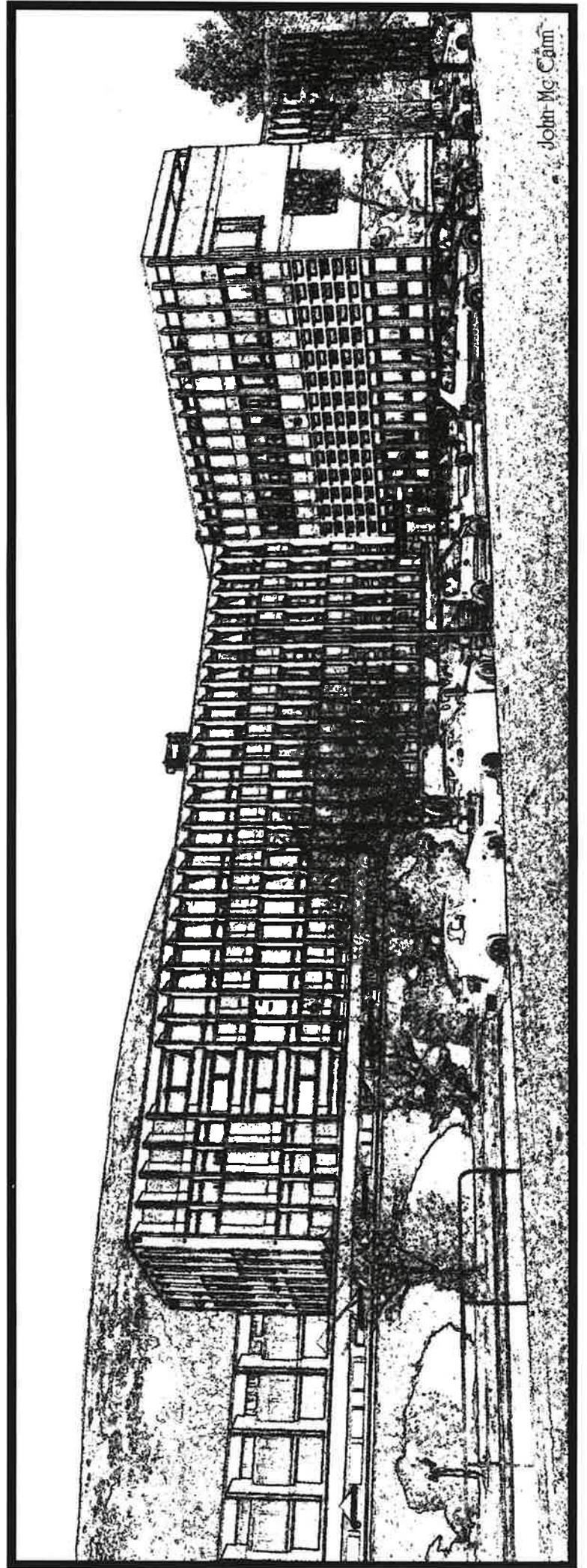




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The **Simmarian**



The Magazine of
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articles and photographs.

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Simmarian 2005



At the end of another school year I take this opportunity to thank all those staff, pupils and parents who contributed so much to the school community throughout the year.

I wish also to congratulate the staff and pupils for all their achievements, curricular and extra-curricular, since our last publication.

Among the many achievements I would like to mention just a few as a flavour of the many vibrant activities which continue in so many areas. This year we won The McNamee Cup (Hurling), The Gallagher Cup (Hurling), Corn Colmcille (Football), The Smyth Cup (Lifesaving and First Aid), the Ulster and All-Ireland Senior Water Polo Titles and the Ulster and All-Ireland U16 Water Polo Titles. The school's website (www.stmaryscbgs.com) has been successfully launched and gives up-to-date news and accounts of activities. There are also about 1,500 past pupils registered on the site.

Our best wishes are extended to five teachers who retired or moved on this summer. Mr. Gerry Cullen (Italian) and Mr. James McAuley (Science) have both worked diligently in St. Mary's since the mid-seventies. We thank them sincerely for their contribution to the life of the school in their respective roles. They have earned a well deserved retirement and we hope it will be a long and happy one for the both of them. Mrs. Marie-Therese Brennan (Geography) is moving closer to home in Newry to better fulfil her family role. Our best wishes and sincere gratitude go with her. Mr. Martin Curley is also moving on to undertake another role. Although he has spent a shorter period in the school he was responsible for many initiatives which greatly enhanced the spiritual and pastoral dimensions of the school. Mrs. Anne McConaghy (Art) is also moving closer to home. Thank you, Anne, for all your work in the Art Department. Miss Karen Devlin (Music) was with us on a temporary basis for one year and did an excellent job. Enjoy Australia.

Mr. Tony Scullion also left us last year to take up a permanent post with CCEA.

We extend our best wishes to them all.

