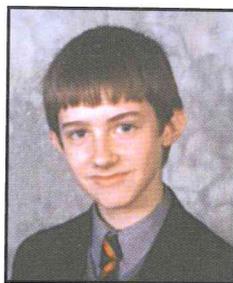
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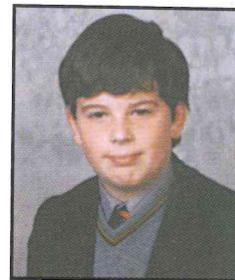
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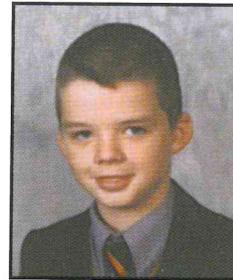
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St Anne's P.S.



Ciaran Hall
Holy Trinity P.S.



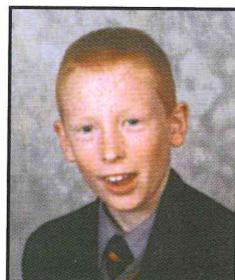
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Andrew Irvine
Good Shepherd P.S.



Anthony McVeigh
St Joseph's P.S.



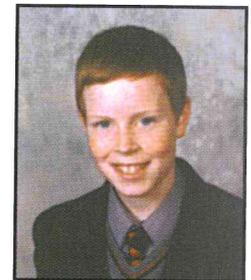
Christopher Moran
St. Colman's P.S.



Aodan Newell
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David O'Neill
St Aloysius P.S.



Martin O'Prey
St Anne's P.S.



John Quinn
St Oliver Plunkett P.S.



Mark Sloan
St Anne's P.S.

Form Tutor:
Mrs A. Thompson

2000 - 2001

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YEAR 14A



Damien Campbell
St Peter's P.S.



Barry Conlon
St Anne's P.S.



Tony Cushnahan
St John the Baptist P.S.



Peter Dick
St John the Baptist P.S.



Joseph Gallagher
St John the Baptist P.S.



Conor Kerr
St Anne's P.S.



Peter Maddin
St. Teresa's P.S.



Francis McArdle
St Kieran's P.S.



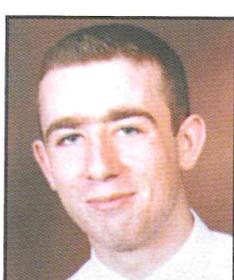
Tony McCabe
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Gerard McCartan
St. Gall's P.S.



Ronan McGinlay
St John the Baptist P.S.



Conor McKiernan
Oliver Plunkett P.S.



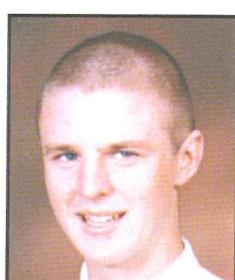
Thomas Mullan
St. Gall's P.S.



Gerard O'Hanlon
St Peter's P.S.



Ciaran O'Neil
St. Gall's P.S.



Neil Reynolds
Holy Child P.S.



Eamon Grieve
Holy Child P.S.

Form Tutor:
Mr. D Campfield

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Barry Auld
St. Mary's P.S.



Malachy Costello
Holy Child P.S.



Conaire Creaney
Ballymacrickett P.S.



David Doyle
St Oliver Plunkett P.S.

YEAR 14B
Continued



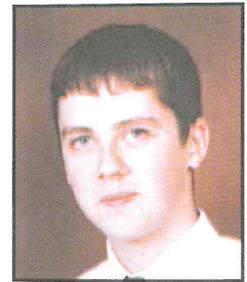
Joe French
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Brendan Green
Holy Child P.S.



Ciaran Lenaghan
St Joseph's P.S.



Paul Maguire
St John the Baptist P.S.



Gerard McArdle
St Peter's P.S.



Chris McCormick
St. Teresa's P.S.



Louis McVeigh
St. Aidan's P.S.



Christopher Morren
St John the Baptist P.S.



Piaras Murray
Bunscoil



Gerard Quinn



Edward Smyth
St. Teresa's P.S.



Gerald Hayes
St Malachy's P.S.

Form Tutor:
Mr. D. Tohill

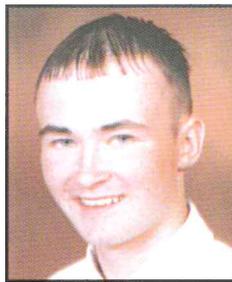
2000 - 2001

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Brothers
Grammar
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YEAR 14C



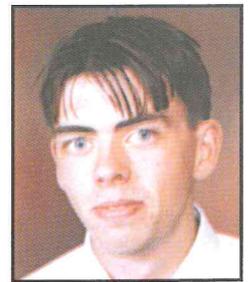
Patrick Adams
St John the Baptist P.S.



Connor Bannon
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.



Michael Byrne
Good Shepherd P.S.



Cormac Donnelly
St John the Baptist P.S.



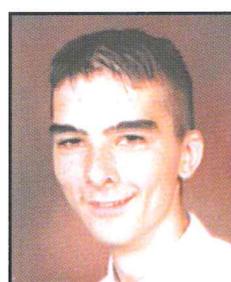
Gerard Duffy
St John the Baptist P.S.



Gerard Farrell
St. Teresa's P.S.



Paul George
Holy Cross P.S.



Darren Lawlor
St. Teresa's P.S.



Kevin Mallon
St Peter's P.S.

YEAR 14C
Continued



David McAllister
St Annes



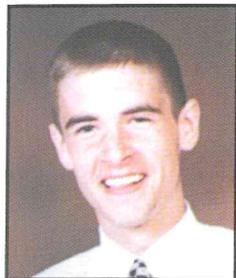
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Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Thomas McCullough
Holy Child P.S.



Eamon McErlane
St Kieran's P.S.



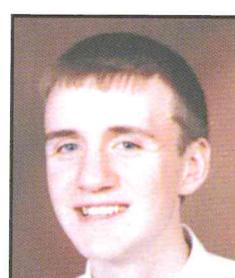
Declan McGarrigle
St. Teresa's P.S.



Laurence Rooney
Holy Child P.S.



Damien Walker
St Aiden's P.S.



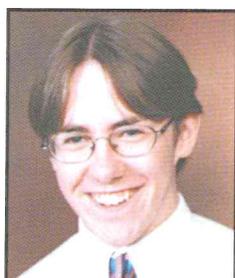
Hugh Mullan
St. Gall's P.S.



Noel McNally
Holy Child P.S.

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Connor Brannigan
Good Shepherd P.S.



Damien Burns
Good Shepherd P.S.



Peter Barronwell
St. Mary's P.S.



Ronan Carberry
Holy Child P.S.

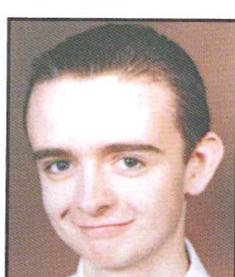
YEAR 14D



John Carmichael
St John the Baptist P.S.



Paul Feeny
St John the Baptist P.S.



Conor McIntyre
St John the Baptist P.S.



Antoni Forte
St Joseph's P.S.



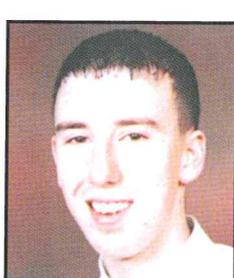
Martin Gillen
St. Teresa's P.S.



Darren Hamilton
St. Teresa's P.S.



Caolan Laverty
St John the Baptist P.S.



Michael McParland
St Anne's P.S.

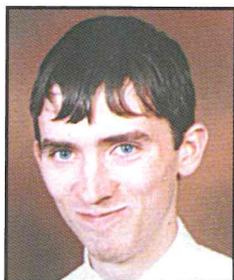


Brendan McVeigh
St Colm's, Twinbrook



James Montgomery
St Kieran's P.S.

YEAR 14D
Continued



David O'Reilly
St. Teresa's P.S.



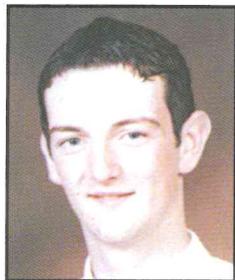
Malachy McCann
St Luke's P.S.

Form Tutor:
Mr. M. McGrath

2000 - 2001

St Mary's
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Grammar
School

YEAR 14E



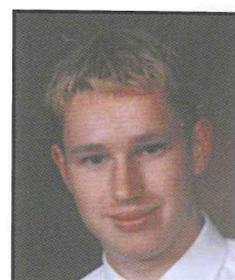
Paul Barr
St John the Baptist P.S.



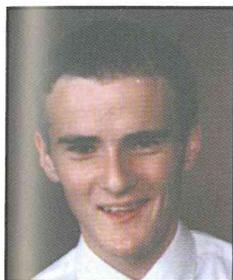
Ciaran Cahill
St Oliver Plunkett P.S.



Dermot Campfield
St John the Baptist P.S.



Francis Carey
St Aiden's P.S.



John D'Arcy
St Brides P.S.



Eamon Dickson
St John the Baptist P.S.



Pierce Gormley
St. Gall's P.S.



Timothy Johnston
St. Gall's P.S.



Conor Kerr
St. Gall's P.S.



Padraig MacFarlane
St Malachy's



Joseph McAuley
St Kieran's P.S.



Michael McGuigan
St. Colman's P.S.



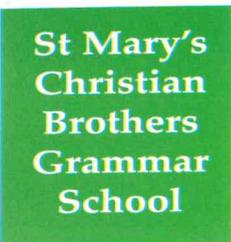
Thomas McKernan
C.B.S. Glen Road.



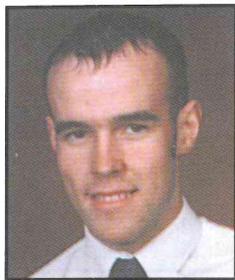
Stephen O'Hagan
St. Teresa's P.S.

Form Tutor:
Mrs D-M Tohill

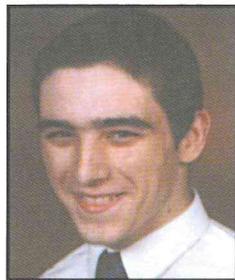
2000 - 2001



YEAR 14F



Darren Black
St. Gall's P.S.



Mark Buchanan
St John the Baptist P.S.



Christopher Campbell
St John the Baptist P.S.



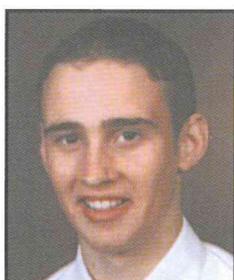
Thomas Champion
St Paul's P.S.



Colm Conlon
Good Shepherd P.S.



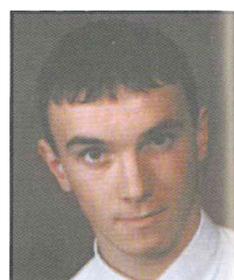
Stephen Connolly
St Aiden's P.S.



Ronán Garland
C.B.S.



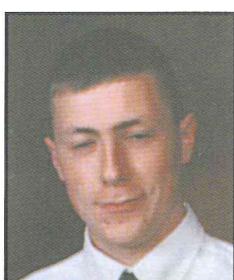
Sean Grego
St Peter's P.S.



Cathal Kelly
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Gerard McClory
St Peter's P.S.



Cahal McEvoy
St Oliver Plunkett P.S.



Christopher McHenry
St. Teresa's P.S.



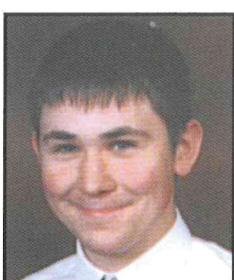
David McLaughlin
St Kevin's P.S.



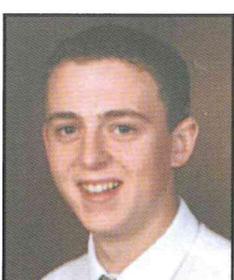
Christopher Scott
St Patricks High School



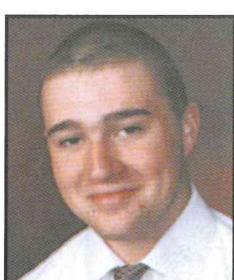
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St John the Baptist P.S.



Peter Toal
St John the Baptist P.S.



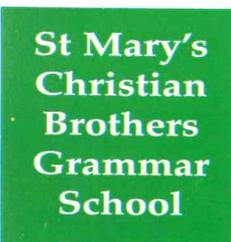
Gavin Lynch
Ballymacward P.S.



Damien Moore
St John the Baptist P.S.

Form Tutor:
Dr. A. Donaldson

2000 - 2001



YEAR 14G



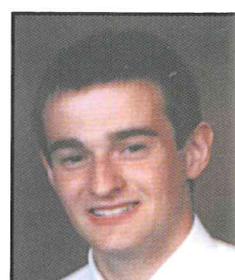
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C.B.S. Glen Road.



Michael Cassidy
St. Teresa's P.S.

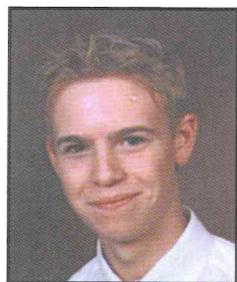


Gary Dorman
Holy Cross P.S.

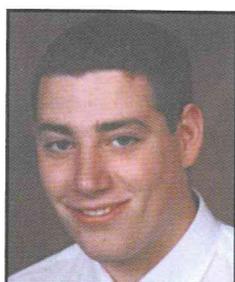


Paul Farrell
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste

YEAR 14G
Continued



Patrick Hall
C.B.S. Glen Road.



Owen Hughes
St. Teresa's P.S.



Séamus Lavery
St. Teresa's P.S.



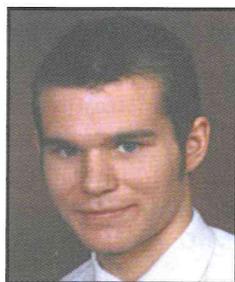
Brendán Mac Artáin
St. Gall's P.S.



Pearse McCurdy
St Kevin's P.S.



Declan McLarnon
Holy Child P.S.



Thomas McNeill
Good Shepherd P.S.



Kevin McStravick
St Aiden's P.S.



Paul Murtagh
Holy Trinity P.S.



Stephen Rice
St Anne's P.S.

Form Tutor:
Mr T. Hegarty

2000 - 2001

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YEAR 14H



Peter Colligan
St. Teresa's P.S.



Barry Crookes
Pym Street P.S.



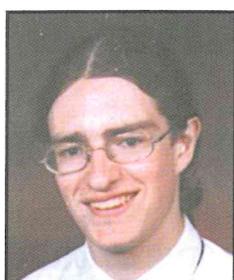
Francis Drain
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Chris Duffy
Holy Child P.S.



Stephen Garland
St. Gall's P.S.



Gaven Kerr
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Daniel McGreevy
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Eoin McIlwee
Holy Child P.S.



Robert McKnight
St Paul's P.S.

YEAR 14H
Continued



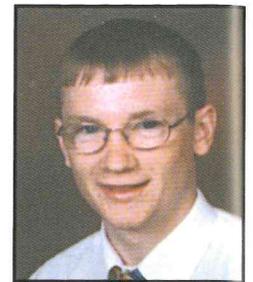
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Ciaran Morris
Holy Child P.S.



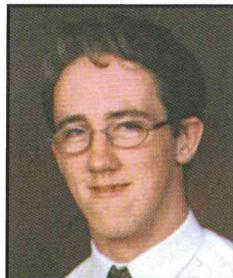
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Colm Scott
Holy Child P.S.



Chris O'Kane
Rathmore Grammar Sc.

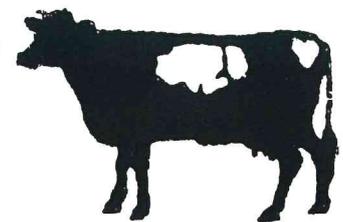


Paul McKay
St Kevin's P.S.

Form Tutor:
Mr D. Breen

V. MCAULFIELD BUTCHERS

**PRIME BEEF : LAMB
PORK : POULTRY**



**790 Springfield Road,
Belfast BT12**

TELEPHONE: (028) 9024 3719

Literary Section

Editor's Foreword

I would like to extend my thanks to all the students who submitted stories and poems for this year's Simmarian Literary Section. The contributions were extremely impressive but unfortunately not all of them can be included. If your work does not feature don't be afraid to try again next year!

A special word of congratulations to the prize winners in this year's short story competition. A selection of their excellent work is featured in the pages that follow. The competition was devised by the English Department to provide a structure within which pupils could explore and develop their creative writing potential. Mr G Quigg organised the event and was ably assisted by a very enthusiastic panel of Sixth Form judges.

Finally I would like to thank Miss Maria Morris for her kind assistance in producing our 2001 Literary Section.

Mrs M Jennings
Literary Editor

Winners of Creative Writing Competition 2001 accompanied by Sixth Year Committee

(L to R) Ciaran Bradley (12H) Jim Connolly (9C)
Chris McIlhennon (10G)
Brendan Connor (8C) Michael O'Neill (11F)
Ciaran Carlin (11E)

Committee Members
(L to R) Gerard McDonald Chris Barnes
Kevin McClean



Exploring

I would like to go explore,
To see the world if not more.

To the top of Everest I will go,
To look upon the world below.

I will sail in all the seven seas,
And to the Kingdom will find the keys.

I will go to travel - wind, rain or shine,
To go visit Our Lord's holy shrine.

To go and study various topics
In Africa, Asia or the Tropics.

Go exploring that's what I'll do,
Anyone can do it - me or you.

An explorer is what I'd like to be,
Can I do it? Just wait and see.

Paul Brennan 10D



I'M NOT MARTIN

The first thing I noticed about the hospital was the sick green walls. Such a dull colour. Almost grey. The colour sky of the sky on a raw stormy day.

Someone had draped orange and black streamers from the ceiling because it was Halloween. And some of the doors had Jacko lanterns taped to them.

But the decorations didn't help. Even if you were feeling cheerful the colour of the walls would change your mind. I sure wasn't feeling cheerful walking down the corridor to my hospital room.

'Nothing to worry about Jim', said my mum softly as she stared straight ahead. Her shoes clicked on the hard floor.

'Having your tonsils out is no big deal', she said, even though she had already said this about one hundred times. 'You'll have a sore throat for a few days and then you'll be fine'.

'But why do I have to get them out?' I whined, 'I have grown attached to them.' Mum and dad laughed and carried on down the corridor.

A few seconds later we reached the room. I stared at my roommate. He was short, had brown hair and his name was Martin Charles. He sat on his bed and glared at two white uniformed nurses.

'I'm not Martin,' he screamed.

One of the nurses had a needle in her hand and the other nurse was struggling with the sleeve of his puke green hospital gown.

'Martin please,' she pleaded

'I'm not Martin,' he shouted again

'We just need a blood sample Martin.'

'I'm not Martin!' he shouted again

My parents had already left to take my little brother trick or treating and the nurses had left with them. As I lay on the bed I called the nurse and asked her, 'What's that guy's problem?'

'He has to get his leg amputated tomorrow,' she whispered. Shortly after the nurse had left Martin stood up and asked me if I was a sound sleeper and I told him I was. He jumped on his bed and closed the curtain. I drifted off into a deep sleep.

I had a lot of weird dreams. In one dream my dog was bigger and carried me around in his teeth. In my most vivid dream I was in the hospital I saw a boy at the foot of my bed. He had two clipboards in his hand. I could only read one. It said 'Martin Charles'. The boy hung that chart on my bed and walked away. When I woke up two men in white coats were wheeling me away on a cart.

'Oh you're awake, Martin', one said

'What! I'm not Martin.'

'They warned us you would say that. They said you've been lying about your name since you came in. They told us just to ignore you.'

'But I'm not Martin!' I screamed at the top of my lungs.

They pushed the cart down into the elevator. Martin poked his head out of our room and said 'See ya ! Hope you enjoy having one leg'. He waved with a big grin on his face. Then the elevator shut behind me.

Jim Connolly 9C

The Night of the Werewolf

It was a tempestuous stormy night. The rain was lashing down out of the heavens and the thunder and lightning would have made your blood run cold. The flashes were blinding and the thunder was trembling the earth below as if there was a volcano erupting. Driving home from work to her quiet village up in the mountain was Mrs. Black, head teacher of a local primary school.

As she was driving through the storm she was unaware of what was about to happen to her. She turned down a small country road. There jumped out from the hedges a hideous beast. She swerved to miss it and collided into a tree.

This creature was eight foot tall; it had arms and legs the size of branches. The muscles on its cadaver were immense. It had tattered grey hair all over its body and a scrunched up tail hanging from its rear end. The ears on this thing were huge and pointed. Its fangs were as sharp as razor blades with drooling slobber dripping down. Also its beady eyes were bright glowing red. If you or any one else saw this it would stun you on the spot.

