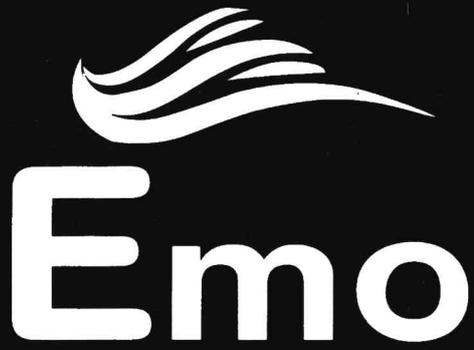


# SIMMARIAN



# 2003

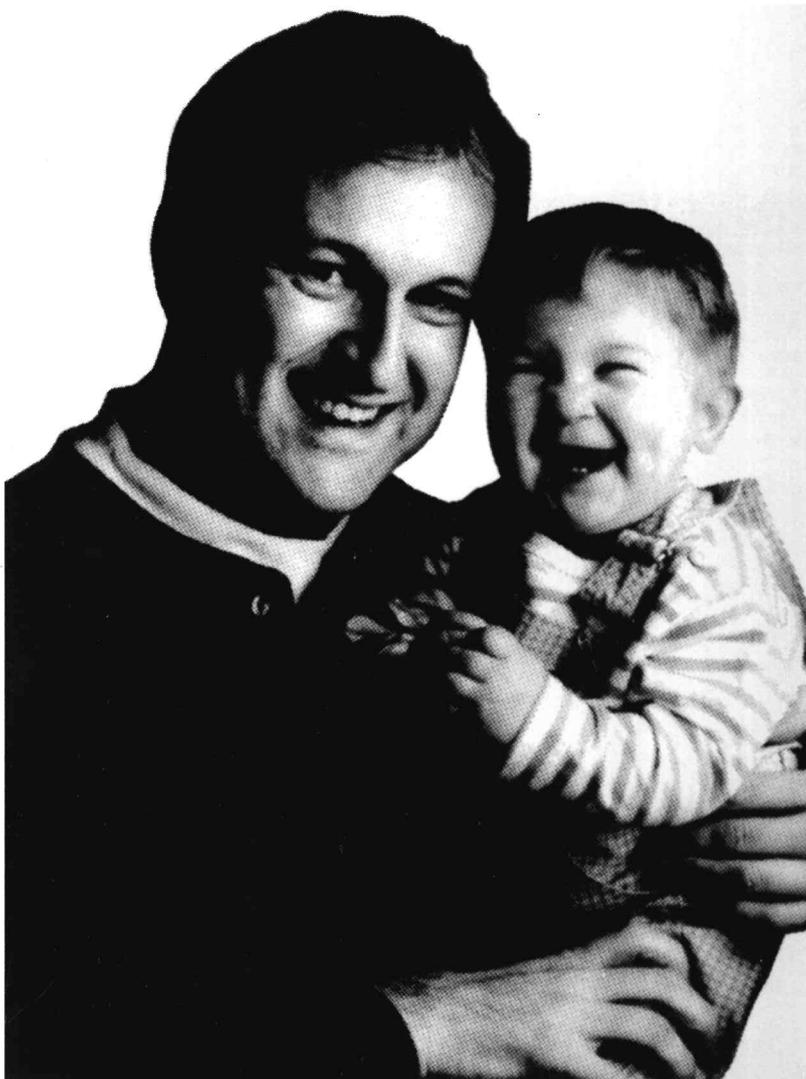


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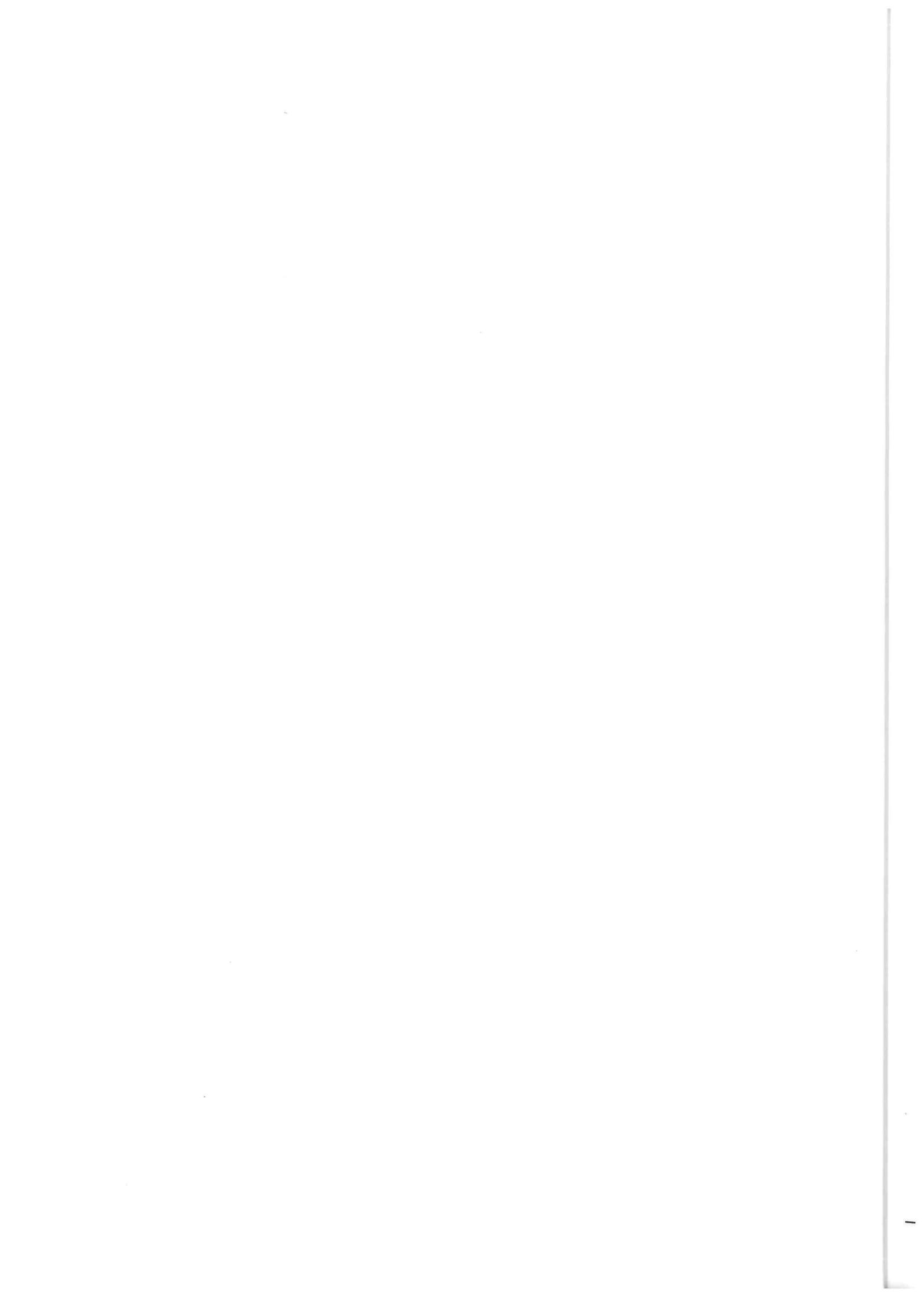
# **THE SIMMARIAN**

*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*

*Editor:* Mrs. D-M. Tohill

*Assistance and Layout:* Mr. S. Smart

*Photography: Portraits and Class Groups:* Mr. J. McCann  
*Additional Photography :* Mr. J. Heaney

## *Thanks to:*

The Office Staff for their help.  
Mrs. M. Jennings for the Literary section,  
and to all staff and students who generously provided  
articles and photographs.

*Printers:* Shanway Press, Belfast.

# SIMMARIAN 2003

I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the pupils for all their achievements since our last publication and to thank the staff who have given so much of their time and expertise, not only during school hours, but in the many and varied extra-curricular activities. We sincerely appreciate the parents' contribution to the life of the school community.

Our best wishes are extended to three teachers who retired this summer Mr. Michael Crilly, Vice-Principal, Mr. Phil Cullen, Head of French and Mrs. Loretta Hodgkinson, French Department. All three have worked almost a lifetime in St. Mary's and have made a huge contribution to the life of the school in their respective roles.

We extend our congratulations to the members of staff who were married recently and to those who have had births in the family.

Within this last year or so we were saddened by the deaths of Br. Louis Nolan last Christmas. Br. Nolan spent many years, at different times, teaching in St. Mary's. He will be remembered fondly by the footballers he so successfully coached in the past. Go ndéana Dia trócaire ar a anam dílis.

There have been quite a number of significant victories on the field of sport and a number of new activities have been introduced to the school. One such activity was the trip to Lusaka, Zambia. A magnificent effort was made by the whole school community and friends of the school to raise funds to send pupils and teachers to work in a school, orphanage and hospice. I had the great privilege of being one of the group who travelled. The contribution made by St. Mary's by their presence and financial support was incredible. On behalf of the Community of St. Lawrence in Lusaka I wish to sincerely thank all those who contributed in any way to this project. It is hoped that we will continue to visit and support these people who have so little of what we take for granted. It is clear that we can make a difference to this community.

Finally, I wish to sincerely thank all those who have contributed to this Simmarian, including those who submitted articles, our sponsors and all those who were directly responsible for producing this magazine, in particular, Ms Donna Tohill.

Guím gach beannacht ar phobal na scoile, na daltaí, an fhoireann agus tuismitheoirí. Go n-éirí go geal libh an bhliain seo chugainn agus, le cuidiú Dé, sna blianta atá romhainn.

***Caoimhín de Búrca.***

Pr omhoide.

# Teaching Staff 2002 / 2003

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## Deputy Principals

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Mr. J. Sheerin B.A., Dip.Ed., D.A.S.E.

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# Mr. M. Crilly Retires.

The retirement of Michael Crilly marks a milestone in the history of St. Mary's.

If ever a man took his job description literally Michael did. As Vice Principal with responsibility for the whole pastoral dimension of the school he was tireless in his efforts on behalf of the students and the staff.

His efforts to, in his own words, 'turn a kid round' were legendary. Some cynics thought that some of his 'kids' went through more revolutions than a Latin American country, but Michael never gave up hope. His lasting monument, like that of all good teachers, lies in the countless children's lives that he helped to change for the better.

To the staff he was the epitome of concern. He was not only supremely approachable about personal and professional difficulties but that concern always took a practical form in an effort to help to alleviate the difficulty, whether by advice or by lessening the load.

When, at staff meetings, he talked about pastoral issues his blazing sincerity was obvious and he never missed an opportunity to register his appreciation of the efforts made by the whole staff to improve the life of the students.

If fish were ever given the vote they would no doubt wish that he would still be amongst us. We wish him many years reducing their numbers.

We say goodbye to our colleague Michael Crilly who has retired after a teaching career at St Mary's spanning thirty four years. Most recently vice principal, Michael also formerly served as Head of Economics, Head of Careers and acting



Principal for one year. In all of these positions he performed with distinction. In his role as a form teacher, one abiding memory is of him motivating every single member of his class to participate in at least one event on Sports Day.

His enthusiasm for classroom teaching was obvious and he has a legendary fan base among the very

many past pupils he taught and guided over the years. They remember him with great fondness and often attribute their future achievements in many different careers to his influence. Staff members also were often advised and helped through difficulties, personal and professional. Admittedly he may not have been the most popular figure approaching with a rota slip for the last period in the day!

In previous years Michael took a keen interest in extra curricular activities and travelled the length and breadth of Ireland with the cross country teams. His support was fanatical and he often used up as much energy as the athletes during the course of a race. Michael's concern for pupils never faded and he was personally responsible for giving practical assistance to those experiencing adverse circumstances. In one case a hardship fund was made available by a grateful past pupil of his who is now enjoying a very successful career.

Michael always saw the 'big picture' and demonstrated considerable leadership skills. His sense of humour helped him get through some of his own difficult times and he has left behind many friends and colleagues, some of whom have worked with him over many years, as well as other more recent additions to the staff.

His leaving will also be regretted by the fish in the rivers and lakes of Ireland, now that he has more time to hunt them down while pursuing his favourite pastime!



## Mr Philip Cullen

In June 2003, Mr Philip Cullen retired from St Mary's after 30 years service. His contribution and dedication to the school has been exemplary and his work as a French and Italian teacher, Head of the French Department and Examinations Officer has been thoroughly appreciated.

Phil, affectionately labelled Philippe, Le Beau, or latterly, the 'Silver Fox', by his closest colleagues, was much admired and respected by staff and pupils alike. A devotee of the French language, he endeavoured to instil this devotion and enthusiasm among the many students who passed through his classes. Past A Level French students must still recall to this day those lively debates on the merits of such diverse specimens of human nature as Harpagon - the model father, Meursault - the sun-worshipper and, without doubt, their all-time favourite, Thérèse Desqueyroux - the life and soul of any party!!

Phil also organised several very successful school trips to Paris which were always very well organised, varied and enjoyable for all participants. He will always cherish memories of those very noisy next door neighbours in our accommodation; will wonder whether that poor American woman ever did manage to locate her beloved husband - lost somewhere on the Paris Metro system (!) and, above all, a certain colleague's penchant for French 'patisseries' will undoubtedly forever bring a smile to his face!

A true gentleman and friend to many, he will be greatly missed, but he will be delighted now to have plenty of time at his disposal to indulge himself in his other passions - golf and snooker.

We wish him a long and happy retirement in the company of his wife Vera and family.

*Bonne Chance, Philippe!*



## Mrs Fiona McAuley is Homeward Bound!

Fiona first came to St. Mary's as a student Art teacher. Mr. Tony Whitehead and Mrs Breege Woods in the Art Department, were very impressed with her enthusiasm and passion. Fiona began her teaching career in Barrack St. and joined us in the Glen Road when it finally closed its doors in 1997.

She is a great teacher, very hard working and dedicated to the pupils, bringing out the best in them. She inspired them to push themselves and at the same time created a warm, friendly and inviting environment to work in. She will be greatly missed and very hard to replace, leaving a void in the department.

We wish her and husband, Paddy all the best for their future. Her new school will embrace her wholeheartedly - our loss is their gain.



# Mrs Loretta Hodgkinson

Last year saw the retirement of Loretta Hodgkinson after many years of teaching at St Mary's. Loretta will be remembered by staff and pupils alike for her energy, vitality, unfailing good humour and high spirits.

On many a staff day when things were beginning to get just a little too serious, she would rejuvenate flagging spirits with her outspoken, witty quips. Never one to shy away from controversy, Loretta was equally adept at engaging in the cut and thrust of debate when contentious curricular or pastoral issues were being discussed.

Over the years, Loretta has successfully balanced a career in teaching with bringing up a family of 4 boys and a girl, all of whom are successful in their own right. She was thus able to empathise with the pupils that she taught, enlightening them with the quality and variety of her teaching methods. As a teacher of French, she took a great delight in travel, catching the first ferry to Cherbourg once the summer holidays had begun and then driving, through Brittany, down the coast into the Vendee and ending up at Royan.

As a great admirer of the French culture and way of life, she would use this opportunity to introduce herself to new people and before long they would be talking like life long friends, sharing experiences and the odd glass of wine.

After her years of service to St Mary's, Loretta can now join her husband Will in retirement and it is our sincere wish that together they will be able to reflect upon the many happy years spent teaching generations of pupils at C.B.G.S.

*Bonne Chance*

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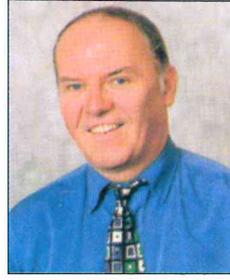
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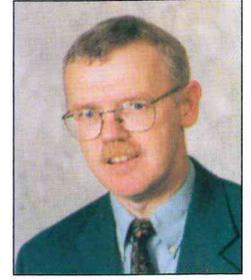
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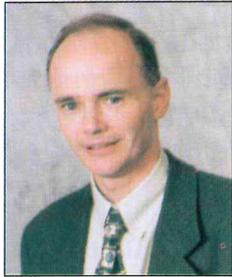
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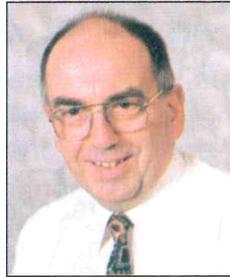
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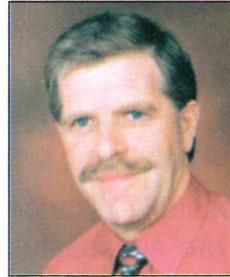
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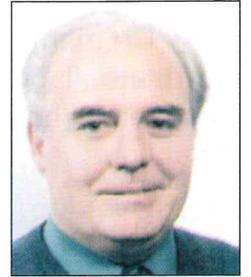
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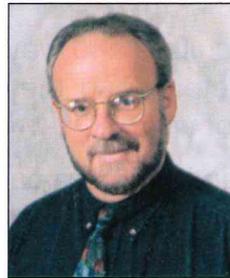
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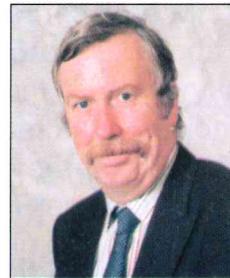
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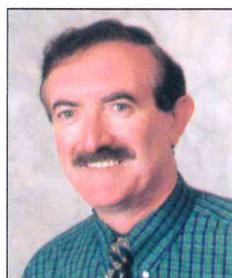
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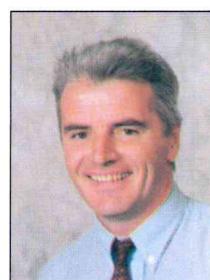
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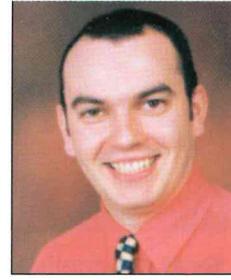
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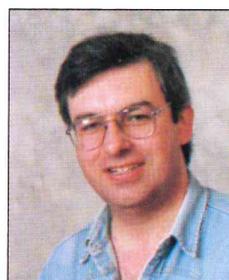
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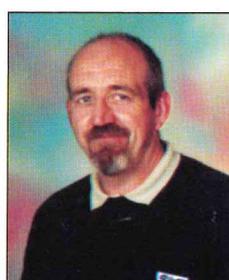
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Thoma  
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Stephe  
Francis  
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Technology  
History  
Hurling  
Gaelic  
Information Technology

Gerard McTeer	11B
Kevin Clarke	11G
Daithe Murray	11D
Raymond Kinnaird	11F
Colin Duffy	11E
Dermot Mc Cabe	11C
Conor Mc Quade	11D
Gerard Mc Geown	11D
Robert Mc Laughlin	11F
David Pollock	11G
Donal Armstrong	11B
Christopher Mc Illhatton	11E
Seamus Millen	11E

ost C

Christ

Steph

Patric

Colin

Corma

**Bobby**

Danie

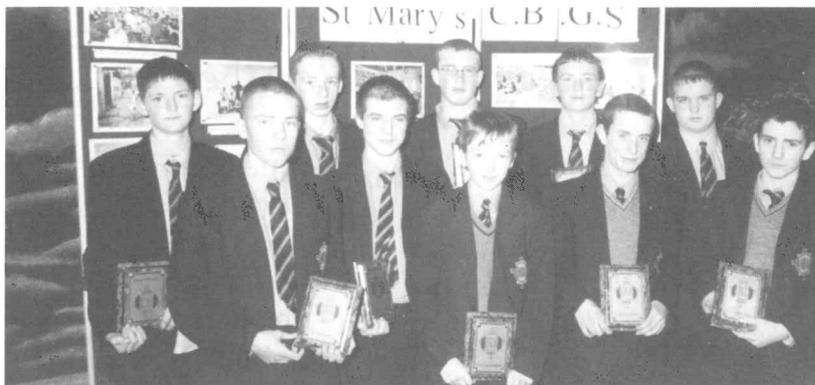
Pictur

Year 11 and Year 12  
students enjoy the  
prizegiving



## 100% Attendance

William Lockard	11F
Simon Sloan	11E
Thomas Heaney	11E
Michael George	11D
John Carson	11G
Stephen Mc Donagh	11F
Francis Maxwell	11G
Robert Reilly	11F
Patrick Brennan	11D
Joseph Carlin	11H



L-R Robert Reilly, Simon Sloan, Joseph Carlin, William Lockard, John Carson, Patrick Brennan, Francis Maxwell, Michael George, Stephen Mc Donagh, Thomas Heaney

## Outstanding Student

Daniel Turley	11C	14As
---------------	-----	------

## Special Commendation Students

Gabriel Brown	11C	12As
Joseph Watson	11E	12As
Maithé Murray	11D	11As
Simon Sloan	11E	11As
Lewis Reilly	11E	11As
Patrick O' Kane	11E	11As
Conor Hamill	11E	11As



L-R Patrick O' Kane, Daniel Turley, Simon Sloan, Conor Hamill, Gabriel Brown, Christopher Power, Stephen Bell & Cormac Mc Keown.

## Most Consistent Students

Christopher Power	11C	10As
Stepher Bell	11C	10As
Patrick Brennan	11C	10As
Colin Duffy	11C	10As
Cormac Mc Keown	11H	10As

## Bobby McCargo Memorial Trophy

Daniel Turley	11C
---------------	-----

*Pictured below*



Mr Burke addressed the year 10 and year 11 pupils.



Mrs Devlin, Prizegiving coordinator, & her helpers make the necessary preparations.

*We offer our congratulations and best wishes to all our Year Thirteen pupils who completed their G.C.S.E. examinations in 2002*

Daniel Andrews  
Raymond Auld  
Joseph Black  
Conor Boyle  
Liam Boyle  
Stephen Brady  
Gareth Brennan  
Darren Brunty  
Nicholas Bunting  
David Burke  
Ronan Burke  
Paul Burns  
Ciaran Carlin  
Peter Carson  
Stephen Cassidy  
Deaglan Christie  
Daniel Collins  
Mark Connor  
Ciaran Crudden  
Gary Cunningham  
Sean Curran  
Damien Delaney  
Aidan Devine  
Paul Devlin  
Eamonn Doherty  
Colm Donaghy  
John Donnelly  
Sean Dowds  
Adrian Doyle  
Brendan Dynes  
Paul Dynes  
David Ferran  
Christopher Morgan  
Paul Morren  
Paul Mulhern  
Ciaran Mulholland  
James Mulholland  
Peter Murphy  
Seamus Nolan  
Gerard O'Doherty  
Niall O'Donnell  
David O'Hanlon  
Darren O'Kane  
Michael O'Neill

Jonathan Flack  
Stephen Flanagan  
Hugh Flavin  
Gavin Forde  
Kevin Franklin  
Robert Gallagher  
Paul Geddis  
Gerard Gibney  
Gavin Gowdy  
Dermot Graham  
David Guiney  
Kevin Hawkins  
Paul Heaney  
John Keatings  
Eamonn Keaveney  
Philip Keaveney  
Conor Lamb  
Colm Lappin  
David Leydon  
Matthew Leydon  
Somhairle Loughran  
Christopher Lyttle  
Padraig Mackel  
Michael Magee  
David Maguire  
Fionnbharr Maguire  
Thomas Maguire  
Rory Mallon  
Pearse Martin  
Timothy Martin  
Pearse Maguire  
Paul McAteer  
John O'Reilly  
Niall O'Reilly  
Michael Pollock  
Kevin Quinn  
Michael Rafferty  
Stephen Rafferty  
Darren Raffo  
Sean Rice  
Sean Robb  
Keith Russell  
Kieran Ryan  
Robert Shaw

Michael McAughey  
Martin McBride  
Sean McCabe  
Stephen McCartney  
Ronan McClean  
Noel McCleave  
Niall McConnell  
Robert McConvey  
Ryan McCorry  
Pearse McCusker  
Declan McDonnell  
Richard McElroy  
Kevin McFall  
Martin McGeown  
Sean McGeown  
Conor McGoldrick  
William McGuickin  
Connell McKenna  
Sean McKeown  
Declan McKiernan  
Kevin McKinney  
Gregory McLarnon  
Patrick McLaughlin  
Chris. McMahan  
Darren McManus  
Michael McMullan  
Colm McNulty  
Mark McParland  
Sean McQuade  
Conor Meehan  
Antoin Millen  
Christopher Moore  
Robert Simpson  
Patrick Slane  
Stephen Smith  
Brendan Teer  
Colum Thompson  
Paul Walker  
Liam Weir  
Fintan Wilson  
Glen Wilson  
Paul Woods

**Comhghairdeas**

**We offer a special welcome to our new  
students who joined Year Thirteen in September 2002**

Ciaran Coyle  
(*Meánscoil Feirste*)

Caoimhin Graham  
(*Corpus Christi College*)

James Grant  
(*St. Colman's, Newry*)

Patrick Lynott  
(*Rathmore Grammar*)

Michael McCann  
(*CBS Glen Road*)

Jonathan McDonagh  
(*CBS Glen Road*)

Conor McGhee  
(*St. Malachy's College*)

Austin Mulvenna  
(*St. Patrick's, Bearnageeha*)

Gearoid O'Muire  
(*Meanscoil Feirste*)

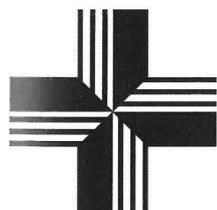
Martin Ramsey  
(*Rathmore*)

Ryan Rooney  
(*CBS Glen Road*)

Gerard Rowntree  
(*Corpus Christi College*)

Colin Toal  
(*CBS Glen Road*)

Martin Ward  
(*CBS Glen Road*)



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# Academic Awards at G.C.S.E.

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

*Sponsored by the contractor for the Edmund Rice Complex*

- Brendan Teer  
(Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. Business Studies**

- Gerard Gibney  
(St. Luke's P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. Drama**

- Sean Curran  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. English**

- Ronan McClean  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. English Literature**

- David Guiney  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

**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.*

- Daniel Andrews  
(Good Shepherd P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. Gaeilge**

- Ciaran Mulholland  
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)

**G.C.S.E. Geography**

- Sean McGeown  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

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

- David Guiney  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

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

*Named in honour of a highly respected former Head of Department.*

- Ronan McClean  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. Information Systems (The Staff Memorial Medal)**

- Ronan McClean  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. Italian**

- Gavin Forde  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

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

- Ronan McClean  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. Music**

- Gavin Forde  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

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

- David O'Hanlon  
(St. Peter's 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.*

- David O'Hanlon  
(St. Peter'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.*

- David O'Hanlon  
(St. Peter's P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. Science**

- David O'Hanlon  
(St. Peter's P.S.)

**G.C.S.E. Spanish**

- Eamon Doherty  
(Holy Child P.S.)

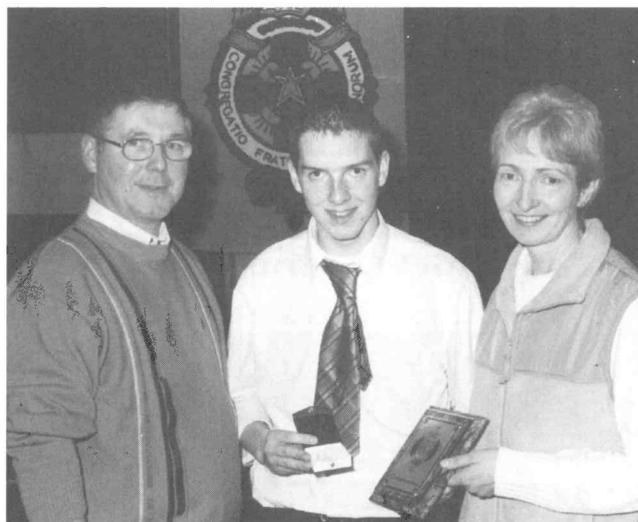
- Patrick McLaughlin  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

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

- Mark Connor  
(Holy Child P.S.)



L-R Mark Connor (Technology), Sean McKeown (Geography), Partick McLaughlin (Spanish), Brendan Teer (Art) & Daniel Andrews (French).



Mr & Mrs Teer enjoy Brendan's success in Art

---

# Outstanding Performance at G.C.S.E.

---

Paul Heaney  
(St. Bride's P.S.)

Conor Lamb  
(St. Joseph's, Crumlin)

David Leydon  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

Dermot Graham  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

Kevin McFall  
(Holy Child P.S.)

Liam Weir  
(St. Paul's P.S.)

Michael O'Neill  
(St. Teresa's P.S.)

John Keatings  
(St. Teresa's P.S.)

Sean McQuade  
(Holy Trinity P.S.)

Thomas Maguire  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

William McGuickin  
(St. Kieran's P.S.)

Niall McConnell  
(Ballymacward P.S.)

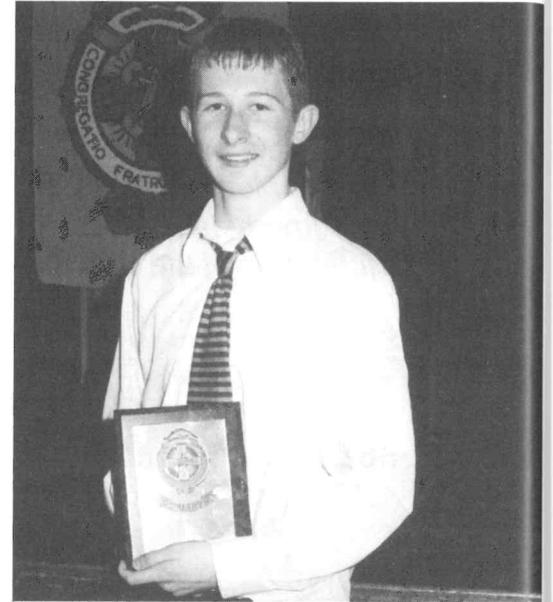
Gregory McLarnon  
(St. Gall's P.S.)

Michael McMullan  
(St. Kevin's P.S.)

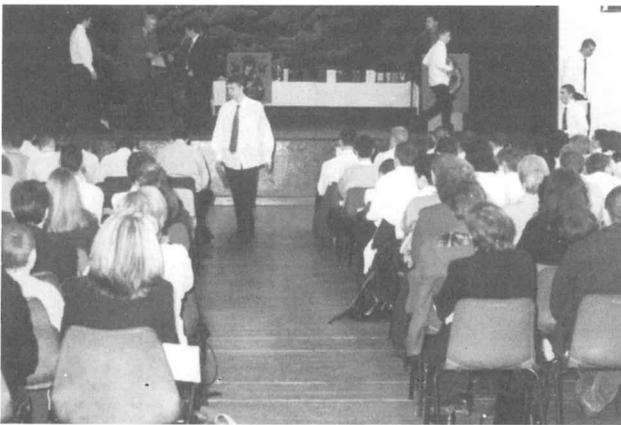
Jonathan Flack  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

Aidan Devine  
(St. Kevin's P.S.)

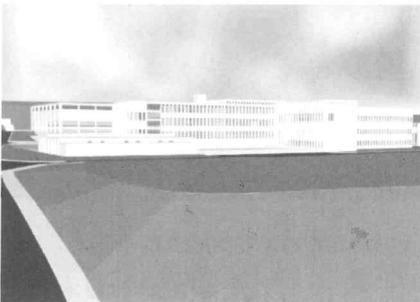
Robert McConvey  
(Holy Trinity P.S.)



*Aidan Devlin, Outstanding Achievement Award.*



*Celebrating the success.*



# Attendance Awards

Niall O'Reilly  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

David Maguire  
(St. Kevin's P.S.)

Kevin McKinney  
(St. Anne's P.S.)

Michael Rafferty  
(Holy Child P.S.)

Niall McConnell  
(Ballymacward P.S.)

Patrick McLaughlin  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

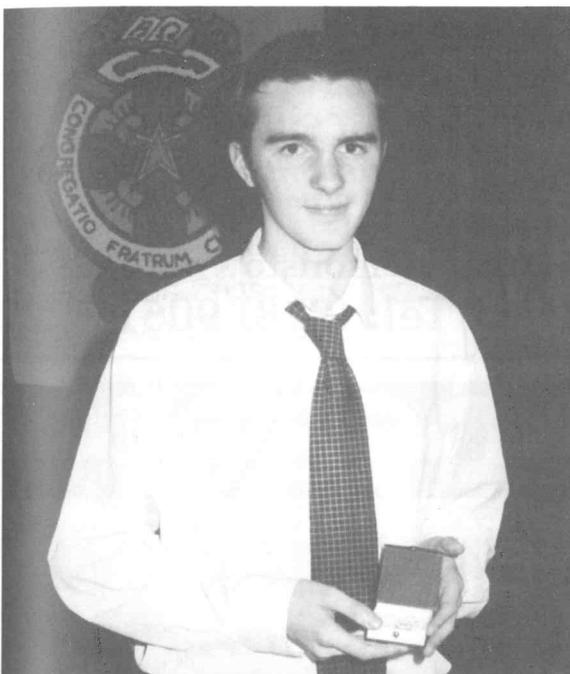
Keith Russell  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

Eamonn Doherty  
(Holy Child P.S.)

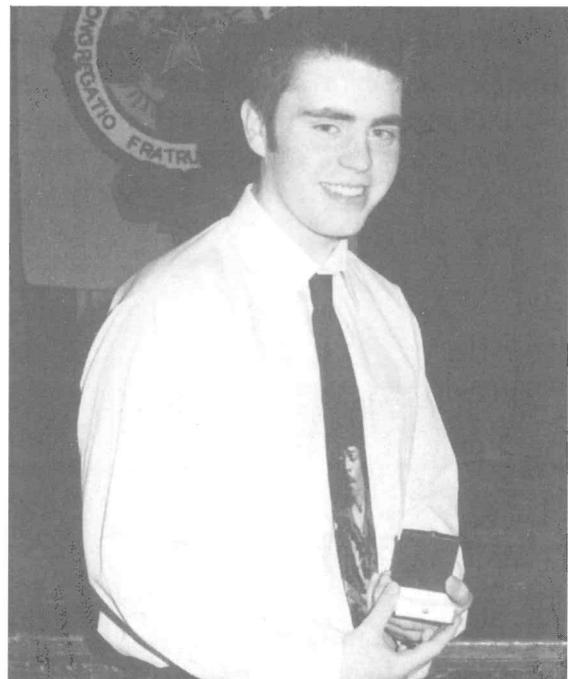
Brendan Teer  
(Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.)

Stephen Flanagan  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

Pearse McCusker  
(St. Teresa's P.S.)



Gavin Forde with his Music Award



David Guiney received the award for English Literature.



Sean McGeown winner of the Geography Award.

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# C.B.P.P.U.

Gold Medal

Awarded to

**Ronan McClean**

(St. Anne's P.S.)