Our congratulations go to the members of staff who were married recently and to those who have had births in the family.

The school suffered a terrible loss on the 10th January 2005 with the sudden death of Mr. Terry Hegarty. Terry was totally dedicated to St. Mary's and to his untiring work for staff and pupils alike. He started in St. Mary's on the same day as myself, 1st September 1978, worked in the same Irish department and on the Senior Management Team and I, like other staff and pupils, was greatly shocked and saddened by his sudden death. The loss to his wife and children was immense. We continue to remember them and their extended families in our thoughts and prayers. Go ndéana Dia trócaire ar a anam uasal.

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, Mrs Donna Tohill.

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

Caoimhín de Búrca.

Príomhoide.



Terry Hegarty R.I.P.

10th January 2005 is a date we in St. Mary's will always remember. Terry died suddenly in school and left us all - his family, staff, pupils and parents - in a state of shock and deep sorrow. The great respect and sense of loss that so many of the school community, and the wider community, had for him was evidenced by the countless messages of sympathy which poured in from all parts. His past pupils conveyed messages of sincere appreciation of his dedication to them and his enthusiasm for their academic and personal enhancement.

Terry and I started our careers in St. Mary's on the same day, 1st September 1978, and our work in the school and beyond has been interwoven down through the years. We both had our stint as Head of the Irish Department and then on to the Senior Management Team. His love for the language and his dedication to the teaching of it inspired a huge number of pupils, not only to achieve in examinations, but to have a real love and commitment to it. He was also heavily involved with Irish outside of school, for example, with CCEA and Coláiste Bhríde, Rann na Feirste.

As a leader in his department and in the school he, undoubtedly, was highly respected and his clear vision and organised approach was evident in all facets of his work.

His first love, however, was reserved for Catherine and their children and a week rarely passed without an update on his plans and hopes for his family. Our thoughts and prayers will always be with them.

My most enduring memory of Terry, however, is as a person who always sought to help others and as one who truly had a sense of care for others, whether staff or pupils. He often approached me with ideas and suggestions which so obviously emanated from a deep sense of caring, humanity and Christianity.

Terry's contribution to St. Mary's over this last twenty seven years and his contribution to the wider community is greatly significant. His dedication and commitment to his work was always undertaken with great enthusiasm and with his own particular sense of humour.

Táimid fíorbhuíoch díot, a chara, agus ní dhéanfaimid dearmad ort go deo.

Go dtuga Dia áit chuí sna flaithis duit.

Ghoill bás tobann Terry Hegarty go millteanach géar ar fhoireann na scoile seo. Ar ndóigh, ba throime ar Roinn na Gaeilge a thit an buille tubaisteach. Theagasc Terry Gaeilge sa scoil seo ó thosaigh sé inti choir a bheith tríocha bliain ó shin agus ba cheannaire é ar an roinn go bhfuair sé post ar an fhoireann shinsearach ar na mallaibh. Ba mhúinteoir go smior é. Stiúraigh sé an roinn le hobair chiúin dhúthrachtach agus le comhairle ciúin críonna. Dalta na ndochtúirí a bhfuil sé de dhualgas orthu ar dtús gan dochar a dhéanamh, chuir Terry d'iallach ar na múinteoirí a bhí ag obair leis bheith cinnte, cibé rud a rinne siad, nach mbeadh na scoláirí thíos leis.

Ach bhí sé féin ar chéim i bhfad níos airde ná sin. Ba Chríostaí é Terry, a chreid nár cheart dó tús áite a thabhairt dó féin in am ar bith. Rinne sé beart de réir a bhriathair. Ba é an dearcadh a bhí aige i gcónaí gurb é an scoláire an duine is tabhachtaí in achan chás. Agus bhí a shliocht air - ní raibh ach meas agus moladh ag a scoláirí ar Terry dá bharr. Tá mé cinnte nach ndéanfaidh a scoláirí dearmad air a choíche, agus ní hé ar a Chríostaíocht amháin a gcuimhneoidh siad, ach ar a gháire fosta. Bhí an oiread grá ag Terry don ghreann is a bhí acu féin. Ba theangeolaí grinn é agus an-dúil aige sa chleasaíocht focal. Bhíodh aoibh an gháire air ag dul isteach agus ag teacht amach as an seomra ranga, agus ar na scoláirí chomh maith, cé gur lig siad orthu go raibh siad i bpian ag éisteacht lena ghreann díchéillí seanchaite!

Mar a deir na Gaeil, tá Terry ar shlí na fírinne anois. Leoga, ní raibh eolas ag Terry ar shlí ar bith eile fiú nuair a bhí sé ar an saol seo. Tá ár gcrann taca cailte againn anseo i Roinn na Gaeilge agus caithfidh muid brath ar an uchtach a thug sé dúinn, agus ar an chothú a rinne sé ar fhréamhacha ár gcrann féin nuair a bhí sé anseo le haire a thabhairt dúinn. Go raibh suaimhneas síoraí ar a anam uasal, agus cumhdach Dé orainne atá fágtha ina dhiaidh.