Mrs. Black shook herself awake then suddenly the beast leapt onto the hood of the car. She let out a scream so loud it could wake the dead. The thing tore its arm through the wind-screen and grabbed her neck and pulled her through the glass. It tossed her to the ground. She tried to get away but the animal jumped in front of her. With one finger the being picked her up and started eating her. She screamed and cried with the pain but that didn't stop this monster. Oh no it just kept on tearing into her. The blood poured out by the drop by drop, and with one fatal howl her head dropped downwards and there was no more struggling or shrieking from her.

The thing let out a howl and took the body into a field and ripped through the flesh. The animal

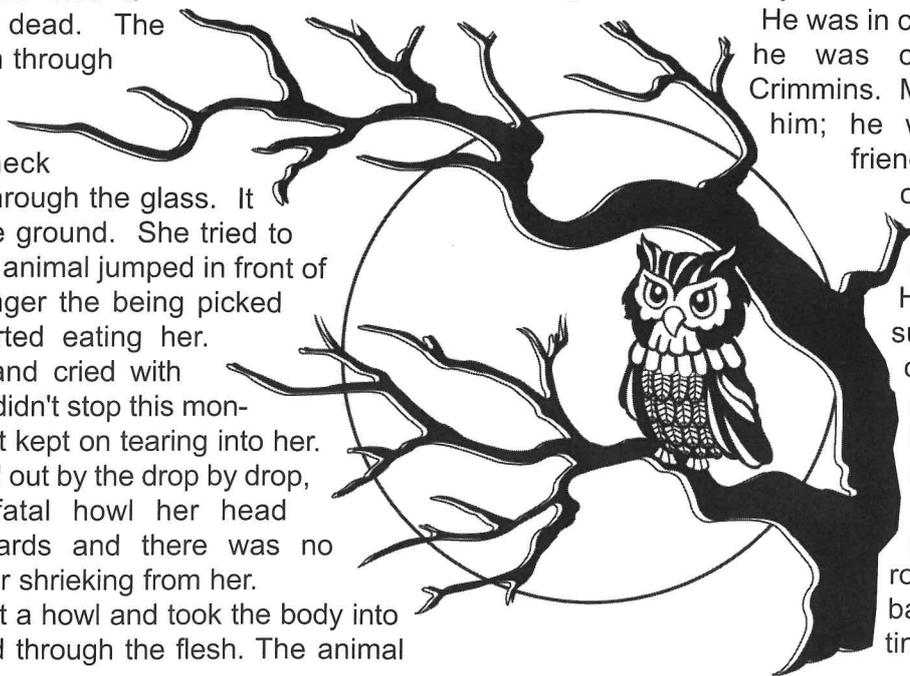
clawed out one of the victim's eyes from the socket, the blood dripping onto the grass as it devoured it. The beast cracked open the skull with its fist, then started feeding off the insides. In only a matter of minutes the creature finished with the remains. It threw the carcass up into the air like it was weightless and the body fell beside the hedge. After the savage attack on this innocent being was over, the body lay in the soaking rain, but this was only the beginning of the killings.

Off ran the animal into the night; it headed for the forest beside the reservoir to its lair deep inside the trees.

For two days the carcass lay undiscovered, until a farmer called Mark Mushroom was taking his cows into the field. He got a whiff of a horrible stench near by. He checked around the place in front of him and found the remains of Mrs. Black. Flies were all over it; they were slowly picking away at her. Farmer Mushroom stepped back in disgust. He could hardly look at the sight that lay before him. The body had claw marks over it, the flesh and bone showing and the blood was still seeping out of the back of the skull. Pieces of her brain and other organs were scattered about the place from where she was flung.

The farmer quickly drove back to his house and told his wife about the scene he came across in the field. He got on the phone to the police and told them where the body was. The police were on the scene where the brutal killing occurred in record time. The constable had never seen anything like it in all the years he'd been in the force.

He was in charge of the case; he was called Constable Crimmins. Many people knew him; he was kind to his friends but not to the criminals. He was enormously tall and quite slim. He always wore a suit and tie at work or even to just meet someone. He had a large nose that anyone could recognise and his head was rounded like football. He was getting on in his years



and had little carpet on top of his old head.

He knew Mrs. Black very well from a police programme with children. It was the first he had done with kids but the children of the school made it easy for him to settle in well. The constable was deeply saddened by this horrible tragedy but that didn't stop him from trying to solve this case.

The police examined what was left of the body and took samples of blood and fingerprints. They found the wreckage of the car and took some samples of blood off the windscreen. When they got the results back there were no leads. The only thing that could do something like this was an animal of some sort.

Constable Crimmins tried to keep the case open for as long as he could but with no leads it was soon closed.

The night the case closed the beast struck again, about half a mile away from the first victim. It was a man this time; a computer programmer called Mr. Smith. He was found at the roadside with his car ripped and torn. Mr. Smith did not swerve; the creature stopped his car with its own bare hands. This was discovered because at the front of the vehicle there were two huge handprints impaled into the hood and there was a line of claw marks on the road. Shreds of metal were found stuck into the man's ribs and strips of metal were used to break open his skull.

The police covered up the first killing but they couldn't do this for this victim because the person who found the body give the papers a tip off and got a nice round sum. In a flash the media and news reporters were on the scene. The police tried to hold them back but couldn't. This was a story not to miss. There were cameras everywhere you looked, pictures being taken every second.

That night the full story about each victim was revealed on T.V. It hit ever-front page in the world. The headlines read: "Wild Animal Slays Humans! Mad Beast Kills! Brutal killings By an Unknown Creature!"

The gruesome pictures were shown all over the news. People were physically sick, children had nightmares, and people were sent to hospitals at the sight they saw.

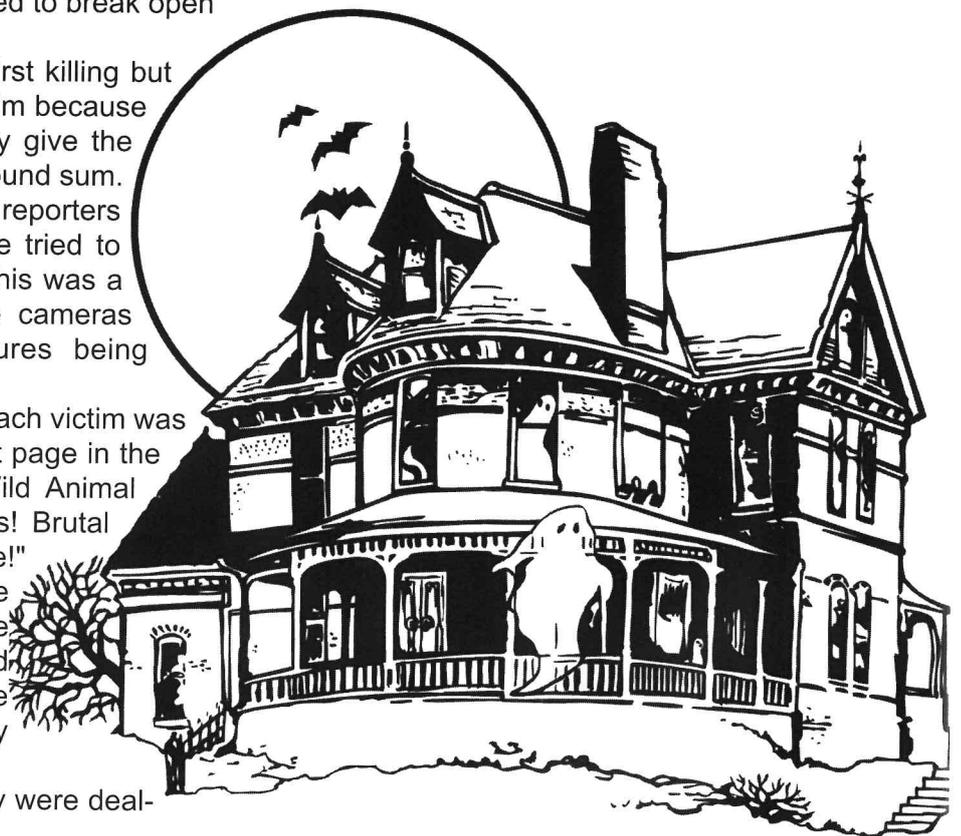
The police didn't now what they were deal-

ing with but then they got a phone call from an anonymous caller. He told them it was a werewolf. They didn't believe what he said, until two more people were killed, each killing more sickening than the one before. The police traced the man and asked him for help but he said it was too late for them all. They have started reproducing. There's no way to stop them," and so he lost hope and shot himself in the head.

The police went hunting for the werewolves but they fought back and came out of hiding. They took over that village and killed everyone who lived there. The werewolves multiplied and multiplied then moved onto towns and cities. Humanity tried to fight back but the werewolves were too strong. Soon the werewolves were crossing the waters and were slowly taking over the world. No one knows how long it took the wolves to take over the world and wipe out the human race.

Centuries Later the werewolves slowly began to evolve into more intelligent beings. It took the werewolves some time to walk and talk properly but they got to that stage. Soon the animals learned to build and invent in a different way to humans. They were the rulers of the earth and made it in their own likeness.

Brendan Connor 8C



THE FIRE

Friday the thirteenth, two thousand is one day that I will never forget. It was a cold October night as I walked home, the cruel gusts of winds cutting into my clothes and the dark grey clouds lurking over me. The days were now becoming shorter as night conquered the skies from six o' clock onwards. I was halfway home when the town clock struck eight. Golden-brown leaves fell to the ground with the red and orange ones following them. The streetlights were doing their best to give out their light but darkness won the fight.

I was in a bad mood that night, the main reason being that the cold was trying to eat me but I tried to prevent that by hiding most of my head inside my coat and by putting my hands into my warm pockets. The other reason why I was in this kind of mood was because my mummy had refused to give me a lift home from my granny's house. I had been in my granny's house that day in order to help her do some of the things that she could not do.

As I walked down Main Street I looked around. There was no one there except for an old man laid out on the footpath ahead of me, a thin blanket covering the mid-section of his body. He wore a monkey hat on his head and grey gloves on his hands. His feet were covered in large amounts of grime and frightened by the sight of him, I crossed the road. I looked up again to see the large grey clouds dominate the sky and then suddenly I smelt a strange smell, almost like burnt toast but one hundred times worse. I lifted my head from inside my coat, noticing that the smell had become even worse. Then I heard a high-pitched scream. Again I looked up, this time to see black clouds but this time they were not clouds, they were blankets of smoke.

I turned left and ran up Albert Avenue to where the source of all three was. Suddenly, I raised my head to find a fire in the

top flat of a huge storey and also a young woman screaming from the top of her voice. I could not make out her appearance but it was clear to me that she was in danger. The fire suddenly expanded and at this point, it took over the flat and the girl. I ran from the huge red-orange blaze and back down the deserted street to a telephone box, from which I called the ambulance and the fire brigade.

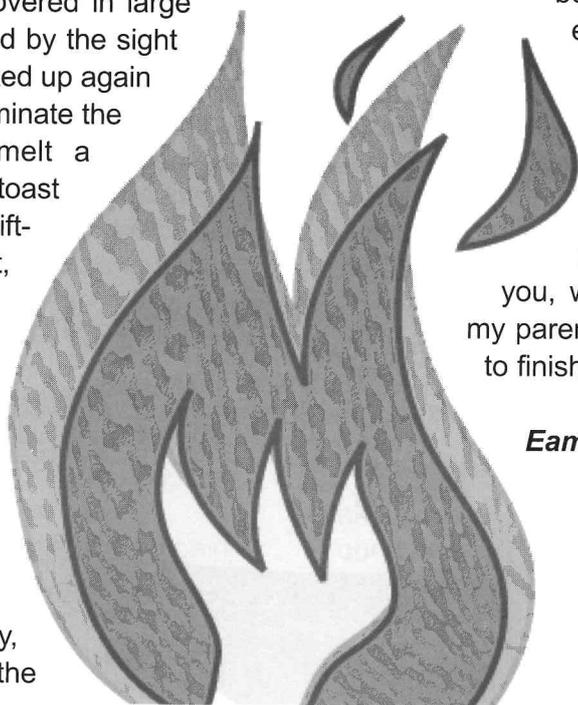
Within five minutes, both arrived and headed straight to the ugly scene. Six fire fighters made their way to the top floor in order to put out the massive blaze and another ran up the stairs to save the girl. From then on, it was all up to them. Suddenly, the Heavens opened up and let out the rain, which had been trying to escape for so long. Twenty minutes into the battle, two of the firemen came back and headed towards the ambulance with a body. I fainted.

I cannot remember when I woke up again but I was still at the scene of the fire. However, one thing (as far as I could remember) was different, the fire had been put out. The head fire fighter told me that a chip pan had started the fire and that the girl was in a bad condition, with large burns on her arms and legs and with a face that would be scarred for life. Julie, (that was the girl's name) before going unconscious whispered to him, "I'm sorry, I didn't do it on purpose, I fell asleep, honestly," and after that, she drifted off into a deep sleep. He also told me that if it had not

been for me, Julie, (who apparently had copper coloured hair, brown eyes and dark red lips) might have lost her life.

Later that night, I was given a lift by the head fire fighter and as soon as I reached my destination, I said thank you, went into the house and told my parents the whole story, from start to finish. I was the Hero of the Hour.

Eamon O'Neill 10F



The Baker-Loo Bug

The story I am about to tell you is very true. In fact, it's so true, that it was kept a secret by the government. I know it's true, because I was there when the whole thing happened.

Back in the eighties, when I had just dropped out of school - eighty-two I think it was. I couldn't wait to get into the real world - no school ever again! I was young and stupid then. Now I wish I had have stuck at it, then I least I wouldn't have ended up in this awful job as a cleaner but no ordinary cleaner. Oh no, that would be far too dull and boring for me. I'm actually a London Underground cleaner. For the past fourteen years, I've cleaned the Baker-loo line-everyday at night time. Of course, it wouldn't just be me, there'd be Joan, Lennie and the two D's, David and Danny.

The job wasn't particularly satisfying, but we did have to go from station to station on the 'Cleaning Tube' (which we had all to ourselves).

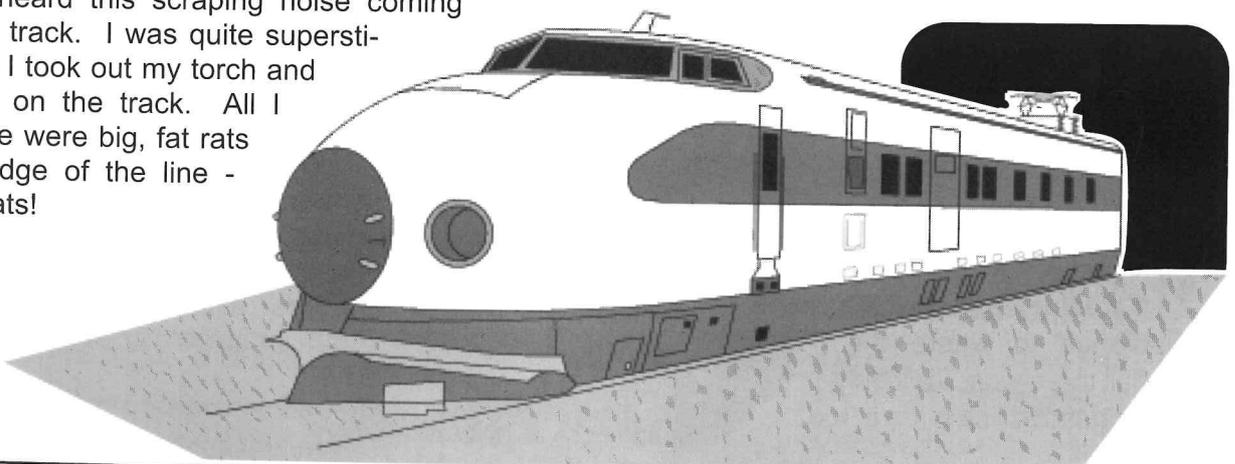
Two years into the job, eighty-four I think it was, a Thursday night, cold, but dry -around 11 pm. I was cleaning the Baker - loo Station. It was large, quite hard work, so I took a five-minute breather. I took out my flask and made a cup of tea. I was sitting calmly on one of the benches when I heard this scraping noise coming from the track. I was quite superstitious, so I took out my torch and shone it on the track. All I could see were big, fat rats at the edge of the line - bloody rats!

Thinking the obvious, I went back to my seat. It was only some filthy little rats. I picked up my cleaning items, and got back to work. Five minutes later, that scraping noise started again, and it echoed along the dark, black tunnel. I stopped cleaning, and put everything down, and turned on my torch, which I shone on the track. There was nothing at first, but then that noise started again, but this time it was louder, gradually getting closer. I started to make out a faint figure in the tunnel. Whatever it was it had more than two legs and had large red/brown eyes which glowed in the dark, like rockets.

I could feel my pulse rate quickening. I squinted a bit as it came closer, trying to make out what the thing was. It finally came to a point where I could see it. What I saw, - a large black bug, and the size of a male lion stunned me, only twice as wide. Never before had I seen anything more gruesome.

It was black as the earth's soil, and bared a very large head with two spiked crunchers at the front. It widened at the waist and then went into a cone shape at the back end. Its body was slimy and hairy.

It started to walk towards me, and I could feel my knees quivering. I started to shout for help, as it was gruesome and I thought it would kill me. Danny came running in, as he was on the floor above, cleaning the men's toilets. He stumbled and halted, as he saw what I was going through, and the look on his face turned from red to pure white. I shouted his name-over and over again for help, as it was inches away from me. He just stood there, and then he started shouting for some reason, probably the shock, and the bug went for him. It was quick as hell, and it leaped right on top of him.



I immediately panicked, and I grabbed the nearest thing I could find-my domestic bleach-with extra acid content. It was trying to claw his skin off, and you could sense the desperation in his calls for help. I ran over to him, where I could see blood, and I went for it and squirted the whole bottle all over the critter. At first there was no effect, and then it started to make an ear piercing noise, and it went crazy. It completely went off Danny. It started going mad, running into walls, and green pus started oozing from parts of its body. It ran through the EXIT gate, and I knew that it would lead onto the track. I quickly locked the door shut, and gave a sign of relief - I knew I was safe now!

I ran over to Danny, who was in a bad state of shock, and there were some blood marks. I quickly put my jacket over him, and I was still shaking myself. I radioed through for an ambulance, and we were both taken away.

I'll always remember that bug, and the way it faded back into the darkness behind the gate, and the way I felt when I heard the last of that hissing sound.

I'll always remember that night - Danny too - how could you forget it? Anyhow, soon after Danny and me had to make a report on the incident, and then explain to the top guys at the London Underground headquarters. At first they were quite hard to make believe the whole story, but other sightings persuaded them to open up a private investigation. Of course, we were told to keep quiet. If the story got out the company would be ruined and we'd lose our jobs.

After that event, we both transferred to Piccadilly and I never got to see that bug again!

Matthew Leonard 11 G



MEMORIES OF WAR

The shells could still be heard echoing in the distance as the doctors left Jim's bed and the bustle of an emergency died away and the solemn mood of hospital life returned so that only the involuntary groans of agony coming from the wounded soldiers could be heard. The silence gave him the chance to come to terms with the pain he felt and the loss of his leg, which only minutes ago he was disgusted to look at due to its shredded state.

Jim stared up into the green canopy of the tent and tried to stare through the roughly woven material, hoping to get away from the hospital, his pain and his memories.

For a brief moment he felt a sharp stabbing pain in his right shin, but when he looked down he saw only the bloodstain where it had once been, and was filled with anger and contempt.

Jim woke in a cold sweat and looked across his room past the T.V. and out into the cold bleak corridor. The nurse saw him and came into his room looking very worried. "Dreaming again, Mr Slate?"

She started to remake his bed as he had kicked it off into a crumpled pile on the floor, and then she wiped his forehead and placed his poppy back on his lapel. "It's a shame you couldn't be there."

Jim slowly raised his head, "Where?" he whispered.

"At the Remembrance marches," the nurse answered. A look of disgust crossed his face. "I don't need to march to remember, and besides I think I've remembered enough."

"Alright, Mr Slate, you try to get some rest now," and with that she left the room.

Jim's phantom limb started to itch again and whether he liked it or not the memories started to flood back into his head.

When he had first enlisted he was full of awe for the war, but that soon changed. It was only his second posting, his first was to guard a munitions dump, and now his entire squad was being sent to the front lines to reinforce the numbers for a frontal assault. Jim lay on his mattress filled with fear and excited anticipation, so much so he didn't notice the rats crawling around in the dark, fresh from feeding on the rotting meat in No Man's Land, and he didn't seem to notice the lice infesting his hair.