**BEST G.C.S.E. Student**



*Mrs McClean and Ronan - winner of the Best Student award.*

## *John McCann*

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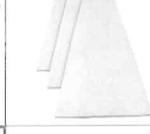
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We wish God's blessing on and every success to our 'A' Level  
and A.V.C.E. students of 2002

---

James Agnew  
James Allen  
Fionbarra Austin  
Christopher Barnes  
Karl Black  
Robert Boyle  
Mark Bradley  
Damian Brown  
Paul Brunty  
Brendan Burns  
Conor Burns  
Kieran Burns  
Sean Burns  
Peter Campbell  
James Canavan  
Thomas Carberry  
Kevin Cassidy  
Kevin Chesney  
Gareth Clarke  
Sean Conlon  
Michael Connolly  
William Creaney  
Gary Curran  
Patrick Deighan  
Joseph Devlin  
Raymond Devlin  
Stephen Dick  
Emmanuel Diver  
Ciaran Doherty  
Eamonn Donnelly  
Padraig Mullan  
Damian Murray  
Robert Murray  
Paul Murtagh  
Barry Napier  
Joseph Nicholson  
Stephen O'Kane  
Brendan O'Neill

Noel Doran  
Patrick Dugan  
Christopher Dyer  
Adrian Finnegan  
Sean Fitzpatrick  
Ciaran Fitzsimons  
Kevin Flannery  
Christopher Flynn  
Kevin Gilmore  
John Glenholmes  
Aodhan Hartigan  
Gary Hayes  
Joseph Heath  
David Hollywood  
Kevin Holmes  
Paul Hughes  
Anthony Irvine  
Barry Jones  
Stephen Kearney  
Anthony Kelly  
Ciaran King  
Ciaran Lagan  
Diarmaid Lindsay  
Damien Magee  
Sean Maguire  
Michael Mallon  
Paul Mallon  
Kevin Martin  
James McAlister  
Gary McAlorum  
Colm O'Neill  
Joseph O'Neill  
Kevin O'Riordan  
Paul Quinn  
Joseph Rainey  
Joseph Richardson  
Michael Scannell  
Martin Scott

Paul McAuley  
Patrick McCabe  
Ciaran McCallan  
Francis McCallan  
Conor McCallion  
Joseph McCluskey  
Ciaran McConnell  
Colm McConville  
Gerard McDonald  
Niall McDonnell  
Paul McErlean  
Canice McGarrigle  
Stephen McGarry  
Neil McGinn  
Mark McGoldrick  
Michael McGuigan  
Colin McIlmurray  
James McIlwee  
Damien McKee  
James McKenna  
Christopher McKeown  
Ciaran McKeown  
Barry McLarnon  
Gary McLaughlin  
Donal McManus  
Sean McNally  
Stephen McNaughton  
Dermot Monaghan  
Kieran Moore  
Stephen Morrison  
Harry Shevlin  
James Sloan  
Christopher Smyth  
Stephen Walls  
Canice Ward  
Joseph Ward  
Brendan Webb

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Comhghairdeas

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# Academic Awards at 'A' Level & A.V.C.E.

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## 'A' Level Art

*(The Graham Harron Medal)*  
Sponsored by the goldsmith who designs and produces the school medals.

## 'A.V.C.E.'

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

## 'A' Level Biology

*(The Thompsons McClure Medal)*

## 'A' Level Chemistry

*(The Northern Bank Medal)*

## 'A' Level Computing

*(The Kevin Jennings Medal)*  
Sponsored by St. Mary's Auditors

## 'A' Level Drama and Theatre Studies

## 'A' Level Economics

*(Ulster Business Equipment Medal)*

## 'A' Level English Literature

*(The Serridge Medal)*

## 'A' Level French

## 'A' Level Geography

*(The Francis Rice Memorial Medal)*

## 'A' Level German

*(The Rory O'Prey Medal)*

## - Stephen McGarry

*(St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying Architecture at Q.U.B.)*

## - Sean Burns

*(St. Kevin's P.S. - now studying Architecture at U.U.J.)*

## - Paul Hughes

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

## - Paul Hughes

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

## - Colin McIlmurray

*(Holy Child P.S. - now studying Scholastic Philosophy at Q.U.B.)*

## - Christopher Flynn

*(St. Kevin's P.S. - now studying German & English at Q.U.B.)*

## - Stephen O'Kane

*(St. Kierans' P.S. - now studying Finance at Q.U.B.)*

## - Christopher Flynn

*(St. Kevin's P.S. - now studying German & English at Q.U.B.)*

## - Eamonn Donnelly

*(St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying M.Eng. Comp. Science at Q.U.B.)*

## - Joseph McCluskey

*(St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying Law & Economics at U.U.J.)*

## - Barry McLarnon

*(St. Gall's P.S. - now studying Computer Science at Q.U.B.)*

**'A' Level Government & Politics**

*(First Trust Bank Medal)*

**'A' Level History**

*(The Bank of Ireland Medal)*

**'A' Level Irish**

*(Cumann Gaelach Scoil Mhuire)*

**'A' Level Italian**

**'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.*

**'A' Level Physical Education**

*(Glenn O'Hare Memorial Medal)*

**'A' Level Physics**

**'A' Level Psychology**

**'A' Level Religion**

*(The Brother Mallon Medal)*

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

**'A' Level Spanish**

**'A' Level Technology**

**- Anthony Kelly**

*(St. Teresa's P.S. - now studying Politics & Ancient History at Q.U.B.)*

**- Sean McNally**

*(Holy Trinity P.S. - now studying Law at Q.U.B.)*

**- Ciaran Fitzsimons**

*(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - now studying Celtic Studies at Q.U.B.)*

**- Michael Mallon**

*(St. Aidans P.S. - now studying Media Studies at U.U.C.)*

**- Paul Hughes**

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

**- Thomas Carberry**

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

**- Colm McConville**

*(St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying Elec. & Electronic Eng. at Q.U.B.)*

**- Sean Maguire**

*(St. Joseph's P.S. - now studying Finance at Q.U.B.)*

**- Robert Boyle**

*(St. Aidan's P.S. - now studying Computer Science at Q.U.B.)*

**- Stephen Walls**

*(Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. - now studying B.A. Comb. Hons. at Liverpool University)*

**- Kevin Martin**

*(Holy Child P.S. - now studying Elec. & Electronic Eng. at Q.U.B.)*

**The Brother Monaghan Cup**  
*Presented to the outstanding pupil who entered Senior School from our associated Secondary Schools.*

**Bonn Sheamais Mhic Eachaidh**

- **Neil McGinn**  
*(CBS - now studying Econ. & Bus. Economics at Q.U.B.)*

- **Ciaran Fitzsimons**  
*(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - now studying Celtic Studies at Q.U.B.)*

---

## **Gerry Magennis Memorial Award**

**(Footballer of the Year 2002)**

**Patrick Dugan**  
*(St. Teresa's P.S. - enhancing his 'A' levels)*

## **Forresters' Medal and Bank of Ireland All Stars Hurling Award**

**Paul Brunty**  
*(St. Kieran's P.S. - now studying Leisure Events & Cultural Mgt.)*

## **Water Polo**

*(Player of the Year 2002)*

**Joseph Nicholson**  
*(St. Colman's P.S. - now studying Eng. Management at U.U.J.)*



*L-R Stephen McGarry (Art),  
Joseph Nicholson (Water Polo),  
Chris Flynn (English & Drama),  
Paul Hughes (Edmund Rice Gold Medal),  
Eamon Donnelly (French)  
& Cloin McIlmurray (Computers)*

# OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE AT 'A' LEVEL

Conor McCallion  
(St. Therese of Lisieux P.S.  
- now studying Sports  
Exercise & Leisure at U.U.J.)

Michael Connolly  
(Holy Family Boys P.S.)

Kieran Burns  
(Good Shepherd Boys P.S.  
- now studying Law &  
Government at U.U.J.)

Stephen McNaughton  
(Holy Trinity P.S.  
- now studying Computer  
Science at Q.U.B)

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

Stephen Kearney  
(St. John the Baptist P.S.  
- now studying English &  
Geography at Q.U.B.)

Brendan O'Neill  
(St. Teresa's P.S.  
- now studying Applied Maths  
and Physics)



*Sean Fitzpatrick and Canice Ward receive their medals for Outstanding Achievement.*



*Mr & Mrs Ward congratulate Canice on his award .*



*Parents, Students and Staff enjoy the refreshments after the ceremony.*



# Attendance Awards

**Colm McConville**

*(St. John the Baptist P.S.  
- now studying Elec.  
& Electronic Eng. at Q.U.B.)*

**Stephen McGarry**

*(St. John the Baptist P.S.  
- now studying Architecture at Q.U.B.)*

**James Gilliland**

*(St. Teresa's P.S.  
- enhancing his 'A' Levels)*

**Padraig Mullan**

*(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste  
- now studying Celtic Studies at Q.U.B.)*

**Francis McCallan**

*(St. Gall's P.S.- now studying Radiography at U.U.J.)*



## Ancillary Staff Medal

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

Sean and Canice are two of the five students to achieve three grade 'A's at 'A' level.

**Sean Fitzpatrick**

*(St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.  
- now studying Medicine at Q.U.B.)*

**Canice Ward**

*(St. John the Baptist P.S.  
- now studying Pharmacy at Q.U.B.)*

# Edmund Rice Perpetual Trophy

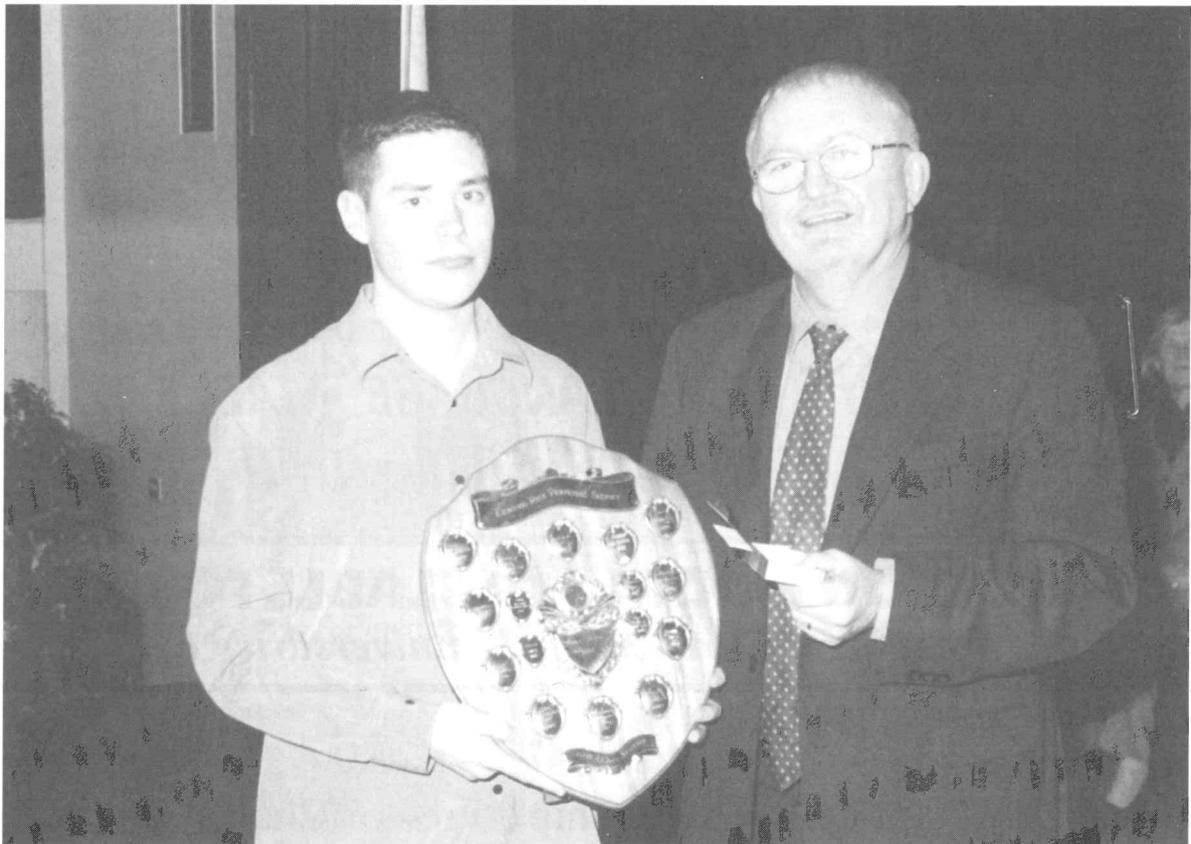
## Edmund Rice Gold Medal

*(Named in honour of the founder of the Christian Brothers)*

awarded to

***Paul Hughes***

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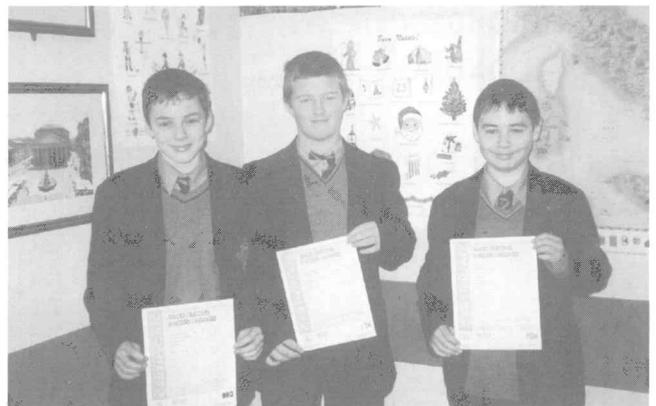
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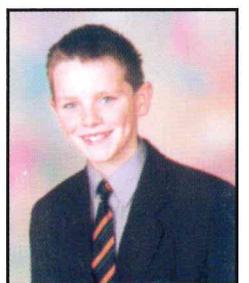
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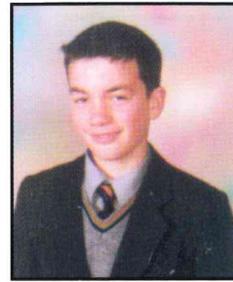
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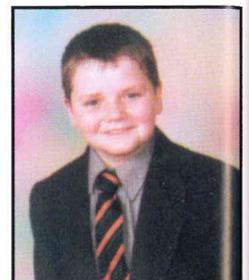
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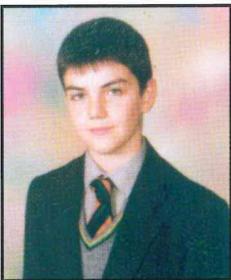
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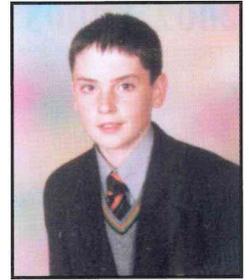
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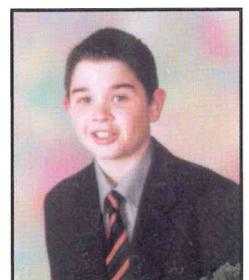
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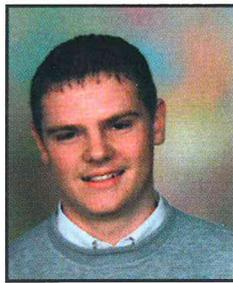
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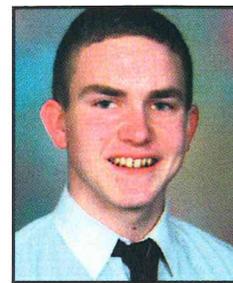
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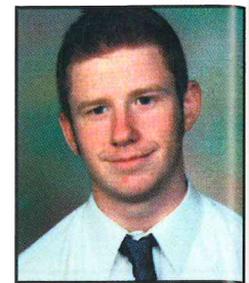
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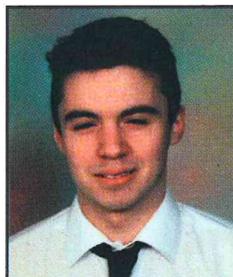
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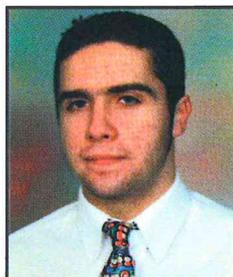
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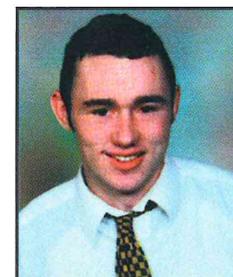
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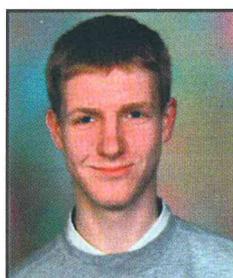
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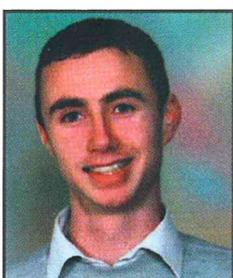
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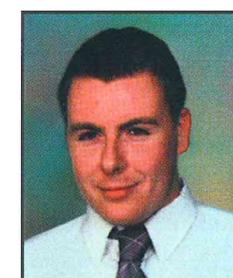
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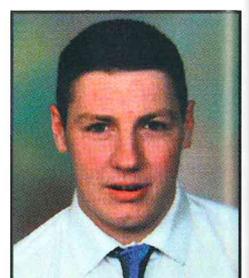
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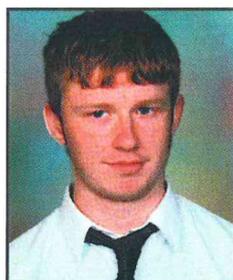
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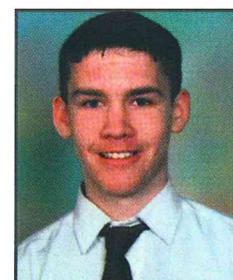
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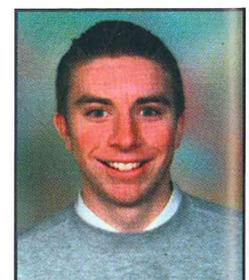
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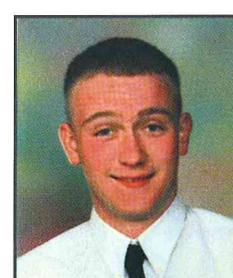
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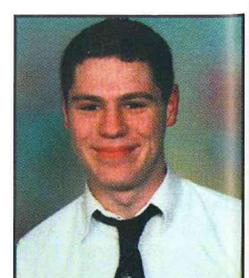
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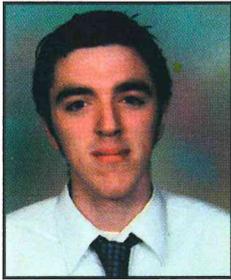


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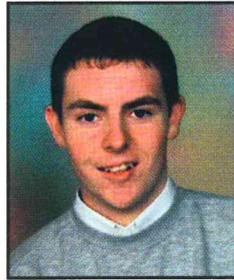


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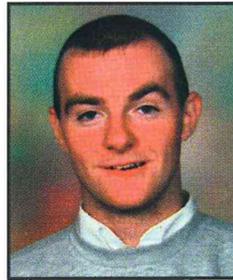
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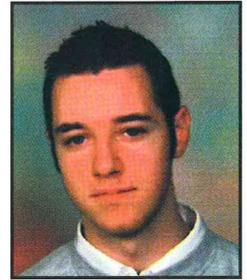
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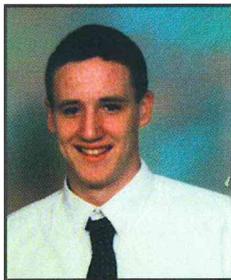
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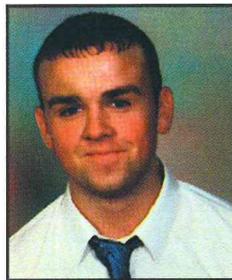
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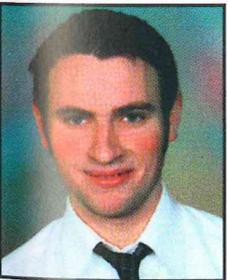
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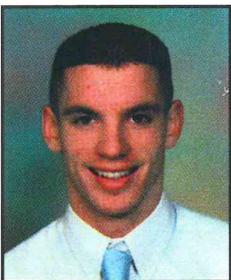
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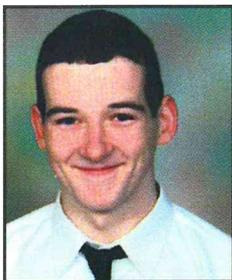
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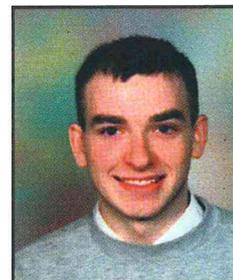
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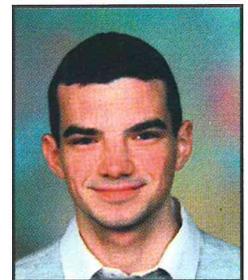
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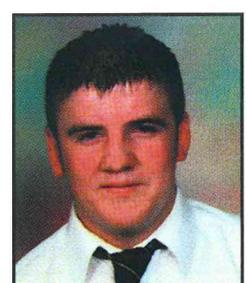
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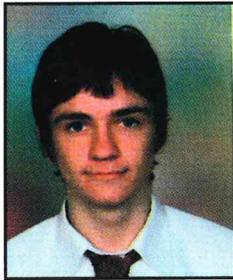


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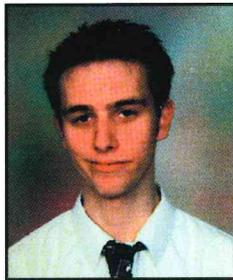
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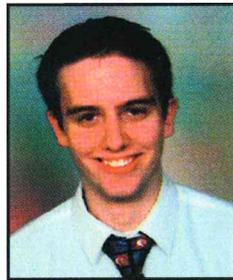
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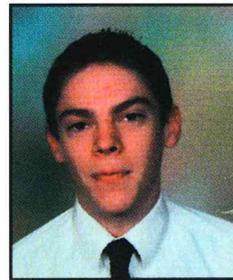
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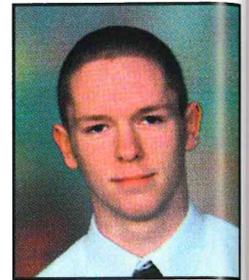
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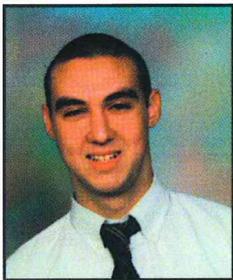
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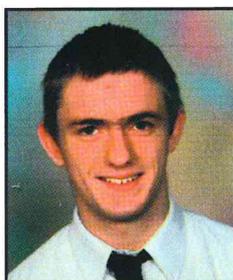
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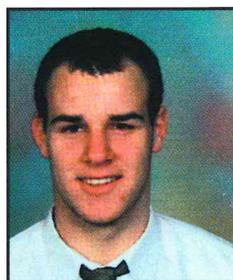
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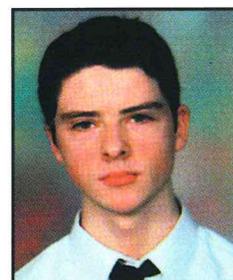
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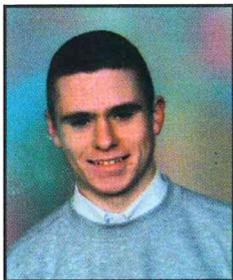
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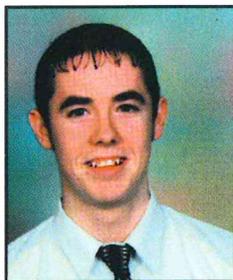
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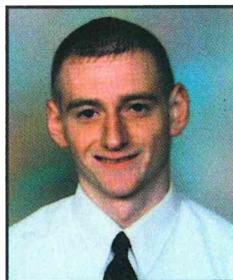
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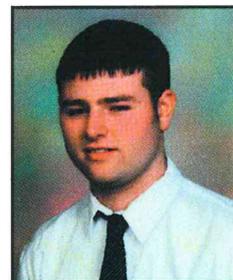
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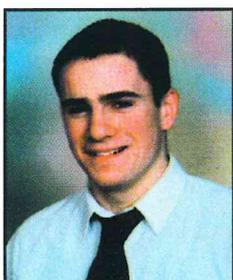
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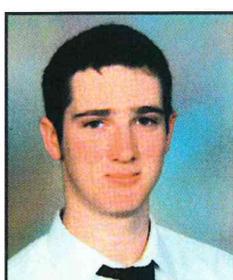
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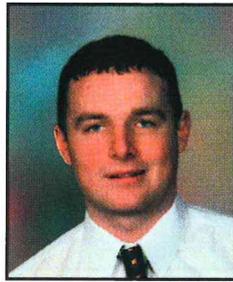
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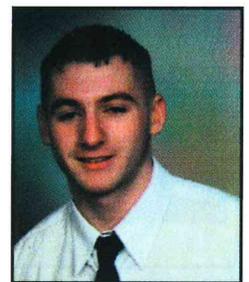
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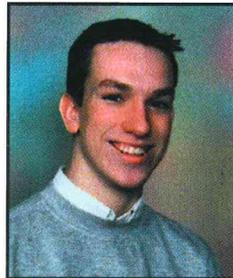
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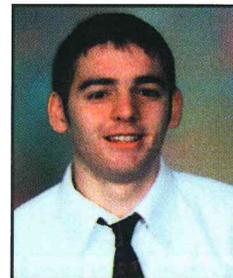
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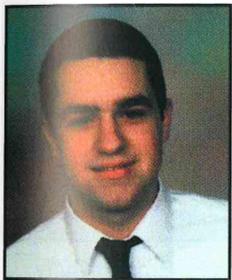
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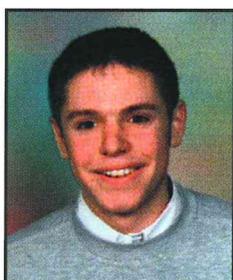
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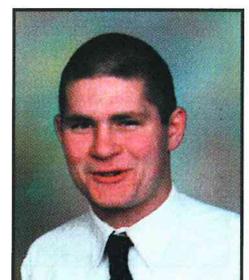
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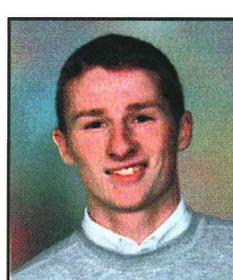
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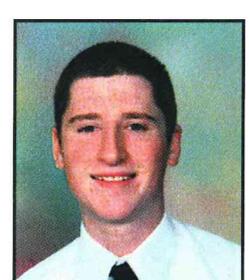
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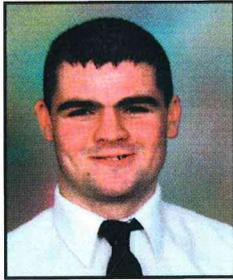


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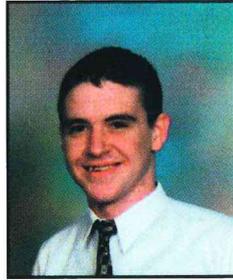


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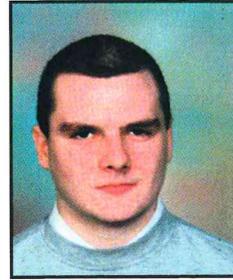
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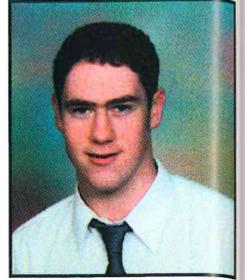
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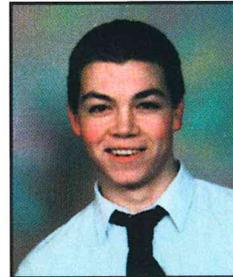
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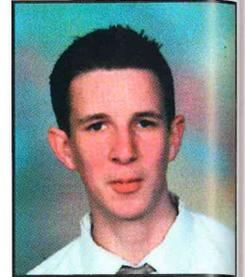
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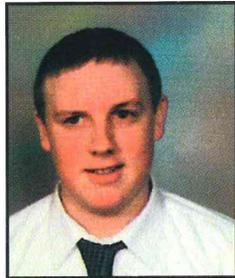
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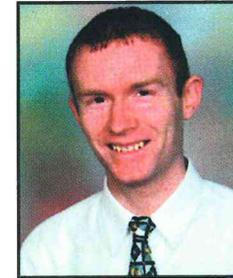
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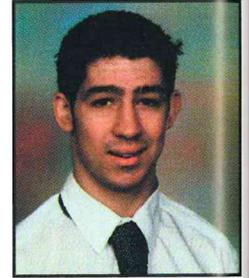
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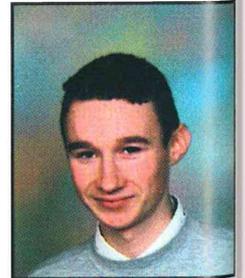
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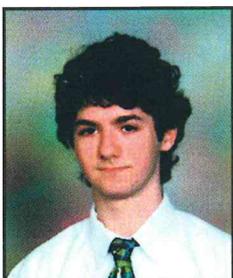
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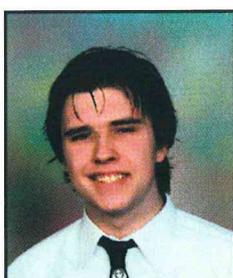
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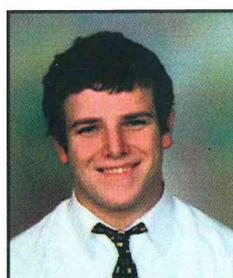
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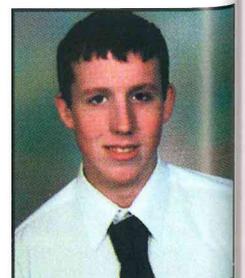
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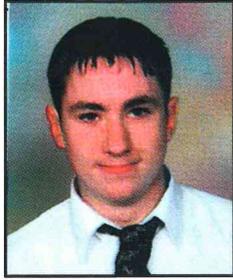


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# 'Of Mice and Men'

*'Lennie a loveable, retarded ranch hand, in a panic, has killed a young woman. Rather than see arrested and executed George, his travelling companion and lifelong friend shoots him. The story*

The whispering breeze of dusk breathed through the cruel, crude planks of the bunkhouse. The o of warmth came from the crackling of the fire - like an animal in the night. George took a deep l explained to the sheriff the circumstances of the incident. He had been in the bunkhouse during tl had heard nothing before Candy informed the hands. After finding Lennie he wrestled the gui shooting him in the process. The officer looked disbelieving. However with no evidence there was in pursuing the matter.

Two weeks later in a bar some seventy miles from Soledad ranch a somewhat drunk cowboy wa up to a traveller who lay slumped across a table.

"Hey partner...what's getting' ya down?"

"Nothin'. I don't wan' no trouble", George replied.

"Just offerin' to help. What's your story?"

"Came from a ranch, far south of here - Soledad. My friend died there."

"You miss 'im?"

"I thought I wouldn't at the start. He was one crazy dude but yeh I do miss 'im."

"How'd he die?" asked the plump man, helping himself to George's whisky. George never answered that but continued,

"When he died the sheriff came to see me - damn him!" George suddenly built up a momentum but it subsided as quickly as it manifested.

"But they 'ad nothin' against me. So I just ran off as quickly as I could. And here I am."

how do you feel about it now?"

ad and lonely", George replied simply. The conversation ended there as both men lapsed into troubled dreams.

The few leaves that lined the path were blown along by the wind that pursued George on that hot, dry evening. He didn't know where this road would take him, what destiny had in store for him. His whole life had been mapped out for him by weather - beaten fate. What hope could his soul adhere to? He knew not; he just had to keep living, o matter what the cost...



amon Walls 10B

## ..... Fairy-tale Parody

Once upon a time there was a little town called Happyland where everyone was happy (except Sundays because they all had hangovers).

One day, the wicked-witch from the southwest was flying over Happyland and swooped down and captured a young girl. She claimed that it was the princess and left a ransom note that said "I want all the kings treasure, cackle cackle".

The king was furious so he got out his yellow pages and looked up 'H' for 'heroes'. None of the heroes knew where Happyland was and thought it was a prank so the king sent his janitor Bob instead.

Equipped with a mop-bucket and a brush, Bob was a formidable opponent for the witch.

"What should I do now?" asked Bob.

"I don't know I'm just the narrator."

So he asked around and he made his way to the witch's semi-detached house. Bob saw the witch outside planting flowers in the garden.

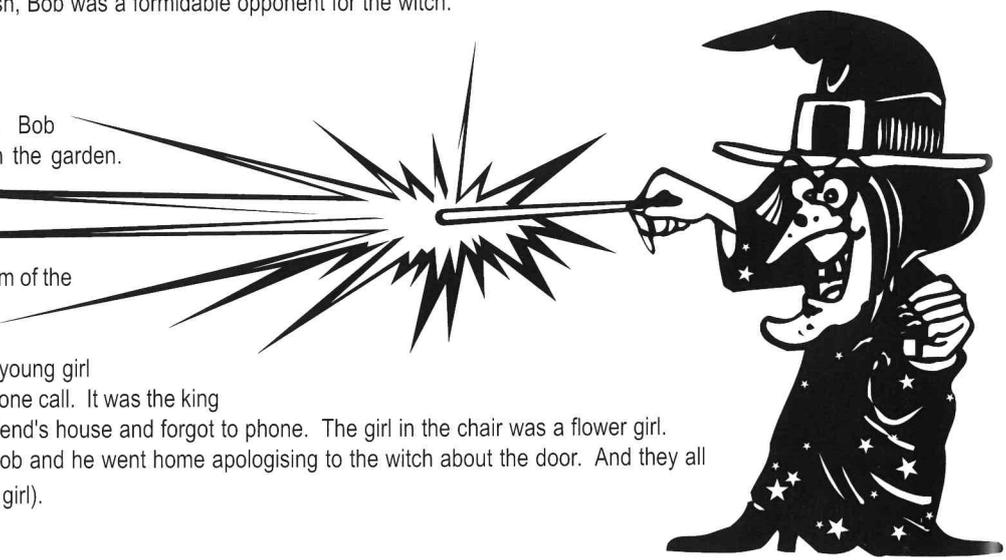
She cackled at him and told

him that the princess was in the tallest room of the house. That wasn't hard to find, as it was only two floors high.

Bob crashed the door open and saw a young girl tied up on the floor. Just then, he got a phone call. It was the king telling Bob that the princess was at her friend's house and forgot to phone. The girl in the chair was a flower girl.

"Ah well, didn't like you anyway" said Bob and he went home apologising to the witch about the door. And they all lived happily ever after (except the flower girl).

Barry Rooney 10 B



## Literary Section

This was getting serious. I was already in too deep to pull out now. If they were going down I would have been pulled down with them except for one tiny detail.

The year is 1986. I was fresh out of college with my whole life ahead of me. My father always said, "The world is your oyster."

My father was my role model, my inspiration in my life. Ever since I was a boy I've looked up to him.

At the age of twelve my life was turned upside down. As I was an only child I got treated like a king but all I wanted was my parents. On a cold darkened night we were walking to the car from a theatre show when shots were fired repeatedly.

I dived for cover as a mass of bullets showered over the car and my parents. The sound was deafening. It all came to a halt as a car screeched away.

