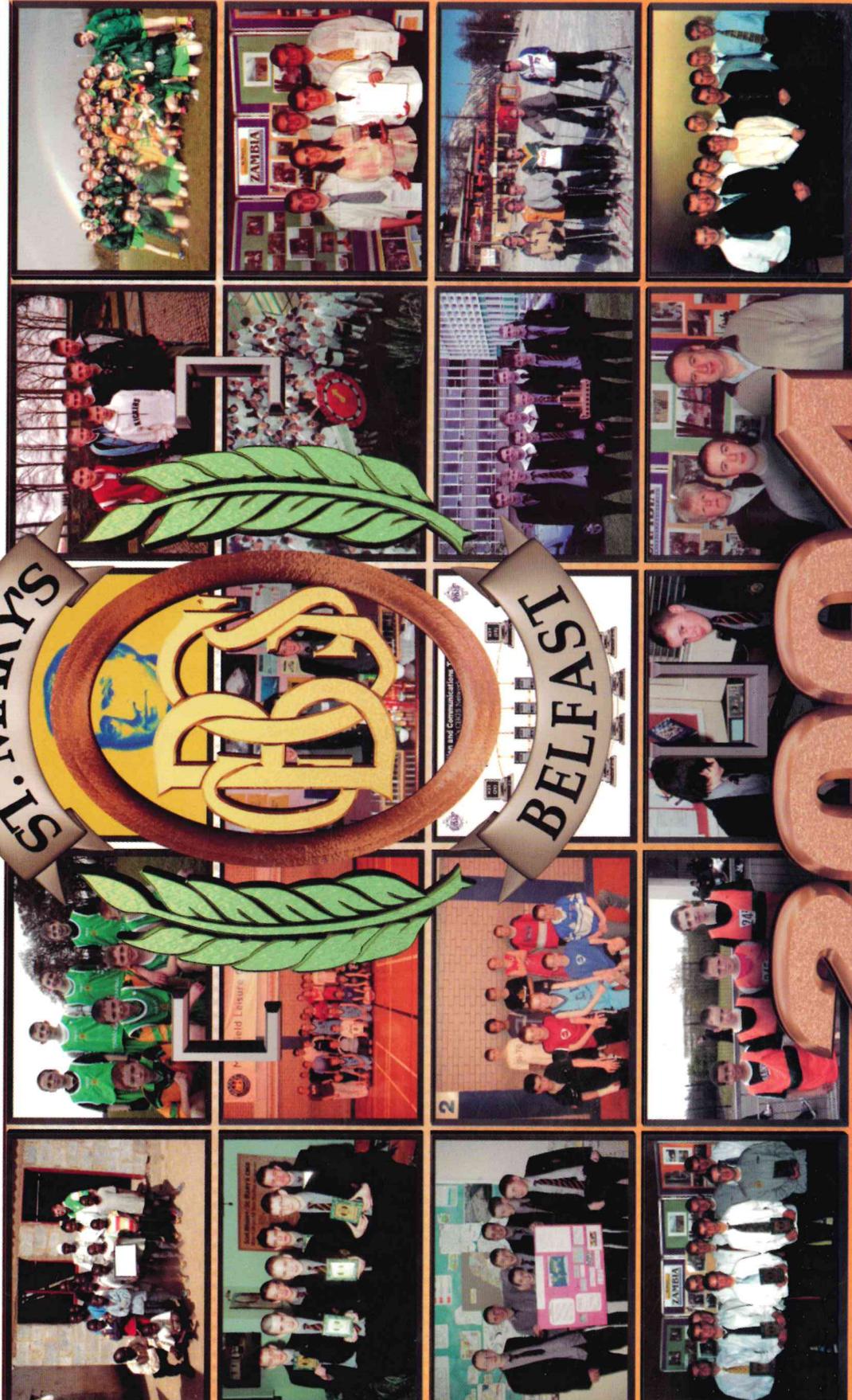
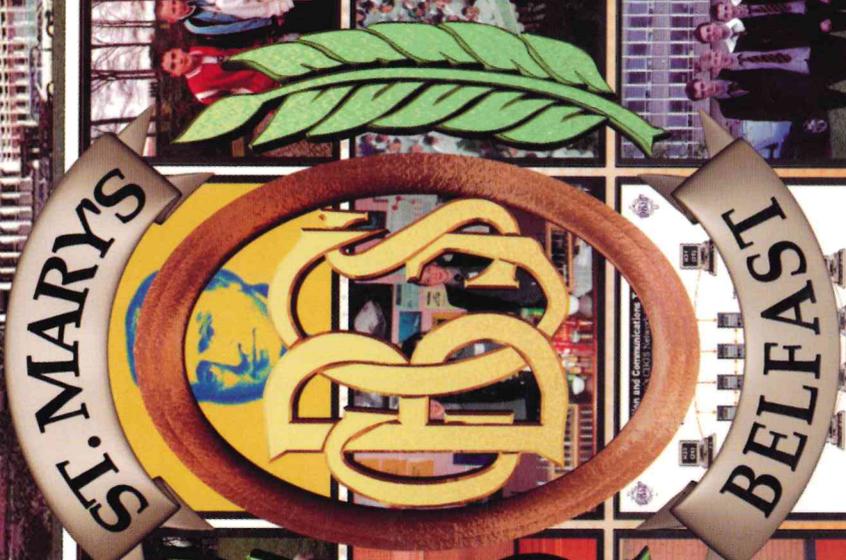


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The
Simmarian



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

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Additional Photography : Mr. J. Heaney

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Mrs. M. Jennings for the Literary section,
and to all staff and students who generously provided
articles and photographs.

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Printers: Shanway Press, Belfast.



SIMMARIAN 2004

Having completed a very successful year in the life of the school I wish to congratulate all the pupils on their varied achievements whether academic, sporting, cultural or charitable. I thank all the staff, teaching and non-teaching, for their selfless commitment and dedication to the school and pupils.

Our best wishes are extended to three teachers who moved on from St. Mary's this summer. Mrs Laura Tunney from the Music Department has decided to spend time with her new baby and is also moving house. Mr. Tony Scullion was Head of Geography and is now working on a permanent basis with CCEA. Mr. Liam Perry was a member of the Senior Management Team and Head of Politics. He has taken up the post of Principal at St. Columbanus', Bangor.

We wish all three every happiness and success for the future and extend to them our sincere gratitude for their tremendous contribution to St. Mary's.

During the year one of our governors, Mr. Mark Barr, took up the position of School Inspector and had to resign from the Board of Governors. We thank him for his enthusiastic service to the school.

Mrs. Yvonne McCool, the Chairperson of the Board is also resigning because of her post in the new Teachers' Council and her commitment to her grandchildren. Yvonne has given many years service to the school as a parent, Board member and Chairperson. She has always been most supportive, available and most generous with her time and expertise. She will be greatly missed by the school community. We extend to her our best wishes for the future.

Two pupils were critically injured in separate road accidents last December. Both of them, thank God, have survived a long period in intensive care. Darren Shaw has returned to school and has made a full recovery. Our sincere sympathies and prayers are with his family on the tragic death of his younger brother, Christopher. Damien Delaney is making a slow but steady recovery and returned home in June. The school community continues to pray for his full recovery.

Once again this year I would like to thank all those pupils, teachers, parents, past pupils and friends who have supported the Zambian Project. The difference that St. Mary's has made to the lives of the people of Misisi Compound and Kabweza is truly astounding. The generosity of so many people within and beyond the St. Mary's community was so obvious in what we witnessed on our last visit in March.

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. Go n-éirí go geal libh an bhliain seo chugainn agus, le cuidiú Dé, sna blianta atá romhainn.

Caoimhín de Búrca.

Príomhoide.

Teaching Staff 2003 / 2004

Principal

Mr. K. Burke	B.Ed., Dip. in R.E.
--------------	---------------------

Deputy Principals

Mr. F. Woods	B.A., Adv.Dip.Ed., Cert in Mgmt. St., M.Ed.
Mr. J. Sheerin	B.A., Dip.Ed., D.A.S.E.

Senior Teachers

Mr. T. Hegarty	B.A., P.G.C.E., P.G.C.T.E.
Mr. E. McFlynn	B.A., Dip.Ed., M.Sc., M.Ed.
Mr. L. Perry	B.A., B.Ed., M.Sc., D.A.S.E.

Teachers

Mr. D. Armstrong	B.A., P.G.D.C.&M., P.G.C.E.
Mr. A. Austin	B.A., P.G.C.E., M.Ed.
Mrs B. Breen	B.A., P.G.C.E., M.A., Cert. P.D.
Mr. D. Breen	B.A., P.G.C.E., Dip. in Theology
Mrs. M.T. Brennan	B.Sc., Dip.Ed., P.G.C.E.
Mrs M. Byrne	B.Sc., M.Sc.
Mr. D. Campfield	B.A., Dip.Ed., M.A.
Mrs L. Cleary	B.Sc., H.Dip. Ed.
Mr. E. Collins	B.A., P.G.C.E., Adv. Cert. Ed.
Miss O. Convery	B.Sc., P.G.C.E.
Mr. S. Crilly	B.A., P.G.C.E., D.A.S.E., M.Ed.
Mr. G. Cullen	B.A., P.G.C.E., D.A.S.E.
Mr. M. Curley	B.A., H.Dip. Ed., M.Div.
Ms. G. Curran	B.Sc., B.Tec., M.Sc., P.G.C.E., D.A.S.E., Adv. Cert Ed. Psy.
Mrs S. Devlin	B.Ed., Dip.Ed., Dip. R.E., Dip in French Studies.
Miss A.M. Doherty	B.Sc., P.G.C.E.
Dr. A. Donaldson	B.A., P.G.C.E., Cert RE., Ph.D.
Dr. M. Donnelly	B.Sc., P.G.C.E., Ph.D.
Mrs M. Farag	B.Sc., H.Dip.Ed., P.G.C.E.
Mrs C. Gillespie	B.Sc., M.Sc., P.G.C.E.
Mr. M. Greene	B.A., P.G.C.E., M.Sc.
Mr. J. Heaney	B.Ed, P.G.C.C.E., Adv. Cert. Ed.
Mr. R. Herron	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Mrs. U. Hughes	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Mrs M. Jennings	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Mr. P. Laverty	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Mrs M. Lewis	B.A., M.A., P.G.C.E., M,Ed.
Mr. M. Leydon	B.Sc., P.G.C.E., P.G. Dip.
Ms. A. Madden	B.Sc., P.G.C.E.
Mr. D. Mahon	B.Ed., P.G.C.E., M.Sc.
Mr. F. Manning	B.Sc., Dip.Ed., M.Ed.
Mr. J. Martin	B.Sc., M.Sc., P.G.C.E., Adv. Cert. Ed., Cert. Sp.LD.
Mr. W. McAleese	B.A., T.C., M.Ed., Dip.Ed.

Teaching Staff 2003 / 2004

Mr. J. McAuley	Cert. Ed., P.G.C.E.
Mr. H. McBarron	B.Sc., H.Dip.Ed.
Mrs C. McCabe	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Dr. E. McCaffrey	B.Sc., P.G.C.E., Ph.D.
Mr. C. McCann	B.Sc., P.G.C.E.
Mr. J. McClean	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Mrs. A. McConaghy	B.Ed., Dip. Ed.
Mrs J. McEvoy	B.A., Dip.Ed., Dip. in Span. Language., D.A.S.E.
Mr. H. McGettigan	B.Ed., B.A., M.B.A., D.M.S.
Miss L. McGonagle	B.A., C.Ed., P.G.C.E.
Mr. M. McGrath	B.A., Dip. in Computer Science
Mr. J. McGreevy	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Miss L. McGuigan	B.Ed.
Ms. F. McKenna	B.Ed., Cert. Pro. Dev., Adv., D.A.S.E.
Mr. D. McNeill	B.Ed.
Mrs M. McQuillan	B.Ed., L.N.E.A., M.A.(in Ed.)
Mr. E. McToal	B.Ed.
Miss J. Mervyn	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Mr. C. Monaghan	B.Sc., P.G.C.E., P.G.C.C.E.
Mr. K. Morgan	B.Sc., P.G.C.E.
Miss C. Morris	B.Mus., P.G.C.E.
Mr. T. Murphy	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Mr. V. Murphy	B.Ed.
Mrs M. Murray	B.Sc., P.G.C.E., M.Phil.
Miss N. NicBhloscaidh	B.A., H.Dip. Ed., M.A.
Mr. G. O'Connor	B.Sc., M.Sc., P.G.C.E.
Mr. G. Quigg	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Dr. K. Robinson	B.Sc., P.G.C.E., Ph.D.
Mr. M. Robinson	B.Ed.
Dr. T. Shannon	B.Sc., P.G.C.E., Ph.D.
Mr. A. Smyth	B.Sc., P.G.C.E.
Mrs A. Thompson	B.A., P.G.C.E., Dip. Theology., Adv Cert Ed.
Mr. D. Tohill	B.A., P.G.C.E.
Mrs D. Tohill	B.Ed., P.G.C.E., M.Sc.,
Mrs L. Tunney	B.Mus., P.G.C.E.
Mr. M. Watson	B.Social Sc., P.G.C.E.
Mrs B. Woods	D.A.D., D.A.E.

Mr. T. Scullion	B.A., P.G.C.E. (3 years Leave of Absence)
-----------------	---

Temporary:

Mr. L. Connelly and Miss J. Cartledge

Administration Staff 2003 / 2004

School Bursar

Mr. D. Finnegan

Office Staff

Mrs M. Johnston	Executive Officer (Examinations)
Miss M. Morris	Payroll Officer
Miss L. McAllister	Principal s P.A.
Miss P. Magill	Telephonist, Receptionist
Mrs A-M Hughes	Bookstore, Canteen, Travel

Technicians

Mr. S. Smart	B.Sc., Dip. Comp. (OU)	Computer Technician
Mr. M. Hemsworth	Reprographics Technician	

Library

Mr. P. Green

Study Supervisor

Mr. G. Vernon

Care Takers

Mr. J. McBurney
Mr. S. Corrigan

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Mrs P. McMahon	Ms. O. Dempsey
Ms. T. Thompson	Mr. D. Malone
Mrs D. Hamilton	

Language Assistants

Ms. S. Cabras	Italian
Mr P. Hall	Irish
V. Rossello	Spanish

Maintenance Staff

Mr. R. Collins	Grounds Maintenance
Mr. T. Doherty	Buildings Maintenance
Mr. J. McGarry	Grounds Maintenance
Mr. J. McKeaveney	Electrician

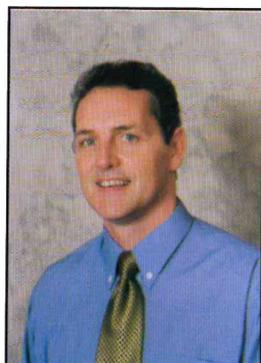
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Mrs M. Heenan
Mrs E. Murphy
Mrs A. Tolan
Mr G. Murphy
Mrs T. Murphy
Ms C Power
Ms T. Hamill
Ms C. Burns
Mrs B. McCrystal

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Mrs B. Wilson	Mrs R. Burns
Mrs B. Tolan Mrs	M. Lee
Mrs K. Foster	Mrs J. Rafferty
Mrs C. Tolan	Mrs P. Burns
Mrs M. Lennon	Mrs S. McBurney
Ms M. Munce	Mrs J. Rafferty
Ms C. McConnell	Mrs B. Dunlop
Ms A. Wilson	Mrs C. Campbell
Miss Yu Moi Yuen	

Mr L. Perry



Liam Perry joined St. Mary's in 1985 after doing his early teaching work in St. Mary's Secondary School, Portadown. Many pupils would associate Liam with the Politics Department but in fact for the first five years of his St. Mary's career he was a P.E teacher.

He took a B.A in Political Science during this period and began his contribution to the Politics Department. This was the first in a number of professional development courses he was to undertake including, most recently, his Professional Headship Qualification.

By 1995 he was Head of Department and began to transform a solid unit into the current outstanding department. His innovations included Saturday revision classes and he led the department with enormous drive and vision. In keeping with the school ethos Liam never liked to turn a prospective pupil away from his department even if it led to inflated class numbers on occasions. He was especially welcoming to the many excellent students who came from our associated secondary schools.

Alongside his teaching work Liam also contributed to the whole school with his coaching of football teams, his development of the school library, his counselling and careers work, his leadership of the Citizenship programme and his organisation of the annual ski trip.

He was appointed a senior teacher in May 2003 and the school community was both delighted and regretful when, a year later, he successfully applied for the Principalship of St. Columbanus' Secondary School in Bangor.

Liam will be missed as a teacher, as a Head of Department, as a school manager and, above all, as a friend who supported students and colleagues with his time, expertise and wise guidance. Liam has a great challenge before him but he has the skills and qualities to meet this new opportunity.

If I had to identify one characteristic of Liam's career in St. Mary's which best defines him and from which we all benefitted it was his compassion for people.

Liam, your school report on leaving St. Mary's reads:

*"Outstanding young man.
His work ethic complements his abilities.
Well done Liam and maintain these standards
in your future career."*

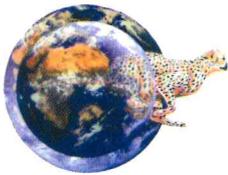
Good Luck Mrs. Tunney



Laura Tunney, née McNally, has been a member of staff at St. Mary's CBGS since 1998. During that time, she has made a significant impact on the many people she has met while teaching in St. Mary's. She has been inspirational to both colleagues and pupils alike. Laura's infectious good humour and professionalism have always enhanced the environment of St. Mary's and her absence will be sorely felt.

During her time as Head of Music, Laura carried out her duties in an exemplary fashion. The school music programme continued to the full benefit of the school and enjoyment of the pupils and staff. Her demeanour and diligence have inspired the pupils to continue their music careers with pride and confidence. Her influence will have a lasting effect on those she has worked with.

We will all miss her and wish her the best of luck in all her endeavours!



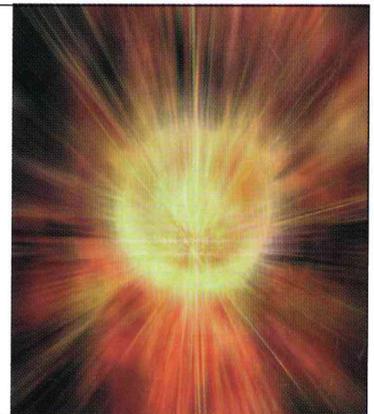
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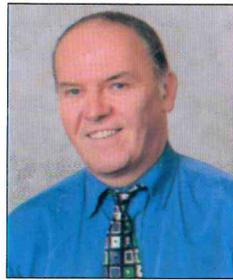

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a s s o c i a t e s

consulting structural and civil engineers

Teaching Staff 2003 - 2004



Mr K. Burke
Principal



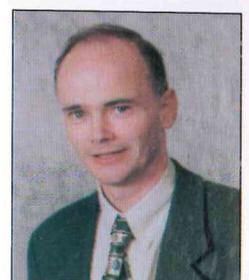
Mr F. Woods
Vice Principal
Psychology



Mr J. Sheerin
Vice Principal
History



Mr E. McFlynn
Senior Teacher
Geography



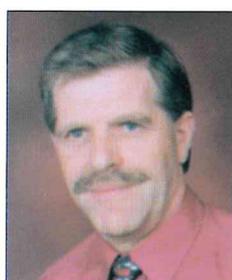
Mr T. Hegarty
Senior Teacher
Irish



Mr L. Perry
Senior Teacher
Head of Politics



Mr F. Manning
Head of Science



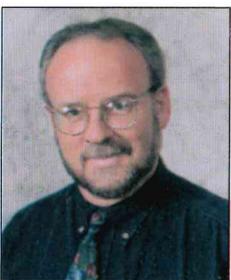
Mr M. McGrath
Head of Mathematics



Mr J. McClean
Senior Teacher
History/English



Mr S. Crilly
English



Mr D. Tohill
Head of English



Mr H. McBarron
Mathematics



Mrs B. Woods
Head of Art
Year Head



Mr G. Cullen
Head of Italian
Year Head



Mrs S. Devlin
Head of French
Year Head



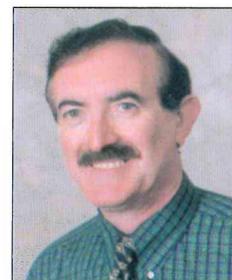
Mrs A. Thompson
Head of German



Mr D. Breen
Head of Religion



Mrs M. McQuillan
Head of
Theatre Studies



Mr L. McAleese
Assistant Head
of Science



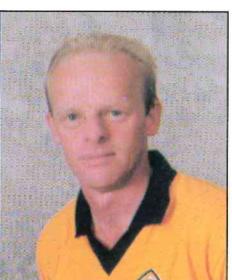
Mr E. Collins
Head of Careers
French - Year Head



Mr D. Crampfield
English



Mr C. Monaghan
Maths/Computer Studies
Key Stage III Maths



Mr E. Toal
Head of PE



Mr H. McGettigan
PE/Head of IVCE



Mrs D. Tohill
Assistant Head of Science
Senior School Year Head

Teaching Staff 2003 - 2004



Mrs J. McEvoy
Head of Spanish



Mr G. Quigg
English
Key Stage II English



Dr M. Donnelly
Chemistry



Mr D. Armstrong
Mathematics
Head of Computing



Mr T. Austin
PE



Mrs M. Jennings
English



Mr J. Heaney
Head of Technology



Dr A. Donaldson
Religion



Ms F. McKenna
Religion/Psychology



Mr K. Morgan
Mathematics



G. Curran
Biology



Mrs M. Murray
English/Geography



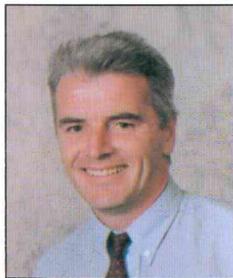
Mr D. Mahon
Technology



Mr D. McNeill
PE



Mr C. McCann
Physics



Dr T. Shannon
Biology
Year Head



Ms C. Morris
Head of Music



Mr T. Murphy
Politics/PE



Mrs B. Breen
Religion



Dr E. M. Caffrey
Chemistry



Ms J. Mervyn
Spanish/French



Miss O. Convery
Mathematics
Head of I.T.



Mrs M. Brennan
Geography



Mrs Lewis
English



Mr M. Watson
Geography

Teaching Staff 2003 - 2004



Mrs C. Gillespie
Head of Business Studies /
AVCE



Mrs C. McCabe
Mathematics/I.C.T.



Mrs L. Tunney
Music.



Mr J. McGreevy
History / English



Mr J. Martin
Head of History



Mr M. Robinson
R.E.



Dr K. Robinson
Chemistry



Miss A. M. Doherty
Chemistry



Mr P. Laverty
Drama / English



Mr G. O'Connor
Maths



Mrs L. Cleary
Biology



Mrs M. B. Byrne
Biology



Mr V. Murphy
Technology



Mr M. Leydon
Maths / Computers



Mr M. Curley
Chaplain



Mrs M. Farag
Biology



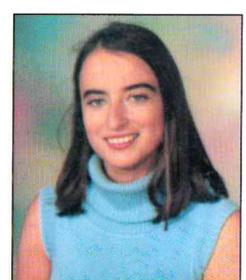
Mr M. Greene
Head of Irish



Mr R. Herron
Irish



Ms L. McGonagle
Art



Mrs U. Hughes
English



Ms A. Madden
Geography



Mrs A. McConaghy
Art



Ms L. McGuigan
English

Administration Staff 2003 - 2004



Mr D. Finnegan
Bursar



Mrs M Johnston
Executive Office
Examinations



Miss M. Morris
Payroll Officer



Mr P. Green
Librarian



Miss L McAllister
Principal's P.A.



Miss P Magill
Telephonist &
Receptionist

TECHNICIANS & LABORATORY ASSISTANTS 2003 - 2004



Mrs P. McMahon
Chemistry



Ms T. Thompson
Biology



Ms O Dempsey
Physics



Mr S. Smart
Computers



Mr D. Malone
Technology



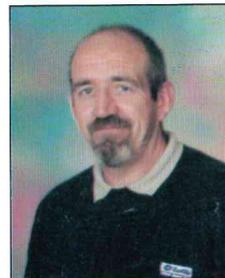
Mr M Hemsworth
Reprographics



Mr. G. Vernon
Study Supervisor



Mr. J. McBurney
Caretaker



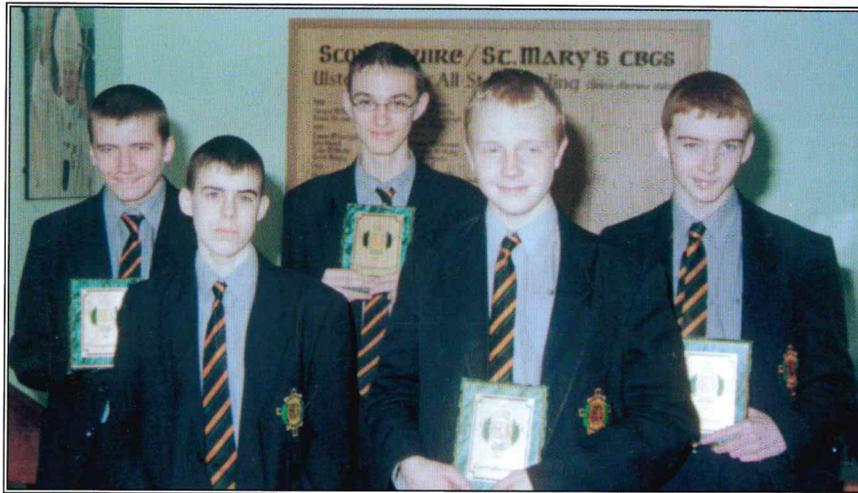
Mr T. Doherty
Buildings Maintenance



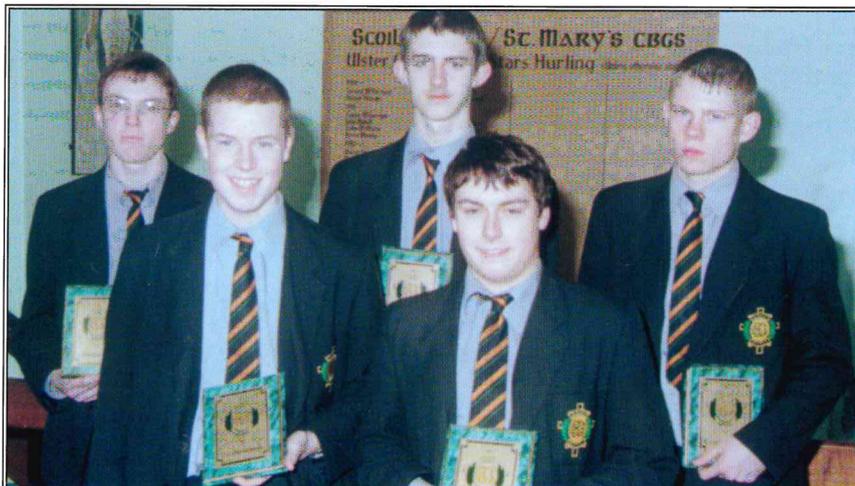
Mr J. McGarry
Grounds Maintenance

Subject Awards

Spanish	Gareth Shortt	11G
German	Christopher Black	11G
Irish	Robert Irwin	11G
Italian	Patrick Davidson	11H
French	Christopher Weir	11C
Geography	Harry McNulty	11F
	Gary Shaw	11G
English	Christopher Weir	11C



Theatre Studies	Harry McNulty	11F
Music	Martin O'Prey	11C
	Aodhan Newell	11D
Art	Callum Mulhern	11C
Religion	Patrick Davidson	11H
Science	Gareth Shortt	11G
Maths	Michael McAnoy	11G
Technology	John Leyden	11H
History	Darren O'Neill	11H
	Anthony Stafford	11D
Hurling	Stephen McCann	11D
Gaelic	Jonathan McCann	11H
Information Technology	Aidan McCullough	11H

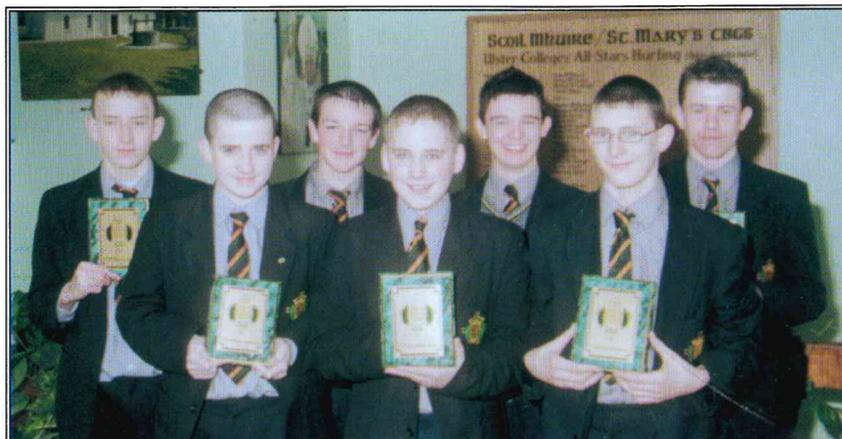


100% Attendance

Brian King	11A
Harry McNulty	11F
Ciaran McKenna	11A
Mark Sloan	11B

Outstanding Performance

Patrick Davidson	11H
Kevin Gilmartin	11G
Conor McCrudden	11H
Robert McGuickian	11G
Darren O'Neill	11H
Martin O'Prey	11C
Ryan Shortt	11G



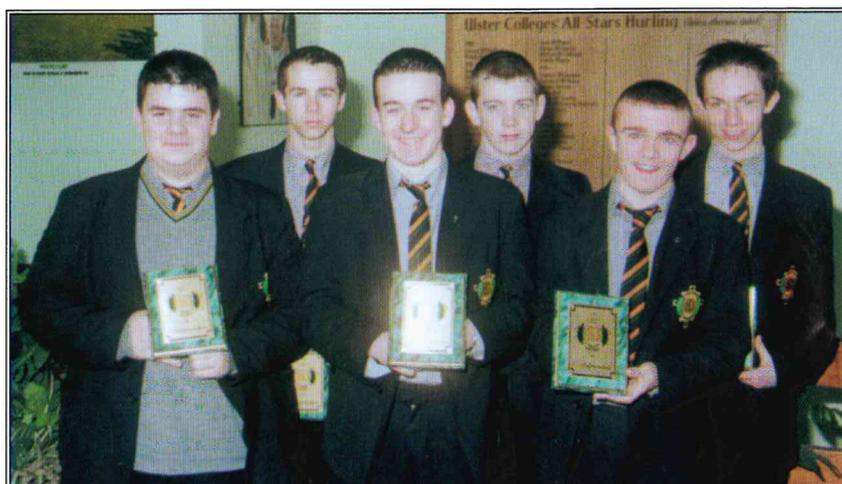
Most Consistent Students

Brendan Barnes	11G
Christopher Black	11G
Brendan A Connor	11G
Brendan Connor	11G
Conor Gallagher	11G
Ciaran Hall	11G
Michael McAnoy	11G
Gary Shaw	11G
Gary Toner	11G



Bobby McCarso Memorial Trophy

Harry McNulty	11F
Kevin Shearer	11E



*We offer our congratulations and best wishes to all our Year
Thirteen pupils who completed their G.C.S.E.
examinations in 2003*

BURNS, Aidan	KEENAN, Colm	Mc MORROW, Andrew
CADDELL, Joseph	KEENAN, Conchur	Mc MULLAN, Ciaran
CALDWELL, Mark	KELLY, Conor	Mc NEILL, Michael
CARROLL, Gerard	KNOCKER, Liam	Mc PARLAND, Chris.
CLAXTON, Laurence	LAPPIN, Mark	Mc SHANE, Daniel
CRAIG, Anthony	LAVERTY, Patrick	MITCHELL, Sean
CROSSAN, Gerard	LAVERY, Sean	MONAGHAN, Aidan
CROSSEN, Cormac	MAGEE, Damien	MORGAN, Michael
CRUDDEN, David	MAGUIRE, Michael	MURPHY, Conor
CURRAN, Stephen	MALLON, David L.	O'KANE, Daniel
DAVIDSON, Patrick	MALLON, David P.	O'NEILL, Christopher
DEVLIN, Aidan	MARSHALL, Ciaran	O'NEILL, Conor
DOHERTY, Michael	MASKEY, Conall	O'NEILL, Eamon J.
DONNELLY, Henry	Mc ALISTER, Malachy	O'NEILL, Eamon M.
DORRIAN, Brendan	Mc ALLISTER, Kieran	O'NEILL, James
DOUGAN, David	Mc AREE, Aaron	O'NEILL, Paul
DRUMM, Robert	Mc AULEY, Conor	O'REILLY, Anton
DUFFY, Piaras	Mc AULEY, Thomas	OWENS, Patrick
EGAN, Paul	Mc BRIDE, Martin	PIMLOTT, Christopher
FERRIS, Gavin	Mc CABE, Martin	POLLOCK, Martin
FLANIGAN, Padraic	Mc CAFFREY, Conor	QUINN, Ciaran
FLOYD, Christopher	Mc CAFFREY, Michael	QUINN, Daniel
FOX, Ciaran	Mc COMB, Kevin	RUSSELL, Stephen
FRENCH, Michael	Mc CONVILLE, Conor	RYDER, Daniel
GALLAGHER, Paul	Mc CRUDDEN, Matthew	SAUNDERS, Paul
GIBSON, Kieran	Mc CULLOUGH, Connor	SCOTT, Joseph
GREEN, Conall	Mc CURDY, Robert	SCULLION, Conor
GREGORY, Eamon	Mc CURRY, Kieran	SLANE, Patrick
GRIFFIN, Brendan	Mc DONALD, David	SMITH, Conor
HAGAN, Aaron	Mc ELKERNEY, Gerard	SMITH, Ruairi
HAGAN, Ciaran	Mc FALL, Colm	SMYTH, James
HAMILL, Sean	Mc GIBBON, Thomas	STEENSON, David
HARTIGAN, Dermot	Mc GRATH, Christopher	TAGGART, Conor
HERRON, Conor	Mc KENNA, David	TAYLOR, Mark
HESKETH, Darren	Mc KILLOP, Fintan	TOAL, John
HUGHES, Christopher	Mc LAUGHLIN, Bernard	WARD, Joseph G.
HUGHES, Declan	Mc MAHON, Hugh	WARD, Joseph P.
HUGHES, Stephen	Mc MAHON, Malachy	WOODS, Paul
JOHNSTON, Neil	Mc MANUS, Robert	

Comhghairdeas



We offer a special welcome to our new students who joined Year Thirteen in September 2003

David Burns Eamonn Butler Conor Donnelly
Conor Graham John Kearns Kevin Kennedy
Stephen Mc Allister Patrick Mc Caffrey
Dominic Petticrew Ryan Quinn
James Slavin John White

C.B.S.

Joseph Gillen Conor Hall
Meanscoil Feirste

Sean Lynch
Malone Integrated College

Neil Mc Donald
Bruce College

Stephen Montgomery
Corpus Christi College

Academic Awards

G.C.S.E. Art (Murphy Associates Medal)
*Sponsored by the contractor for the
Edmund Rice Complex*

Aaron Hagan
(Ballymacward P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Business Studies

David L. Mallon
(St. Kevin's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Drama

Damien Magee
(St. Anne's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. English

Robert Drumm & Nathan Morrison
(St. Teresa's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. English Literature

Joseph P. Ward
(St. Kevin's 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.*

Michael Maguire
(St. Gall's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Gaeilge

Micheál Ó Dochartaigh
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)

G.C.S.E. Geography

Stephen Curran
(St. Joseph's P.S. Crumlin)

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

Nathan Morrison
(St. Teresa's P.S.)