John and Andrew, two men he had gone through training with, and who were posted to the front lines with him, sat in the corner playing cards and they began to talk about how much fun it would be to go over the top and reach the next trench and started joking about how many Germans they would each kill and what an honourable thing it was that they were doing for their country. Between the three of them they had already pictured what the battle would be like; they would go over the top, kill every German in sight and then, after they had won the battle, they would meet up and have a celebration.

The next morning at dawn the troops lined up inside the trenches ready for the attack, Fear slowly crept through each soldier's mind. The first shells began to fall until a barrage came down like rain. Then the whistles to start the assault screeched throughout the trenches. Jim was one of the first up the ladders and he saw no Germans, only flashes of light and explosions. The steady stream of troops advanced as fast as they could and took temporary cover in ditches and impact craters before moving on. Jim dived in behind a small mound and was closely followed by John and Andrew. John was clearly afraid but Andrew was smiling and said, "We'll have victory in no time." He then stood up and all three ran towards the next crater. Jim could hear bullets whistle past him, and all around him cries of pain and the awful sound of bullets connecting with bone and sinew. Andrew took a few short steps and then leapt to cross a ditch only to be met by a bullet in mid air which threw him back. Jim saw him falling backwards with his arms and legs out in front of him and a continuous stream of bullets cutting through him while he flew until his shredded body crumpled onto the ground and Jim could see the life go out of

his eyes. Andrew's life had stopped but the bullets hadn't. Filled with rage and grief, a thirst for revenge filled John and the two of them raced towards the enemy trench.

John began firing his gun wildly in front of him as they drew closer to their goal. Jim saw an object being thrown out of the trench and it landed directly in front of him and exploded. He felt his legs being pulled up from behind him as he tumbled forward amidst the deafening explosion and fell face first in the mud. When he looked up he saw John standing on the front of the trench shooting down into it and, just before he passed out, he saw a German soldier lunge forward and impale John on his bayonet.

Once again Jim woke in a cold sweat, only this time in tears. He rolled over and heard the commentator on the T.V. saying, "And now they lay the wreathes in commemoration of those who lost their lives in the Great War." Jim closed his eyes and said, "How can they call it great? All it caused was misery."

Ciaran Carlin 11E

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For The Homes We Live In

Mike

The final signs of Spring were fading with the advancing chill of Winter. The trees were decorated with red, yellow and brown leaves flickering in the low Autumn sun. An icy breeze shook them from their mantle and they descended on the breeze, each leaf making a frantic grasp for height until they inevitably fell onto the carpeted, damp October ground and mixed with the dew to form a pulp of colour to decorate the sides of paths and roads.

David slowly let his feet sift through the fallen leaves and envied their simple existence. With a sigh he turned to Mike and watched him force himself along the soggy path. "That would be much easier if you'd just let me help".

Mike grunted with frustration, "Fine, but only until I can get some traction on the road". Mike relinquished control of his chair to David reluctantly. David mumbled, "You're too proud ..." to himself. Mike snapped, "My legs mightn't work but my ears do". They reached the main road where frequent pedestrians had made the ground more accessible for wheelchairs, so Mike took over from David and was glad to be back under his own steam, even if it was only the four hundred yards until the school entrance. On arrival, the boys were met by three new boys who stared blankly at Mike as if trying to see through him.

The tallest of the three boys began to smirk, half closing his fired bloodshot eyes and slowly opened his mouth like an old wound from a knife, but what came out hurt Mike more than any mere knife ever could. The boy tipped back his head very slightly and filled his nostrils with air and, like a cobra waiting to strike, he bore his teeth then launched his attack, "Legless freak".

The other two joined in, "Retard, handicap".

David twitched in disgust but Mike's face was solemn. "Just ignore them", said David. Mike's jaw dropped "How

can I? It's true".

Seven school days passed and Mike had become more depressed with every day. David was astonished at how much pain was caused by something that seemed so easy to them, a simple passing comment or an assault on Mike's humanity, no matter what, they were relentless until a cold December morning.

The trees were bare, stripped of their leaves, stretching like thorny claws reaching for the sky. Mike had not met David. He said he had a cold, so David rushed to school to be there before James, Andrew and Mark took their perches at the gates and circled like vultures waiting for the pre-determined prey. David rushed straight into the school and up to the principal's office. "I would like to see Miss Jones".

The secretary turned slowly on her swivel chair, raised one eyebrow and said, "Do you have an appointment?"

David's eyes flicked to the principal's door and back. "Yes, I was here talking to her yesterday and she said she would meet me here today at ten to nine".

The secretary took a deep breath and sighed, "Go on in, then".

David was much calmer now and sat down in front of Miss Jones. "Now David, do you know where Mike is?"

"Yes Miss, he's at home".

"Well we cannot let this intolerable behaviour continue, so I will arrange to take Andrew, Mark and James to Mike and have them apologise to him face to face".

The white car gurgled to a jolted stop and was heralded by a crack of thunder from the dark clouds forming above them. Miss Jones and David got out of the car and were followed by James, Andrew and Mark leaving through one rusted door.

Miss Jones closed the



doors and locked up while David rang the three-tone bell without reply. "Where is the boy's mother, David?"

"I think she's at work Miss, so is his Dad".

"And they just left a sick boy alone in his house?" David knocked the door and found the first drops of rainfall hit his hand. The door cracked open and revealed a long dull hallway with the dusky pink wallpaper barely visible in the shrouded light piercing the thick black storm clouds. David stepped tentatively through the door, followed by Miss Jones and three very reluctant boys. "Hello, is anyone home?" David said this as much for the question as to break the silence and reassure himself. A bolt of lightning pierced the clouds and lit the hall enough to see the slow ascent of the stairs. The front door slammed closed in the wind and the rain could be heard beating the windows. They reached the summit of the oak mountain and turned to investigate the four rooms. Miss Jones checked the bathroom and a bedroom flickering the lights as she went. "Where is that boy?"

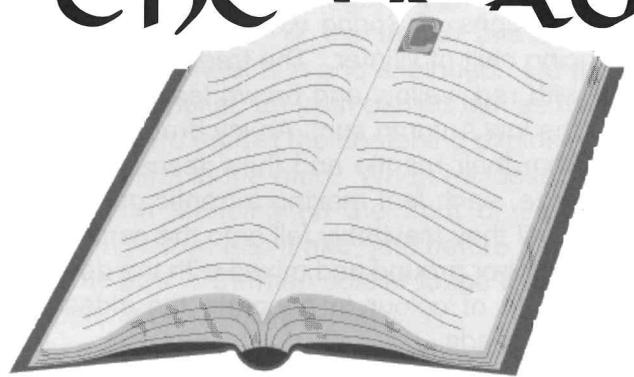
David checked the storage room and Mike's bedroom. "He's not in here either". Andrew tutted and turned, "He's probably up there". He was pointing to a string connected to a trap door leading into the attic, which he pulled bringing the set of ladders down with a bang. David began to climb the grey steel shafts and peered up into the gloom. The wind howled throughout the house and the rain increased its intensity until the windows should have shattered. David reached the top of the ladder and scanned across the floorboards. A flash of lightning illuminated the attic and David could see that Mike was in fact lying lifeless on the floor.

David stumbled back as the light dimmed and his quivering hands fell upon a note saying, "I just don't deserve to live. They were right, Mike".

"No Mike, they were wrong, you were better than they could ever be", and with that, David broke down in tears, overcome with emotion.

Ciaran Carlin 11E

BOOK OF THE DEAD



It was a dark and stormy night...

Matt spent a few seconds looking at what he had just typed, then deleted it. It was too clichéd, especially for someone who wanted to be a writer, and he had always hated clichés anyway. That was what first got him interested in becoming a writer - making something original that people could enjoy, not something that was being rehashed over and over again.

He then began staring at the blank screen with the blinking cursor. There had to be some way to start off a good horror story. There had to be - "Matt," Jim shouted, unknowingly interrupting the young writer's thoughts, "Get down here! It's starting!"

Matt sighed with a smile on his face. For a nineteen-year-old, Jim had the oddly endearing quality of acting like he was five. Maybe that was why they'd been such good friends over the years. He turned his computer off, and made his way down to the basement. He stopped in the kitchen on the way to grab a few packets of crisps and a bottle of Coke, and whatever sweets his mum had left in the fruitbowl after all the little trick-or-treaters had finished their scavenging.

Matt made his way down to the basement, after shuffling all the munchies in his hands so he could get the door opened and closed. He was sure to miss the broken step he never had the time to fix, and quickly found his way to the sofa directly in front of the TV. He squeezed in between Jim and Jennifer, and handed the food around the group of four.

"I think I chose a fairly adequate film for our

viewing pleasure tonight," Jim said to Matt, pressing the fast forward button on the remote as the commercials for other films came up on the screen.

"What is it?" April asked. Matt gave her a quick glance, realising that even he didn't know what they were about to see.

"Braindead," Jim replied to April, "I knew Matt would complain if I got Halloween or Friday the 13th, but this is an original film". He pecked the tips of his fingers and aimed them towards the television, acting like what he thought was a French reviewer seeing a true tour de force.

Matt looked to Jennifer. She was the horror expert of the group as well as his girlfriend, and was pretty sure she'd have some insight.

"It's sick," she said, just as Jim expected, although to his confusion she had a smirk on her face. "If you're not a masochist, I suggest you leave right now."

All four turned their heads towards the TV, and smiled in unison.

Two hours later, the gang was standing outside the house. Jim had the tape in his hands, and was waiting to see if anyone wanted to accompany him to XtraVision so that he could drop it off.

"Wouldn't it be closed by now?" April suddenly asked.

"Halloween night, they're staying open for all kinds of sickos," he replied.

"Yeah," Matt added, "I hear they even got in extra copies of Blair Witch just in case."

"Wasters," Jennifer groaned. Probably the worst film in the modern movie-world, she thought to herself, and it makes two hundred million world-wide. "Must explain why Britney Spears and the like are so popular right now."

"What's that?" Matt asked.

"Nothing," she replied, putting extra strain on the 'ing'. She wrapped her arm around Matt's, and looked toward April. "Well? Are you coming?"

"Sure. We can even stop off at the library on the way. Maybe they'll have extra copies of Nosferatu."

Jim rolled his eyes. How could you get chills from a book? All it is, is letters on a page. Films, now that was the way to get a good fright. You don't even have to try to visualise anything; everything is right there in life-like colours or, in the case of the classics, black and white.

He blinked, and saw that the others were already on their way. "Hey," he called, "Hold on!"

To Jim's annoyance, they found that the library was open as they made their way back from the video store. If it hadn't been for April's presence, he would most likely be in the graveyard behind the building, trying to scare off all the kids who were acting brave in front of their friends.

While Matt skimmed through the science-fiction section and Jennifer sat down at a nearby study desk to rest her sore feet, Jim helped April to

look through the horror area, which was bigger than he had expected.

"Find anything?" she asked.

"Is this the Occult section or something?" he asked suddenly.

"No, why?"

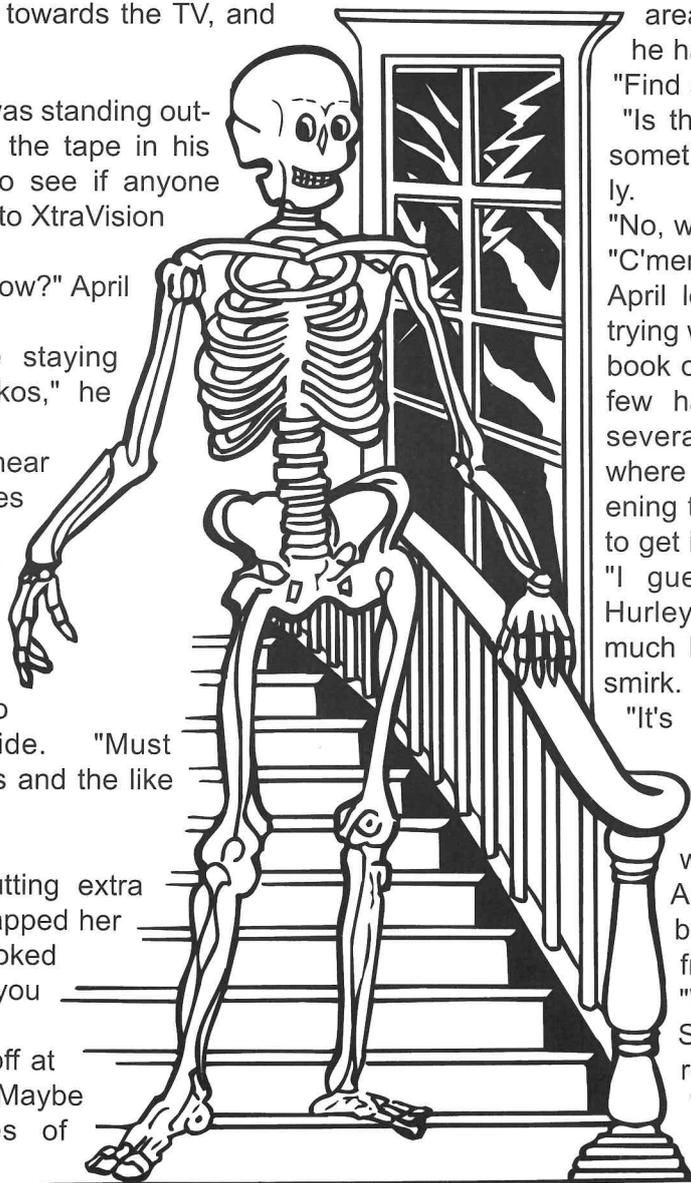
"C'mere and help me with this." April looked back to see Jim trying with all his might to pull a book out from a sandwich of a few hardbacks. She pulled several books off the shelf where she was standing, loosening the book enough for Jim to get it out.

"I guess it's true that you Hurley players don't have much brains," she said with a smirk.

"It's all those shots to the head, I tells ya," he replied in his best American accent, which wasn't very good. April smiled gingerly, before yanking the book from his hands.

"What is it?" she asked.

She looked at the cover, reading the title aloud, "Necronomicon Biblion and The Apocalypse. Riiiiight." She looked



at the title for another few seconds, "What does it mean?"

"Book Concerning the Dead," Matt answered, leaning against the end of the bookcase with Jennifer at his side. "Have you found what you wanted yet?"

She tapped the book's cover and smiled, "Yep."

"Then let's hit the road," Jim said as he finished setting back the books April had pulled out.

They all made their way down the main hall to the exit. While they were walking, April opened the book and started flicking through it, reading a fragment aloud, and pronouncing it as best she could. "Cum glorium intrar mortis paataq tona al'Fraw. Dukno tallam pre necro akris."

"Listen," Matt suddenly said, stopping dead in his tracks. "Do any of you smell something?"

Everything was silent for a moment. They all began to hear a tapping sound, and then suddenly the shriek of glass breaking made them all jump. The foursome ran to the window that the sound came from.

The huge window had a large hole in the centre of it. Jennifer took a quick look around, but there were no rocks or other objects that could've been thrown through the window.

Jim hung his head out the window to see if could catch a glimpse of the culprit. As he did so, the entire pane of glass began shaking, at first weakly which soon grew to violently. The wooden frame was torn off the wall. Jim pulled his head back and ran from the window as it exploded into smithereens. Pieces of glass embedded themselves into his back and he gritted his teeth to keep himself from screaming in pain.

Matt grabbed Jim as he began stumbling, before he lost total balance, and helped him get back to the girls.

"What on earth happened?!" April screamed.

"What do you think?!" Matt replied.

"The window exploded!"

"But how?"

It wasn't very hard for Jennifer to realise that she was the only person with the ability to think rationally. Maybe a group of kids had made the window vibrate so hard that it had broken. But how could they do that? Maybe there was a strong wind, a very strong wind. But why was there no breeze coming in?

"We have to get Jim to the hospital," April said, now more worried than afraid. She looked over the cuts on his back, and some of them looked

deep. "We should get the librarian to call an ambulance."

Matt and April carried the unconscious Jim back past all of the racks on their way to the reception area. Meanwhile, Jennifer took a look out of the hole in the wall.

Her eyes took a few seconds to adjust to the darkness. All of the streetlights were out. She could only make out some shapes, but only those that were very close. Her knowledge of the area helped out to sort out where everything else was. Straight ahead should be the graveyard, she thought to herself.

As she leant over a little more to get a better look, Jennifer felt something wet drip onto her neck. Her heart was in her mouth and she stood still, frozen by fear. Eventually, she brought herself to look up.

She saw what appeared to be a face. It was almost human, but seemed to have been shredded. The face wore a sadistic grin, with tattered black hair hanging over it, making it a picture that could send shivers down the spine of even the strongest of steel statues.

In an instant, the face had dropped down beside Jennifer. Before she even realised what was happening, a tentacle from somewhere behind the smirk of the face had wrapped itself around her ankles and flung her out the window. She crashed down against the concrete pavement, landing on her left shoulder. She felt the snap through every fibre of every nerve in her body, but she didn't cry out. She merely lay there, too tired even to make a sound.

Then she heard the moaning start.

Her left arm was impotent. She couldn't move it; it was almost as if it was numb, but why was it so sore? How could she still feel the pain?

After she tried to pick herself up, a sudden spike of pain shot throughout her nervous system. The pain would have kept her down had it not been for the motive to get on her feet again - the haunting moan of a human corpse running on basic motor functions.

She would've thought of her current situation as someone playing a prank on her, but too much was just plain wrong. There was-

Jennifer's brain froze upon hearing a click on the footpath. A second later and she heard a second click. Whatever was behind her wasn't what was making the groan, but each footstep was equal-

ly as frightening. But it was the groans and foot-steps together that was scaring her more than she'd ever been scared in her life.

The sounds were getting closer, albeit slowly, and she knew that it wouldn't be good for her if she stayed around and let them catch up with her. She clutched into the grooves between each brick on the library wall with her good hand and pulled herself up. She was able to get to her feet just as the two beings came into view.

"Oh... my..." she said to herself, half hypnotised by the sight before her. Actual zombies, the living dead.

She grabbed a short piece of wood, and struck it against the moaning zombie as it came closer. She hit it again then turned and hit the other, knocking both to the ground. She leapt over the zombie in the good shoes and dashed to the entrance of the library.

Just outside the hard brown doors, Jennifer had to stop because of her arm. She took off her jumper, and thanked God that it was a relatively warm night. The young woman wrapped the jumper around her shoulder then brought it across and set her shoulder in it. It wasn't a bad sling, she thought to herself.

Looking back, and seeing that the two zombies were back on their feet and making their way toward her, Jennifer ran up the few stone steps and opened the door.

"Oh my God!," she said aloud with a sigh. There were at least half a dozen zombies in the reception hall. Jennifer turned and suddenly saw that there were even more corpses standing at the far gate. The place was infested.

They were doomed.

Ciaran B



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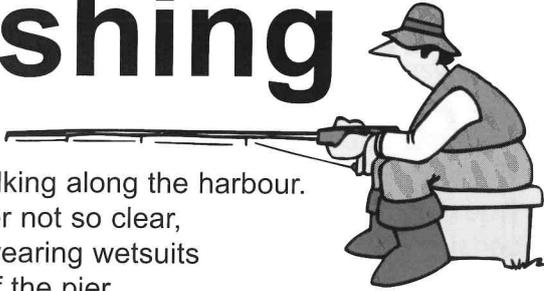
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Fishing



I was walking along the harbour.
The water not so clear,
People wearing wetsuits
Diving off the pier.
I'm setting up my rod,
Perhaps I'll catch some cod.
I start with a big cast
Just missing a boat's mast.
My float is just in sight,
For it is very bright.
Oh no, my float's gone under,
My line has snapped with a crack like thunder.
Whatever it was it must have been big,
Because it snapped my line like a twig.
I put on some stronger line.
Oh wait I've got it this time.
Half an hour later my dad puts on waders,
He got in the water and grabbed it,
He pulled it out and had to stab it.
Five minutes later on our way home,
Dad is freezing and soaked to the bone.
We ate it and it was nice,
It even went with Ambrosia creamed Rice.

Stephen McNally 8C



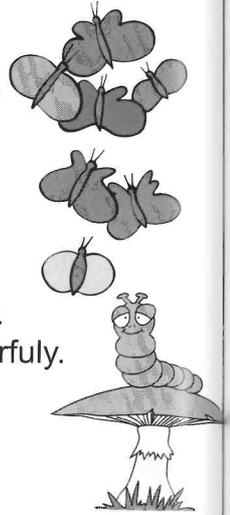
Gangsters

A gangster is a criminal, a crook or a thief,
He would stab you like he was flossing his teeth.
They go about in crowds or sometimes in ones,
And nearly all them carry enormous guns.
They're big men in crowds but they are cowards
in ones.
They rob shops and houses and even steal
cars,
But they are not so tough when they are behind
bars.