*Michael Greene
Roinn na Gaeilge*

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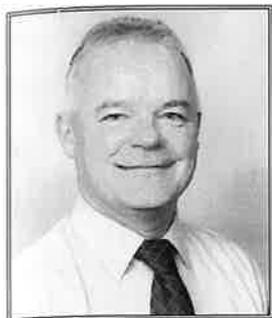
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Retirement

Gerald Cullen



Gerald Cullen was in St. Mary's, as student and teacher, from 1964 to 2005 with only a small but significant break for a degree and a wife (Gerry knows which was more important for him). Gerry is a great supporter of Gaelic games so it is very appropriate that I begin this reflection on his time in St. Mary's by talking about cricket.

For a batsman in cricket, what separates the excellent from the outstanding is his ability to show application, talent, skill and determination to achieve, both as an individual and as part of a team effort, against all types of difficulties and in all kinds of circumstances. The ultimate accolade is for a batsman to retire undefeated, by choice and in his own timing, after a masterful innings.

Gerry has decided to leave St. Mary's when he is still very much an outstanding teacher of Italian. I cannot think of another teacher in the past 30 years in St. Mary's whose livelihood depended each year on creating a constant stream of classes to Year 14 from a starting base of around 24 students. Long before PRSD, Gerry was successfully achieving this target and not only recruited to 'O' Level, G.C.S.E. and 'A' Level but inspired his students to top class results. Gerry understood the key need to offer respect to his

students and he ran happy productive classes. As Head of Department, he organised bi-annual trips to Italy enjoyed by students and staff alike.

His most memorable achievement as a student was probably as a member of Brother Nolan's victorious Hogan Cup team in 1971. As in his teaching, he believed here too in offering the same opportunities to others as he himself had received and spent many years coaching successful football teams. He was also a prime figure in our Staff Association organising functions and events with his great friends Oliver McCann and Frank Rice (R.I.P.)

I will most remember Gerry's contributions as a Year Head. His leadership and management of students and his support to teachers and parents were exemplary and absolutely reflected our pastoral ethos. His first priority, in the classroom and as Year Head, was always to help each student. Personally, I am indebted to him for his creativity in resolving seemingly intractable problems and I shamelessly plagiarised many of his ideas for whole school practice.

Gerry retires to the companionship not only of his brother Philip (the other Cullen staff stalwart) and the rest of the family but above all to Jackie, children and grandchildren. All his friends here wish for both Gerry and Jackie a long happy retirement

..... *Chi ha fretta vada piano.*

Jim Sheerin June 2005

Retirement

Mr Jim McAuley

This year we bade farewell to a much respected member of St. Mary's, Mr Jim McAuley. Having received his education in Garron Tower he qualified from Trench House and taught in Stella Maris before joining the staff here in 1976. Also starting his teaching career at St. Mary's was another science teacher, Mr L. McAleese.

He established the Botany Club and taught rural science in the school when CSE and 'O'Levels were the order of the day.

Jim brought his affable expertise to a number of departments within the school, Religion, Technology and Science. He will be especially remembered for his devotion to all things Botanical, most especially his beloved Botany Club.

After nearly thirty years of loyal service to the school, he has decided to set down his duster, shake the chalk dust and wood shavings off his jacket and head for the hills, or more precisely the Glens.

We will fondly remember his tales of life in the Glens. His humour, generosity, support and kindness will not be forgotten. His words of wisdom, Fisherman's Friends and Victory V's will all be missed in September.

We wish him every success and happiness in his early retirement and hope that the future brings sunshine to the Glens, increased farming subsidies and absolutely no after school tuition.

Good Luck!

Marie Thérèse Brennan



Following in her sister's footsteps Marie-Thérèse joined St. Mary's in 1998 as a teacher of Geography and Economics.

Over the past seven years Marie-Thérèse has become an integral part of the Geography Department bringing a much needed feminine touch to Geography.

Marie-Thérèse's teaching is characterised by imagination, inventiveness, sensitivity and humour. She has the ability to inspire and encourage pupils of all ability to achieve realistic goals. Her classroom has always been a welcoming environment for learning and her approach to teaching is forward thinking, capturing the imagination of all her pupils.

In 2001 Marie-Thérèse took on the role as acting Head of Department where her leadership and organisational skills made her an excellent manager. Her ability to organise and plan has helped maintain the Geography Department's status in St. Mary's.

As Marie-Thérèse is set to return home to the City of Newry to begin the more important job of motherhood, she will be greatly missed throughout the school and in particular by her colleagues in the Geography Department.