My parents were sprawled out on the pavement, lifeless, in a pool of blood. Time just stood still at that moment. I broke down in a flood of tears knowing I would never talk to them again.

After the funeral I was sent to live with my uncle Jonny. Personally I thought he was bananas but I had no choice. Jonny Fedwell was his full name. He had married into my family (to my mother's sister Margaret). She disappeared after one year into the marriage. I don't blame her - he was a slob.

Uncle Jonny was very well fed. He was plump and round but very agile for a person that size.

He and my father were very close. Meeting in secret places he always said it was about business but I never knew what my father did. Then I confronted my uncle after I finished college.

"Your father was an undercover cop. He fed information to the police about terrorists and gangs selling drugs and arms. But there was one gang leader that he would never have bet on encountering while on the force. His name was Sergio Buffon notorious for selling arms and suspected of an assassination attempt on the President. In short he's the one who killed your father."

There I had it. That was my breaking point. All my life I was lied to and the truth was concealed from me. That night I packed my bags and left, taking with me a couple of hundred dollars thanks to uncle Jonny.

I roamed about for days on end without sleep. I couldn't even eat. I kept in contact with my friends and employer. That was pretty much it.

Then they came into my life. They were Italian, wore leather jackets, had bikes, guns, you name it they had it. I was the unlucky soul that walked into their territory.

"What you doin' here FREAK?"

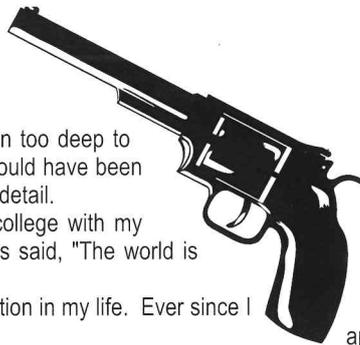
## THE DOMINANT SPECIES

This was getting serious. There were a lot of them now. The bright, white lights were glowing magnificently in the dark, starry, moonlit sky. Some of the objects floated still in mid-air and others were buzzing across the sky at tremendous speeds.

Suddenly the objects all came to a halt and one of the ships descended towards me. I was shocked by the sheer size of the glowing object. It appeared to be at least one mile in diameter and was rocketing towards me like a meteor. I took what I thought to be my last breath and crouched into a ball on the dirty ground.

I waited anxiously for what felt like hours. I could hear the ships swishing through the sky above me. When I finally got the courage to look up I noticed the objects were gone, but sitting next to me was one of the large ships. Now that the glowing had ceased, it was apparent what the lights actually were - UFO's.

Scenes from horror movies came to mind and I got butterflies in my stomach. I ran to a safe distance from the ship and hid behind a small mound of dirt and rubble.



# REVENGE

"I want to join you if you let me."

"What makes you think you can get in?"

"I've got skills with guns."

"Oh, really! Let's see. Shoot that window in the fourth floor in that apartment then hit the black cat before it runs."

So I did it and without hesitation. The leader wanted to test me so I was given a trial period. Before I knew it I was in.

They were doing this big job - killing some guy. They were gearing up for a long time making preparations. The day before the shooting I found out that the target was the President.

The leader came up to me and said, "This is really your final test. You get the privilege to pull the trigger tomorrow, no questions."

"Who are you?"

"That was a question I think."

"Yeah, but I've got to know."

"Alright the name's Sergio Buffon."

I was working for my father's killer

The day had arrived, no pulling out, hours ticked by. We or I was to kill the target at an opening ceremony.

I positioned myself with the gang on top of the next building.

"I've got to get something."

"Are you chickening out?"

"NO, I'm getting more ammo just in case."

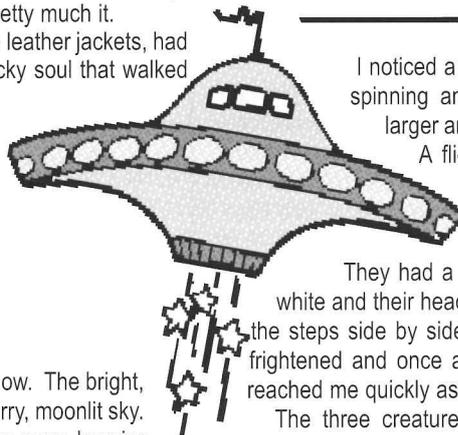
"Hurry back, it's almost time."

I took my time, went into a phone bar and made the call to my employer. Within minutes the place was flooded with police and cars and Swat teams. It was like a swarm of bees.

Sergio Buffon was caught, and imprisoned for life for my father's murder. My job was done.

By the way, if you were wondering about my employer it was uncle Jonny the head of Undercover Cop Agency, the UCA. I had followed in my father's footsteps. I knew he would have been proud.

**Brendan Conor 10 C**



I noticed a spiral shape at the base of the ship. It was spinning and a small hole in the centre was getting larger and larger, until it was about the size of a door.

A flight of steps extended out of the ship and when it touched the ground three strange figures appeared at the door. The creatures were aliens.

They had a tall, muscular build. Their skin was almost white and their heads were enormous. The aliens walked down the steps side by side and headed in my direction. I was really frightened and once again I thought it was the end. The aliens reached me quickly as they somehow knew my exact location.

The three creatures gathered around me and each of them examined me curiously. Their eyes were completely black and blinked white every few seconds. The aliens made frequent clicking noises, which I regarded as communication. When they stopped walking around me I got worried again. I could remember seeing people being abducted by aliens before on television. The aliens carried out experiments and operated on their insides. I feared the aliens would do the same to me.

Each of the aliens outstretched an arm and put the palms of their hands in my face. When my eyes closed I saw something strange.

I was surrounded by thousands of humans. Some were digging in the mud and clay, some were building strange metallic towers with no doors or windows and others were picking berries from bushes. Every so often I saw a rope being dropped out of a hole in the roof and several humans climbing up and going into one of the towers.

## Literary Section

Surrounding the strange colony of humans was a large transparent dome and hovering silently above the dome were several of the UFO. I noticed that the sun was unusually dull and there were huge fragments of rock floating above the atmosphere. In the distance I could see aliens forcing humans through the dome against their will like hostages. The aliens carried strange, futuristic, glowing staffs, which could have been weapons.

The aliens had enslaved mankind and humans were no longer the dominant species.

I heard a voice say, "This is to be the future of your race" and I woke up on the front lawn of my house.

I thought nothing of the incident, a dream maybe, until the next day when an emergency news broadcast about an Invasion caused mass hysteria on earth.

**Daniel Toner 10 C**

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# THE LORD OF THE RINGS - The Two Towers

Just twelve months ago, "Lord of the Rings" mania swept the world as Peter Jackson's eagerly anticipated first chapter in J.R.R Tolkien's sprawling trilogy, "The Fellowship of the Ring," opened to almost universal acclaim and quickly became one of the highest grossing films of all time.

Well brace yourself, for one of the smallest heroes in cinema history is back in chapter two - 'The Two Towers'. The film continues the saga on an even grander scale. As 'The Two Towers' picks up, Frodo (Elijah Wood) and loyal friend, Sam (Sean Astin), are forced to enlist the support of the mysterious Gollum, a strange creature who has previously been distorted by the power of the ring.

The following stories unfold as the forces of the Dark Lord Sauron (Christopher Lee) continue to grow stronger, sweeping middle earth and destroying all before them on their way to the climatic battle of Helm's Deep.

The Wow Factor, which was ever-present during the Fellowship, is also surpassed here, with several jaw-dropping moments to savour. Not least the brainstorming finale, which has to rate among the finest movie spectacles of recent years.

At a time when audiences have begun to take special effects for granted, it is all the more satisfying to be 'gob-smacked' and there are several sequences here that can truly be described as ground-breaking. The character of Gollum, for instance, is easily the greatest creation to date.

A classic story, well told, on an epic scale. Jackson has once again excelled, providing audiences with a cinematic feast to savour. It is a towering achievement and we await, with baited breath, the arrival of the third and final part of the trilogy.

**Christopher Campbell 10 B** *Christopher was the runner-up in the Year 10 Film Review Competition.*

# THE TWO TOWERS

## Film Review

Swords clash as dark clouds gather overhead. Darkness smiles contentedly at the world it has so mercilessly seized by the throat...

The most anticipated film of the year; "The Lord Of The Rings" finally hit our screens this year. In returning for its second outing, it promised a tale of explosive action, whirlwind romance and that old cliché, good versus evil. Having read Tolkien's masterpiece, one's expectations were high. As we shall see, this movie more than lived up to its expectations.

The story follows the trials of a young hobbit Frodo (Elijah Wood) in his quest to destroy the one ring, a weapon of evil possessing the power to rule all. In his path, however, lay a selection of bloodthirsty beasts and deadly demons, intent on the destruction of the world and soon Frodo becomes entangled in a dark web of evil.

Elijah Wood gives the performance of his life as the would-be hero, capturing the moment as the brave hobbit Frodo. Wood coaxes the audience, possessing the ability to steadily build the suspense or, if appropriate, provide some humour.

Wonderful support comes from novice actor Sean Astin, who plays Sam. Sam is perhaps best remembered as the responsible, loyal hobbit with a heart of gold.

Billy Boyd and Dominic Monaghan give sterling performances as the amiable duo Merry and Pippin, making the most of a small yet important part. These often provide the comical element in the movie.

There is a new introduction to the film in Gollum (Andy Serkis). Using revolutionary new special effects, director Peter Jackson was able to create this living, breathing creature. The result is incredibly realistic and portrays the character beautifully. The most humorous part of the film is Gollum's alter ego. This was also well visualised by the director.

Sir Ian McKellen oozes wisdom as talismanic wizard Gandalf. Complete with staff and cloak, Gandalf guides Frodo with his burden.

Viggo Mortensen is wonderfully convincing as mysterious ranger Aragon. Relatively unknown on these shores, Mortensen observes the character brilliantly.

Veteran actor Christopher Lee is simply superb as cunning wizard Sauron, delivering without doubt his most impressive performance. Himself a fan of the epic, Lee portrays the dastardly wizard excellently. His typically professional approach should inspire any would-be actors.

As the curtains close on this epic, I can conclude that "The Two Towers" will undoubtedly take its place amongst the greatest films of all time. Superb individual performances intertwine with a memorable soundtrack and meticulous plot to create one of the most celebrated films in cinema history.

**Christopher Weir 10B**

*Congratulations to Christopher who was awarded 1st prize in the Year 10 Film Review Competition.*

# Unpremeditated

The shadowy figure cautiously crept from a crevice of the large, silent garden, scanning the vast old-fashioned house for an easy entrance. A thick, black pipe climbed the moonlit, magnolia wall. Light escaped into the garden through the first floor windows and was transformed into a scattering of pale patches on the lawn by a tall mass of winter-attacked shrubbery. Next to the pipe was a window, left coincidentally open.

The figure darted towards the pipe, trying to keep as low as possible, and stood straight back against the wall. The silence was intimidating. His second ever job; well his first real job.

"No screw-ups this time!" he repeated over and over in his head. He began to climb the vertical obstacle. Hesitating, he checked his belt for the weighty gun.

"No screw-ups this time!"

He slowly hauled his tall, heavy, body up the side of the ever-continuing wall. On reaching the window, he stretched out. Then, his heart leap into his mouth as his hand slipped. He plummeted about four feet down the chunky metal pipe. The rainwater on the pipe had caused him to slip. He climbed the pipe and reached for the window again. Sliding himself across he looked down at the ground about twenty-five feet below. He drew in a deep breath and quickly threw himself through the open window.

On dismounting from the windowsill the man realised that his trouser leg had somehow become attached to the shiny metal handle. He tugged at it carefully, trying to measure-up the extent of the damage. He needed to use a great force to pull himself away. Taking hold of the curtain rail he pulled his leg away from the window. In the same action he tore a large strip out of his trouser leg and pulled the curtain rail, which had been supporting his weight, off the wall. He fell to the floor with his finger jammed tight between the curtain rail and one of the curtain rings. He screwed up his face in agony and drew in a long breath.

Pacing across the bedroom floor he pressed his hand against the gun-handle. His heart accelerated to a record breaking pace. He briefly removed the itchy, black balaclava and replaced, with the one swipe of his hand, the tiny beads of perspiration, which accumulated on his forehead, with the moisture of the rainwater on his gloves, which he had acquired when climbing the pipe. He replaced the balaclava and stood straight back against the wall, practising his stance. It was the stance that a poor amateur dramatics society member might use when impersonating James Bond.

Trailing down two flights of stairs, he came to a halt in the large hallway on hearing the monotonous, single-toned 'mm hmm' of a woman on the receiving end of a one-sided telephone conversation. He saw some photographs on the wall. How could he destroy such a happy family?

Unconscious of the man standing behind her with outstretched, trembling hands, tightly gripping a gun, Edel Lendrum placed the phone down gently, retaining the thought of the amusing conversation with her hairdresser with a smile. She turned the volume back up on the television.

"Alright, listen up you! Keep still and this'll be quick and simple."

He wasn't supposed to talk to her but he had to see her face before he pulled the trigger.

The voice had boomed from behind. Confused that the words, which she at first thought had come from the surround sound speaker behind her, did not match those mouthed by Alan Titchmarch on 'Gardener's World', Edel spun around. Her jaw dropped and her throat dried. Now, she faced the tall man with the gun tightly gripped in his hands. It was pointed at her. Her body tensed. Her head full of questions, she looked at the gun in his quivering hands.

"No! Please!" she cried.

The pleading didn't help her. He came closer and held the gun to her head.

Closing his eyes he pulled the trigger tightly.

Nothing.

"I, uh, think you've gotta load it first."

Edel was shocked at the unexpected words, which had just escaped her lips, "Not very experienced are you?"

Well he wasn't. His gun wasn't even fitted with a silencer.

The hit man's arm fell to his side. Collapsing in a chair, destroyed, he broke out into a fountain of tears, blubbing and murmuring things like, 'I'm so ridiculous!' and 'I'm just a hopeless failure'.

"There, there", Edel found herself saying. "Maybe you just weren't meant to be a murderer".

She stopped suddenly. Why? Why was he here? Her eyes darted from the unstable, blubbing wreck to the picture of her ex-husband.

"He, he sent you didn't he? Well he's not getting the money or the children. I didn't think he'd stoop that low to try to pull this off!"

"Where are the little ones now? I saw the photos in the hall."

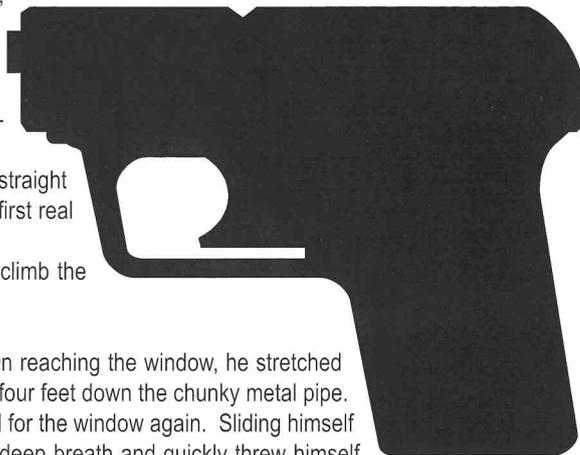
"They're at my mum's."

She glanced back at the broken man who by this time had stopped crying and sat quivering, shaking his head and glaring at the gun, which lay upon the table.

Pause.

"Would you like a cup of tea? Coffee?"

"Uh, I could do with a cold drink."



## Literary Section

Edel searched in the cupboards.

"There's some old fashioned lemonade. I don't know how long it's been here!

"Fine."

She poured the textures liquid into a glass, not noticing the label, which had been taped onto the side of the bottle by the absent-minded cleaner. The label said: Lemon Scented Bleach Cleaner.

At the first gulp he cried out.

"Aagh, what the...!"

Coughing and spluttering, he lurched forward and chased her through the kitchen and into the out-house. Edel fumbled for the door handle and threw herself out into the garden. Spotting a weed among her nasturtiums she quickly bent down to pluck it before resuming her fearful run. They zigzagged down the long garden in short bursts, each second the man's swollen throat became thinner and thinner. Edel hurdled the box hedge, the low shrubs and the man staggered along, continuing to pursue her. But he was dumbstruck when he saw her manage to leap the tall cast iron garden bench. He tried to copy her action but was unsuccessful. Over the panting of her breath and the pounding of her heart she could just hear the crack as the man's head smacked against the rockery. She spun around. He continued to cough, choke and splutter for five long seconds and then became still.

"Oh my God, I think I've killed him!" She murmured to herself.

What could she do now? If she didn't act fast she would go to prison for manslaughter if not murder. There were no witnesses. How did he die? Suicide? Yes suicide! She ran to the garage to retrieve her gloves from the glove compartment in her car. She returned to the body with gloved hands and a wheelbarrow. She heaved his long body onto the wheelbarrow and wheeled him to the garage. She tired to haul the body into the garage. It was not an easy job because the body was very solid, but she persevered. She wanted to dispose of the body before rigor mortis kicked in. She had to get to the canal fast. Her boyfriend, Johnny, was coming over that night. "Oh, well," she thought, 'he has his own key.'

She walked quickly back down the garden to the house, this time walking around obstacles. She ran into the kitchen and grabbed the bleach-filled lemonade bottle and rinsed it under the tap to eradicate any fingerprints. Edel then dashed back to the car, with the lemonade bottle, and tried to haul the cumbersome, flaccid body into the boot of her mini. It was only then that she realised how tall a man he was, well how long a man he was. She put his head in one side first but she found she couldn't get his feet in. She tried him the other way round. No she'd have to prop him up in the passenger seat. The first time she propped him up his body flopped forward onto the windscreen. She had to put the seatbelt around him. He was much too tall to fit in such a diminutive car. One would have been in tears of laughter having seen the comical way his head doubled forward against his chest. Edel then placed the lemonade bottle in his hand.

The car rolled along the large, but quiet A-road at a moderate speed. The hit man's arm had been getting in the way of the gear-stick so she'd rested it over the back of the chair. She flicked on the radio.

"That was the news and weather. Now: remember this...?" It was 'Them There Eyes.'

Slowly losing her sanity, Edel began to start a one sided conversation with the dumb passenger. With her eyes still on the road, she did not notice the top-heavy body slowly sliding over towards her with its eyes wide open. His breath, if he'd had any, would have been warm and damp on the side of her neck - he was that close.

"Wadda you wanna make them eyes at me for?" Singing along to the radio she jumped with a start as the, supposedly, dead man's hand hit the back of her shoulders. In a split second a hundred thoughts crossed her mind. Was he really dead? She hadn't checked his pulse. He would kill her if he were alive. She quickly spun around to face the lifeless giant who was leaning so far over that his chin was nearly resting on her shoulder. Coming face to face with the beaming wide-eyed face of the deceased fellow she leapt up and hit her head on the ceiling. It took a moment for her to realise that he was, in fact, really dead. She checked his pulse. She waited until she reached a red light, and then, keeping his arm around her, she stretched over and adjusted his seatbelt.

Turning out of Primrose Avenue and onto the familiar A-road Johnny glanced at the photograph of Edel, his girlfriend, which he kept on his dashboard. The car that just passed looked like her Mini. He thought about how he had to bend his knees up to sit in the front seat. Wait a minute: that was her Mini. He pulled up to the traffic lights alongside the tiny vehicle and looked through the window to see her and nearly exploded with anger as he saw Edel and a tall man with their arms around each other. He felt sick.

Before he could think about what he'd just seen he was being violently ushered on by the hooting of road rage ridden motorists behind. He drove rapidly into a side road, spun the car round in an instantaneous three-point-turn, using someone's driveway. He hit the parked car with a crunch but quickly reversed away and headed towards Edel's house, where he would wait for her to return with or without her new 'friend'. In a fit of rage he gathered his strength and kicked the door open. It was only when the dented door lay open and partly off its hinges, that he remembered that he could have used his own key. He paced back and forth, the anger pumping through his veins. He started breathing heavily. He needed a drink. Johnny reached for the glass of yellowy juice that lay upon the table and took one worry-ending gulp.

Edel, full of guilt, arrived home after disposing of the body in the local canal. Nobody could have seen her apart from that group of stoned teenagers, but they were more interested in the piece of tinfoil that one of them had salvaged from a litterbin. They probably didn't notice her at all. She didn't recognise Johnny's car parked further down the road. She walked up to her door. 'Oh my God, not another one,' she thought to herself. She stepped in slowly, thinking that there would be another, more experienced, hit man waiting for her. Instead, when she peered round into the dining room, she found the heaped body of Johnny. Once again she dragged the body to the car, oblivious to the motley gang of burglars who were walking up the path to the house as she went. In tears of madness she put the seatbelt around Johnny and headed off to the canal again. It had all become routine to her now, ad infinitum.



Aaron Mc Aree 12 G

# WALKING THE DOG

It was approaching 10p.m when Liam finally decided to walk his dog. He took one last glance at the swans gliding effortlessly over the water in the small lake just beyond his garden. When he first moved into his house it was an overgrown, neglected stagnant quagmire but after 18 months of labour it had been transformed into a paradise in the most unlikely of places. The water had been stocked and ducks introduced into the rushes that grew at the far bank, just adjacent to one of the wooden jetties, which was favoured by resting gulls. The paths around and the bridges made no part of this new park inaccessible and it was a paradise for walking dogs. On this particular night, he shunned a tour of the Half Moon lake, as it is known on account of its unique crescent shape, for a tour of the alleys and lanes of upper Lenadoon.

He bounded down the flight of stairs and retrieved his dog's lead from a chair in the dining room. It was a metal chain with a leather handle that fitted snugly round his wrist. Through the doors that separated the living room from the dining room, he could make out the figures of his family watching the television. His two sisters were in bed so it was just his mother and brothers in the living room. The eerie blue light that the TV gives off caught them all and he could make out all the contours and lines on his mother's face. A cigarette hung loosely from her left hand and from it a thin trail of smoke climbed towards the ceiling where it encircled the light. At times she would put it to her lips and the blue glow from the television would be temporarily replaced by the rising red colour of her cigarette as it illuminated her face and dyed blond hair. Despite age and five children, her roots were still black. She would then slowly exhale and the grey smoke would follow the path already set for it and encircle the light above her head.

He turned away from his family and put his hand on the cold bolt of the back door. It creaked open. He stepped out into the crisp night air and heard a familiar noise coming from his left. His dog bounded out of the darkness and triggered the safety light. His coat was extremely thick and curly. This conjured up memories of the time when he got his coat cut off and, as Liam's mother so eloquently put it, he looked like a rat. His hair was blonde except for inside his ears and around the edge of his jaw, which was black. Liam slapped his thighs and he leapt over. He laid a hand on his collar and nametag and clipped his collar to it. He then turned and took his dog through the house again to take him out the front door for his walk.

The door clicked behind him and he beheld Lenadoon and the abyss of streetlights and unknown buildings that sprawled before him. "Come on Fester," Liam said and they made their way through the front garden, past his grandmother's rose bushes and over the grey octagonal tiles, the monotony of which was broken by the occasional red tile. Fester is his dog's name. He named him after a very amusing character in a film he had seen.

He strode through the gate and onto the footpath with Fester pulling at his lead. He made his way in the direction of the King's Hall. He crossed the deserted road and faced the concrete bollards that prevented cars from accessing the field behind them. These bollards did nothing, however, to prevent dirt bikes from accessing the grass and as such it bore the scars of an immature hoodlum who didn't have the respect and/or courtesy to go to the Colin Glen Forest park, which is extremely close to the field they have all but destroyed. On this leg of his journey he was immersed in darkness, as the only streetlight had been broken for as long as Liam could remember.

After emerging from the dark alley he was greeted with the immense red building that is St. Oliver Plunkett Church. Just in the background was the Primary School. The churches heavy oak doors were securely locked and the frosted glass windows showed the Stations of the Cross. Just in front of the church was a collection of newly planted shrubs and flowers, to the left was the car park. The floodlights, kerbs and seclusion made this the perfect spot for skaters to frequent. There were only two that night. Fester watched them intently. On the other side of the road there stood a row of six or more houses, the kind with the

bedrooms downstairs. Just after the church there was a large stately house that wouldn't seem out of place in "Pride and Prejudice." It was occupied solely by three elderly nuns and the grounds were quite large.

From this corner Liam could see a row of shops and at this time of night only the Fast Food bar was open. The delinquents outside were illuminated by the neon sign and a mural of Cuchulainn was barely visible in the corner. He began to tackle the slope ahead. From the wall on his left there sprouted the occasional wallflower or clump of moss.

Above Liam's head there then appeared a solitary crow, silhouetted against the stars. It cawed and swooped, finally disappearing against the outline of a lichen-covered roof. He made his way in front of a large row of terraced houses. They were bathed in the glow of streetlights and the curtains were all drawn.

He turned into a cul-de-sac, pausing only for Fester to sniff around. Then he stepped out onto a small patch of grass, scaled a flight of steps and was on the Glen Road. There was much more traffic here and the cats eyes winked at him. He negotiated the road and was faced with the looming wrought iron gates of the Roddy's. This long, winding road led to the social club, and a large field with many trees and bushes that was his destination.

He reached the edge of the chosen field and reached down, releasing Fester. He galloped into the night, stopping only to smell the base of an occasional tree. He would sometimes race by Liam who would try to playfully grab him. He would then veer off into the night again.

After 10 minutes or so Liam emitted a shrill whistle and shattered the silence. Fester's ears pricked up. He saw the small treat Liam took from his pocket and he sprinted over to him. Having put his lead back on Liam dropped the biscuit at his feet. He gobbled it up and we stepped back onto the light of the road.

A private taxi pulled up just beside them and Liam watched it with interest. Two middle aged women stepped out, the youngest of the two paid the driver while the other tried to simultaneously adjust her skirt and light a cigarette. They then swaggered up the dark lane and the taxi turned, and headed off.

He resumed his journey home by the same route. The solitary crow he had seen was perched on a lamppost preening itself. He retraced the same stone steps and a short while later reached the stately house that was home to the reclusive nuns. He sauntered past and once more reached the church. The skaters were gone and the floodlights eliminated any shadows. He passed the church and let a blue car pass him before crossing the road and reaching the dark alley. The rusted brown gates on his right were dotted with the occasional, new grey steel railings, which had replaced the gaps.

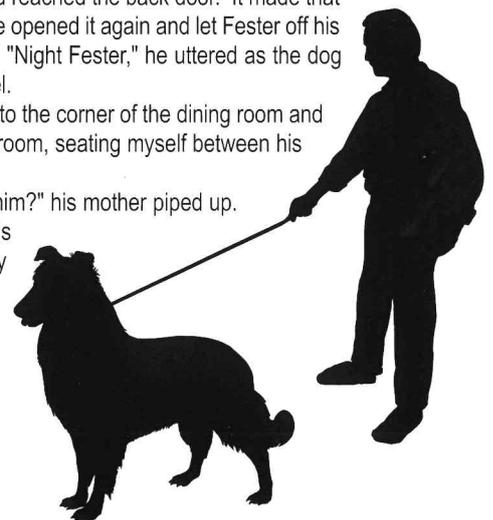
He crossed the last road and reached his front door. He pushed it forward and it rattled slightly on its hinges. He quickened his pace through the house and reached the back door. It made that same squeak when he opened it again and let Fester off his lead for the last time. "Night Fester," he uttered as the dog jumped into his kennel.

He threw the lead into the corner of the dining room and walked into the living room, seating myself between his brothers.

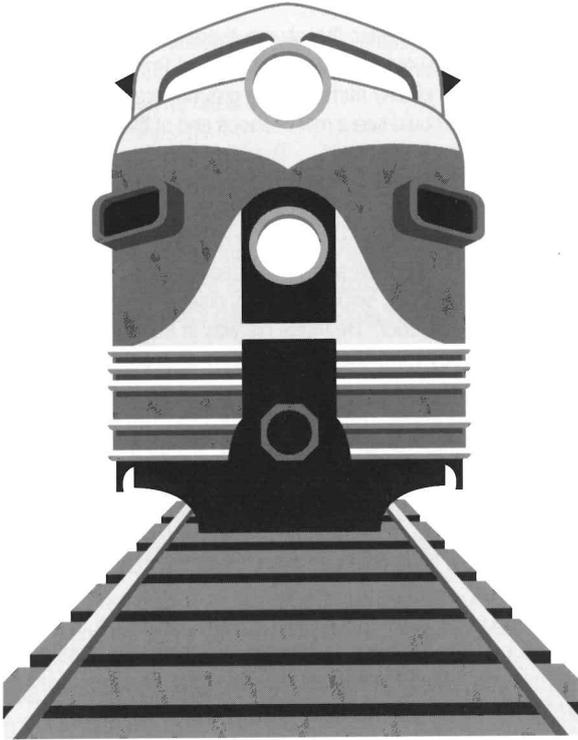
"Where'd you take him?" his mother piped up.

Liam mulled over this question momentarily and finally replied, "Nowhere special."

Piaras Duffy 12 G



# 'A LONG JOURNEY'



I first saw him in the station, his hands in his pockets, a tatty, ancient bag over his shoulder, staring blankly around him. His attire suggested he was wealthy although his physical appearance strangely contrasted with it. He had a heavy growth of hair all over his face and his hair looked as though it had not seen sight of a comb and scissors in a long time. His eyes stared blankly in front of him, as though he did not notice the hustle and bustle of the station. His hands were gripped tightly around his back strap and he stared intensely with venom at anyone, who passing in a rush to reach their destination, may have knocked into his bag.

My mind drifted away from the man. I went up to the counter and paid for my ticket. I walked to my platform, got on the train in a slight hurry in my attempt to get a window seat. For such a long journey I needed to occupy my mind, looking out the window with unconscious fascination. I looked around the train, hurried my way up the aisle, possibly knocking several people off balance on my way. I checked carriage after carriage but found no seats by the window and then I started to realise there was not even an aisle seat.

I came to the final carriage and my eyes were immediately drawn to the same man I had noticed in the station. He sat by the window alone and then it dawned on me that the empty seat beside him was the only space left in the carriage and by now, I expected, the whole train. Our eyes met and for some reason I felt it would be better to turn back, or even, stand for the journey. I was being ridiculous, 'I'm sure he's a perfectly normal guy' I thought to myself as I marched over and sat myself down next to the odd looking fellow.

"Good morning", I muttered. He made no response. I assumed he had not heard me, giving him the benefit of the doubt. The silence was awkward. I wanted to say something to break the tension. Possible small talk went through my head and eventually I questioned him about his destination. Again there was no response whatsoever and this time there was no possibility of him not hearing me.

"So rude," I thought. I let my concentration drift a while, then I tried again.

"Lovely countryside isn't it?" attempting conversation yet again. It was as if I was speaking to myself. He didn't even glance in my direction, not even a slight flicker of interest. I have never experienced such bad manners in all my entire life and people believe the young have no manners. I felt angry at this point but I decided to persist, thinking perhaps that I was annoying him and he would eventually have to speak even if only to tell me to shut up. Then at least I would have extracted some response and thus I continued talking for the next three stations.

"Mummy" I heard a little boy say, "Why is that man talking to himself?"

"Shhhh," replied his mother, "do not attract his attention. He's obviously not well, talking to himself like that!"

**Anton O'Reilly**

12 H

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# 'THE LAST' ASSAULT'

Then it got serious. The laughing and joking stopped, the order for war had just been sent through by the government. I leaped from my bunk sending a tray of cold rations falling to the ground. I grabbed my camouflage gear from the equipment room and other items such as grenades, night vision goggles and survival gear.

I made my way to the trucks. As we were getting inside we were being loaded out with our weapons, the standard M16 and five magazines.

It all began when a Russian Victor III class nuclear-armed submarine entered American waters and ignored our warnings to proceed no further and to turn back. The officer in charge at the time dispatched two San Francisco class submarines to escort the intruder out into international waters. When the subs found the Russian vessel they thought it had been deserted as it was floating at the surface with no engine noise.

One of the boats, the US Navy Alabama, pulled up alongside of the now clear Russian S139 nuclear submarine. As it surfaced the Russian sub dived and fired a torpedo, sinking the Connecticut. The Alabama managed to submerge and fire at the S139 and managed to disable it. However the Russian Captain sabotaged the main reactor and the Russian S139 sunk with all hands.

The Russian government claimed that the Americans had fired first while the American government claimed that the Russians had fired first. That is why my division is being mobilized. We are to be inserted into Northern Turkey where UN forces are being overwhelmed by the Russian army, which seems to have an endless supply of men.

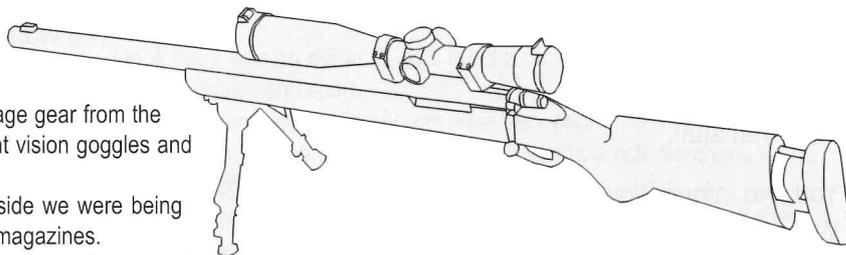
Our mission is to cross over into Russian territory and destroy several icy bridges in order to slow the Russian tanks and to allow UN and Nato forces to gather their troops.

My team consists of six men, each one highly trained in his field, they are; Smidt (grenadier), Toner (Sniper), Connor (explosives), Smith (support), Stone (rifleman) and me Colonel John Evenman. As we proceeded across the border we encountered heavy resistance, claiming forty-nine with seventeen kills with sniper fire. We escaped unscathed and reached the first bridge on the second day. Within minutes it was no more than a pile of rubble. However on the fifth day we had reached the third bridge. We were low on ammo as I ordered Stone and Connor ahead to plant the explosives.

Then it happened. I heard a rifle being loaded and shouted, "Take cover!" Over a hundred Russian soldiers ambushed us and opened fire. The Russians began to fall and then one of them got a lucky shot and Smith lay mortally wounded. Then as the Russians fell like flies my men were beginning to run out of ammo.

Luckily Connor managed to blow the bridge and kill the men on top of it. Then a strange click came from my magazine, my last one! I was out of ammo and just as I drew my silenced 4mm a loud bang and an intense amount of pain hit me. Then it went dark.

Gareth Shortt 10 C





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## Poem on things I like

The birds sing when it comes,  
The sun rises with it,

### Morning.

I like that stuff.

We get it from animals, some of them,  
We eat it,

### Food.

I like that stuff.

You find information from them,  
We read them,

### Books.

I like that stuff.

You watch it on T.V,  
You get different teams,

### Football.

I like that stuff.

We watch it,  
You get famous from it,

### T.V.

I like that stuff.

Flowers grow in it,  
Animals eat it,

### Grass.

I like that stuff.

People are famous for it,  
You do it at school,

### Art.

I like that stuff.

God made it,  
We live on it,

### Earth.

I like that stuff.

**Christopher Donnelly**

10 G



## Poems and Haiku

### Life Haiku

Burning lights and deafening screams,  
Faces flashing only gleams.  
The world we're born into.