G.S.C.E. History (The Oliver McCann Medal)
*Named in honour of a highly respected former
Head of Department.*

Conor Herron
(St. Paul's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Information & Communications Technology
(The Staff Memorial Medal)

Bernard McLaughlin
(Holy Child P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Italian

Ciaran Hagan
(St. Paul's P.S.)

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

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

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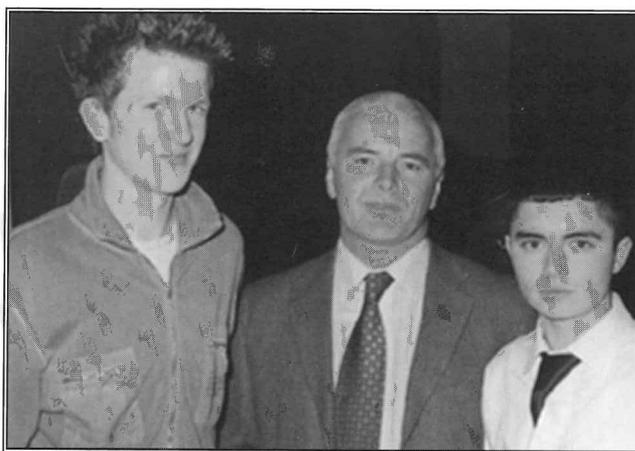


FAX. or TEL. (028) 9024 2879

G.C.S.E. Music

Conor McAuley
(Ballymacward P.S.)

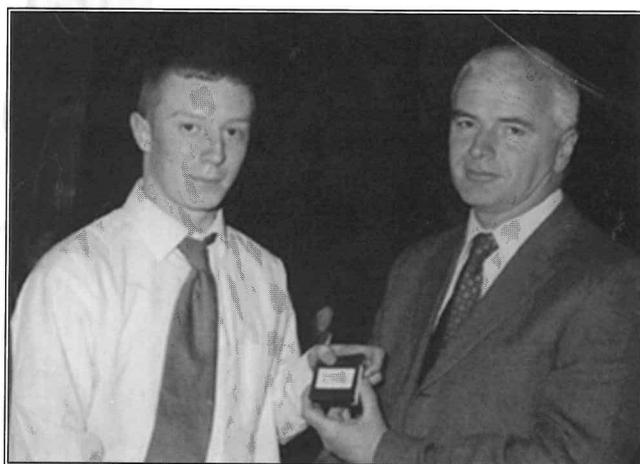
Nathan Morrison
(St. Teresa's P.S.)
*(Pictured with
Dr. T. Shannon)*



G.C.S.E. Physical Education

Conor Herron
(St. Paul's P.S.)

*Conor (pictured right) also achieved the
third highest overall mark in G.C.S.E.
Physical Education in the CCEA summer
examinations in Northern Ireland.*



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

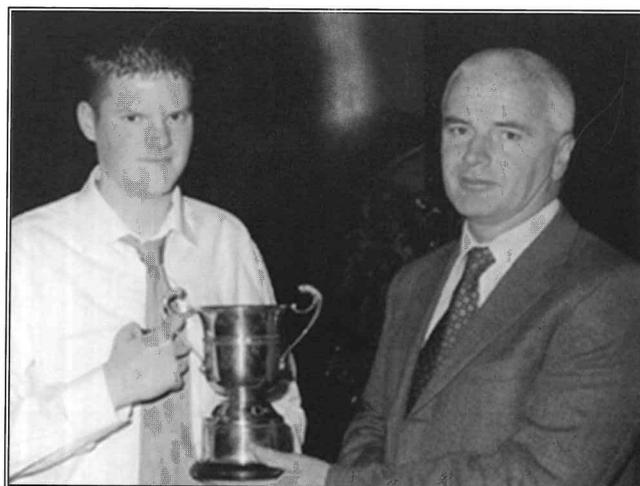
*This medal is dedicated
to the memory of a pupil
who died tragically in
1988 during his
Year Eleven in St. Mary's.*

Michael Maguire
(St. Gall'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.*

Michael Maguire
(pictured right)



G.C.S.E. Science

Joseph P. Ward
(St. Kevin's P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Spanish

Bernard McLaughlin
(Holy Child P.S.)

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

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

Outstanding Performance at G.C.S.E.

Mark Caldwell - St. Anne's P.S.

Gerard Crossan - St. Gall's P.S.

David Crudden - St. Anne's P.S.

Piaras Duffy - St. John the Baptist P.S.

Paul Egan - St. John the Baptist P.S.

Padraic Flanigan - Bunscoil Phobal Feirste

Stephen Flynn - St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.

Conall Green - St. Teresa's P.S.

Brendan Guiney - St. John the Baptist P.S.

Sean Hamill - St. Mark's P.S.

Dermot Hartigan - Bunscoil Phobal Feirste

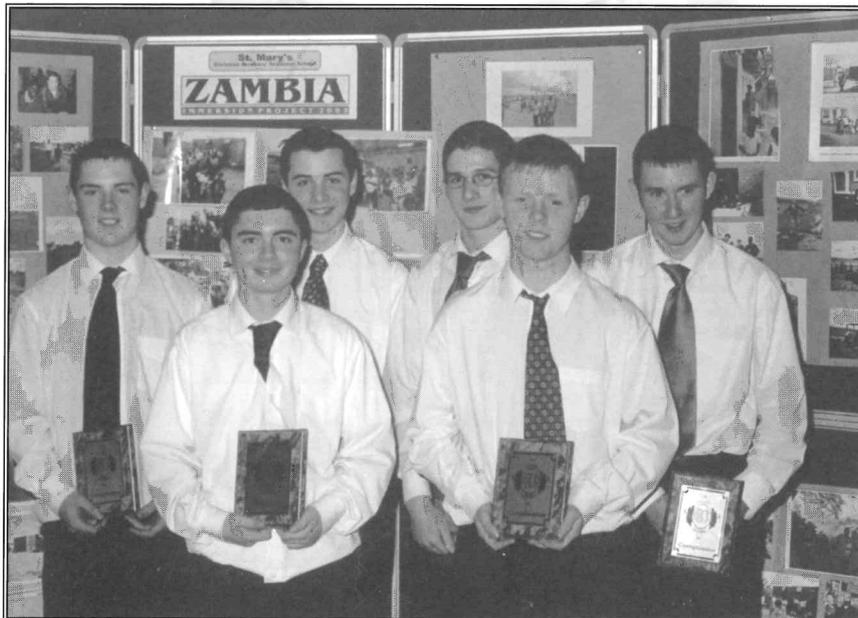
Conall Maskey - Bunscoil Phobal Feirste

Conor Mc Auley - Ballymacward P.S.

Robert Mc Curdy - St. Gall's P.S.

Daniel Mc Kiernan - St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.

Eamon M. O'Neill - St. John the Baptist P.S.



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Attendance Awards

Aidan Devlin - Holy Child P.S.

Paul Egan - St. John the Baptist P.S.

Declan Hughes - St. Teresa's P.S.

Stephen Hughes - St. Gall's P.S.

Sean Laverty - Holy Child P.S.

Michael Maguire - St. Gall's P.S.

David L. Mallon - St. Kevin's P.S.

Conall Maskey - Bunscoil Phobal Feirste

Robert Mc Curdy - St. Gall's P.S.

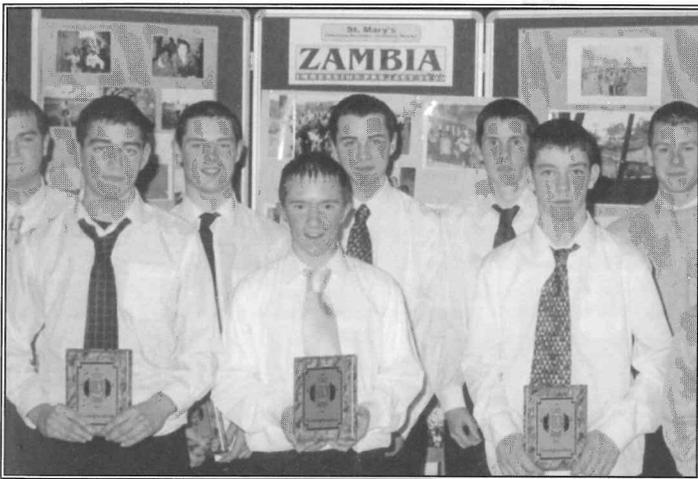
Christopher McGrath - St. John the Baptist P.S.

Fintan Mc Killop - St. Anne's P.S.

James O'Neill - St. Anne's P.S.

Eamon M. O'Neill - St. John the Baptist P.S.

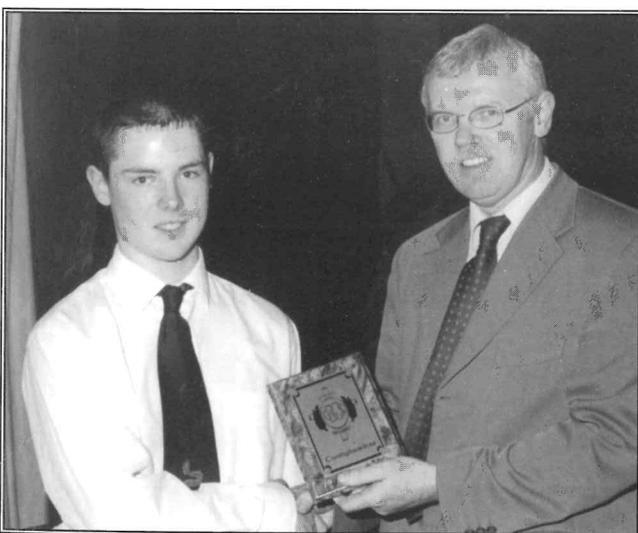
David Steenson - St. John the Baptist P.S.



A group of students who received Attendance Awards.



Mr Burke presents Eamon Gregory with his G.C.S.E. certificate.



Robert McCurdy receives his presentation from Mr McFlynn.



A captive audience

C.B.P.P.U. Gold Medal

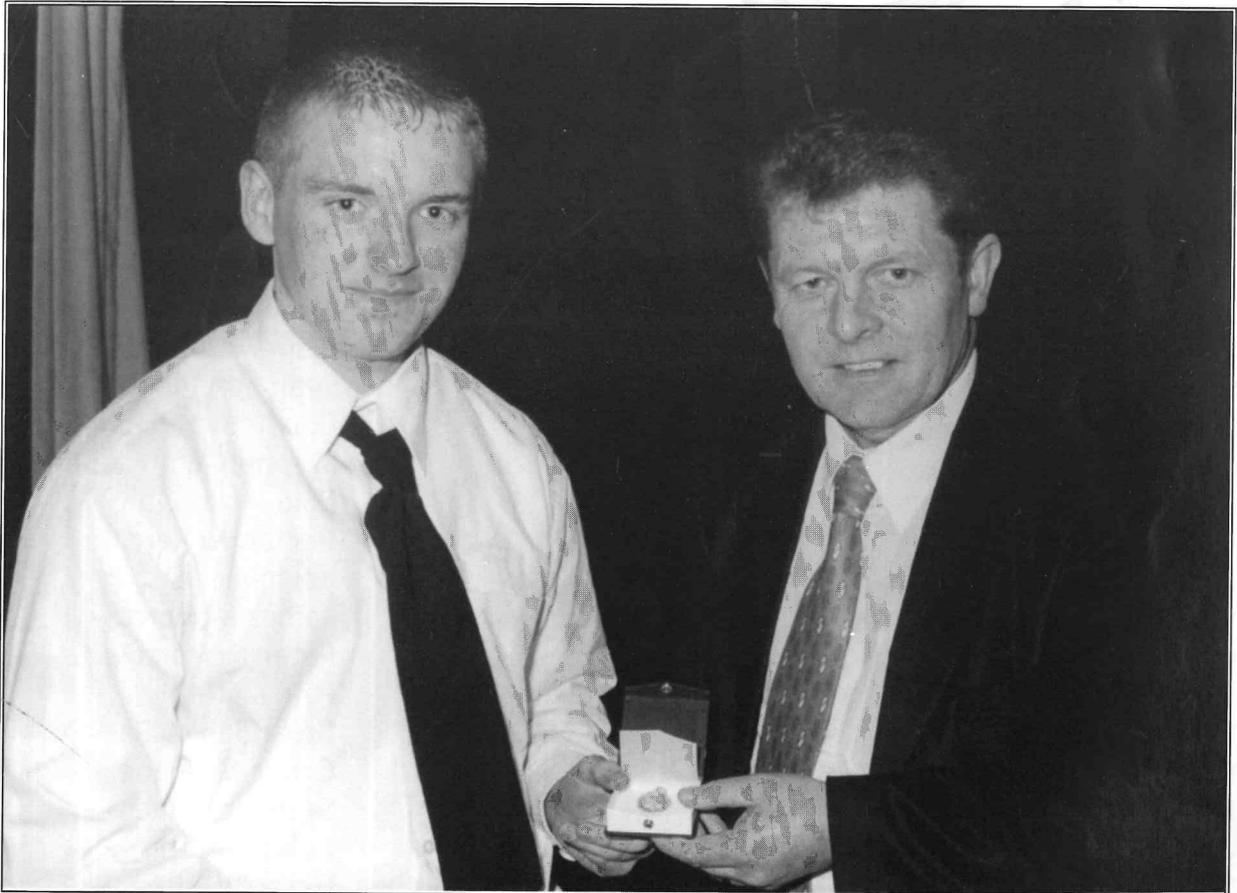


Awarded to

Padraic Flanigan

(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)

BEST G.C.S.E. Student



Padraic receives the Gold Medal for Best Student from Mr Burke.

*We wish God's blessing on and every success to our 'A' Level
and A.V.C.E. students of 2003*

Paul Acheson
Eamonn Andrews
Mark Austin
Christopher Bell
Ciaran Bell
Andrew Black
David Black
Gerard Black
Michael Bonner
Michael Boyle
Ciaran Bradley
Neil Brennan
Martin Buchanan
Gerard Caidwell
Eamonn Campbell
Christopher Carville
Ciaran Chapman
Sean Chapman
Finnbar Christie
Gerard Collins
Kieran Connolly
Kieran Cooley
Darren Coyle
Garret Cunningham
Patrick Cunningham
Christopher Curran
Cohn Darby
Simon Darby
Stephen Darragh
Conor Dawson
Ronan Day
Joseph Donnelly
Stephen Downey
Emmet Duffy
Desmond Egan

Patrick Finnegan
Anthony Flavin
Michael Forrester
Aodhan Gallagher
Neil Gallagher
Fionntan Gamble
Christopher Gillen
David Gifien
James Gilhiland
Philip Goss
Sean Gough
Sean Green
Paul Hamilton
Declan Hasson
Ryan Heaney
Michael Herron
Declan Hughes
Thomas Hughes
Christopher Johnston
Christopher Jones
Stephen Kelly
Conor Kennedy
Eamon Kerr
Cohn Lavery
Damien Lavery
Conor MacParland
Donal Magennis
Christopher Maguire
Cristoforo Marsella
Damian Martin
Padraig Maxwell
Steven McAree
Mark McAtackney
Cohn McCabe
Conor McCabe

Michael McCafferty
Christopher McCarthy
Ciaran McCartney
John McCloskey
Gabriel McComish
Francis McCoy
Ailm McCullagh
Kevin McDonnell
Patrick McElwee
Paul McEneaney
David McErlean
Patrick McFall
Padraig McGarngle
Patrick McGarrity
Martin McGoran
Christopher McGowan
Gerard McGrath
James McGuigan
Liam McGuinness
Sean McGuinness
Donall McHugh
Stephen Mdlwaine
Eoin McKenna
Declan McKerr
Kevin McLean
James McMorrow
Peter McMorrow
Paul McNeill
Breandan McParland
Conor McShane
Sean McShane
Cohn Meehan
Gerard Mullen
Gerard Morgan
John Morris

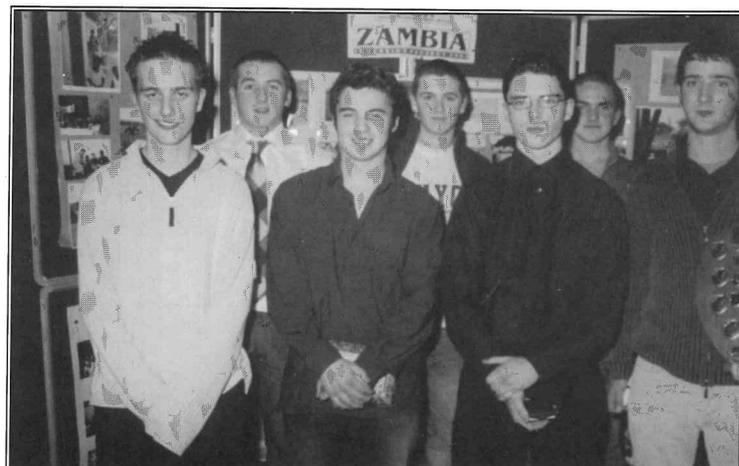
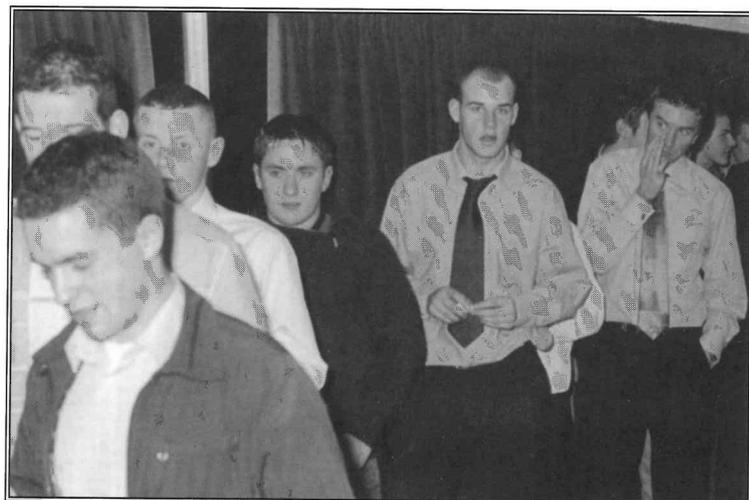
Comhghairdeas

*We wish God's blessing on and every success to our 'A' Level
and A.V.C.E. students of 2003*

Andrew Mulholland
Paul Mulligan
Donnchadh Murphy
Gerald Murray
Matthew Neffi
Ainle O Caireallain
Padraig O'Donnell
Manus O'Gorman
Sean O'Kane
Sean O'Reilly
Brian Petticrew
Christopher Porter
Gareth Presley
Paul Rafferty
Brendan Rice
Daniel Savage
David Savage
Mark Scott
Christopher Seenan
Terence Sheppard
Christopher Thibodeau
Christopher Toal
Michael Toal



Guess Speaker, Mr. John O'Hara, Q.C. addresses the audience.



Academic Awards at A2 & V.C.E.

A2 Art

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

Conor McAteer

(St. Kieran's P.S. -
now studying A2s at St. Mary's)

V.C.E.

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

Padraig O'Donnell

(St. John the Baptist P.S.
now studying Marketing and
Business at U.U.J.)

A2 Biology

(The Thompsons McClure Medal)

Conor McShane

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

A2 Chemistry

(The Northern Bank Medal)

Conor McShane

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

A2 Computing

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

Mark McAtackney

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

A2 Economics

(Ulster Business Equipment Medal)

Philip Goss

(C.B.S. - now studying Geography
at Q.U.B.)

A2 English Literature

(The Serridge Medal)

Matthew Neill

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

A2 French

Paul Acheson

(St. Anne's P.S. - now studying
Spanish at Q.U.B.)

A2 Geography

(The Francis Rice Memorial Medal)

Philip Goss

(C.B.S. - now studying Geography
at Q.U.B.)

A2 Government & Politics

(First Trust Bank Medal)

David Black

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

A2 History

(The Bank of Ireland Medal)

Paul Milligan

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

A2 Irish
(*Cumann Gaelach Scoil Mhuire*)

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

Finnbarr Christie
(*St. Joseph's P.S. - now studying Irish Literature & Language at U.U.C.*)

A2 Italian

Ciaran McCartney
(*St. Anne's P.S. - gap year*)

A2 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.

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

A2 Music

Sean O'Kane
(*St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying Optometry at U.U.C.*)

A2 Physical Education
(*Glenn O'Hare Memorial Medal*)

Michael Herron
(*Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - now studying Physiotherapy at U.U.J.*)

A2 Physics

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

A2 Psychology David Black
(*Holy Trinity P.S. - now studying Law with Politics at Q.U.B.*)

A2 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.

Christopher Bell
(*Holy Trinity P.S. - now studying at Strathclyde, Glasgow*)

A2 Spanish

Paul Acheson
(*St. Anne's P.S. - now studying Spanish at Q.U.B.*)

A2 Technology

Philip Goss
(*C.B.S. - now studying Geography at Q.U.B.*)

The Brother Monaghan Cup

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

Philip Goss

(CBS - now studying Geography at Q.U.B.)

Bonn Sheamais Mhic Eachaidh

Finnbarr Christie

(St. Joseph's P.S. - now studying Irish Literature & Language at U.U.C.)

Gael Linn Award

(This award is presented to the pupils who achieved the highest marks in CCEA Irish at A2 Level in Northern Ireland)

- Ciaran Bradley

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

- Finnbarr Christie

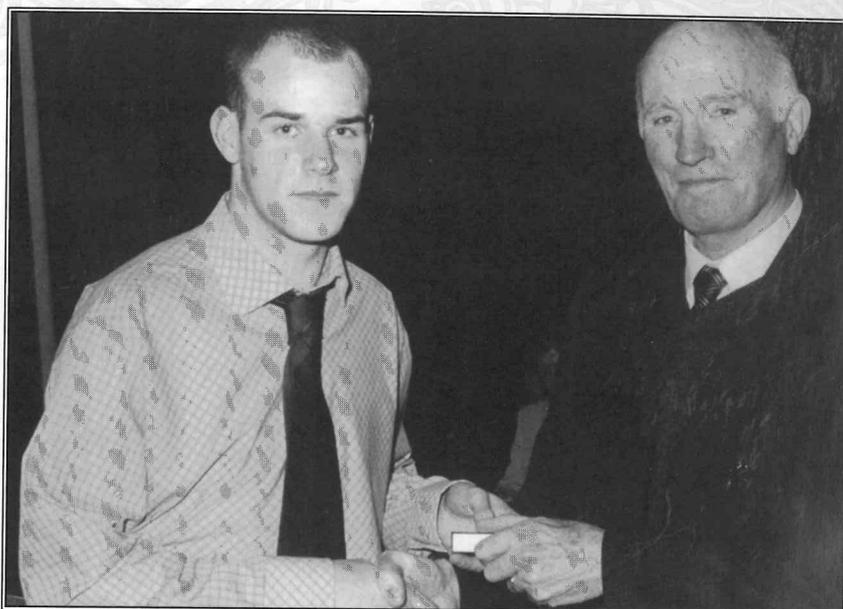
(St. Joseph's P.S. - now studying Irish Literature & Language at U.U.C.)



Ciaran Bradley, Finnbarr Christie & Michael Herron, recorded the top three scores in CCEA Irish at A2 Level in Northern Ireland

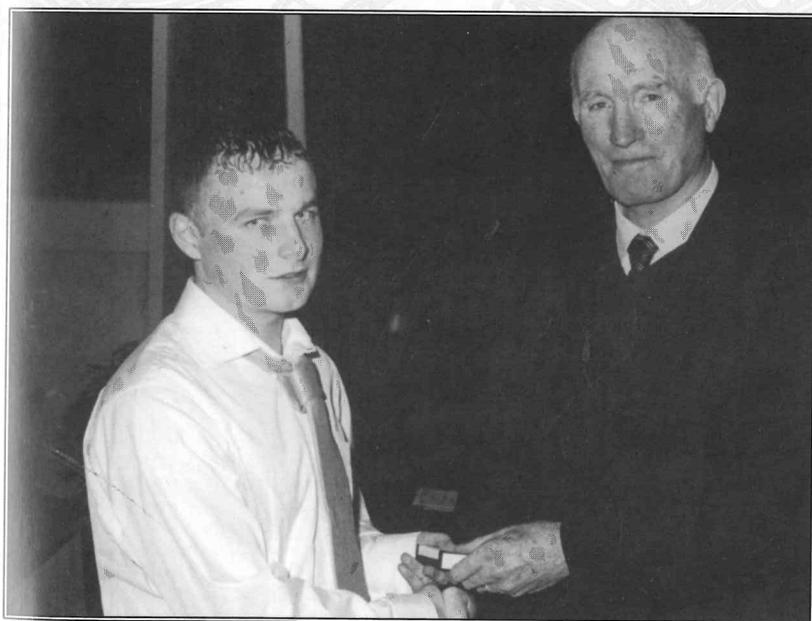
GERRY Magennis Memorial Award

*Aodhan receives his award
from Mr. J. Lally, a former
Irish Hammer-throwing
Champion and Governor.*



(Footballer of the Year 2003)

Aodhan Gallagher
*(St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying Clinical
Psychology at U.U.J.).*



Mark Austin
*(St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying Government
and Law at U.U.J.,
Pictured above with Mr.J. Lally)*

Forresters' Medal and Bank of Ireland All Stars Hurling Award

Water Polo

(Player of the Year 2003)

Eamon Kerr
(St. Gall's P.S. - now studying Irish Studies at U.U.C.)

Outstanding Performance at 'A' Level

Eamon Campbell

*(CBS - now studying Law with
Politics at Q.U.B.)*

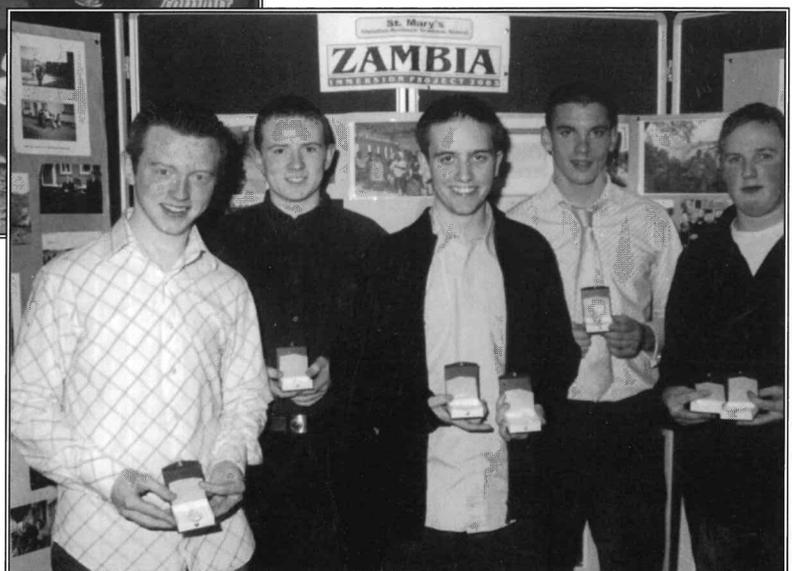
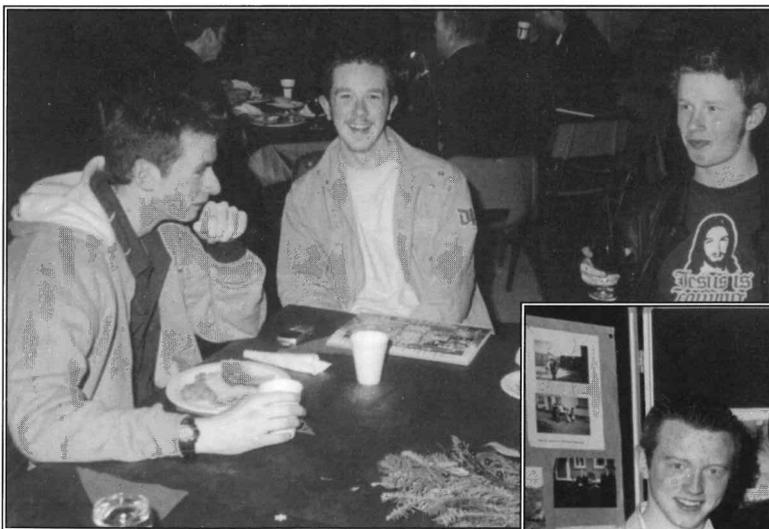
Kieran Connolly

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

Stephen Downey
(St. Gall's P.S. - Employment)

Patrick McIlwee
*(St. Peter's P.S. - now studying
Dentistry at University of Glasgow)*

Breandan McParland
*(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste
- now studying Maths
and Computers at Q.U.B.)*



Attendance Awards

Desmond Egan
(*St. John the Baptist P.S.*
- *Gap Year*)

Kevin McDonnell
(*St. Anne's P.S.*
- *now studying Government & Law*
at U.U.J.)



Ancillary Staff Medal

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

The following pupils are five of our nine students to achieve grade 'A's in all subjects at A2.

Andrew Black
(*Holy Trinity P.S.*
- *now studying Medicine at Q.U.B.*)

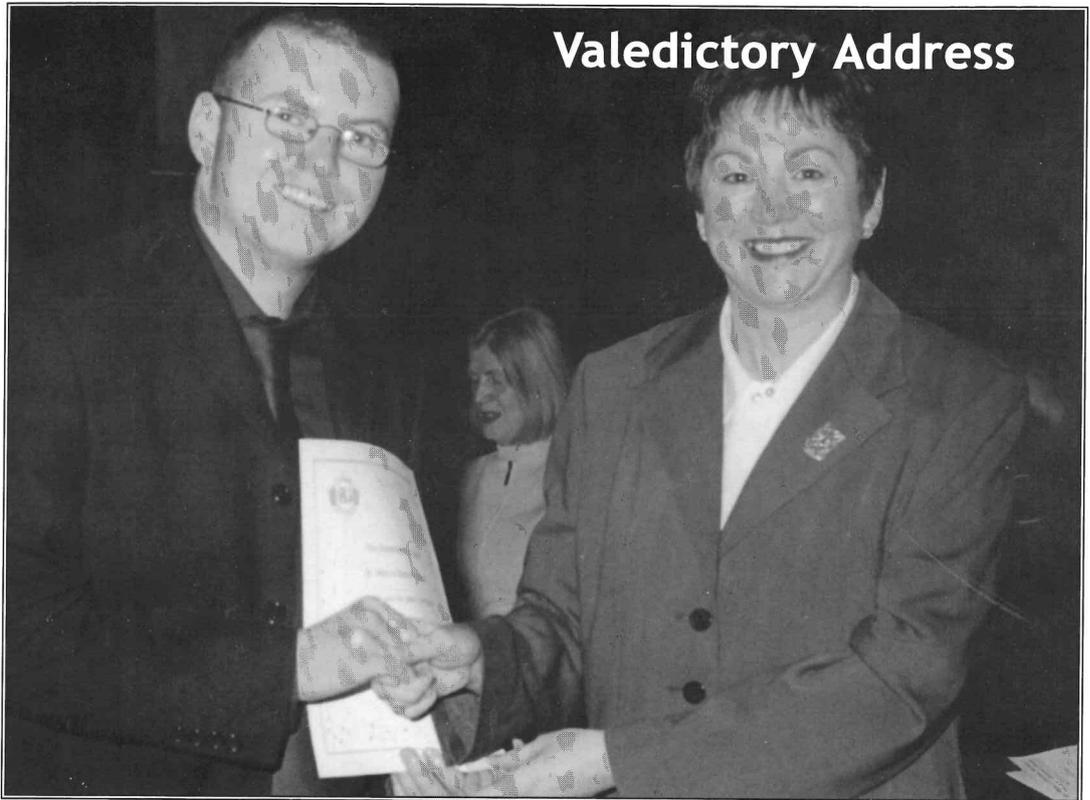
Fiontann Gamble
(*Bunscoil Phobal Feirste P.S.*
- *now studying Law at Q.U.B.*)

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

James Gilliland
(*St. Teresa's P.S.* - *now studying*
Medicine at University of Liverpool)

Ainle O'Caireallain
(*Meanscoil Feirste* - *now studying Sports*
Studies at University of Limerick)

Valedictory Address



Finnbar Christie
(*St. Joseph's P.S.* -
now studying *Irish
Studies at U.U.C.*)

*Mrs Y. McCool congrat-
ulates Finnbar on his
Valedictory address
and his Gael Linn
Award.*

Zambia

Finnbar Christie - (*St. Joseph's P.S.*)
Desmond Egan - (*St. John the Baptist P.S.*)
Peter McMorrow - (*Holy Child P.S.*)
Colin McIlmurray - (*Holy Child P.S.*)
Ronan Burke - (*St. Teresa's P.S.*)
Paul Devlin - (*Holy Child P.S.*)

Pearse McCusker - (*St. Teresa's P.S.*)
Kevin McFall - (*Holy Child P.S.*)
Conor McGhee - (*Holy Family P.S.*)
William McGuickin - (*St. Kieran's P.S.*)
Niall O'Reilly - (*St. Anne's P.S.*)
Brendan Teer - (*Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.*)

Edmund Rice Perpetual Trophy Edmund Rice Gold Medal

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

awarded to

Terence Sheppard

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

Best 'A' Level Student 2003



*Terence Sheppard
receives the
Edmund Rice shield
and the Gold Medal
from Mr John
O'Hara, Q.C.*

YEAR 8 2003 - 2004

YEAR 8A
Form Tutor:
Ms L. McGuigan



Brian Clarke
St John the Baptist P.S.



Aaron Cushley
St Colman s P.S.



Emmet Dawson
St John the Baptist P.S.



Robert Deane
St Anne's P.S.



David Forrester
St Kieran s P.S.



Matthew Gault
St Teresa s P.S.



Liam Gilmartin
Holy Trinity P.S.



Michael Kane
St John the Baptist P.S.



Michael Kileen
St Anne s P.S.



Conor Lennon
Holy Cross P.S.



Kieran Lundy
Holy Trinity P.S.



Stephen Maginn
St Aidan s P.S.



Gerard Lewsley
St Anne's P.S.



Michael Malone
St Anne s P.S.



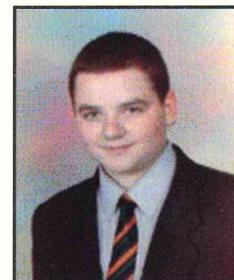
Ryan McCullough
St Colman s P.S.



Paul McGroarty
St Oliver Plunkett



Eamon McMullan
St Aidan s P.S.



Conor McNeill
Holy Child P.S.



Kevin Milnes
St John the Baptist P.S.



John Patri Morrison
St Aidan's P.S.



Mark Rea
Holy Trinity P.S.



Carleton Rodgers
St Theresa s P.S.



Owen Russell
St Mark s P.S.

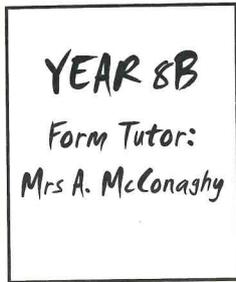


Nicholas Tracey
St Colman s P.S.

YEAR 8 2003 - 2004



Karl Young
St Luke s P.S.



Thomas Armstrong
St Oliver Plunkett P.S.



Conor Brophy
St Anne's P.S.



Christopher Brown
St Colman's P.S.



Sean Carson
St John the Baptist P.S.



Matthew Devlin
St Paul s P.S.



Stephen Durkan
St Teresa s P.S.



Mark Fitzpatrick
St John the Baptist P.S.



Patrick Flynn
St Anne s P.S.



Oliver Gibney
St Anne s P.S.



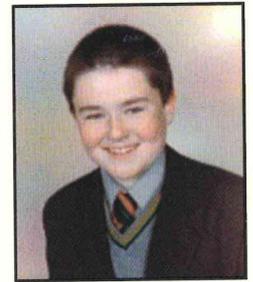
Matthew Hanna
St Colman s P.S.