We thank Marie-Thérèse for her years of faithful service to the school where the staff and pupils alike will miss her friendship and humour. St. Mary's have lost an outstanding teacher and the Geography Department a friend. We wish Marie-Thérèse and her family all the very best for the future.

M. Watson

Good Luck!

Tony Scullion



Having taught in St. Mary's for fourteen years Tony Scullion tunneled out of the school as Head of Geography in 2001 after being seconded to CCEA. Three years later Tony took up a prestigious permanent position with CCEA as a Principal Officer, finally leaving St. Mary's in 2004.

As a teacher of Geography in St. Mary's, Tony was a real inspiration making his classes exciting and bringing Geography to life. His lessons made you think and constantly made you question what you were being taught. Tony's enthusiasm for Geography was evident in the classroom and remains apparent in his work for CCEA, which is set to have a massive impact on the current education system.

A quiet word and a good sense of humour were two teaching tools that Tony employed well and which pupils respected him for. Today pupils still ask "when

is Mr Scullion coming back"? He took a keen interest in all his pupils whilst those pupils that supported Celtic would always win favour with him first.

As Head of Geography, Tony was an excellent leader with great organisational skills. Every member of the Geography staff felt valued as part of a team. Under his leadership the Department maintained its status and developed a dynamic forward thinking approach to teaching.

Tony took part in numerous school ski trips where his desire for perfection was evident in his skiing. Let's face it; Tony made Mr Perry look like an amateur!

I was lucky to have been taught by Tony and to have worked with him as a teacher and his effect on me is obvious, but I can confidently say that Tony has had a massive impact on all pupils and staff that came into contact with him. He will be greatly missed in St. Mary's.

M. Watson

Good Luck!

Martin Curley



Martin joined St Mary's staff in September 2000, bringing with him considerable teaching experience from as far afield as New York City and Doon, Co. Limerick together with time spent doing retreat work with the Redemptorists in Esker Co. Galway.

Martin was the first lay person to be appointed as Chaplain to St Mary's and his vision of the role of School Chaplain was much broader than that of the traditional one which catered almost exclusively for the spiritual needs of the school community. He viewed the position holistically which meant that he endeavoured to cater for spiritual, physical and academic development of the students to whom he ministered.

Martin initiated induction day programmes for the Year Eight students on their transfer to St Mary's. These induction days helped the neophytes to get to know their new class mates and also introduced them to their mentors - Senior school students who would be their guides to help them with the geography of the building during their first weeks at the school and also be there to help sort out any problem which might arise in the early days at the new school. Prior to the induction days, Martin organised the Edmund Rice Activity Programme which gave the newcomers an opportunity to enjoy a fun day in the school and at the same time giving them opportunities to make new friends and also the chance to get to meet some of their new teachers.

A typical school day for Martin began at 8.00 a.m. with the Breakfast Club and would continue until late in the evening during which time the spiritual and temporal needs of the St Mary's school community

were catered for by activities such as prayer services for special occasions, assemblies for different year groups, Class Masses and the high points of the liturgical year Advent, Christmas, Lent and Easter were always marked in a suitable manner. Retreats were organised for each of the year groups in the Junior School while senior students were given the opportunity to join the Clonard Youth Ministry Team for a retreat for young adults. Martin encouraged the boys to be part of the school community by taking part in as many school activities as possible and with that in mind he organised football leagues during lunch time, after school soccer, cross country and athletics. For those who favoured less energetic activities there was the occasional inter-school Quiz. In conjunction with the Year Heads, Martin actively promoted the Edmund Rice Student of the Month scheme which gave boys in the Junior School the opportunity to affirm each other's talents and to create a healthy spirit of competition and a good work ethic within each class.

Friday was the longest day of the week for Martin - when the normal school activities were finished then there was the Friday Night Club when boys were welcome to return to the school to engage in various leisure activities in a less formal atmosphere. In all these activities Martin had the help of many members of staff, students and their parents.

During the five years that he has been at St Mary's Martin came to know many of the students and their families and he was always there for them especially in times of family bereavement or when serious illness or accidents befell them.

As he leaves St Mary's to take up the position of Director of the Miguel Pastoral Centre in Downpatrick the good wishes of many grateful students, their parents and the good wishes of his colleagues on the staff of St Mary's go with him.

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Good Luck!

Anne Mc Conaghy



Anne Mc Conaghy has been a member of the Art Department in Saint Mary's for the past two years. She often commented on the more relaxed and less formal atmosphere that she found between staff and students in Saint Mary's and that appealed to her nature more than that which she experienced in other schools.

She brought out the best in students through her dedication and professionalism. The Art Department will always remember her with affection and great respect for the talented, committed and admired teacher that she was. We all wish Anne the best as she embarks on her new appointment in Lismore.

Miss Karen Devlin



Karen is heading off to Australia for a year of travel 2005 - 2006. She has been a valued member of the music department for the past year and has developed a recorder ensemble during her time here. Karen was very hardworking and conscientious as a teacher and formed good relations with both staff and pupils alike.