Sean Óg Maguire 10D

Life-Cycles

Her eggs are very carefully laid,
Underneath the maple leaf.
Soon they will come out
and eat the very leaf
Beneath their feet.
Then into a cosy cocoon.
Warm and dry until June or July.
And out comes a beautiful butterfly.



Harry McAnulty 8C

Life

Bright summer sun shining in the sky,
Raising the horizon of the sea.
Light breeze whistles through the soft dew,
Brings forth eternal happiness to
souls.
It cannot reach the soul of the boy,
The boy in the corner,
Crying in the rain.

Friends meeting in the moon-
light,
Companions chatting merrily.
Friendship fills the air,
But it does not reach that young
man,
Crying in the rain.

Love is precious like a jewel,
Many possess it and are glad.
The cold air is dissipated by the
love of loves,
But not so much the aged man
in the corner,
Dying in the rain.



The earth is full of good fortunes,
Houses full of riches and love of families.
Thankfully these
But not to the man in the corner,
Praying in the rain.

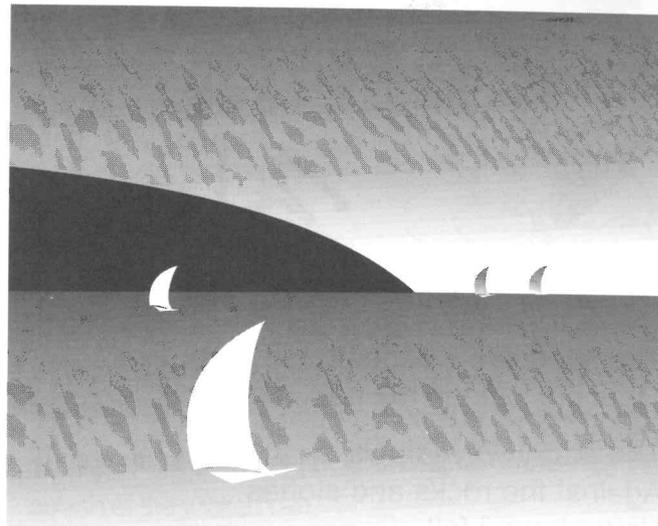
Heaven is a paradise,
A tranquillity beyond tranquillities.
The Good and Humble find a home there,
But no-one as much as that Boy in the
Corner,
Who never joked a joke or smiled a smile,
Not as much as that Boy in the corner,
Laughing with God - in the rain.

Eamonn Walls 8B

Summer

As the golden ball,
Floats in the air,
The waves fight against the rocks,
I run onto the beach.
But it is more like a desert.
The heat is beating down on
top of me,
The sunburn crawls up my
back.
Like a rare disease.
The birds are humming
above my head,
I get up and run into the
sea.
The seaweed wraps into
the sea.
The seaweed wraps around
me,
Like a snake wrapping around my legs.
I dive in and the stinging salt rushes up my nose.
A wave towers over me,
Like a very tall building.
It washes me to the shore,
I lay there fast asleep.

Christopher Campbell 8B



The Sea

Beautiful in sunlight, yet scary at night,
How can something so playful, give us such a fright?
During the day-in the sea we play with our friends,
Yet beneath the surface evil things have their
dens.

Killer Wales, piranha fish, octopusses,
and sharks,

Deep down in the sea they lurk
in-the dark.

To go further and further out
as far as we dare.

But what lies underneath
would give us a scare.

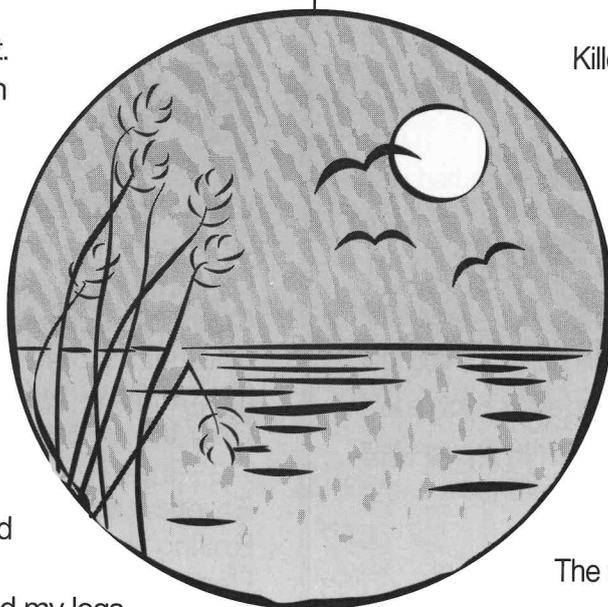
Things lie waiting beneath the
sea's dark cloak.

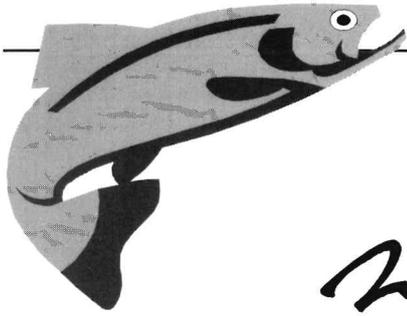
Even if we're strong and able to
swim,

The shark will circle us with its fear-
some fin.

Because if we're unlucky the shark will bite,
If we're in the sea by day or by night.
For there really is nothing more scary to me,
Than the sight in the dark of the deep black sea.

Gerard Sullivan 8B





The Walk

As I walk along the seaside,
I taste the salty air,
The sand sinks beneath my feet,
I feel the wind in my hair.

The angry waves pelt,
Against the rocks and stones.
Never have I felt,
So much alone.

I see a fish,
It looks blue and shiny.
It has so much will power,
Yet so tiny.

The weather is so cold,
Yet inside I feel so warm.
Because here I am safe,
I will come to no harm.

The waves have calmed,
Everything is still.
When I sit down and think about it,
The whole walk was a thrill.

Barry Rooney 8B

The Wind

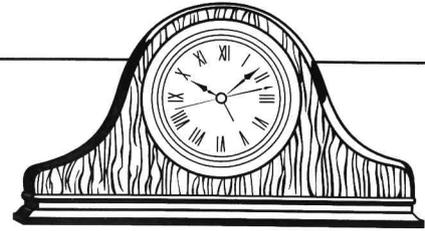
Stepping out into the back lawn,
Of that old derelict house,
I looked ahead to see tree branches,
Dancing and waving to the rhythm of the
wind.

The wind tugged at my body,
The grass swayed in random,
With the whisper of the wind.

Stepping into the long grass,
Pushing aside huge blades,
They kept returning like,
A crowd of fanatics surrounding me.



Conor Flynn 10D



The World

I can hear her warning cries,
Telling us to change our ways,
Knowing that the clock is ticking,
Til the end of day.

Will we understand the warning,
Repeated so many times?
Will we ever understand,
The meaning of this rhyme?

Looking out the window of future,
This is what I see;
People all ages and race,
Standing in unity.

All we need to accomplish this,
Is our body, soul and mind.
So let us set up a peaceful life,
For the future of all mankind.

Christopher Weir 8B

VOLCANO

Violent rumbles of the ground below me,
Omnipotence battles the people's misery.
Lenient when asleep but anger runs free.
Cowardly screams of the people they flee.
Another loud sound like the chime of some
Nectar flows through the cracks in the rocks.
Only the volcano can let suffer the meek.

Eruption occurs as it smashes concrete,
Rolling down the edge the lava does flow.
Under the water it kills the fishes below.
Potential energy lets off a great explosion,
Tension arises as the houses suffer erosion.
In a few minutes all the worries will end.
On to another the mischief will descend.
Never again will it cease to pretend,
If only I knew where it would hit I'd descend.

Joseph Caddell 10D

War on the Front



The Battlefield is coated with the blood of
young men,
Waiting to be freed from the hands of
Satan.

The whistling of the shells you could hear a
mile away.

Like the wailing of the banshee and just as
deadly.

A young man is shaking, wishing to go
home.

The spirits are low in these trenches,
Because men know that they may not
return,
To their Motherland.

The shudder of the machine guns,
The whizzing of the bullets.
The screaming of Boys and men,
Who wish not to be here.

Men crying and men screaming,
As they see their friends dead and gone,
Men crying and wishing to see their loved
ones,
And wanting to stay alive.

Men strung out on the enemy wire,
Like puppets with no life in them.
As I look at them out there,
I knew that could be me.

The war is over now,
But not without loss of life.
For some men will not return home,
To see a loving wife.

Gavin Ferris 10 D

WEATHER



The cold hard heavy rain slices through the merciless
wind to fall on my pretty shack,
It pounds the filthy ground like a band of falling stones,
The drone of a distant car is almost taken over by the
splash of the wicked rain.

Everything has been covered by the unending blanket of
darkness.

All signs of life have disappeared into their hole and will
re-merge when the storm clears.

The happiness of the summer has passed with the good
times and we are left to
face the Winter.

* * * * *

The warm breeze comforts my bare back
As I lie on the luscious green grass of my colourful gar-
den.

The barbecue is sizzling and the aroma drifts to greet
me.

The hum of lawn mowers can be heard and the smell of
freshly

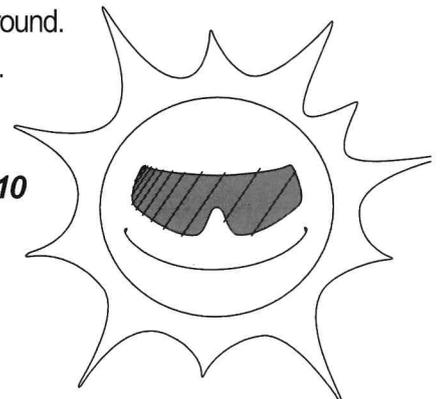
Cut grass is in the air.

Not a cloud in the sky.

Not a puddle on the ground.

Summer is here again.

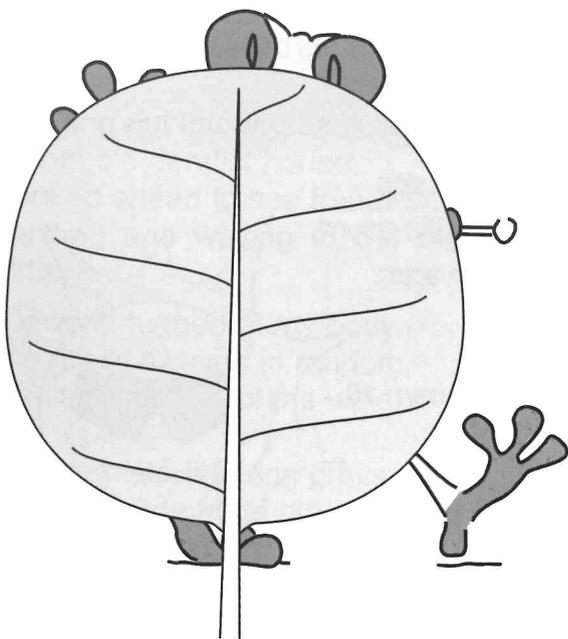
Conchúr Keenan 10



What am I?

I'm the colour green,
with a long tongue.
I have lots of gills and
Also have one lung,
I jump in the water
and there I swim.
I will eat anything but
I'm still slim.
I'm usually found,
In a pond or a lake.
At night time I'm
Usually awake.
When I was younger,
all I had was a tail.
If I tried to breathe out of
The water I would fail.
But still I can,
Jump very high.
I know you're wondering,
what am I?

Stephen McAtackney 8B



Winter

Rain here, Rain there
At this time of year it's a cross we bear
The rain is like tears in my eyes,
I am sad at the sight of the puddles getting
bigger.
I hear the splash of the cars go by,
It almost makes me want to cry.
The rain sounds like a jailer's keys
I'm locked in the house; I'm not too pleased.

Matthew Taggart 8B

The Science Gallery

The following few pages contain a collection of snap shots highlighting the wide range of activities that are ungoing within the department through out the year.



The hardware on display.



Spot the microbe.



No blue smarties!



8G Shared excellence.



It's all behind you guys!!



University is tough.!!



What bubble?



For only the second time, ever, Paul is stuck for words.

The annual 'A' Level Field Trip to the coast



School's that way!



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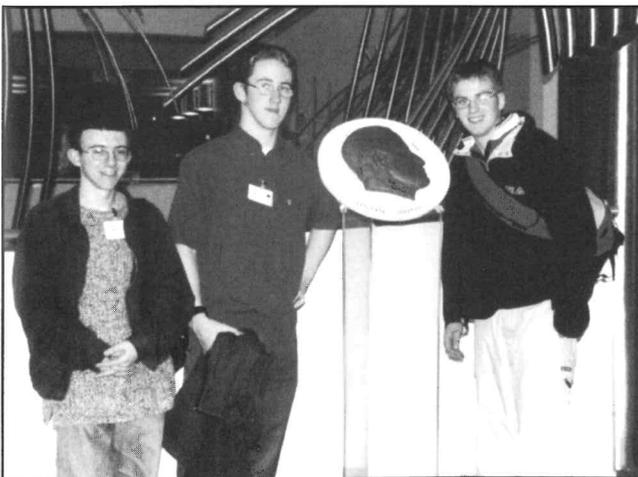
THE QUIZ MASTERS.

The three man team, Paul McKay, Joseph McAuley & Stephen O'Hagan, was pipped at the post in 2000, at the Euroquiz, losing it on the tie-break question. They made amends for the slip this year by becoming the 2001 Eurochampions, winning by a mile. As Joseph had headed off to university, he was replaced on the team by Anthony Kelly, with Conor Kerr on standby. The prize was a trip to Belgium and the students were treated to guided tours of both the European Parliament and Commission in Brussels. The team were also lucky enough to visit Bruges despite an unintentional detour round the north of Belgium.

Paul McKay particularly enjoyed the opportunity to peruse the architectural delights of both cities. Further success followed when they won the Irish News Quiz.



Paul, Stephen and Joseph - runners-up Euroquiz 2000



Head and shoulders above the rest!



St. Patrick's Day in Bruges - but where are the Historians?

Rotary Club Leadership Competition

When Mr Woods approached me in the study hall one cold November morning I imagined he wanted me to take part in some 'A' level Psychology survey, or help out with next years timetable. However what he hit me with was an application form for some Rotary Club/Marks & Spencer Leadership Competition. The application form was simple enough, (just details about my education, family life, employment history, fingerprints and blood group) compared to what Mr Woods advised (a morning and afternoon in the library researching the Rotary Club, an evening on the net doing the very same, reading "Time" and thinking about leaders past and present, leadership, what it meant to me and in what ways I had been called upon to lead) in order for me to have a better chance of winning.

After three daunting interviews, each more gruesome than the last, it was announced that I would be representing St. Mary's and Belfast Rotary at Euroscola in the European Parliament, Strasbourg. Four months and a cruel winter later I was setting off for Dublin to meet the 31 other representatives from all over Ireland who would be taking part in Euroscola also. And this is where it gets difficult. You see, it would be easy for me to describe where we went, what we saw and what we did, but everybody has eaten croissants, seen the Eiffel Tower, and can imagine what Mass would be like in Notre Dame. But until you are sharing a croissant with a one-lunged girl who lives a stones throw from the N17 in Tuam, or peering over Paris at night from the top of the Eiffel Tower with someone who's afraid of heights, or at Mass in Notre Dame with someone who only the night before wouldn't talk with you because you were Catholic and they were Protestant, you can't appreciate the Rotary Club Leadership Scheme.

Euroscola gives students from all over Europe the opportunity to explore the new European Union, interrogate ministers (I asked why farmers from Northern Ireland were treated as British rather than being given regional status by the E.U during the BSE crisis and the minister couldn't answer the question) and hold a Youth Parliament. Within the Youth Parliament the six hundred students are divided into groups, and each group has to elect a President (I was elected President for Youth and discovered I could introduce myself in five languages), a Secretary and a Rapporteur. (Out of the six groups, five Presidents, three Secretaries, and two Rapporteur' were Irish) The group then discusses a certain issue (Democracy, Environment, Economy, Youth and Europe's Future) and how it affects the young people of Europe. A report has to be compiled and a presentation made to the entire Youth Parliament, who vote on the proposals to solve the issue and it is passed to the European Parliament.

The Rotary Club takes 32 of the country's finest peo-



Brendan Green is presented with his award by representatives of Rotary Ireland and the European Commission.

ple, and throws them together in France for five days. They spend two days in Paris, sight-seeing and experiencing the city, then they travel to Strasbourg for two days to take part in Euroscola. Whereas most, if not all of the other groups who take part in Euroscola are schools groups, the people that come on the Rotary competition were all strangers beforehand. However, by the end of the trip some lifelong friendships have been forged, and lives have been changed. You only really start to feel the effects when you find yourself at the Waterfront Hall drinking wine with Peter Mandelson, Martin McGuinness and the Lord Mayor of Belfast; or you have been driving for a day and need a place to rest and there is one for you in the smallest city in the world (Tuam, Co. Galway); or when you understand the TV ad for Kerrygold that states that in Co. Kerry a goat is King; or when you know that there are 134 Brennans in the phone book in Kilkenny, Co. Kilkenny; or you need someone to guide you round a Trinity College open day or help you with your CAO form; or you find yourself arguing that Athlone, Co. Westmeath is the centre, and heart, of Ireland (some might say that it is in fact Bealnamulla, Co. Roscommon). All this and more is the product of the Rotary Club/Marks & Spencer Leadership Competition.

When it comes to taking part, I believe that not enough students make the effort. It takes courage to put yourself forward for a leadership competition, to be interviewed, to interact with 31 strangers, to stand up in front of six hundred of your peers at the European Parliament and question an MEP about his policies. These things are hard, but you'll reap the reward in ways you can't imagine. On that note I advise you, if you see Mr Woods rushing toward you with intent in his eyes and a copy of "Time" or "Fortune 500" (he's ever hopeful) in his hands, don't run the other way-you don't know what, or who, you're missing.

*Brendan Green 14B
Winner of the Rotary Club Leadership Competition
Representative for Rotary Ireland at Euroscola 2000*

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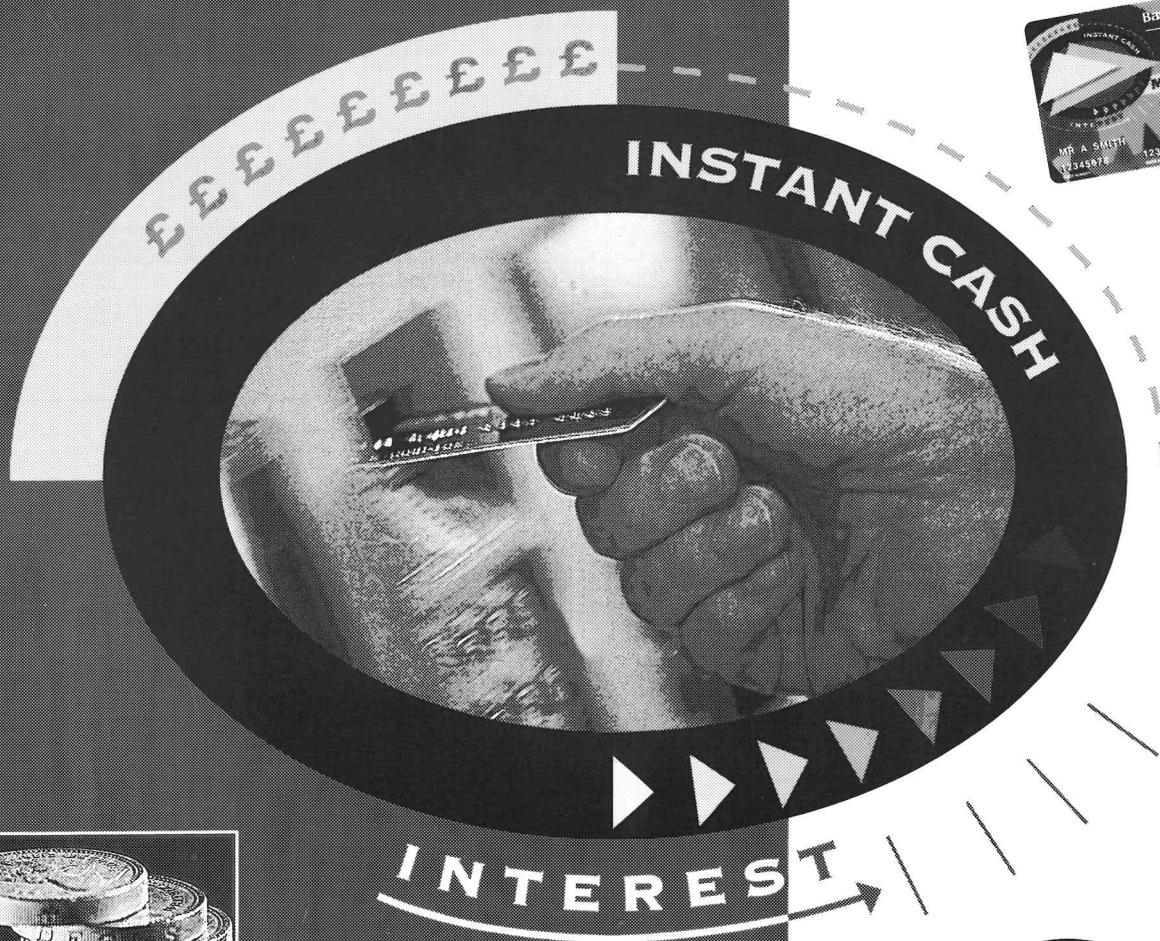
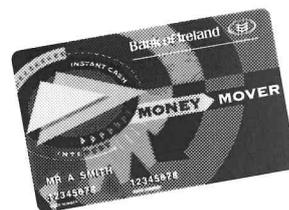
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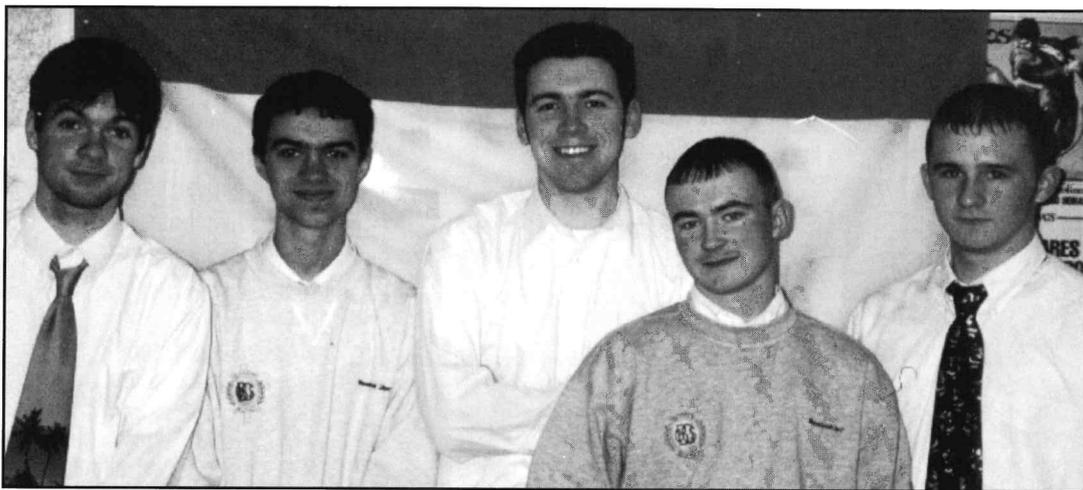
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¡VIVIR LA VIDA ESPAÑOLA! EL DEPARTAMENTO DE ESPAÑOL

Estas páginas han sido realizadas por los alumnos del año 14, la clase de 2001. Han escrito artículos sobre algunas de las actividades extracurriculares dentro del departamento de español con el fin de celebrar sus siete años en nuestro instituto.