### Death Haiku

Lights fading, room so old  
Sounds muting, for me so cold  
Heaven's door is oh so near.

### Human Haiku

Joy, sorrow, excitement  
Anger, rage and lust  
These are what make us human.

### Revenge Haiku

Anger boiling, rage and spite  
Nothing can stop you, day nor night.  
Revenge is sweet.

### Our World Haiku

Sun, spring waters, greenery all around  
Bombs, guns, destruction everywhere.  
Which is our world?

## STORM POEM

Hide your children, the Storm is here,  
Crashes of lightning, the winds that we fear.  
The teeth of the Storm will gobble them up,  
It'll chew, grind and might even suck.

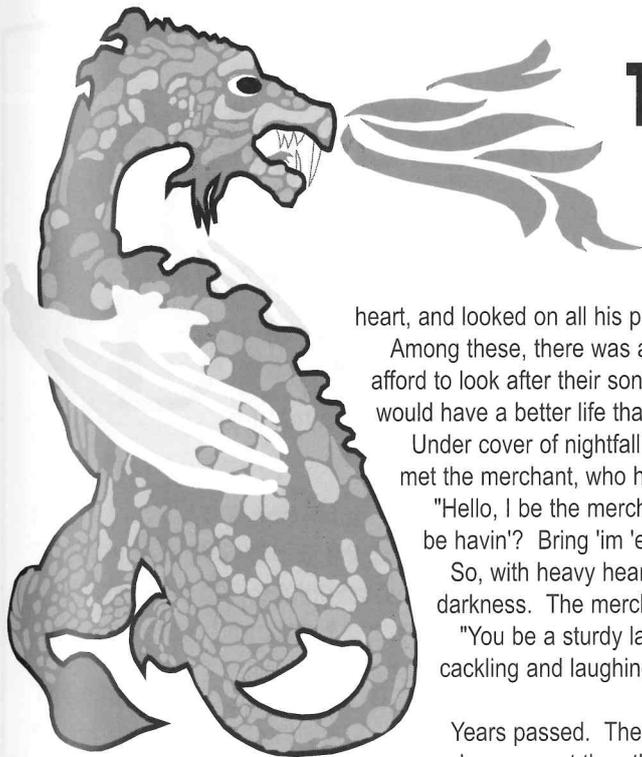
Calm one minute, a rage the next,  
The storm is over until the next.



**Ciaran Hall**

10 G

# The Legend Of The Fair-Haired Boy



Once there was an evil king, who ruled a faraway land. He had a wicked heart, and looked on all his people with hatred and scorn.

Among these, there was a young fair-haired boy. His parents were very poor, and they could not afford to look after their son. Secretly they hatched a plan, to give their son to a rich merchant, so he would have a better life than they could offer.

Under cover of nightfall, the boy's parents quietly made their way through the town. At last they met the merchant, who had been waiting for them.

"Hello, I be the merchant you be askin' for." He caught sight of the boy. "Is this the little rascal I be havin'? Bring 'im 'ere!"

So, with heavy hearts the parents bade farewell to their only son, and disappeared into the darkness. The merchant cast an evil eye toward the boy.

"You be a sturdy lad...I may have some use for you yet!" And with that, he disappeared, cackling and laughing all the while.

Years passed. The young, fair-haired boy blossomed into a handsome young man, and was popular amongst the other workers - though the evil merchant was envious, and so sent the boy to

Dragonica, a cold, windswept country that had many dragons. There he knew the boy would never survive.

And so he set off on his journey, alone and cold in the night air. Over rocks and sharp glass he walked barefooted, though he kept going, determined to see his errand through. At last he was exhausted, and lay down to rest beneath the dark sky.

Morning. The boy awoke to a shadow leaning over him. Startled, he leapt from his resting place.

"Who're you, stranger?"

"Fear not, boy. I have come to aid you in your quest!"

"Quest? I am on no quest!"

"Oh, but you are, my boy. Here, take this." The old woman revealed a rusted blade from underneath her cloak.

"Strike the dragon in the heart and you shall be with your parents once more."

"Dragons? There are dragons here?"

"Of course!" the woman replied. "I shall leave you now. Good luck!" And with that, she disappeared into a plume of smoke.

The boy, fuelled by the expectation of meeting his parents, set off to the great mountain where the dragon lived. A brimstone path led up to a fiery crater, which spewed its guts on the barren wasteland below. Then, emerging from the thick black smoke came the dragon. Red in colour, it had six horns on each of its seven heads, all of which were gnawing and snapping in the wind. The boy drew in breath.

And so the battle began. The boy fought with the courage of ten thousand men, so great was his desire to be reunited with his parents. Finally, after a great, terrible struggle, he drove the sword through the beast's heart.

All of a sudden, the black clouds parted to reveal a clear blue sky. The desert of Dragonica soon blossomed with flowers, and the once-imposing volcanoes were replaced by quiet, serene valleys.

The boy turned to see the old woman standing behind him.

"Thank you. You have freed this land of the curse, which had bound it for so long. Now, your wish shall be granted."

The woman disappeared to leave a man and his wife standing there. The boy embraced them.

Christopher Weir 10B

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*Best Wishes  
to St Mary's*

# Reflect

Out for the night,  
For a laugh and some fun,  
The drink was flowing,  
But the night was still young.

Going around the town,  
Looking for a club,  
Anything will do,  
A bar, or a pub.

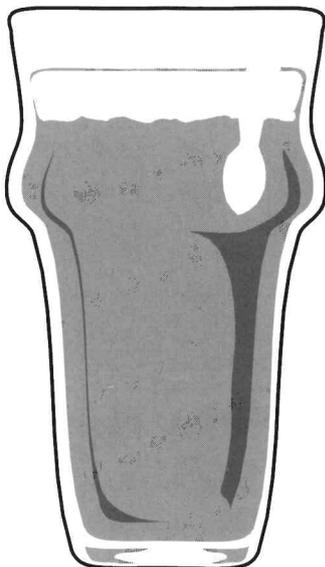
As dawn is approaching,  
Last orders they come,  
"I'll drive us home, dear,  
I've only had some."

Key in the ignition,  
Foot on the brake,  
"How many drinks  
Did I really take!"

Along the streets,  
The lights turned red,  
I did not stop,  
"Why not?" I said.

The night now over,  
The damage has been done,  
Reflecting on it  
now,  
I didn't have  
much fun.

**Gerard Farrell**  
**Darren O'Neill**  
10 A



# Teachers and Teenagers

Teachers never come out to play,  
Because it is that time of day.  
I don't know why they never do  
Play along, like me and you.  
Maybe it's because they are mature,  
We just cannot find a cure.

Some teachers are big, some small,  
They think that they know it all.  
Some are skinny, some are plump,  
And most of them are in a hump.  
When they get in to start the class  
They just break out and start to harass.

**C Black**  
10 C

# Teenage Life

Teenage life can be very hard,  
Sit in my room and play the guitar.  
Sit back and relax with a game or two,  
Play Championship Manager when I'm feeling blue.

I'll play ISS 3,  
When I want to be free.  
I'll get up to some mischief with my mates  
When I get home I hear, "Wash the plates."

Here's my life - it's going well,  
Can't say the same about my room because there's  
quite a smell.  
Here's my life - I've survived so far,  
So I'll wind it up and play my guitar.

**Kevin Gilmartin**  
**Sean McGurity**  
**Stephen McNally**  
**Gareth Shortt**  
10 C

# The Celtic Dream

It was May 03 and we'd finished our tea,  
The sun was still high in the sky.  
The day it did boil, we were covered with oil,  
As we swarmed through the streets of Saville.

The Bhoys were on the march,  
So far they'd conquered all -  
From Lithuania, Germany, England and Portugal too,  
But now we're in Spain and it's worth all the pain,  
To cheer on O'Neill and his crew.

Boys, it was grand, the best team in the land,  
The colours were bright in the stand.  
A sea of green and white'  
What a beautiful sight!  
Could the Jocks take the cup home tonight?

But fate was unkind,  
As twice we came from behind.  
For Balde saw red,  
Instead of using his head-  
And Celtic were left near for dead.

Still, the Bhoys did us proud,  
And we shouted aloud  
When the whistle ended the game.  
The lads had stood tall,  
It had been a close call-  
And they'll be back to do it again

**John Donnelly**

9D

# THE SCHOOL WITH A SOUL

With a view of the city,  
Through the day and the night.  
If looked on from the pitches,  
It's a beautiful sight.

Upon the black mountain  
There are many fields and trees,  
With creatures all around you like all  
the birds and bees.

The animals from the mountains  
Cannot go further than our school.  
For down below in the city  
Man's creations rule.

Encased for a number of hours,  
In our own little world.  
Entirely surrounded by different  
personas  
In a place called St. Mary's.

Different people come here,  
And different people leave,  
But we are only humans -  
And desire only to achieve.

**Gerard Farrell**

10 A

# The Sea



It's rough, it's calm,  
It's stormy, it's clear.  
Always there, never gone,  
Every day of the year.

It's blue, it's black,  
It's warm, it's cold.  
Always there, never the same,  
Any day of the year.

It's safe, it's dangerous,  
It's fun, it's fatal.  
Always there, ready to change,  
Any time of the year.

The sea is like an ancient king,  
Merciful at times and good.  
But with the power and might,  
He's dangerous without a doubt.

**Martin O'Prey** 10G

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## THIS PERFECT WORLD OF MINE

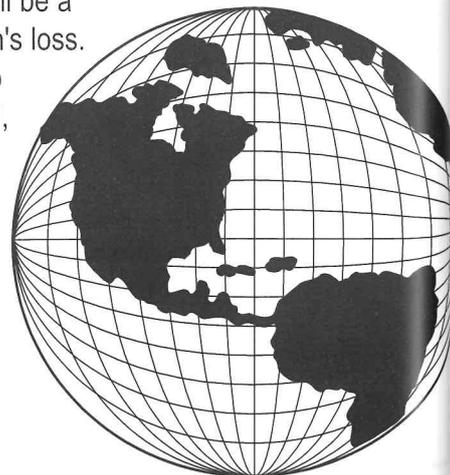
In this world, there is no hunger, no thirst.  
All men and women are equal at birth.  
May you be black, may you be white, Protestant or a Jew  
You'll be judged not by race, but by character, judged for being you.

There will be no rich, no poor.  
Where disease lurks, so also does a cure.  
Blood shall not be spilt by the anger of others  
For in this world we are all unique brothers.

There will be no envy, no greed  
Everyone will sow his own seed.  
The speechless will speak the truth and the blind shall see  
That in this world, we all are free.

There will be no loneliness, no prejudice,  
Everyone shall live in a sense of bliss.  
No one will ever lie,  
No mother shall watch her child die.  
For in this world suffering and pain shall be no more.

There shall be no lines, no barriers we can't cross,  
Every action shall be a blessing, no man's loss.  
The Earth will no longer be scared,  
but be divine -  
In this perfect world of mine.



**Tony Allwell**  
10A

# What Has Happened To Arsenal?

What has happened to the Arsenal, Sir?  
What has happened the dream?  
They started off so well, Sir  
Then they went off beam.

At Christmas time they were doing fine,  
United eight points in arrears.  
Then a point dropped here and another there,  
Soon saw their lead disappear.

Sir Alex he is nobody's dope,  
Poor Wenger hadn't a hope  
When United upped the pace,  
It was longer a one horse race.

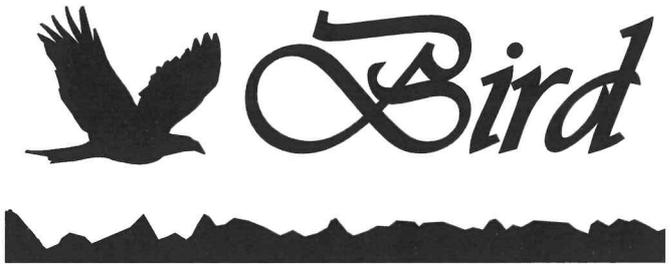
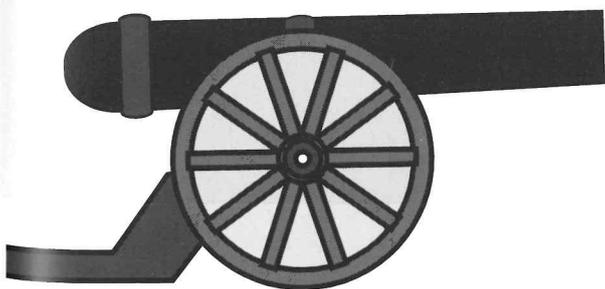
In April time, when the weather's bright,  
And young ones dream of love -  
United had the title in sight,  
They'd given the Gunners the shove.

What has happened to the Arsenal, Sir?  
What has happened the Dream?  
Well, I think it's very clear, young Sir,  
Arsenal are not the cream.

But never mind - they've won the Cup,  
And that will bring some cheer.  
The Gunners will get another chance,  
When the season starts next year.

**Michael Doran**

9 D



The white blanket that I share with the landscape,  
That last tie between my heart and homeland.  
I'm not running away...I don't wish to escape,  
I reach for a place draped in grass and sand.  
The armies below me of rustling colours,  
Protecting the trees and walkway.  
To the living they are mothers,  
They give sanctity and fruit to the fray.  
Continue I must to reach that goal,  
Passing over the strange seas of green-  
That have land and food to protect the soul,  
Is this the place? It will be seen...  
The dewy slopes rest my feet,  
For over and under land have I come.  
The haven I reached for...I finally meet,  
In this tranquillity that makes my heart numb.  
My home I did desert,  
But a home I have found.  
No longer does it hurt,  
For with God I am bound.

**Eamon Walls**

10 B

# Boredom

**B** is for being alone all day,

**O** is for often there's no-one to play.

**R** is for reading the same books that I've read,

**E** is for everyone still in their bed.

**D** is for doing the same things that I've done,

**O** is for over that hasn't begun.

**M** is for maybe tomorrow will be, a fun filled day  
without BOREDOM for me.

**Connor O'Rawe**

10 G



# Eye on the World

As I look at the world,  
Like a bird from above,  
I see wonders,  
Wonders like,  
Fields as green as apples,  
Trees like broccoli, sprouting from the ground,  
People that are ants,  
Crawling on the ground.  
And lakes that are great blue balls,  
Lying in the earth,  
Mountains that are bumpy,  
Like waves in the sea on a stormy day.  
And the moon is an eye,  
Looking down at the Earth,  
And cars that are like the rainbow,  
Driving on the roads boasting their Bright colours.  
The clouds are ice cream,  
White, frothy and bubbly.  
And the sky is blue like the ocean.

**Brendan Lundy**

8 G

# My Perfect World

A clear blue sky,  
Not a cloud in sight.  
Warm by day,  
Cool by night.  
No one is picked on,  
No one is left out.  
Discrimination is not heard of,  
And never talked about.  
The people are friendly,  
Everyone is nice.  
Everything is free,  
No such thing as a price.  
No need for police,  
Nobody commits crime.  
We all have our freedom,  
In this perfect time.

**Gerard Farrell**

10 A



# I'm floating

The houses were as small as matchboxes,  
The kids were like fleas.  
The clouds were as soft as cotton balls,  
The street was like a thin piece of string.  
The cars were as colourful as a rainbow,  
The gates like barbed wire.  
The trees were as green as apples,  
The lampposts were as small as toothpicks,  
And I was as light as helium.

**Michael Connolly** 8 G

# I like that stuff!

Engines eat it  
Chips cook in it  
**Oil**  
I like that stuff.

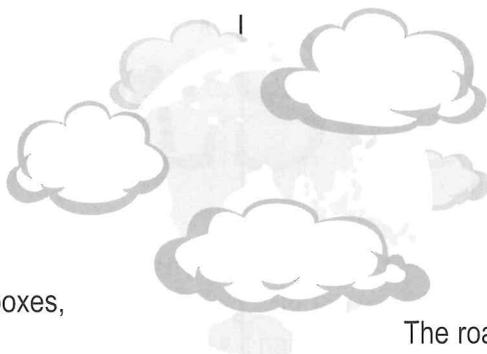
Chairs are made of it  
People take advantage of it  
**Wood**  
I like that stuff.

Our bodies depend on it  
Some people faint over it  
**Blood**  
I like that stuff.

People bath in it  
Children stomp in it  
**Mud**  
I like that stuff.

Most things use it  
When it doesn't work people lose it  
**Electricity**  
I like that stuff.

Most time there's not enough of it  
Then there are other times there is too much of it  
**Time**  
I love that stuff



# IN THE SKY

The roads are like ropes twisting and turning,  
Trucks coated with silver steel.  
People are like little coloured dots.  
Cars are flying through the empty motorway,  
Trees swaying left and right to the sound of the wind.  
Roundabouts are like balls decorated with flowers,  
Roads withstand the weight of cars.  
Parks are like big green puddles,  
Buses like some small rectangles.  
Litter lifting off the ground to make a rubbish dump.

**Tom Barnes** 8 G

# LOOKING DOWN

People look like ants,  
And houses are small pebbles,  
The fields look like patchwork quilts,  
And the roads weave a spider's web,  
Rivers spread like veins –  
Into a sea of blue silk which ships crawl like snails across.  
Mountains appear to be shadows,  
Trains slither like snakes and the city lights are stars.

**Eamon Rooney**  
8 G

# LONG



# Hair

People with long hair  
Look so weird  
It'll get worse  
'Til you end up growing a beard.

They absorb all the rain  
Then they shake it in your face  
Go and soak someone else  
In some other place!

Sometimes I just want  
To go up and shave their head.  
Sneak up and chop it off  
Or burn it instead.

I would never grow long hair  
Oh no I would not –  
If I was caught  
I'd probably get shot.

If I didn't get shot  
I'd just get jumped –  
And if I didn't get jumped  
I'd only get thumped.

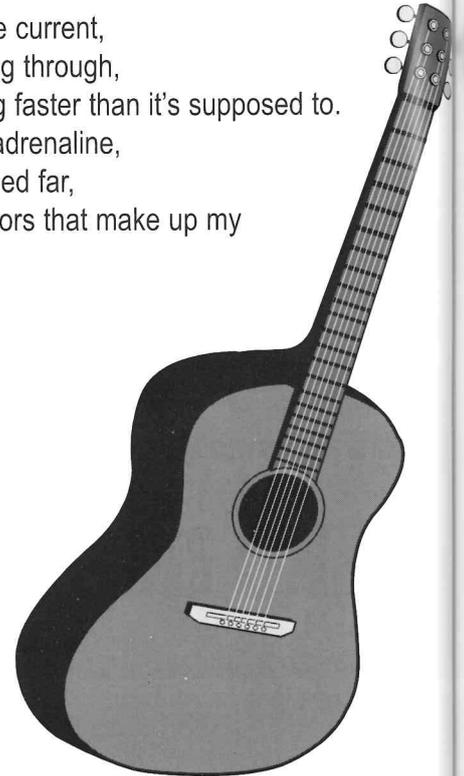
I don't know why  
People like to grow their hair  
All it does  
Is make you look like a bear.

**Aidan McCullough**  
10 G

# My Guitar

The electricity, the current,  
The sound running through,  
The blood rushing faster than it's supposed to.  
The excitement, adrenaline,  
Limits being pushed far,  
These are all factors that make up my  
guitar.

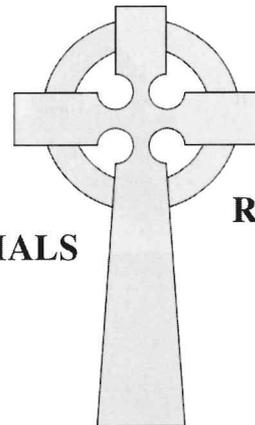
**James Grieve**  
10 G



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# THE ESCAPE



The monotonous pitter-patter of the raindrops colliding with the windscreen gave a refreshing break to the long silence that had gone before it. More rain. For days now it hadn't stopped raining. Maybe that was the reason it had happened. Maybe the rain had made it hard to see the road, made it harder for me to brake...maybe I was trying to convince myself that it wasn't my fault. The reservoir, which lay straight below, caught my attention. The light from the full moon glinted on the surface and made it shimmer. I could see the silhouette of the dark black hills on the far side. I became mesmerised. It felt as if I was in a trance. But then a searing pain in my right leg forced me to be awakened from this state of mind. I tried to lift my head to see what was causing it but I couldn't move my neck. My head started to hurt again. It had been about ten minutes since I had regained consciousness. But then I began to feel the soothing coolness of the night air. The breeze was gently blowing in my ear through the shattered side window. I was beginning to drift away, I was relaxed again, and all my troubles seemed to be miles away. I could hear everything, the trees swaying in the wind, the water gently flowing in the lake, an owl in the distance and...a siren. Suddenly I was brought back to reality. A siren! An ambulance was coming towards me. Coming closer and closer. I'm going to be all right! Then it dawned on me. The police would be here soon too. I tried to move but a pain shot up my right leg again. I couldn't move. This time I was able to lift my head a bit, just enough to catch a glimpse of my leg which appeared to be stuck under what used to be the dashboard. I knew it was badly broken. My heart nearly stopped. I knew I had to get away before the police came, but how? I couldn't move! I began to try to free my leg pulling myself backwards, hoping to pry it out. But to my shock I felt the car jolt forward! It was beginning to move down the hill. Down the hill towards the cold, clear waters of the reservoir.

The night had started off like most other Friday nights. I drove down to the local pub for a few drinks with my mates as I always did. I usually went easy on the drinking but tonight was different. The company I had worked for, for ten years had just sacked me, my wife had left me and I had dozens of overdue bills. What a day! Life was getting me down. I needed a break. I needed to forget, if even just for a while. I was going to drown my sorrows. Three hours later I could hardly stand. I had never drunk so much in my life, but I didn't care, I was enjoying myself. The memories of the day's events were quickly disappearing from my mind and I was having a good time. The atmosphere in the pub was electric and I was in the best mood that I had been in for weeks. I hadn't a care in the world, but this was soon to change. The pub doors opened and a friend of mine came in smiling from ear to ear. I later found out that he had been promoted in his job. Suddenly everything came back to me, all my problems. I became depressed, then angry. Why should he be happy when I'm not? I looked around. Everyone seemed happy, everyone but me. I had had enough. I got up and walked out, stumbling over tables on my way.

It took me about five minutes to find my car and stagger into it. I awkwardly put the key in the ignition and started it up. I needed to get away. I didn't know where I was going but I had to get away. I began to drive around the deserted roads, driving faster and faster. I could hardly see the road. Suddenly something out of the corner of my eye caught my attention. I looked up. Too late! A figure bounced off the bonnet of the car. A body lay motionless at the side of the road covered in blood. I heard voices. I turned. Some people were running in my direction. I heard screams and shouts. This couldn't be happening to me! I didn't wait around. I hurriedly scrambled back into the driver's seat, put my foot on the accelerator and sped away, hoping to leave everything behind. I kept my foot down on the pedal. I went as fast as I could. I looked out the window. Everything appeared to be going so fast. I could see the reservoir in the valley below me. The hills above it seemed to rise into the clouds. The scenery appeared so beautiful I couldn't take my eyes off it. But then I heard a screeching noise and looked to the other side of me. I was driving on the wrong side of the road. Headlights from another vehicle blinded me temporarily. It was coming straight towards me. I put my foot on the brakes but I was too late again. My head flew back and I felt my car skid off the road. Glass from the windows was all around me. I saw the car go over the bank. Then everything went black.

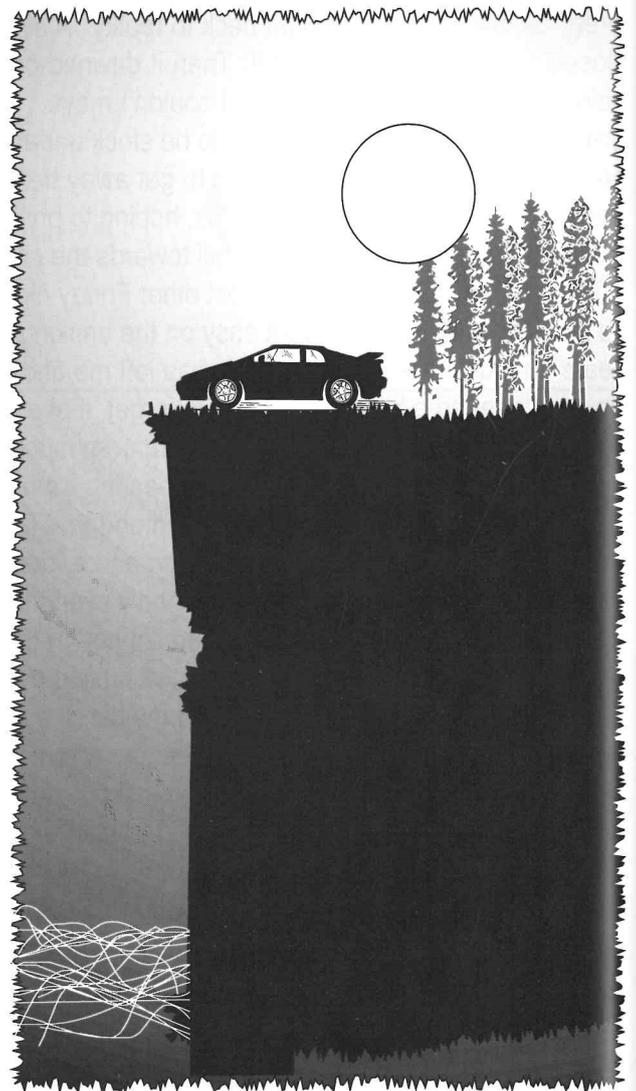
## Literary Section

I lay as still as I could. The car had stopped slipping down the hill now. I knew that any movement I made could inevitably cause the car to start moving again. The sirens were nearly beside me now. Maybe I was safe. I might survive this. But I knew it was going to be hard for me. A red line of blood began to trickle down my forehead towards my chin. My head was split open. Then I realised that it wasn't the only part of me bleeding, my shoulder and my stomach had been cut. But I knew this was the least of my problems. The sharp pain in my leg was continuous. I had a feeling that I would never walk again. On further inspection of the injured limb, I could make out a gleaming white object protruding through the skin. The bone, I realised. The sirens were around the wreckage that had once been my car. One thing was for sure; it would never be driven again. I could make out the steering wheel along with a door, which had caved in beside me. This door could be my way out. I lifted my blood soaked arm and reached toward what looked like the handle of the door. My heart stopped as I attempted to pull it toward me to see if the door would open. I could have cried when the door opened. I was full of relief. Now I only had to free my leg. I freed my other arm, which had been tangled in the seatbelt, and with both of my hands placed on my upper thigh I pulled my leg toward me. The pain was unbearable. I screamed out! But I looked down and saw that I had pulled it free from the wreckage. I turned to the door and began to drag myself forward. A sudden movement of the car stopped me momentarily. The car was beginning to slip again. I hurried up and tried to throw myself out the open door. I became excited, I was going to get out alive, I was going to see my wife again...then I remembered everything again. The car began to slide faster now, but it seemed as everything was in slow motion around me.

Thoughts began to rocket through my head. I had no job, my wife and I were finished. I was in debt. And then the more recent memories came into my head. I had killed someone! And maybe someone else in the last crash! The smell of alcohol in the car reminded me that I was to blame! I was in disbelief. What good had I left in my life anymore? I was a murderer, unemployed, probably unable to walk and on my own. It was inevitable that I would go to jail. Drink driving, murder. Who would want to know me? I had lost all worth in my life. What good would it do if I got out of this alive? I couldn't live the rest of my life like that. I'd be better off dead! These words began echoing in my head, I'd be better off dead. It was true I would. I made up my mind. I stopped what I was doing, slowly turned and sat down where I had been. The car was still sliding now, getting faster and faster. I looked out the windscreen and saw the reservoir approaching closer and closer. This had to be the right choice. No going back now. This was my escape.

**Conor Herron**

12 H



# WAR

Gerard was badly injured by an incoming missile fired by the enemy. Our surroundings had become extremely dangerous.

Our first day of this God forsaken war was over. Already one of our friends was left to die, in a rat-ridden hospital.

We all joined up thinking we would be heroes defending Europe and America against a new and frightening attack. Back home maybe. Here we were people who could orchestrate attacks against the enemy's superior defences.

The war started on the eleventh anniversary of the World Trade Centre disaster. This attack was to prove disastrous on America and neighbouring Europe. At 12 o'clock on the eleventh of September 2012 the world saw the last normality.

Thousands of suicide bombers walked into all the major government buildings throughout the two countries. At 12 o'clock...The Houses of Parliament, The White House, and The Pentagon among other important government facilities were destroyed.

The world was in state of collapse. No one knew what was happening, as all television stations were shut down. The leaders of many European countries were dead or seriously injured.

Everyone panicked and as a result the world was thrust back into the Dark Ages. The basic essential needs of every household were virtually non-existent. No electricity; gas; oil or even water. Even the N.H.S and emergency services ceased to exist.

Moreover the terrorist group wanted to continue their assault when we had no means of defence. Out of nowhere thousands of planes invaded. The Holy War had begun!

The U.S and British armies were crushed within several days. Anyone thought to have been in either of the armies was sentenced to a brutal horrific torture

until death. Luckily many of us escaped and fled to the mountains.

Months passed and we could do nothing do stop them. The U.S.A and Europe were brought under an evil strict régime. The citizens were taken away and brainwashed into becoming a convert of fanaticism. This "brainwashing" was done on thousands of innocent people.

Countries not included in the war did nothing to help the U.S.A or Europe, as they wanted to remain neutral. They were fearful of retribution from aggressors as they felt George Bush, the former American President, brought this upon his country by starting an unnecessary war in March 2003. The neutral countries were soon going to regret not stepping in...it was too late now.

By the end of the year the enemy had converted practically every American and European through the use of brainwashing, apart from a small group of about fifty thousand people scattered across the countryside of Britain and America. The new race (called the "Converts") was about to complete what Hitler wanted - world Domination.

Most of the Converts were trained for a new élite army. One by one they conquered countries turning the population into new Converts. The army grew enormously in size. The Converts had established a strict régime in every country in the world. Our small groups still existed throughout the world but unfortunately not enough to start a rebellion. The normal way of life is now totally extinct. We hope to grow in strength and numbers to restore the normality that we all once knew and free the Converted.

**Harry Mc Anulty**

10 C

# Nox Noctis

It began to rain as Night encroached on the small village, which nestled at the foot of the mountain. The mountain loomed menacingly above the village, covering it in its huge shadow. It was an old settlement, which had seen many generations come and go, with only the pub, a small shop and the local church to provide the needs of what was a farming community. Nothing ever happened here, but tonight the moon was bright and focused on this area, as Night knew something would happen, something that would be unusual to this generation of inhabitants and certainly frightening to them.

Night watched and listened as it always did, storing away every detail to do with the strange creatures that milled about below him. They were unaware that death would visit them, but Night was aware and he waited. The wind gained force and howled like a wolf in the distance. The rain beat against the bent figures fumbling their way home, lost in the Darkness of the Night.

The lights were on around the village giving off a welcoming glow, which invited the wrong sort of person to this enclave of peace in the world.

The pub was the centre of this insular world that the people lived in, where Night would listen with some interest to the events in people's lives. The atmosphere was jovial, with talk of children and weddings, but nobody was revealing any dark secrets in corners, which disappointed Night, as he was good at keeping secrets. Night though was indifferent to emotional affairs as they confused him to no end.

Night was a watcher and listener to dark deeds, not to pointless sentimentality, which plagued these creatures, but tonight he knew there would be much of that because of the events that would unfold.

The lights began to wink out one by one. Where once there was a friendly glow of safety there is only a pervasive darkness drowning the village in oppression. An old drunk man staggered forth from the pub

as a dark stranger stepped out from the shadows and began to move swiftly towards the old drunkard, who was in the process of throwing up the contents of his last meal.

The stranger glided between the shadows as if shifting between the physical and spiritual realms. Night continued his vigil over the village as did Death, which seemed thick in the air, suffocating even the stars as they disappeared from the night sky. The stranger could be seen more clearly now as he stepped into a patch of light from the pub, but he still looked like a shadow. He was wearing a long leather coat and his black hair was even darker than the night. His face though was disturbingly paler. In parts the light passed through his skin, showing muscle and blood vessels beneath.

The stranger moved out of the light and he began to move in on his target, the old man who had now rested himself beside the wall of the pub. The stranger came before him, slipping a knife out from his sleeve. The old man did not realise what was going on as the stranger hauled him to the ground. He tried to scream but the stranger only tightened his hold on him as he dragged him into the darkness.

Where no one else could see, Night could, so it followed them into the depths of darkness. The stranger had stopped now, and a glint of terror appeared in the eyes of the drunkard as he saw the knife being raised to his throat, but quickly disappeared when the light of life disappeared from them. Night was always watching, storing away the many secrets of these creatures that had colonised the world, and so he sorted this one, a stranger silently

seeming to savour the moment as the heady essence of sweet, warm blood began to gush out over his lifeless hands. Death began to swarm over the body drawing the blood from the man's veins as his life force had ebbed away.

The stranger began to run, this time ignoring the shadows, but running silently almost as if he was gliding across the ground. Night followed in pursuit as he heard a shriek rip the air, that startled even Death itself as it retreated into the shadows. The stranger ran through the main street ignoring the commotion that was building up behind him. Once he had reached the village outskirts only then did he slow down. The man then headed in the direction of a small lake beside an ancient wood, which had existed longer than the village, and so the Night knew it held deeper darker secrets than



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almost anywhere else.

The man came to the lake as dark as night, but more dangerous. He dived in, and he became something else in the murky water. He swam too smoothly and gracefully to be like the others, and his skin now seemed to take on an unearthly glow. It was as though the water was giving way before a greater being, something Night considered it should be wary of. In and out of the water it glided inhumanly, and so Night looked on with fascination. It finally emerged from the water near the forest, where it discarded its coat and entered under the branches, which closed behind it, sealing its path. Night could not follow, as the wood could not be penetrated by his bright eye.

This was a ritual. Night had seen it many times, but he could never fathom it. All he knew was the wood claimed retribution from those who dare to destroy it, and so every now and then, it takes a villager as payment, creating more sorrow and pain. There was never a time nor a place where the wood would claim its sacrifice, or a certain person it would claim, except for those who personally angered it. Humans had to learn that there are greater forces in the world, ones that must be left alone and as they constantly ignored this, they suffered the consequences.

Night returned to the wailing he left behind. The old man was still lying on the ground, though the blood had now dried into his clothes. There was a crowd of people who were now standing around him, some kneeling and praying to a God who would not see or hear them. Their God did not exist. Nature was the only god of note and they should beware it. Night wondered that since he was all hearing and seeing did that make him a god? In truth, he did not care, as why would he want to be a god to these foolish yet miserable people? No matter how interesting their lives are.

More people had gathered around the body, and some of the men tired to organise search parties, but nobody was in the mood to search for anything in the wind and rain, which attacked them with renewed vigour in their despair. Some others brought out a sheet to wrap the body in, which was rapidly becoming sodden. They carried the dead weight to his family's house and entered it in a silent procession.