Good luck in the land of 'Oz' Karen. The staff and pupils of St. Mary's wish you a fantastic year.



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Mr. P. Green

Study Supervisor

Mr. G. Vernon

Care takers

Mr. J. McBurney

Mr. S. Corrigan

Laboratory Assistants

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

Language Assistants

Ms. M. Mira	Italian
Mr P. Hall	Irish
Sr. M. Serrano	Spanish

Maintenance Staff

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

Cleaning Staff

Mrs K. Smylie
 Mrs M. Heenan
 Mrs E. Murphy
 Mrs A. Tolan
 Mr G. Murphy
 Mrs T. Murphy
 Ms C. McConnell
 Ms T. Hamill
 Mrs B. McCrystal
 Miss S. Lagan

Catering Staff

Mrs A. Donnelly
 Mrs G. O'Halloran
 Mrs B. Tolan
 Mrs K. Foster
 Mrs C. Tolan
 Ms G McCabe
 Ms F.Brady
 Mrs C. Kelly
 Mrs T. Kelly
 Mrs M. Lyons

Miss F. Smyth
 Mrs R. Burns
 Mrs M. Lee
 Mrs P. Burns
 Mrs J. Rafferty
 Mrs B. Dunlop
 Mrs C. Campbell
 Miss Yu Moi Yuen
 Mrs S. McBurney

Year 11 Debating Competition

In mid-February in the first round of the year 11 Debating Contest Mr Campfield set the motion, "This house is in favour of pupil power". This seemed a topic that would really galvanise the competition and so it proved on the day of the debate. The eight who turned up were very nervous and weary to say the



headed contest as you could see the tension as they spoke, generally on matters which concern our everyday life. Mr Campfield placed all of us in the final which would take place in a matter of weeks, which gave us sufficient time to prepare and practice our speeches.

least. For most of us it was the first time we had debated with people other than our classmates. The topic, surprisingly, brought up a number of points such as discipline, exam results, the state of the school, and the lack of sporting success. We were more or less split down the middle on the matter but both sides delivered very forceful speeches which all contained a number of very valid points. The anxiety and apprehension were unmistakably apparent in the quavering sound of our voices and our stance which for most of us was head down and wait for the finish.

At the end of our speeches Mr Campfield made comments on each of our performances and they were very beneficial as they were guidelines to help us give a better all round speech next time. Mr Campfield then set the next motion, "This House would emigrate" although next time the number of pupils would be cut to five. This downsize in people would make it easier to decide a winner at the end of the next debate. The pupils included Gary Russell, Aidan Walsh, Darren Ward, Gavin Megahey and myself, Daniel Diamond.

This debate was a great deal livelier than the last one but again the results were down the middle. Some took a more radical view than others but nevertheless argued very well with those of more moderate views on the subject. Again we were nervous though not quite to the same degree as the first round. We argued on such points as the current state of Northern Ireland assembly, the Celtic tiger, unemployment and the future of the IRA. It was overall a more motivating debate than the previous one and also had a lot more points with which you would either agree or disagree. Mr Campfield was furthermore impressed by the surprisingly high standard compared to the last debate, notably because he had a lot of positive things to say about each individual. This was probably the most hot

On April 19th we assembled in the E.R lecture theatre. This time we argued on the motion "This House believes the world is a safer place under the Presidency of George Bush." This time however the number was down to four as Gavin was off sick. The rest of us, on the other hand, started to run through our speeches as Mr Campfield gave us 10 minutes to read them over. As we were about to begin the sense of nervousness that we had accumulated in the first round had returned. There was a very unsettled feeling but on the whole the debate proved to be just as good as the last one. Again we were divided in two as two boys spoke for the motion and two spoke against. This divide brought again strong and trenchant opinions and provided extra competition for first place. We disputed on such points as the Afghan war, the Iraq war, chemical and biological weapons and the terror atrocities of 9/11.

This was a very enjoyable climax to a bracing contest and Mr Campfield was again impressed with the high standards and did run through each pupils' presentation in thorough detail but he was left with the difficulty of adjudication which was evident in the fulsome comments he made on each speaker, his furrowed equivocation and his decision finally, to award everyone a well deserved place.

Mr Campfield also stated that it was very close between first and last place and very difficult to arrive at a final decision. As we waited patiently on the results Mr Campfield collected his thoughts and much to our delight the end was near.

Fourth place went to Gary Russell, third place went to Aidan Walsh and first place went to both myself, who was for the motion, and Darren who was ironically against it.

Daniel Diamond 11 F



Christopher Thibodeau R.I.P.

School had barely started last year when the whole school community was shocked by the news of the sudden and tragic death of our friend and former student Christopher Thibodeau. Christopher (or Tibby as he was known to his friends) was an extremely popular, friendly and inspirational young man who exemplified all the positive qualities and values that one would hope for in a St. Mary's lad.