La señorita Mervyn y yo quisiéramos aprovechar esta oportunidad para desearles toda la suerte y éxito del mundo, tanto en sus exámenes como en el futuro.

Mrs J. McEvoy
Head of Spanish.



L-R: Stephen Garland 14H, Christopher Morren 14B, Brendan Green 14B,
Conor Bannon 14C and Martin Hamill 14E

El Debate Español

El nuevo papel de la mujer debilita a la familia.

El debate de español en el que participamos tuvo lugar en noviembre. Llegamos a la segunda ronda ¡Qué gran logro!

Teníamos que discutir la moción "El nuevo papel de la mujer debilita a la familia." Estábamos en contra de la moción. Después de mucha preparación nos enfrentamos a las chicas de St. Michael's.

Cada uno de los oradores del equipo tenía que hablar durante tres minutos para defender su argumento. Nuestro principal argumento era que el nuevo papel de la mujer permite que ésta elija cualquier aspecto de su vida, trabajar o no, estudiar o no, quedarse en casa o no. Por el contrario el otro equipo apoyaba los valores tradicionales familiares, lo que significa que las mujeres tienen que quedarse en casa. Después de un gran debate los jueces decidieron que el equipo ganador fuese St Michael's. Sin embargo Conor ganó el premio al mejor orador. No ganamos, pero nos divertimos y lo importante fue participar.

Una visita a Q.U.B. ¡Una experiencia inolvidable!

Durante el año escolar, los estudiantes de español de nivel avanzado hicieron una visita a Queen's University de Belfast. ¿Por qué? Para participar en la Jornada de Puertas Abiertas. Desde mi punto de vista, con tal que recibamos apoyo y ayuda durante nuestros estudios, tendríamos éxito en los exámenes. Por supuesto, había una gran cantidad de este apoyo necesario durante la visita a la universidad.

Primeramente, asistimos a las conferencias que giraban en torno a nuestro trabajo de curso, es decir, el elemento de literatura. Tanto lo de "El Coronel No Tiene Quien Le Escriba" como lo de "El Concierto De San Ovidio" fueron muy informativas. Pues, había una discusión de parafrasear, para aclarar el sentido de una frase.

Después de un descanso breve, tuvimos que ir a una charla sobre la Guerra Civil Española. Fue una discusión perceptiva, y aprendimos mucho sobre los acontecimientos que han tenido una gran influencia en la vida española. Sin embargo, no nos gustó toda esta parte del día: ¡si no fuera por la charla de la guerra, un amigo mío no habría tenido la oportunidad de dormir! ¡No obstante, los otros la apreciamos!

Afortunadamente, se despertó al oír que algunos estudiantes iban a hablar sobre "el mejor año de su vida" en España o en Latinoamérica. Esto nos animó a continuar estudiando español para poder pasar un año en el extranjero. ¡Es mi sueño!

En total, este viaje valía la pena de perder un día escolar para convertirnos en estudiantes durante un día. ¡Se puede decir que fue una experiencia inolvidable!

Christopher Morren 14B

El cine español. La Lengua De Las Mariposas.

Antes de Navidad los cursos 13 y 14, con su profesora, fueron a la universidad a ver una película dirigida por José Luis Cuerda que mostraba las distintas ideologías antes de la guerra civil española. La acción se desarrolla en un pueblo de Galicia en el año mil novecientos treinta y seis, y trata de un niño que cree que la educación es la llave para cambiar la sociedad.

La película giraba en torno a una parte de nuestro curso y tuvimos la oportunidad de conocer a otros estudiantes de varios colegios. Pienso que es importante que sepamos qué piensan ellos de los temas del curso, y compartir nuestras opiniones e ideas.

Fue una experiencia muy beneficiosa e interesante que nos ayudó a entender con más claridad este aspecto importante de la cultura.

Martin Hamill 14E

LOS AMANTES DEL CÍRCULO POLAR

Mientras que muchos estudiantes pasaban un viernes por la tarde en clase, la clase de español tenía la oportunidad de escapar e ir al cine con su profesora, Mrs McEvoy.

Sin embargo esta excursión al cine, no fue sólo por diversión sino para mejorar nuestro entendimiento de la lengua. La película sirvió para explicar muchos puntos gramaticales y enriquecer nuestros conocimientos de la lengua española.

La película "Los Amantes del Círculo Polar" cuenta la historia de dos personas - Otto y Ana (los nombres de las personas son palíndromos) que se encontraron por primera vez cuando eran niños. La película es también la historia de vidas circulares en un sitio circular (el círculo polar) y la película demuestra que cada aspecto de nuestra vida está conectado con otro aspecto de la vida de otra persona.

Quizás un tema bastante extraño para una película, sin embargo, el público tuvo que pensar sobre cómo el destino influye en las vidas de las personas.

La película fue bastante fácil para entender, aunque tenía subtítulos, lo que nos ayudó.

Es una buena idea ver películas en español, porque nos ayuda a mejorar el idioma y además ¡no estamos en clase!

Stephen Garland 14H

Cursos de verano

Salamanca
10 de agosto

¡Hola amigos!

Os estoy escribiendo desde Salamanca. ¿Qué tal?

Quiero hablaros sobre mi tiempo en esta ciudad. Salamanca es una ciudad, muy antigua y está situada entre Madrid y Portugal. La gente es muy maja, muy simpática-me gusta mucho. En la ciudad hay muchos sitios interesantes-hay catedrales y universidades, una plaza de toros y el ayuntamiento en la Plaza Mayor es magnífico. El primer día dimos un paseo por la ciudad con mi profesora de gramática. Salamanca tiene cinco escuelas de lengua y yo estoy estudiando en Mester.

La escuela es un poco cara pero es muy útil para mejorar mis destrezas de la lengua española. Las clases empiezan a las nueve con una hora de trabajo con cintas. Después del descanso hay dos horas de gramática (¡no es posible escapar de la gramática!) Luego tenemos dos horas de conversación. Mi profesora de conversación, que se llama Consuelo, es muy maja. Mester nos muestra películas en español, por ejemplo "El Sexto Sentido". También hay acceso gratis a Internet. Anoche fuimos a las cuevas de Zamorra para cenar comida típica. Comimos tortilla de patata y paellas, costillas de cerdo y ensalada. Bebimos mucho vino tinto y probé el porrón. Es importante probar muchas cosas españolas.

En Salamanca hay muchas cosas para los jóvenes. Después de estudiar vamos a la piscina. Por la noche los jóvenes quedan debajo del reloj en la Plaza Mayor. Hay muchos bares y clubs. Salamanca

tiene dos bares irlandeses que se llaman "O'Neills" y "The Irish Rover". Hay una chupitería donde los chupitos son baratos. Mañana vamos a ir a Madrid a una fiesta.

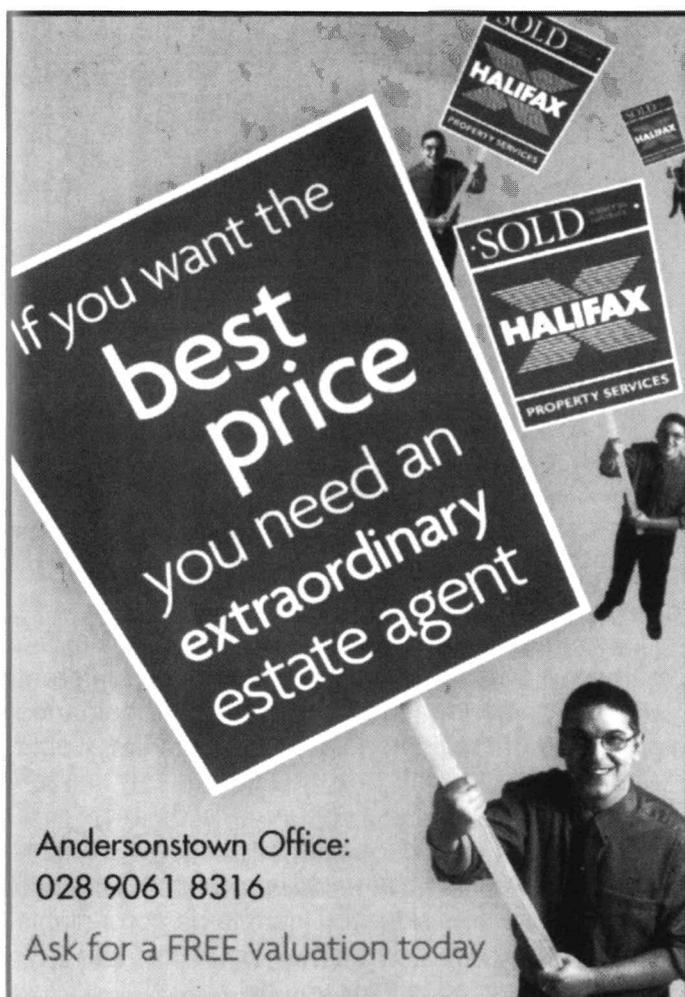
Te escribiré la semana que viene.
Saludos amigos,
Brendan Green 14B

'Halfway Ronda world' (mis vacaciones en Ronda)

El verano pasado fui a pasar tres semanas a Ronda para aprender y mejorar mis conocimientos de español. Ronda está situada en el sur de España en las montañas con vistas pintorescas. Es un pueblo muy tradicional y aislado del mundo. Mis vacaciones allí fueron una experiencia fructífera e inolvidable tanto en el aspecto académico como en el aspecto social. Cada día iba al colegio durante cinco horas, con un descanso de treinta minutos. Por las mañanas practicaba gramática y por las tardes, oral. El resto del día hacía turismo, por ejemplo, fui a ver la plaza de toros más antigua de España, El Tajo y Los Baños Árabes. Conocí a mucha gente de varias nacionalidades y espero mantener el contacto con ellos.

Pero si no fuese por mi profesora de español no habría ido a Ronda. Os recomiendo a todos los estudiantes de la lengua española que paséis algún tiempo en Ronda- un pueblo mágico, lleno de cultura y tradición.

Conor Paul Bannon 14C



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A LIFE OF SURPRISES

How does the song go? "Memories light the corners of my mind, misty watercoloured memories of the way we were." As we all know, memories can be fabulous liars and, looking back over the three years since we held our first meeting, I'm not unhappy to see that the day-to-day details of our meteoric career have become smudged across the paper of time, forming some quite unbelievable misty watercoloured memories.

Some experiences, when they've been excessive in any respect, be they traumatic, dramatic, romantic, narcotic, comic or deeply neurotic, tend to be at best hard to recollect. Suppressed by a mind that is not able to cope with their full force, they assume the mythological status normally reserved for fallen revolutionaries and suicidal musicians. Sometimes, this can be so much the case that it becomes doubtful whether or not they even happened. So it is with Young Enterprise Companies, in particular those incorporated at St Mary's, where we walk in the footsteps of past greats and are led by the genius of those who made them that way.



Members of the RAMM team with the Rt. Hon. D. Plunkett, Minister of State for Education at the Commonwealth Institute, London July 2000.

Young Enterprise was founded to give young people in Europe a knowledge of real business, different from Saturday afternoon jobs, paper rounds and YTP schemes. The idea was that, under the guidance of a few experts and under the shelter of a teacher, the members of the companies, the Achievers, would lead themselves to a developed business acumen.

That is, theoretically, how it still works, but there's a lot that that blurb excludes. It excludes the understanding of people you develop, as you learn that some people really don't buy anything and that, although there may well be a sucker born every minute, not all of them shop at Forestside. You learn to be accountable or you learn to be silent. You learn the art of diplomacy or become an expert in the waging of cold war. You learn about yourself or you learn that you didn't know as much as you used to think you did.

All of which sounds very negative in hindsight, but stands as one of the most intriguing experiences of my life and a not-insignificant achievement in an era of crucifying competition.

Positive was the primitive camaraderie, the atavistic work ethic, the striving for impossible targets, the chasing of a dream that turned out not to be all it was cracked up to be. Maybe that means it was a slice of life.

Like all collective experiences, everyone there took away something different, enjoyed some things more than others, had their defining moment, and lived through a defining couple of years. And, wherever we ended up after the last few years, be it Salamanca, Arney, Rolshagen or Ballintogher, and whether we want to admit it or not, and whether we know it or not, those years have changed us from the people we were into the people we will be.

I can't speak for all of us, I never could, but I'll say that unless you find yourself trying, with little success, to sell an Irish language tape to a prominent Loyalist; or going into school during the Christmas holidays to sand wood that has already been warped by a nearby heater; or running through the city centre on a Sunday evening, trying frantically to find a computer shop where you can replace the zip cable you've just wrecked; or seriously considering passing up a first-class ticket to Chicago in favour of the Belfast Area Final; or walking out of the shower in a foreign country, in mid-July, to find your Maths teacher and the school caretaker sitting on your bed discussing the finer points of Kotler Theory; or sitting behind the mobile on a perfect summer morning, eating baguettes and drinking diet coke when you really have better things to do, you won't fully appreciate the experience of having been in a mini-company.

Al Pacino, when asked to comment on working with Francis Ford Coppola, said he felt that it had been unique: "working with other directors can be better, but it'll never be the same". That is, maybe, the summative quote of the whole experience, that we can never do anything quite like this again.

Three years of experience with some of the most eclectic, electric, loud and bizarre people ever to have lived in this country may justify a retrospective, but it's very difficult to be nostalgic when you hope the best is yet to come.

And who knows? It's been a life of surprises.

Paul McKay
erstwhile Marketing Director, RAMM, a Branch of Young Enterprise

Best Visiting Company, Dundalk Trade Fair, January 14, 2000
Best Use Of IT, Connswater Trade Fair, February 5, 2000
Best Display, Forestside Trade Fair, March 11, 2000
Belfast and Castlereagh Area YE Company of the Year, April 7, 2000
FG Wilson Innovation Award, April 7, 2000
Northern Ireland YE Company of the Year, May 23, 2000
Liberty Technologies IT Award, May 23, 2000

RAMM was: Connor Brannigan, Michael Cassidy, Seán Conlon, Terry Cross, John D'Arcy, Eamonn Dickson, Stephen Garland, Brendan Green, Fiona Kinney, Breandán Mac Artáin, Clare Maguire, Hugh McBarron, Joe McBurney, Paul McKay, John McManus, Stephen O'Hagan.

Thanks to everyone who helped: your names are unknown, but your actions are immortal.

SPRACHKURS DES PÄDAGOGISCHEN AUSTAUSCHDIENSTES WALDBRÖL / ROLSHAGEN 2000

Der Kurs wurde von dem Pädagogischen Austauschdienst der Bundesrepublik interessierten Abiturienten bzw. Abiturientinnen geboten. Als ich das Formular ausfüllte, hatte ich gar keine Ahnung, dass ich in Wirklichkeit an den Kurs teilnehmen würde.

Aber Erfolg hatte ich trotzdem, und Ende März erfuhr ich, dass ich Teilnehmer sein würde. Im August 2000 flog ich mit fünfzehn jungen Engländern und Engländerinnen zusammen nach Düsseldorf. Nur Euro 400 (£UK 270) mußte ich dafür bezahlen. Alle übrigen Kosten bezahlte die Bundesregierung.

Der Kurs fand nicht in der Großstadt, sondern in einer der kleineren Städte Nordrhein-Westfalens statt. Diese Kleinstadt, Waldbröl, liegt in einer landwirtschaftlichen Gegend und hat ca. 20.000 Einwohner. Das Gymnasium, das „Hollenberg“, ist an ausländische Studenten gewöhnt: seit langer Zeit hat es eine Austauschpartnerschaft mit einem Corker Gymnasium.

Alle Teilnehmer wohnten bei Gastfamilien, deren Kinder die Schule besuchten. Da die Stadt ziemlich klein ist, blieben manche von uns in den Dörfern im Umkreis von etwa 10 Kilometer um die Schule. Das Haus meiner Familie, obwohl gemütlich, war eine halbe Stunde von der Stadt entfernt, und man mußte um 6.30 an der Bushaltestelle sein.

Unterricht gab es natürlich nicht jeden Tag. An manchen Tagen machten wir Ausflüge, beispielsweise nach Köln oder Bonn. Die jungen Gastgeber dürften auch mitkommen, sogar wenn sie einfach blaumachen wollten!

Alles gesehen, wäre ich der Meinung, dass diese drei Wochen in Deutschland sich völlig gelohnt haben. Jetzt fühle ich mich im Unterricht zufriedener, und dass ich das Abitur schaffen kann. Jetzt verstehe ich auch, warum man Deutsch machen soll: damit man sich mit Anderen besser verständigen kann.

Also, wenn Sie Deutsch fürs Abitur machen wollen, oder es nur überlegen, würde ich Ihnen diesen Kurs empfehlen.