Kevin Hill
St John the Baptist P.S.



Conor Kavanagh
Holy Trinity P.S.



Ciaran Kelly
St Theresa s P.S.



Conal McGettigan
St Anne s P.S.



Neil McGinnity
St Anne s P.S.



Mark McKenna
Holy Trinity P.S.



Marc McKernan
Holy Trinity P.S.



Daniel Moore
Holy Child P.S.



John O Connor
Holy Child P.S.



Michael Rafferty
St John the Baptist P.S.



Christopher Robinson
St John the Baptist P.S.



Gary Sharpe
St Mark s P.S.

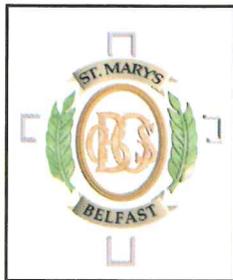


George Teggart
Holy Child P.S.

YEAR 8 2003 - 2004



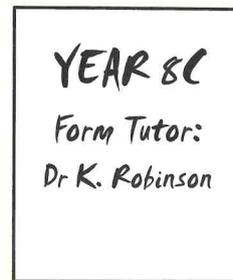
Eamonn Toner
St John the Baptist P.S.



Kiefer Toolan
Holy Child P.S.



Calum Whyte
St Theresa s P.S.



YEAR 8C
Form Tutor:
Dr K. Robinson



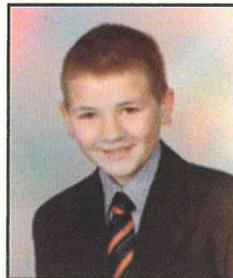
Patrick Copeland
St Luke s P.S.



Gregory Creaney
St Teresa s P.S.



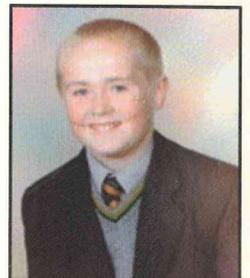
Mark Devlin
St Kieran a P.S.



Niall Doherty
St John the Baptist P.S.



Enda Flavin
St Colman s P.S.



Ciaran Floyd
Holy Child P.S.



John Gallagher
Holy Trinity P.S.



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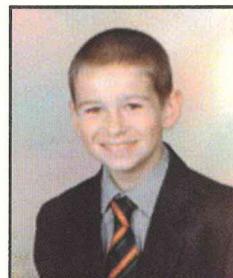
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Crumlin



Michael McGinnity
St Anne s P.S.



Aodhan McGuinness
St Theresa s P.S.



Steven McIlwee
Holy Trinity P.S.



Conor McLaughlin
St Theresa s P.S.



Padraig McMullan
St John the Baptist



Matthew Megahey
St Anne s P.S.



Darren Moore
St Gall s P.S.



Ryan Morgan
St Teresa s P.S.



Conor Hugh Mulholland
St Aloysius P.S.

YEAR 8 2003 - 2004



Adam O Hare
Holy Child P.S.



Kevin Parker
St Anne s P.S.



Niall Smith
Holy Child P.S.



Sean Turley
St Teresa s P.S.

YEAR 8D
Form Tutor:
Mr G. O'Connor



Patrick Agnew
St Aloysius P.S.



Daniel Best
St Anne s P.S.



Ryan Boyle
Holy Child P.S.



Donal Feeney
St Colman s P.S.



Ciaran Gormley
Good Shepherd P.S.



Adam Graham
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Matthew Hackett
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Adam Kerr
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Malachy Lundy
St Teresa s P.S.



Darren Madden
Suffolk P.S.



Kevin McCullagh
St Gall s P.S.



Ciaran McCusker
St Kevin s P.S.



David mcGeown
St John the Baptist P.S.



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Matthew McPolin
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Ballymacward P.S.



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Jamie Smyth
St Therese de Lisieux P.S.



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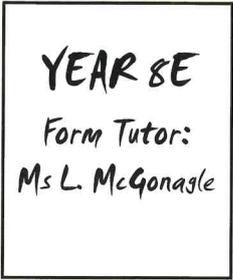
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Daniel Wilson
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Lisburn



Conor Wisdom
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Hayden Allen
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Lisburn



Darren Boyd O Neil
Holy Trinity P.S



Sean Bradley
St Gall s P.S.



Kevin Campbell
St John the Baptist P.S.



Martin Campbell
St John the Baptist P.S.



Kevin Collins
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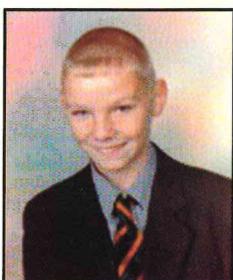
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Thomas Lyness
St Joseph s P.S.
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Peter Lynn
Holy Child P.S



Olibhear McAlister
St Theresa s P.S.

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Clarawood P.S.



Colm McCurdy
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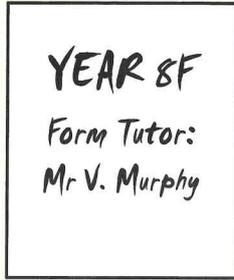
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Ciaran Race
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Deaglan Black
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Ciaran Brown
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Vincent Cooney
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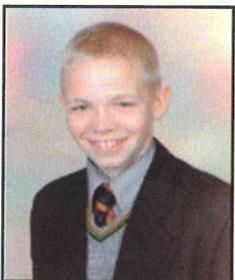
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Nathan Doone
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Ryan Paul Farrelly
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Liam Kavanagh
St Gall s P.S.



John Kelly
Holy Trinity P.S.



Paul Loughran
Holy Trinity P.S.



Stephen McFadden
Vere Foster P.S.



Declan McGeogh
St Anne s P.S.

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Matthew Neeson
Ballymacward P.S.



Stephen O Hagan
Ballymacward P.S.



Ruaraigh Owens
Ballymacward P.S.



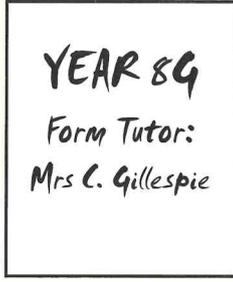
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Mark Spence
St Kieran s P.S.



Pstrick Stitt
St John the Baptist P.S.



Emmanuel Barkley
St Peter s P.S.



Anthony Brady
Gaelscoil Na Bhfal



Patrick Brennan
St Peter s P.S.



Colum Carroll
St John the Baptist P.S.



Brendan Conlon
Vere Foster P.S.



Colm Dorris
Holy Child P.S.



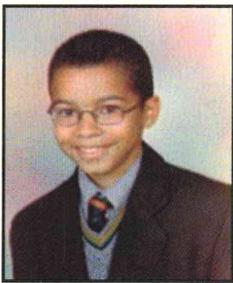
Anthony Hanna
Vere Foster P.S.



Matthew Hicks
Holy Trinity P.S.



Kevin Holland-White
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Ryan Hyland
Holy Trinity P.S.



Michael Jackson
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Colum Lynagh
Holy Trinity P.S.



Declan Lynch
Bunscoil Phobal Feir



Christopher Magee
St Mark s P.S.



Gareth McBride
St Anne s P.S.



Matthew McCleave
Scoila Fuisseige



Conor McClelland
Bunscoil Phobal Feirte

YEAR 8 2003 - 2004



Paul McDonald
St Teresa's P.S.



Tomas McKee
Scoil Fuisioige



Feargal McPhilips
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Anthony Milliken
St John the Baptist P.S.



Aodan Mitchell
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Patrick Moran
St Oliver Plunkett P.S.



Christopher Murray
Good Shepherd P.S.



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AT THE SEA - SIDE

We were on a day out and we decided to go to the beach but only this time we had trousers and fleeces on. The freezing cold attacked from all four sides. It was biting like insects on a feast. We could only see as far as the sea as the mist closed over the shore like curtains.

The clouds nearly flattened us and it was as if we were cornered from the sea, like a dog has a cat perched in the perfect position, for dinner.

The sand was no longer a pleasure to feel. It was lumpy, thick and grimy. The whistle of the wind flowed past and howled veremously in the near distance, a long way from the gentle breeze in summer.

Our excursion to the beach had ended in a state of depression. There was a huge brick wall that had to be climbed before we saw the brightness of daylight. The winter nightmare and the freezing cold became murderers to animals and the elderly.

The icicles fell rapidly and you had to blow them off your nose. My mouth was the oven of my body and it tried tirelessly to heat my body as the cold struck again – even harder.

Now with the climate change it seems that this bitterly cold season will last for an eternity and it is like a death bug that infects the whole world with a huge spending spree on central heating and teabags.

Daniel Diamond 10A

Autumn

The leaves are yellow, orange and red,
The trees begin to look like they're dead.

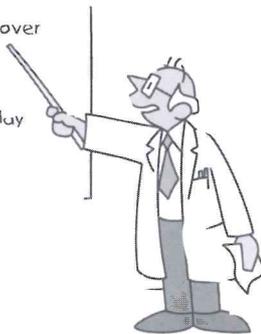
The squirrel runs and collects its food,
It searches around your neighbourhood.

The cold wind comes in a rush,
It can make all the children hush.
It's cold long arms reach out wide,
Even though you try to hide –
It will find you.

As the nights become darker and longer,
The coldness becomes much stronger.

Robert Mc Lister 10a

I Must Hoover
my room
at least
we a day
for me.



Worst Things

Cleaning my room is very boring,
Trying to get to sleep with my brother snoring.

Getting up early to go to school,
Just because of one stupid rule,
Having to Hoover the floor,
When my friend is at the door,
Waking up in the morning when
it is dark,
Makes me feel that I could bark.



Then three cheers for
Saturday and Sunday,
But they're followed by boring old
Monday,
The weeks go by in the blink of an eye,
And all that keeps me sane,
Is the thought of my holidays again.



Matthew Megahey 8C



A FRESH START

It was the start of the summer holidays but that mattered little to Joseph Robbins. He was moving house. For all he knew it could have been a cottage in the middle of nowhere with no electricity, no running water and no people within a one hundred mile radius of the place. He didn't expect that though, he expected something ... something a little more sinister.

His mum had passed away when he was just six years old. His stepmother (whose name was Sharon) was weird and he had more than just a hunch that she didn't like him. He had a rich and gullible father who was an architect and thought that he and his son could "start over" with his new wife.

'She hates me', thought Joseph, 'Right now she's planning to send me away to some boarding school while she and my dad fly off to Spain'. If she was thinking of this at the time she didn't show any signs of it. In fact she hardly ever moved, even during the long drive to their new abode.

While Joseph daydreamed, his father told him about his work and what was happening there. He didn't think that his son was interested; he just spoke to pass the time.

A few hours passed and he was still talking, telling Joe, as he was known to friends, how much he would love the new house when suddenly he stopped.

"We're there," he cried in surprise, "I can't remember the journey being so short. Look, there's a sign." Sure enough, there was a sign on the wall, off which hung a dingy, iron gate. The sign read: WELCOME TO DRAYNOR MANOR.

"Welcome ... welcome what kind of welcome?" muttered Joe. Indeed it wasn't a pleasant sight. The house was covered in ivy. There were gargoyles on the roof, standing guard, watching, looking at them ominously.

"Isn't it great?" said Joe's dad. Joe

looked at him as though he was from another planet. His dad continued. "I mean, the design of this house isn't it magnificent? It looks ... it looks." "

"Dilapidated," interrupted Joe.

He looked for a door but found none until he found a patch in the wall of slightly lighter colour than the rest. He faced it and proclaimed "Panta sí." Then he gasped, for the impossible happened – that section of the wall swung back as if on invisible hinges. In front of him was blackness, emptiness.

Then a voice said to him, "You must answer riddles to progress."

"Progress to what?" asked Joe.

"Ah, you shall see," said the voice.

"What will happen if I fail?" asked Joe. Then before him appeared a giant canine beast with three heads.

"Ha," the voice now grew menacing. "This is my guard dog, Cerberus. You might have heard of him. He's a legend. If you get this wrong you're dog food."

Here is the riddle in full:

What animal goes on four feet in the morning?
Two at noon?

Thankfully, this was one that Joe had heard before and he gave the correct answer. "Man," he shouted.

"You have answered correctly," said the voice. Now for your final challenge.

Joe saw a steel sword which he took. He also took a catapult. A hideous beast appeared in front of him and he wanted to run away, but there were no exits. "You must now slay the dragon," said the voice. Joe's heart quailed and he tried to run but it was useless. The dragon towered over him and he tried to stab the creature but his sword flew out of his hand. The dragon closed in. Joe grasped

for something, anything that would help him survive. He grabbed the catapult and picked up a stone, and quickly fired. The stone flew, straight as an arrow and twice as deadly. It struck the dragon in the eye and was fired with such skill and power that it killed the beast. The dragon hit the ground, lifeless.

Joe again heard the voice, it said, "Well done, young man. You now have a choice. You can have treasure beyond your wildest dreams."

"This is a trick. Why should I trust you? Give me proof that there is treasure," answered Joe.

"You don't think that there was a dragon but no dragon hoard do you? Anyway, you have a choice, you can have that or you can have your 'normal' life back, the one with your mum, without Sharon."

The last offer was tempting to Joe.

"How do I know I can trust you?" questioned Joe.

"You don't", came the reply. The inside of the house looked as old as the outside, if that were possible. However, the house had a library, a study and four bedrooms.

Joe said no more that day, not to his father, not to anyone. During dinner, Joe's father said that he would be going out with his stepmother for a meal tomorrow night. "You don't mind, do you sweetheart? Now you can look after yourself for a while," said Sharon and then threw him a look that would break glass. He dared not reply.

After dinner he went straight to bed, slowly slipping into a dark dream. He was awakened in the night by the sound of their grandfather clock chiming twelve. Joe thought little of it though, but felt uneasy. He had reason to be, his family didn't own a grandfather clock.

When he woke up the next morning all the electrical appliances had been fitted. They looked strangely out-of-place in this ancient house. That night, while his dad and Sharon prepared to leave, he decided to check out the library. When he got there it was as he expected, he had not heard of any of the books on the shelves. Then, as he drew his arm back from one

of the shelves, he knocked a book out. It was old and the cover bore no writing or adornment.

Without thinking, he opened the seemingly ancient manuscript and read it: 'If ye be so bold as to challenge the great evil that lies within this building..... then seek the key to the crypt.'

"Great Evil," stammered Joe, "What does that mean?" Joe ran into the living room as fast as his legs could carry him. His dad and Sharon were about to depart. "Dad, there's a book in the library that says this house is evil," cried Joe.

"Nonsense," Sharon snapped, "really Joseph this is no time for childish pranks or jokes," and with that, they left him. Alone.

He ran into the library and studied the book. "Crypt," thought Joe. "Well they're underground, and the only place in this house that is underground is ... the basement!"

Joe stood, flabbergasted, until he found the courage to move. Then he knew what to do. He walked slowly towards the basement, trying to keep his composure.

When he got to the basement, he was relieved: nothing seemed extraordinary. Once again he consulted the book:

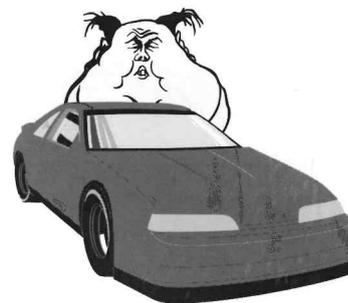
'Seek ye and find the door yet veiled and yours is fame untold. The pass is Panta sí.'

Joe didn't know whether the voice was lying or not but he was prepared to take the risk so he said, "I want my life back, without Sharon."

"Very well then," he heard the voice say and then all was dark. Joe opened his eyes. The sunlight was streaming through his window. It was the first day of the summer holidays but that mattered little to Joe Robbins. He was going to Spain with his mum and dad.



Ballad of the Business Man



He was driving his Mercedes,
A beautiful, silver car.
Talking on his mobile,
And smoking a fat cigar.

He was doing about ninety,
Along the wide M2
He flicked on his indicators,
And overtook a car or two.

He was in his late forties,
His hair a shade of silver or grey.
He looked a little tired,
He had a busy day.

And then he saw them, The sirens blue
and red.
He cursed, "Damn them", he said.

He hung up on his mobile,
And put out his cigar.
He glanced through the rear mirror,
At the pursuing police car.

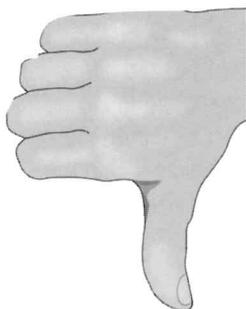
He tried not to notice,
And tried to ignore.
But suddenly the sirens,
Gave off a loud roar.

The police beeped their horn,
"Pull over to the side of the road"
The man did just that,
He did what he was told!

The policeman got out,
Taking out his notebook, fixing his hat.
Walking up to the Mercedes,
He took two steps and spat.

The man made a noise,
A mixture between a cough and a snort.
He only got a ticket but had to go to court.

Thomas Heath 8C



Worst Things

Hearing the news on T.V. or radio
Listening to my sisters talking about school.

I hate people splashing when I'm in the pool

I don't like the sound of a nail scraping a blackboard

People playing on my mini skateboard.

I hate reading boring old books and

People giving me dirty looks

I dislike people shouting and others tout-ing

I hate getting wakened at 7 O' Clock and
The sound of a clock going Tick Tock Tick Tock

These are the things that annoy me most-
Oh one more thing – School.

Aodhán Mc Guinness 8C



A NERVE WRACKING EXPERIENCE TO GET TO ST MARY'S

I was sitting in a classroom with all the people who were doing the 11+. It was scary. The woman came in who was supervising us. She gave us our papers. She explained the rules and said we had one hour to complete the test. "If you finish before the time limit, don't sit and look out the window, look over your work and see if you made any mistakes." After the hour, everybody was thanking the Lord that they all got through the test. It was a horrible day.

Two weeks later we went in to do the second part of the test. It was as nerve wracking as the first. The woman came in and said the same things she did the first time. After the first two or three pages, I realized it was one of the easiest tests I had done in my whole life. After the test was over, I whistled all the way up to the house and said to myself, I think I passed the test. I told my mummy I thought I'd passed the test. She told me I could go down town and get anything I wanted. We went down town and I got a personal pocket touch organiser.

The day of my birthday is 6th of February and on the 7th of February the results of the 11+ came out. On the 7th February morning, I woke up, went downstairs and a letter was sitting on the floor. It said, "To Master Stephen Mc Fadden." I knew it was the results. I ran up the stairs and woke my mummy up. I told her the results were here. She told me to hurry up and open it. I opened it. I was shaking like the ground when a herd of elephants are running away from loads of mice.

When I opened it, everybody in my family was sitting on my mummy's bed. I opened the envelope, I looked at the letter, but I couldn't find where the results were. So I asked my mummy to see if she could find it. She looked at the top

right side and there was the result. My mummy said, "Stephen, you got a B1." I jumped up and down with joy.

Later that day I got a phone call from my Year 7 teacher (Mr Moyna). He said to me, my mate Brendan Conlon also got a B1. My other 2 mates Anthony Hanna and Deaglan Black got an A. I was so excited that I had to sit down for a while because I was jumping about. After about 5 minutes I calmed down.

I went out to play some football for a while and I saw my best friend Gavin Ward. He asked me what I got in the 11+. I replied by saying "A B1". He called me a "Smarty Pants," so I pushed him out of the way and went into the house. I looked out the window and he was away running down to his house. That is the first time I pushed him and he ran away. When I went into the living room, I saw my letter sitting on the sofa. I looked at the letter again. It said that the results for what school I will be going to should be out some time towards the end of May.

The time between February and the end of May really dragged in. On Saturday the 31st May I heard the postman. I was the same way as I was when the results of the 11+ came out. The same routine happened. I was even shakier than I was the first time because this time I wanted to get into St. Mary's. I couldn't even open the envelope as I was like a dog sitting out in the snow. My mummy had to open it for me. I looked at it. It said, "Your son has been accepted into St. Mary's Grammar School". I couldn't believe my eyes. I almost fainted. I was so excited - I was jumping all over the house with joy. I phoned my mates Brendan Conlon,

Anthony Hanna and Deaglan Black to see what school they got into. They all said they got into St. Mary's.

I ran down to school to see what school my other mates got into. Both of them, Joseph Mc Caffery and Kevin Johnston said they got into Corpus Christi. So it was only the four of us who got into St. Mary's Grammar School. My Year 7 teacher Mr Moyna said he was very proud of us. We were the only people in the history of Vere Foster to go to St. Mary's.

By the time the summer came our Year 7 teacher Mr Moyna had us working as hard as the boys in St. Mary's Year Eight. He said we would get at least 5 homeworks a night but now the maximum homework we get is 4 a night.

When we started Year Eight, we were all sitting in the big Assembly Hall to see what class we would be in. There were about ten Stephens called out before my name got called out. Deaglan Black's name got called first. We all thought he was going to be on his own but then my name got called out. Deaglan Black and I were in 8F. Our form teacher's name is Mr Murphy. Our form class is in the Edmund Rice Building and our class is up in the Technology corridor.

For the first couple of weeks it was hard to cope with being in a strange school, but after a month or two I was able to do anything the teacher asked me to do. That is the tale of my nerve wracking experience to get to St. Mary's.

Stephen Mc Fadden 8F

**Runner – up in 2004
Creative Writing Competition**



I am

A tiger running through the jungle
After my prey.

A motor bike zooming along
Country roads.

A sharp knife
Slicing tough meat.

A woollen jumper
Tucked in a drawer.

A sweet juicy pear
Tough on the outside
Soft in the centre.



Aodhán Mc Guinness 8C



What is the Sun?

The Sun is an orange dinghy
Sailing across a calm sea.

It is a raindrop
Dropped down a drain in Heaven.

The Sun is a molten rock
Kicked high into the summer.

It is a circle of orange
On a sheet of pale blue paper.

Patrick Copeland 8C



My Teacher's an Alien

There's an old looking man that works at my school. I get him for Maths and I swear he's an alien.

His name is Mr Likemsly and he is really weird. When he first got us he hadn't a clue about anything. He had got it into his head he was German, but then the next day he was Welsh. This changed every few days.

If you saw him, although he looked kind of 'goofy', you would think he was just a normal person, but it's just a disguise.

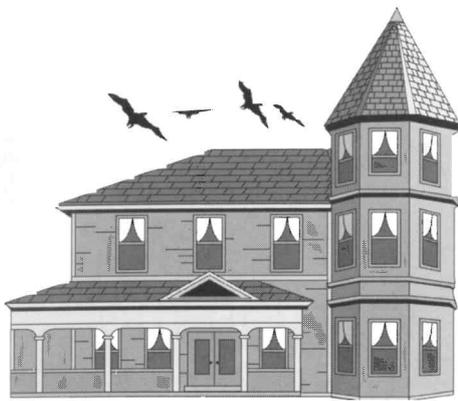
Once I was sent to the office on a message. While passing his room I noticed that there was a horrible stench coming from it. His blind on the window of the door was slightly open. I couldn't resist the temptation of eavesdropping to see what the smell was. It reminded me surprisingly of rotten potatoes.

That's when I saw it. It wasn't Mr Likemsly, but the alien creature that lived inside him. This slimy monster had used my teacher's skin as a disguise. I had noticed that this was hanging limply from a coat hanger, dripping with fluorescent green goo.

This alien thing, or whatever it was, was the most disgusting creature I had ever seen. It's rotting, maggot infested, revolting flesh was peeling around his waist and fore arms. Its feet were about the same shape and sizes of dustbin lids, which had gone brown and had patches missing which seemed to have disintegrated. The head of this thing wasn't on a neck. It was, however, where it should be. Well only a couple of million light years away. The neck had seemed to, like parts of the feet, disintegrate. So what held the head in place was a stick, which was shoved up the head and down in between the shoulders. As for the face it was merely so gruesome that it was difficult to look at it for more than a few seconds without feeling sick. It was something that looked like a living version of a Picasso painting. The nose was where the right eye should be, which was to the left of the mouth. The left eye dangled out of its socket and was nearly covering the other eye.

He had no lips. All there was, was a minute slit which was no bigger than a keyhole. His ears weren't as bad, just not in the proper place. All in all it was gross. Nobody believes me though.

Christopher O'Kane 10A



HELL, *My Great, Great, Grandfather's Home*

It was the most typical hour, of the most typical day, of the most typical month, of the most typical year, for everyone else that is. For me, I had double detention with four nine page essays for tomorrow. But I was framed. My Art teacher was hit by a rubber on the day I didn't have Art, but she went up to our room and accused me, ME! Can you believe it? Someone shouted out in Drama and I was accused, even though I had a really sore throat. In Maths, our teacher dropped his pen and accused me of disturbing him, even though I was in the toilets at the time. In English when I gave a rubber back to one of my classmates, our English teacher accused me of throwing it at him. That is how I got my four nine page essays and two detentions.

Why do I get such bad luck? Why? It is all because of my terrible destructive, rude talking, Great, Great, Grandfather!

In the year 1919, one year after the Great War, My great, great, grandfather got out of army prison. He was in for murdering German prisoners. He did worse when he got out. He started robbing banks, kidnapping and he even made a hit list. Whenever he had hostages he asked for money in exchange for their freedom, but whenever he got his money, he just murdered the hostages and ran.

Four years later, he started targeting police, but one police officer set him up. As soon as my great, great grandfather tried to kill him, hundreds of police jumped out of nowhere and were immediately told to open fire. It took at least nine hundred rounds to bring him down. He was buried in a secret location, with no gravestone.

Since he was brought down, it is like we were cursed by him. We have always had bad luck. On the day of my four nine page essays and two detentions, I was so upset that when I was cycling home I went on the wrong side of the road, deliberately to annoy all oncoming motorists. I was not in a good mood at all.

While on my rampage, a truck was coming my way with a driver who wasn't prepared to dodge me.

I decided to end my rampage and moved into the right lane, but a split second later a speeding motorist in a heavily modified Renault Clio attempted to overtake the truck by moving into the other lane, the lane I was in and drove straight into me with his horn beeping away.

Dark, red flames, extreme heat, heavy breathing. That is what I woke up to. It was hard to breathe in the heat and the red flames looked like they were following me. The last thing I could remember before I arrived in this hell-like place was the beeping horn of the car. I don't think he even put on the brakes. I don't think he stopped after he hit me either.

I wasn't thinking about where I was. I was too busy muttering to myself, blaming my great, great grandfather for the whole situation.

Once I got tired of blaming my great, great grandfather, I asked myself a question, Was I dead? It was a pretty good question. Then, an ugly looking man, who looked just like my great, great grandfather, came out of nowhere and started laughing. "You're as dead as me!"

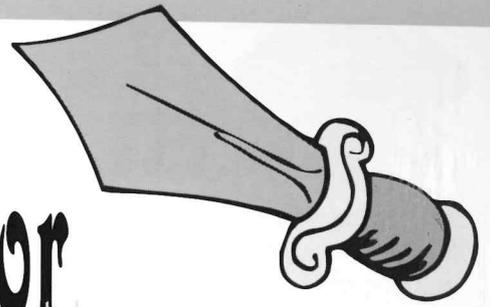
"Welcome to Hell, great, great grandson". I was stunned. This man who looked like my great, great grandfather was my great, great grandfather! The sight brought up a lifetime of memories from all the times I got in trouble. I was immediately angry. I roared out, "You pig-headed devil, I hope you're living in misery!" My great, great grandfather's eyes turned red like the fires around me. Then he responded calmly, "You have a good reason for being angry at me. When I died the last devil wasn't as evil as me so I became the new devil, and if I am in Hell then I will make sure the rest of my family will be too! If I suffer, you will suffer."

He started laughing again, and then he said something that turned me cold around these fires, "Meet your ancestors!" Walking skeletons came out of nowhere, coming for me.

JAMES KERR 10E



Halloween Horror



It was a cold, dark, starry night. The fresh smell of pumpkins wafted in the air. On a hillside stood a spooky boarded-up house that was called Collin House. The townsfolk still called it Collin House even though it had been a long time since anyone had lived there.

Over fifty years ago their maid walked into the dining room to find all four Collins DEAD. She came screaming down the hill into town. She told the police and the folk what she had seen. Nobody could hide the fact that they weren't sorry about the deaths because the family were most unpopular. They were rich but they were rude and ignorant. No, what the people cared about more was their murderer. However, when all the investigations had been completed and all the tests on the bodies had been carried out, it was discovered that there had been no forced entry into the house and there were no marks on any of the bodies. They hadn't been murdered but how had they died? The mystery still lives on today.

Now, on a dark Halloween night nearly sixty years later, a young boy thought it would be funny to go to into the house for a joke. He gathered up his gang and broke in. The four boys all jumped with fright as the large, heavy door slammed shut behind them. The candles on the walls came alight and the old, dusty organ started playing by itself. The gang was getting frightened and their fear increased when they saw something in the picture of a man which was hanging above the grand fireplace at the end of the room. In the picture they could see that the man's piercing green eyes were moving and had now fixed straight on the boys. As they let out a scream the cobweb – covered chandelier hanging above the centre of the room fell with a smash as it landed on top of

one of the boys. The others stood, frozen in terror as he took his last breath and died. They bolted to the door but it wouldn't open. As they banged and pulled the door – tears now flowing down their faces – a dagger flew passed them and lodged into the wall. They turned round and saw a bloody skeleton dangling from where the chandelier had fallen. The skeleton threw another dagger at the group but this time the aim was true and it struck one of the boys directly in the heart. His now lifeless body fell with a thud onto the old wooden floor.

There were now only two boys left. They tried to make an escape by running for the staircase but as they fled a rope which was used to draw the curtains, somehow became wrapped around the boy's neck. The more he tried to struggle the tighter the rope became until finally he could breathe no more. The remaining boy ran in terror up the grand old staircase but he felt as though someone or something was watching him. As he reached the middle of the staircase he looked up and saw the four members of the Collins family. He didn't know whether they were standing or floating, but as he let out a bloodcurdling scream a blinding white light flashed before his eyes. He was dead before he hit the floor.

As I continued to watch from the small crack I had made in the wood covering the window of Collin House I was glad I had not met my friends earlier that evening. I ran screaming down the hill into town just as the maid had years earlier. *Would anyone believe what I had seen?*

ADAM GRAHAM 8D

John McCann

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BLACK OUT

The howling wind and the rustling of the hay was the only noise to be heard well, that was besides the clonking of the horses' hooves belonging to the Black Cobras. It sounded quite identical to a model walking down a catwalk, but not as pretty for the audience. The audience being the town's people who had scattered from the street to get out of sight from these lean, mean, horse-riding machines. One person had even climbed down the well, just to be safe.

The Black Cobras ruled most of the towns about, but they didn't actually have any legal power anywhere. It was just that not even the Sheriffs had the guts to stand up to these scavengers. They also had no job but yet always had the best clothes, horses, food and even women, didn't matter if they were married. The Black Cobras got what they wanted, Always.

"Where to?"
 "Crusty's Bar."
 "That piece of junk ..."
 "Hey! It's the only God damn place round here where we can get a drink!"

With the horses tied up tightly, they made their way through the flapping doors of the bar which were just about ready to collapse. The place suddenly went silent with the tapping of the Cobras' silver-lined boots, the only thing to be heard as they strolled towards the bar. Bang! Snakebite, the head of the Cobras, thumped his arm down on the bar.

"I'll have a beer, and so will they Now!" The bar man quickly scattered and pulled out three beers.

"Tha, Tha, that will be six f-fifty please."
 "No, it won't be, believe me it's free."
 "B-but ..."
 "But nothin'! It's free!"
 "Ok, Snakebite, sorry."
 "Good and it's sir Snakebite to you."
 "Yeah!" added Roughneck.

"And we will also have three of your lovely ladies to entertain us for the night. Any

volunteers?"
 "Don't look like it boss."
 "Then you choose, Chickenleg."
 "Uh Ok, sir."

Chickenleg took his time in choosing them, but chose three of the finest looking ladies in town. "No!" reacted one of the ladies' husbands.

"What did you say?" questioned Snakebite.
 "I won't let you take my wife."
 "Really"

Then, in the blink of an eye, Snakebite shot him stone dead, right between the eyes, like hitting the bullseye on a dartboard.

"Anybody else object? didn't think so. Come on guys, let's go."

There was a moment's silence after the Cobras left.
 "God damn it! This can't go on!" screamed John Slither, one of the nicest people in town, respected for his general kindness and generosity.

"What the hell do you want us to do? Die as well? If we just do what they say we'll be fine."

"We can put an end to this Sheriff!"
 "And how do you intend to do that?"
 "We gather up all the men with all the shotguns and confront them tomorrow."

A moment of silence.
 "Well! Who's with me?"
 The bar went silent again for a few minutes.
 "I am."
 "Me too."
 "Yeah, I'm in."

Then, every man in the place had stood and joined Slither, except

"Sheriff? You in?"
 "Well I suppose so, I can't miss out on this."
 "Ok, this is the plan"

The next morning the Black Cobras made their way to the bar and released the

ladies but, strangely enough, Slither was serving in the bar.

"We'll have three whiskeys ...

."How's about you have this!"

And with Snakebite noticing Slither's shotgun he drew his pistol, then everyone drew. At that moment one shot could have killed everybody.

"You ain't got the guts Slither."
 "You sure 'bout that?"
 "Yes!..... 'cause if you kill me you'll kill all your friends too."
 "So, that'll be mission accomplished for us."
 "Then do it!"

The bar went completely silent.
 "Have a showdown!" shouted a lady from the back.
 "Yeah, how's about a showdown?" added the Sheriff.
 "Sure."
 "Sure."

It was agreed. Slither and Snakebite were going to have a showdown. Everyone withdrew and started making their way outside. But in a quick second Snakebite drew his pistol and shot Slither. That was a bad move, because it ended up the Cobras getting killed by the other townmen with the Sheriff taking considerable satisfaction in ending Snakebite's life.

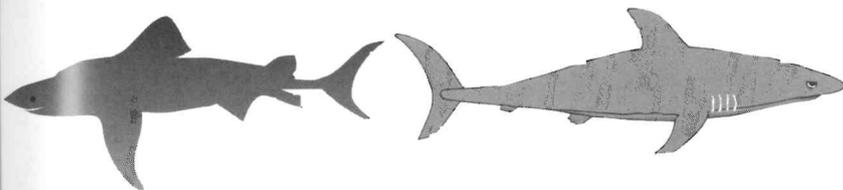
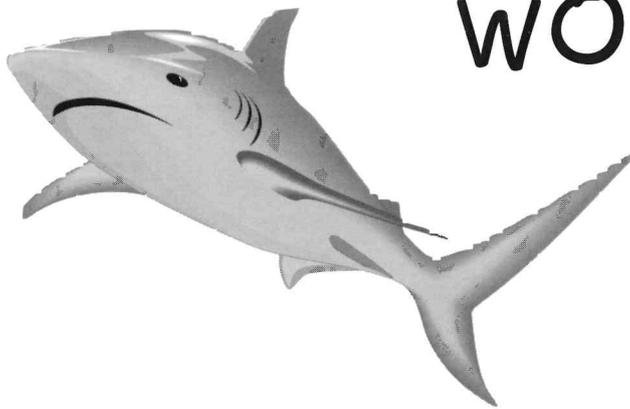
They rushed to Slither.
 "He took him in the stomach!"
 "John, John, you alright?"
 "What happened?" asked Slither who was struggling to get his words out.

"They're all dead, all three."
 "Good we did it," and that turned out to be Slither's last words as he passed away.

"Yeah, we did it we sure did," said the sad, but quite relieved Sheriff.