A talented sportsman who excelled at football, Tippy could lighten any company with his fine voice - he was particularly fond of Irish music - and his wit. Christopher had two passions both of which reflect his depth of character and dedication to helping others. He was a keen gaelgoir whose love for the Irish language took him to the University of Ulster to continue his studies. He was only too willing to help others in learning the language acting as ceannaire in Loch an Iuir throughout the summer.

He was also deeply committed to the school's work in

Misisi Compound in Zambia and had gone as a volunteer to Lusaka with the school's visit last year. Christopher's caring nature shone throughout his time in Zambia and especially when he was with the handicapped children in the special needs centre in St. Lawrence's School. To these most marginalised children Christopher brought fun, joy, hope, laughter and love. His funeral - attended by hundreds of people of all ages and backgrounds - was a testimony of the life Christopher lived and the lives he touched.

Mr Terry Hegarty - his former Irish teacher who also died tragically this year and whose loss, like Christopher's, is deeply felt - perhaps gave the perfect epitaph to Christopher when, looking around at the range of people who attended the funeral, said, 'It's not how long you live but how many people you touched in your life. Christopher certainly was one who lived for others.'

A Dhia, déan trácaire ar a anam dlíis.



Chris working with a group of special children in Zambia, 2004

Teaching Staff 2004 - 2005



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 R.I.P.
Senior Teacher
Irish



Mr J. Martin
Senior Teacher
Head of History



Mr F. Manning
Head of Science



Mr M. McGrath
Head of Mathematics



Mr J. McClean
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. Campfield
English



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



Mr E. Toal
Head of PE



Mr H. McGettigan
PE/E.R. Induction



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

Teaching Staff 2004 - 2005



Mrs J. McEvoy
Head of Spanish



Mr G. Quigg
English
Key Stage III 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



Ms 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
Head of 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
Head of Geography

Teaching Staff 2004 - 2005



Mrs C. Gillespie
Head of Business Studies



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



Mr J. McGreevy
History / English



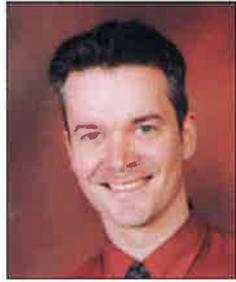
Mr M. Robinson
R.E.



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



Ms D. Murphy
Music



Ms K. Devlin
Music



Ms J. Carron
Art



Mr P Tully
Politics

Administration Staff 2004 - 2005



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 2004 - 2005



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



Mrs D Hamilton
Art

Junior Prizewinners

Subject Awards

Spanish	Darren Ward	11B
	Michael Allison	11F
German	John Gibson	11H
Irish	Eamonn Herron	11G
Italian	Sean Finch	11B
French	Andrew Magee	11C
Geography	Adrian Hanna	11C
English	Darren Ward	11B



Theatre Studies	Michael Doran	11A
	Joseph Guiney	11C
Music	Christopher McGrath	11B
Art	Michael Dines	11D
Religion	Christopher Diver	11F
Science	Ryan McCreanor	11B
Maths	Christopher O'Kane	11B
Technology	Aaron Haughey	11G
History	Christopher Wilkinson	11B
Information Technology	Maurice Murphy	11B

Most Consistent Performance in Junior School

John Burns	11G
Michael Christie	11B
Daniel Diamond	11F
Rory MacManus	11A
Robert McLister	11E
Michael McMahan	11D
Mark Prior	11F



100% Attendance

Conor Diamond	11B
Aodhan Liddy	11E
Aaron Hayghey	11G
James McGuinness	11E

Outstanding Performance

Deaghlán Agnew	11B
David O'Neill	11B
Conor Diamond	11B
Conor Kearney	11C
Sean Monaghan	11C



Bobby McCargo Memorial Trophy

Sean Finch 11B
(Pictured right with Mr K. Burke)



Sporting Awards

Gaelic Football	
- Michael Sweeny	11G
Hurling	
- James Darragh	11H
Basketball	
- Sean Finch	11B

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to all our Year Thirteen pupils who completed their G.C.S.E. examinations in 2004