Paul McKay

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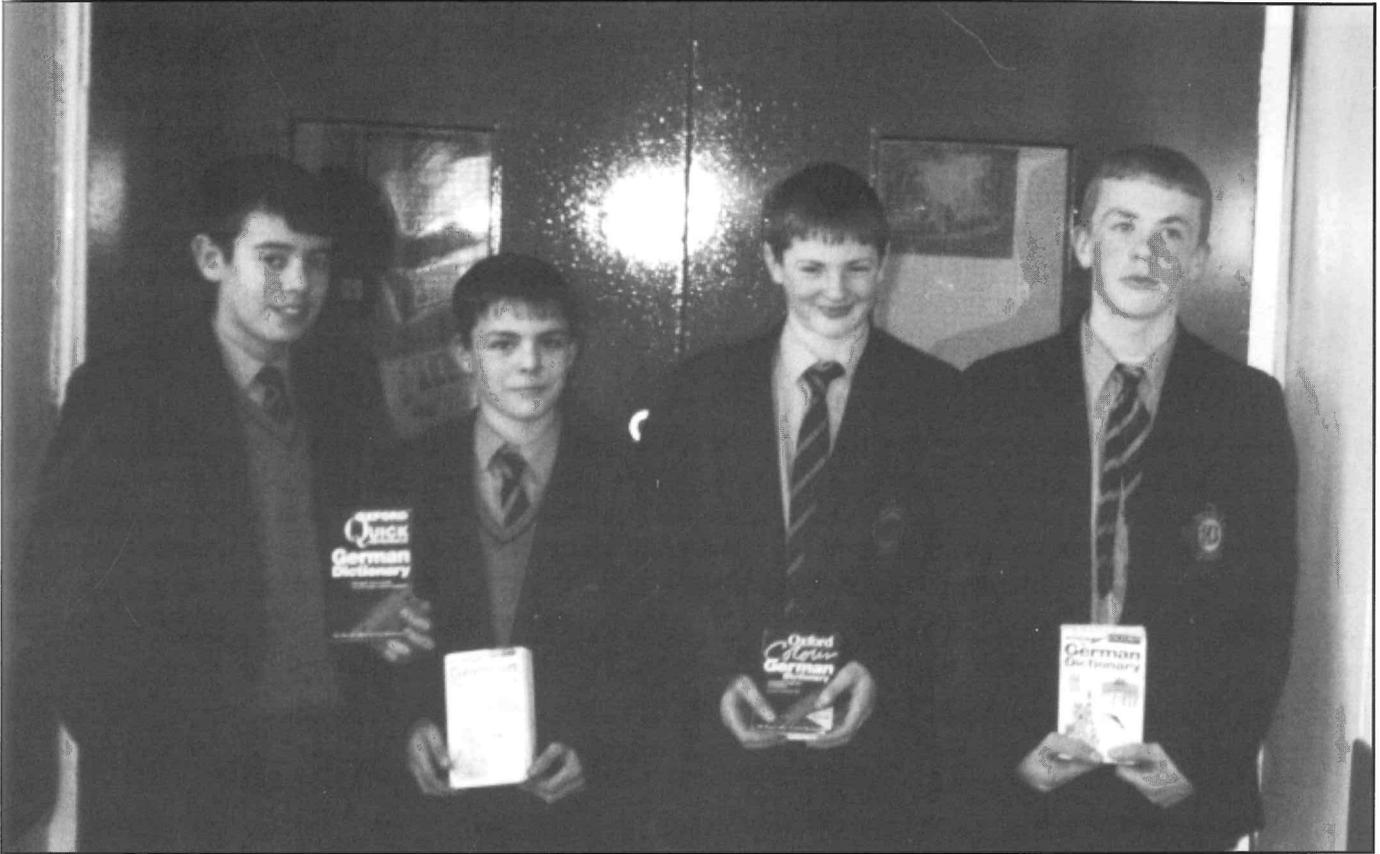
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Deutschfest 2001



(L-R) Ciaran Marshall, Mark Lappin, Chris McIlhennon, Daniel McKiernan

The fifth annual Deutschfest took place on February 1st in the school assembly hall. This event allows Year 10 pupils to finally taste some of the German delicacies which they have been reading about. This year, the menu offered generous amounts of 'Wurst' plus 'Brot mit Schinken oder Salami'. For dessert, we had traditional 'Schwarzwaldkirschtorte' (Black Forest Gateau) and everything was washed down by 'Cola und Mineralwasser' with some 'Schokoladenkeks' to finish.

Afterwards, the boys got down to the serious business of a table quiz (auf Deutsch, natürlich!).

This was a see-saw battle between teams with names such as 'Die Katzen', 'Die Hunde', 'Gruppe Vier', 'Gehim Mannschaft' and 'Die Bayem'. Questions were, naturally, delivered in German on topics such as sport, cities, German grammar, the boys' text book and current affairs. It took the music round to sort out the 'Manner' from the 'Jungen' and 'Die Bayem' emerged as worthy winners by one point to claim their prized German dictionaries. 'Die Bayern' were Daniel Mc Kiernan, Ciaran Marshall, Mark Lappin and Christoph Mc Ilhennon. As we say auf Deutsch, "Das hat Spass gemacht!" (Good fun!)

Italian Department

Graded Objectives in Modern Languages.

Year 9 students proudly display their Italian G.O.M.L. Certificates. They sat their examinations at the end of year 8 and received their certificates in the first term this year.



L-R. Ryan McKeown, Ben Mcenna & Ryan McCartney.



L-R. Ryan Corbett, Tony Cowan & John Brannigan.



L-R. Billy Lockard, Emmett Maguire & Stephen Lagan.



L-R. Joseph Watson & Daniel Turley.



L-R. Matthew Smith & Simon Sloan.



L-R. Conor Hamill, Colm Herdman & Lorcan Hanna.



L-R John McMahon, Jonathan Richards & Patrick O'Kane.



L-R Brendan Gallagher, Ciaran Cullen & Stephen Curley.

Rome 2001.

A group of 28 students and four members of staff will visit the Eternal City in March 2001. A report on this educational visit will be in next year's Simmarian.

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WATER POLO

What a year for the school's polo teams! With three trophies won in a row and one still to go, the boys of St. Mary's appear unstoppable.

St. Mary's success kicked off with the U-16 squad winning the Ulster Schools Cup in January. The U-16 squad appeared to cruise through the competition beating La Salle 5-4, Inst 6-0, Rathmore 11-0 and St. Malachy's 5-3. St. Mary's with runners up La Salle then proceeded into the All - Ireland stages held in Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

The U-16 All Ireland competition was held in March. With the foot and month out break headlining the news, competition in the cup was greatly reduced. The squad though had high spirits as they made the journey to Co. Mayo and were aware of the fact that two very difficult games lay ahead of them. The first match was a tightly contested game against local Glen Road rivals La Salle. La Salle took an early lead in the first two quarters, but St. Mary's battled back taking the game 11-8, which was enough to claim the final show down with the home team.

The final once more saw St. Mary's go behind early as Claremorris took the first and second quarters 2-0 and 3-2. After a spirited team talk St. Mary's made an impressive comeback to draw the game level at 4-4 going into the final quarter. A fantastic atmosphere greeted both the teams as the final quarter began with an early Claremorris goal, but St. Mary's quickly replied to draw the game level once more. With extra time looking inevitable, a superb individual move from Eamon Kerr saw the Claremorris defence caught sleeping as he slammed the ball in the net as the final buzzer sounded to give St. Mary's a 5-4 victory and the U-16 All-Ireland title.

St. Mary's U-16 Squad includes: Capt: D. Mc Kerr, E. Kerr, C. Meehan, D. Murphy, D. Black, R. Mc Clean, D. Raffo, C. Kelly.

Not to be out done by their counterparts, the U-19 squad won the Canada Cup in March. The Canada Cup is based on a league system which is played throughout the year. The Canada Cup has been in existence since the 1940's and is steeped in a rich history making it the cup that every school wants to win. St. Mary's had a good start to the competition, but it was not until St. Mary's gained two decisive wins over cup holders La Salle that lifting the Canada Cup became a reality.

In their final game St. Mary's played St. Malachy's who also had their eye on the cup and trailed St. Mary's by only one point in the league.

With their pride at stakes St. Mary's over came an early St. Malachy's lead to win the match 5-3 and the league by three clear points.

With the U-19 All Ireland competition yet to be played, St. Mary's hope to made it a clean sweep and are now aiming for the grand slam.

The U-19 squad includes: Capt: B. Crookes, D. Campfield, J. Nicholson, D. Mc Kerr, E. Kerr, C. Meehan, D. Murphy, R. Mc Clean.

Throughout the year the water polo teams from the U-14 through to the senior teams have continued to prove their



Under 19 Canada Cup Winners 2000 - 2001
Back L-R: D. Murphy, D. McKerr, E. Kerr, D. Crookes, J. Nicholson
Front L-R: C. Meehan, D. Campfield, R. McClean

ability to the highest standard. With two Ulster titles and one all Ireland title, the schools water polo teams so far this year have made a clean sweep. Whilst success is important to everyone in the school we must also appreciate the fact that each of these players have committed themselves to their team's success and take pride in playing for their school. The teams train each week and continuously play matches without question after school and during the weekends. Both coaches; Mr Mc Clean and Mr Watson; would like to thank and congratulate all those involved in the water polo teams for their hard work and dedication, especially Barry Crookes and Dermot Campfield for their services over the last seven years.

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B O O K M A K E R S



Best Wishes to St Mary's

Year 8 Gaelic Football.

Every week, roughly twenty five of our Gaelic footballers come together for training or a practice match. This team is managed by Mr Rasdale and Mr O'Connor. The team plays in the Antrim Schools' Blitz in May and the Ulster Colleges Blitz in June. The boys have been very dedicated in their approach to training and have played challenge games against the Meanscoil, Corpus Christi and C.B.S.

Leading lights for the team include Conall Mulhern, Sean Mc Garrity, Darren O'Neill, Martin Elliott and Shane McGuckin, but the management would emphasise how well the squad operates as a single unit with concentration on teamwork. Good Luck lads!

Corn Colmchille.

This squad was very unlucky in 2001. The lads trained with a great deal of enthusiasm, having been successful in 2000, and they won a number of challenge games prior to their tournament, which was to begin in April. Disaster arrived in the form of the Foot and Mouth crisis which meant that the entire competition was switched from a group system to a hastily thrown together knockout tournament. We were caught sleeping by a very sharp St Malachy's side, which included an ex St Mary's star, and our hopes were dashed. To add to our woes, our team minibus was stolen from Cherryvale pitches during the St Malachy's match with fifteen schoolbags and uniforms on board! Mr Rasdale does not accept that farmers can be held responsible for the bad luck of this team. Managers here were Mr Rasdale, Dr Shannon and Mr Mc Neill. The team was particularly well served by Christopher McIlhatton, Ryan Mc Glinchey.

Mark Kelly, Ryan Thibodeau and Dermot Mc Cabe.



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A group of St. Mary's pupils waiting for their lesson.

As I am sure you are all aware, Mr Perry and his wonderful team of teachers organised the annual Skiing trip. This year my brother and I were fortunate enough to be included in the group which comprised six teachers and forty eight pupils. We were due to fly out from Aldergrove Airport on Friday 9th February for one weeks skiing in the village of Valloire, situated in the French Alps. We were advised to be at the airport by 10.00am and woebetide anyone who was late.

We gathered at the airport, boarded the plane and it departed, taking us to our destination for the week ahead.

After a plane journey and a short coach journey we welcomed the sight of Hotel Rapin. We quickly assembled and made ourselves at home in our allocated rooms - it's all go, go, go with Mr. Perry and Co.!

Each morning after a wake up call, we washed, dressed and went down to breakfast and before we knew it we were heading off to the slopes to meet our instructors. There were lessons both in the morning and afternoon, during which there were many bruised arms and legs, not to mention egos.

Each evening after dinner, the 'Butlins Redcoat Brigade' (i.e. Teachers) provided some excellent entertainment in the form of bowling, ice skating, bum boarding and discos.

By the end of the week everyone felt they had achieved a good standard of skiing and a prestigious award ceremony took place in recognition of our skills. One very memorable occasion was the evening when the sing song took place. The BeeGees aka Mr. Perry, Mr. Scullion and Mr. McGettigan sang to their hearts content as we suffered in silence.

All joking aside the week away was absolutely fantastic and obviously well organised by the teachers involved - the aforementioned and Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Marshall and Mr. Watson.

It was a memorable experience which we are hoping to repeat next year, although, after reading this, Mr. Perry may have different ideas.

S. Hughes 10C
T. Hughes 13E



Mr. Mark Watson 'Moonlights' for a Kays Catalogue photo-shoot.



Stevie Hughes takes on the mountain and wins.

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THE SOMME CENTRE.

It was a wet and cold morning when we were scheduled to go to the Somme Centre. When the 9:10 am bell rang everyone was filled with excitement. Mr McGreevy asked us to pack away our books and pens and to make our way down to the bus. Although it was only a 20 minute drive from school it everyone was relieved to stretch their legs. We made our way into the Somme Centre and had a little look around whilst the guide got ready to make another trip around the centre. We first examined the machine guns that the Germans used to 'Mow down' the British. We also looked at some of the bullets used and some of the smaller guns. Next we came to the 'Timeline' which showed us main events from the start of the war to the present day.

Next we came to a very interesting part of the excursion. It was a dug-out which some officers may have stayed in. Next came the favourite part of the trip. We were shown and walked through a trench. Normally rat infested, this one would have been a little easier to live and sleep in. We saw footage of some war scenes and you could hear shells going off in the background which gave off a real effect of what warfare was like and how it would have been so easy to get 'Shellshock'. We were then shown a small army vehicle which could have carried around 3 or 4 troops. Finally we were shown into a little room where we learned how to use and throw some of the shells, which weren't live of course. Then bullets were around the class. There was a sweet shop that meant we could buy food to satisfy our hunger. It rained on the way home but it did not spoil our great day. *Sean Burns. 10B.*



Sean Burns visits the trenches to experience 'Trench Life' during WWI.

Fiontann McKillop at the recruiting office, signing up to fight.



HISTORY TRIP TO BELGIUM

On March 15th 2001, forty year nine and year ten students set off on a History trip to Flanders to visit WW1 battle sites. The trip was great craic and had many enjoyable moments. During the course of the trip we went to see the German Military Cemetery at Langemarck where around 35,000 German soldiers are buried. I have to admit that it was quite sad to see that so many people were buried in mass graves. We then went onto the Flanders Fields Museum which was really enjoyable and interesting. My favourite site though must have been the visit to the trenches which were excellent. We were allowed to walk through them which was really good fun.

Away from the History we had some good moments. The boat trip on St. Paddy's Day on the canals of Bruges were superb and the quiz that night, which was organised exceptionally well by Mr Rasdale, was also brilliant. Let's face it though, he is no Chris Tarrant! Another enjoyable moment was when we played football on the beach under the failing floodlights. It turned into a mass brawl when both Mr Rasdale and Mr McGreevy tried their hand at football but suffered bad challenges which led to total chaos.

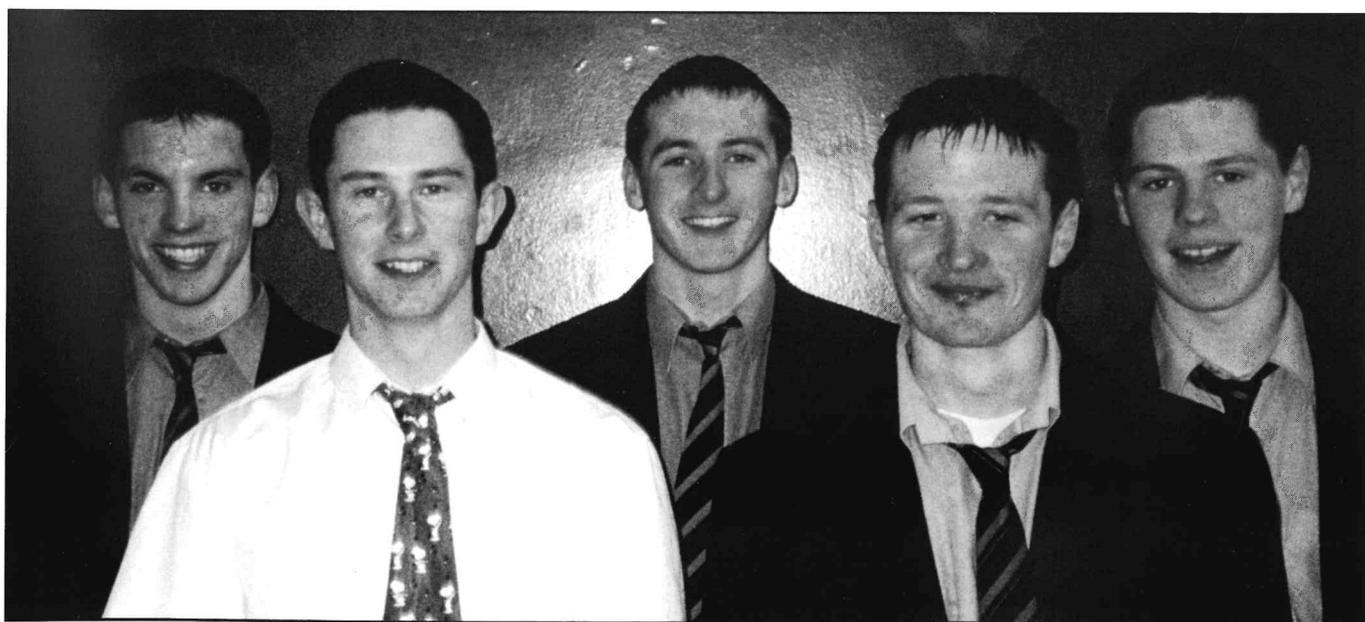
On the boat back to Dover everyone was looking for Miss Mervyn but she was on the phone to her supposedly ill friend. What a liar! She was taking full advantage of the duty free, we all know that. Remember Darius at Stanstead Airport? I will.

I would like to thank all the teachers who came along with us - for all their hard work and effort - Mr Rasdale, Mr McGreevy, Miss Mervyn, Miss Convery who had to look after all of the money and especially Mr McClean who organised the trip for us. I know that during the trip their patience was tested.

Many thanks,
Eamon McArdle 9B.

SENIOR HANDBALL

The St. Mary's Senior Handball team have won five All-Ireland Colleges titles between then in the past 2 year. The team members are pictured below



L-R: Michael Herron, Kevin Holmes, Fintan Gamble, Gerrard McGrath & Connor McParland.

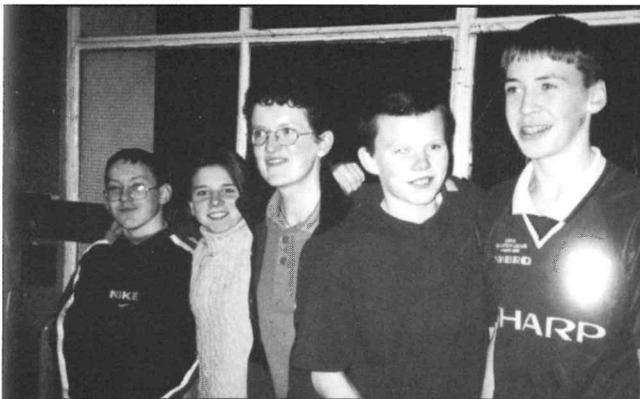
• CHAPLAINCY •

As a new position within the school community the role of chaplain has been one of ongoing development. My appointment in May 2000 was part of a commitment by St. Mary's to continue the ethos of the Christian Brothers within the school and to have on staff a person who would be accessible and available both to students and staff. In the past year I have concentrated in getting to know the students and through this helped to initiate a number of programmes and events to respond to their concerns. Thankfully I have been supported and abetted by staff, management and pupils in these ventures and whilst not all were successful there were many positive outcomes which will be built on next year.

Martin Curley, Chaplain

SPORTS CLUB

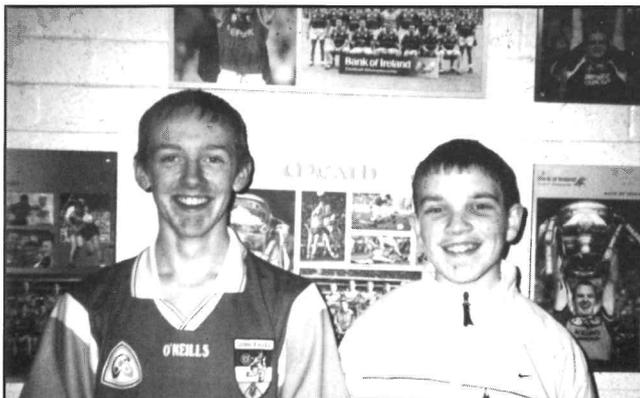
One of the successes of the year with upwards of 70 students enjoying a variety of activities in the PE hall. Thanks to the generosity of staff and parents we have been able to run the programme most Fridays since February and next year hope, with the help of the P.E. department, to expand the availability of the after-school sports programme considerably.



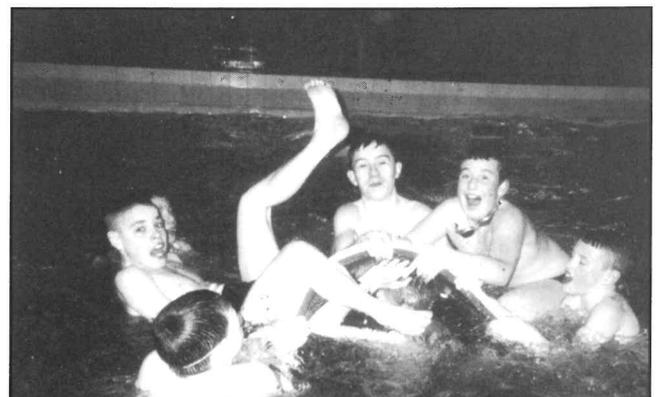
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Their backs to champions



Foot and mouth

SOCCER LEAGUE

Lunchtimes from October to Easter was a hive of activity with years 9, 10, 11 and 12 involved in soccer leagues over the lunch break. Organised by Mr. Rasdale, Mr. Leydon and Mr. Curley these were highly competitive with fierce competition between the Form class teams. In year 10 Mr. McCann's form class beat a solid team from Mr. Robinson's class whilst Mr. Murphy's team came tops in year 12. Mr. Rasdale's class were simply the best in year and year 9 is ongoing. Congratulations also go to the team from 10F which won the 7-a-side competition.