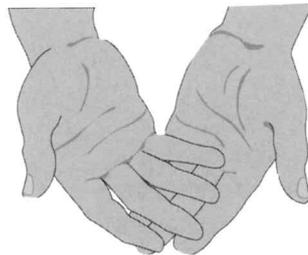
John Burns 10E

WORST THINGS



The worst thing could be getting bitten by a shark,
Or being attacked all alone in the dark,
I hate when people smoke in a bar,
Or when you are locked in your car,
I hate Science in School,
And when you are warm it is not cool,
Shopping with Mum for stupid things,
And even when my Dad sings.
Worst things for dinner are potatoes and meat,
Why can't we have something better to eat?
When Arsenal win the FA Cup,
My friend jumps around with his pup.

Michael Mc Ginnity 8C



What is peace?

Fresh water from the mountain springs,
Soothing and frothing in your mouth,
The frozen snow that has just fallen
Humming birds in Spring,
The greens of the trees –
And the whiteness of the snow in Winter.
The view of the ocean and the trees,
The sound of laughter,

What is peace?

Peace tastes like sweet sugar,
Peace smells like the morning sunrise,
Peace sounds like the ocean,
Peace feels like warm, soft cloth on my skin.

What is peace?

The beautiful blue of the sky,
The delicious taste of water,
The smell of wet leaves in a rainforest,
The wondrous forming of a wave.

What is peace?

Peace is calm,
Peace is perfect harmony,
Peace is unreachable in the current world,
Peace is perfect.

True peace

True peace comes from deep inside,
You know,
The place we go to hide,
And no one else can enter there...

Unless we ask, and want to share,
Our thoughts, Our dreams,
All we know to be true,
And hope they can feel it too.

And then,
When they know you share the same,
There is no doubt,
There is no blame,
Just peace is left.

A comforting thought,
To know another, can be brought,
To look inside and find their soul,
Their truth,
Their peace,
To make them whole.

Peace

Palm Trees
Everlasting summer breeze
All around are humming bees
Calm and gentle
Everywhere there is peace.

Prostrate in the blazing sun
Endless are our days of fun
After all the work is done
Castaway the harmful gun

Everywhere there is peace.

Christopher O'Kane 10A

Christopher Diver 10A

Paul Hesketh 10A



Flashbacks

I don't know how the gun got in my hand. I don't know how I got into Ryan's truck and drove the whole way to the docks. I could hear the police cars coming and the helicopters buzzing in the air. Just hovering above repeating the same thing "Get out of the truck and put your arms behind your back. If you do not co-operate we will be forced to open fire. So please drop your gun, sir." The voice rang in and out of each ear. I did the wise thing and stepped out of the truck but I threw the gun away first. But before I did I examined the gun. It said 'W.H'. I tried to think of anything that went with it, but none came to my mind. I was too banged up to even remember my own name. I felt a cold and bloody bead of sweat running down from the side of my eye. How I got that wound I had no idea.

The police surrounded each door and led me out. One grabbed my hand and twisted it into an awkward position and shoved on the handcuffs and put them on really softly. I was in so much pain in my head that if they were tight I wouldn't know. I would've thought they were just on my hands as comfortable as could be, which isn't too comfortable.

The policeman didn't put them on that tight so I wriggled my hands free from them and ran. I heard them shout. One of them shot at me three times. The first bullet missed and went through a window of a car, the second went past my knee but cut open my trousers a little bit. The third went through my arm so tight that it stopped the blood getting to my finger tips.

Leaving a trail of blood behind me I ran for cover underneath a boat nearby. I could see their images on the surface for some air. Why did they come for me? Who told them? And why was I in Ryan's truck with a gun in my hand with the letters W.H printed on it?

There were footsteps running past. I looked up and saw a familiar face. I climbed up and stumbled towards Ryan. I thought of something to say, but examined him instead. He looked different; he had stubble where his hairy beard used to be and he was cut and bruised all over his face. He took me to a warehouse

...It was warehouse number eight, and looked oddly familiar, had I been here before? I'm sure I was, but ...when?

FLASHBACK "Bring 'em in ... so how are you James?" Mr Williams asks pleasantly.

"I'm good, you?" I reply.

"I'm fine just fine. Oh yeah, that reminds me, I have just one more job for you James. It's simple and won't take too long, so what ya' say? Will you do it?" Mr Williams offers.

"What type of job?" I enquire gingerly, eyeing the shifty man up and down suspiciously.

"I'm glad you asked, just one last bank robbery," he assures.

"Jesus, this is the third one. When will this all stop? I'm starting to think that you're just out to get me caught in the act, is that it John?" I snap tiredly.

"No, no, no of course not James ... I wouldn't dare think of it," Mr Williams promises, adding, "You're much too important and respected here for that to happen to you, James. I thought you could trust me, I thought we had an understanding," he lies. Mr Williams hesitates for a while before quipping, "You're the best man for the job, I really wouldn't have asked you otherwise ..."

I heave an exasperated sigh and nod slowly, considering the offer over and over in my head. "Sure, fine ... fill me in on the info John ..."

"Good man James. All you have to do is go and see Ryan and he'll tell you all you need to know," Mr Williams answers excitedly, clapping his hands together.

"Ryan, Ryan?" I half shout angrily, my voice increasing in volume by every word. "He takes an hour to make minute rice because he's that slow, the guy needs a recipe to make ice," I mock.

Mr Williams raises his eyebrows at me and I swear I could see his lips curling into a slight smile. "True, but Ryan is needed for the job. Oh, I forgot to mention that you'll have to go and see Billy as well."

"Billy? I bet he's only there to blow the safe open. Sure it doesn't take brains to do that," I spit sarcastically.

Mr Williams decides to ignore my comment and instructs, "You'll need all the plans to do the job so come back when you've finished talking to those guys." I sigh once more, regretting to take up the job and feel somewhat defeated but it's too late to decline John's offer now. Without words I head off and Mr Williams' eyes dance with immense satisfaction.

My hands shoot up towards my forehead as the shooting pain sears through it, massaging my throbbing temples with my index fingers as the vision, or whatever it was, quickly passes. I think it was a flashback ... did this actually happen? But, I definitely recognise the face, my employer, John Williams ...

This all too confusing. I'll need to find out more information to piece of all this together so that I can have a better understanding of my current situation because I cannot trust an unreliable source (my flashback). I feel like a small child that is struggling to finish a jigsaw puzzle, this is doing my head in ...

Ryan opened the door and ordered me to go in. I did so with Ryan on my tail as the door clicked closed behind him. He led me towards a small room near the back of the warehouse. It seemed like an age to get there. Unlike the rest of the warehouse, this was unpredictably warm and colourful and cosy. A man with great

riches must have owned it. We sat down as four heavy-weight bodyguards trumped in – all had one thing in common, to protect one man, that is John Williams ...

Ryan's voice trembled with fear, "It wasn't us ... t-t-they came and s-s-shot us B-B-Billy, I saw it with my own eyes sir." He pauses and stares at his feet for a while before continuing, his eyes avoiding Williams, "My g-gun was always e-e-empty, I swear I loaded it but it wouldn't s-s-shoot..." he sniffed.

John paced the length of his desk, his arms swinging loosely by his sides and in taking a deep draw on his fat cigar before stubbing it out with two sausage-like fingers he made his way over towards the poor, defenceless young man. At reaching Ryan the bully simply clicked his fingers and the four gorilla-like guards snapped into action. Ryan was held down and was now whimpering uncontrollably. John looked at me for a moment or two and noticed the deep sympathy I hold for the boy. The gangster boss weakened and settled for a mere slap as a warning. Ryan got off easily. Normally John would have had him beaten up... either way the kid would not reach his next birthday.

John pulled Ryan to his feet and admitted that he wasn't responsible for his actions. "But please explain to us all, who were the ones that shot Billy?" John asked. By now Ryan was sweating heavily,

"I don't know, they had their faces hidden under balaclavas." He shrugged.

John walked up to me and whispered in one ear, "James, you're a nice lad, but ..." He pauses.

"But what? Oh I get it, I'm a nice lad and all that but you're going to have me shot now?" My eyes widen in fear and disbelief.

"No, no, no, James, I wouldn't harm a hair on your head." He smiled devilishly. I sighed in relief,

"You had me worried there for a minute or two." I half laugh, until I noticed John's glaring eyes.

"But they are," he cackled wickedly.

My eyes widened as the four bodyguards of John Williams closed in on me, clenching their bear-like fists. The four began to beat me and Ryan brutally, despite our continuous screams for mercy ...

...When I woke up I was at the docks yet again, Ryan alongside me. However, we were not in the truck. I felt the ropes bind around my wrists and ankles sharply, cutting into my already bruised skin. Slowly I raised my head up towards Ryan and noticed that he too was tied up, only he appeared to be unconscious and blood trickled from his brow ... His expression was somewhat different from only a few hours before. Instead of the fear and pain etching his face, he now seemed peaceful so I let him sleep. After a few minutes of unwanted silence I snapped my head up at the sound of a shrill voice which rang through the air, "Bomb complete, bomb detonation in 5 minutes."

I yelled until practically blue in the face, and shook Ryan vigorously to wake him, but he continued to lie there lifelessly. Struggling to get myself free, I decided to give up on Ryan. Sadly he was already doomed... I managed to get free, eventually, with at least three minutes to spare before that bomb would go off and I would be reunited with Ryan, but now I was determined to get through this. The Great James Harman was not to be defeated by Williams and his goons, not this time, that was for sure ...

Taking one last glance at Ryan, I opened the door and ran ... of course I could have dragged him with me but he would just have slowed me down. I remember the gun in my inner pocket. John's bodyguards must have been too careless to disarm me, the idiots ...

I pushed the door open. Some of John's guards were there ... Exposing my gun from my jacket I shot. Four shots blasted through the silence and one-by-one the body guards dropped to their knees in a fast flowing pool of rich, red blood. I saw John on the floor, begging for mercy. Without his bodyguards he was nothing, an old, fat defenceless loner. With my final shot I fired. The shot travelled through the old man's head. Just before it hit, his eyes widened in disbelief.

JOSEPH SMITH 9A



Man United

We dominated the league for so long,
But when we put a foot slightly wrong.
The critics and press were in our face,
Telling us we're an awful disgrace.

The Gunners had runners,
Who scored some stunners –
But had their fair share of Blunders.
We made a mistake,
Which they were there to take,
A league which was rightfully ours.

We moaned, we groaned,
We stood on our own
While Arsenal cheered, we stood,
And jeered.

With Wes Brown,
We may as well drown.
He fell on the ground,
And had a look around.

Arsenal had won the league,
A season without gold,
Which had been stolen.

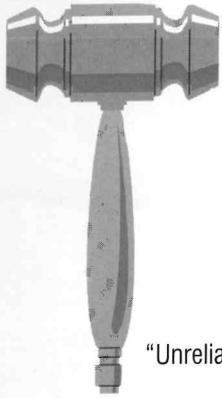
Millwall were next,
But Man United –
Were re-united,
With the F.A Cup

James Darragh 10A

REVENGE

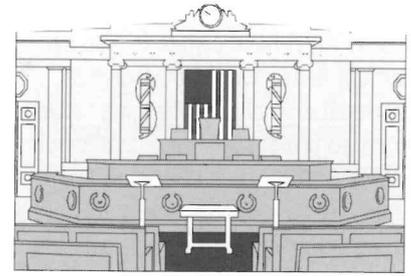
Revenge feels like a cold hard sword,
Sounds like gunfire on the battlefield
Tastes bittersweet,
Smells like poisonous fumes which
destroy your lungs,
Feels like a knife cutting through bone.

Darren Moore 8C



BEHIND THE EYES OF 'PSYCHO'

"There were witnesses ..."



"Unreliable witnesses!"

"I shall not let this continue any further! You are acting like children in a playground ... I shall remove you both from this courtroom if you do not desist from this childish, idiotic manner! Now, Mr Barron, continue!"

"Sorry, your Honour"

"Yes My apologies, your honour As I was saying – witnesses have claimed that Mr Robinson – and I quote – 'had a funny look about him' ... His eyes were extremely wide, he didn't seem to be in his right mind." Barron continued; reading from the mass of coffee circle stained statements from these, 'witnesses'. Barron was now using the old 'let it sink in' method, smirking to the jury who were silently listening.

"La la la ... blab la ... la la ... bla la la ..."

Barron froze, mouth half open, brow furrowing, black pupils quickly flashing to his client in the 'high chair' – acting like a – "Child," Barron hissed, quietly to himself – ensuring no others heard.

Barron was confounded with blinking, while John Robinson opened his mouth again.

"La la la ... boo bla ... blab la bla ... la la laaa ..."

Someone in the jury coughed, finally breaking the silence that greeted the second instalment of 'bla bla bla' by John. Judge Heyman looked furious, and the courtroom was overcome with an ecstasy of fumbling.

"Mr Barron! If, you would be so kind as to take these precious moments in time to explain courteously to your client to be quiet! Or I shall be removing him from my courtroom!"

"Ye-yes, your Honour..."

Baron inclined his head to Heyman and sped off to speak to John. "What on earth do you think you're doing? Acting like this Like-like a child!" he spat, hoping the 'venom' coming from his mouth could help John appreciate the gravity of the situation. "Keep that shu-"

"La la la ... bla bla la la ... blaaa blaaaaa ..."

"John! Don't start this - they shall –"

"YOU – YOU CHILD!" Barron screamed, getting hysterically uneasy and lunging at John, the muscular guards on either end of him widening their eyes –

"MR BARRON!" echoed the booming voice of Judge Heyman, his face red beneath the grey, curly neat and perfectly set hair. He then continued, with the same booming roar, "HOW DARE YOU ACT IN SUCH A MANNER, IN MY COURTROOM!? SIT DOWN IMMEDIATELY, BEFORE I SERIOUSLY DEAL WITH YOU – BY LAW!"

Barron had already spun his head round to have it 'chopped off'. In a flash he was in his seat. He then quickly blurted out, "Thank you, your Honour – I'm finished."

"Now ... before another charade takes place ... Ms Johnson, present your case"

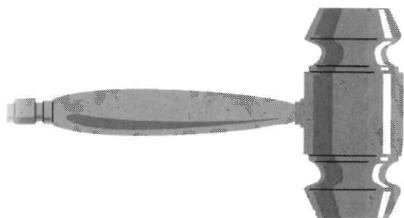
"Thank you, your Honour," smirked Johnson, slowly rising from her seat and flexing her old fingers and straightening her un-creased, smooth, velvet like jacket.

"Ahem ..." Johnson sweetly, and sickly 'coughed' out and began clapping with her high heels on the glistening, marble floor.

"From these witnesses, it has only been confirmed that Mr Robinson had some" She paused, 'trying' to find the

words. It was written right across her face that she knew exactly what to say, "...insane 'insane' ..." She quoted this in the air with those old fingers," look on his face. I mean, shall I take a stab at you and be completely calm about the whole thing?" Johnson just pointed to someone in the jury, who looked a bit shocked at 'stab', but then proceeded to gaze at their feet." Of course not, Mr Robinson wasn't going to be calm! Heavens no! He was going to push Robert Walters with all this might ... and he was going to relish every bit of it. "This *insane* –" she quoted this in the air too, – look was nothing ... it was just the pleasure showing upon Mr Robinson's face. Robert Walters had simply acted like the child he is - not committing any crime, and in return, Mr Robinson does so himself – Murder!"

'Idiots ... fools!' The thoughts echoed through the stark abyss that was John Robinson's mind. One single strand of dark brown hair lopped over his hazel eyes. It was soon flicked away by one of his thin, bony hands. 'Keeping up appearances' was the phrase used most frequently by John. That was exactly what he was doing. That was the reason for his outburst of idiotic cries. He had even fooled Barron. He fooled everyone. He knew that his sentence would be much less severe if he pleaded 'insanity'. And Johnson was right, he did enjoy every second of Robert Walter's death. But John Robinson was very confusing; many call him 'weird', and (the one that makes him laugh) 'psycho'. He was insane, in his own little world – 'no one's perfect', he would say. A murderer by the age of thirteen ... unbelievable ... But John knew he was destined to rid the world of Walters the day he began annoying John. During classes, Walter continued just constantly kicking John's chair, pulling his hair and creating stupid rumours about him that annoyed him greatly.



"And so ..." continued Johnson, "Mr Robinson pushed Walters down that flight of stairs, and began laughing in front of everyone. Hard to believe that such an intelligent child would do such a thing – uncalled for, totally uncalled for, and inexplicable. What was going through his mind? I don't think anyone shall ever know .."

- But John. He knew why he killed Walters "An annoying child like that does not deserve to live, scum of the earth if you ask me. How dare he besmirch my name in such a manner. I would like to meet his parents, personally I'd give them a piece of my mind" He would rant on to his wall, continuously whenever Walters annoyed him. If the wall could speak, it would have about one million pages of statements to make about the real John Robinson. The wall seemed to be the only thing that would 'listen', and not interrupt John or tell him to be quiet.

"Your Honour; I ask you. Will the defendant be capable of undergoing questioning today?"

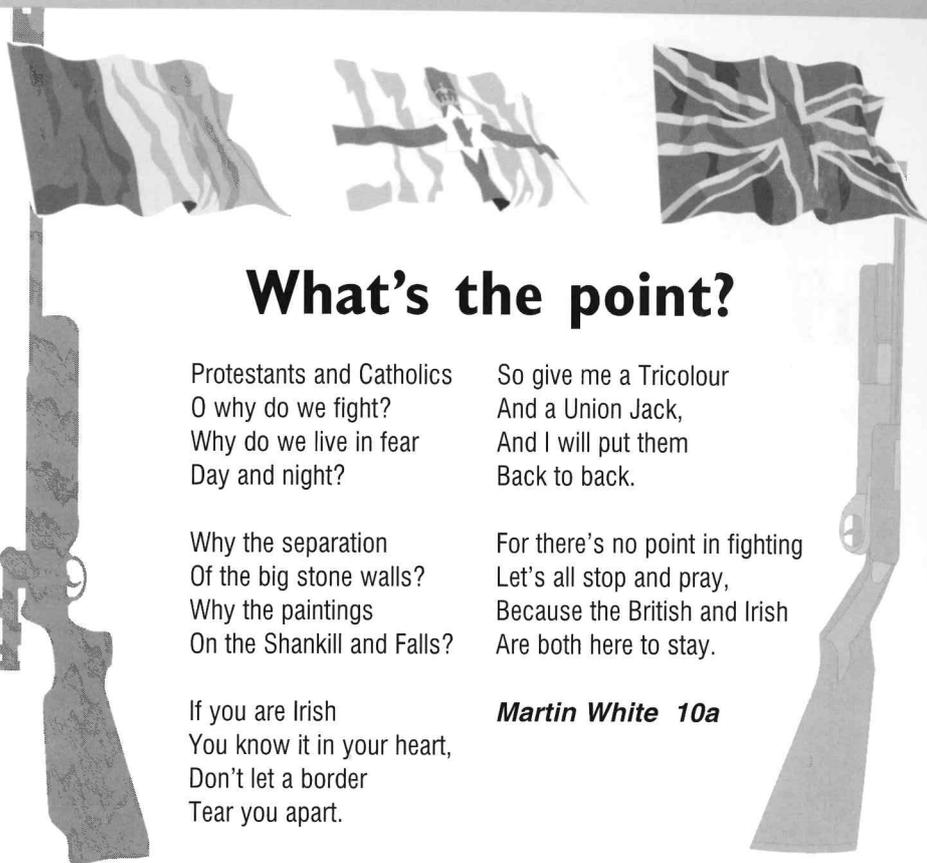
"No, Ms Johnson ... from his current behaviour, I think it best to allow him to have psychiatric help ... it would be best to have an analysis of who exactly we are dealing with. Court is adjourned until tomorrow morning, eight am".

"All rise"

John had done it The plan was working perfectly. This 'psychiatrist' would fall right into his hands.

"Blab la blaaaa"

Deaghlán Agnew 10E



What's the point?

Protestants and Catholics
O why do we fight?
Why do we live in fear
Day and night?

So give me a Tricolour
And a Union Jack,
And I will put them
Back to back.

Why the separation
Of the big stone walls?
Why the paintings
On the Shankill and Falls?

For there's no point in fighting
Let's all stop and pray,
Because the British and Irish
Are both here to stay.

If you are Irish
You know it in your heart,
Don't let a border
Tear you apart.

Martin White 10a



The Game

Gaelic is such a passionate game
Not taken over by money or fame.
Playing for the county where you are born and bred
Giving your all and you're not even paid.

When it draws nearer to that time of year
Will your county proceed or go out with a tear?
Making that long agonising journey down to Croke Park.
It's hard to clear your head and get an inspiration.

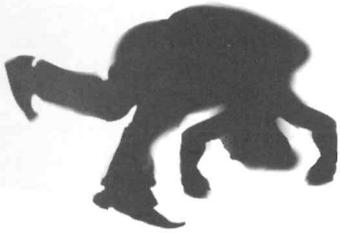
In the changing room before the big game
No less is expected than to hear your own name.
Well, now you know you will be starting today
The adrenalin and nerves now come into play.

The crowd erupts as you come out onto the pitch
You get rid of your nerves and that little twitch
Your head is now clear and you are ready to go
With the crowd expecting no less than to take Sam home.

And now the Final dream has come true
Sam won't be coming to the counties of red nor blue
But to the amber men of Antrim who now have their fame
Because Gaelic is the most passionate game.

Sean Finch 10a





THE CREATURE

Who is he, What is he?
They are the two questions on my mind.
They are the two questions,
With answers I cannot find..

These questions, they have bothered me,
Since I saw him last July.
But when I tried to look at him,
I found that he was shy.

You see, he ran far away.
But what I saw of him,
Was as clear as day.

It was a contorted face,
A face like no other.
It was green, with spots and bruises,
Please God, don't let him have a twin brother.

And his fingers, long and bony,
Kind of like E.T.,
When I looked at them,
They really frightened me.

I saw him again, just recently,
In fact, it was the other day.
I caught his eye, and he caught mine,
In a very eerie way.

This time he was like a hunchback,
Almost on all fours.
I tried not to look at him,
But I felt his presence more and more.

Now I noticed his two companions,
Standing by his side.
One thing which they had in common though,
Is that they were eager to hide.

On a second glance through,
Only two remained.
As I scanned the crowd for the ringleader,
I felt a surge of pain.

I woke up with my head, writhing in pain,
Every inch from head to toe,
There was a stench of chloroform,
I thought to myself, oh no!

He probably used chloroform,
As a way to knock me out.
But all I wanted to focus on,
Was how to break right out!

I was now tied to a table,
Strapped in really tight.
Would I be here forever?
Or maybe just tonight?

A man came into the room,
Took a rubber mask off.
I saw that he was an alien,
Then he covered my mouth with a cloth.

I woke up feeling dizzy,
And also twice my weight.
I tried to get up,
But couldn't stand up straight.

My legs and arms were scaly,
And I was pure green.
This was weird, I thought –
It was nothing I'd ever seen.

Now, I know the answers,
To the questions which I sought.
He was just a normal human,
But he had been taught.

He was taught to seek out humans,
To take them one by one.
To destroy their race
So that eventually there were none.

Now, he and I are partners,
Taking out your kind.
We'll eat them or transform them,
Really I don't mind.

We'll pick on anyone,
With a bat, we'll hit them, WHACK!
Then fill their mouths with chloroform,
So you'd better watch your back!

Jamie Massey 10A

THE CUP

Ryan was running forward,
Waiting for the ball.
Then got tripped up,
Oh what a fall!

The referee was angry,
He blew the whistle hard.
John came towards him,
He showed him the yellow card.

John's face was full of sadness,
He didn't mean to harm.
Ryan was in awful pain,
But was wearing his lucky charm.

His leg was only bruised,
Not very sore –
He got up off the ground,
Because he wanted to play more.

Ryan stood behind the ball,
Front of him was a 5 man wall.
Ryan placed the ball to the right,
Luckily the goalkeeper was 4 foot tall.

GOAL! Ryan scores a beauty
The crowd stood up
They all shouted and roared
It looks like Lower Maze might win the cup!

Twenty minutes to go
How will they play?
Can they keep the lead on this
Beautiful day?

The ball is in play,
Michael runs up the pitch.
John tackles again,
Michael ends in a ditch.

The referee stares,
John looks so sad.
He's being sent off
Because he was bad.

The whistle blows,
And the crowd shouts galore.
Lower Maze have won the cup,
Like never before!

Conor Mulholland 8C





The Haunted Mansion

On the Halloween night of 2000, while trick-or-treating in the dark, my dog Trevor, my best friend Gerard, and I walked toward the front door of an old abandoned mansion. As I lifted my fist to knock, the door creaked open. We were surprised, frightened, and shivering uneasily as we stumbled inside. I spotted cobwebs everywhere, and Trevor's little stub of a tail immediately switched from wagging happily to down under his legs, quivering.

"We really need to get out of here," I whispered to Gerard, picking up Trevor. "Gerard?" After no answer, I spun around and sure enough, there was an open trap door in the ground where he had fallen. "Oh no," I said exasperated. I dropped Trevor and slid down the pass. I gasped! There he was, all tied up. His arms, legs, and neck were tied to the wall, and there was tape over his mouth. "He's locked up," I whispered to myself ...

"And you'll be too", a voice interrupted my thoughts. A ghostly man grabbed me around the middle and I slipped out, closing my fingers on the cold, silver key he was wearing around his waist. I ran to unlock Gerard and was successful. We ran to the pass when the lights went out. Gerard's arms flailed around and flipped a switch. The lights flew back on, and the pass changed quickly to a set of marble stairs.

A trail of muddy paw prints led to the foot of the dusty, old rickety stairs and then stopped. Gerard and I ran to the bottom step and looked up. No one was there. Gerard and I exchanged uncomfortable looks as we were both seized on the upper arm. Razor-sharp teeth sank into my neck, and I

let out a shriek of agony as we were both locked into chairs with chains.

The vampire slowly raised a dagger and licked his lips hungrily. He slit a long cut down my arm, and then Gerard's. I struggled to unlock the chains, then remembered the gleaming silver key in my pocket because the chains held my hand too tightly.

My dog came running in with incredible leaps. His fur was matted, his nose bleeding, but he was still Trevor. He sprang fiercely on the vampire, grabbed the key out of my pocket, and unlocked with the key in his mouth. I unlocked Gerard and we escaped breathlessly, arm bleeding, never to go back again.

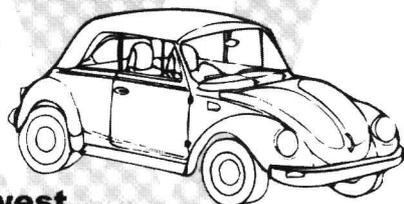
It was seven days later when the effects of the vampire bite started to kick in. First my shoulders widened and I grew very tall. Then my gums started aching and I sprouted two fangs. Then I acquired a taste for blood. By the end of this process I had turned three people into vampires. The day after, I bit my friend Gerard and he knew that he had to kill the head vampire before his transformation was complete to end this curse. So he went to the mansion and entered the basement. He opened the vampire's coffin and drove a stake through his heart. At that moment the curse was lifted and the vampires changed back to humans and didn't remember a thing.



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THE CREATOR



He sat there looking out of the window. Still and quiet he was, breathing in and out. Innocent he looked yet deep inside he constructed a plan, dark and secretive. Abruptly and without warning he got up and walked out of the room. His plan was finished but his work had just begun.

Tools lay on the work bench. He had all that he needed. Now he must begin many long nights of labour. Long he worked deep into the night but no longer could he fight sleep as it took him by the hand. Deep he slept, dreaming of his creation and as he lay there he formed a cunning smile.

In the morning he went back to work.

Three nights had passed and it was finished. He laughed with joy. It was complete.

He went over the plan again and again. He would place his creation in a box of fresh red roses, walk up to the target, leave the package and well then he would see what happened next.

He left the house and headed for the target.

He parked his car and entered a shopping centre. He wore sunglasses and a long black leather coat which

ended at his ankles and he had big, black boots – steel toe-capped.

They made a thud when they hit the floor.

It was a busy day in the centre. Mothers walked passed pushing prams, children laughed and ran about but no one noticed him. He was but a shadow. Then he noticed the target and made his way towards it and time seemed to stand still.

The children still ran about but no noise did they make. All he could hear was the thud of his boots and pounding of his heart. They were joined together in one continuous beat.

He reached the target and handed a woman the box. She smiled and opened it. At that moment he could not hear a thing not even his heart. It was total silence.

She opened the box and smiled even more, for his creation was just an animal carved from wood – a simple birthday present.

Conor Hill 10A

K Jennings & Co

Chartered Accountants

Office Unit 5, Itec Business Park,
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Chartered Accountants

Tel: (028) 3025 2964

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e-mail: kevin@kevinjennings.co.uk

Myself

I am a hawk
Flying swiftly through the trees
Watching for prey.

I am a monstrous snake
Waiting for food to kill
As I slither along.



I am cool, smooth grass
Stretching peacefully for
Butterflies and rabbits to run on.



I am Sprite bubbling in a can
On a dark winter's morning
To quench my thirst.

I am a hillside for foxes
And wolves to howl and bark on
In the middle of the night.

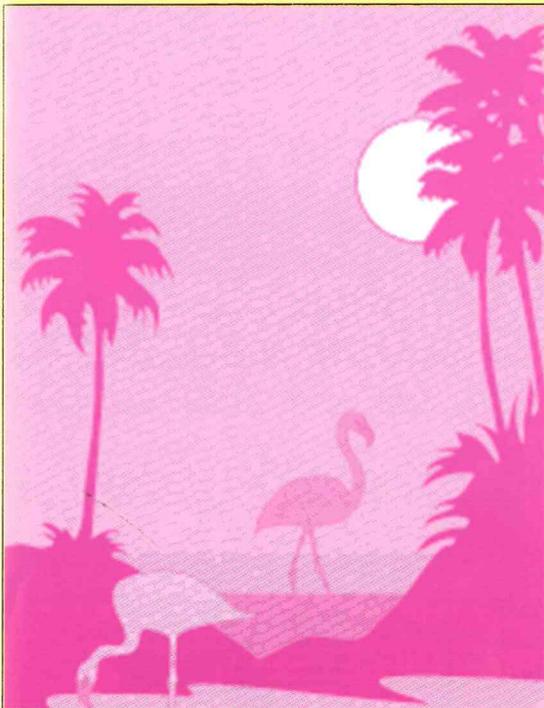
Sean Turley 8C

The GENTLEMAN VILLIAN



He strutted from the darkness, his head held high. His long black hair rested at his back, fastened together with a silky scarf. He wore a top hat with a black velvet cloak and gloves of finest leather. His pale skin was illuminated in the cadaverous moon. In his left sleeve he flaunts a handkerchief made of Italian lace. To people's faces he is placid but if the opportunity came he would strike at their back. He's a chameleon as he feels at home everywhere, whether it be a high society bar by day, or a brothel by night. At his side he keeps a small pistol with mother of pearl handle and on his right he carries a black dagger, reflecting on the blackness of his soul. If walking he carries an embellished staff with a ruby as a pommel. This conceals a long silver sword which reflects himself, elegant and immaculate yet capable of great damage. Two golden chains hang at his side, one fastened to his pocketwatch and the other his monocle. He has few friends, but many influential acquaintances, who don't know him by his name. A French aristocrat with no past, trying to make a future.

Christopher Diver 10A



THE DESTRUCTION OF A TROPICAL PARADISE

It was a hot mid – summer's evening and the sun was shining brightly upon my face, giving my cheeks a rosy red texture, similar to the colour of a freshly ripened apple. I could feel tiny droplets of sweat trickling slowly and softly down the side of my chest. It was now 9.30pm and the exotic orange sun was gently falling comfortably

under the deep blue water of the shimmering sea. The sun was glimmering upon the smooth harmless ripples, far out, past the lustrous lagoon. Its effect was created with a beautiful range of colours such as aqua blue and green. It contained long coral reefs and an abundance of small, fluorescent, streamlined fish which

were perpetually jumping and jiggling about the tranquil lagoon.

A warm, relaxing sensation suddenly arose from deep within me and I felt an urge to lay my body gently down upon the soft, golden sand. It consisted of so many small grains of eroded rocks and dead marine fish formed long ago under



THE DESTRUCTION OF A TROPICAL PARADISE

the large blue sea. The sand was warm and silky and I didn't mind if it got caught up among the tangles in my hair. I felt so fresh, cool and had no worries lingering in my mind for they were all swept behind, like seaweed being directed forcefully towards shore by a high, raging tide.

Startled by the dazzling surroundings I lay back and gazed up in astonishment and awe, observing every last feature of the prominent, pink sky. It was like a tropical paradise which was supported by the sound of the waves clashing and splashing tempestuously over the rough, rebellious rocks, which composed the most relaxing of the natural sounds.

My tiredness and relaxation had overcome me and my eyes were half closed as if my eyelids were like two magnets with a strong force of attraction between them. I could hear the shrill cry of the gulls in the far distance, fighting over some unknown cause. I assumed the fighting was over prey, perhaps a small marine fish. The crying gradually became louder, but not loud enough to engage my attention. I was still weary and in a daze, filled with astonishment, awe and weird thoughts constantly poured in and out of my mind. These thoughts were dark and quite abnormal. They were also frightening and I felt a sense of danger arising.

Immediately, I sprang swiftly up off the sand and stood in a crooked position where my knees were bent and my head was tilted to one side and resting on my left shoulder as if I had no power to control or move it. At first I thought I was dreaming, but realised I wasn't when I got nipped quite sharply on the finger by a small black insect. Right before me, staring me in the face was a monstrous tidal wave, ripping and tearing apart everything which

dared to lie in its path. The gulls' cry was gradually becoming louder and high pitched, piercing my ear drum wickedly. Rocks of all shapes and sizes were being scattered in every direction; rich fertile soil and most of the green vegetation on the curving coastline were being ripped up from the roots, caught up and gathered in the mouth of this natural disaster. I could just make out a face in the wave which seemed to have a very dark, venomous complexion. It was unbelievable and so unrealistic. I had never been in such a frightening situation in my life. My heart was beating – strong and fast. My jaw was hanging loose, my mouth wide open in total shock. It was as if a large vicious predator was arising from deep down in the wave and was hungry for death and destruction.

Meanwhile, the sky had transformed dramatically from such a sensational scene of bright velvety colours with a sense of warmth, to a pitch dark scene. My breath was sharp and like ice. I had to act quickly now and get myself shifted onto the safe, firm platform of the town. I hopped onto my feet and made a run for the platform across the beach. I didn't look back. I just hoped and prayed I wouldn't be captured by the terrible tidal wave. I reached the bottom of the old, eroded steps, which were covered in moss and grime. I could hear the hissing, clashing sound of the waves gaining on me. My heart was in my mouth and my mind was getting overloaded with thoughts running through it. I ran up the steps and after what felt like a lifetime I had claimed safe territory on the platform behind a tall solid wall, approximately half a metre thick.

To my relief, I was now safe and could finally breathe. Suddenly, I felt the rapid vibrations on my back as I lay sprawled out lazily against the wall as the tidal wave smashed

angrily against it. Luckily, it was held back by the wall and a cool spray of sea water came off the top of the wall and smothered my face.

After the extremely extravagant disaster had struck I looked back to what I described as a tropical paradise. It was now in complete ruins. Rocks, dead fish, vegetation and torn coral reefs were scattered everywhere upon the beach. The beach was covered in damp soil and was punctured with steep tattered holes.

Patrick Brennan 12D

SPORTS INJURIES?