Night knew what would happen next. There would be a time of mourning and then the body would be buried in the earth during some ritual offering up to their God, but they did not realise that they were only feeding the wood.

Night was tired of this vigil he had set himself. Their pain was of no great concern. He had come to see the forests do its work and that he had seen. It was time to do something he

enjoyed so he shifted his great eye. This time he focused on a snowy forest, where nature still held sway. He heard a crack in the undergrowth below him. It was a wolf. This was a lone hunter, rejected from his pack, likely a failure in its quest to become the leader, but this only created a new determination to survive. It had spotted a young elk drinking from an icy river. Its yellow eyes smouldered in the dark as it silently crept towards its prey, juices dripping from its white fangs as sharp as any knife. The prey was unaware of its peril and it continued to drink lazily... The wolf sensed its time and lunged, with Death following swiftly behind him.

Joseph Ward 12 G

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# SPORT *water polo*

At the end of the Water Polo season, the St. Mary's team can look back on the past year with mixed emotions. At local (Ulster Schools) level they won all competitions, retaining the Canada Cup for U 19 level, the Brother L.B. Murphy Trophy for U16 and winning the reconstituted Ulster Schools U14 competition.

At national U19 level, despite clearly being the best team in the country, circumstances combined to see the St. Mary's team lose to St. Colman's, Claremorris in the final. Despite leading 4-1 going into the final period of play, St. Mary's were eventually cruelly defeated by the Golden Goal rule.

At U16 level we lost to a stronger St. Colman's, the Claremorris side. Our chances of causing an upset were, however, not helped by the fact that the time keepers mistakenly penalised us. Claremorris went on to lose in the final against Ard Scoil Ris Dublin.

Best wishes to the stalwarts of our team, Eamon Kerr (who played for Ireland's U18s in Slovenia and Poland recently), Donnachdha Murphy and Cohn Meehan all of whom will be leaving us this year.

New players are always welcome. If you believe that you are good enough to follow in the footsteps of the great players mentioned above, and are interested in joining the school team, please contact either Mr McClean (E3 1) or Mr Watson (E11).



UP & COMING POLO STARS Paul Armstrong, Chris Devlin, Stephen Loughran and Paul Murphy with the Canada Cup

## BASS IRELAND

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**GLEN ROAD  
BELFAST**

# **Saint Mary's Gaelic footballers got off to a flier against Patrician High School, Carrickmacross**

The first game of the Corn Colmcille competition for 2nd Years was played out in glorious weather conditions last Thursday afternoon.

Davitt Park, home of the famous Clan Na Gael Lurgan club, was to play host to the local lads and the visiting Monaghan team.

At senior level, Carrickmacross had won a Rannafast Cup and reached the semi-final stages of the McCrory Cup, however little was known about their junior teams, so it was in anticipation of a tough game that Saint Mary's U13 1/2 lads took to the field.

In a hotly contested first few minutes, corner forward Martin McNally (Saint Gall s) rounded two defenders but required a favourable deflection off the upright to secure the opening score of the game for Saint Mary's. Minutes later centre forward Brendan Lochard (Sarsfields) increased the lead with a superb right footed point from thirty five yards. Carrickmacross' reply was swift and well executed.

A well taken goal from the edge of square gave Saint Mary's net minder Michael Sweeney (Eire Og) absolutely no chance. It was clear from the outset that the Glen Road boys would not lie down. Despite the setback their determination and concentration was obvious. Unbelievably that would be the opposition's only score of the entire game. Saint Mary's drew level when full forward Ciaran Caldwell (Gort Na Mona) got his name on the score sheet with a left footed strike from 14 yards.

The most decisive score of the game followed three further points by McNally and Caldwell (2) when midfielder Aaron Hicks (Gort Na Mona) released his club mate at full forward to deftly lob the Monaghan school's goalkeeper with a sublime strike. With Saint Mary's now leading 1-6 to 1-0, the Glen Road boys started to impose themselves on the game. Wing forwards Sean Finch (Rossa) and Gareth Armstrong (Gort Na Mona) were tireless in their approach, constantly feeding their full forward line.

But Saint Mary's best work was done in defence. Leading from centre back Colm McGoldrick (Saint Teresa s) dominated the opposition s number 11 effectively ruling out Patrician's main scoring threat. McGoldrick was ably assisted by classmates Ronan Campfield (Saint Gall s) and Eamonn Herron (Lamh Dearg). Together this trio formed a roadblock to any attack from the opposition. When it did break down midfielder James Ferron (Saint Paul s) was always on hand to help out and ease the pressure. Saint Mary's continued to pile on the scores and it wasn't long before the game was going out of the Monaghan boy's reach.

# SAINT MARY'S REACH THE PLAYOFFS

Saint Mary's 2nd year gaelic Footballers reached the playoff stages of the Corn Colmcille competition last week by virtue of wins over Keady High School and Rathmore Grammar. Despite the Easter break the Glen Road boys picked up where they left off with a fine win over Saint Patrick's Keady last Wednesday in Lurgan. Goals from full forward Ciaran Caldwell, Sean Finch, Conor Kearney and substitute Christopher Ramsey saw the lads home on a scoreline of 6-12 to 4-3.

Next up was the grammar school derby. Rathmore were arguably favourites to win, following their teams' success last year in the Ulster Colleges first year blitz. Local club St Teresa's were to play host to a game in which no less than seven of their players were involved on either sides. Unsurprisingly it was a Saint Teresa's player who starred for the Glen Road school. Centre back Colm McGoldrick gave an exhibition of defensive play. Showing a maturity beyond his years, young McGoldrick was central in snuffing out each of the oppositions attacks.

Aided and abetted by midfielders James Ferran and Brendan Lochard Saint Mary's never looked like losing. Ronan Campfield was superb in his man marking role in the full back line but Ciaran Caldwell must take the plaudits with a return of 3-6 from his full forward berth, all but one point from play.

"Ciaran certainly has a scoring talent," enthused Saint Mary's coach Vernon Murphy. "Even his pointed free was from 45 yards. But it s the way the whole team plays for each other and quality of football that is played that make him stand out so well," continued Murphy. I'm slightly disappointed that more forwards didn't get on the score sheet but that's something we can work on."

Final Score Saint Mary's 4-8 Rathmore 2-2

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# Quarter Finals

## Result:

**Saint Mary's CBGS Belfast 3-8**

**Saint Malachy's Belfast 1-4**

Corn Colm Cille U13 Football, Wednesday 14th May 2003, Venue Cherryvale playing pitches Belfast. Saint Mary's advanced to the semi-final stages of the Ulster Colleges Corn Colm Cille at Cherryvale last Wednesday with a win over North Belfast school Saint Malachy's College. The scoreline of 3-8 to 1-4 was not a true reflection of play. Saint Mary's struggled for most of the game to put the Antrim Road school away. Indeed they had to rely on a fisted goal from team captain Conor Kearney to take the lead with ten minutes remaining. It was only then that the Glen Road began to pull away. Successive points from centre forward Gareth Armstrong, substitute Johnathan McGuinness, followed by a further goal and two points from full forward Ciaran Caldwell sealed the victory.

Despite injuries to several key players including, Eamonn Herron and Christopher Ramsey, the first half was totally controlled by Saint Mary's as Centre back Colm McGoldrick continued to dictate the pace of the game. Unfortunately despite their domination Saint Mary's were unable to convert possession into scores. Although Caldwell opened the scoring with a fine right footed shot to the net it was another 10 minutes before they were to register another score. Saint Malachy's were totally unable to break down the Saint Mary's defence as their scoreline of 0-1 for the entire half suggests. However it was to a different proposition in the second half.

## Half Time:

**Saint Mary's 1-2**

**Saint Malachy's 0-1**

Saint Malachy's came out like a team possessed in the second half throwing everything they had at the West Belfast Grammar. Saint Mary's struggled to clear the ball over the half way line. Despite a tremendous performance by Declan Bunting, now playing at full back, Malachy's drew closer with a goal and point from play. As the game went into the final quarter the Antrim boys draw level with a further two points.

With backs to the wall it was then that Saint Mary's began to show what they could do scoring 2-4 in the final 10 minutes. Coach Vernon Murphy was relieved at the final whistle, "This Saint Malachy's team won the first Year blitz last year and should not be underestimated. They gave us a tremendous game. But when we got going in midfield we knew the game was ours." Saint Mary's can now look forward to the semi-final against either St Columb s Derry or Saint Patrick's Keady in two weeks time.

Saint Mary's Squad James Darragh, Ciaran Caldwell, Michael Sweeney, James Ferron, Brendan Lochart, Colm McGoldrick, Ciaran Kerr, Matt Devlin, Eamann Herron, Christopher Ramsey, Ciaran, Stone, Jonahon McGuinness, Aidan Walshe, Gareth Armstrong, Ronan Campfield, Sean Finch, Declan Bunting, Christopher Murphy, Sean McHugh, Ciaran Murphy, Martin McNally, Niall Kewley, Coach Vernon Murphy, Ciaran Lavery, Robert McLister, Conor Rocks, Sean Fylnn, Conor Kearney, Aaron Hicks, Brendan, Brophy, Maurice Murphy, Stephen Corner.

# SAINT MARY'S U13<sup>1/2</sup> REACH CORN COLM CILLE FINAL

Saint Mary's C.B.G.S. made it to their fourth Ulster Colleges final in 2003 with an emphatic 1-16 to 3-2 win over Saint Patrick's High School, Keady. Recent weather had played havoc with fixtures and the availability of facilities. The game, originally scheduled for Lurgan, was switched to Stewartstown Co. Tyrone at the last minute. Undeterred, the Glen Road lads took to the field with the advantage of a comprehensive win over the Armagh school in the league section of the competition.

To say conditions underfoot were poor would be an understatement. However, playing downhill with the slight breeze in the first half, Saint Mary's dominated from the throw in scoring 1-8 without reply, the goal coming from full forward Ciaran Caldwell. Keady did register a fortunate score, a goal with the final kick of the ball in the opening half.

The second half was an uphill struggle, literally, but the local grammar school stuck to their task. Centre back, Colm McGoldrick once again gave a man of the match performance. Ably assisted by team mates Aaron Hicks, Ronan Campfield and wing forwards Christopher Ramsey and Sean Finch, McGoldrick dominated the proceedings regularly releasing midfielders James Ferran and Brendan Lochart from defensive duties. Saint Mary's continued to pile on the points despite some questionable decisions from the man in black. Keady did manage to score two further goals to put a respectability on the final score but it was St Mary's who prevailed by

an eight point margin. Saint Mary's can now look forward to a final meeting with either local grammar Rathmore or Saint Louis, Ballymena.

## Final Score:

**Saint Mary's Belfast 1-16**  
**Saint Patrick's Keady 3-2**

## Saint Mary's Squad

Ciaran Lavery, Ronan Campfield, Matt Devlin, Robert McLister, Stephen Corner, Conor Rocks, Brendan Brophy, Eamman Herron, Declan Bunting, James Darragh, Colm McGoldrick, Michael Armstrong, Sean Finch, Michael Sweeney, Christopher Ramsey, Ciaran Kerr, James Ferron, Gareth Armstrong, Maurice Murphy, Ciaran Caldwell, Brendan Lockhart, Aidan Walshe, Sean Flynn, Dara Doherty, Aaron Hicks, Conor Kearney, Niall Kewley, Sean McHugh, Jonathon McGuinness, Martin McNally, Ciaran Murphy, Christopher Murphy, Ciaran Stone.

*Saint Marys CBGS  
Year 9 Gaelic football*



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# SAINT MARY'S

## SECURE

# CORN COLM GILLE

# FOOTBALL TITLE

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side continued to squander chances in front of the posts. Credit must go to the Rathmore backline; however, it has to be said that Saint Mary's were not producing what they had shown in previous games. It took 22 minutes before full forward and leading scorer Ciaran Caldwell rounded his marker to split the uprights. The big full forward immediately settled into the game and found the back of the net with his next touch to send the Mary's boys into a nine point lead. Following a Rathmore pointed free it was Saint Mary's defence called into action and in particular goalkeeper Michael Sweeney. Following a point blank save, Sweeney managed to keep out the rebounded shot with a clearance off the line.



**Having reached the finals in the Ulster Colleges' First Year Blitz and the McLarnon Cup, Saint Mary's were determined to go one better as they took to the pitch at Saint Teresas GAC in this all-Belfast affair.**

In the last Ulster Colleges football title of 2002-2003 to be decided, it was evident from the throw-in that Saint Mary's were not going to accept second best. Indeed team captain Conor Kearney led by example in latching on to a rebound in the 3rd minute to shoot from 25 yards to open the scoring. Minutes later wing half forward Christopher Ramsey increased the lead with a fine individual effort. With a slight breeze Saint Mary's were enjoying the vast majority of possession but were unable to capitalise until Kearney stepped up again to blast the ball to the net in the 13th minute. Leading 1-2 to no score, the Glen Road

A goal at this stage would have lifted Rathmore, instead it was Mary's captain Conor Kearney who netted the ball for his second and Saint Mary's third to leave the Glen Road Grammar school going in at the break with an eleven-point lead.

### Half Time

**Saint Mary's 3-3  
Rathmore 0-1.**

Despite the lead, the Christian Brothers school hadn't shown the sizeable crowd gathered at the Saint Teresa's venue what they were capable of. Only wing forward Sean Finch stood out on the field of play with his incisive runs in the first half. The next thirty minutes, however, brought a fantastic display of football from the whole team. Despite playing into the wind, the Saint Mary's team overwhelmed the opposition with their tackling and blocking. On the shooting front, Saint Mary's out-scored the opposition with points from the Armstrongs, Gareth and second half substitute Michael. Leading marksman Ciaran Caldwell began to fire on all cylinders as the points started to flow.



*Mr Sean McGourty presents team captain, Conor Kearney with the cup.*



*The celebrations begin!!*

Mary's were crowned U13 Provincial College Champions 2003 on a scoreline of 4-9 to 0-5



The game was ebbing away from Rathmore. Brendan Lochard and James Ferran totally dominated the exchanges at centre field. Whilst right half back Aaron Hicks eclipsed his Rathmore marker. The game was sealed with 13 minutes remaining as man of the match Sean Finch placed his twenty-yard shot in the roof of the Rathmore net. The remaining time was played out in an air of expectancy for Saint Mary's as the substitutes rolled on. A loud roar greeted the final whistle after just fifteen seconds of injury time. The pitch invasion was well under way as Saint

**Saint Mary's Squad**

James Darragh, Ciaran Caldwell, Michael Sweeney, James Ferron, Brendan Lochart, Colm McGoldrick, Ciaran Kerr, Matt Devlin, Eamman Herron, Christopher Ramsey, Ciaran, Stone, Jonathon McGuinness, Aidan Walshe, Gareth Armstrong, Ronan Campfield, Sean Finch, Declan Bunting, Christopher Murphy, Sean McHugh, Ciaran Murphy, Martin McNally, Niall Kewley, Ciaran Lavery, Robert McLister, Conor Rocks, Sean Flynn, Conor Kearney, Aaron Hicks, Brendan, Brophy, Maurice Murphy, Stephen Corner.

# Year 8 Ulster Colleges Tournament

It is that time of year for the year 8 footballers of St. Mary's. As usual the school play host to the majority of schools and colleges in Ulster in what has become a very popular event. The boys had just suffered a defeat in the Belfast schools 9-a-side final to local rivals Rathmore, so confidence was low. As hosts St. Mary's enter the 'A' Tournament and are going to rub shoulders with teams like St. Pat's Maghera, Omagh CBGS, St. Pat's Armagh and St. Colman's to name but a few.

The day started a bit overcast as the boys were meeting at the school before going over to St. Genevieve's. As the school pitches were being worked on it meant the competition had to be relocated to this new venue as well as the use of Sarsfields pitch and the Rathmore School pitch. The day started badly with the school gates being closed and taking a bit of time trying to get the kit for the teams. Also one of the prominent players failed to arrive, so things were not looking good.

The B Team were playing in the C Tournament and had matches against Corpus Christi and Aquinas. Both games were high scoring games with Stephen Hesketh, Peter McLean and Ronan Maguire playing well. The loss of Ronan at an early stage against Aquinas was a big blow. The highlight was the two superb goals by Gerard McGettigan and Conor Hesketh.



*St. Mary's 'B' Team which played in the C Ulster Colleges Year 8 Blitz.*

The A Team were drawn in a section with St. Pat's Armagh, St. Pat's Dungannon and St. Pius X, Magherafelt, a formidable group. The first match was against St. Pat's Armagh. The boys were a bit hesitant at first but quickly realised they were able to compete comfortably with the standard of football being produced. Conor Cullen who started at Full Back was outstanding, giving an exhibition in catching and moving the ball early. St. Mary's dominated both halves of the game but could only register 1 point from T J Crawford. Michael Armstrong came close on a number of occasions but his luck seemed to be out. Against the run of play St. Pat's scored an equaliser with the last kick of the game.

Next up were St. Pius X, who looked a very big physical side. Playing with the breeze St. Mary's started well with 3 great points and were looking in control with Declan Bunting lording the middle of the field and Michael Armstrong, Conor Rocks, Conor Hawkins and Lorcan Kerr causing St. Pius' a lot of problems up front. Again with a loss of concentration St.

Pius' got in to score a late Goal and Point to turn round in the lead with the breeze behind them. The boys didn't let this annoy them and showed how to play possession football against the breeze scoring two goals and a point only allowing St. Pius' to score two points.

This result led to a top of the table clash with St. Pat's Dugannon who had won both their games comfortably and contained 5 players who had played on the Dalton Cup winning team earlier in the month. St. Pat's were one of the hot favourites for the competition. They did not expect the virtuoso performance by Declan Bunting who scored all 4 of the St. Mary's points, as well as the strong and resolute defence put up by the St. Mary's boys all over the pitch. Then with a minute to go the St. Mary's goalkeeper, Ciaran Heredy, had to face a penalty. Ciaran had been making saves with ease up to now and although the management seemed despondent, the team were shouting, "save it Ciaran", and he duly obliged. The team decided to carry him off the pitch, as this save had been decisive.

St. Mary's had won their group and some of the other teams in the competition were starting to look up and pay attention to St. Mary's. Now the team themselves were starting to realise that they could play a bit.

In the Quarter Final they came up against St. Mary's Magherafelt, another big physical side. This did not deter the boys as they started this game with speed in attack and strong tackling in defence. At half time they led with an impressive score-line of 1-3 to 0-2. They then had to face the Magherafelt boys who had now got the wind behind them. St. Mary's were magnificent in defence with Daniel McQuaid and David McGarrity winning every ball that came into their position. Conor Cullen, Matt Devlin, Stephen Shannon and Stephen McGrath were also holding their own. Michael Armstrong retrieved a lot of ball cleared from the defence and got a lot of attention from the Magherafelt players. As usual Declan Bunting and Tom McCarthy were winning the midfield battle. St. Mary's held them scoreless and managed to score another two points to leave the score 1-5 to 0-2.

The boys were now starting to really enjoy themselves. We had a bit of time to watch the match between Omagh CBGS and St. Colman's to see who we would meet in the Semi-final. Omagh won very comfortably, were a fast moving team, playing the usual style of Tyrone football. Mr Armstrong and Mr O'Connor got the boys together and settled them down and impressed on them that it was just 20 minutes of football and they would be in the final. The boys seemed to realise this themselves and started with a whirlwind scoring a goal and a point early on in the half.

St. Mary's had most of the possession but failed to score the rest of the half. Omagh however after getting a point made a brilliant move to score a goal to leave it 1-1 to 1-1 at half time. At this stage the St. Mary's pupils were very tired. They had played all their games on the big pitch and were only working off a small panel of 17 players. It looked like an uphill battle as they were finding the heat of the day very tiring also. Again they showed great character with Michael Armstrong, Declan Bunting, Pierce Donnelly and Tom McCarthy winning great ball around the middle of the field. St. Mary's scored the first point, then Omagh answered quickly with a point. There was a lot of play from St. Mary's attacking but finding it hard to breakdown the Omagh defence. With 3 minutes to go St. Mary's scored another point and seemed to be in total control of the game. Failing to add any more score Omagh broke away in injury time to score a superb equaliser. The whistle went and we now had Extra Time.

St. Mary's were exhausted and it did not look well for them. Players were slowly coming off the pitch gasping for air and Omagh had a spring in their step. This St. Mary's were made of better things, Yes they were tired but they had only ten minutes to go. Again this realisation went around the team and suddenly they were not that tired. During the Extra time St. Mary's controlled the ball for most of the time. Rocks, Devlin, Cullen, Bunting, Armstrong, McCarthy and co working tirelessly. They scored two quick points and looked to be coasting. Again Omagh came back with a point. At half time St. Mary's were up by 1 point and had the breeze. They worked tirelessly and although not scoring held on to win by the single point, 1-5 to 1-4. They were in the final!

It was now the turn of St. Michael's Enniskillen. They were the pre tournament favourites having recorded comfortable wins in all their matches. They were very tall up the middle of the park with their full back making clearances of 80 yards regularly. Their three full forwards were among the top players of the tournament taking scores with ease. St. Mary's found them a match too far. The boys tried hard but were exhausted and found it hard to deal with the size and speed of the St. Michael's team.

St. Michael's ran out easy winners 3-5 to 0-1. Although the score seemed harsh for the effort of the St. Mary's boys who were unlucky with a number of attempts that were being converted earlier in the competition.



*St. Mary's 'A' Team which reached the A Ulster Colleges Year 8 Blitz Final.*



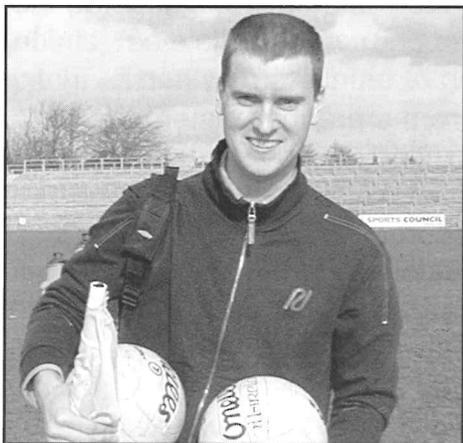
Declan Bunting  
Team Captain

Although runners up the St. Mary's players had shown tremendous character and sportsmanship to get as far as they had. They had achieved everything on merit and produced some very exciting football on the way. The team of 17 players all contributed to a very successful day for the school and not one came off the pitch with any more energy to spare. They had arguably the best player of the tournament in Declan Bunting who played all the games at midfield and was probably the smallest of all the midfielders on show. He must have covered every blade of grass on the pitch and was as effective in defence as he was in attack.

**WELL DONE ST. MARY'S**

# St. Mary's Antrim School's Year 8 Champions

This year in the Antrim championship, St. Mary's were drawn at an early stage against local rivals La Salle. The game was played at the newly open pitches at St. Genevieve's. In a hard tussle St. Mary's, playing with the breeze, found their shooting boots early and went into a commanding lead.



*Coach O'Connor, getting ready for the Final*

The management, not knowing their full resources, were experimenting with players in a variety of positions. With a big lead, St. Mary's began the second half with a few well taken goals which seemed to settle the contest. Mr. McGettigan was then able to use all his substitutes. Best for St Mary's, that day, were Declan Bunting, Conor Rocks, Tom McCarthy, Michael Armstrong and Daniel McQuaid.

In the Semi-final, the team had to travel to Antrim to face St. Louis Ballymena. Again the boys started sprightly with Conor Hawkins bagging a goal and a few points very quickly. At half time it looked like a very comfortable win but things were to change in the second half. St Louis' came out very strong with a lot of hard tackles.

As well as this, St. Mary's missed their first few attacks and slowly started to lose concentration. After turning around with a 14 point lead they were now only 4 points up with 10 minutes to go. With some sterling defence from Matt Devlin, Conor Rocks and Daniel McQuaid and Ciaran Heredy making some very important saves, the team started to flow again. With a number of points from Declan Bunting and a goal from Michael Armstrong, to make up for his earlier penalty miss, started to restore the comfortable lead. St. Mary's then ran out comfortable winners.



*St. Mary's celebrating their victory over Rathmore in the Year 8 Antrim Schools Championship in Casement Park*



Now it was the final to be played at Casement Park against Rathmore, who had won the trophy the year before, and were wanting to retain it for a second year. A big side who had a lot of good footballers, the St Mary's team knew they were going to be in for a close game. It was a beautiful day for a game and the pitch was in perfect condition.

*Daniel McQuaid receiving the Trophy from Gerry McClory*

St Mary's again got into their stride quickly scoring a few points from Michael Armstrong and Declan Bunting. Never going too far into the lead Rathmore hit back strong towards the end of the half with a number of great scores. At half time St. Mary's led by 1 point. The second half started with Rathmore taking control, getting their noses in front and looking good to retain their trophy.

With Lorcan Kerr coming on up front, J P Mackin moving from corner back to corner forward and Manus Doherty moving into the middle of the field, St Mary's took control again and started to score at will eventually running out comfortable winners. Overall it was a great team display.

Later in the year, Rathmore were to turn the table on the year 8 team when, in a hotly contested final of the 9-a-side blitz played in St. Genevieve's. In what was a fast flowing game of the highest standard, St Mary's were beaten with a scoreline of 4-4 to 3-4.

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# FORRESTER'S CUP

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Goals were the order of the day in a highly entertaining Forrester's Cup Final played in fine conditions at Loughgiel. St Mary's path to the final saw the defeat of St Columba's, Portaferry and a highly fancied St Patrick's, Armagh, the latter being adopted by a mere two points.

The St Mary's team had a very young look to it and included many fourth years and two third years.

St Patrick's, Maghera were the opponents in the final, and playing with a stiff breeze in the first half dominated the first 20 minutes of play. Despite this dominance, the teams were level after a twentieth minute goal from Eamon Kelly put the scores at 1-2 to 0-5. St Pat's were playing with a stiff breeze and St Mary's fancied their changes of going in at half time on level terms but two goals from Paddy McQuillan put Maghera 2-07 to 1-04 in front at the break.

The half-time talk had the desired effect on the St Mary's boys who came out and dominated the third quarter and found themselves on equal terms with three unanswered points from frees by Colm Keenan and an opportunist by solid centre-half back Liam Knocker. However, three goals in the space of three minutes unfairly killed off the St Mary's challenge, but the game continued to be played with pride and passion until the final whistle. Further points by Colm Keenan (0-9 all frees) and a goal by Barry McFall saw St Mary's keep the pressure on but sadly the Cup belonged to Maghera.

There was some excellent play from St Mary's with Liam Knocker, Conor Herron, Ciara Quinn, Colm Keenan and Conor McConville all showing well.

For long periods St Pat's were outhurled And St Mary's were winning battles in every area of the pitch. However, goals won the game, but credit must be given to the lads who kept hurling to the very end.

# St Mary's Win Mageean Cup.

## St Mary's bridged a three-year gap when they won the Bank of Ireland Mageean Cup at Corrigan Park, beating St. Patrick's Maghera 2-8 to 1-4

The city school were never behind in the match, although the relatively comfortable look to the scoreline doesn't really reflect the fact that there was little to choose between the teams.

Whereas St Mary's took the majority of the opportunities that came their way, St Patrick's were left to rue the ones that got away. On a wet and windy day, spirit was always likely to count for more than technique, and so it proved as quality fare made way for sheer grit and determination.

St Mary's went ahead with a point in the first minute through corner-forward Liam Boyle, and from that point on they were never headed.

All-Ireland minor winning footballer Mark Lynch quickly levelled matters for Maghera, but points from Gerard Hamilton, Michael Herron and Kevin McDonald opened up a gap for the Belfast school. That lead was doubled on the 20 minute mark when the impressive Boyle wriggled free of his marker to fire emphatically to the roof of the net.

Mark Lynch got his second point five minutes later from a sideline ball, but by that stage he had also rattled up three wides which were to prove costly in the final analysis.

Conor McGoldrick and Antrim minor Sean McAreavey added points for St Mary's before the break, with another point by Lynch sandwiched between them, to send the teams in 1-6 to 0-3 at the break.

All the pre-match talk had been about the match-up between Lynch and St Mary's captain Michael Herron, but this failed to

materialise in the opening period with Herron employed in an unfamiliar midfield berth.

However, as the second half began, Herron dropped back onto Lynch, who had clearly been designated as the Pat's dangerman. Barely 60 seconds had gone in the half when the first challenge between the two resulted in Lynch emerging with possession Michael Friel who shot to the net to get his side back in the game.

However, their chances were all but over within eight minutes of the restart when a lightning burst of a goal and a point finished the match as a contest.

First the superb McAreavey pointed, and within a minute Ciaran Mulholland found the net to all but seal the win. McAreavey and Benny Mullan traded scores for either team before P.J McCluskey scored the final point of the match.

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# Ulster Colleges Mageean Cup Winners

To celebrate the return of the Mageean Cup to St. Mary's, Belfast, the city's Lord Mayor Cllr. Alex Maskey invited the squad and their management team to the city hall. During the visit they had a guided tour of the council chambers and the Lord Mayor's Office. Following a photo opportunity the group were treated to refreshments before returning to the school. Some of memories of the occasion are included below.



*The Mageean debating team.*



*The Lord Mayor discusses tactics with the squad.*



*1st citizens of Belfast.*



*Fintan tries the Lord Mayor's seat for size.*



*The cup is presented to the Lord Mayor*

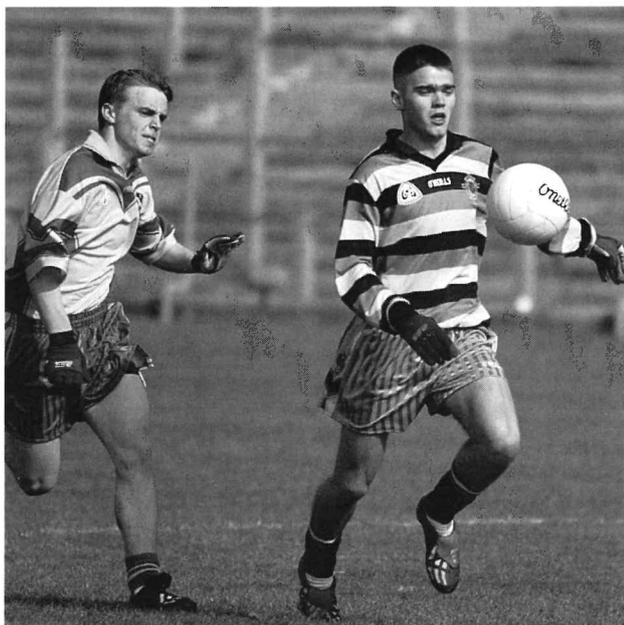


*The Chamber of secrets!!!*

# MACLARNON CUP

2003 turned out to be an exciting campaign, with the MacLarnon squad reaching the School's first senior football final for 17 years. In 1986 St Mary's beat St Pat's Maghera 1-8 to 0-6 in the MacRory Cup final in Omagh.

From a starting pool of over 35 players the squad quickly settled down into a 27-strong panel of dedicated players. The intensive twice-weekly training schedule organised by Mr Bradley and Mr McNeill and assisted by Dr Shannon, soon established a competent and



formidable footballing unit. The level of commitment shown by all players was second-to-none and the gruelling sessions on the cold winter's evenings were to pay dividends during the long campaign. Even a certain grey-haired teacher was seen to take part in a road run but was heard to protest that Macker's sore knee would break down!

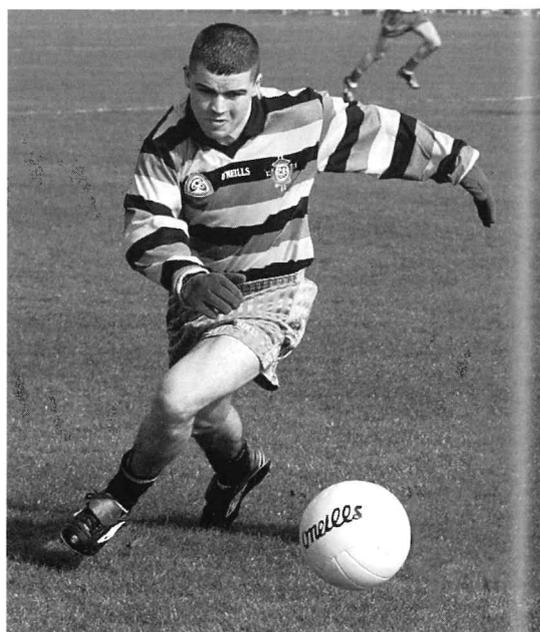
Most of the panel had been together since Year 9 and the new players G O'Muiri, C Toal and C Mullholland blended in well. The successes of 2003 were justly deserved by this cohesive unit.

In the league section they finished top of the group. They had deserved wins over St Pat's Downpatrick (4-8 to 0-3), St Malachy's Belfast (4-13 to 0-5) and Our Lady's Castleblaney (4-12 to 2-9).

In the quarter finals they overcame a strong challenge from an un-fancied St Pat's Keady. Although the narrow pitch at Killyclougher didn't suit the St Mary's running game, goals from M Herron, D McErlean and two from S McAreavey helped them run out worthy winners at 4-12 to 1-13.

The semi-final against Loreto Coleraine was a pulsating encounter. M Herron helped himself to a personal tally of 1-4 and with points from P Cunningham, S Gough and L Boyle St Mary's won by the narrowest of margins with 1-8 to 0-10. The real hero of this match was the big goalie M McCafferty, who pulled off 5 one-on-one stops to keep St Mary's in the Cup.

And so to Casement Park on St Paddy's Day against the much fancied St Michael's Lurgan. The first half was a very scrappy affair, with big match nerves playing a major role. St Mary's went in at the break 1-0 to 1-3 down, having missed several kickable frees. Following Matt's "mellow" half-time talk, St Mary's upped the tempo right from the restart. Although Lurgan's star player,



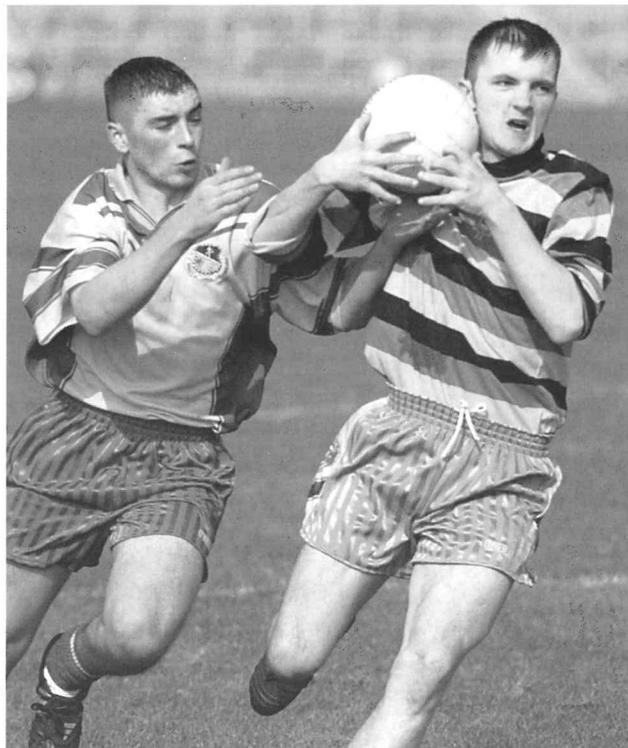
R Henderson was out-played for most of the game by St Mary's "Man of the Match" K McDonnell, he still managed to slot over a late point to level the game at 2-3 to 1-6. St Mary's scores came from S McAreavey (1-0), J Donnelly (1-0), M Herron (0-1) and L Boyle (0-2).