Saturday Trips

Tired and aching limbs were the order of the day on Saturdays for many students from January as they went on a "mystery bus tour". Again my thanks to a great number of staff who gave of their free time on Saturdays to give what one year 11 pupil described as a "class" day. There will be no mention of cone wars or walking on water as this will cause embarrassment to a certain few .



Which way is North?



Surviving in Timberland.

Particular thanks to Christina and Amadine, our Italian and French assistants who attended faithfully and were generous with their time.



Armed and Dangerous.

Retreats

Getting away for the day to enjoy the company of others and to appreciate the goodness of God's creation was the theme running through the various retreat days on offer this year. Years 9, 10 and 11 were catered for in St. Theresa's Youth Centre whilst year 13 were brought to Clonard where they had a terrific day with the Clonard Retreat team. Next year it is hoped that all years will be catered for both with overnight and day Retreats.

Pioneers

Mr. Dynan passed on the torch this year after many years of hard work and thanks to his nurturing of the programme over the years we were able to successfully recruit new members. Ms. Kinney, Dr. McAtamney, Mr. Robinson and Mr. T. Murphy have been instrumental in encouraging our boys to think of various options as opposed to wasting their time and energy on alcohol abuse during their social time. It is hoped that next year we will have more specific Pioneer trips to add to the several this year. As you can see from the pictures of our trip to Coleraine and the Giant's Causeway there are no shortage of enthusiastic takers of these outings.



Can Dermot Can-Can?



Steps to the wonderful.



Spot the Rockys.



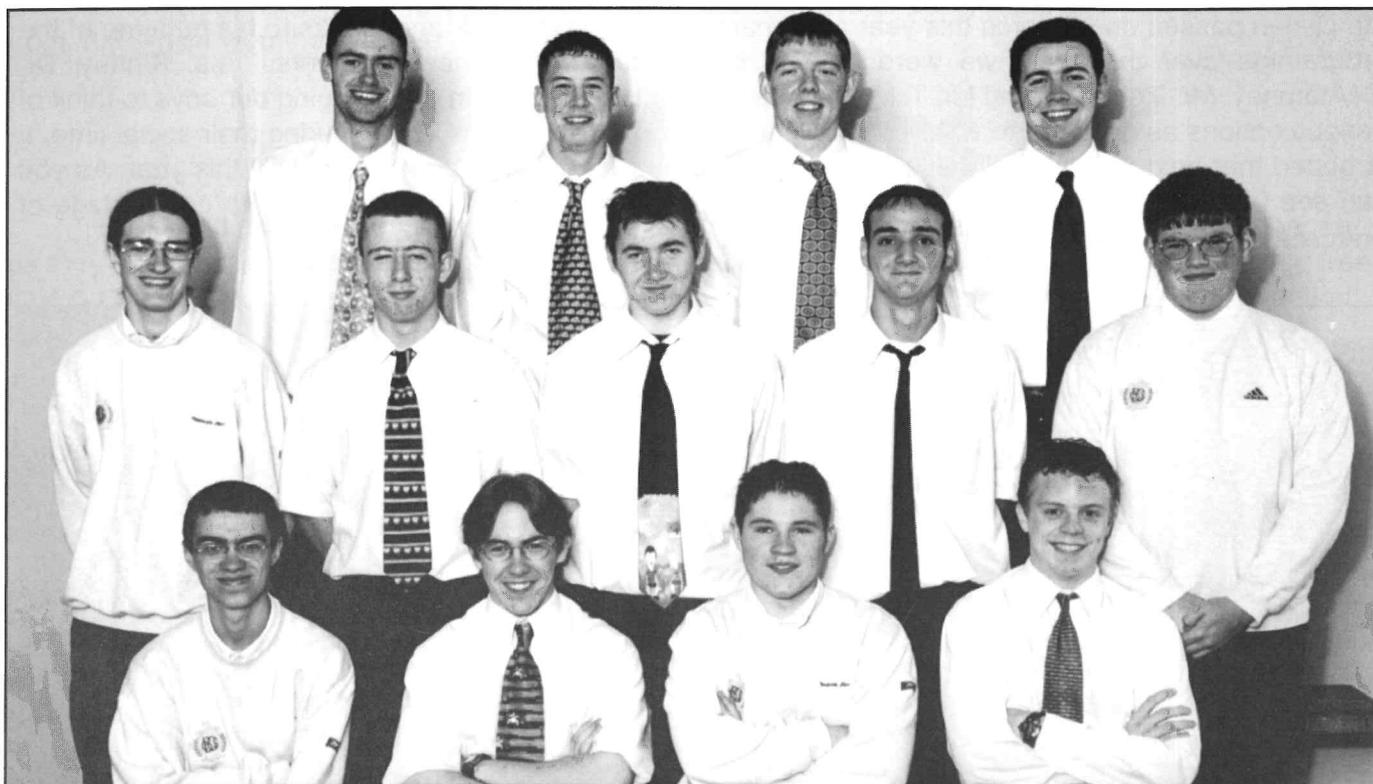
On the bus to Coleraine



Who's first in?

Senior School Prefect Team.

A Special word of thanks is due to the Senior School Prefect team who over the past year carried out their duties in a typically obliging and accomplished manner.



Back Row L-R Damian Campbell, Ciaran Cahill, Eamonn Dickson & Brendan Green.

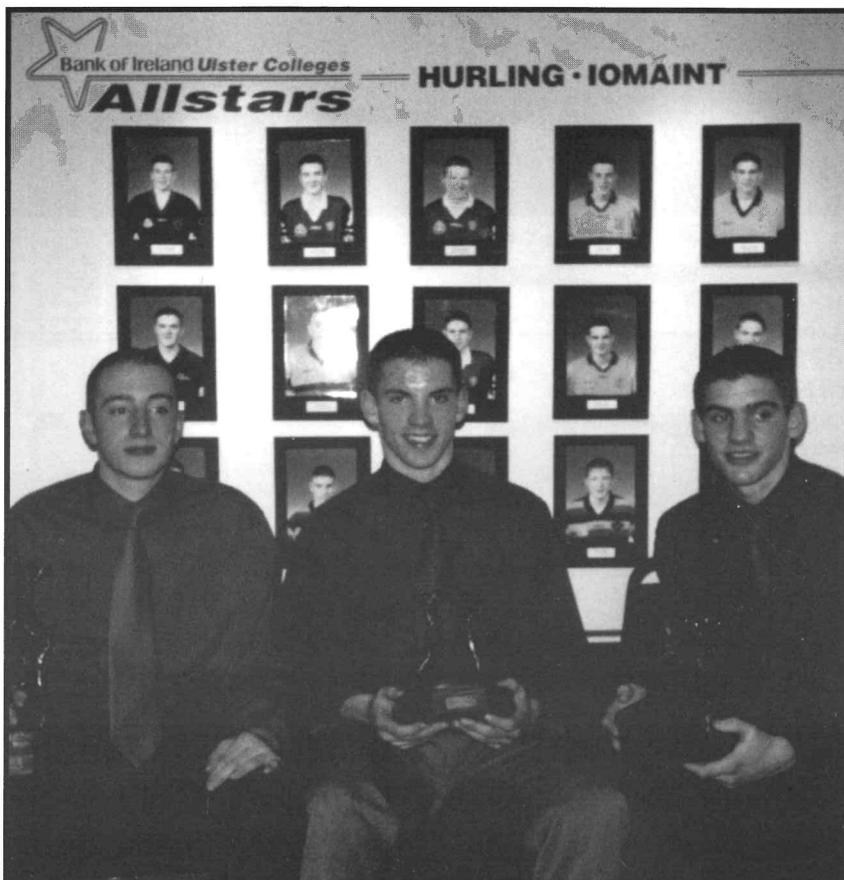
Middle Row L-R Gaven Kerr, Conor McKiernan, Colm Conlon, Antoni Forte & Louis McVeigh.

Front Row L-R Chris Morren, Connor Brannigan, Chris Smyth & David Doyle.

Abs. Caolan Lavery, Ciaran Lenaghan & Gerard Farrell.

ALLSTARS

Photographed below are St. Mary's All Star Hurleys for 2001. this is the second award for both Conall Kelly and Brendan Herron. Michael Herron, a year 12 pupil, has picked up his first All star award. This makes it a unique treble for the Herron family as older brother Ciaran also won an All Star for hurling in 1999.



L-R: Conall Kelly, Michael Herron & Brendan Herron, All Star Hurlers



L-R: Michael is presented with his All Star award by Br. Ennis, Mr C McMahon (Bank of Ireland) and Mr G. Burns (Guest of Honour)



Class 9A

Back Row: L-R

Conor Hamill, John McMahon, Ryan McCartney, Stephen Lagan, Danny Turley, Ryan McKeown, Tony Cowan

Middle Row: L-R

Ciaran Cullen, William Lockard, Patrick O'Kane, Ryan Corbett, Johnathan Richards, Simon Sloan, John Branigan

Front Row: L-R

Stephen Curley, Emmett Maguire, Colm Herdman, Ben McKenna, Matthew Smith, Brendan Gallagher

Form Tutor: Mr D. Mahon

Class 9B

Back Row: L-R

Stephen Bell, Kevin McGuinness, Lewis Reilly, Robert McElhone, Sean O'Neill, Patrick Boyle, Darren Murray

Middle Row: L-R

Colin Duffy, Cormac, McKeown, Ryan Manning, Tim Boyd, Eamon McArdle, Mark Saunders, Michael Mc Laughlin, Christopher McIlhone

Front Row: L-R

David Owens, Daniel Teggart, Patrick Lavelle, David O'Neill, Christopher Baggley, Mark Campbell, Alan Gallagher

Form Tutor: Mr P. Lavery



Class 9C

Back Row: L-R

Paul McCarthy, Ciaran McAteer, Eamonn Kelly, Patrick Larkin, Simon Geraghty, Seamus Millen, Conor Kerr.

Middle Row: L-R

Ruari Robinson, Chris Shortt, Michael Cunningham, John Lundy, Mark George, Steven Murray, Kevin Perry, Steven Moore

Front Row: L-R

Aaron McCorry, Jim Connolly, Kevin Scott, Thomas Heaney, Peter Konrad, Damien Lynch, Conor O'Kane

Form Tutor: Mr G. Quiggs





Class 9D

Back Row: L-R

Conor Bell, Kevin McKegney, Dermot McCabe, Ryan Thibodeau

Row 2: L-R

Conor Maguire, Mark Bowman, Ryan McGlinchey, Martin Killen, Phillip O'Neill, Michael Dobbin

Row 1 L-R

Thomas McVeigh, Gerard Pickering, Kevin Boyle, Mark Kelly, Gregory Goodwin, Paul Barns, Paul Armstrong

Front Row L-R

Paul Smith, Brendan Agnew, Darren Kane, Christopher Nolan, David Doyle, Ciaran McManus, Michael George

Form Tutor: Mr K. Morgan

Class 9E

Back Row: L-R

Ryan Kerr, Brendan Farrell, Gerard Gallagher

Row 2: L-R

Caelan Bradley, Aodh Hamilton, Donal Armstrong, John Carson, Michael Collins, Kevin Clarke

Row 1: L-R

Alex McGoran, Ciaran Gribben, Liam Ferrin, Conor Crawford, Gerard Gibson, Gabriel Brown, Anthony Ferris

Row 1: L-R

Fintan Cosgrove, Manual Walsh, Christopher Power, Stephen McDonagh, Eamonn MacManus, Gerard Hughes, Brendan McCallum

Form Tutor: Miss J. Mervyn



Class 9F

Back Row: L-R

Neil Rafferty, Mark Carson, Sean McGurk, Ryan Doyle, Stephen Nesbitt

Row 2: L-R

Johnny Kerr, Paul Christie, Tuathan McAughey, Conor McCourt, Ciaran McParland, Mark Russell, Robert Reilly

Row 1: L-R

Damien Lynch, Demond Shearer, Frankie Maxwell, Ruairi Devlin, Paul Rea, Stephen Loughran, Ciaran Dines

Front Row: L-R

Conor Graham, Daithi Murray, Sean Óg O'Connor, Christopher McIlhatton, Diarmuid McPhillips, Brendan McGeown, Eamon Mulholland

Form Tutor: Miss A-M Doherty





Class 9G

Back Row: L-R
 Patrick McGuigan, Paul Murphy,
 Joseph Carlin, Christopher k. Smith,
 Mark Connolly, Daniel O'Neill

Middle Row: L-R
 William Ward, David Pollock,
 Raymond Kinnaird, Daragh Scullion,
 Christopher Rafferty, Colin
 Cunningham, Blaine Douglas, Micheal
 Ferguson

Front Row: L-R
 Conor McQuade, Michael Kerr,
 Gérard McGeown, Declan Caddell,
 Patrick Brennan, Sean Lagan,
 Christopher P.Smith

Form Tutor: Mrs M. Murray

Class 10A

Back Row: L-R
 Ciaran Hagan, Henry Donnelly, Paul
 Smith, Daniel O'Kane, Matthew
 McCrudden, Ryan Morton, Michael
 French, Conor Kelly

Middle Row: L-R
 James Smyth, Malachy McMahon,
 Kevin Hanvey, Colm Keenan,
 Gordon Loughead, David Crudden,
 David Steenson, Sean McAnay

Front Row: L-R
 John Taol, Martin McCabe, Desmond
 Hesketh, Declan Hughes, Stephen
 Flynn, Darren Hessketh, Conor
 O'Neill

Form Tutor: Miss C. Kelly



Class 10B

Back Row: L-R
 Neil Johnstone, Declan O'Connor,
 Paul Gallagher, David Mallon, Michael
 Morgan, Sean Burns, James O'Neill,
 Kenny McNally, Aaron McAree

Middle Row: L-R
 Martin McBride, David Hughes,
 Thomas McGibbon, Conor Taggart,
 David McKenna, Conal Maguire,
 Sean Hamill, Conor Murphy, Joseph
 Scott

Front Row: L-R
 Cormac Crossen, Brendan Griffin,
 Fiontain McKillop, Conor McCaffrey,
 Paul Saunders, Mark Taylor,
 Christopher McGrath

Form Tutor: Mr J. McGreevy





Class 10C

Back Row: L-R

Michael McGuigan, Sean Andrews, Ciaran May, Tony Rea, Conor Herron

Row 2: L-R

Anton O'Reilly, Gerard Cairns, Paul Egan, Michael McAllister, Gerard Crossan, Paul O'Neill, Kieran Gibson

Row 1: L-R

Tony Craig, Ciaran Fox, Gerard Cosgrove, Neil Mervyn, Conor Scullion, Conal Green, Lawrence Claxton

Front Row: L-R

Stephen Hughes, Christopher McParland, Barry Carleton, Piaras Duffy, Aidan Burns, Brendan Dorrian, Aaron Hagan

Form Tutor: Mr C. McCann

Class 10D

Back Row: L-R

Philip Joyce, Patrick Davidson, Gavin Ferris, Joseph Caddell

Row 2: L-R

Daniel McShane, Kieran McAllister, Michael Carson, Gary McAreavey, Kieran McCurry

Row 1: L-R

Michael Maguire, Christopher Floyd, Stephen Curran, Thomas McAuley, Paul Brennan, Conchur Keenan, Declan Douglas

Front Row: L-R

Conor Flynn, Robert Drumm, Conor Smith, Ciaran McCabe, Kevin Herdman, Sean Óg Maguire, Mark Caldwell

Form Tutor: Mr M Robinson



Class 10E

Back Row: L-R

Sean Mitchell, Paul Torbitt, Mark Watson, Stephen Stewart, Sam Meighan

Row 2: L-R

Sean Woods, Gerard McEllearney, Damien Moylan, Ryan McKenna, Michael Gerard Doherty, Patrick Slane, Dermot Hartigan.

Row 1: L-R

Michael Mc Cafferty, Michael Reynolds, Padraic Flanagan, Michael McNeill, Martin Pollock, Adam McErlean, Conal Maskey

Front Row: L-R

Danny Quinn, Ciaran Quinn, Thomas Savage, Conor McAuley, Eamon O'Neill, Aidan Monaghan, Danny Lundy

Form Tutor: Mrs L. Tunney





Class 10F

Back Row: L-R

Eamon Gregory, Malachy McAllister, Christopher Hughes, Christopher Pimlott, Bernard McLaughlin

Row 2: L-R

Joseph Ward, Eamon O'Neill, Patrick Owens, Kevin McComb, Aidan Devlin, Christopher Wylie

Row 1: L-R

Robert McCurdy, Ciaran Connolly, Robert McManus, Joseph Toner, Ciaran Long, Kieran McManus, Gerard Carroll

Front Row: L-R

Christoir McKenna, Paul Woods, Colm McFall, Ciaran McMullan, Christopher O'Neill, David Dougan, Conor McCullough.

Form Tutor: Mr J. McClean

Class 10G

Back Row: L-R

Brendan Guiney, Daniel McKiernan, Declan Owens, Nathan Morrisson, Christopher McIlhennon, Liam Knocker

Middle Row: L-R

Paul Maher, David Mallon, Patrick Laverty, Cormac Allsopp, Andrew McMorrison, Ciaran Marshall, Patrick O'Hagan

Front Row: L-R

Sean Boyle, David McComb, Hugh McMahon, Mark Lappin, Barry Foster, Damien Magee, Mark Hagan

Form Tutor: Miss J. Kinney



Class 11A

Back Row: L-R

Raymond Auld, Timothy Martin, Stephen McCartney, Peter Murphy, Niall O'Reilly, Patrick Slane

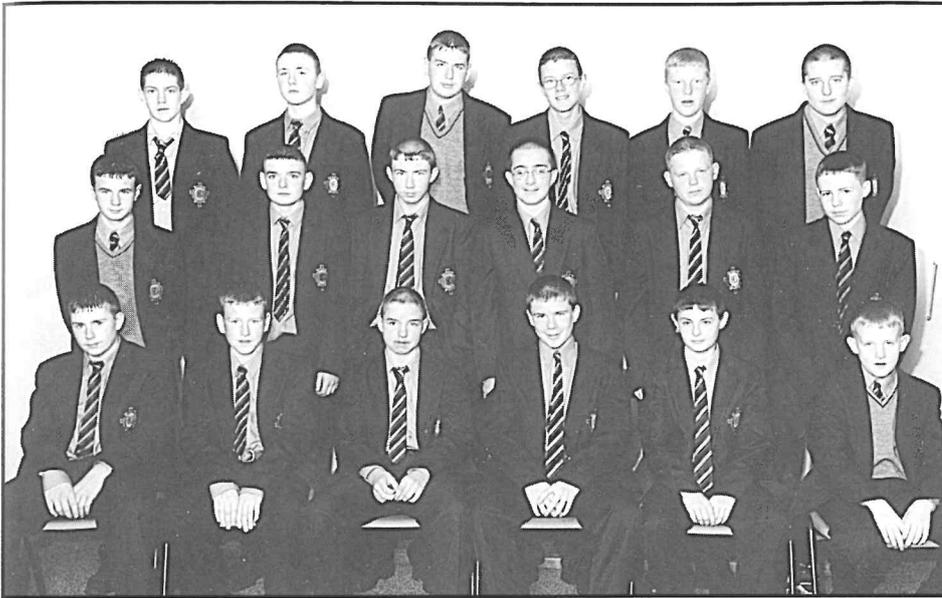
Middle Row: L-R

Ms.F.Marshall, Paul Devlin, Gavin Gowdy, Paul Burns, Colm Donaghy, Niall O'Donnell, Daniel Collins, Christopher Lyttle

Front Row: L-R

Declan Mc Donnell, Ciaran Crudden, Sean Paul McCabe, John O'Reilly, Ciaran Smith, Liam Weir





Class 11B

Back Row: L-R

Sean Rice, Somhairle Loughran,
David Maguire, Gordan Maguire,
Kevin Kinney, Padraig Mackel

Middle Row: L-R

Michael Rafferty, Sean Dowds, Terry
Burns, Ciaran Brown, Darren Bruntry,
Antoin Millen

Front Row: L-R

Mark McParland, Seamus Nolan,
Sean Robb, Gerard Gibney, John
Mahood, Sean McQuade

Form Tutor: Mr M-B Byrne

Class 11C

Back Row: L-R

Mrs M. Jennings

Colm McNulty, Stephen Holland,
Brendan McKernan, Noel McCleave,
Paul Woods, Nicholas Bunting