Sport Support & Advice

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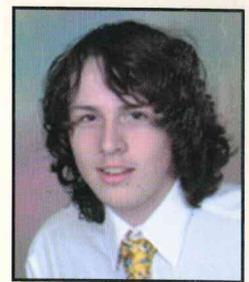
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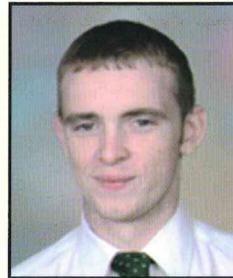
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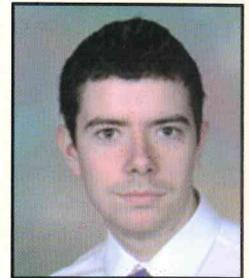
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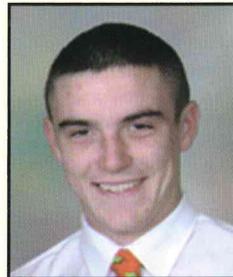
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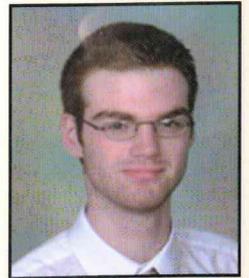
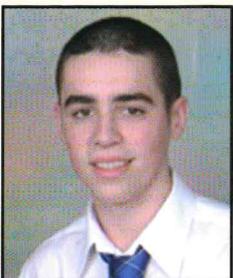


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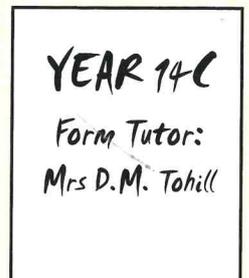
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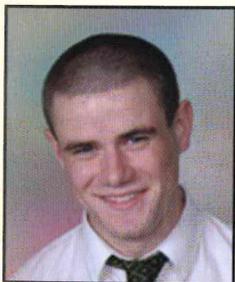
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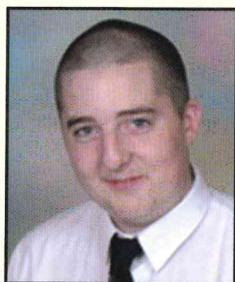
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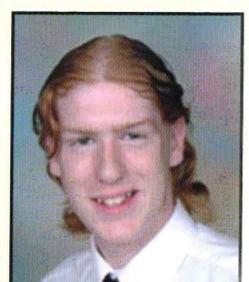
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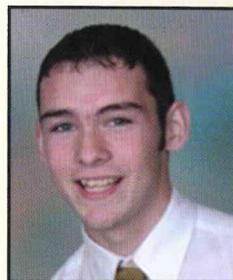


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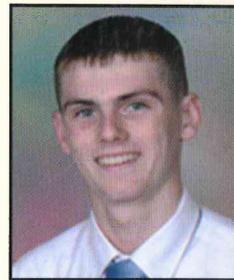
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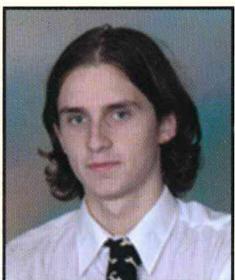
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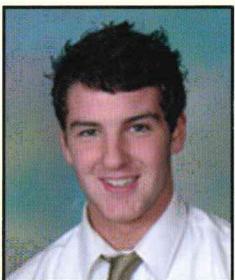
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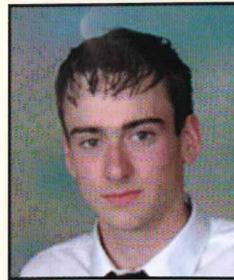
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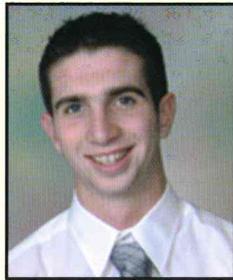
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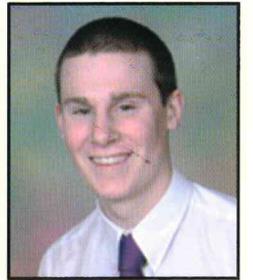
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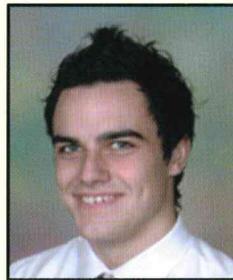
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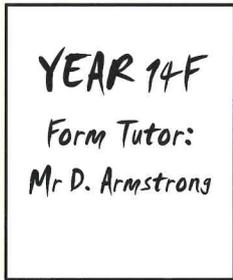
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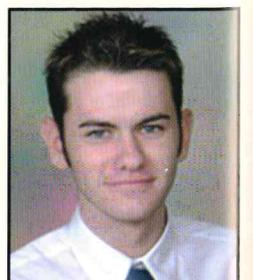
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William McGuickin
St Kieran s P.S.

YEAR 8 2003 - 2004



Christopher McMahon
St Anne s P.S.



Darren McManus
Holy Child P.S.



Michael McMullan
St Kevin s P.S.



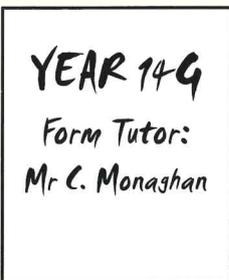
Paul Mulhern
St Anne's P.S



Daniel O Hanlon
St Peter s P.S.



Robert Shaw
St Anne s P.S.



Joseph Black
St Peter s P.S.



Paul Burns
St Kevin s P.S



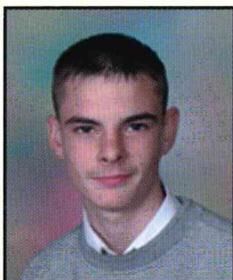
Paul Geddis
St Joseph s P.S.



Gerard Gibney
St Luke s P.S.



Kevin Hawkins
St Theresa s P.S.



Colm Lappin
St Kieran s P.S.



Fionnbharr Maguire
Bunscoil Phobal Feir



Pearse Maguire
Holy Child P.S.



Sean McAreavey
St Kieran s P.S.



Ronan McClean
St Anne s P.S.



Sean McGeown
St John the Baptist P.S.



Patrick McLaughlin
St John the Baptist P.S



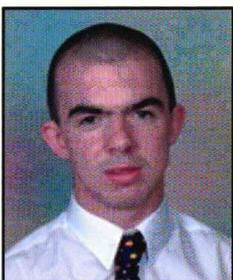
Seamus Nolan
St Oliver Plunkett P.S.



John O reilly
St Peter s P.S.



Michael Pollock
St John the Baptist P.S.



Ryan Rooney
CBS Glen Road



Paul Woods
St Kieran s P.S

YEAR 8 2003 - 2004

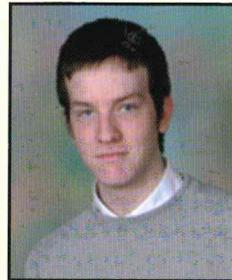
YEAR 14H
Form Tutor:
Miss O Convery



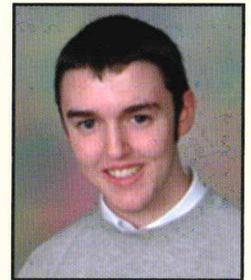
Daniel Andrews
Good Shepherd P.S.



Darren Brunty
Holy Child P.S.



Ciaran Carlin
Holy Child P.S.



Stephen Cassidy
St Teresa s P.S.



Gary Cunningham
Holy Child P.S.



Christopher Donnelly
St Anne s P.S.



Caoimhin Graham
Corpus Christi College



Conor Lamb
St Joseph s P.S.
Crumlin



Thomas Maguire
St Anne s P.S.



Noel McCleave
St Peter s P.S.



Peter Murphy
Holy Trinity P.S.



Niall O Reilly
St Anne s P.S.



Michael Rafferty
Holy Child P.S.



Stephen Rainey
St John the Baptist P.S.



Sean Robb
St Mark s P.S.



Colum Thompson
Holy Child P.S.



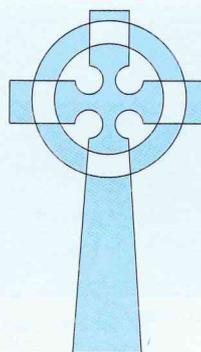
Glenn Wilson
Good Shepherd P.S.

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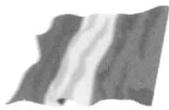
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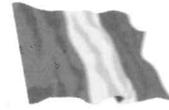
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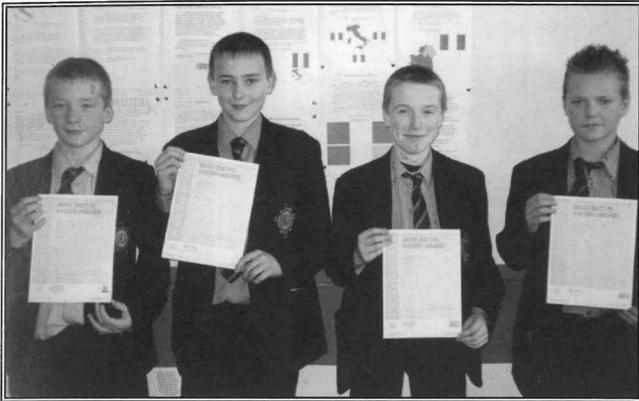




Italian Department



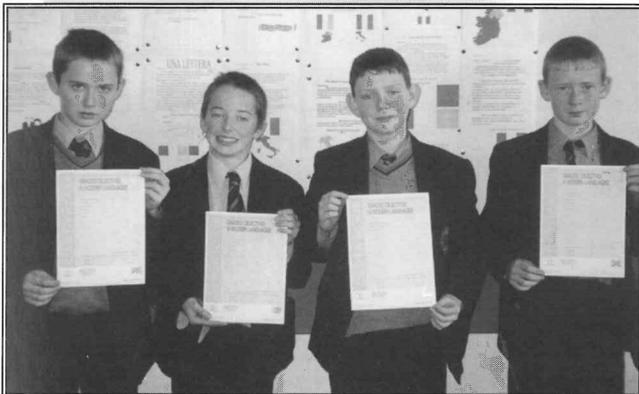
*Graded Objectives in Modern Languages : Italian
Year 9 students with their Level I certificates.*



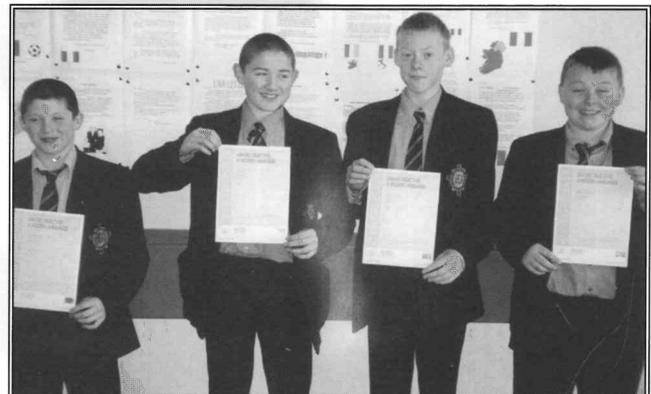
L-R L.Boyce, N.Burke, R.Best & N.Atkinson



L-R K.Doherty, M.Diffin, B.Cullinan & C.Courtney



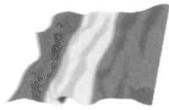
L-R G.Flanagan, A.Gault, C.Dowds & C.Gaskin



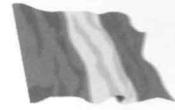
L-R J.Lynch, P.Lundy, G.Lewsley & J.P.Mackin



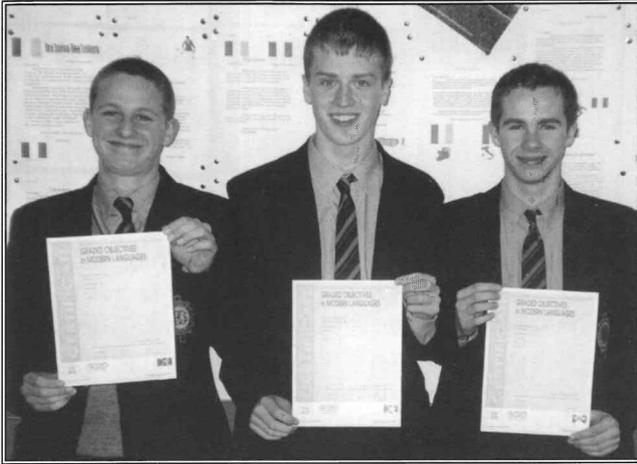
*L-R P.McClean, N.McGlone, N.McWilliams,
M.McArdle & R.Maguire*



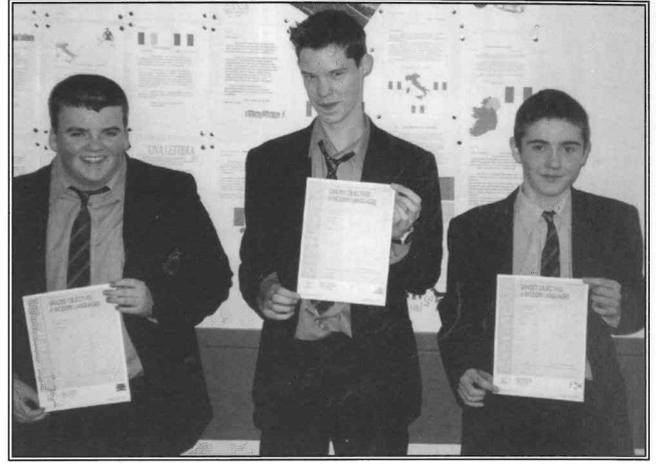
Italian Department



Year 11 students with their Level II certificates.



L-R T.Alwell, M.McAree & P.Davidson



L-R B.McCroy, D.Currie & C.Toal



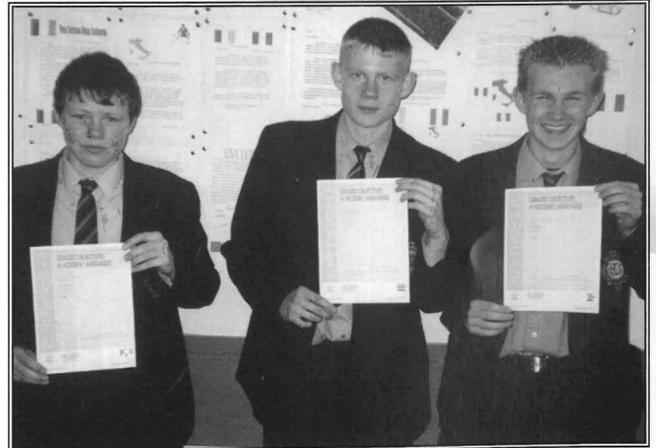
L-R P.Kearns, S.Graham & M.Keenan



L-R N.Connor, S.Cullen & N.Porter



L-R J.Brennan, M.Cullen & M.Kelly



L-R C.Flavin, D.O'Neill & G.Farrell

An aerial photograph of Rome, Italy, showing the city's dense urban landscape and the Tiber River. In the foreground, a large, white, cutout illustration of the Colosseum is superimposed over the city view.

Italia '04

It dawned, the 18th March, following Saint Patrick's Day. But when most of the population lazed in bed, there was an odd stirring at our very own St. Mary's. We were bound for Rome.

The Italian contingent of a select forty consisting of years 10-13 had undoubtedly been excited the previous evening as there was not a dull eye in the 5:30am gloom of that Thursday. Following the farewells of the parents' escorts we all settled into the County Cavan coach that would bear us on the first step of a thousand miles, Dublin Airport.

Before going any further I am obliged to mention the mentors that pioneered the trip. Fondly known as the 'continental crew', these flamboyant five had among their ranks Mr. G. Cullen the leader, his elder sibling Mr. P. Cullen and their faithful associate Mr. Collins. Also there was sensationally sarcastic Mr. McFlynn and the great historian Mr McGreevy, all legends I know.

After a few hours at Dublin the 'Azzurri' were soon to be whisked high above the sky. A further bonus was that during the flight we all managed to see such marvels as the Alps with their snow-covered peaks.

Finally we arrived at Fiumicino airport and were soon on the go once more. Our luggage was loaded on to the coach and we set off for our hotel in Fregene, roughly about 20km outside Rome.

Following our arrival at the Fregene hotel we were given a few hours to investigate the surrounding area and discover all that Italy has to offer. Later that night we got acquainted with the beautiful food served in the family-run hotel. We also found ourselves trying to speak Italian to actual Italian people, some more than others. From there we departed for Ostia, a modern complex of fast food, bowling and entertainment which was not unlike our very own odyssey. The driver while we stayed in Italy was a very gentle, humorous man known as Massimo who brought much enjoyment to us and who will remain our friend. After the hustle bustle of the first day, the exhausted 'Azzurri' found themselves sleeping in freshly laundered beds that would recharge them for the week ahead.

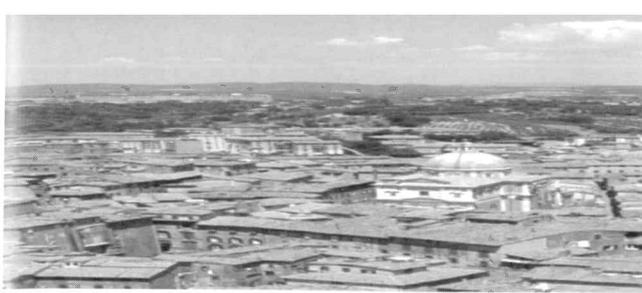
On Friday we left early heading for the epic Pompeii. Even though the trip took three hours long to get there, our expectations and spirits were still high. The sites around the city were lavishly scenic and the ancient aurora seemed to be all around. The female guide took great pride in her culture and told us of the city's history with great zeal. What was disappointing was that we never even glimpsed Vesuvius, due to low cloud cover.

Saturday came and once more we were up early but this time our destination was the centre of Rome. We visited the Colosseum outside which were queues of noisy tourists. Inside however was unbelievable and from the top circular pathway you could look down upon the arena where Gladiators once fought and where early Christians were persecuted. We then visited the forum which was the commercial, political and religious centre of its day and where still stands the Curia which was rebuilt time and time again by notables such as Julius Caesar and Augustus.

After the forum we went to explore the fabulous Piazza Navona and while there we also had lunch. Then we had to brave a peace march to reach Santa Maria Miaggiore which is the second finest church in Italy and is maybe the most loved by the Italian people. Personally I thought this was great and it gave me the chance to find some peace amidst all the excitement. That night we went again to Ostia.

On Sunday we hit the Vatican where Pope John Paul II was administering a Beatification Mass. Saint Peter's Basilica is the most amazing church and is a must to visit. It was built on the spot where Saint Peter the Apostle was buried and contains such work as the Pieta by Michelangelo. The square itself is surrounded by symmetrical colonnades where statues of the first seventy-two disciples stand. Onwards we went to the Trevi fountain where it is said if you throw a coin into the water, one day you'll return to Rome. Also in the fun filled day we visited Pantheon and the famous Spanish Steps. We again went to Ostia for the final time.

It dawned, Monday, we were bound for home, but before our return visit we went to the local market where you would see a multitude of people, some nice, some quite intimidating.



Once more we found ourselves at the airport and within a few hours we arrived at Dublin. From there the same Co. Cavan coach brought us back to our beloved families and homes. The trip to the Eternal City was over but will never be forgotten because of the great organisation of the trip and because of my mates that went with me.

Tony Atwell (11H)



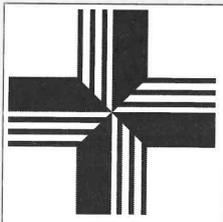
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Business Studies Department Fantasy Share Race

BWD Rensburg Investment Management Company, in conjunction with the Belfast Telegraph, ran a Fantasy Share Race between October 2003 and January 2004. The idea of the competition was to give students a greater understanding of investment, quoted companies and the stock market, as well as hands on experience of managing a portfolio.

St Mary's Business Studies department duly took up the challenge and through some discussion and careful negotiation came up with the name 'ShareBears' (origin - Bear Market: a period of falling share prices on the stock market when individuals [bear investors] anticipate this happening and sell shares in the expectation that they will be able to buy them back in the future at a lower price). 22 schools from across Northern Ireland took part.

Each team in the competition had a notional sum of £100 000 to invest. Teams were allowed no more than 15 stocks at any one time, or less than 10. Minimum initial investment of £5000 and a maximum of £10 000 was permitted per stock. A maximum of 5 transactions were allowed each calendar month.

The ShareBears met on a regular basis and like every other budding investor, tried to anticipate the strong performers. We did have a few winners right from the start. Granada and Carlton served as well with news of a merger. Likewise, Vodafone and MMO2 remained strong throughout the period as the telecoms sector continued to grow. The mobile industry proved a shrewd choice in the run up to Christmas. We were all confident that sales would soar and this strong performance be reflected in their share prices. Pardon the pun but 'the dividend paid off'. Over the festive season Next also produced some excellent returns.

During most of December St Mary's claimed pole position. Just before the holidays however another school took the number one spot. Luckily we managed to hold second place. Remaining upbeat and determined to win back the crown we continued to perform well in what was a difficult market.

Unfortunately St Mary's were unable to regain pole position, but with a fight managed to retain second place. In fact ShareBears together with 7 other schools out-performed the benchmark index - the Financial Times Stock Exchange (FTSE). Over the investment period our portfolio grew by 9.77%. A list of our final portfolio is shown (*right*) and the league table at the end of the competition.

BWD Rensburg Schools Fantasy Share Race 2003/2004

Name: Share Bears, St Mary's CBS

Valuation from October 13th 2003 - 28th January 2004

Stock	Value	Actual Change	Book Cost
Granada	10894	1,894	9,000
Canton Corn.	11229	2,229	9,000
EMI Group	5,935	935	5,000
Schroders	6,045	546	5,499
Tesco	8,152	152	8,000
VodafoneGrp	9,387	1,387	8,000
AB Ports	7,967	36	7,931
mmO2	12,401	2,401	10,000
HMV Grp	7,779	-221	8,000
Luminar	7,687	687	7,000
SmithWH	5,019	19	5,000
Vodafone Grp	1,960	-40	2,000
Next	9,826	826	9,000
Cash	4,621		
Total	109,766		

BWD Rensburg Schools Fantasy Share Race 2003/2004

League table to 28th January 2004

Rank	School Name	Book Cost (£'s)	Value (£'s)	% Change
1.	St. Malachy's High School	100,000	113,736	13.74
2.	St Mary's CBG	100,000	109,766	9.77
3.	Mount Lourdes, Enniskillen	100,000	108,612	8.61
4.	St. Coleman's Newry	100,000	108,428	8.43
5.	Enniskillen Collegiate	100,000	107,354	7.35
6.	Coleraine Academical Institute	100,000	106,517	6.52
7.	Portora Royal School, Enniskillen	100,000	105,413	5.41
8.	Lismore Comprehensive	100,000	105,136	5.14
9.	Methodist College	100,000	104,651	4.65
10.	Sullivan UpperSchool	100,000	104,268	4.27
11.	RBAI	100,000	103,992	3.99
12.	Assumption Grammar, Ballynahinch	100,000	102,555	2.56
13.	Rathmore Grammar School	100,000	101,735	1.73
14.	St. Patricks Grammar, Downpatrick	100,000	101,155	1.16
15.	St. Mary's Magherafelt	100,000	100,988	0.99
16.	Abbey Grammar, Newry	100,000	99,451	- 0.55
17.	Fivemiletown High School	100,000	99,194	- 0.81
18.	Banbridge Academy	100,000	99,110	- 0.89
19.	St. Patricks High, Keady	100,000	99,052	- 0.95
20.	St. Louises Comp. Belfast	100,000	98,350	- 1.65
21.	Wallace High School	100,000	96,565	- 3.43
22.	Carrickfergus Grammar School	100,000	94,044	- 5.96

Well done to all involved. ShareBears received HMV vouchers for their efforts and will receive a year's subscription to the Investors Chronicle.

Business Studies Department Young Consumers Competition

In November 2003 a team of Year 13 Business Studies students participated in the Young Consumers Competition.

This annual competition is a lively, topical and fun quiz looking at everyday consumer issues. The competition was jointly organised by the

Trading Standards Service of the Department of Enterprise, Trade and Investment, and the General Consumer Council.

St Mary's finished in 2nd place, beating 11 other NI schools, and narrowly missing 1st place by a mere 2 points!!



(L to R): Mrs C Gillespie (Head of BS Dept), Mr K Nugent (student teacher), Thomas McGibbon, David Mallon, Conor McAuley and David Dougan, with the organisers of the competition.

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Why not have a go at testing your consumer knowledge???

Answers at bottom of page

Who does what?

1. What does ROSPA aim to prevent?
2. Who is the current Secretary of State for NI?

Food and drink

3. What type of fruit is a 'pink lady'?
4. What letter of the alphabet is associated with additives?

Health and the environment

5. What sort of rain is caused by burning fossil fuels?
6. Which aerosol propellants have damaged the ozone layer?

European Union

7. How many cents are in one Euro?
8. How many countries are members of the European Union? Is it 15, 20, 25?

Consumer law

9. If you buy a computer which is faulty who is responsible for the cost of getting it back to the shop?
10. What is the legal term for logos used by manufacturers to identify their goods?

Money, credit and finance

11. What is a loan secured on property more commonly known as?
12. What do the initials APR stand for?

Consumer safety

13. What is the most common cause of house fires?
14. What is the colour of a 5 amp fuse?

Travel, tourism and transport

15. Why would you take the form E11 with you on holiday to Spain?
16. On a car what does a sticker with a white background and the letter R in red mean?

General knowledge

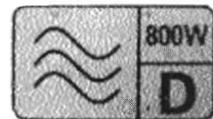
17. In computer terms what is an ISP?
18. What is the world's largest restaurant chain?

Picture round

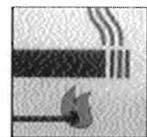
19



20



21



22



23



Answers:
1. Accidents
2. Paul Murphy
3. Apple
4. E
5. Acid rain
6. CFCs
7. 100

8. 25 (10 more since May 1st)
9. Shopkeeper
10. Trademark
11. Mortgage
12. Annual Percentage Rate
13. Chip pans
14. Black
15. To get medical attention

16. Restricted driver
17. Internet Service Provider
18. McDonalds
19. Blood Transfusion Service
20. Microwave oven
21. Fire resistant label
22. Recyclable Aluminium
23. Speed camera

Year 9 Geography Field Trip



*Michael Griffin and Philip Bonner 9C
Investigating water quality on the Colin Glen River*



*9C getting ready to walk the Colin River -
don't they look well in their boots!*



Class 8B Darren Madden, Kevin McCullagh, Daniel Wilson



Class 9F Conor Cullan, Paul Murphy, Gary McLaughlin

Geography Christmas Quiz

In December of each year the Geography department hold Christmas quizzes for each of the junior year groups. Internal class quizzes are held to help select the quiz team, who represent the whole class in a year group quiz.

This year the competition proved to be quite tight with only a couple of points separating the winners and losers. The lucky winners receive the festive prize of a large selection box! Pictured are the winners of the years eight and nine quizzes.

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Ripping, rushing
Water gushing
Winding like a slithery snake
Identical to a ship's wake.

In and out,
Round and round
Water splashes
All over the ground.

Viciously hitting the river bank
Carrying along all that has sank.
Boulders rolling on the river bed
Watched by a fish that is blood red.

Evolving every day and night,
Spinning round, left and right
Swerving round a meandering bend
The river soon will reach its end.

Rapidly racing, rising and falling
Gurgling for anyone there to hear.
The river soon will enter the sea
And then drift by a nearby pier.

Silently struggling into the sea
Passing the end of a forest of trees.
Into the sea, its journey ends
Leaving behind all its bends and trends.

by Stephen McGuinness 9E

Rustling rapidly down the stream
Like a raging dragon breathing steam,
Splashing and gushing past many rocks,
Rough and speedy it rumbles and knocks.

Inside the river are things that
might scare and make you scream
fish and dead bodies floating in the stream.
Winding like a snake rumbling like a bear
Rushing and gushing splashing the air.

Various fish rolling down the river
Fish with sharp teeth that make you quiver
The river is lengthy and thin
And holds rapids and eddies that spin.

Everlasting the vigorous river is
When it reaches an Eddie it begins to turn
Its racing and chasing round each meander
Amazingly fast not dandering along.

Racing down towards the mouth
The river flows out to the south
The water begins to pour into the sea
And soon new water there will be.

Strangely enough the river is still there
Rumgling and gurgling splashing the air
The river will soon reach the sea
And very quickly new water there will be.

by Gerard McGettigan 9E

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Globalclub

We are one of 10 schools in the North of Ireland that are involved in piloting Global Club. Global Club is a new, exciting, project that aims to build a secure website and communications channel built on the views and ideas of the youth.

The first meeting of all the schools involved in Piloting Global Club was at W5 in the Odyssey Complex in December. This gave all pupils a chance to meet and interact in the various cluster groups and to discuss and share their ideas and views.



Both Seamus O'Rawe and Declan McAughey were elected as Deputy Directors for their Cluster.



In January the official launch of Global Club was held in the Waterfront Hall where Directors for each of the different Clusters were elected. Andrew Magee from 10B was elected as a Director for the Environment. As a Director Andrew was awarded a Laptop computer, a mobile phone and a First Trust Bank account with initial funds.



The 12 Globalclub Youth Directors with Globalclub's Chairman and Chief Executive

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MATHS CHALLENGE

Well done to all 170 students from Year 8 to Year 14 who were selected by their Mathematics teachers to represent St. Mary's in this year's Senior, Intermediate and Junior Maths Challenges, organised by the University of Leeds.

Pupils from Year 10 to Year 12 who participated in the Intermediate Maths Challenge this year achieved an excellent set of results of, 6 Gold Certificates, 15 Silver Certificates and 20 Bronze Certificates.

The **best performance certificate** in the school went to Patrick O'Kane of 12B, whose younger brother Christopher of 10A achieved the Highest award in Year 10.



Water Polo

St. Mary's water polo team had mixed fortunes over the past year. The under14 team, coached superbly by Mr. Watson retained the under 14 schools' championship. The senior team retained the Canada Trophy for Ulster Schools by competing in a 6-1 thrashing of nearest rivals St. Malachy's who had beaten St. Mary's 2-0 in the semi final of the All-Ireland Senior Championship mainly because of two team lapses of concentration.

At under 16 level we failed to reach the final stages of the All-Ireland under 16 Championships although we had drawn in the qualifiers with eventual winners St. Malachy's and had narrowly lost by a goal to the beaten finalists, Rathmore. However, lack of preparation and a degree of inexperience will not be a factor next year when our under16 team will be hot favourites to attain Ulster and All-Ireland honours.

Congratulations to three members of the Under 16 team - Paul Armstrong, Paul Murphy and Stephen

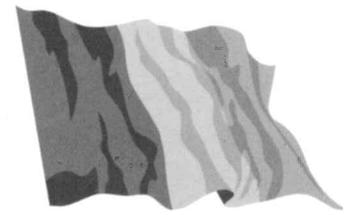


Loughran who were selected on the Ulster Schools Inter pro. team which defeated Leinster 6-5 in the inaugural Schools Inter pro.

Congratulations also to Aidan Devlin Year 13 who was selected as goal keeper on the Irish under 18 team which participated in a five nations Tournament in France in May.

Finally, best wishes to Ronan McClean, Darren Raffo and Ronan Burke year 14 students of the senior team who leave us this summer.

History Trip to Belgium



This year's school trip was a return trip to Belgium to visit sites of world war 1 importance centred on the area around Ypres.

A total of forty pupils from year nine to year eleven along with five teachers travelled by coach and ferry in mid-March to spend three nights at the Hotel Minchenhoy in Langemarck, a hotel well equipped to entertain tired pupils on an evening as it had a four lane bowling alley as well as a number of video games.

The days were spent visiting such highlights as the German War Cemetery at Langemarck visited in 1934 by Adolf Hitler, the excellent W.W.I museum in the Cloth Hall at Ypres and the Ireland Memorial Park of Messines opened a few years ago by Mary McAleese and Queen Elizabeth. On the Saturday the group went on a cruise on the canals of Bruges, shopped at the Saturday market in the town, buying loads of Belgian chocolate for the long journey home and visited a wooden shoe factory in Holland.



The journey home through England was very tiring and bad weather delayed our crossing from Stranraer but we eventually arrived home safe and sound in Belfast. On the Monday morning our only casualties were two boys who dropped a bowling ball on their feet in the hotel!

Thanks again to Mr. Mc Clean, Mr. Monaghan, Mr. Herron, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Heaney (official photographer) for an enjoyable and informative trip.



Star Fund-Raisers for Zambia

The generosity, determination and imagination of St. Mary's students certainly has been employed fully by Project Zambia - and with outstanding results. Over the past two years we have raised more than £40,000 for the poorest people in Zambia. The Simmarian highlights two of our students who have both raised more than £300 each for our work in Zambia.



Name: Mark Sloan
DOB : 07/06/89
Class: 11B
Home: Dunmurray
Favourite Pastime: Football; music
Favourite Team: Wolves (!)
Charity Fundraiser: Sponsored head shave
Inspired by: Presentation by Mr. Herron
Hopes to: Go to Zambia in Year 13

Name: Oisin O'Murchu
DOB: 02/02/90
Class: 10G
Home: Beechmount
Favourite Pastime: Football; swimming
Favourite Team: Celtic
(Dr. Donaldson will be reading this)
Charity Fundraiser: Selling lollipops in An Cultarlann
Inspired by: Video of school's trip to Zambia
Hopes to: Go to Zambia when I am old enough and teach them how to really play football.