In the replayed match St Mary's opened well with two well taken points from open play. However a nasty injury to the half-back D Hughes resulted in a prolonged stoppage that seemed to unsettle the St Mary's lads. St Mary's got the second half off to a flyer with a point from S Gough in the first minute. Despite some great play from the St Mary's backs, Lurgan finished the stronger with R Henderson hitting 1-6.

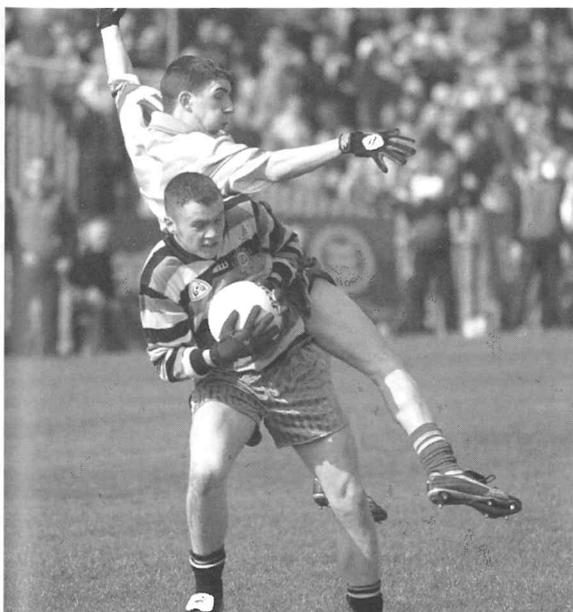
Lurgan ran out the eventual winners with a 1-13 to 1-7 final score. St Mary's scores came from L Boyle (1-3) and points from S Gough, A Gallagher, P Cunningham and M Herron. Lurgan went on to be narrowly beaten by a Castlebar school in the All-Ireland Final; good luck to them.

Overall it was a great year, putting senior football back where it should be in St Mary's - at the very top! With the rest of Year 13 and some good Year 12's to come through there is no reason to doubt that we will go one better in 2004.

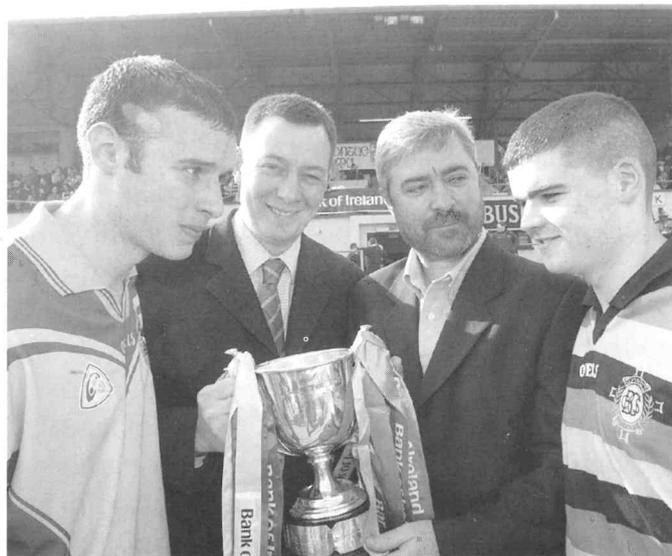
The Squad included M McCafferty, F Gamble, M McBnde, M Austin, D Hughes, C McGoldnck, K McDonnell, A Gallagher, J Donnelly, S Gough, M Herron, P Cunningham, L Boyle, S McAreavey, D McErlean, C Cooley, L Knocker, G McGrath, G O'Muiri, A O'Caireallain, C Toal, G Hamilton, C Bell, E Docherty, D McKiernan, F Wilson and C Mullholland.



*Sean heads for the goals at the final on St. Patrick's Day.*

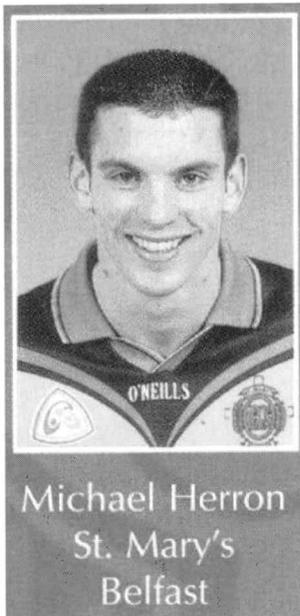


*Liam carries more than the pressure of the game on his back.*

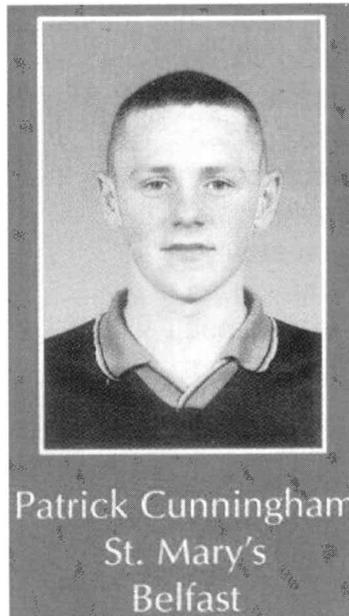


*Opponents eye the cup as they contemplate the replay.*

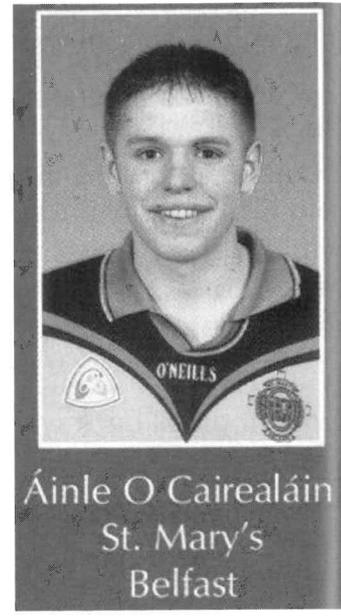
Bank of Ireland *Ulster Colleges'* **2003**  
**Allstars**



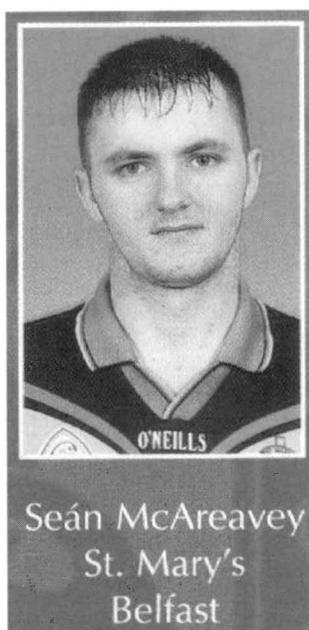
*Michael wins his 3rd consecutive Hurling All Star.*



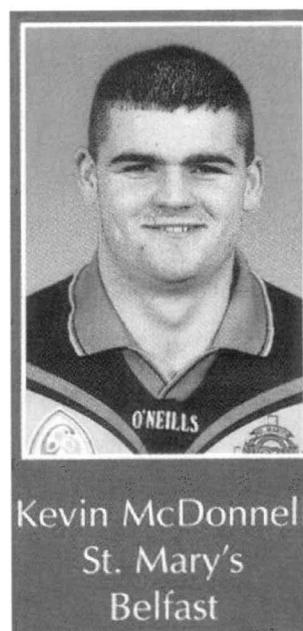
*Paddy wins his 2nd consecutive Hurling All Star.*



*Ainle joined the school and the senior hurling squad in Year 13 and his hard work was rewarded with his 1st All Star.*



*Sean's dedication and commitment to the school teams resulted in this well deserved award.*



*Rocky's dedication and commitment to the school teams also resulted in this well deserved award.*

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Friday March 7th saw a damp and dismal day on which 27 year 12 and 13 Science students set off in two minibuses to Derry. They were accompanied by Dr. Donnelly (trip organiser), Dr. K. Robinson and Mr. C. Mc Cann.

The purpose of the trip was to visit Seagate Technology located in Disc Drive, Springtown Industrial Estate, Derry. Seagate is a global company, founded in 1979 and was the first company to build hard disc drives specifically for the P.C. The company operates from five main sites in America as well as other sites in Northern Ireland (Derry), Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand and Mexico. Main rivals include IBM, Fujitsu and Samsung.

In the past 23 years, Seagate has been developing technology and manufacturing products which quickly and easily store and access information. The world we know today virtually runs on information. Every time you access the internet, trade a stock online, use an ATM, watch TV, or even enjoy a Hollywood blockbuster movie with computer-generated special effects, you create, access and share large quantities of digital information.

A couple of weeks before the trip, Dr. Donnelly ran a competition which involved looking up Seagate's website ([www.seagate.com](http://www.seagate.com)) and answering some questions about the company. The winner, Eamonn J. O'Neill 12E, was to become the lucky observer of their clean room technology and witnessed at first hand the making of a disc drive.

# SCIENCE TRIP TO SEAGATE

We arrived at about 11am and once past security, which was dodgy for some people especially Mr. Mc Cann!, we were met by Mr. Niall Conlon, amongst other things their education officer. After a short welcome, we were split into two groups.

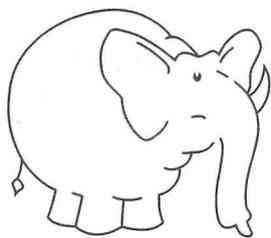
One group remained to watch a company video with a short discussion following on, while the other group toured the factory to see how the discs were made. Since the product must not be contaminated at any stage of production, the operators must use clean room technology. Essentially, this means they must gown up like a surgeon in theatre, the difference being that here it is the product not the patient which must remain contaminant-free.

This was an amazing sight - a very high-tech process which operates 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year. Eamon thoroughly enjoyed his experience of this. The boys had the opportunity to ask about employment, qualifications and of course about salaries! It is a good company to work for which employs school leavers as well as those with degrees in Physics, Chemistry and Engineering. They also have a research and development facility which employs Queen's University graduates. Somewhere to think about if your studies are heading in that direction.

After the groups had swapped over everyone joined in a question and answer session. Mr. Brian Durnin, Chemical engineer and Manager, dropped into this informal session. He was very impressed by the St. Mary's boys and praised their conduct and maturity - always great to hear,

well done lads! He Issued us a very warm Invitation to return. There then followed some spot questions about the video presentation to see who had been paying attention! We teachers are not the only people who check up on this!! The correct answers were rewarded with spot prizes of Seagate alarm clocks - no more excuses for being late to registration any more and that includes the teachers. Aaron Mc Aree 12E was one of the lucky winners. Everyone received a Seagate pen as a momento of their visit and after a pleasant lunch, we took some photographs.

We thanked our hosts and then set off on the long journey home. This time the sun shone all the way. There were a few zzzz's (not from the teachers) but we all enjoyed our experience of seeing Science operating in the outside world.

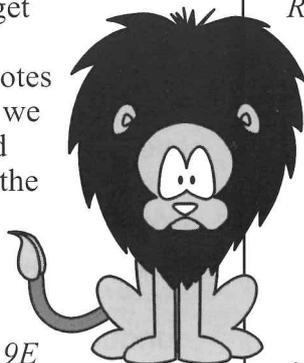


## VISIT TO THE ZOO

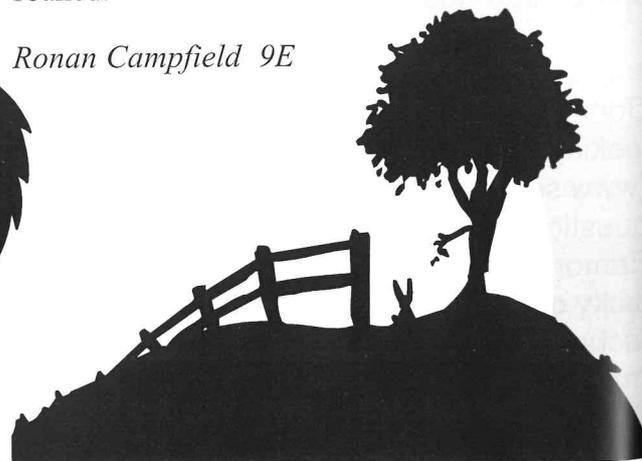
We, 9E, recently went on an educational trip to the zoo. We were always on our best behaviour as we were under the supervision of Mr. McCann and Dr. McCaffrey. We were supplied with work sheets to fill in as we walked around the zoo looking at all kinds of animals such as monkeys, gorillas, giraffes, tigers, seals, cheetahs and bears.

We took notes about the animals that were there. It took us a long time to walk up and down the zoo. When we got back down we were allowed to go to the café to get something to eat. It was also an opportunity to catch up on some notes we might have missed. After that we were allowed to go to the park and play for a while. I really enjoyed the trip to the zoo and would be delighted if I had the opportunity to go again sometime again.

By John Burns 9E



Ronan Campfield 9E



# Our visit to Colin Glen Forest Park

On a Friday in May we set off to go to Colin Glen Forest Park. Mr. McCann was the teacher in charge and his brother took us on a guided visit. First we got settled in the centre and saw a slide show on the history and geography of the forest.

We then set off into the glen, which was the start of our interesting field trip. We walked over hills, stones and grass in order to find out facts about the forest. On our way around we stopped to look at different trees. We also listened and watched some birds.

On up the forest we crossed the Colin River. While we were walking we filled in our sheets in order to do a project on Colin Glen. While there we learned about the history of industry in the area which was interesting and worth paying attention to.

I knew some things about the forest because I'd been there a number of times before in Primary School but it was never told to us in such detail. Overall I thought it was a good trip and worth going to but it was a pity the sun never came out. At least it got us out of school and changed the scenery though we were all soaked.

# SCHOOL

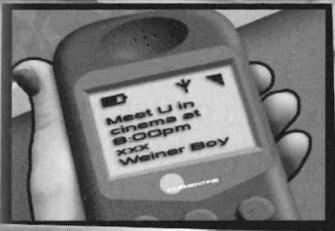
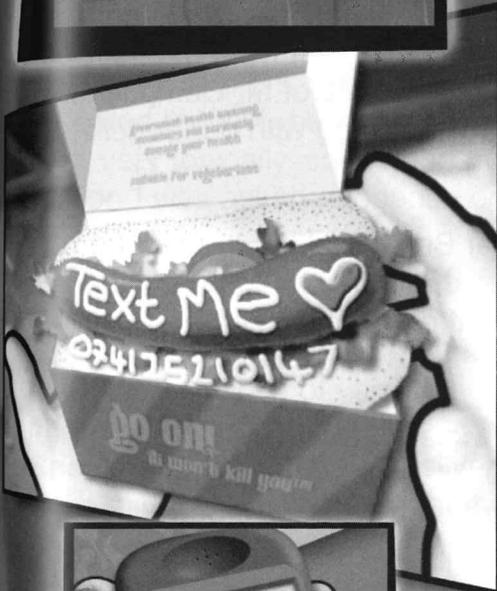
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# RONAN WINS N.I. SCHOOLS' DEBATING COMPETITION

In the Autumn of this year St Mary's CBGS entered the ring to once again compete for the illustrious title of 'Belfast Civic Trust Schools Debating Competition - Winners 2002 - 2003.' The event, comprising of schools from across Northern Ireland, is held annually and this year, on the competitions tenth anniversary, we thought the time was ripe for St Mary's to display the depth of it's oratorical skills to the world. So, led by the seasoned rhetoric of Mr Campfield, my esteemed colleague, David Guiney, and myself sharpened our wits, along with our pencils, in preparation for the first round of the competition.

Indeed, much to our delight, we were drawn against another Belfast school in the form of Rathmore Grammar. Given the schools prestigious reputation, David and myself were looking forward to a sweet victory, however with a war in Iraq looming and the dissolution of the Assembly not long past, we were forced to oppose the motion:

*"This House believes that the coming winter will be a winter of Discontent."*

To achieve such a victory seemed to demand the impossible, or at least a superb display of eloquence tempered with a firm grasp of current affairs. However, these were the qualities St Mary's argument seemed to lack. As first time debaters I, and my colleague David, struggled to find the flair and flamboyance essential to debate, and won as much as a result of Rathmore's failure to deliver a competent argument as our own debating skill. Nevertheless we had tasted victory and although not so sweet, it was certainly better than defeat. So onwards we marched towards glory, but first we had to make a stop in Ballymena as the second round of the competition saw us visiting - in order to oppose the motion;

*"This house believes that the Monarchy are outmoded."*

This appeared to us, a team from St Mary's, as either a sardonic joke by the debating elite or a cruel twist of fate that declared us 'defenders of the monarchy.' Nevertheless we approached the motion with an open mind and a new-found understanding of the rigours of debate. In many ways this was an easier argument to prepare for as, despite the obvious handicap, the affairs of the royal family developed slowly, and demanded less attention to the morning press. In fact this proved to be the starting point of our argument, as we promoted, with the help of Edmund Burke, evolution in favour of revolution. We were reminded by an accomplished, and relatively experienced proposition, that Prince Charles needed a servant to brush his teeth in the morning, to which David replied, "well he's a busy man," and in the end too fell before St Mary's as we progressed to the quarter-finals, having gained yet further insight into the intricacies of debating.

The quarterfinal stage saw the St Mary's team a little closer to home, as we travelled to the City Hall with our largest support group yet. There we met our opponents from Cambridge House Ballymena and were asked to propose the motion;

*"This house believes there are too many local and district councils in Northern Ireland."*

Simmarian 2003

Rather unsurprisingly David and I found this motion decidedly uninspiring and struggled to speak convincingly on the subject. Nevertheless our argument was sound and well reasoned, supported by fact and delivered competently, and for these reasons we felt disappointed to be narrowly beaten by the opposition, who relied on an essentially weak, yet well delivered argument. The event was followed by a light reception during which David and myself reflected on how it had all gone wrong, but retired from the team event with a sense of satisfaction having reached the final eight.

Cambridge House, the victors on that fateful day, progressed to the final, which was held in Stormont on the evening of the 16th of May. I myself had been nominated to compete in the Best Speakers Final and it was there that I watched as Cambridge House was narrowly defeated by an experienced and skilful team from St Patrick's Knock. The motion of the final had, very topically, concerned the growing influence of America throughout the world, while the motion I was asked to oppose on the night was;

*"This house believes that our free press is an irresponsible and frivolous press."*

It was a motion that intrigued both the speakers and the members of the house, and after six speeches of varying success, I was judged to have given the most entertaining and informative performance, lifting the title of Northern Ireland Schools Debating Competition Best Speaker 2002 - 2003. This silverware consoled David and myself, as we were disappointed to have exited the main event at the quarterfinal stage, and now we can look forward to next year's competition confident in our blend of experience and skill.



*Mr Alister Cooke, President of N.I. school's competition, this years winner Ronan McClean & Mr Guy Black, Chairpreson of the Press Complaints Commission.*

# Fourth Year Debating Competition



*William Lockard, K Evin Clarke,  
John Carson & Joe Caulin.*

On Tuesday the 8th of April, some fourth years attended a debating competition, organised by Mr. Campfield. The motion was:- *This house supports the War in Iraq.*

This, I felt, was by far the best topic that could have been chosen. At that time, the war was ongoing and it enraged many people. Therefore it was very controversial and was sure to be a good debate.

As well as Mr. Campfield, other teachers were in attendance, Mrs. Byrne and Mr. Tohill. By coincidence, only three of those debating were pro-war, and they were vastly outnumbered by those anti-war. Another coincidence was that the trio happened to be the only pupils from Mrs. Byrne's class in attendance. They were also given pointers by Mrs. Byrne, (who also happens to be pro-war), on what to say. Unfortunately for them, no one out of the pro-war camp was selected for 1st, 2nd or even 3rd.

As it was the first time that we had the chance to be involved in anything like this, everyone was a bit nervous. We unanimously voted for both debates to be held in the ER lecture theatre, as this would give an atmosphere of authenticity. It wasn't long before we started after Mr. Campfield had

stressed repetitively that a speech is not simply an essay read aloud!".

I thought that after the speeches the "points of interest" were probably the most interesting aspect of the debate. This challenged everyone to have some sort of knowledge of what they spoke about within their speech and argue it well with the person that asked the question. Most questions were probing and contentious and it was good to see how people reacted to that.

I interpreted Mr. Campfield's words about how "a speech is not simply an essay read aloud", as him encouraging us to make plenty of eye contact throughout the speech and to speak well instead of using the same tone of voice for the duration.

Due to the nervousness, some people did find it hard to start their speech and stalled and had to re-start it. Apart from that most people's speeches were good and contained some interesting points. As a prompt, I typed out my speech and if I needed to, I could look down for more points to speak about. Others did the same, or wrote out a series of bullet points to help them and some courageously spoke off the top of their heads like Joe Carlin. No matter what way they prepared it seemed to work for them.

I believe that with every speech made we grew more confident and improve. This showed on the next Tuesday when the final debate was held. This time the motion was; this house supports the abolition of compulsory schooling.

This wasn't as good a topic, partly because it was nowhere near as contentious, yet nevertheless everyone improved in how they spoke. Again, the debate was held in the ER lecture theatre as voted for by us. Everyone was selected to get into this final debate. This time round the opposing sides were more evenly balanced.

In the end, I got first prize and was promised a cash prize as well as typing out this 500-600 word essay! Second came Joe Carlin 11H, and rightly so. Then joint third came John Carson 11G and Billy Lockhard 11F.

**Kevin Clarke 11G**

# TECHNOLOGY ROAD SHOW

To mark the 100th Anniversary of man-powered flights, Shorts - Bombardier and the Ulster Folk and Transport museum organised a series of interactive lectures for students. The road show visited St. Mary's and all the year 10 students involved enjoyed the experience.



*Unseen forces in action*



*Centrifugal Force, Professional*



*Amature*

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## Senior Students

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Kevin Martin and Kevin Holmes are the first two students to study A Level technology. Both are now studying Electronic Engineering on Master courses at Q.U.B.



*Trailblazers.*

# TECHNOLOGY E.R. BICENTENARY

As part of the Edmund Rice Bicentenary five pupils from 9C, coordinated by Mr J.Heaney, designed, printed and manufactured nearly 100 celebratory clocks. The finished clocks were distributed throughout Ireland and demand far exceeded supply.



*L-R Gavin Bunting, Robert McGuickin, Harry McAnulty and Danny Toner.  
(Abs Brendan Connor)*

## **Year 8 Competition**

Pictured below receiving their prizes from the Principal, Mr K.Burke, are the year 8 competition winners, Brendan McCurry 8G, Darren McShane 8E and Gerard McGettigan 8E. (Abs Martin McDonald 8C)

Their task was to produce a poster based on a famous inventor, Technology or Engineer. The standard and number of entries were very high. Congratulations to everyone who took part.



# Year 14 Visit



*Pictured outside Campbell College are the year 14 Technology students who were attending a major Design and Technology conference, held in October.*

## TECHNOLOGY CLUB

This years projects invloved the usual favourites, the blackboard and the hanging basket as well as a new feature, an electronic dice.

The club ran every Tuesday from October to March and was organised by Mr J.Heaney and Mr D. Malone.



*Why are you drilling through your thumb?*



*The instructions aren't on the back!*



*Knot a good idea!*



*Pupil brings pet dog to school*

# Open Nights in the Technology Department

The open nights once again attracted a large number of potential new students and their parents. The department this year organised a competition for all prospective pupils. 2003 is the 100th anniversary of the first man-powered flight that took place at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, U.S.A.

Q. What were the first names of the two famous brothers involved?  
A. Orville and Wilbur (Wright).

Congratulations to the £10 prize winner Michael Costello, St. Matthews P.S. Seaforde Street.



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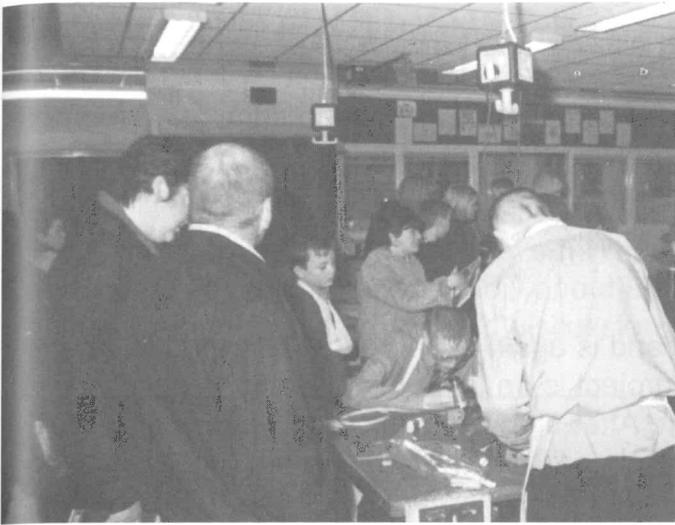
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## COMPETITIONS IN THE GEOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT

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The geography department runs a number of competitions throughout the year. First off is the Colin Glen River Project for year ten. This project is based on a fieldtrip to Colin Glen in October. Each class has one winner and several runners-up. Prizes awarded vary from book tokens to stationery sets to confectionary. An overall prize is awarded to the best project for the year group. This year's winner was Tony Alwell 10A.

In year nine the big competition is in June and is again based on a fieldtrip, this time to Oxford Island Nature Reserve near Lurgan. The project is on the topic of Wetland ecosystems. The year eight competition involves poster design. After studying Resources and Energy Use pupils design a poster to promote energy efficiency in school. The winners are then displayed along the geography corridor. Gareth Smith 8E was the overall winner in this competition.

In all year groups the work completed for these competitions, be it projects or posters, is worth ten per cent of a student's end of year grade in geography - so everyone is a winner really!

### **9E'S DAY OUT TO OXFORD ISLAND**

On one of the few sunny days in May 2003 9E escaped the classroom to visit a nature reserve as part of a geography fieldtrip. The trip was very interesting. First we had a slide show introducing us to the wonders of Oxford Island. We were taught to respect wildlife and treat it as we treat our own homes. After the sideshow we went out to catch creatures in their different habitats. We used pitfall traps and insect boxes to capture, study and categorise our minibeasts.

After the minibeast hunt we toured the exhibition in Lough Neagh Discovery Centre. We filled in a questionnaire on the history and uses of the giant Lough. We learned all about the fish and wildlife that inhabit Lough Neagh and I thought it was very interesting. I think the Lough has a great variety of strange and rare creatures. It was unbelievable seeing squirrels and rabbits running around the woodland.

Our next task was pond dipping with nets that our guide Robyn provided. We each had three goes dipping for creatures in the pond. We put all the creatures in a tray and examined them. We caught many different types of insects, but my favourite was the Water Scorpion. It looked like a beetle with claws. After we were finished we released the insects back into the pond.

Next came lunch, eaten in the minibus. Football was played in the car park while others enjoyed the children's park! After lunch we were given binoculars for bird watching. We all crammed into a hut known as a 'hide', set right on the edge of the Lough. We managed to spot a Herron and a Great Crested Grebe that looked class. Later we watched hundreds of House Martins flying about. It was a great sight to see the nests being built by these birds.

The staff were very friendly and helpful and answered any questions about the Lough and its wildlife. It was a very interesting day out and I would recommend Oxford Island to anyone.

*Diarmaid Adams 9E*

# Oxford Island Geography Field Trip

On the 29th of May 2003 our class went on our Geography field trip to Oxford Island. We went with Mrs Murray and Mr Greene. We left shortly after the bell at 9.10 am and headed down the Motorway towards Craigavon. When we arrived at the Oxford Island Discovery Centre we were shown a slide show about Lough Neagh and all the animals whose habitats are there. After the slide show and discussion we went out to look for insects and animals of the Wetlands Ecosystem. We had to try and catch insects of our own.



Next came the worst part of the day. Work! We had to complete a questionnaire while walking through an exhibition about Lough Neagh. After the exhibition, Robyn, our guide took us 'Pond Dipping'. We caught Tadpoles, Water Scorpions and Water Beetles. Conor Diamond nearly fell in twice.

Next came lunch, after lunch we took advantage of the good weather and played a quick game of football and played in the park. By this stage we were exhausted, however we still had more information to find out about the wildlife on the Lough.

Shortly after lunch we went Bird Watching, Robyn, (the guide, not the feathered variety) gave us some ideas about what to look out for and how to identify the different types of birds. I spotted some Cootes, Swans and two Great Crested Grebes.

After the bird watching it was time to hit the motorway again and head back to Belfast. Overall the trip was very good. it was a day out of classes, and we got to learn a lot about Lough Neagh and the Wetlands Ecosystem.

*Eamann Herron 9E*



## Life of the River

Rolling across the countryside,  
Raging onwards to the sea,  
Rushing faster as rain rises,  
Rumbling forward to the end of its peak.

Intense flow, ripping apart the banks,  
Tearing at the soil,  
Eroding everything in its path with unbridled joy.

Varying in size,  
Slim, thin, broad, wide.  
Twists and turns, falls and tumbles,  
Crashing through rocks the river rumbles.

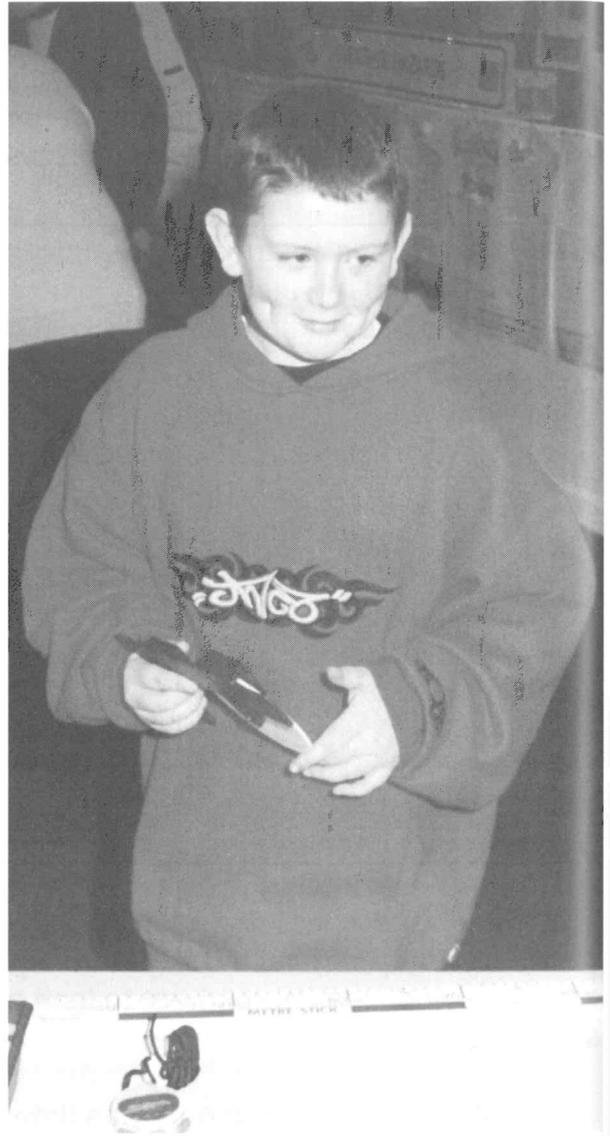
Engulfing the land like a grabbing hand,  
It grasps, pulls, rips and tears,  
Pushing everything out of its way.  
Changing its temperament every day.

Rushing along its course, soon at journey's end.  
Pace failing, thickness growing  
Finally reaching its goal.

Suddenly slowing, velocity dwindles  
Eaten by mouth meeting sea.  
The cycle starts over, the river rages on.

*Christopher McBride 10F*

## Open Night in the Geography Department.



*Christopher McErlean & David McNally show off their skills and some of the equipment used in fieldwork.*

# Geography Quiz Masters

Christmas is a time for quizzes in the geography department. Years eight, nine and ten have class quizzes with each class producing a team of three experts to battle it out with their peers.

In year eight it was a close-run battle with 8E coming out on top, beating 8F by three points. In year nine a tiebreak occurred. 9A were the eventual winners thanks to their expert knowledge on capital cities - yes Sofia is the capital of Bulgaria!

The year ten final was a low scoring affair due to the harder questions - so they tell me! 10F narrowly defeated 10A with 10D a close third.

Congratulations to all the winning teams and many thanks to all those who took part. Remember it's never too early to read up on your general knowledge for next year's quizzes!



9A 1st



9F 2nd

## Year 10 Prize Winners

*Pictured are the year ten pupils who won prizes for their projects on Colin Glen. The top projects in each class won a selection box, while the overall winner received a mini radio. Congratulations to all.*



Overall Winner Tony Alwell

Back L-R R.McGuckin, H.McAnulty, S.McCann,  
G.Farrell, P.Rafferty & M.Lynagh.  
Front L-R C.Black, C.Hall, K.Shearer, P.Dutton &  
B.Connor

# School History Trip to Normandy



On the Wednesday evening before St Patrick's Day a group of 40 pupils and 5 teachers left Belfast on a Stena ferry bound for Stranraer en route for Normandy. The 7th St. Mary's History trip abroad was on the move and after an uneventful journey through the night we arrived at Dover in mid-morning on Thursday. By the afternoon we were heading across Northern France bound for Bayeux.

By teatime we had arrived at Chateau Molay just outside Bayeux where we would be based for 3 nights. The Chateau was quite impressive although the rooms were spartan and the food would turn out to be awful -the English chef had recently been replaced by an Italian. Nevertheless there was a football pitch, a pool table,

a video games room and two girls schools from England and yeah a disco on one of the nights, so the craic was mighty.

Over the next two days we visited such places of interest as Mont St Michel, the Bayeux Tapestry, the US war cemetery at Omaha beach, where two of President Theodore Roosevelt's sons are buried, and a German war cemetery but perhaps the highlight of the trip was the table quiz held on the final evening at the chateau when one team to impress was the team called Charlie Moe and the Clampets.

On the Sunday morning we said farewell to the Chateau and the English schoolgirls and climbed aboard our coach to watch

Happy Gilmore, and the Holy Grail as we wound our long way back to Belfast which despite a small hiccup caused by Rangers supporters returning from the League Cup Final, we reached safely, courtesy of Stena Ferries, at 7.45 on St. Patrick's morning. While the teachers went off to cheer the McLarnon team at Casement Park, the boys went home to bed after another enjoyable trip to Normandy.



# Retreats & Spiritual Services

The Retreat programme has been gradually developed so that it now is an integral part of the school year. It seeks to provide both a solid spiritual experience while at the same time grounding the Christian message in the practical and ordinary. Starting with Year 11s in September the Retreat programme lasted until April when Fr. Gerry McCloskey and Liam McMillan conducted a very worthwhile Reflection morning for 5th years. Conducted in the Assembly hall Fr. Gerry and Liam emphasised the need to reflect on where the students were at this moment in their lives. They were aided by a well attended Reconciliation Service and the time was concluded with Mass celebrated by Fr. Gerry.