Front Row: L-R

Sean Lavery, Darren McManus,
Stephen Brady, Darren Maguire,
Robert Shaw, Stephen Maher



Class 11D

Back Row: L-R

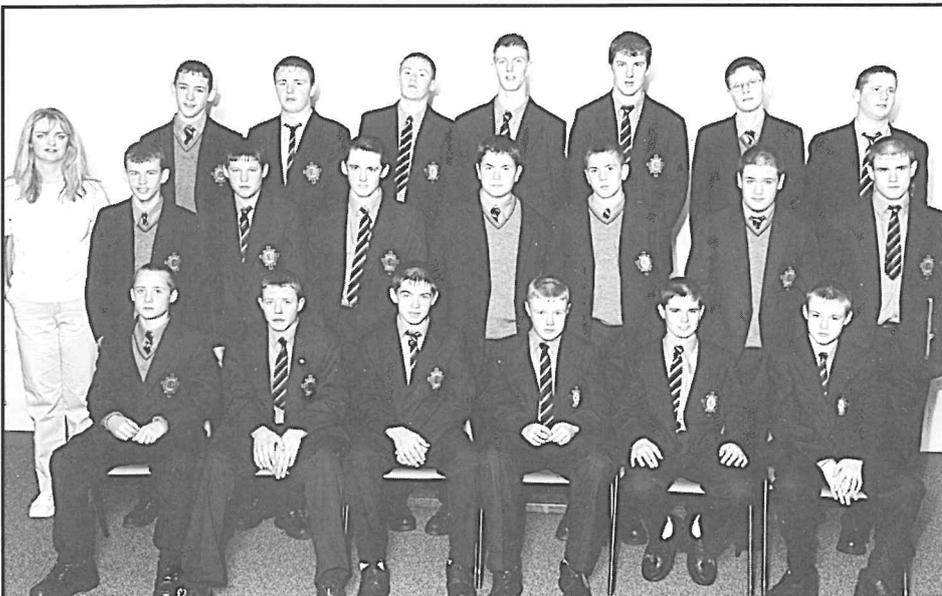
Miss C. Morris, Gareth Brennan, Joe
Smyth, Paul Geddis, Declan Rooney,
Christopher Moore, Diarmuid Kelly,
Daniel Stuart

Middle Row: L-R

Paul McAteer, Michael Magee, Barry
Delaney, Conor Meehan, Paul
Mulhern, Eamon Keaveney,
Philip Keaveney

Front Row: L-R

Damien Delaney, Hugh Flavin, Martin
Hamill, Stephen McAllister, Colin
Robb, Mark McKenna





Class 11E

Back Row: L-R
 Paul Morren, Ciaran Carlin, Ryan McCorry, Kevin Quinn, Gary Cunningham, Rory Mallon, Shaun Donnelly

Middle Row: L-R
Miss O. Convery
 Darren McGuigan, David McDonald, Peter Carson, Stephen Cassidy, Glenn Wilson, Dermot Graham, Conor Boyle

Front Row: L-R
 Brendan Dynes, Damien Johnston, Colm Thompson, Colm Lappin, Sean McKeown, Robert Gallagher

Class 11F

Back Row: L-R
 Finton Wilson, Paul Heaney, Niall McConnell, Martin McBride, Gregory McLarnon

Middle Row: L-R
 Michael O'Neill, Robert Simpson, Paul Walker, Kevin McFall, William McGuickin

Front Row: L-R
 Brendan Tier, Patrick McLaughlin, Sean McGeown, Christopher Morgan, David O'Hanlon

Form Tutor: Mr A. Austin



Class 11G

Back Row: L-R
 Pearse Mc Clusker, Stephen Rafferty, Gavin Forde, John McColgan, Darren Raffo, Liam Boyle, Matthew Leydon

Middle Row: L-R
 Martin McGeown, John Keatings, Barry Murphy, Joseph Black, John Curistan, Eamonn Doherty, Noel Rooney, Ronan Burke

Front Row: L-R
 Declan McKiernan, Connell McKenna, Michael Pollock, Stephen Flanagan, Darren O'Kane, Deaglan Christie

Form Tutor: Mr D. McNeill





Class 11H

Back Row: L-R

Adrian Doyle, Jonathan Flack,
Pearse Martin, David Guiney

Middle Row: L-R

Mr.M.Greene, Ronan McClean, Conor
Lamb, David Leydon, Robert Mc
Convey, Michael McMullan

Front Row: L-R

Mark Connor, Daniel Andrew, Eamon
Cordner, Kevin Franklin, Sean Curran,
John McCrea

Class 11I

Back Row: L-R

Stephen Smith, Sean McKay, Paul
Dynes, Mark Hall, Michael Kelly,
Conor McGoldrick, Kieran Ryan

Middle Row: L-R

Mr.B.Rasdale, Paul Kennedy, Robert
CArson, Chris Colaluca, Thomas
Duffy, Eric Lauro, Matthew Leonard,
Colm Mc Laughlin

Front Row: L-R

Gerard MacAuley, David Ferron,
Gareth Dowdall, David Burke, Sean
McGovern, Pearse Maguire



Class 12A

Back Row: L-R

Ciaran Cooley, Fionntan Gamble,
Padraig McGarrigle, Ciaran Diamond,
Pol Hamilton, Kieran Connolly

Middle Row: L-R

Mr J. Heaney

Gerard McGrath, Desmond McAuley,
Mark McAtackney, Paul McNeill,
David Gillen, Gerard Collins

Front Row: L-R

Michael Watson, Peter Robinson,
Stephen Herdman, Stephen Kelly,
Sean O'Reilly, Liam McParland



Class 12B

Back Row: L-R
 Cormac O'Neill, Sean McAreavey,
 Ryan Heaney, Paul Mulligan,
 Brendan Mc Parland

Middle Row: L-R
Mr M Watson, David Black, Andrew
 Black, Neil Brennan, Christopher
 Thibodeau, Michael Bonner, Eoin
 McKenna

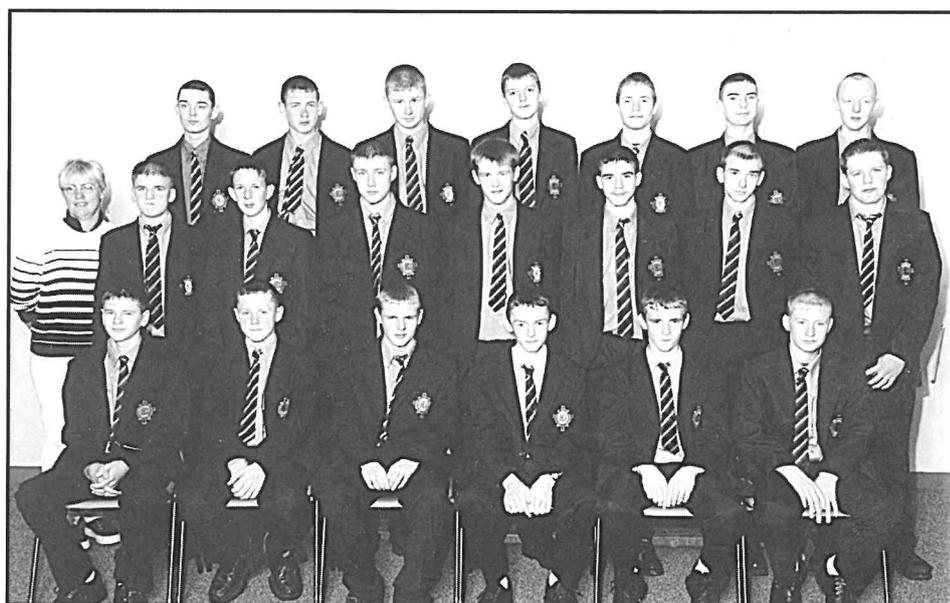
Front Row: L-R
 Edward Keown, Christopher Hagan,
 Gerard Millen, Sean O'Kane, Colm
 Meehan, Christopher Toal

Class 12C

Back Row: L-R
 Thomas Marley, Ciaran McCleave,
 Ciaran Chapman, David Moge, Peter
 McMorro, Gary Donnelly, Sean-Paul
 Greene

Middle Row: L-R
Mr G. Curran
 Brendan Rice, David Savage, James
 Finnegan, Christopher Curran, Kevin
 Fairley, Eamon Kerr, Anthony Flavin

Front Row: L-R
 Eamon Armstrong, Patrick
 Cunningham, Christopher Bell, Kevin
 Hawkins, Peter Mc Aleese, David
 McErlean



Class 12D

Back Row: L-R
 Paul Brady, James Mc Morrow,
 Stephen McIlwaine, Michael Herron,
 Ciaran Loughran

Middle Row: L-R
Mr T. Murphy
 Christopher Jones, Ciaran McCartney,
 Declan Hughes, Diarmuid Donachy,
 Martin Buchanan, Sean Gough

Front Row: L-R
 Sean McGuinness, Paul Higgins,
 Kevin McDonnell, Patrick McFall,
 Micheal Toal, Christopher McCarthy





Class 12E

Back Row: L-R

Martin McGoran, Sean McShane, Conor McCabe, Conor MacParland, Ciaran Johnston, Richard Morris

Middle Row: L-R

Miss M T Gorman

Daniel Savage, Tony McCann, Conor McShane, Patrick Rainey, Ronan Day, Gerard Toner

Front Row: L-R

Colm Darby, Simon Darby, Colm Lavery, Paul Acheson, Christopher Maguire, Donall McHugh

Class 12F

Back Row: L-R

Gabriel Mulholland, Christopher Porter, Donnchadh Murphy, Pdraig Donnell, Colm O'Riordan

Middle Row: L-R

Mr E. McToal

Christopher French, Michael Kavanagh, Stephen Rainey, Davd Ramsey, James Johnston, Joe Keating, Andrew Mulholland

Front Row: L-R

Christopher Carville, Christopher McMahon, Joseph O'Hagan, Manus O'Gorman, Colm McKenna, Antain Currie



Class 12G

Back Row: L-R

David Megan, John Webb, Colm McCabe, Anthony McCann

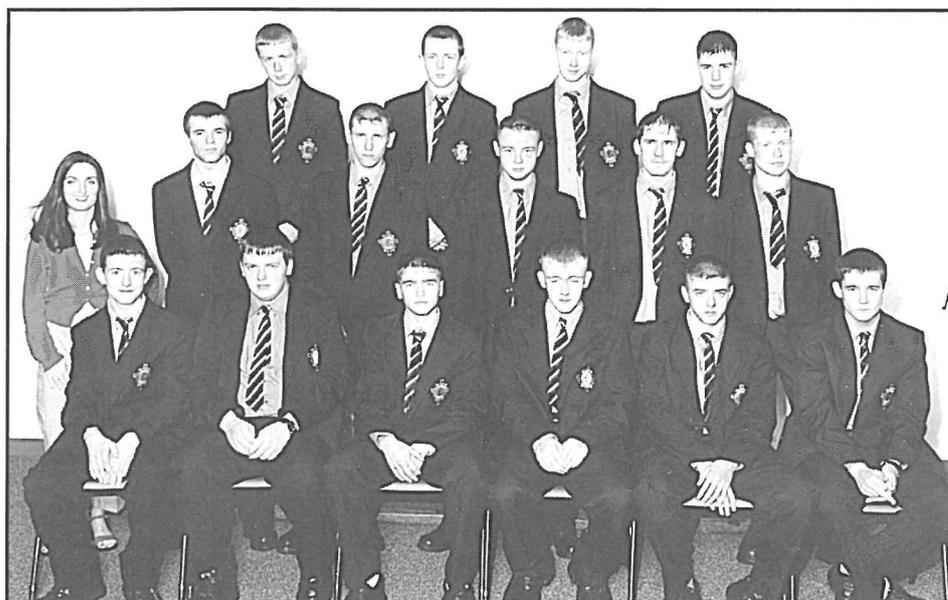
Middle Row: L-R

Miss M. Dickson

Patrick McGarrity, Sean Mc Conville, Michael Gillen, Conor McAteer, Paul Cosgrove

Front Row: L-R

Pdraig McBride (R.I.P), Dermot Huston, Gerard Hamilton, Damien Lavery, David McClarnon, Adrian McCann





Class 12H

Back Row: L-R
Gerard Doherty, Donal Magennis,
Ciaran Bradley, Aodhan Gallagher

Middle Row: L-R
Mr J. McAuley
James Rafferty, Christopher Gillen,
Terence Sheppard, Gabriel
McComish, Christopher Seenan

Front Row: L-R
Joseph Donnelly, Stephen Downey,
Gareth Presley, Michael Forrester,
Finnbar Christie, Sean McCloskey

Class 12I

Back Row: L-R
Ciaran Chapman, Eamonn Andrews,
Damien Martin, Kieran Mulholland,
Liam McGuinness, Padraig Maxwell

Middle Row: L-R
Mr J. Martin
Stephen Darragh,
Christopher McCusker,
Thomas Coogan, Christopher
Donnelly, Ciaran Bell, Mark
Austin, Ailin McCullagh

Front Row: L-R
Sean Agnew, Gerard Black,
Gerald Murray, Gerard Nugent,
Daniel McIlhone, Desmond Egan

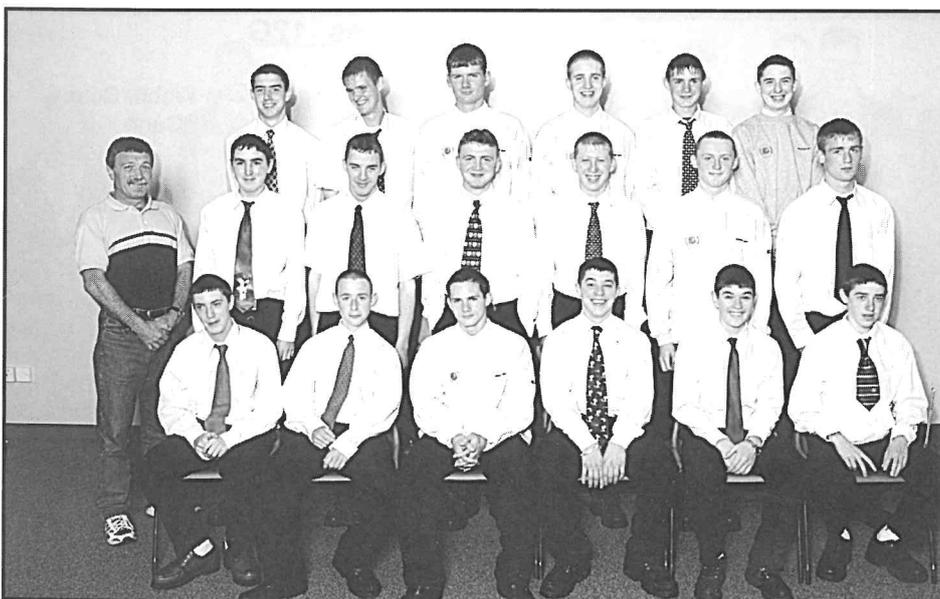


Class 13A

Back Row: L-R
Sean Maguire, Ryan Kelly, Michael
Mallon, Joseph O'Neill, Brendan
Burns, Harry Shevlin

Middle Row: L-R
Mr S. Crilly
Christopher Barnes, Daniel Smyth,
Patrick O'Hare, Patrick McConville,
Stephen Kearney, Aodhan Hartigan

Front Row: L-R
James McKenna, Peter Campbell,
Damien McKee, Stephen Walls,
Thomas Egan, Kevin Cassidy





Class 13B

Back Row: L-R

Mr J. Manning

Colm O'Neill, Paddy Gault,
Kevin Holmes, Peter Kettle,
Gerry Ward, Sean Conlon,
Chris McKeown, Kevin Martin

Front Row: L-R

Garry Curran, Emmet Duffy,
Chris Johnston, Colm McConville,
Damien Magee, Raymond Devlin

Class 13C

Back Row: L-R

Darren O'Neill, Gary McLaughlin,
Patrick Dugan

Middle Row: L-R

Mr P. Cullen

Francis McCoy, Christopher Flynn,
Karl Black, Michael Connolly, Ciaran
McConnell

Front Row: L-R

Neil McGinn, Paul McErlan, Joseph
Richardson, Kieran Burns, Dermot
Monaghan, Niall McDonnell



Class 13D

Back Row: L-R

James Sloan, Ciaran McCallan,
Ciaran King, Fionntan Connor,
Dermott Agnew, Brendan Webb

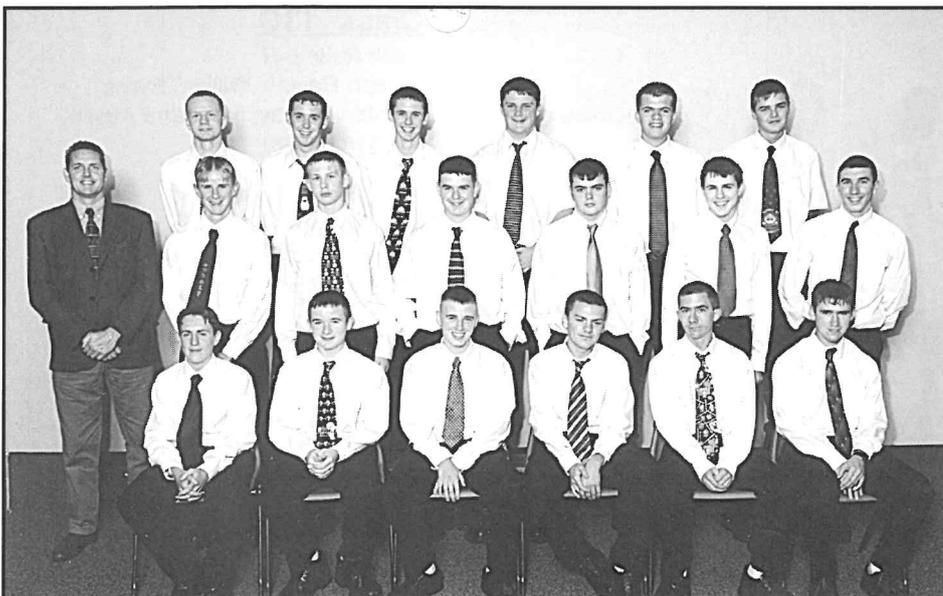
Middle Row: L-R

Mr L. Perry

Gary McAlorum, Michael Scannell,
Noel Doran, John Glenholmes, Colm
McIlmurray, Conor McCallion

Front Row: L-R

Edward Stewart, Chris Strong, Patrick
Deighan, John McNally, Gary Hayes,
Paul Murtagh





Class 13E

Back Row: L-R
 James McIlwee, Anthony Irvine, Kevin O'Riordan, Stephen McGarry, Joseph Nicholson, Anthony Kelly

Middle Row: L-R
Mr.A.Whitehead, Matthew Neill, Joseph Heath, Patrick McCabe, Barry Napier, Robert Boyle, Paul Quinn

Front Row: L-R
 Kevin Chesney, Thomas Hughes, James Canavan, Diarmaid Lindsay, Paul McAuley, Paul Brunty

Class 13F

Back Row: L-R
 Martin Scott, Kevin Gilmore, Christopher Dyer, Kevin McDonald, Sean Fitzpatrick

Middle Row: L-R
Mr.L.McAleese, Ciaran Lagan, Ciaran McKeown, Daire Thompson, James Gilliland, Mark Bradley

Front Row: L-R
 Owen McAllister, Thomas Carberry, Michael McGuigan, Emmanuel Diver, Robert Murray, Mark McGoldrick



Class 13G

Back Row: L-R
 Joseph Rainey, William Byrne, Damien Murray, Fionbarra Austin, Ryan Johnston

Middle Row: L-R
Mr.D.Armstrong, Barry McLarnon, Padraig Mullan, Cristoforo Marsella, Stephen Morrison, Stephen Dick

Front Row: L-R
 Billy Creaney, Christopher Smyth, Joseph Devlin, Ciaran Fitzpatrick, Damien Brown, Adrain Finnigan





Class 13H

Back Row: L-R

Paul Mallon, Gerard McDonald,
Canice Ward, Sean McAteer, Ciaran
Doherty, Sean Burns

Middle Row: L-R

Mr C. Monaghan

James Allen, Stephen O'Kane, Donal
McManus, Kevin McLean, Joseph
McCluskey, Eamonn Donnelly

Front Row: L-R

Conor Burns, Declan Hasson,
Brendan O'Neill, Paul Hughes, Canice
McGarrigle, Frank McCallan



local interest

Wherever you look, you'll see evidence of First Trust's commitment to the local community, from the arts and sport to youth and environmental projects. Our support of St Mary's C.B. Grammar School is just one way of showing that we like to play our part too.

www.firsttrustbank.co.uk

talk to us



GALLAGHER CUP WINNERS 2000