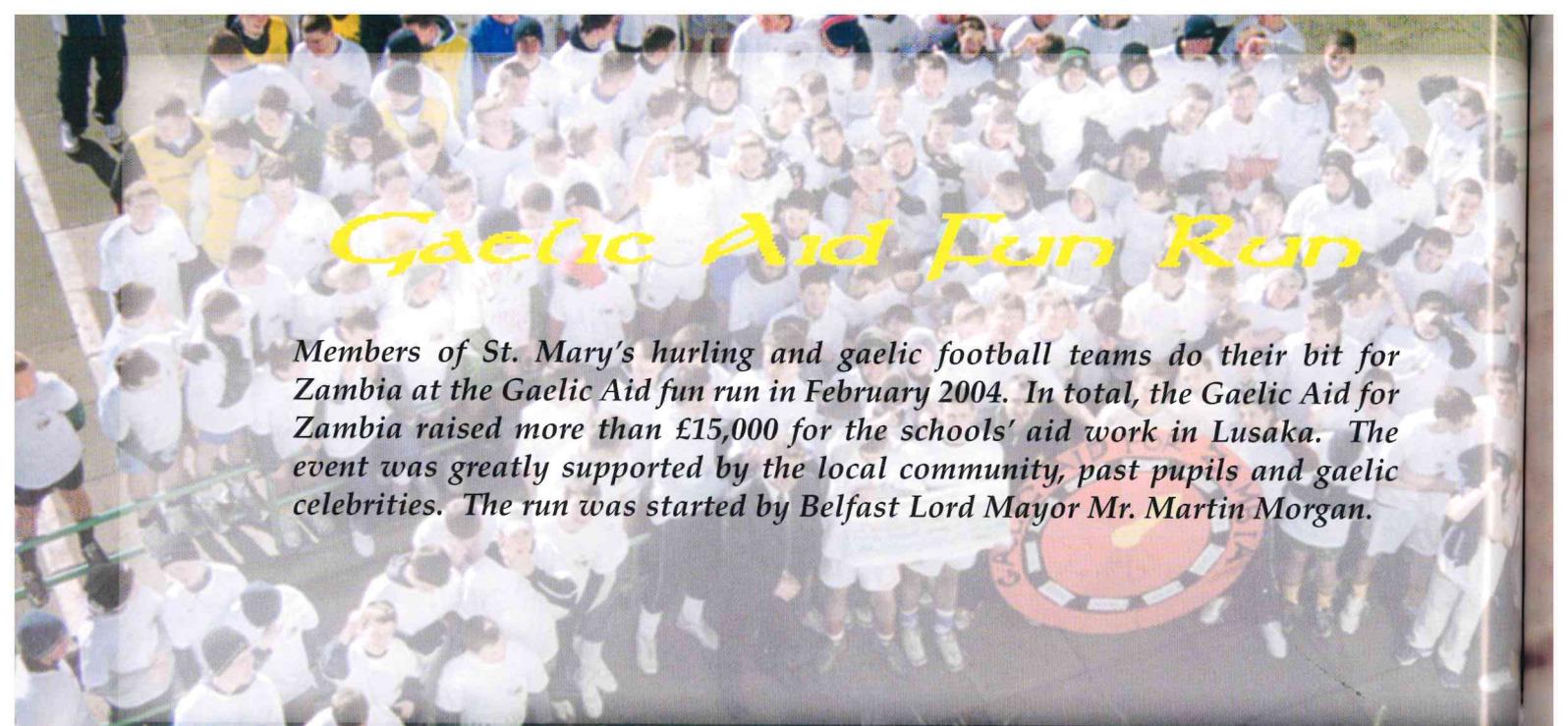
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Dynan
OPTICIANS

Diarmuid Dynan Bsc (Hons) MCOptom,
202E Andersonstown Road, Belfast BT11 9EB
Tel / Fax: 028 9062 8844



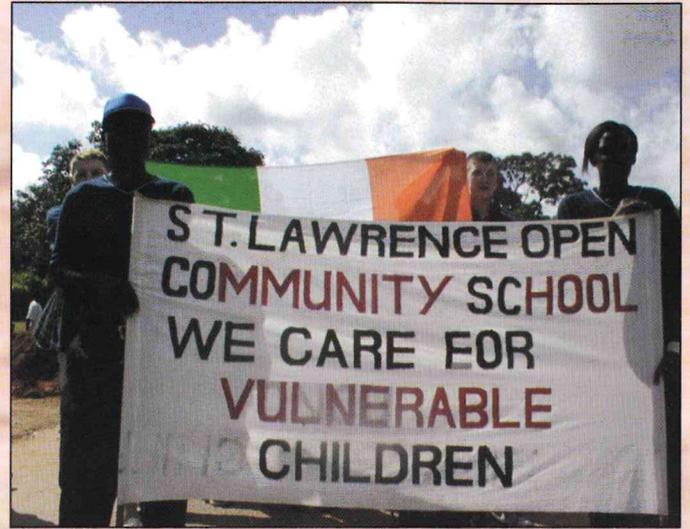
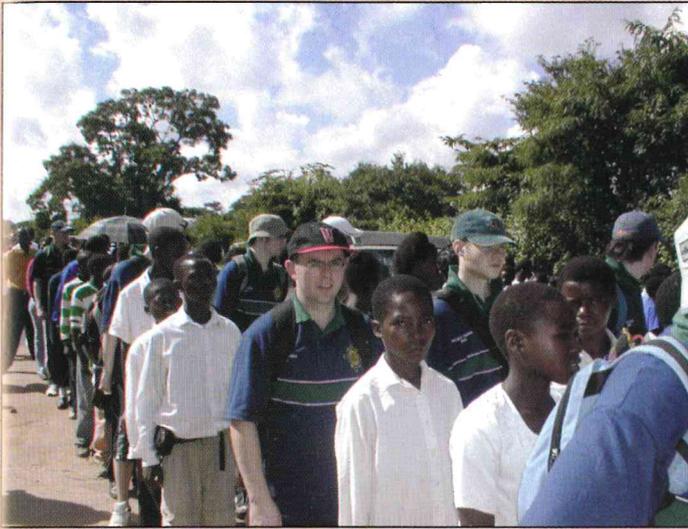
Gaelic Aid Fun Run

Members of St. Mary's hurling and gaelic football teams do their bit for Zambia at the Gaelic Aid fun run in February 2004. In total, the Gaelic Aid for Zambia raised more than £15,000 for the schools' aid work in Lusaka. The event was greatly supported by the local community, past pupils and gaelic celebrities. The run was started by Belfast Lord Mayor Mr. Martin Morgan.

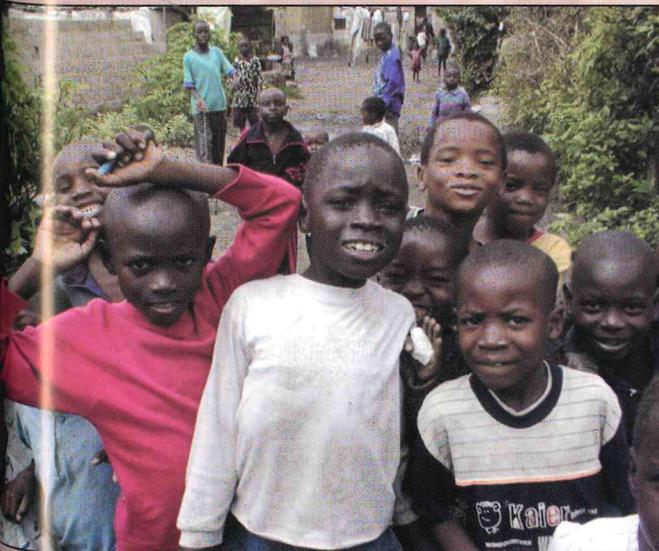


PROJECT ZAMBIA 2004

March 2004 saw a party of students, past pupils and teachers from St. Mary's CBGS returned to Misisi Township in Lusaka as part of the school's on-going commitment to helping the marginalised in the Third World. There, the group, led by Mr K. Burke, Dr A. Donaldson and Mr. M. Leydon, worked with the Christian Brothers and the Holy Ghost Fathers in our sister school, St. Lawrence's Community School, helped with the Concern food distribution programme, spent time with Aids victims in the hospice and with the street orphans in St. Lawrence's Home of Hope. To witness the work being carried out by people such as Brother John McCourt and Father Pillet is inspiring.



It was truly uplifting to see the difference the money the school and wider community has made over the past two years to the people in Misisi. Through this we have been able to provide funding for the building of two new classrooms, an extension to the Special Needs Centre, books for grade 7 students, two accommodation blocks for four teachers, clean water, a toilet block and two dormitories for the street orphans in the Home of Hope and blankets for the eighty-four orphans in Kabwata Orphanage. We are also delighted to announce that the money raised by the school has also helped to build two classrooms at St. Catherine's Nursery School in Misisi.



PROJECT ZAMBIA 2004

The school's Gaelic Aid for Zambia campaign which raised more than £15,000 has enabled us to commence additional projects including the complete rebuilding of a school in Kabweza village, about 30 miles east of Lusaka in the bush. When we visited the village we found the school to be nothing more than four crumbling mud walls, one (unpaid) teacher and 192 children who didn't possess one book or pencil between them. With our help the community of Kabweza now has a new four classroom school, four teachers, books stationary and a food aid and medical programme for the children there. One conversation with Mr Tembo, the township co-ordinator, brought home to use the constant threat of death which hangs over the people of Misisi and the importance of the help we at St. Mary's are giving.



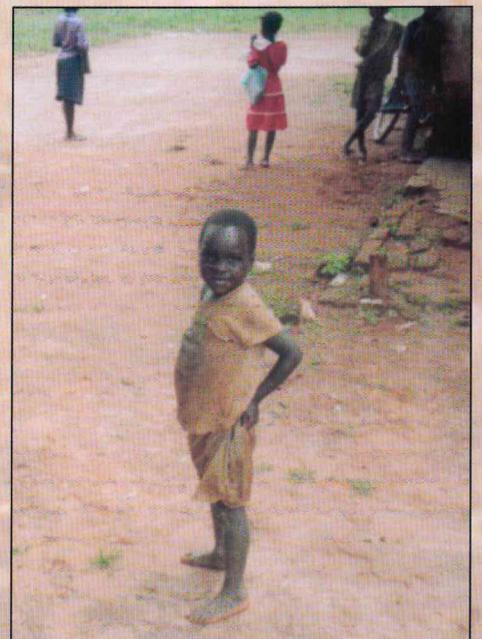
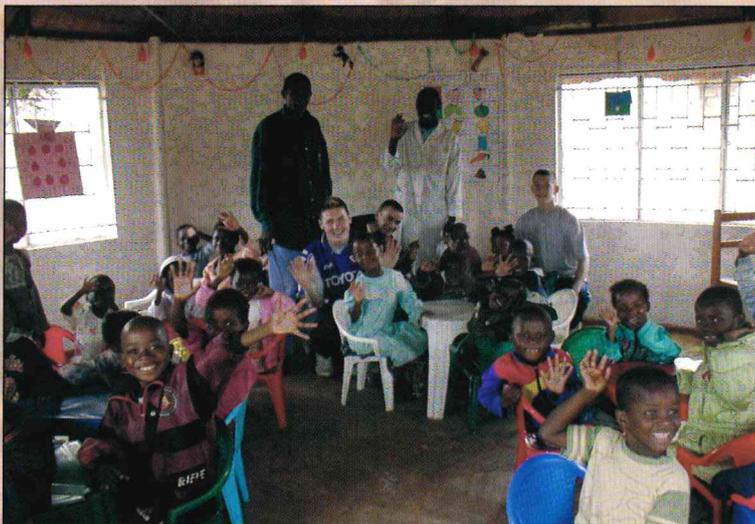
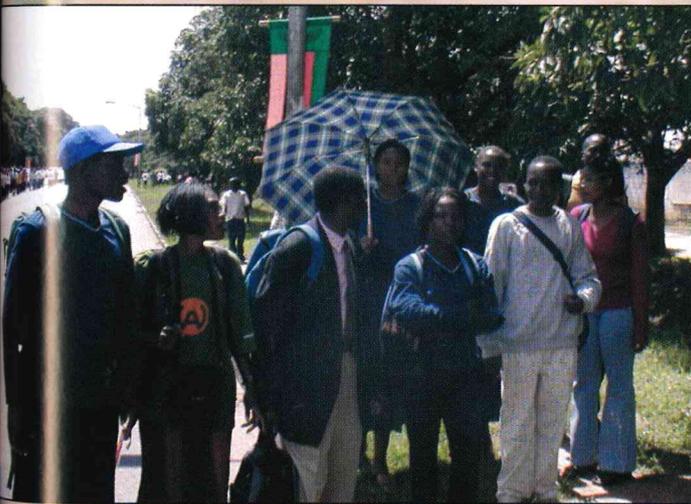
In January this year we sent £1500 from the money we raised at the bag pack at Safeways to the township. The money arrived at the same time cholera broke out in the township and they were able to use the money to buy medicine for the children in the Home of Hope. Mr Tembo informed us that had the money not arrived then the dormitories for the street orphans would not have been built. '24 coffins- that's all that would have been needed' Mr. Tembo stated solemnly. Fortunately all of the children survived the cholera outbreak and are most thankful to their friends in Ireland whose aid made such a vital difference.



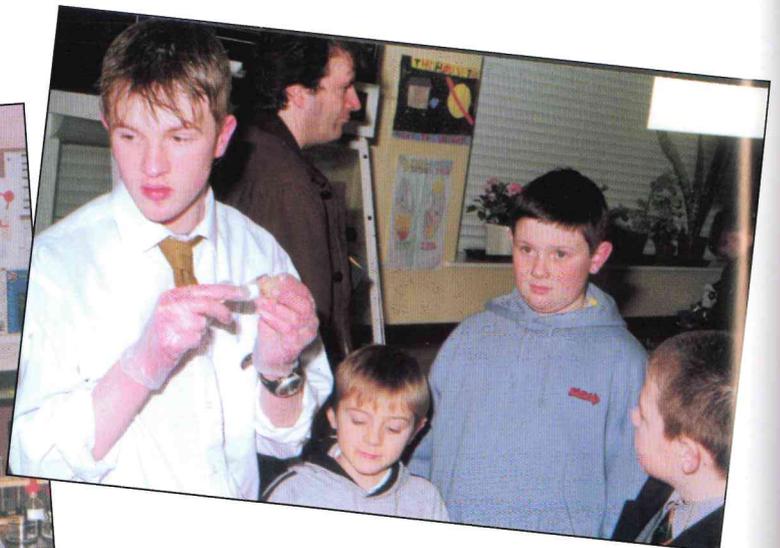
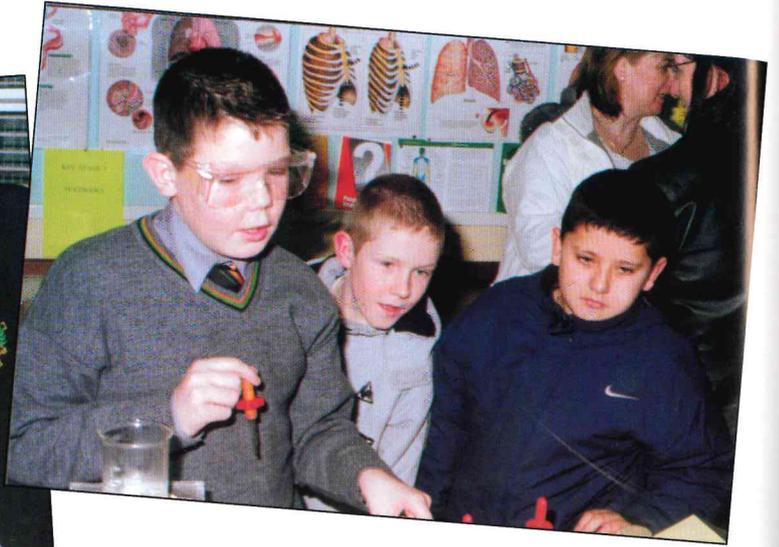
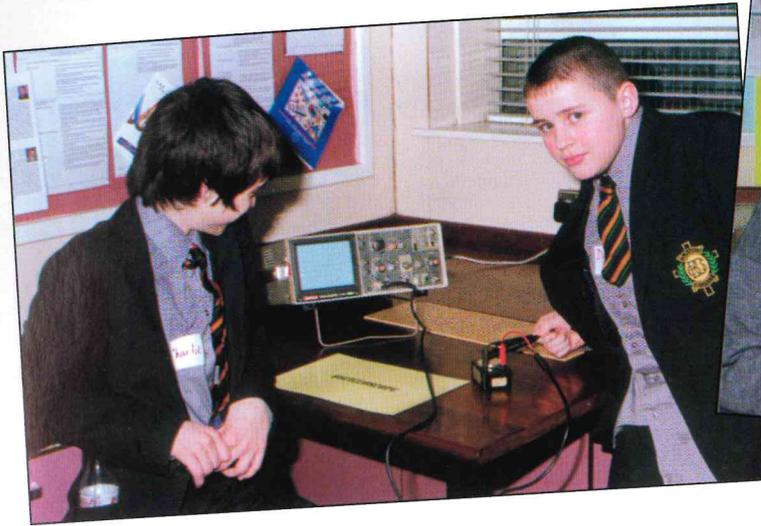
PROJECT ZAMBIA 2004

However, not all news was good. We were saddened to learn the death of Irene - one of the teachers in the Special Needs Centre. Irene was disabled herself and was always full of life, hope and fun. She had the widest smile and heartiest laugh. She died at the age of 26 of cholera in January.

A Dhia, déan trócaire ar a hanam dilís .



Open Nights 2004



Past Pupils Address A2 Students

Mrs Donna Tohill, senior school year head invited three past pupils to share their memories and expertise with the Year 14 students in December 2003. Representing a range of careers were Mr. Brendan Byrne, owner of Hot Shot Productions - a local film

company, Mr. Diarmuid McGarry - Financial Director of the printing company W&G Bairds and Mr. Mairtin O'Muilleoir - Managing Director of the Anderstown News.



Serre

Chevalier

March 2004 saw the largest ski group to leave St. Mary's for the slopes of Serre Chevalier. A daunting task lay ahead for Mr. Perry and the other "expert" skier teachers due to the large proportion of beginners in the group. However in a few short days the entire group were easily navigating not only green but blue and red slopes!

St. Mary's men are sharp dressers and many make fashion statements e.g. Darren O' Kane sported an "interesting" hairstyle while Mark Connor looked the part in his cool shades. However the LOUDEST fashion statement had to be that made by Michael O' Neill!!! Once we managed to find Johnny Mc Cann and Adam Galway who got lost on different parts of the mountain, then retrieved the intrepid Mo Murphy who was rescuing Kevin Shearer who had taken the alternative route off the side of the slope, we settled into a few



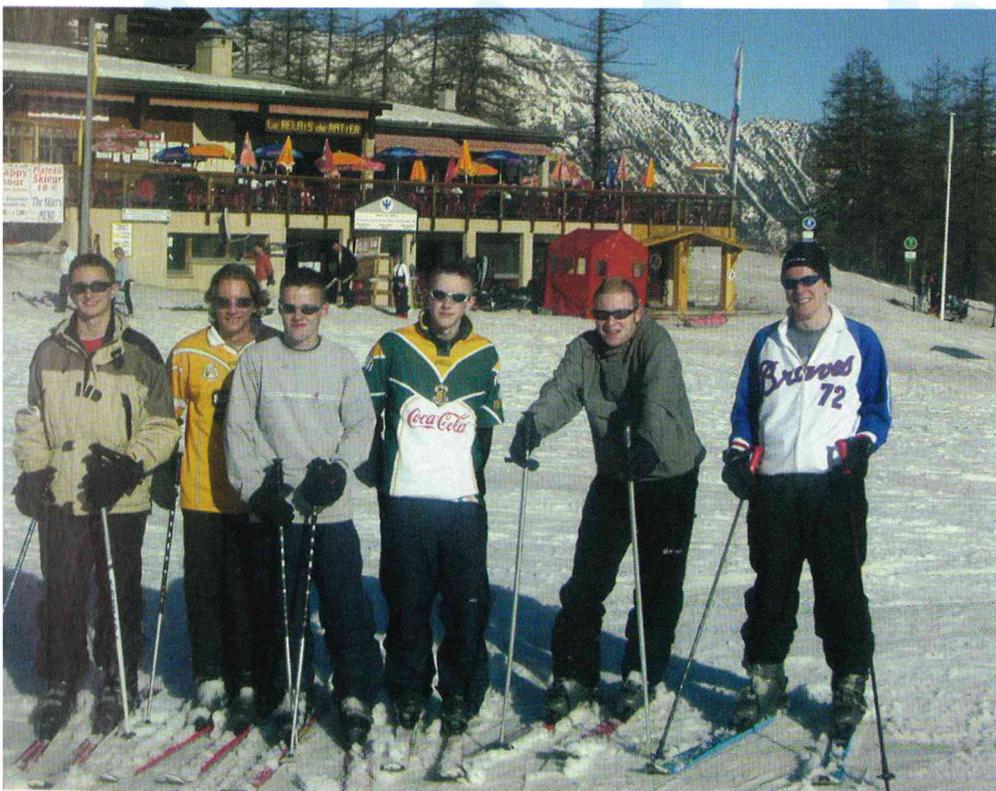
2004

days of great skiing in the blazing sun, (Mr. Mahon was spotted "trapping some rays" as he skied down the mountain in T-shirt and salopettes - a truly cool dude!)

As with all trips there are a number of memorable "characters" and events. Aaron Mc Corry was his usual "lethal weapon" self, and had his old problem whereby trees would keep jumping out in front of him, as did an unfortunate Alan Gallagher when he collected another injury. Needless to say this did not deter Alan from his skiing, a man of skill, determination and style.

The fall of the week is always hotly contested but this year it was Conor Lamb who produced the best choreographed performance on a black slope heading for home. Having completed a number of 360° turns from various starting points, he still managed to keep to the right path. No doubt navigation skills developed while travelling from the "wilds" of Crumlin each day came in useful here!

We would like to take this opportunity to wish a number of "regular" skiers who are leaving us this year every success in the future. May they bring their unique blend of skill and madness to everything they do!



Ski Leader Extraordinaire!

We the students and staff on the ski group must also say farewell and thank you to Mr Liam Perry who has led the ski group in St. Mary's for over 20 years. Who would have thought!



For anyone who has taken part in the ski trip it has remained as one of the most memorable experiences of their time here in St. Mary's. Undoubtedly Mr. Perry had a big part to play in this. His ability to ensure that we not only have fun and learn how to ski but actually survive the experience, has made his involvement in the ski trip a very positive one. For these reasons and so many more we, on behalf of stu-



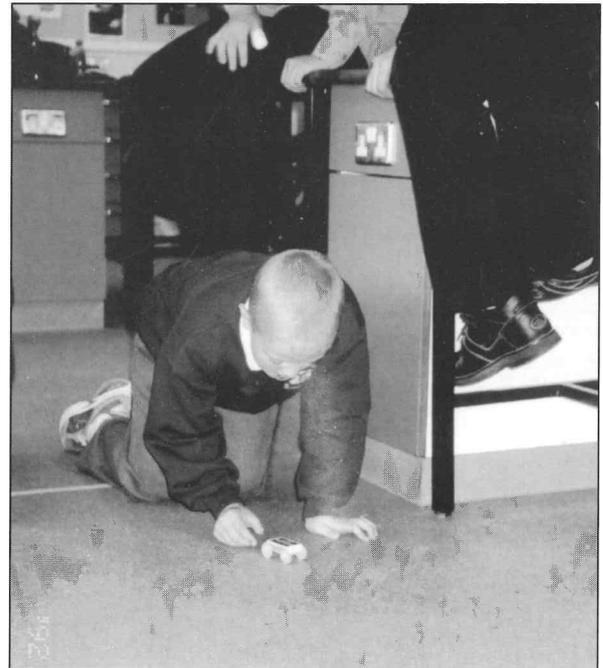
dents past and present would like to thank Mr. Perry and wish him the best of luck in any future ventures.

Those of us who have worked as members of the ski team over the years would like to thank Liam for his excellent leadership and support on the many trips he organised from the school. He will be missed, not only for his organisation and skiing skills, but for his friendship, bad jokes and memorable quotes. We have no doubt that he will create the same successful atmosphere in his new surroundings. He may even remember the combination to his wallet!

Good Luck Liam!



*Holy Child Primary School
on a visit to the Science Department in May '04.*



Basketball



At the end of the basketball season, the St. Mary's teams can look back to a very busy year. The Year 8 competition took place over three sessions with a narrow loss to fellow neighbours Rathmore but some more memorable wins over St. Malachy's 'B' team. Sadly the finals day was cancelled but we look forward to the challenge of the Yr 9 Ulster League with a large, strong squad.

On Saturday 24th April, the Vince Halloran Tournament took place in Maysfield Leisure Centre and St. Malachy's. Fifteen teams competed in this Ulster Schools' cup. St. Mary's, with a few key players missing gave a great team effort in all games and lost to Knock narrowly in the plate semi-final.

The Year 9 and 10 team took part in the Ulster League 'C' for the first time. The first round saw matches against all local schools. The year 10 season was short with a loss to Aquinas in the first round. The Year 9, however had wins over Rathmore, Knock and Lagan and made the semi-final against Aquinas. Both teams had come through their group undefeated. St. Mary's, inspired by Michael Armstrong and Conor Rocks matched Aquinas basket for basket. Strong defending by Niall Burke and George Sloan gave a tied game entering the last quarter. St. Mary's conceded a foul in the last seconds of the game allowing Aquinas to sink both scoring opportunities and win the game by one point.

Special mention to Robbie McLister, Year 10 and Rory Best, Year 9 who played for the Belfast Board in the Youth games on May 8th.

Chris Moore, Year 14 and Sean Finch, Year 10 represented Ulster in the Inter-Area Board Tournament in Belfast in May 2004. Sean will travel to Spain in July to take part in a European Tournament.



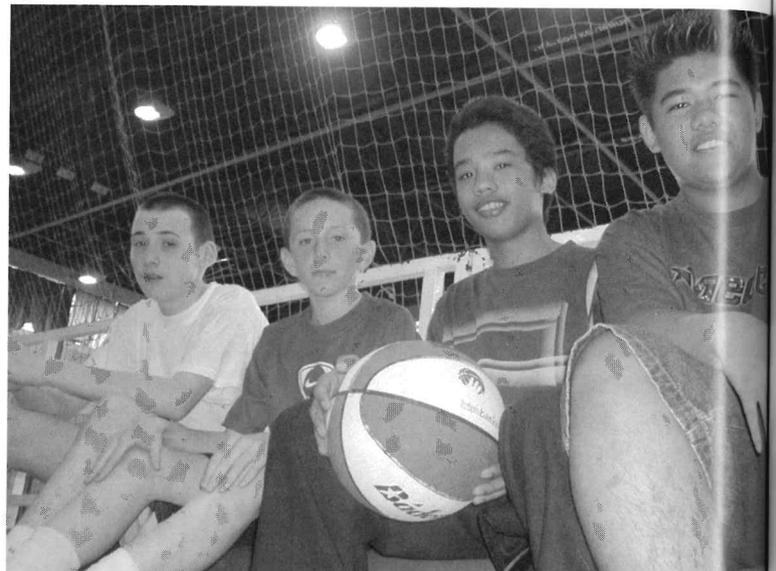
Basketball



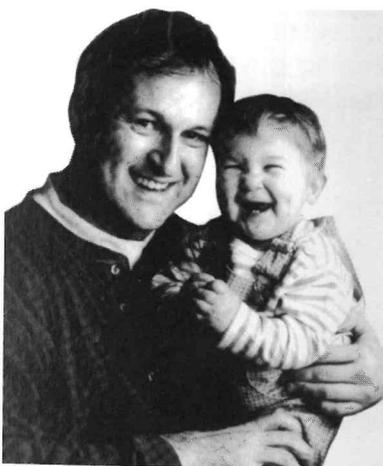
On June 17th 2004, thirty four Year 8-10 pupils took part in a 'Skills Coaching Session' in Maysfield Leisure Centre. Jim Martin, who coached at Grace College, Indiana, USA for four years as well as having coached in camps all over America and Europe and Aine Mc Grath, Ulster U-16 Coach led the coaching. A very enjoyable day was had by all with lots of competitions.



Jim Martin coaches the team in shooting practice



Paul Lyttle, Michael Armstrong, Ralph Singco and Eric Gonzales



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Salter's Festival of Chemistry



(L-R) Matthew Hanna, Stephen Durkan, Kevin Milnes & Emmet Dawson

On the 24th of May 2004 Emmet Dawson, Kevin Milnes, Stephen Durkan and myself Matthew Hanna attended the Salter's Festival of Chemistry at the University of Ulster, Coleraine.

There were two competition events. The Salter's Challenge in the morning and the University Challenge in the afternoon. In the first event we had to pose as forensic scientists and were required to work out who murdered a person in the village of Chalkwell.

In order to solve the mystery we had to carry out an investigation involving specialist chemical skills. These included flame testing to find out the metal parts of the salts found on each of the suspects shoes as well as tests for sulphates, nitrates, carbonates and chlorides. The latter



(L-R) Matthew Hanna, Stephen Durkan, Kevin Milnes & Emmet Dawson

enabled the non-metal part of the salts to be determined.

We concluded that the sales rep committed murder. He had thrown the body off a cliff near the sea, retrieved it and then drove it to another destination where he dumped it in a ditch.

Our investigative efforts continued into the afternoon where we had to retrieve smuggled diamonds from a suspicious white package. This involved the techniques of dissolving and evaporation where upon the stolen diamonds identified themselves.

During lunch break we had the opportunity to look around the university and see the challenges that await us in a few years time.

To finish the day we attended a lecture about poisonous animals and then finished up a live show from City Reptile.

Matthew Hanna 8B

Northern Ireland KS3 Science Competition

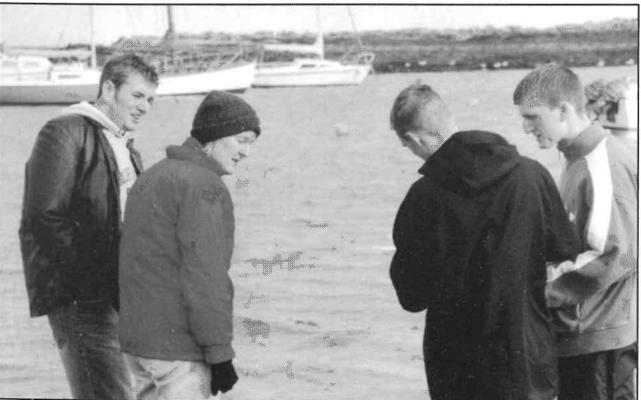
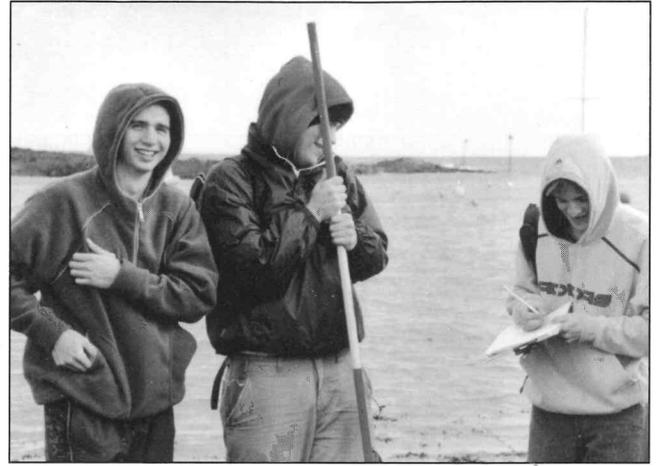
The above students Maurice Murphy, Michael Mc Mahon and Paul Mc Allister attended the KS3 Science Competition hosted by St Dominic's High School Belfast. Teams of year 10 students gathered to battle it out for the title. The competition included ten rounds of questions on many aspects of Physics, Chemistry and Biology. Unfortunately we didn't bring away the prize but enjoyed participating.

Maurice Murphy 10B



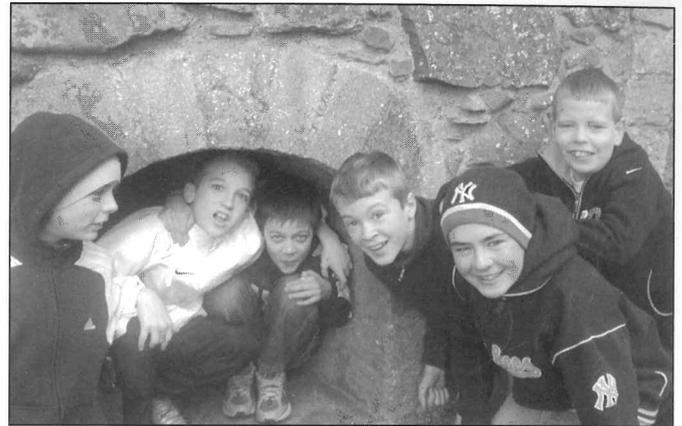
(L-R) Paul Mc Allister, Michael Mc Mahon and Maurice Murphy

Annual A2 Biology Field Trip

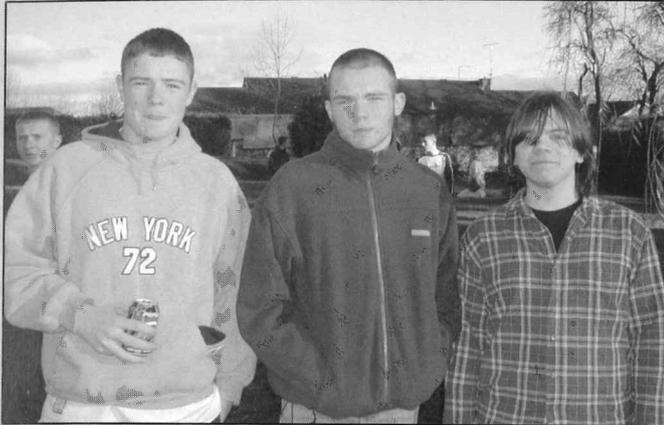


Retreats

Most year groups had the opportunity to escape school for a day and enjoy their annual retreats. The Year 8's Pilgrimage, pictured below, following in the footsteps of St. Patrick, was again appreciated by all.



The Clonard Retreat was enjoyed by the 6th years



Drug awareness conference

A drug awareness conference was organised by Belfast City Council at the City Hall to provide the students with an opportunity to debate and discuss the many facets of this topic. St. Mary's representatives, pictured below, attended the conference with Dr. A. Donaldson.



Water Polo

St. Mary's water polo team had mixed fortunes over the past year. The under 14 team, coached superbly by Mr. Watson retained the under 14 schools championship. The senior team retained the Canada Trophy for Ulster Schools by competing in a 6-1 thrashing of nearest rivals St. Malachy's who had beaten St. Mary's 2-0 in the semi final of the All-Ireland Senior Championship mainly because of two team lapses of concentration.