Years 9 - 11 retreats were held in St. Teresa's with an emphasis on awareness of God's presence in the students lives. The retreats used a variety of activities designed to get students to explore the reasons for following the Gospel challenge in today's world. Recreation periods gave students the opportunity to put into practice some of these challenges especially those on sharing.

Year 13s again found much on offer at Clonard during their annual Retreat that was taken in November. It was an opportunity for them to relax and reflect on their experiences and put into context their hopes and aspirations.

The First Years went on a pilgrimage in March to sites associated with St. Patrick and early Christianity in the Downpatrick area. From the ruins of Inch Abbey to the Mound of Down students were asked to reflect on the generations of faith that has been passed on from the time of Patrick in the early 5th century. At the heritage centre in Downpatrick they were guided through his life story in a terrific multimedia display that was entertaining and informative. At the end of the day we stood at Patrick's reputed burial place and prayed his words for ourselves and for those who develop and sustain our faith:

*Christ be with me, Christ be before me ...*

Year 13s were fortunate to have Fr. Aidan Troy from Holy Cross parish celebrate Mass and recount his experiences over the past two years in that troubled parish. Recounting his thoughts of coming here he presented a very spirited message of reconciliation and dialogue that was received well by all present.

The feast of Edmund Rice was again celebrated through cross-curricular activities in the Junior school. Highlights were the now annual Edmund Rice quiz won by 10D, 9E and 8D as well as a selection of First years joining with CBS in a special Mass in the Church of the Holy Spirit.



*8B at Inch Abbey.*





*9B at St. Teresa's.*



*At Patrick's grave*



*words and more words.*



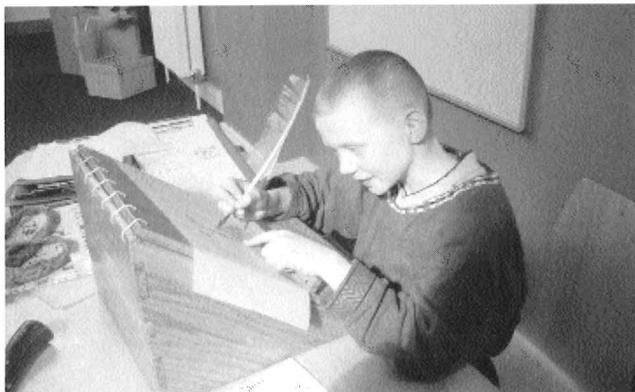
*Treasure Hunt at Inch Abbey.*



*All the right answers.*



*8E monks at prayer.*



*Quill master*



*a merry bunch of monks.*

# Year 8 Induction Programme

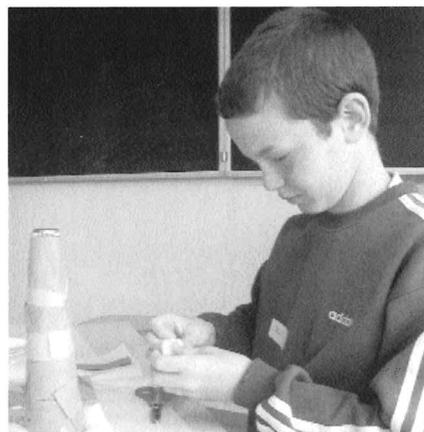
## Edmund Rice Activity Programme

The last week of August saw the arrival of the class of 2002 to St. Mary's. Coming from 30 different primary schools they spent the morning with their new Form Teacher and classmates. In the afternoon 140 came back for the Edmund Rice Activity Programme.

Started in 2001, the ERAP provides the new first years with a fun introduction to the school. They get involved in sports such as Water Polo, Gaelic, Soccer, Basketball and Hurling as well as activities such as Art, Board games and Computers. The activities are run by teachers and senior students who volunteer their time for an afternoon or for the three day period of the programme. This year 25 teachers and 30 senior students were on hand to help.



*Checking the next All Ireland Champions.*



*Engrossed in art.*



*Splashing good time.*



*Sporting buddies.*



*Staff and Students of the ERAP 2003.*

# INDUCTION DAY

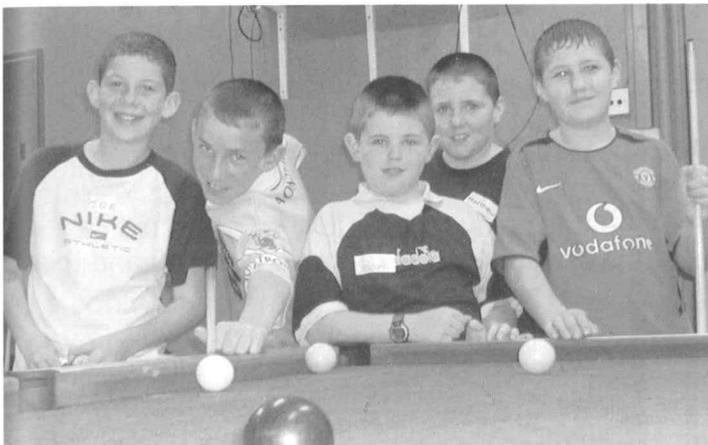
Starting at the beginning of September each Form class and their Form teacher accompanied by the class' Senior Mentor spend a day participating in workshops and team building exercises. These Induction Days facilitate the class getting to know each other in a fun and easy way starting the process of becoming a part of our school community by making friendships that will sustain them for their 7 years in St. Mary's.

This year we took advantage of the facilities of St. Teresa's Youth Club for a morning session led by school chaplain, Martin Curley. The afternoon was spent in the Falls Park trying to manoeuvre through the various team building exercises engineered by Keith McCaughey of St. Teresa's (and a past pupil of St. Mary's). From having to walk over a crocodile-infested swamp (yes, they exist in the Falls Park!), to making your way blindfolded to escape from a deadly planet the boys proved themselves willing and able. The day was rounded off by game of football in which all took part enthusiastically.



*8A enjoying the Falls Park.*

Senior students Ronan and David help supervise events.



*Ready to roll*



*Ready, steady, go.....*



*Getting the balance right!*

## Senior Mentors

The new First Years were assisted in their induction into the life of the school by a fantastic group of senior students who volunteered their time to make things as enjoyable as possible for them. From helping out during the ERAP to working with the Form teachers they provided a model for the Yr. 8s as to what is expected of them from St. Mary's.

Senior Mentors were responsible for guiding the classes around the school for the first week with individual students taking time out to show the boys where to go. On Induction days they participated in and led activities helping the Yr. 8s to get the most out of the day. During the course of the first month they met regularly with their form class and spent time getting to know them. The work of the Senior Mentors is



*Simon and David helping at W5.*

invaluable as they often are a starting point if any difficulties arise with a First Year. It is hoped to expand the programme next year and involve more senior students. However they will have a tough task to match the work of the 2002 mentors.

## Student of the Month



*Students of the month, Seamus, Michael and Jamie enjoy a day out at W5.*

Now an established tradition Student of the Month seeks to recognise and reward those students who have been exemplary in their commitment to and enthusiasm for the school community. Students are nominated by their classmates and teachers with an Assembly conducted by their Year Head to award the overall Students of the Month. The criteria is not just academic but also sporting and social with an emphasis on the fact that the chosen student has made an outstanding contribution to the life of the school in the month nominated. Rewards have included trips to W5, Dundonald Ice-Bowl, and Craigavon Water

Sports Centre. The winning students get off school at 11:10 and spend the remaining part of the day enjoying their just reward. This year the awards were expanded to Yr. 10 and this proved successful.



*Getting into the swing of things!*

The importance of these awards has been highlighted by teachers who see their students more likely to both be ready to praise the achievements of others and also raise their own standard of behaviour and work in order to be nominated.

For students it makes them aware of the importance of their own actions on the life of the school and the positive effect that they have in the school community. Hopefully this will be carried on throughout the 7 years at St. Mary's and will create an atmosphere of co-operation and generosity that will ultimately benefit everybody.

# Pioneer Society

This has been quite a year for the Pioneers within the school. Other activities unfortunately meant that it was not as active as hoped. However, in the course of the year there was still plenty to do.

## ALCOHOL ABUSE AWARENESS CONFERENCE

December 4th saw 6 schools represented at a conference organised as part of Pioneer Week in the diocese. Almost 100 4th and 5th years were in attendance from most of the Catholic schools in the city. Following an excellent workshop on the effects that alcohol has on the person and society senior students from St. Mary's and La Salle chaired small group discussions which enabled those present to air their views on the greatest threat to young peoples safety today.

In the afternoon there was personal testimony from speakers including our own JD, a life long Pioneer on the influence that alcohol played in their lives. The witness of a former alcoholic and drug abuser particularly moved participants as he shared his life story. Fr. Martin Magill, curate in the Church of the Nativity and active Pioneer, spoke to the conference on the various initiatives that have happened recently within the Pioneer Association. These include the opening of a new club on a Friday at YouthCom which has been attended by several St. Mary's students.



Again this year there was a sizeable contingent of St. Mary's pupils playing in the Pioneer Soccer teams which participated in the Down and Connor League.

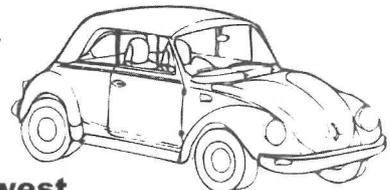
The U13s were depleted by the departure of 8 of last season's line-up but they battled away and at the end of the season pulled off some fine performances.

The U12 team proved to be a very capable side and had fine wins during the course of the season against strongly established clubs.

The St. Mary's connection in management was fortified by the welcome addition of parent Paul Hughes and practice teacher Paul Tully as manager and coach respectively of the U12s.

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# Croke Park Trip

October saw 45 Pioneers travel to Croke Park to watch the Ireland-Australia Compromise Football match. A very wet and blustery day did not deter the enthusiasm of the boys as they set off to cheer on their country in the final encounter of the series. Arriving in Dublin in almost monsoon conditions we were relieved that the wind was not blowing into us but that did not stop frostbite almost appearing on Ms. Curran and Mr. Green as well as several of the boys. As the game progressed however the excitement of the close game managed to warm ourselves from the bitter cold sweeping through the ground. Even though the result went with the Wallabies nevertheless we had a terrific day.



*Flying the Flag*



*Its not cold I always look like this*



*View from on high.*

---

# AN CUMANN GAELACH

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ABAIR 2003-06-05

Ar an Mháirt, 11 Feabhra bhí an chéad bhabhta de Abair ar siúl anseo i Scoil Mhuire. Bhí cuid mhór scoileanna i láthair. Phil Stiubhart agus Malachy Duffin a bhí mar mholtóirí an iarraidh seo. Bhain Caitlín Nic Ruairí as Meánscoil Feirste an chéad áit i gcomórtas na Meánscoileanna le hóráid ó chroí a thug sí ar a saol ar an Trá Ghearr agus an aighneas a fhulaingníonn sí ar bhonn rialta.

Bhain Ellen Duffy as scoil Naomh Genevive an dara háit. Ansin i Roinn B, bliain 11/12 thug Caoimhe Bunting as Scoil Naomh Doiminic an chéad áit léi. Bhain Ciarán Ó Coinn, Scoil Mhuire, an dara háit le trí bhomaite cainte ar an Chultúr in Éirinn.

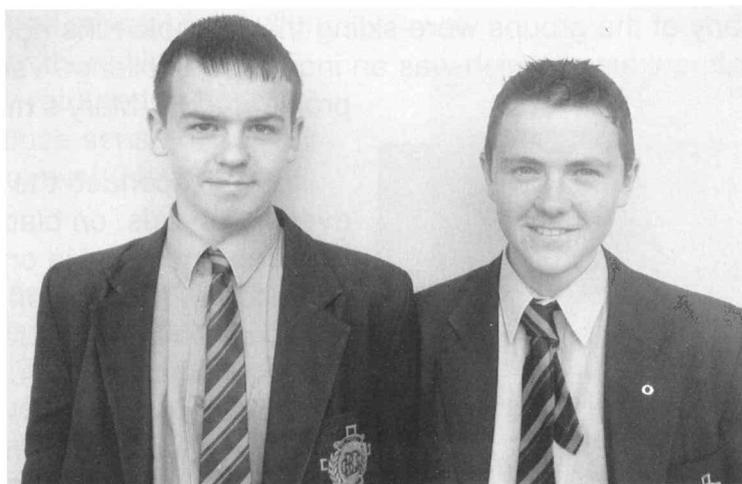
Sa Rannóg Sinsearach ansin thug Ciarán Mac Cumhaill an chéad áir leis gan stró leis an chaint ar an timpeallacht. Sa dara háit bhí Seán Céitinn (Scoil Mhuire) a labhair ar an turasóireacht. Chuaigh an triúr buaiteoir ar aghaidh ansin go Craobh Ceannais Chúige Uladh ar an 15 Aibreán i Leabharlann Uí Fhiaich in Ard Mhacha. Faraor níor bhain siad ach bhí lá breá againn!

## Feis Bhéal Feirste

D'imigh muid linn go Bearna Gaoithe fá choinne comórtais Fheis Bhéal Feirste. Bhain triúr duaiseanna sna comórtais chainte, James McGuinness 9C, Seán Mitchell 12A agus Dermot Hartigan 12H. Bhain triúr sna comórtais fhilíochta, Lorcán Kerr 8G, Brendan Roberts 8G agus Niall Clarke 9G.

## Féile an Phobail

Chuir roinnt daltaí isteach ar dhá chomórtas de chuid Fhéile an Phobail. Bhain Daithí Ó Muirí 11D an chéad áir (£100) sa chomórtas gearrscéalaíochta agus bhain Ciarán Buchanan 10D an chéad áit (£50) sa chomórtas ealaíne. Nach méanar dóibh!



*Gabriel de Brún agus Críostóir de Paor, beirt de na scolairí a d'fhreastal ar dhianchúrsa na Cásca i gColáiste Mhuire i Loch an Iúir i mbliana. D'freastal naonúr ón scoil ar an chúrsa a rinne réidh iad le haghaidh an scrúdú GCSE.*

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# Austria 2003

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*Best foot forward!*

On Feb 8th at 5.30 a.m. to be precise, a time in the morning previously unknown to some of the group, we boarded the plane for Austria and St. Mary's Ski-trip 2003 had begun! We arrived in Kitzbuhel to the best snow conditions ever experienced by the more advanced or shall we say older members of our group. The first evening some of the group went for a walk in the town to get their bearings and found themselves up to their knees in snow while the more vertically challenged of the group were in danger of disappearing altogether!

The first morning on the slopes and the cold grey fog gave way to clear blue skies and bright, warm sunshine, which set the scene for the rest of the week. There were the usual bumps and bruises as the beginner groups discovered just how different skiing in Austria was to skiing in Craigavon. However by the end of the week they were flying down the mountains like Olympic contenders! All groups made amazing progress throughout the week especially the second intermediate group who had the added incentive of a very inspirational ski instructor! Halfway through the week many of the groups were skiing the Olympic runs not least the famous Hahnenkamm, which was an incredible challenge very well, met. No problem to St. Mary's men!



*Looking Cool on the slopes!*

We descended the slopes in style each evening on skis, on blades some like Brendan and Frankie on skidoos and who could forget Mr. Watson on his snowboard. Rumour had it that he took to this form of transport after falling out of his ski boots and skis earlier in the week.

There were amazing performances by Richard Mc Elroy and Gear id Murray on the speed trap outdone only by Sean Rice who broke the group speed record while also breaking the fence! There were other spectacular falls carried out with amazing style, did someone mention Mark Lennon or

Patrick Fitzpatrick, first time skiers keeping up a St. Mary's tradition? Then there was Colm Thompson's display of skill on the



*"So what do you mean - 'We need Skis'?"*

half-pipe, which was pure entertainment.

We skied for miles each day through the most magnificent scenery and down fantastic slopes always returning to base behind instructors whose sense of direction was uncanny. However there was the evening we eventually returned to base following Br. Carlin whose sense of direction is as yet unknown! (Never ski along the dotted line).

February 15th came around all too soon and an exhausted, battered and bruised but happy group boarded the plane for Belfast, another successful ski-trip over. Roll on France 2004!



*The blind leading the blind...?*



*2003 Ski Group*



*Where is everyone else?*

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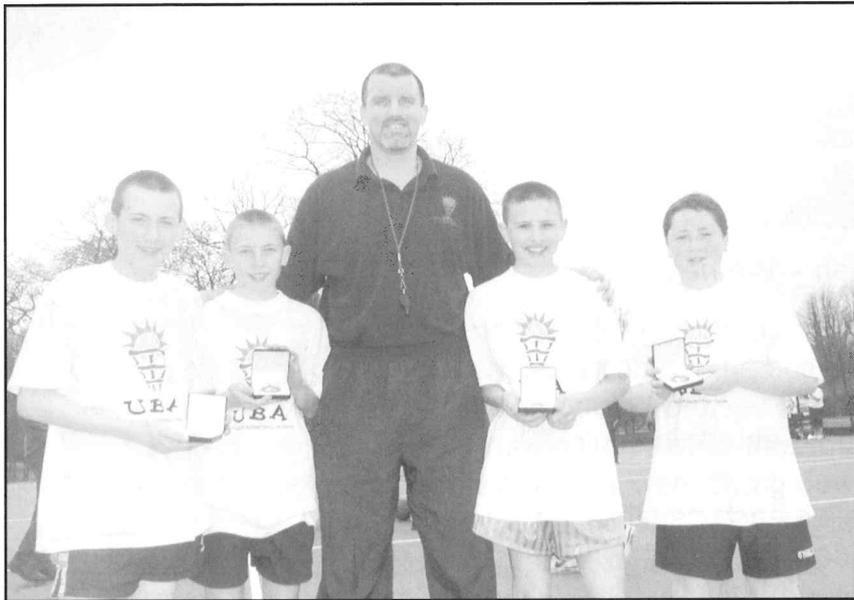
# Year 8 & Year 9 BASKETBALL

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Congratulations to Year 9 pupils: Sean Finch, Paul Lyttle, Gavin Megahey and Aodhan Liddy who won the 3 V 3 Regional Basketball Tournament in Ormeau Park on Sat 12th April 2003. They now go through to the final in June.

A 3V3 game is completely different. It's very fast and you only play half-court. The baskets are smaller and the game is more physical but we managed to beat pupils from all other schools in Belfast so I hope we can do well in the final. There are so many outdoor courts now-Falls Park and St. Anne's are just two examples so you can practise with your mates anytime.'

*G. Megahey 9B*



The winners pictured with John Leahy, competition director of the OBI (Outdoor Basketball Initiative). He also plays for Star of the Sea and has represented Ireland.

Michael McLarnon, 9G won the Hotshot Competition which enabled him to attend The Harlem Globetrotters in The Odyssey Arena.

## Year 8 and 9 Basketball Competitions

Every Tuesday and Thursday, the Year 8 and 9 basketball hopefuls come together for training. Since this is only the second year for the return of basketball in St. Mary's and with the history of the success of this sport, both teams showed commitment and dedication all year to achieve success.

The Year 8 competition was held in Maysfield Leisure Centre over four sessions. The talented sports stars were undefeated entering the Finals Day on April 9th with success over teams such as Rathmore, Knock and Lagan College. They made the semi-final and the scoring of Michael Armstrong, Conor Rocks and Rory Best kept us in the game but were narrowly beaten by a talented St. Malachy's College.

The Year 9 competition was held in Andersonstown Leisure Centre on May 20th. These lads make up the core unit of basketball in the school and they fought hard on the day with defeats over Shimna Integrated College, Newcastle and St. Joseph's, Derry. A worthwhile victory as champions of Ulster Basketball Developing Schools and they should enjoy the challenge of The Ulster League next Year. Well Done!!



*Year 8 Players Back L-R Joe Richardson, Niall Larkin, Christopher McErlan, Niall Burke, Rory Best(c), Mark McCabe & David McNally.  
Front L-R George Sloan, Killian Doherty, Michael Armstrong, Conor Rocks, Ciaran Hasson, Aodhan McPeake & Gerard McGettigan*



*Yr 9 Players Back L-R Paul Lyttle, Michael McLarnon, Gavin Megahey, Aodhan Liddy.  
Front L-R Aaron Haughey, Sean Finch(c), Craig Haughey & Damien Cousins*

# A Level Biology Field Trip, May 2003.

It was time again for the annual day out to the seaside or field trip to study the marine environment for the year 14 Biology group. For many this is a voyage of discovery where students come in contact with the organisms they have read about over the previous two years. Comments such as "are these animals? and do these things move?" have long convinced the teachers of the value of this educational experience.

It also allows teachers to dispel some myths e.g. the red jelly blobs (sea anemones) do not suck your blood. It also gave these students an opportunity to practise their data collecting skills using a variety of Ecological methods. A learning experience for us all!



# SALTERS' FESTIVAL OF CHEMISTRY

*St.Mary's Super-Sleuths solve the Murder at Inkworth Manor!*

On the 22nd of May 2003, Mrs Cleary took Michael McCarthy 9B, Christopher Moyna 8E, Christopher Montgomery 9D and I to the Salters' Festival of Chemistry at the University of Ulster, Coleraine Campus. When we got to the university we parked and walked over to the main building where about 30 schools were waiting in the foyer. The first half of the morning, that was from 10.00 - 12.00, was solving a murder at Inkworth Manor. To find out who committed the murder At Inkworth Manor, we put our forensic science brains into gear and analysed all the evidence presented from police

reports. The culprit was identified on two counts. Firstly by the salt found on his shoes and secondly by ink spilled at the crime scene. We carried out analysis of salt samples followed by chromatography to confirm the results, so whodunnit? - The gardener!!



*Michael McCarthy 9B, Christopher Moyna 8E, Christopher Montgomery 9D 7 Andrew Magee 9B*

In the afternoon the university challenge competition began, St Mary's team, we are proud to say won second prize, £50. This involved finding which substances neutralised bee stings and wasp stings. We were given universal indicator and different samples like vinegar and dishwasher powder, which we had to try and neutralise the wasp sting and the bee sting. We were given an hour to do this experiment even though we completed it in 20 minutes. Star analytical chemists by a long shot!

When we had completed the task judges came and assessed our knowledge on the subject also assessing our safety and of course our correct answers. At the end of the experiment we were taken to the lecture theatre where we were given a talk on animals of the wild and what they can do to you. Our advice is: don't go to Australia! After that we were then given a demonstration of real animals by City Reptiles: lizards, frogs, snakes and spiders. It was really excellent apart from the snake that couldn't behave. We found out a lot about the animals, such as an adult snake only eats once a year and can eat anything as big as a human!

*By Andrew Magee 9B*

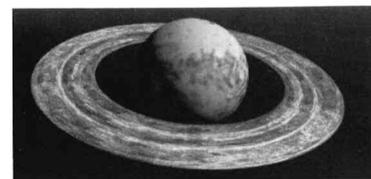


*The students with their teacher Mrs L.Cleary and the lectures at the University.*



*Andrew Magee 9B, Michael McCarthy 9B, Christopher Montgomery 9D & Christopher Moyna 8E*

# 'THE HOUSE THAT WENT TO SATURN'



The Armagh Observatory held its second Robinson Schools Lecture, on Thursday 21 November, in St. Mary's.



*St. Mary's year 11 pupils pictured with Professor Carl Murray & Professor Mark Bailey with their winning posters.*

The 2002 Robinson Schools Lecture was held in association with the Observatory's biennial Robinson Lecture, and in partnership with St. Mary's as a contribution to the school's bicentenary activities for 2002.

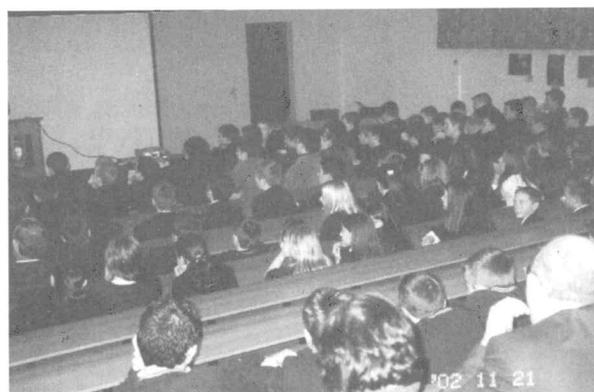
Nearly 200 pupils in the 12-15 age group from schools across Northern Ireland attended the lecture, including members of the Royal School Armagh, Banbridge Academy, and schools in and around Belfast.

The Lecture: "The House that Went to Saturn", was delivered by Professor Carl Murray, of Queen Mary University of London, a distinguished "old boy" of St. Mary's. The talk, which was illustrated with a range of computer graphics, describing how a spacecraft called "Cassini", launched from Cape Canaveral in October 1997, will shortly arrive at Saturn - more than a billion miles from Earth - in order to study the giant planet's ring systems, atmosphere and moons. The space mission, in which Carl Murray is deeply involved, involves a collaboration between both NASA and the European Space Agency ESA. The Cassini spacecraft will deliver a space probe called "Huygens" into the atmosphere of Titan, Saturn's largest moon, in order to investigate the fundamental question of the origin of life. It is believed that conditions in the atmosphere of Titan are possibly similar to those that occurred on the Earth more than four billion years ago, before life began.

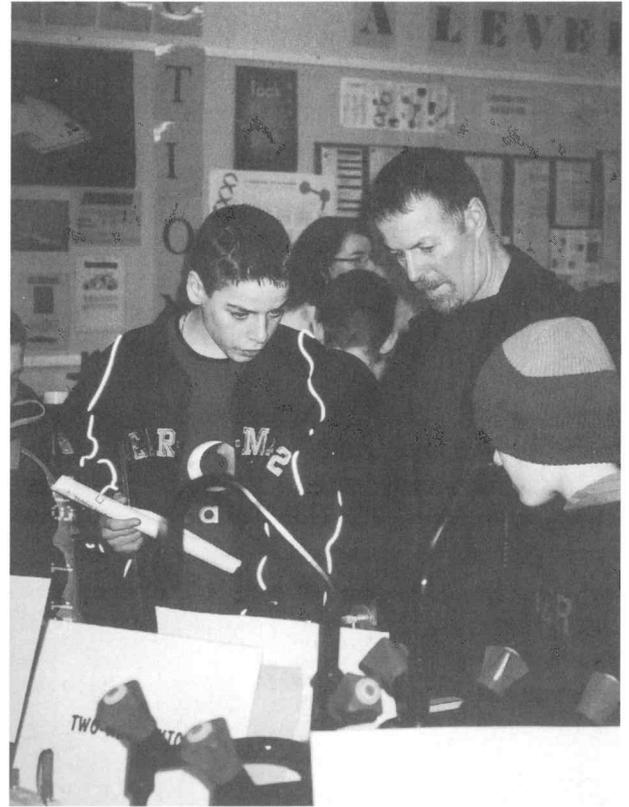
Participating pupils produced an A3-size poster on the general theme of the Lecture, and book tokens were awarded to the winners. Thanks to all those involved including the science staff, Year 10 and 11 pupils, technicians, Mrs F. McAuley, judge and Mr S. Smart.



*Dr Carl Murray explaining how 'Cassini' will be studied.*



*The audience focus on every detail.*



# OPEN NIGHT IN THE SCIENCE DEPARTMENT



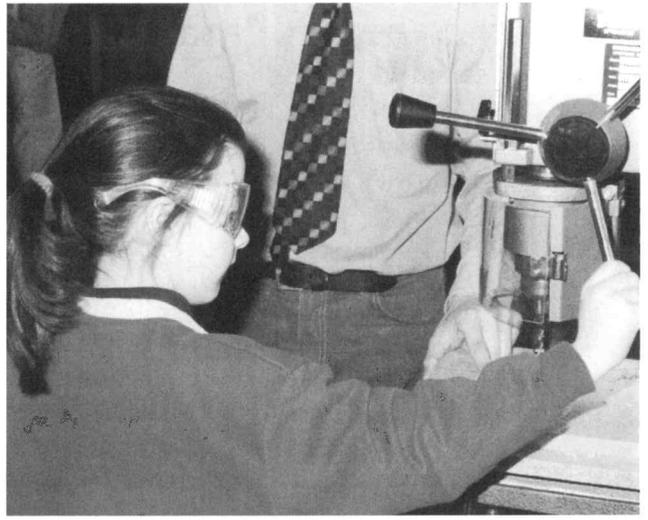
# JUNIOR VISITORS TO ST. MARY'S

Over two hundred pupils from four local primary schools visited St. Mary's this year. They took part in a number of practical activities in the science and technology departments.

Further visits are planned for many other primary schools and the pupils involved in these visits will also be able to participate in art and musical activities.

Schools involved were Ballymacward P.S., St. Teresa's P.S., Holy Child P.S. and St. John the Baptist P.S.





## Images of Sports Day 2003



*James Quinn 9B highflying in the long jump.*



*Year 9 Athletes*



*Line up for Year 11 100m.*



*Conall Mulhern 10E clearing the High Jump*



*Michael McLarnon on way to 100m victory*

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# ZAMBIA 2003

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'Brilliant' 'Inspiring', 'Heartbreaking', 'The best time in my life - and the worst time in my life', 'Incredibly moving', 'Deeply, deeply humbling'. Just some of the phrases used by St. Mary's students reflecting on their recent experience in Zambia. The students were part of a group of 24 students and teachers from St. Mary's CBGS (led by the Principal, Mr. Kevin Burke) and Monkstown CBS, Dublin, who spent two weeks working with orphans, street children, homeless and AIDS victims in the Missisi district in the capital of Zambia, Lusaka.

This is part of the Christian Brothers - inspired Immersion Project through which more than 100 young people from 8 Christian Brother Schools throughout Ireland went to Zambia this year to be with some of the poorest and most disadvantaged people in the world. The students worked in schools, hospitals, hospices, orphanages and food distribution centres.



They met AIDS victims, handicapped people, orphans and homeless street children and gave of their talents, energy and idealism, openness and, especially, their time. It is not easy to go to the margins and not be challenged or touched by the enormity of the suffering and hardship of people forced to live in such condition

## **A LAND OF CONTRASTS**

Zambia is a country of immense contrasts. The awe-inspiring beauty of Victoria Falls and squalor of the townships; the physical suffering of the people and their warmth and friendliness; the potential

richness of the country's raw materials and the incredibly poverty that is everywhere in Zambia and the region.

The experience was quite overwhelming, tremendous, moving, appalling, heart breaking and - believe it or not - hopeful. It truly was a roller coaster of emotions. We saw scenes of deprivation and poverty - which frankly are a scandal in a world that can be able to find money for weapons and wars but not for providing clean water, adequate food, proper health services and education for the majority of people in the world.

We also witnessed the spirit of Blessed Edmund living among and changing these same communities that experience conditions of deprivation and hardship.

## PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY

Of course the Project began long before the group left for Lusaka on March 5th. There was much preparation to be carried out beforehand. Students had to be selected and undergo an awareness programme and spiritual formation. Major fundraising had to be carried out so the preceding few months became a blur of ballots, nights-at-the races, bag-packs and so on. Parents had to be met and injections taken. And nothing was left to chance - hepatitis A and C, malaria, polio, typhoid, rabies, diphtheria, yellow fever and a few more besides had to be immunised against.

Flights and accommodation had to be booked and the relevant people in Lusaka had to be contacted. The preparations were very important and not just for the practical arrangements which had to be made in any case. They also allowed us to bond together as a group and focus on the reasons why we were going out to Lusaka. It also enabled the whole school and the wider community to play their part in the Project. There was a great buzz around the school and the local area before we left.

The Lord Mayor, Alex Maskey, held a reception in the City Hall for both school



groups and played a very active part in promoting and supporting the various fundraising events. Prayer and reflection

were other important parts of the process. Through prayer and reflection we were able to understand the purpose behind the Immersion Project and to see ourselves very much as part of the Blessed Edmund Rice Family and vision.

It also provided the two Christian Brothers' schools to form a close relationship - afterwards the lads from Dublin were able to understand our broad northern accents of course! It also gave us time to become aware of the overwhelming difficulties facing the people in Zambia.

## ARRIVING IN TITANIC TOWNSHIP

Life for the people in Zambia is very difficult and hard. A glance at some statistics about Zambia gives us a picture of the degree of hardship and poverty facing the population:

- . 80 per cent of the families live on less than one dollar a day.
- . More than twenty per cent of the population are infected by HIV/AIDS.
- . The adult literacy rate stands at 23 per cent.
- . Life expectancy is 38 years of age.

Nothing can fully prepare you for what you will meet when you get there, although three of the teachers, Raymond Herron and Aidan Donaldson from St.

Mary's and Helen O'Connor from Monkstown had already visited the country as part of an inspection and preparation party last June. So we were aware of conditions we would find. Also, we had great support from the Christian Brothers based in Lusaka, especially Brother John McCourt who was an invaluable source of support, encouragement and

reassurance.

We left Ireland on Ash Wednesday for Lusaka (via Heathrow) and after a 12 hour flight landed in Lusaka International Airport at 6.00 a.m. It was a beautiful sunny morning and, since it was coming towards the end of the rainy season everything was green - which was a complete transformation from the last time Raymond, Helen and Aidan had visited Zambia. Brother John was waiting on us and it was great to see him - as usual full of life, energy and enthusiasm. So we were transported to Chachacha Backpackers



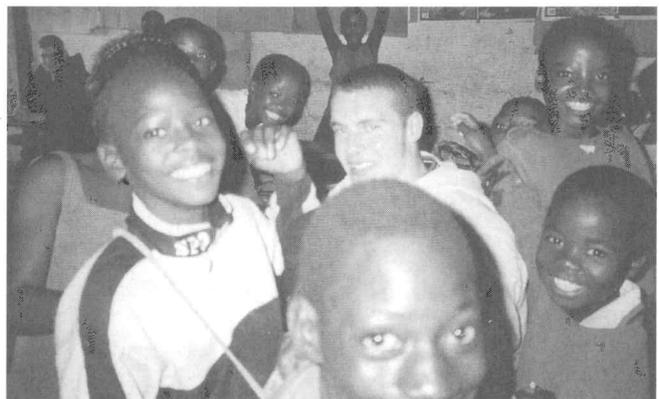
Hostel which would be our home for the next twelve days. We took the opportunity of grabbing a couple of hours sleep before setting out for the Township.

What were the first impressions of the students of the conditions they saw? Mr Kevin Burke, the Principal of St. Mary's, described it as follows: 'It was a shock to all of us - teachers included. Everyone is familiar with the Trocaire advertisements and that is exactly what we saw - rotting rubbish everywhere, open sewers, dead rats, poverty and squalor. It was the stench that really hit me. Then you see the children whom we were teaching playing among the mud and filth and it brings it home to you just how hard life is for the people who live there. And yet in spite of all of the dreadful living conditions the people were so cheerful and welcomed us into their homes - simple and basic as they were.'