ARMSTRONG	Paul
BAGGLEY	Christopher
BELL	Conor
BELL	Stephen
BOWMAN	Mark
BOYD	Timothy
BOYLE	Kevin
BOYLE	Patrick
BRADLEY	Caelan
BRENNAN	Patrick
BROWN	Gabriel
BURNS	Paul
CADDELL	Declan
CARLIN	Joseph
CARSON	John
CARSON	Mark
CHRISTIE	Paul
CLARKE	Kevin
COLLINS	Michael
CONNOLLY	James
CONNOLLY	Mark
CORNER	David
CRAWFORD	Connor
CULLEN	Ciaran
CUNNINGHAM	Michael
CURLEY	Stephen
CURRAN	Connor
DINES	Ciaran
DOYLE	David
DUFFY	Colin
DUFFY	Fionntan
FARRELL	Breandan
FERGUSON	Michael
FERRIN	Liam
FERRIS	Anthony
GALLAGHER	Alan
GALLAGHER	Brendan
GALLAGHER	Gerard
GEORGE	Mark
GEORGE	Michael
GERAGHTY	Simon
GRAHAM	Conor
HAMILL	Conor
HANNA	Lorcan
HEANEY	Thomas
HERDMAN	Colm
HUGHES	David
KANE	Darryn
KELLY	Eamonn
KERR	Conor J

KERR	Ryan
KINNAIRD	Raymond
LAGAN	Sean
LAGAN	Stephen
LARKIN	Patrick
LAVELLE	Patrick
LOCKARD	William
LOUGHRAN	Stephen
LUNDY	John
LYNCH	Damien
LYNN	Damien
MacMANUS	Ciaran
MacMANUS	Eamonn
MacPARLAND	Ciaran
MAXWELL	Francis
McATEER	Ciaran
McAUGHEY	Tuathan
McAULEY	Ciaran
McCABE	Dermot
McCARTHY	Paul
McDONAGH	Stephen
McGEOWN	Gerard
McGORAN	Alexander
McGUIGAN	Patrick
McGUINNESS	Kevin
McGURK	Sean
McILHATTON	Christopher
McKEGNEY	Kevin
McKENNA	Ben
McKEOWN	Cormac
McKEOWN	Ryan
McLAUGHLIN	Michael
McLAUGHLIN	Robert
McPHILLIPS	Diarmaid
McQUADE	Tomas
McVEIGH	Thomas
MEGAHEY	Sean
MILLEN	Seamus
MOORE	Stephen
MURPHY	Paul
MURRAY	Daithi
MURRAY	Darren
MURRAY	Stephen
NOLAN	Christopher
O'KANE	Connor
O'KANE	Patrick
O'NEILL	Daniel
O'NEILL	David
O'NEILL	Phillip
O'NEILL	Sean
PERRY	Kevin

POLLOCK	David
POWER	Christopher
RAFFERTY	Neil
REILLY	Lewis
REILLY	Robert
RICHARDS	Jonathon
ROBINSON	Ruairi
SCOTT	Kevin
SCULLION	Daragh
SHEARER	Desmond
SLOAN	Simon
SMITH	Christopher
SMITH	Matthew
TEGGART	Daniel
THIBODEAU	Ryan
TURLEY	Daniel
WALSH	Emmanuel
WATSON	Joseph



Comhghairdeas

We offer a special welcome

to our new
students who joined Year Thirteen
in September 2004

Patrick Auld - St. Colm's High School,

Michael Goodall - P. B. S.,

Colm McCorry - Drumlin High School,

Ryan McMahon - La Salle Secondary School,

Sam Mills - Rathmore,

Caoimhin Murtagh - Meanscoil Feirste,

Fairbre O'Paireallain - Meanscoil Feirste,

Piaran Reilly - Patrician High School,

Christopher Wilkinson - P. B. S.,

Sean Woods - La Salle Secondary School.

Academic Awards at G.C.S.E.

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 Turley
(Holy Child P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Drama

- Daithí Murray
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste.)

G.C.S.E. English

- Daithí Murray
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)

G.C.S.E. English Literature

- Ciaran McAteer
(St. Oliver Plunkett 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.*

- Cormac McKeown
(St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Gaeilge

- Daithí Murray
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)

G.C.S.E. Geography

- Patrick O'Kane
(St. John the Baptist P.S.)

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

- Christopher Smith
(St. Gall's P.S.)

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

- Daithí Murray
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)

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

- Kevin Clarke
(Holy Trinity P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Italian

- Joseph Watson
(St. Luke's P.S.)

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

- Gabriel Brown
(Holy Trinity P.S.)

G.C.S.E. Music - Raymond Kinnaird
(St. Peter's P.S.)

Right - Raymond receives his award
from Mr E. Collins.



G.C.S.E. Physical Education

- Stephen Loughran,
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)
pictured below with Mr E. Collins.



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.*

-Daithí Murray
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)

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.*

- Daithí Murray
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)



G.C.S.E. Double Award Science

- Conor Hamill
(St. Teresa's P.S.)

Conor is pictured right with
Mr E. McFlynn,
Head of Senior School.



G.C.S.E. Spanish

- Ciaran MacParland
(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)



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

- Gerard McGeown
(St. Anne's P.S.)