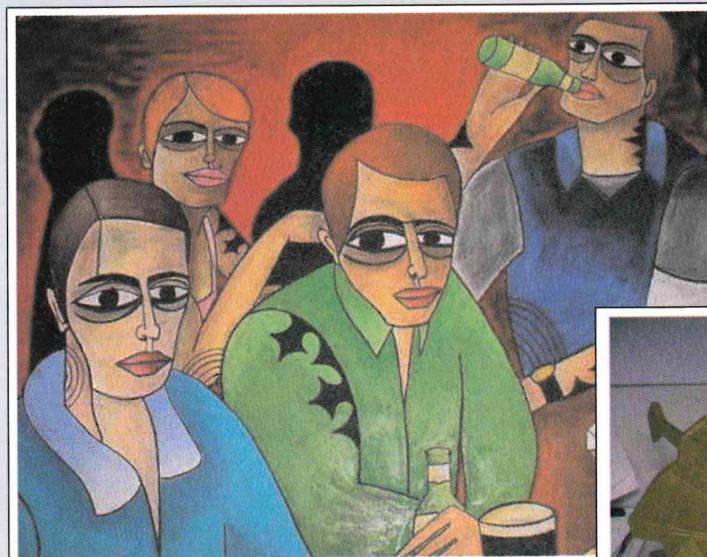
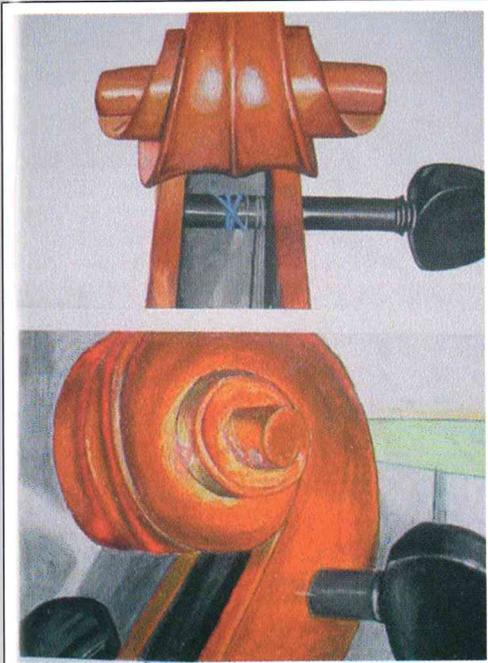
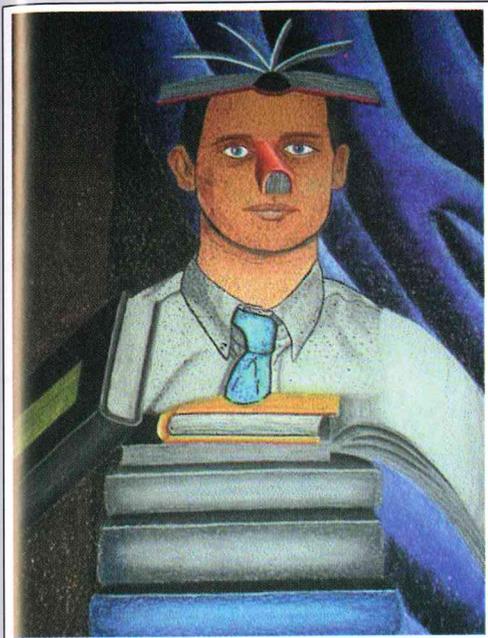
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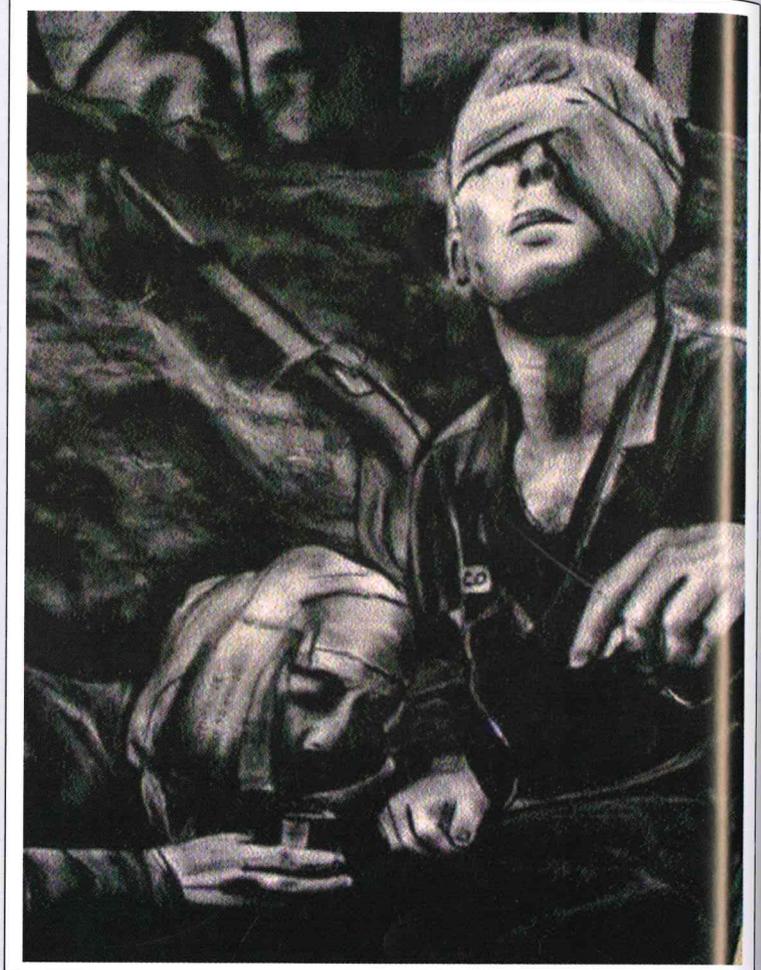
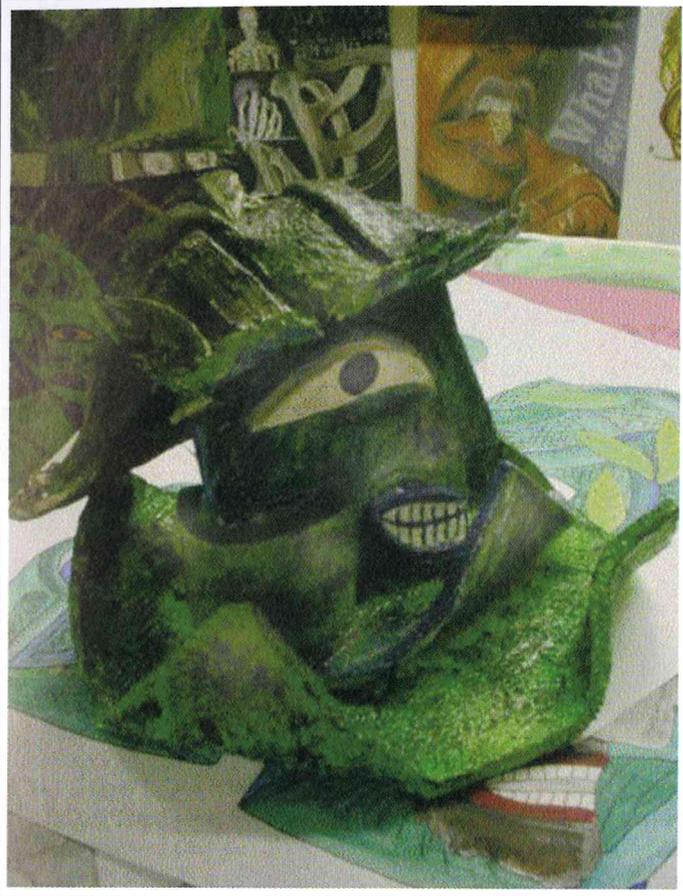
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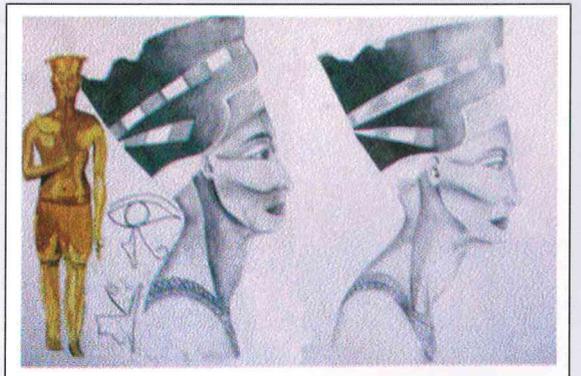
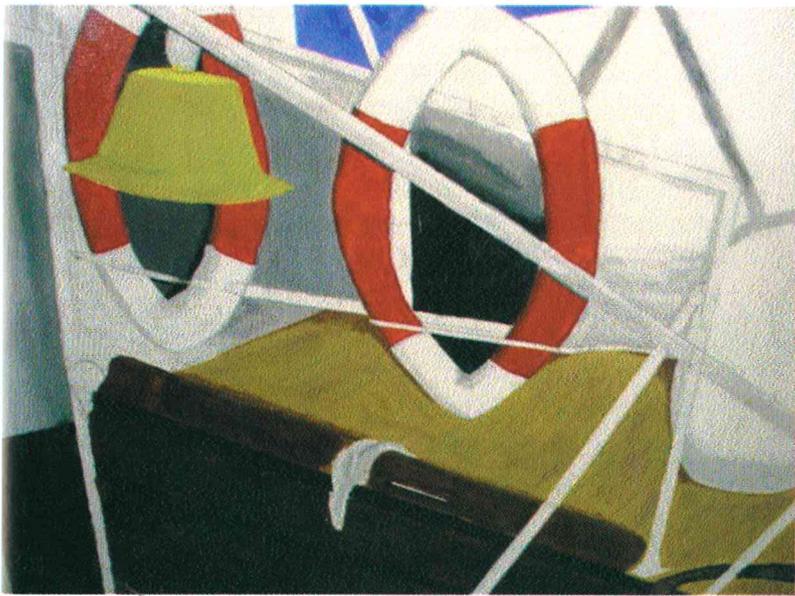
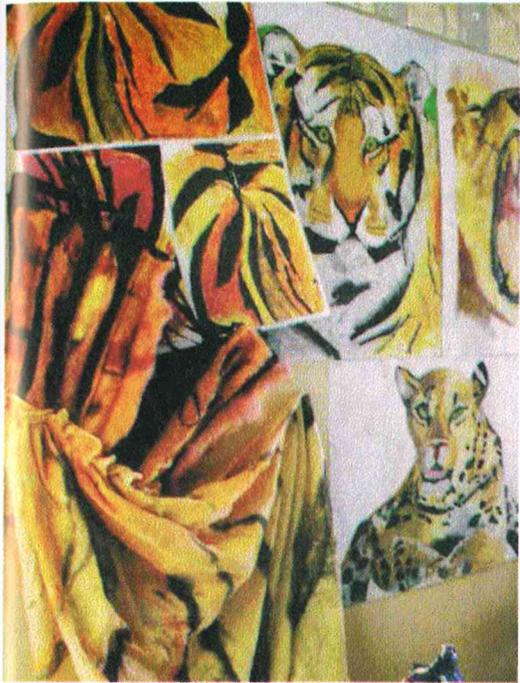
A2 & AS
Student's Artwork



*A2 & AS Student's
Artwork*



GCSE
Student's Artwork



Year 8
Antrim Football Championship
Winners



The winning squad beat CCC in the final at Casement Park

Patrick Agnew (8D) is presented with the year 8 Antrim Cup by current Antrim Star Kevin Madden

St Mary's suffer narrow defeat in Corn Colmcille (Under-13) Ulster Championship

It has been a long, difficult, but rewarding year for the Year 9 Gaelic footballers. They embarked on a lengthy journey to try to mirror the success of last year's team by retaining the Corn Colmcille cup.

The sheer determination, togetherness and dedication displayed by the squad were evident in the early group stages of the competition when they comfortably defeated both La Salle and Downpatrick. A more testing match followed against Keady, but with outstanding performances from Daniel McQuaid, Declan Bunting (team captain), Manus Doherty, Matthew Devlin and Michael Armstrong, the team came out comfortable winners and topped their group.

An easier quarter-final clash followed when the boys met St Malachy's, Belfast. Although the weather conditions at Cherryvale were unfavourable, St Mary's secured a convincing victory as a result of powerful second half performances from Conor Rocks, David McGarrity and Pearse Donnelly.

The pressure was mounting in the competition when the players from St Mary's came head to head with old rivals Rathmore in the semi-finals. A lacklustre performance from the team saw them trailing for most of the match, but they dug deep when it mattered and secured a draw that meant the tie had to be replayed. A few tactical changes were made before the replay with Matthew Devlin shifted to full back and David McGarrity drafted into centre half back. St Mary's completely outclassed

Rathmore and the team seemed more industrious with relentless work from Chris McGuinness, Paul Johnston and Conor McVarnock.

The Glen Gaelic Club in Maghera was the venue for the final of the competition, where St Mary's faced the talented St Eunan's, Letterkenny side. During the early stages of the first half, the St Mary's midfield pairing of Declan Bunting and Daniel McQuaid sustained the exhausting task of containing the oversized St Eunan's midfielders. St Eunan's powerful start led to an early lead of four points after twenty minutes. This was soon cancelled out with Pearse Donnelly and Christopher McGuinness firing in two finely taken goals which, at the end of the first half, levelled the match. We started the second half well with two points calmly taken under pressure by Declan Bunting. However, as the match entered the final quarter, the Letterkenny boys had stretched their advantage out by seven points (2-9 to 2-2). The team launched a gallant effort and in the final ten minutes Michael Armstrong scored a wonder goal by rising to punch the ball past the flailing St Eunan's keeper. With minutes to spare Stephen McGrath's well-taken point was cancelled out by two scores from the Donegal side, which eased St Eunan's to victory.

We would like to offer congratulations to all the players involved in this year's campaign. The indications from this year augur extremely well for the future and we are sure that the team will secure great success in years to come.

Mr D.Armstrong / Mr G.O'Connor



St. Mary's, Belfast 1-19 St. Malachy's, Belfast 2-2



06 Nov 2003, 14:00

Venue: Cherryvale, Belfast

Saint Mary's cruised to an easy victory over Belfast rivals Saint Malachy's by virtue of a tour-de-force performance from team captain Ciaran Caldwell. Scoring 1-10 (0-5 from frees), Caldwell was ably assisted up until his substitution in the 46th minute by corner forwards Marty McNally (0-2) and Johnny McGuinness (0-2). McGuinness was exceptional making his debut at top of the right.

The game was over as a contest at half time with the Glen Road side leading by 1-11 to 0-1 despite having missed some easy goal opportunities.

Ronan Campfield (0-1) and Aaron Hicks (0-1) had solid displays in the half back line whilst Sean McHugh stamped his authority on the game by keeping his opponent scoreless throughout.

Report Sean McHugh 10D

St. Mary's, Belfast 5-12 La Salle, Belfast 2-4

12 Nov 2003, 14:00

Venue: Lamh Dhearg, Belfast

The La Salle, St. Mary's match was one of the best wins for St Mary's all year. The match was played up at Lamh Dhearg. La Salle looked like a tough side when the match was at a tie ten minutes into the game. The first point was scored by Captain Ciaran Caldwell and later on points from Sean Finch, Martin McNally and Michael Sweeney. St Mary's defence was working well with Colm Mc Goldrick at centre half back and James Darragh at full back. Ronan Campfield and Eamon Herron made some good tackles to keeps St Mary's in the lead.

Aaron Hicks was playing at right half back, but

still managed to score two points. James Ferrin and Brendan Lockhard were by far the two best midfielders on the pitch. The score was 0-2 to 0-10 to St Mary's at half time. The game started to become one sided when points from Christopher Ramsey and Brendan Lockhart and goals from Ciaran Caudwell, Jonathan mc Guinness. The score was 0-3 to 3-14 as the subs came on. Aaron Hicks over-head kicked a ball out of his own half to show what the match was like. The final score was 0-5 to 3-17 as St Mary's went through to their next match in the group stages.

Report by Seán Flynn 10D

St Marys 2-8 Bearnageeha 0-6

In St.Marys 3rd match of the group stages they played Bearneagha, newcomers to the competition after being promoted from the C competition the year before. The game was played at Cherryvale. St.Mary's started slowly but were soon in the lead with scores from Christopher Ramsay and a couple of points from James Ferrin and John Burns. St.Marys did well up front without their top scorer Ciaran Caldwell, Jimmy Darragh was also out injured for the visitors.

Ronan Campfield stepped in and excelled at full back. While Centre back Colm Mc Goldrick also performed well providing some great ball to the forward line. Meanwhile wing back Aaron Hicks also got a point to his name, getting forward well on every occasion. Going into halftime St.Mary's

held a big lead, the second half saw St.Mary's make a few changes as Dara Docherty further increased St.Marys lead with a well taken goal. Later on Bearneagha got a player dismissed but the match was now over as a contest.

St Marys rolled on the subs with Mc Glister making an immediate impact and Brophy also performed well as a spare man sweeping up all breaking ball at the back. Goalkeeper, turned centre forward Michael Sweeney, showed well and scored a well taken point with his weaker left foot. The man who took his place Ciaran Lavery kept a clean sheet pulling off some tremendous saves to deny any goals. In the end St Marys ran out comfortable winners by a score of 2-8 to 0-6.

St. Mary's, Belfast 2-6 Rathmore, Belfast 2-5

06 Dec 2003, 10:00

Venue: Belfast

Corrigan Park was to host this game, which both schools had been training for all year. Rathmore were out for revenge after last years defeat in the final of the Corn Colm Cille but St Marys were hoping to retain their Ulster Collages title.

St Mary's were winning the midfield battle as Rathmore were missing their key midfielder, but St Marys captain Cairan Caldwell could not get the ball as Rathmore took their corner forward out and played him as a second full back. St Marys were not expecting this tactic, which put St Marys game plan of putting the ball directly into the full forward out the window. The St Marys defence had to remain strong and with Aaron Hicks playing as a free man it did. Good performances from Colm McGoldrick and Eammon Herron kept St Marys alive with good football being played in the half back line.

Full Forward Ciaran Caldwell was put into centre half forward and Michael Sweeney who was playing only his second game there was switched into full forward. This tactic worked and with good football being played the St

Marys boys got some brilliant scores from Ciaran Caldwell (0-2) and Brendan Lockard (0-1). This kept St Marys going but with a well-taken goal from Liam Maguire (Rathmore) put them back in the game. The St Marys Midfield of Brendan Lockard and James Ferron were catching everything that came there way and with a well worked move from Lockard and Aaron Hicks and a well taken point from Michael Armstrong St Mary's were winning again.

St Mary's again let down their guard and another Maguire goal put Rathmore within a chance of beating St Marys for the first time. But the St Marys team kept high spirits and took two vital scores from Martin McNally and Ciaran Caldwell without reply from Rathmore. With five minutes remaining Ciaran Caldwell set up Michael Sweeney for his first point of the game and then with only minutes remaining St Marys put the ball into corner forward Michael Armstrong who stuck the ball over the bar and secured the win for St Marys.

Report Michael Sweeney 10E

St. Mary's, Belfast 3-14 St. Eunan's, Letterkenny 0-14



4th March 2004

St Mary's had to travel to Dungiven for this game for the Loch an Iúir Cup semi-final and after the throw in the St Marys boys knew they had it coming to them. An early point scored by Ciaran Caldwell and another from Michael Sweeney put St Marys into an early lead but St Eunan's centre half forward scored 0-3 without reply. Excellent marking from Colm McGoldrick, Eamann Herron and Aaron Hicks and the rest of the St Marys defence kept St Marys in the game. A well hit free from McGoldrick put in Sean Finch who set up Michael Armstrong for a deflected goal. The St Marys boys kept their discipline and this was vital as a big Letterkenny team was tackling hard but fair. Points from both St Eunan's and St Marys were scored leaving it tight at half time with a score of St Marys 1-6 St Eunan's, Letterkenny 0 -6. Half Time

The St Marys team came out like a team possessed and with points from Chris Ramsey and Sean Finch; they had stretched their lead even further. The St Marys midfield of Brendan Lockard and James Ferron were having the game

of their lives and with team captain Ciaran Caldwell in such good form putting frees over from all angles St Marys could see the Loch and Iúir Cup Final . Two goals came from Ciaran Caldwell and Michael Armstrong to get his second of the day put St Marys even further ahead. A further two points were added by Michael Sweeney. This had rattled the St Eunan's team and their star player from the first half had not seen the ball yet. But again the Eunan's centre half forward came back at the St Marys defence grabbing three vital points.

Ronan Campfield, Declan Bunting and James Darragh's men had not touched the ball yet but when they did the St Marys full back line was as sharp as ever. St Eunan's came back at a tired St Marys but two great blocks from James Ferron kept St Marys in it. Again St Marys kept their heads high after team coach Mr Murphy was dismissed from the game for shouting abuse at the referee, this did not affect the team as they kept their discipline to hold out for the win.

Report by Michael Sweeney 10E

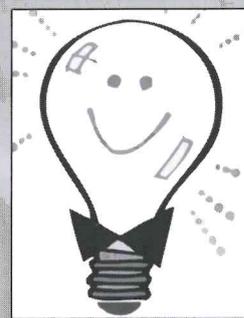
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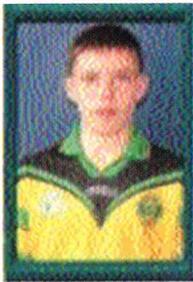
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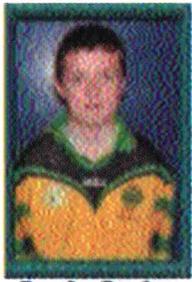
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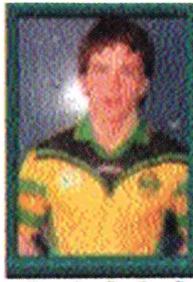




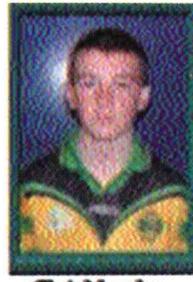
Aaron Hicks
Half Back



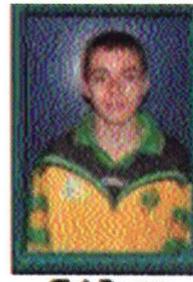
Brendan Brophy
Full Back



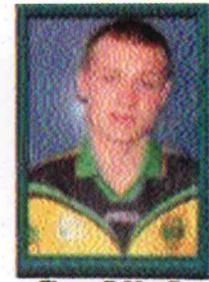
Brendan Lochard
Midfield



Chris Murphy
Half Back



Chris Ramsey
Half Forward



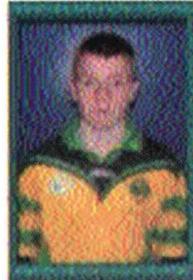
Claran Caldwell
Full Forward



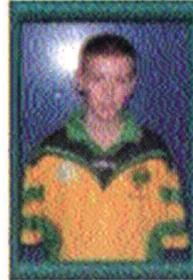
Colin McGoldrick
Half Back



Conor Diamond
Full Forward



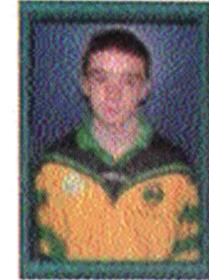
Daniel Diamond
Half Back



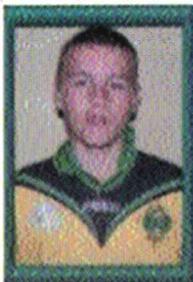
Darach Doherty
Full Forward



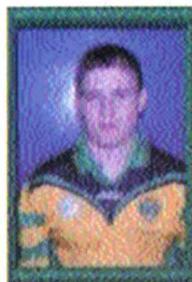
Declan Dunning
Full Back



Eamonn Herron
Full Back

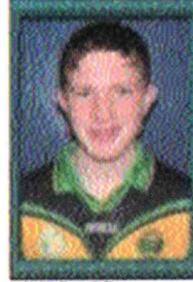


Conor Rocks
Full Back

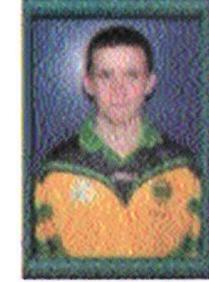


James Durragh
Full Back

**BT Ulster Colleges
Loch An Iuir
Winners**



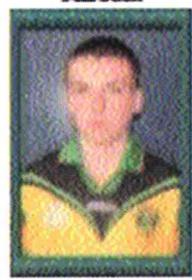
Michael Sweeney
Half Forward



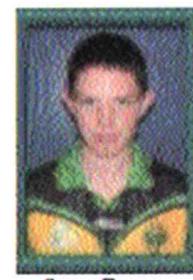
Maurice Murphy
Full Forward



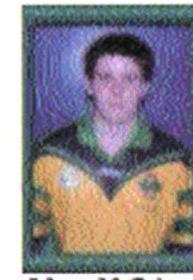
Claran Stone
Full Forward



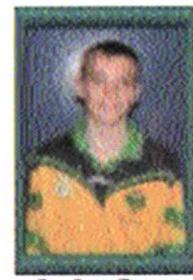
Niall Kewley
Half Back



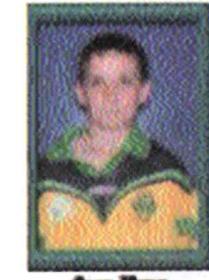
James Ferran
Midfield



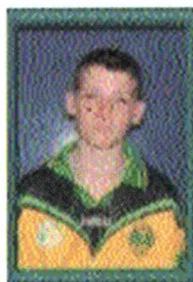
Johnny McGuinness
Half Forward



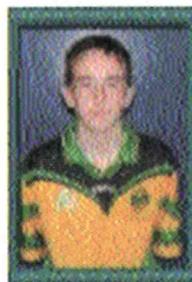
Stephen Comer
Full Back



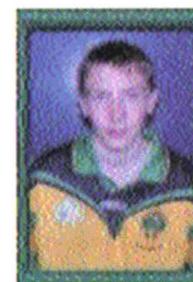
Sean Flynn
Full Forward



Conor Quinn
Full Back



Martin McNally
Full Forward



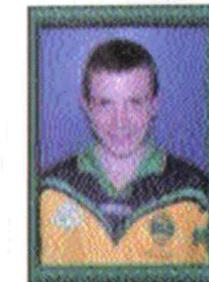
Sean Finch
Half Forward



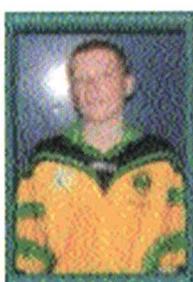
Ronan Campfield
Half Back



Robbie McLister
Full Back



Sean McHugh
Half Back



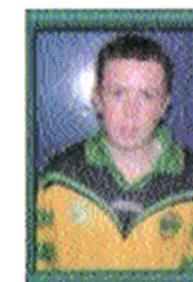
Conor Kearney
Half Forward



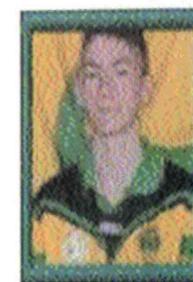
Michael Armstrong
Full Forward



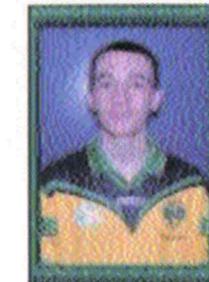
Matt Devlin
Goalkeeper



Mark Small
Half Back



Patrick Fitzpatrick
Midfield



Sean Monaghan
Midfield

Loch An Iuir Final



Rathmore, Belfast 1-10 St. Mary's, Belfast 1-12

27 Mar 2004, 11:00 Venue: St. Teresa's Belfast

In a rematch of last years Colmcille final, Saint Mary's faced local Belfast rivals Rathmore to decide the destination of the Loch an Iuir Cup. Once again the venue was fixed for McDonnell Doherty Park on the Glen Road.

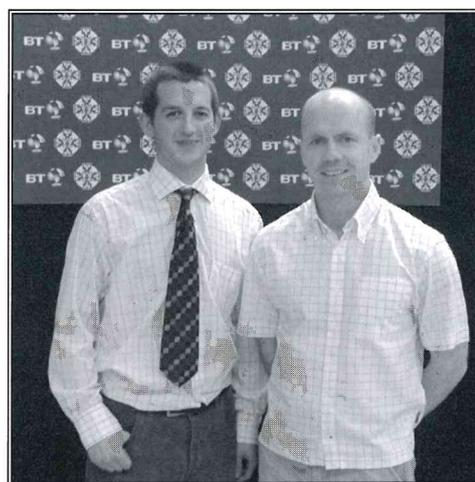
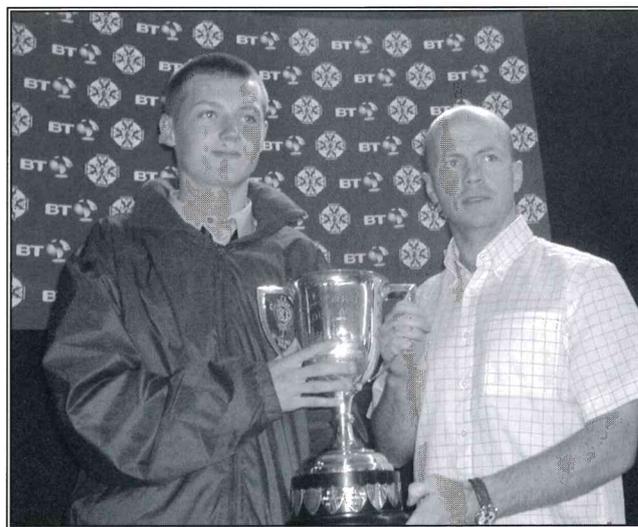
In the opening exchanges Rathmore looked the livelier, moving the ball with accuracy and intent. Saint Marys struggled to regain their semi-final form against a blanket Rathmore defence. Recognising the Glen road side's chief scoring threat, Rathmore played with a sweeper in front of the full forward Ciaran Caldwell.

However Saint Mary's remained resolute, plugging away with scores from Caldwell, Armstrong and Sweeney to go in at the break leading by 3 points

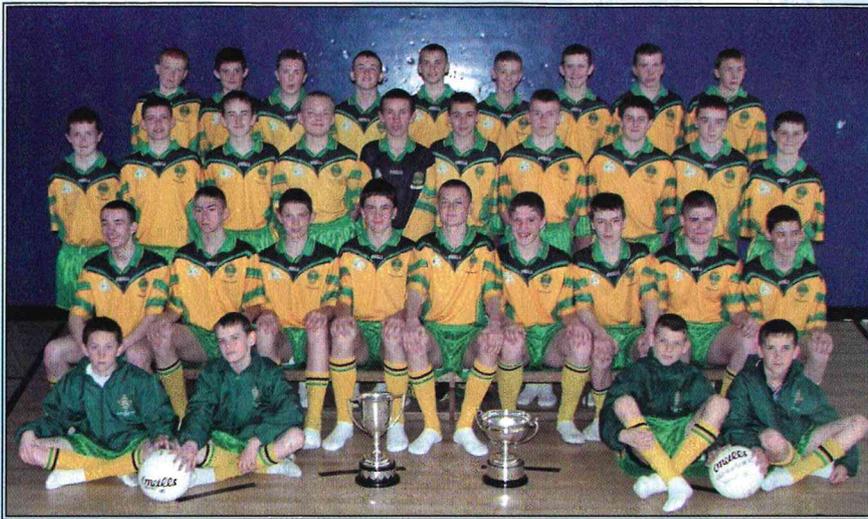
The opening minutes of the second half saw Saint Mary's play their best football. Their half time lead was stretched to 7 with Team captain Caldwell leading the scorers.

With 10 minutes remaining St. Mary's struggled to put Rathmore away. It certainly wasn't going to be a repeat of the previous final the teams had contested.

It was two goals from Rathmore in the final quarter that put the game in the melting pot. Having lost the two previous finals the boys in blue weren't prepared to concede another. Drawing level in the closing stages it was left to substitute Johnny McGuinness to earn the Mary's



a close in free converted yet again by Caldwell. The final insurance point was added in the dying seconds to give the 3rd Year squad back to back Ulster Colleges Football Titles and bring the Loch An Iuir Cup to the school for the first time.



Saint Mary's Squad: Pictured Left

James Darragh, James Ferron, Christopher Ramsey, Sean Finch, Brendan Brophy, Robert McLister, Michael Sweeney, Colm McGoldrick, Ronan Campfield, Eamman Herron, Stephen Corner, Conor Diamond, Maurice Murphy, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Ciaran Stone, Christopher Murphy, Sean McHugh, Sean Flynn, Aaron Hicks, Niall Kewley, Martin McNally, Conor Quinn, Mark Small, Sean Monaghan, Ciaran Caldwell, Brendan Lochart, Conor Kearney, Michael Armstrong, Declan Bunting, Matt Devlin, Conor Rocks, Daniel Diamond, Darach Doherty, Johnny McGuinness



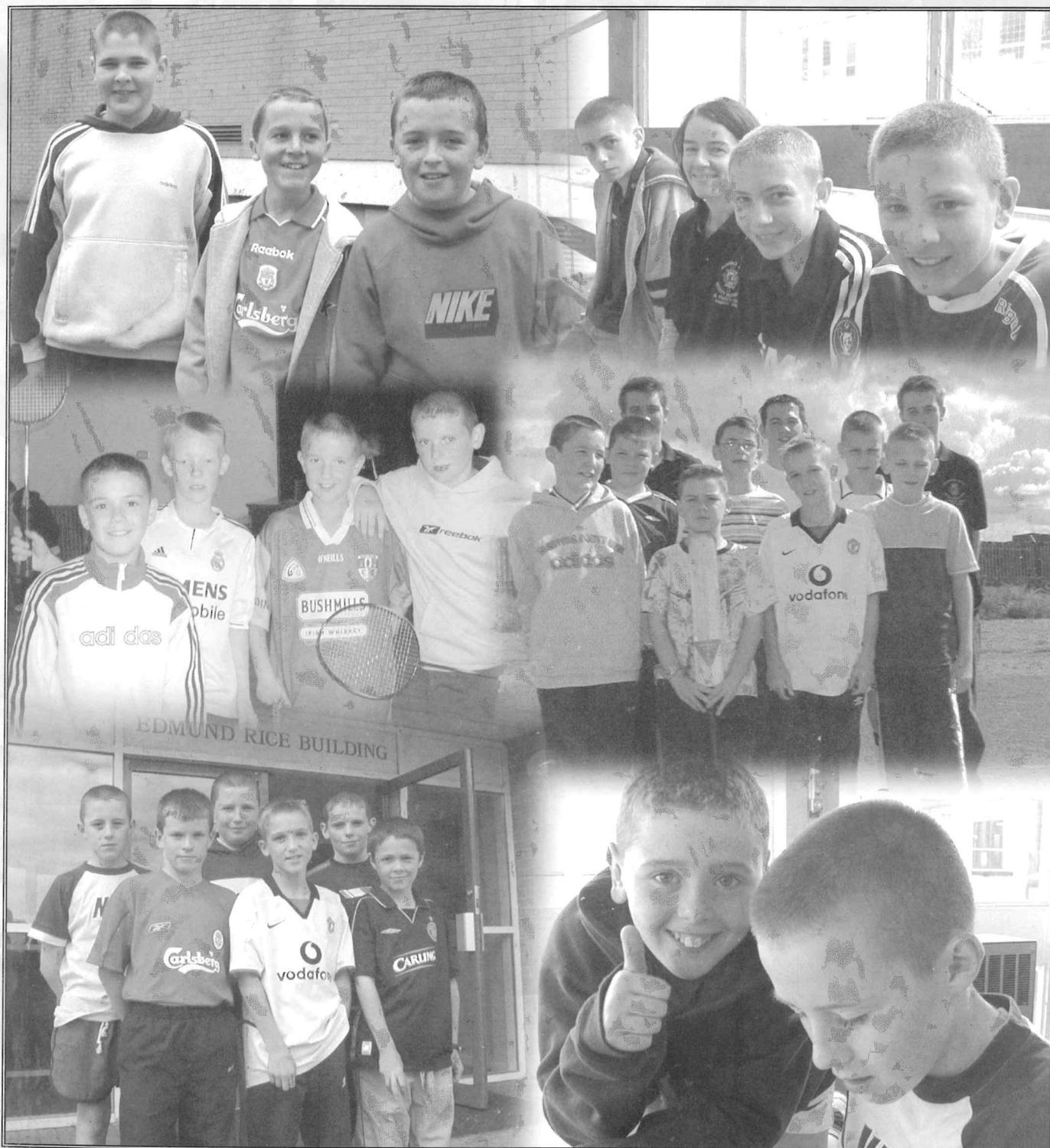
Enniskillen football training weekend



Edmund Rice Activity Programme

162 Year 8s were welcomed to St. Mary's in a fun way over 3 days at the end of August. Now in its third year the ERAP was bigger than ever with a choice of 16 activities and also including a Gaelic competition organised by Mr. A. Smith in St. Teresa's GAA grounds.

Once again the success of the days was down to the abundant energies of the dedicated staff consisting of teachers and senior students. Even without our own pitches which are under repair and the computer suites which were getting upgraded the new first years had an enjoyable time while making new friends.



Induction Day

St. Teresa's Youth club was again the venue for the Induction of our Year 8 students. accompanied by their Form teachers and Senior Mentors. The morning session consisting of games and discussion was led by Mr. Curley. Past pupil and Youth worker, Keith McConaghey, led the afternoon sessions at the Falls Park which was preceded by the traditional BIG Match.



Liturgies

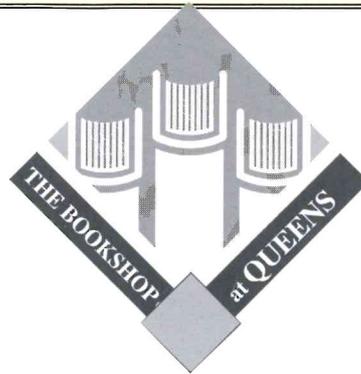
Thanks to the generosity of several local priests, many classes enjoyed a Class Mass in the new Prayer Room at the front of the school. Suitably enhanced by candles and music the prayerful atmosphere was enjoyed by the classes who were able to participate.

November was marked by a service to remember our deceased family and friends and this year was one of the saddest in St. Mary's with several families having to cope with loss and tragedy. Within the school this was always acknowledged and those grieving were given support.

Advent and Christmas time were marked with seasonal prayers and carols at the Lesson and Carols service held before the holidays. The annual decoration competition still has many adherents and it was appropriate that 8C and 11G were the two best decorated classrooms, with great encouragement from Dr. and Mr. Robinson.

Lent and Easter tide saw several liturgies including Ash Wednesday's service, now an integral part of the school calendar.

The year ended for the Year 14 students with a Leavers mass and a supper to celebration their time at S. Mary's. Some pictures of the students and Parents enjoying the occasion are included below.



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Michael and Ronan congratulate Ronan McClean on his leavers speech

Not like Mr Walker to be in the middle of things!!

Cross Country

This season saw St. Mary's take part in three competitions; the inaugural Inter Schools Cross Country League, the CB National Championships and the Schools Cross Country Championships. The team per-

formed exceptionally well and the prospects for the coming years looks good with some talented runners in the junior school.