The area we were working in was called Titanic Township. In the middle of the Township was a school - St. Lawrence's Community School - with 750 pupils, a special needs centre attended by 57 children with a wide range of disabilities, and an orphanage which housed 22 street children in two transport containers. Fifty per cent of the children at the school are orphans and only one child in five has two living parents. We also worked as hospital porters in the Sisters of Calcutta's Hospital of Hope for the terminally ill.



*Mr. Herron lends a hand carrying the meli meal in Titanic Township, Lusaka.*



*Pearse McCusker is a big hit with Grade 6 students in St. Lawrence's*

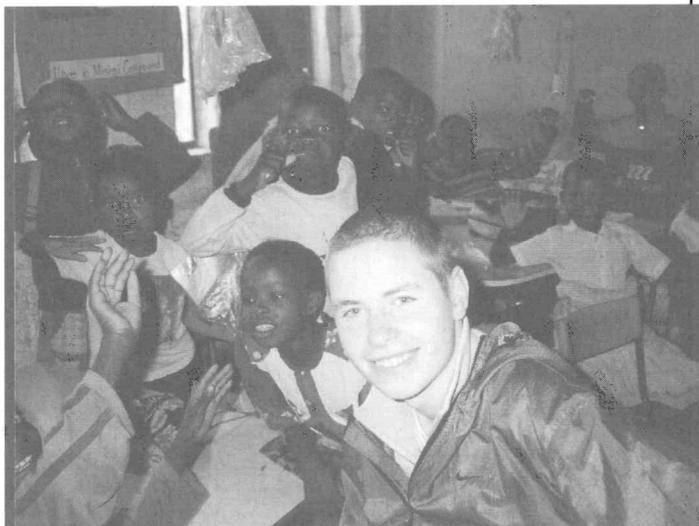
Morning came early with a gentle (?) knock on everyone's door at 6.00 am and then down to the Township. The children were always waiting for us and the days flew in.

The people were so welcoming and appreciative of what we were trying to do. We became very much part of the community in no time at all and were able to simply stroll through the Township chatting and playing with the locals.

We shared so many precious moments and met so many people whom we knew by name and who are now our friends. Back to Chachacha's, something to eat and reflection on the day's events. It cannot be emphasised enough the role that prayer and reflection played in keeping us focused on why we were there. We were walking in the steps of Blessed Edmund and the vision carried throughout the world by generations of Christian Brothers, other religious and lay workers. It was an absolute privilege to share in this.

## **MAKING A DIFFERENCE**

Some people may wonder was the experience not in a sense depressing. In fact, this was not the case at all. Quite the opposite. At every level going to Lusaka has been an incredible, life-enhancing and life-changing experience for all of us. We met so many (literally) 'living saints' who were so totally giving of their time, energy and effort to reach out to and help others.



We witnessed the incredible work the Christian Brothers and others in the Church are doing in Zambia.

We encountered so many people who have nothing in a materialist sense and yet who are everything - who have a deep spirituality in danger of being lost in the consumer society that prevails in the Western world.

We also discovered that we can make a real difference. Ok - we will not change Africa. Only the abolition of Third World debt can achieve such a transformation. Yet two Christian Brothers' schools - St. Mary's in Belfast and Monkstown CBS in Dublin - can make a change to people's lives in Titanic Township. A little can make such a qualitative improvement to the lives of the people there. And already we are doing just that.

Since we got back to Ireland a few shorts week ago we have started to tell the story; to give names to the people we met; to raise money to ensure that the children in St. Lawrence's School have books, paper pencils and, even classrooms, that the orphans will sleep in beds in dorms and that the children in the Special Needs Centre will have paints, crayons, construction toys and lots of other learning aids that we take for granted in Ireland. Through our schools we can form young people of conscience, idealism and action. The future of the Project is assured. The charism of the Christian Brothers is assured.

*Aidan Donaldson*

*Peter McMorrow with some  
of the students at St.  
Lawrence's Community  
school.*

# Careers Report 2002 - 2003

The personnel in the Careers Department consists of four teachers (Mr E. Collins, Mr J Sheerin, Mr L. Perry and Mr J Heaney) However, other areas of teacher/pupil contact also deliver 'careers' through educational visits to various work places eg BT, Coca Cola.

Our main role in the Careers Department is to raise awareness of the opportunities that exist and to promote various skills and qualities which give an advantage. It is not essential that a pupil has identified a specific career ambition, even by the time he leaves St. Mary's, but he should have used the resources available to educate himself about the various possibilities.

## Junior School

Elements of careers guidance have been built into the Junior PSE programme which is delivered by the form teachers through the Monday 'Form Class' period. A Careers Department booklet, with special exercises, also supplements this work for each year. As Year Ten pupils approach their Options choices for GCSE, specific advice is offered to pupils and also to parents either at the Options meeting or at subsequent appointments. Mr Sheerin and Mr E. Collins guide this process.

## Middle School

Mr E Collins organises the programme for Year Eleven pupils who do a Careers Module which covers topics like decision making skills, changing work patterns, job groups and levels and begin the process of accessing careers information. They are formally introduced to the Careers Library resources including

software programmes for Careers eg Odyssey and Ecctis 2000. They also have their own Personal Career Plan and Career Record file.

This module is also supplemented by the Careers Department booklet with special exercises delivered in the Monday 'Form Class' period by the Form Teacher. In September, the Year 12 Group meet with the Careers Officer from the Training and Employment Agency (T&EA) for the first time and go through an inventory procedure to determine their interests and suitability for certain careers. Our T&EA Officer for this year is Jennifer Kerr. Unfortunately, due to restructuring within the T&EA we only have the services of one Careers Officer this year

In Year Twelve formal talks are given by Jennifer on specific career areas eg Engineering, Finance, Media, Health Sciences etc to which all Year Twelve pupils are invited. Guidance is also offered in individual interviews with Jennifer. Our hope is that pupils will develop a greater awareness of career opportunities and their routes to attaining employment by the time they are 16. They can have an individual interview with a careers teacher to discuss post 16 opportunities and also have the opportunity to attend Open Days in other establishments such as BIFHE and Springvale.

Talks can also be given to this year group by representatives from the Training Centres re: apprenticeships. Notification of the various Apprenticeship schemes, eg, BT, is also posted on the noticeboards.

We are especially pleased with those who decide that St Mary's will no longer be an appropriate institution for them post-16 but

who access information and advice, know the full range of their options and make an informed decision about their future. Job application help is also available for leavers.

Mr J Heaney works specifically with this group, guiding them, arranging visits to other educational / vocational establishments as well as arranging talks from outside speakers and offering assistance with application forms and practice with aptitude tests.

Mr. Woods and Mr E Collins guide and assist Year Twelve pupils with Option Choices in St Mary's for Lower Sixth.

## Upper School

Pupils in Year 13 are invited to attend a variety of events; the annual Careers & Higher Education Convention held at Methodist College, the Institute of Directors' Programme, Engineering Seminars, UCAS conventions. Open Days at B.I.F.H.E. and Loughry College, the Chartered Accountants Careers convention and the April Medical Symposium etc.

Preparation for the "Work Shadowing" experience continues in the first and second terms with the Form Monitors in the weekly Monday Form Class. The set assignment is discussed in detail and advice offered. The Work Shadowing Programme takes place during February. This year's dates were (Monday 03 February 2003 - Wednesday 05 February 2000).

The programme has been reduced to three days to accommodate the demands of the new AS specifications and examinations at the end of Year 13. The follow-up assignment will factor in UCAS assessment by the school and other references. A report from one of our Year 13 pupils appears elsewhere in the magazine. Work Shadowing for AVCE pupils takes place at the same time.

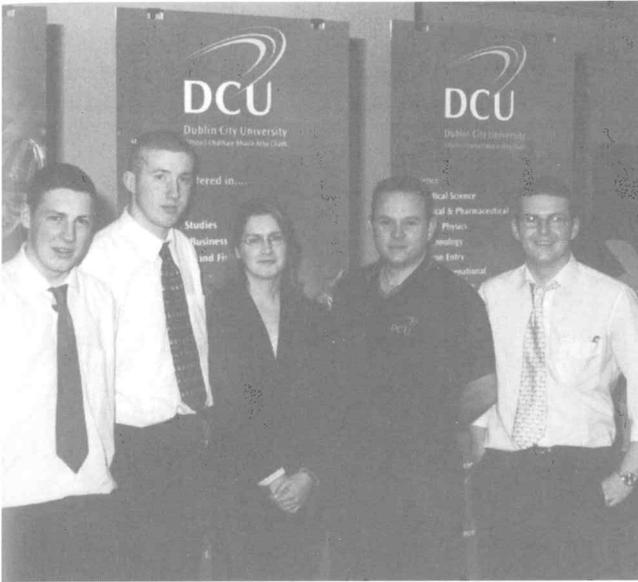
The Careers Library is open to all pupils and especially those in the Upper School for research and consultation. Mr Collins has established new procedures for accessing the new career facilities available in the library through the Ecctis and Odyssey programmes. Mr. L. Perry briefed form classes on their use. Our range of resource, research materials and computer facilities are continually updated and inserted for library use. Private consultation is always available from Careers Teachers or, as always, Jennifer, our Careers Officer from the Training and Employment Agency.

In September, Mr E Collins organises talks by Admission Officers from Queen's University and the University of Ulster. Prospectuses for both universities are given to all Year 14 pupils and further talks follow on entry to Universities and Colleges in the Republic of Ireland and other aspects of Further Education such as Student Support, Tuition fees and Student loans. Other prospectuses are available for consultation. Open Days at QUB and UU take place in early September.

Year 13 and Year 14 pupils are also given an illustrated talk on taking a 'year out' to do voluntary work in a number of different overseas countries from a representative from the GAP organisation.

The Careers Department also organised a Careers Convention in October and invited senior pupils from a number of local schools to this event which proved very successful.

Representatives from Dublin City University (DCU) gave an excellent presentation on applying to Universities and Colleges in the Republic of Ireland through the CAO system and highlighted the various courses available at DCU, in particular. There was also a follow-up visit to DCU from some of our Year 14 pupils later in the year.



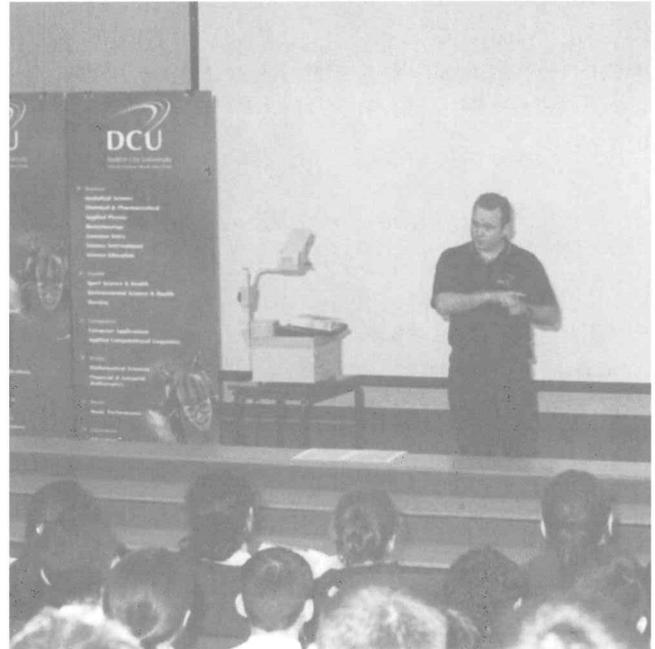
*Kathleen O'Connor & Paul Keenan from D.C.U. meet some of senior students.*

By the completion of Year 13, pupils who positively engage in the Careers Programme will have had learning opportunities in work and interview experiences, developed skills in researching jobs and completing application forms, accessed Careers resources and begun their planning for the UCAS and Further Education route.

The names of those pupils who obtained places in Third Level education and those past pupils who graduated from universities in the last academic year are displayed in the booklets at Parents' Nights, Open Nights and other school literature. Many of last year's leavers performed with distinction and obtained courses of their choice.

In keeping with the historical pattern the majority of our Year 14 pupils entered Queen's University and the University of Ulster, some were attracted by courses in Dublin, Liverpool, Durham and Buckinghamshire and some continued into Further Education Colleges. We anticipate similar success for this year's group.

It is also nice to remember past pupils like Christopher MacManus, Conor



*Paul Keenan chats to students from a number of schools during the D.C.U. visit to St. Mary's.*

Murphy and Michael Burns who graduated from QUB with a First Class Honours degree in Biomedical Science, Finance and Computer Science respectively. Martin Flynn also emulated their achievement at The University Of Ulster with a First Class Honours degree in Communication, Advertising and Marketing. Sincere congratulations to the above and to all our past pupils who graduated during the last academic year.

The clear message from various contacts is that academic qualifications will not guarantee success in the job market. Pupils must take all opportunities in and outside of the curriculum to acquire the other attributes which will enhance their overall profile.

**Mr E Collins**  
*Head of Careers.*



**Class 9A**

*Back Row: L-R*

Marco Angerlone, Conor Hill, James Ferrin, Martin White, James Darragh

*Middle Row: L-R*

Ciaran Lavery, Tom McCallan, Gary Graham, Connor McAreavey, Ryan McDonagh, Declan Mackin

*Front Row: L-R*

Brendan Brophy, Christopher Ramsey, Robert McLister, Sean Finch, Aodhan Liddy, Caelan Monaghan, David McMahan

**Form Tutor:** Mrs McCabe

**Class 9B**

*Back Row: L-R*

Paul Feeney, Andrew Magee, Michael McMahon, Christopher McGrath, Francis Magee, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Connor O Neill

*Middle Row: L-R*

Maurice Murphy, Darren Campbell, John Walker, Gavin Megahey, James Quinn, Martin Begley, Michael O Connor, Michael Allison

*Front Row: L-R*

Warren Oakes, Martin Brownlee, Ciaran George, Michael McCarthy, Philip McCabe, Craig Haughey, Donal Crossen

**Form Tutor:** Mrs McEvoy



**Class 9C**

*Back Row: L-R*

Stephen McKeever, Mark McCallum, Robert Gillespie, Christopher Leonard, David Crawford, Christopher Vernon

*Middle Row: L-R*

Christopher McKiernan, Colin Stewart, David Rogan, Aidan McKiernan, Ciaran Doherty, Thomas Reilly, Conor McKeating

*Front Row: L-R*

Gary Russell, Christopher Smith, Gerard Mooney, Michael Dines, Ciaran Magee, Gareth Watters, Ryan Muldoon

**Form Tutor:** Miss McGinn





**Class 9D**

*Back Row: L-R*

Marin McNally, Michael Christie, Michael Doran, Sean Monaghan, Joseph Guiney

*Middle Row: L-R*

Dr McCaffery, Sean McHugh, Aaron Hicks, Gerard McGivern, Conall Reilly, Brian Rooney, Christopher Murphy, Mr J Donnelly

*Front Row: L-R*

Mark Small, Rory MacManus, Paul McMullan, Peter McLaughlin, Conor Heaney, Christopher Montgomery

**Form Tutor:** Dr McCaffery

**Class 9E**

*Back Row: L-R*

Eamonn Hamill, Damien Hitchen, Adam George, Michael Sweeney, Deaglan Agnew, Ciaran Kerr, Stephen Dooley, Colm McGoldrick

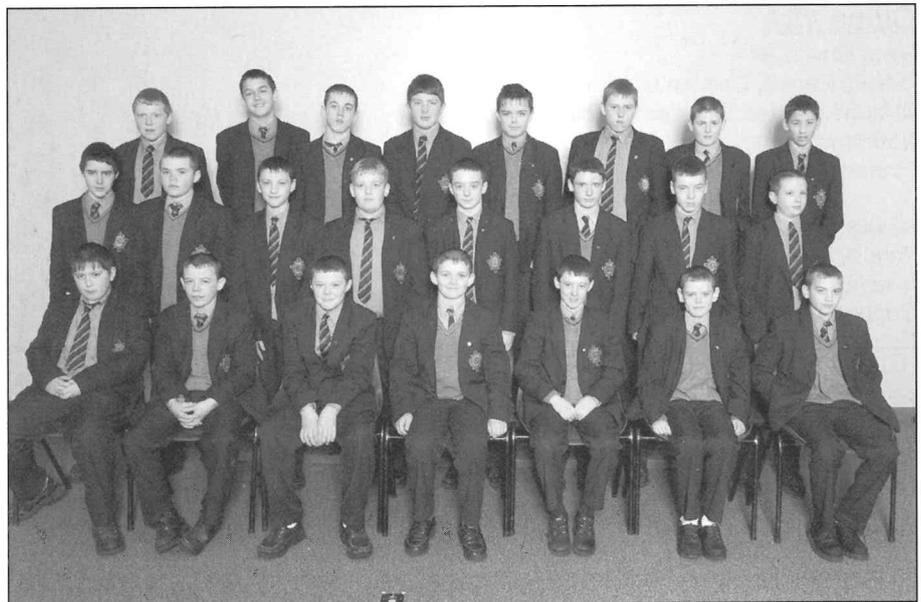
*Middle Row: L-R*

Eoin Heatley, Owen Fitzpatrick, Brendan Campfield, Stephen Clarke, Eamann Herron, James Kerr, Ronan Campfield, John Gregory

*Front Row: L-R*

Stephen Dragonetti, Gareth Armstrong, John Burns, Jonathan Delaney, Diarmaid Adams, Conor Diamond, Stephen Corner

**Form Tutor:** Mr McCann



**Class 9F**

*Back Row: L-R*

James Cassidy, Ryan McCreanor, Colin McComb, Colm Walsh, Ciaran Caldwell, Manuel McGuinness, Christopher Connolly

*Middle Row: L-R*

Nathan Kane, Conor Kearney, Gerard McKernan, Darren Ward, Aidan Walshe, Paul Lyttle, Vincent Kelly, Luke Cassidy

*Front Row: L-R*

Ryan Deighan, Conor Friel, Terry Gorman, Niall Chapman, Peter Cougan, Christopher Gilmartin, Declan Burns

**Form Tutor:** Ms NicBhloscaidh





### **Class 9G**

*Back Row: L-R*

Shane McDonagh, Michael McLarnon, James Reilly, Christopher Ball, Anthony Kelly, Darach Doherty

*Middle Row: L-R*

Anthony Teggart, Aaron Haughey, Niall Conway, Gerard McKnight, Damien Cousins, David O'Neill, Jonathan McGuinness

*Front Row: L-R*

Sean Coniry, John Gibson, Ciaran Murphy, Niall Clarke, Colum Curtis, Oisín O Murchu, Jamie Magee

**Form Tutor:** Mr Leyden

### **Class 10A**

*Back Row: L-R*

Gerard Farrell, Damien Currie, Michael McAree, Michael O'Neill, Anthony Stafford, Mark Cullen, Shaun Graham, Darren O'Neill

*Middle Row: L-R*

Tony Alwell, Brendan McCrory, Seamus Cullen, David Best, Niall Connor, Stephen Walsh, Brian Byrne, Patrick Davidson, Martin Kennan

*Front Row: L-R*

Conor Flavin, Pearse O'Prey, Peirce Kearns, Michael Kelly, Conor Toal, Brendan Fitzpatrick, Jim Brennan

**Form Tutor:** Mrs Tunney



### **Class 10B**

*Back Row: L-R*

Christopher Campbell, Mark Lennon, Chris Weir, David McKenna, Philip Rafferty, Stephen McCann, Barry McFall

*Middle Row: L-R*

Christopher Devlin, Cormac McLaughlin, Peter McGarrity, Eamonn Walls, Matthew Taggart, Barry Rooney, Gerard Sullivan, Stephen McAttackney

*Front Row: L-R*

Aaron McKenna, Paul Johnstone, Brian Nelson, Ciaran Bellew, Damien Fox, Stuart Smyth, Stephen Carlin

**Form Tutor:** Miss Madden





**Class 10C**

*Back Row: L-R*

Gavin Bunting, Joseph Shortt, Niall Smart, Christopher Black, Niall McCreanor, Sean McGarrity, Gareth Shortt, Noel Rock

*Middle Row: L-R*

Christopher McNulty, Harry McAnulty, Conall Shannon, Brendan Connor, Matthew Regan, David Lynch, Shane McGuckin, Michael McCann, Robert McGuickin

*Front Row: L-R*

Kevin Kilmartin, Daniel Toner, Stephen McNally, Jonathan McCann, Steohen McCormick, Paul McCormick, Shane O'Neill

**Form Tutor:** Dr K Robinson

**Class 10D**

*Back Row: L-R*

Martin Elliott, Sean Og McCaffery, Brendan Cousins, Martin Floyd, Ciaran Martin, Garry McAtamney, Brendan Connor

*Middle Row: L-R*

Ciaran Duffy, Michael McAvoy, Patrick Dutton, Sean Boyle, John Paul Maxwell, Conor Smith, Kieran Carson

*Front Row: L-R*

Conor Johnston, Ryan Hamill, John Boyle, Gerard Costello, Rory Clarke, John Leyden, Aidan McIlhennon

**Form Tutor:** Mr O'Connor



**Class 10E**

*Back Row: L-R*

Stephen Ramsey, Matthew McVeigh, Francis Hughes, Conal Mulhern, Mark Lynagh, David McMahon, Dominic Fryers, Jamie Agnew

*Middle Row: L-R*

Martin Lavelle, Liam Livingstone, Christopher Valente, Michael McLaughlin, Piaras Nolan, Paul Hanna, Brendan Shannon, Conor Traynor

*Front Row: L-R*

Kieran Moore, Christopher Lees, Michael Burke, Patrick Molloy, Niall Connolly, Adam Galway, Ciaron Flannery

**Form Tutor:** Mrs McQuillan





### **Class 10F**

*Back Row: L-R*

Brendan Smyth, Alan Campbell, Gavin Flynn, Pearse Loogan, Gary Shaw, Kevin Shearer, Gavin McKenna

*Middle Row: L-R*

Eamonn Og Denny, Daniel Macklin, Conor Kerr, Kevin McDonald, Ciaran Roberts, Ryan Shortt, Eamonn Cunningham, Brendan Barnes

*Front Row: L-R*

Matthew Collins, Fionnbhar McCurdy, Christopher McBride, Brian King, Seosamh Malocco, Robert Irwin, Ciaran McKenna

**Form Tutor:** Mr Murphy

### **Class 10G**

*Back Row: L-R*

Connor McMullan, Christopher Black, Kieran Ferguson, Aodhan McCullough, Liam Green, Conor Gallagher, Ciaran Hall

*Middle Row: L-R*

Christopher Donnelly, Damien Green, David Brady, Mark Sloan, Daniel McDonagh, David O'Neill, John Quinn, Martin O'Prey

*Front Row: L-R*

Jonathan Devine, Andrew Irvine, Aodhan Newell, Liam Lavery, James Grieve, Conor McCrudden, Christopher Moran

**Form Tutor:** Mr McGreevy



### **Class 11A**

*Back Row: L-R*

Stephen Lagan, Ryan McCartney, Patrick McGuigan, Ryan Manning, Michael Dobbins

*Middle Row: L-R*

Tony Cowan, Mark Kelly, Mark Sanders, Peter Konard, John Lundy, Aodh Hamilton

*Front Row: L-R*

David Owens, Manuel Walsh, Christopher McIlhome, Gerard Hughes, Ryan Corbett, Conor McCover

**Form Tutor:** Mr Austin





**Class 11B**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 Manus Scullin, Gerard Pickering,  
 Conor Maguire, Sean Megahey, Ciran  
 MacParland

*Middle Row: L-R*  
 Christopher Rafferty, Kevin Perry,  
 Donal Armstrong, Mark Russell,  
 Ciaran McAteer, Christopher Smith

*Front Row: L-R*  
 Tuathan McAughey, Eamon  
 Mulholland, Sean Og O'Connor, Liam  
 McGivern

**Form Tutor:** Miss Morris

**Class 11C**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 Daniel Turley, Mark Bowman, Caelan  
 Bradley, Ryan Kerr, Neil Rafferty,  
 Sean McGurk

*Middle Row: L-R*  
 Mark Carson, Paul Rea, Stephen  
 Nesbitt, Christopher Power, Darryn  
 Kane, Anthony Ferris, Connor  
 Crawford

*Front Row: L-R*  
 Gabriel Brown, Conor Graham,  
 Emmett Maguire, Brendan Agnew,  
 Paul Armstrong, Daniel Teggart

**Form Tutor:** Mrs Byrne



**Class 11D**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 David Hughes, Fionntan Duffy, Patrick  
 Larkin, Christopher Smith, Paul  
 McCarthy

*Middle Row: L-R*  
 Mark George, Conor McQuade, Paul  
 Hughes, Daithi Murray, Stephen  
 Murray, Stephen Bell

*Front Row: L-R*  
 Gerard McKeown, Desmond Shearer,  
 Stephen Loughran, Patrick Lavelle,  
 Ciaran Dines, Patrick Brennan,  
 Christopher Baggley

**Form Tutor:** Mrs Jennings





**Class 11E**

*Back Row: L-R*

Ciaran Cullen, Michael Ferguson, Paul Murphy, Patrick Boyle, Kevin McGuinness, Conor Hamill

*Middle Row: L-R*

Colin Duffy, Alex McGoran, Ciaran McAuley, Christopher McIlhatton, Lewis Reilly, Conor Kerr, Patrick Kane

*Front Row: L-R*

Alan Gallagher, Ben McKenna, Brendan Gallagher, Diarmuid McPhillips, Joseph Watson, Thomas Heaney, David O'Neill

**Form Tutor:** Miss Doherty

**Class 11F**

*Back Row: L-R*

Christopher McAuley, Michael McLaughlin, Christopher Shortt, Brendan Farrell, Jonny Kerr, Raymond Kinnaird, Blaine Douglas

*Middle Row: L-R*

Mark Connolly, Gerard O'Neill, Ryan McKeown, Robert Reilly, Jonathan Richards, Daniel O'Neill, Sean Lagan, William Lockhard

*Front Row: L-R*

Colm Herdman, Robert McLaughlin, Matthew Smith, Stephen McDonagh, Kevin Scott, Paul Christie, Damien Lynch

**Form Tutor:** Mr Greene



**Class 11G**

*Back Row: L-R*

Ryan McGlinchey, Michael Kerr, Eamonn McArdle, Michael Cunningham

*Middle Row: L-R*

Aran McCorry, John Carson, John Brannigan, Timothy Boyd, Sean O'Neill

*Front Row: L-R*

David Pollock, Michael Collins, Connor Curran, Francis Maxwell, Brendan McGeown, Ciaran McManus

**Form Tutor:** Mr Murphy





### **Class 11H**

*Back Row: L-R*

Joe Carlin, Darragh Scullion, David Corner, Terry Ward, Darren Murray, Gerard Gallagher

*Middle Row: L-R*

Cormac McKeown, Damien Lynn, Thomas McVeigh, Martin Killen, Kevin McVegetney, Phillip O'Neill

*Front Row: L-R*

Michael George, Fintan Cisgrove, Stephen Moore, Jim Connolly, Brendan McCullum, Gerard Gibson

**Form Tutor:** Mr Mahon

### **Class 12A**

*Back Row: L-R*

Daniel Ryder, Conor Taggart, Gerard Carroll, Gavin Ferris, Ciaran Fox, Paul Gallagher

*Middle Row: L-R*

Paul Egan, Bernard McLaughlin, Philip Joyce, Samuel Meighan, Michael Doherty, Sean Mitchell, Conor Scullion

*Front Row: L-R*

Christopher O'Neill, Christopher McParland, Mark Lappin, Kieran McCurry, Michael McAllister, Robert McManus, Cormac Allsopp

**Form Tutor:** Mr McAuley



### **Class 12B**

*Back Row: L-R*

Stephen Stewart, Conall Maguire, Ciarn May, Declan O'Connor, Patrick Owens, Sean Boyle

*Front Row: L-R*

Mark Hagan, Damien Peake, Sean McAnoy, Paul O'Neill, Conor Mackin, Danny Lundy

**Form Tutor:** Mr Robinson





### **Class 12C**

*Back Row: L-R*

Kieran McAllister, Neil Johnston,  
Mark Watson, Sean Andrews

*Middle Row: L-R*

Joseph Ward, Sean Lavery, Daniel  
Quinn, David McComb, Damien  
Moylan, Kieran Marshall

*Front Row: L-R*

Damien Magee, Mark Taylor, Ciaran  
McMullan, Thomas Savage, Barry  
Foster, Neil Mervyn, Patrick Laverty

**Form Tutor:** Mr Smyth

### **Class 12D**

*Back Row: L-R*

Jim O Neill, Conor Kelly, Ruari Smith,  
Matthew McCrudden, Sean Woods,  
Michael French, Colm Kennan

*Front Row: L-R*

Conor McCaffery, David McKenna,  
Gordon Loughhead, Desmond  
Hesketh, Conor Smith, Paul Woods

**Form Tutor:** Ms Curran



### **Class 12E**

*Back Row: L-R*

Michale Reynolds, Ciaran Hagan,  
Conor Murphy, Patrick Davidson,  
Christopher Pimlott

*Middle Row: L-R*

Martin McCabe, Aidan Monaghan,  
David McDonald, Declan Hughes,  
Declan Douglas, Aidan Burns,  
Thomas McAuley

*Front Row: L-R*

Eamonn M O Neill, Aaron Hagan,  
Eamonn J O Neill, James Smyth,  
Conor McConville, Malachy  
McMahon, John Toal

**Form Tutor:** Mr Watson





## **Class 12F**

*Back Row: L-R*

Ryan McKenna, Michael Morgan,  
Daniel O Kane, Stephen Flynn,  
Conchur Keenan

*Middle Row: L-R*

David Crudden, Liam Knocker,  
Michael Maguire, David Steenson,  
Henry Donnelly

*Front Row: L-R*

Fiontann McKillop, Kieran Gibson,  
Paul Saunders, Brendan Dorrian,  
Stephen Curran, Cormac Crossan

**Form Tutor:** Mr Herron

## **Class 12G**

*Back Row: L-R*

Eamon Gregory, Gerard Crossan,  
Brendan Guiney, Daniel McKiernan,  
Aaron McAree, David Mallon, Michael  
McCaffery

*Middle Row: L-R*

Brendan Griffin, Martin McBride,  
Robert McCurdy, Mark Caldwell,  
Piaras Duffy, Anthony Craig, Laurence  
Claxton

*Front Row: L-R*

Padraig Flanigan, Conor Flynn,  
Ciaran McCabe, Christopher  
McGrath, Joseph Scott, Joseph Ward

**Form Tutor:** Mr Heaney



## **Class 12H**

*Back Row: L-R*

Aidan Devlin, Christopher Wylie,  
Joseph Caddell, Paul Brennan

*Middle Row: L-R*

Andrew McMorrow, Hugh McMahon,  
Colm McFall, Ciaran Quinn, Anton  
O Reilly

*Front Row: L-R*

Daniel McShane, Dermot Hartigan,  
Malachy McAlister, Conor Herron,  
Conall Maskey, Patrick Slane

**Form Tutor:** Miss Dickson





**Class 121**

*Back Row: L-R*

Declan Owens, Christopher McIlhennon, Ryan Morton, Nathn Morrison, Michael Carson, Gerard McElkarney

*Middle Row: L-R*

Ciaran Long, David Mallon, David Dougan, Michael McNeill, Martin Pollock, Niall Holmes, Sean Burns

*Front Row: L-R*

Kevin Herdman, Thomas McGibbon, Conor McAuley, Robert Drumm, Connor O'Neill, Kevin Hanvey

**Form Tutor:** Miss M.T. Gorman

**Year Head:** Dr T Shannon

**Class 13A**

*Back Row: L-R*

Christopher Lyttle, Kevin Quinn, Michael Magee

*Middle Row: L-R*

Austin Mulvenna, Paul McAteer, Stephen Brady, Hugh Flavin, Paul Walker

*Front Row: L-R*

Michael McAughey, Liam Weir, Colin Toal, Ciaran Crudden, Daviod Burke, Gearoid O Muiir

**Form Tutor:** Mr Martin



**Class 13B**

*Back Row: L-R*

Paul Heaney, Gregory McLarnon, Niall McConnell

*Middle Row: L-R*

Stephen Rafferty, Martin Ward, Declan McKiernan, Gavin Gowdy

*Front Row: L-R*

Brendan Dynes, Keith Russell, Mark Connor, Declan Christie, Brendan Teer, Michael O'Neill

**Form Tutor:** Mr McToal





**Class 13C**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 Stephen McCartney, Robert McConvey, John Webb, Fintan Wilson, Paul Dynes

*Middle Row: L-R*  
 John Donnelly, Robert Simpson, Martin McBride, Pdraig Mackel, Sean Curran

*Front Row: L-R*  
 David Ferran, Matt Mulholland, James Grant, Stephen Smith, Paul Morren, Antoin Millen

**Form Tutor:** Mr Cullen

**Class 13D**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 Gerard Toner, Kevin McKinney, Rory Mallon, Christopher Moore

*Middle Row: L-R*  
 Gareth Brennan, Ryan McCorry, Peter Carson, Sean Rice, Eamonn Doherty

*Front Row: L-R*  
 Martin Ramsey, Eamonn Keaveney, Damien Delaney, Sean Dowds, Darren O Kane, Robert Gallagher

**Form Tutor:** Mr Perry



**Class 13E**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 David Maguire, Connel McKenna, Ciaran Mulholland, Ronan Burke

*Middle Row: L-R*  
 Conor Meehan, Liam Boyle, Conor McGoldrick, Ciaran Johnstone, Stephen Flannagans

*Front Row: L-R*  
 Darren Raffo, Dermot Graham, John Keatings, Conor McGhee, Richard McIlroy, Niall O Donnell

**Form Tutor:** Mr McAleese





**Class 13F**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 David Guiney, Michael McMullan,  
 Christopher Hagan, Christopher  
 French, Matthew Leydon, Martin  
 McGeown

*Front Row: L-R*  
 Kieran Ryan, Darren McManus,  
 William McGuickin, David O Hanlan,  
 Kevin Franklin, Christopher McMahon

**Form Tutor:** Mr Armstrong

**Class 13G**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 Adrian Doyle, Pearse McCusker, Paul  
 Geddis

*Middle Row: L-R*  
 Seamus Nolan, Patrick McLaughlin,  
 Ronan McClean, Michael Pollock

*Front Row: L-R*  
 Kevin Hawkins, Fionnbharr Maguire,  
 Gerard Gibney, Pearse Maguire, Paul  
 Burns, Colm Lappin

**Form Tutor:** Mr Monaghan



**Class 13H**

*Back Row: L-R*  
 Ciaran Carlin, Niall O Reilly, Gordon  
 Maguire, Peter Murphy, Gary  
 Cunningham

*Middle Row: L-R*  
 Stephen Rainey, Glenn Wilson, Noel  
 McCleave, Gerard O Doherty, Conor  
 Lamb

*Front Row: L-R*  
 Daniel Andrews, Caoimhin Graham,  
 Christopher Donnelly, Michael  
 Rafferty, Sean Robb, Darren Brundy

**Form Tutor:** Miss Convery







ULSTER COLLEGES MAGHEAN CUP WINNERS 2002 - 2003