ER National Cross Country Championships

The races were held in the Phoenix Park in December 2003. These saw some great individual performances especially from Sean McCaffrey (11th) and Mark Rea (13th) in the U 13 fi race. Michael Armstrong came 15th

in the U14 and Declan Caddell ran a fantastic race in the U17s to finish 7th with Chris Baggley and Patrick Brennan finishing close behind. The competitors are pictured above.

Belfast Inter Schools League

This was a new initiative to promote Cross Country in Belfast and included St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, Edmund Rice, Malone, Mean Scoil and Corpus Christi. Races were held in the Falls Park and Mallusk in October through to March.

The initial races saw exceptional performances from Michael Armstrong, Mark Rea, Sean McCaffrey, Patrick Agnew, Kevin Floyd, Conor Kavanagh, Mark Spence, Ciaran Glennon and Alan McLaughlin. Their successes

saw St. Mary's lead the pack in the Junior section. In the Inter section Ciaran Carson, Dan Diamond, Ciaran Magee, Conor McKeating, Ryan Kielt and Ciaran Doherty were always in contention against a fine ER team, who eventually went through to the All Ireland's.

The seniors of Declan Caddell, Chris Baggley, Stephen Loughran, Patrick Brennan and Fintan Duffy also dominated in the ISL with Declan taking several firsts.

Schools Cross Country



A very mucky Ormeau Park in February saw the Cross Country runners competing at the highest standard here in Belfast and with powerhouses such as St. Malachy's, BRA, Carrick Grammar, Malone, Methody and Belfast High.

In the Minors (Year 8) Declan Dalton in 16th, Conor Kavanagh (18th), Mark Rea (26th) and Hayden Allen (43rd) were the point scorers in a field of 100. Indeed our minor boys tied for third spot with Malone.



Junior section, Ryan Kielt and Ciaran Magee were our two strongest runners in a field of 90 to leave the team in a creditable 8th spot.

Athletics

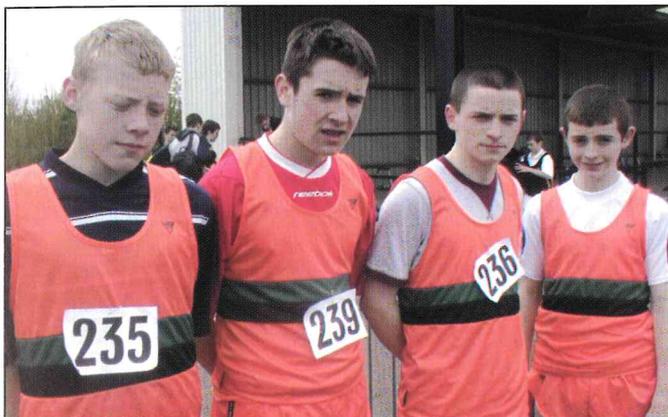


A fine season was capped by two individual performances by St. Mary's students in the Ulster and All Ireland Track and Field Championship. Michael Morgan (Yr. 13) followed on from his All Ireland winning performance last year in the 200M with a fine 2nd spot in the Ulster 400M finals with a personal best of 49.7. This qualified him for the All Irelands where he came a very creditable 4th in the Final. Considering that at 17 he was the youngest in the finals it augurs well for next year.

The second outstanding performance was by Aodhan Mitchell (Yr8) who blew away his competition in the Antrim sectionals over 100M before coming a strong

second in the Ulster final. Both of those athletes are involved with Beechmount Harriers which trains at the Mary Peters Track and hopefully it will inspire others to follow suit.

In the Districts there were great performances from Ryan Kielt and Brendan Lockhard over Junior 800M, Ciaran Magee Junior 1500M, Conor Kavanagh and Mark Rea Minor 800M, Patrick Davidson Inter Long Jump and Gareth Cullen Inter 800M. With more practice and training these boys will form the nucleus of a strong team that will be contenders in the coming years.



Meanwhile in Dublin at the National ER Track and Field in April there were some outstanding performances notably by Stephen McGrath (Junior Long Jump), the Inter relay teams (4 x100M and Medley) of Conall Mulhern, Noel Rocks, Patrick Davidson, Gerard Farrell and Alan Campbell, Ciaran Magee (Inter 1500M) and Michael Armstrong (Minor 1500m).



To cap a fine season the Year 8 boys took on a Mean Scoil select in 2 road races in the Falls Park and came away impressive winners with Mark Rea and Conor Kavanagh sharing the spoils. Included in the strong field

were Hayden Allen, Brian Coll, Darren Madden, Declan Dalton, Eamonn McMullan, Ryan Morgan, Liam Gilmartin, Michael Rafferty and Mark Spence. (Pictured below)





Class 9A

Front Row: L-R

Joseph Smyth, Peter McClean, Connor Courtney, Niall McGlone, John White, Conor Gaskin, Ciaran Dowds.

Middle Row: L-R

Rory Best, Ben Cullinan, Graeme Flanagan, Matthew McArdle, Killian Doherty.

Back Row: L-R

Mr G. Quigg, Martin Diffin, Ronan Maguire, Gerard Lewsley, Niall McWilliams, Niall Burke, Niall Atkinson, Liam Boyce.

Form Tutor: Mr G. Quigg

Class 9B

Front Row: L-R

Christopher McCorry, Christopher Armstrong, Mark Jones, Martin Hughes, Christopher McGeown, Johnathan O'Reilly, Matthew Cassidy.

Middle Row: L-R

Simon Ramsey, Paul Turley, Sean Sloan, Marc Watters, Patrick Lennon, George Martin, Calum Rooney, Martin Ramsey.

Back Row: L-R

John Slack, David McGarrity, Paul McCrory, George Sloan, Colm Meir, Matthew Leonard, Paul Shields.

Form Tutor: Mr Paul Laverty



Class 9C

Front Row: L-R

Carl Reid, Emmanuel McLaughlin, Kieran McParland, Michael Armstrong, Michael Griffen, Desmond Ryan, Sean McGarth.

Middle Row: L-R

Christopher Fitzpatrick, Sean McCaffrey, Mark McCabe, Seamus Corrigan, Stephen Hesketh, Charlie Clarke, Conor McVarnock.

Back Row: L-R

Mrs L. Cleary, David Kerr, Declan Burke, Niall McCrory, Ciaran Herity, Eoin Magee, James Cachart, Pearce Donnelly.

Form Tutor: Mrs Libby Cleary



Class 9D

Front Row: L-R
Joseph Richardson, Ryan McMahon,
Steven Mullan, Niall Iarkin,
Anthony Donnelly,
G Randall-O'Neill, B McPolin

Middle Row: L-R
Mrs M Murray, (Form Teacher),
Conor McManus, Deaglan Bunting,
Matthew Teeney, P Casey,
P Johnston, D McNally,
M Mohan, R McKenna.

Back Row: L-R
Tomas Cosgrove, Mark O'Neill,
Matthew Mulligan, Manus Doherty,
Matthew Devlin, Thomas Crawford,
Joseph Sloan, Faeral Donnelly.

Form Tutor: Mrs Mary Murray



Class 9E

Front Row: L-R
Paul Lewsley, Ben McCallum,
Shane McGann, Kevin Floyd,
Daniel Polloch,
Stephen McGuinness, Gerard Morris,
Christopher Moyna.

Middle Row: L-R
Connor Haughey, Gerard McGettigan,
Stephen Shannon, Ciaran Glennon,
Christopher Phillips, Patrick O'Hare,
John O'Hare, Conor Rocks.

Back Row: L-R
James Lyttle, Darren McShane,
Gareth Smith, Tommy McCarthy,
Paul McGreevy, Cormac Reynolds,
Michael Marley, Sean McLaughlin.
Absent:
Alan McLaughlin, Owen Shields

Form Tutor: Miss J. Mervyn



Class 9F

Front Row: L-R
Michael McKee, Nathan Cassidy,
Ciaran Hasson, Patrick Herron,
Michael Finlay, Matthew Rice,
Mark O'Hara.

Middle Row: L-R
Gary McLaughlin, Daryl Mullan,
Darren Lynass, Niall Hamilton,
Michael Fitzpatrick, Conor Connolly,
Ryan Bell, Michael Armstrong.

Back Row: L-R
Mark Cousins, Conor Cullan,
Daniel Kelly, Daniel Shanks,
Paul Murphy, Patrick Sullivan,
Kevin Brennan.

Absent:
Aaron Kelly, Barry Maguire.

Form Tutor: Mrs A. Thompson





Class 9A

Front Row: L-R

Liam Molloy, Patrick O'Kane,
James Ferris, Brendan Lundy,
Tom Barnes, Brendan McCurry,
Ronan Lunney, Emmett McCaughey.

Middle Row: L-R

Paul Donnan, Johnathan French,
Aaron Duffy, Conor Richmond,
Brendan Roberts, Brendan McFadden,
Eamon Rooney, Darren Shaw.

Back Row: L-R

Dr Shannon, Stephen McGrath,
Michael Connolly, Padraig Cullen,
Daniel McQuaid, Christopher Ferguson,
Daire Maskey, Lorcan Kerr,
Daniel Diamond.

Form Tutor: Mr Kevin Morgan

Class 10A

Front Row: L-R

David McMahon, Robert McLister,
Christopher O'Kane,
Brendan Brophy, Sean Finch,
Aodhan Liddy, Paul Hesketh.

Middle Row: L-R

Mrs S. Devlin, Christopher Diver,
Connor McAreavey,
Tom McCallan, Caelan Monaghan,
Christopher Ramsey,
Daniel Diamond, Gary Graham,
Ryan McDonagh.

Back Row: L-R

Declan Mackin, Martin White,
Conor Hill, James Ferrin,
Anthony Fenton, James Darragh,
Marco Angelone.

Absent:

Ciaran Lavery, Ryan Madden,
Jamie Massey

Form Tutor: Mrs C McCabe



Class 10B

Front Row: L-R

Donal Crossen, Martin Brownlee,
Ciaran George, Michael Allison,
Warren Oakes, Craig Haughey,
Michael McCarthy.

Middle Row: L-R

Gavin Megahey, Philip McCabe,
James Higgins, John Walker,
Maurice Murphy, Darren Campbell,
James Quinn, Martin Begley.

Back Row: L-R

Andrew Magee, James McCullagh,
Paul Feeney, Patrick Fitzpatrick,
Michael McMahon,
Christopher McGrath,
Connor O'Neill, Francis Magee.

Form Tutor: Mrs J McEvoy

Class 10C

Front Row: L-R

Gareth Watters, Ciaran Magee,
Christopher McKiernan,
Michael Dines, Gerard Mooney,
Christopher Smith, Gary Russell.

Middle Row: L-R

Ryan Muldoon, Conor Wilkinson,
Colin Stewart, Thomas Reilly,
Ciaran Doherty, Stephen McKeever,
Mark McGrann, Aidan McKiernan.

Back Row: L-R

Christopher Vernon, David Rogan,
Mark McCallum, Declan McAughy,
Christopher Leonard, Ryan Kielt,
Robert Gillespie, David Crawford,
James McGuinness.

Form Tutor: Mrs U. Hughes



Class 10D

Front Row: L-R

Gerard Peake, Paul McMullan,
Adrian Hanna, Mark Small,
Peter McLaughlin, Rory McManus,
Brian Rooney.

Middle Row: L-R

Christopher Murphy, Ciaran Stone,
Gerard McGiven, Mark Prior,
Martin McNally, Sean McHugh,
Conall O'Reilly, Mr. J. Donnelly

Back Row: L-R

Michael Christie, Niall Kewley,
Michael Doran, Joseph Guiney,
Sean Monaghan, David Loughran

Form Tutor: Dr E. McCaffrey

Class 10E

Front Row: L-R

Diarmaid Adams, Conor Diamond,
Jonathan Delaney, Eamonn Herron,
John Burns, Stephen Clarke,
Stephen Corner

Middle Row: L-R

David Brady, Eoin Heatley,
John Gregory, Eamonn Hamill,
Martin McGivern,
Brendan Campfield,
Stephen Dooley, James Kerr.

Back Row: L-R

Ronan Campfield, Colm McGoldrick,
Michael Sweeney, Damien Hitchen,
Ciaran Kerr, Deaglan Agnew,
Adam George, Owen Fitzpatrick.

Form Tutor: Mr C. McCann





Class 10F

Front Row: L-R

Niall Chapman, Declan Burns,
Peter Coogan, Conor Friel,
Sean Muldoon, Christopher Gilmartin,
Aidan Walsh.

Middle Row: L-R

Paul Lyttle, Nathan Kane,
James Cassidy, Darren Ward,
Gerard McKernan, Charlie Hemsworth,
Luke Cassidy, Ryan Deighan.

Back Row: L-R

Colin McComb,
Emmanuel McGuinness, Colm Walsh,
Brendan Lockard, Ciarán Caldwell,
Ryan McCreanor,
Christopher Connolly.

Form Tutor: Ms N. NicBhloscaidh

Class 10G

Front Row: L-R

Gary Campbell, Niall Clarke,
Colum Curtis, Oisín Ó'Murchu,
Ciaran Murphy, Sean Conery,
Jamie Magee.

Middle Row: L-R

Mr Liam Perry, Christopher Mallon,
Shane McDonagh, Nial Conway,
Eoin Holland, Darach Doherty,
Gerard McKnight, Anthony Teggart,
Aaron Haughey.

Back Row: L-R

Francis Mezza, Colin McAuley,
James Reilly, Anthony Kelly,
Christopher Ball, Seamus Ó'Rawe,
Michael McLarnon,
Damien Cousins.

Form Tutor: Mr M. Leyden



Class 11A

Front Row: L-R

Ciaran McKenna, Brian King,
Liam Lavey, Patrick Molloy,
Matthew Collins, Patrick Duffen,
Andrew Irvine, Damien Green.

Middle Row: L-R

Conal Shannon, Sean McGarrity,
Dominic Fryers, Ciaran Duffy,
Shane McGuickan, David Brady,
Ciaran Martin, Kevin McDonald.

Back Row: L-R

David O'Neill, Matthew McVeigh,
James Ferguson, Aodhan Mulholland,
Steven Brown, Martin Butler,
Liam Green, Christopher McNulty.

Form Tutor: Mr J. McGreevy

Class 11B

Front Row: L-R

Michael Kelly, Brendan Fitzpatrick,
Adam Galway, Eamonn Cunningham,
Stuart Smyth, Christopher Phelan,
Conor Smith.

Back Row: L-R

Colm Walsh, Paul Hanna,
Mark Cullen, Conchur O'Rawe,
Mark Sloan, Martin Lavelle,
Stephen McAtackney.

Missing

Jim Brennan, Garry McAtamney,
David McKenna.

Form Tutor: Mr J. McAuley



Class 11C

Front Row: L-R

Cormac McLaughlin, Matthew Regan,
James Grieve, Rory Clarke,
Brian Nelson, Martin Buchanan,
Gerard Costello.

Middle Row: L-R

Niall Smart, Gerard Sullivan,
Conor Kerr, Eamonn Walls,
Matthew Taggart, David Best,
Aaron McKenna.

Back Row: L-R

Gareth Cullen, Martin O'Prey,
John Quinn, Niall Porter,
Alan Campbell, Conall Mulhern,
Barry McFall, Christopher Weir.

Form Tutor: Mrs M. Lewis



Class 11D

Front Row: L-R

Ciaran Bellew, Daniel Shortt,
Pearse Kearns, Damian Fox,
Stephen McNally, Niall Connolly,
David Lynch.

Middle Row: L-R

Gavin Bunting, Niall Connor,
Seamus Cullen, Mark Lennon,
Brendan Cousins, Sean Graham.

Back Row: L-R

Anthony Stafford, Michael O'Neill,
Niall McCreanor, Stephen McCann,
Christopher Black, Christopher Campbell.

Missing

Brendan McCrory, Brendan Smyth,
Martin Keenan

Form Tutor: Mr R. Herron





Class 11E

Front Row: L-R

Ciaran Roberts, Seosamh Malocco, Michael Burke, Stephen Ramsey, Conor Traynor, John Boyle, Ryan Hamill.

Middle Row: L-R

Aidan McIlhennon, Fergal O'Donnell, Brendan Shannon, Michael McLaughlin, Stephen Ramsey, Christopher McBride, Paul Johnson, Martin Elliott.

Back Row: L-R

Eamonn Og Denny, Richard Kelly, David McMahon, Brian Byrne, Christopher Valente, Martin Floyd, Pearse Coogan, Sean Og McCaffrey.

Form Tutor: Miss A. Madden

Class 11F

Front Row: L-R

Conor Toal, Sean Boyle, Stephen Carlin, Paul McCormick, Ciaran Flannery, John Maxwell, Conor Johnston.

Middle Row: L-R

Brendan McCrory, Christopher Lees, Jack McGarry, Harry McNulty, Michael McCann, Gerard McLaughlin, Stephen Walsh,

Back Row: L-R

Daniel Macklin, Francis Hughes, Christopher Moran, Philip Rafferty, Gavin Flynn, Mark Lynagh, Mark Armstrong.

Missing:

Michael Loughrin, Chris Devlin.

Form Tutor: Mr M. Watson



Class 11G

Front Row: L-R

Piarsa Nolan, Daniel Toner, Kieran Moore, Brendan Connor, Fionnbharr McGurdy, Conall McNally, Robert Irwin.

Middle Row: L-R

Michael McAnoy, Jamie Agnew, Ryan Shortt, Kevin Gilmartin, Robert McQuickin, Ciaran Hall, Brendan A Connor.

Back Row: L-R

Gareth Shortt, Kevin Shearer, Gary Shaw, Michael McAree, Damien Currie, Conor Gallagher.

Form Tutor: Mr M. Robinson



Class 11H

Front Row: L-R

Johnathan McCann, Conor Flavin,
Johnathan Davine, Barry Rooney,
Conor McCrudden, Pearse O'Prey,
Shane O'Neill.

Back Row: L-R

Patrick Davidson, Tony Alwell,
Peter McGarrity, Daniel McDonagh,
Noel Rock, Joseph Shortt.

Missing

Gerard Farrell, Darren O'Neill,
Aidan McCullough, Kieran Ferguson,
Conor McMullan

Form Tutor: Mr A. Smyth



Class 12A

Front Row: L-R

Ryan Corbett, Peter Konrad,
Mark Campbell, Christopher McIlheom,
Aodh Hamilton, David Owens,
Manuel Walsh.

Middle Row: L-R

Mark Kelly, Gerard Hughes,
Mark Saunders, Conor McCourt,
John Lundy.

Back Row: L-R

Stephen Lagan, Michael Dobbin,
Ryan McCartney, Ryan Manning.

Form Tutor: Mr A. Austin

Class 12B

Front Row: L-R

Liam McGivern, David Doyle,
Liam Ferrin, Ciaran McAteer,
Kevin Perry, Tuathan McAughy,
Sean og O'Connor.

Middle Row: L-R

Ms. C. Morris, Eamon Mulholland,
Mark Russell, Sean Megahey,
Manus Scullin, Gerard Pickering,

Back Row: L-R

Declan Caddell, Rory Devlin,
Rory Robinson, Ciaran MacParland,
Connor Maguire

Form Tutor: Miss C. Morris



Class 12C

Front Row: L-R
Christopher Power, Gabriel Brown,
Brendan Agnew, Emmett Maguire,
Conor Graham, Ciaran Gribben,
Anthony Ferris.

Middle Row: L-R
Mark Bowman, Paul Armstrong,
Mark Carson, Paul Rea,
Conor Crawford, Daniel Teggart,
Stephen Nesbitt, Daniel Turley.

Back Row: L-R
Ryan Thibodeau, Neil Rafferty,
Sean McGurk, Dermot McCabe,
Ryan Kerr, Ryan Doyle,
Caelan Bradley, Conor Bell.

Form Tutor: Mrs M.B. Byrne



Class 12D

Front Row: L-R
Stephen Murray, Patrick Brennan,
Stephen Bell, Christopher Baggley,
Ciaran Dines, Desmond Shearer,
Patrick Lavelle.

Middle Row: L-R
Gerard McGeown,
Stephen Loughran, Paul Hughes,
Seamus Millen, Conor McQuade,
Mark George.

Back Row: L-R
David Hughes, Christopher Smith,
Patrick Larkin, Paul McCarthy,
Fionntan Duffy.

Missing:
Daithí Murray

Form Tutor: Mrs M. Jennings



Class 12E

Front Row: L-R
Thomas Heaney, Chris McGilhatton,
Diarmuid McPhillips, Alan Gallagher,
Ben McKenna, David O'Neill,
Alex McGoean.

Middle Row: L-R
Conor Kerr, Patrick Kane,
Stephen Curley, Ciaran McAuley,
Eamon MacManus, Brendan Gallagher,
Colin Duffy, Joseph Watson.

Back Row: L-R
Lewis Reilly, Simon Sloan,
Kevin McGuinness, Paul Murphy,
Patrick Boyle, Conor Hamill, Michael
Ferguson, Ciaran Cullen.

Missing:
E. Kelly

Form Tutor: Miss A. M Doherty



Class 12F

Front Row: L-R
Colm Herdman, Paul Christie,
Kevin Scott, Daniel O'Neill,
Damien Lynch, Stephen McDonagh,
Robert McLaughlin.

Middle Row: L-R
Mr M. Greene, Gerard O'Neill,
Christopher Nolan,
Jonathan Richards, Matthew Smith,
Sean Lagan, Mark Connolly,
Robert Reilly, Christopher Shortt.

Back Row: L-R
Michael McLaughlin,
Christopher McAuley, Billy Lockard,
Blaine Douglas, Jonny Kerr,
Lorcan Hanna, Breandán Farrell,
Raymond Kinnaird

Form Tutor: Mr M. Greene



Class 12G

Front Row: L-R
Ciaran MacManus, Conor Curran,
Frankie Maxwell, Brendan McKeown,
Kevin Boyle, Aran McCorry,
Colin Cunningham.

Middle Row: L-R
John Brannigan, David Pollock,
Michael Collins, Séan O'Neill,
Conor O'Kane, Kevin Clarke,
John McMahon.

Back Row: L-R
Michael Cunningham, Michael Kerr,
Ryan McGlinchey, Timothy Boyd,
Eamon McArdle, John Carson.

Form Tutor: Mr T. Murphy

Class 12H

Front Row: L-R
Cormac McKeown, Stephen Moore,
Kevin McKegney,
Brendan McCallum, Jim Connolly,
Michael George, Fintan Cosgrove.

Middle Row: L-R
Darren Murray, Phillip O'Neill,
Gerard Gallagher, Gerard Gibson,
Damien Lynn, Thomas McVeigh.

Back Row: L-R
Joseph Carlin, David Corner,
Simon Geraghty, Daragh Scullion.

Form Tutor: Mr D. Mahon



Class 13A

Back Row: L-R

Piaras Duffy, Neil Johnson,
Dominic Pettigrew, Ryan Quinn.

Middle Row: L-R

Conor McCullough,
Michael McCaffrey, Sean Hamill,
Aidan Burns, Conall Maskey,
Stephen Curran.

Front Row: L-R

Kevin Kennedy, Laurence Claxton,
Christopher McGrath, Darren Hesketh,
Ciaran McMullan, John Toal,
Aidan Monaghan.

Absent:

Conor Graham, David McKenna.

Form Tutor: Ms G. Curran



Class 13B

Back Row: L-R

Anthony Craig, Conor Murphy,
Kevin Quinn, Daniel O'Kane,
Christopher Floyd.

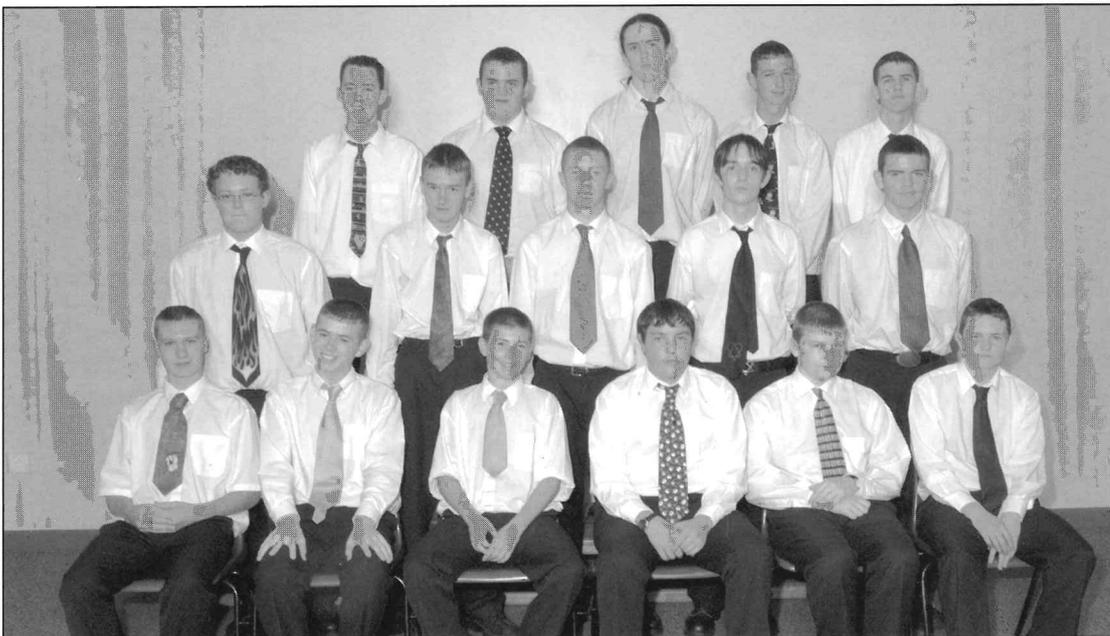
Middle Row: L-R

Joseph Ward, Paul O'Neill,
Conor Herron, Bernard McLaughlin,
Stephen Russell.

Front Row: L-R

Conor Hall, Stephen Montgomery,
Mark Taylor, Paul Saunders,
Brendan Griffin.

Form Tutor: Mr E. McToal



Class 13C

Back Row: L-R

Liam Knockner, Pearse McCusker,
Christopher Pimlott,
Patrick Davidson, Michael Maguire,
Brendan Dorrian.

Middle Row: L-R

Michael Morgan, Thomas McAuley,
Eamon J. O'Neill, Cormac Crossan,
Martin McCabe, Declan Hughes.

Front Row: L-R

Conor Smith, Aran Hagan,
Kieran Ryan, Patrick McCaffrey,
Malaghy McMahan, Kieran Gibson.

Absent:

Conall Green

Form Tutor: Mrs M. T. Brennan



Class 13D

Back Row: L-R

Colm McFall, Martin Pollock,
Stephen Rafferty, Gerard Crossan,
Daniel McShane.

Middle Row: L-R

David Crudden, Henry Donnelly,
Michael McAughy, Kevin McComb,
David Steenson, Hugh McMahan.

Front Row: L-R

Stephen Hughes, Conor McAuley,
Mark Caldwell, Fintan McKillop,
Paul Woods, Conor O'Neill.

Absent:

Neil McDonald, Andrew McMorrow.

Form Tutor: Mr M. McGrath



Class 13E

Front Row: L-R

Paul Gallagher, Conor Donnelly,
Christopher McIlhennon,
Joseph Gillen, Ciaran Hagan.

Middle Row: L-R

Conor Taggart, Martin McBride,
Eamon O'Neill, Joseph Scott,
David McDonald.

Back Row: L-R

Robert Drumm, Conor McConville,
Bobby McManus, David Mallon,
Sean Lynch, Sam Meighan.

Form Tutor: Dr A. Donaldson

Class 13F

Back Row: L-R

Martin Ward, Gerard McElkerney,
Christopher Hughes.

Middle Row: L-R

Conor McDonald, Daniel Ryder,
James O'Neill, Ruari Smith.

Front Row: L-R

Mark Lappin, David Dougan,
Declan McKiernan, David Mallon,
Ciaran Marshall, Kieran McAllister.

Missing:

Anton O'Reilly, Stephen Smith

Form Tutor: Mr H. McGettigan



Class 13G

Back Row: L-R

Aidan Devine, Gerard Carron,
Connor Scullion, Sean Mitchell,
Ciaran Quinn.

Middle Row: L-R

Ciaran Fox, Michael Doherty,
Gavin Ferris, Malachy McAllister,
Kieran McCurry, Sean Lavery.

Front Row: L-R

Padraig Flannigan, Chris O'Neill,
James Smyth, Damien McGee,
Patrick Lavery, Conor McCaffrey.

Form Tutor: Mr D. Breen



Class 13H

Back Row: L-R

James Slavin, Joseph Caddell,
Conchur Keenan, Aaron McAree,
Eamon Butler.

Middle Row: L-R

Michael French, David Burns,
Paul Egan, Conor Kelly,
Stephen McAllister, Eamon Gregory.

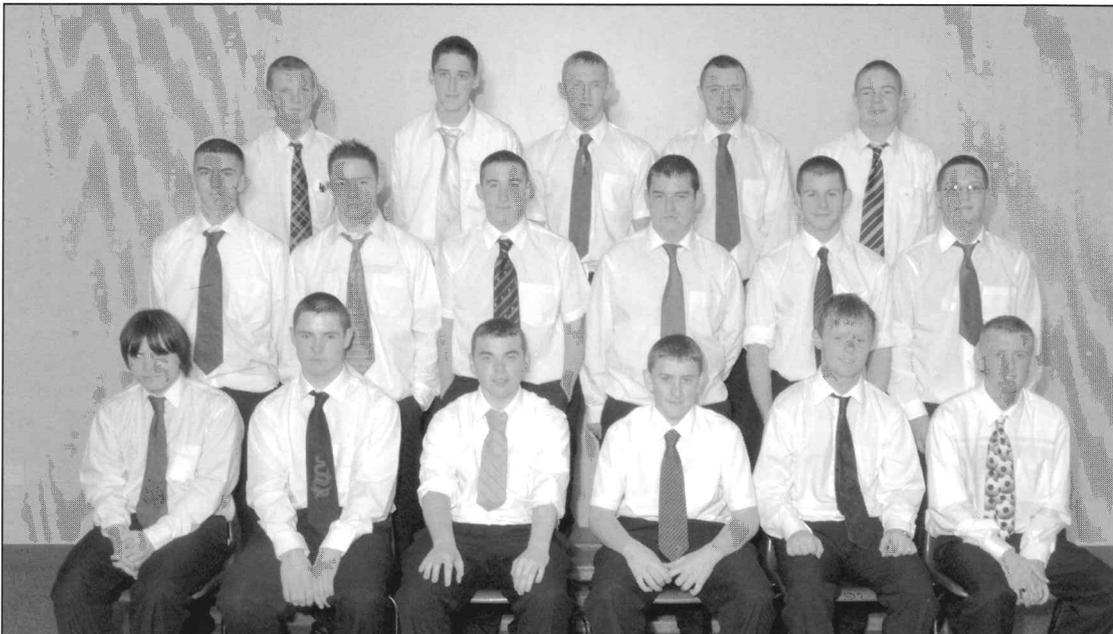
Front Row: L-R

Joseph Ward, Thomas McGibbon,
Dermot Hartigan, Robert McCurdy,
John Kearns, Patrick Slane.

Absent:

Patrick Owens

Form Tutor: Mr J. Heaney

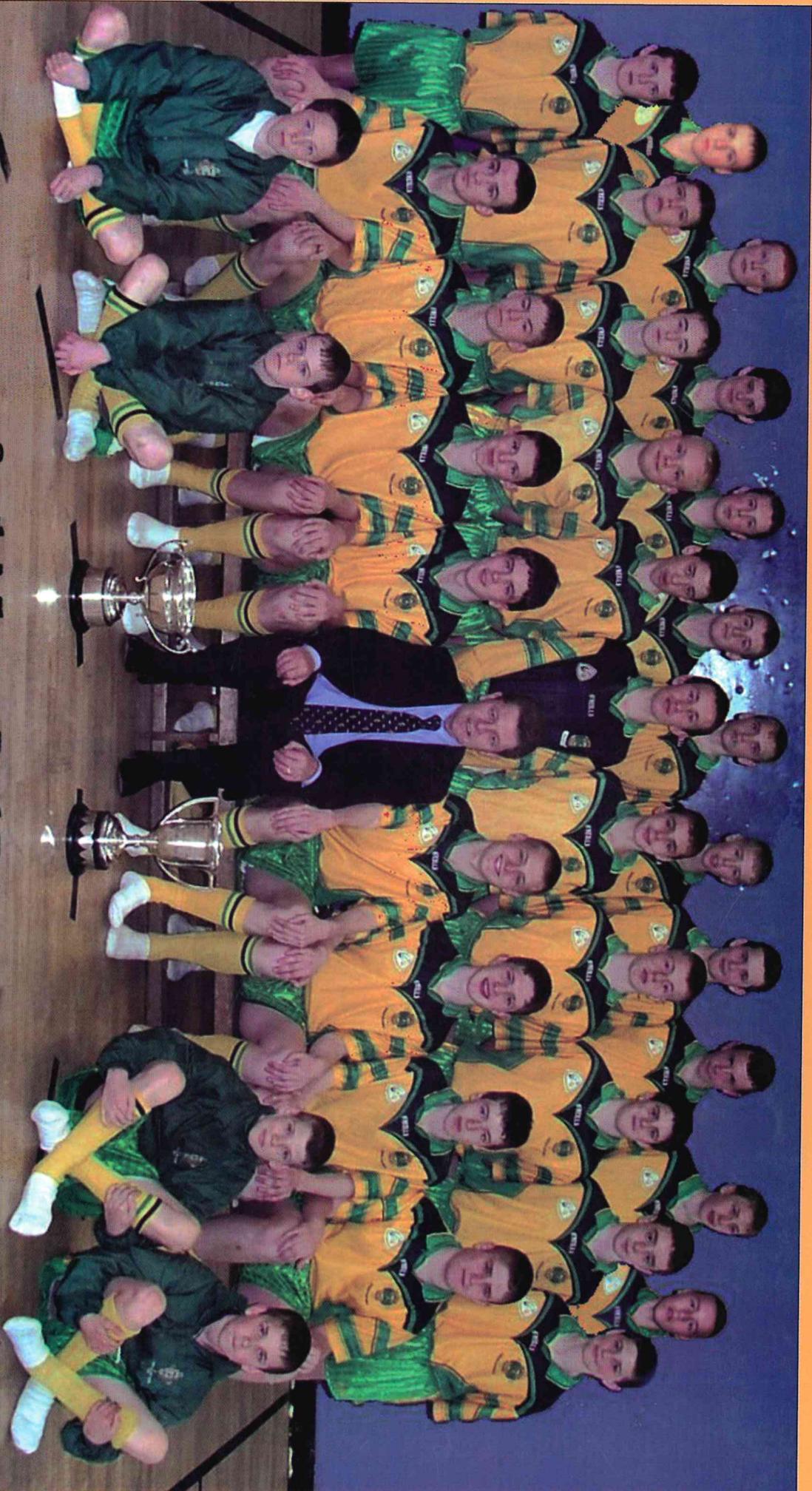


Notes





Notes



Scoil Mhuire Beal Feirste

Ulster Colleges Corn Loch an Iuir 2004

Back Row: N Kennedy, C Kennedy, R McElister, M Small, C, Murphy, S Connor, D Doberty, M Murphy, S McLaugh, S Finch, Connor Rocks
 Middle row: B Brophy, A Hicks, M McVilly, C Stone, C McGoldrick, M Dwyer, C Ramsey, D Diamond, J McQuinn, E Harcourt, D Swilling
 Front Row: S McLaughlin, P Fitzpatrick, J Parnell, B Leonard, Mr Kevin Burke (Principal), C Caldwell (Caretaker), M Sweeney, R Campbell, J Donoghue
 Coaching staff: C Diamond, C Quinn, S Flynn