*Gabriel Brown, top G.C.S.E. Mathematics student is
congratulated by Mr K. Burke*



*Kevin Clarke with the award for
G.C.S.E. Information & Communications Technology*



*Mr E. McFlynn congratulates Patrick O'Kane on his success in
geography.*



*Ciaran McAteer receives the award for G.C.S.E. English
Literature from Mr E. Collins*

Outstanding Performance at G.C.S.E.

John Carson - (St. Gall's P.S.)
 Tomas McQuade - (St. Kevin's P.S.)
 Christopher Power - (St. John the Baptist P.S.)
 Paul Armstrong - (St. Anne's P.S.)
 Patrick Boyle - (Holy Child P.S.)
 Patrick Brennan - (St. Kieran's P.S.)

Paul Burns - (St. Kevin's P.S.)
 Michael Ferguson - (St. John the Baptist P.S.)
 Patrick Larkin - (Ballymacward P.S.)
 Lewis Reilly - (St. John the Baptist P.S.)
 Daragh Scullion - (St. Gall's P.S.)
 Simon Sloan - (St. Anne's P.S.)



*Celebrating
 success*

*Celebrating
 success*



*Celebrating
 success*



*Celebrating
 success*



Attendance Awards

Paul Burns - (St. Kevin's P.S.)
 Joseph Carlin - (St. John the Baptist P.S.)
 John Carson - (St. Gall's P.S.)
 Mark George - (St. Anne's P.S.)

Thomas Heaney - (Holy Trinity P.S.)
 Stephen Lagan - (Holy Child P.S.)
 Paul Murphy - (Holy Trinity P.S.)



A group of students who received Attendance Awards.

Mr Burke presents Joseph Watson with his award.



Christopher Smith receives his award from Mr McFlynn.

Ms G.Curran congratulates Conor McQuade

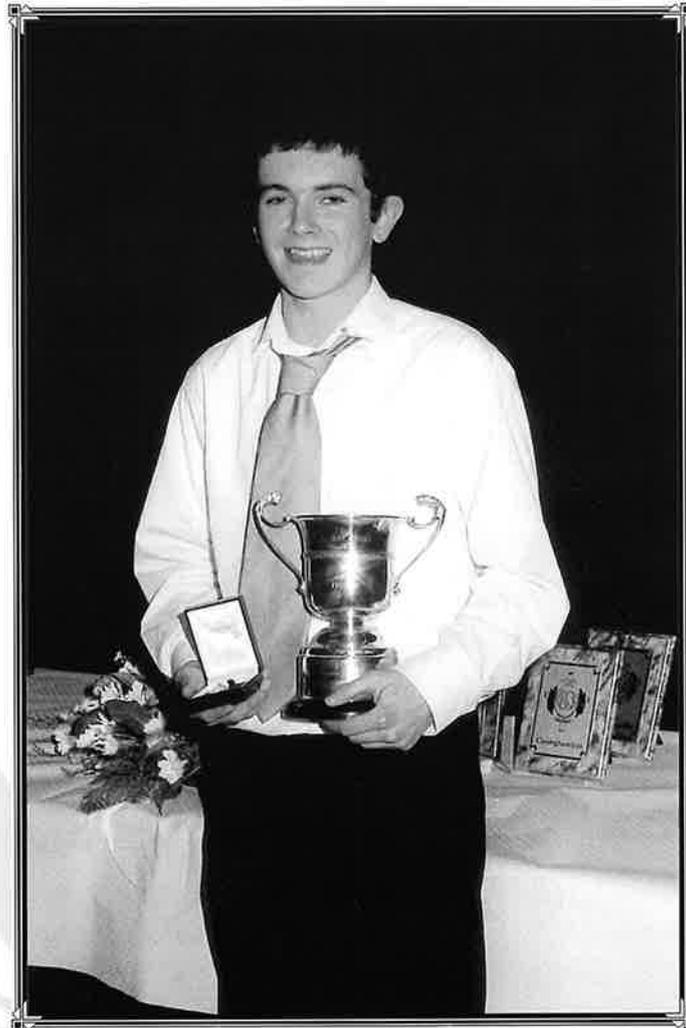
C.B.P.P.U. Gold Medal

Awarded to

Daithí Murray

(Bunscoil Phobal Feirste)

BEST G.C.S.E. Student



Daithí 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. G. E. students of 2004*

ANDREWS	Daniel	LEYDON	David	O'KANE	Darren
ARMSTRONG	Eamonn	LEYDON	Matthew	O'NEILL	Michael
AULD	Raymond	LYNOTT	Patrick	O'REILLY	John
BLACK	Joseph	MACKEL	Padraig	O'REILLY	Niall
BOYLE	Conor	MAGEE	Michael	POLLOCK	Michael
BOYLE	Liam	MAGUIRE	David	RAFFERTY	Michael
BRADY	Stephen	MAGUIRE	Fionnbharr	RAFFO	Darren
BRENNAN	Gareth	MAGUIRE	Pearse	RAINEY	Stephen
BRUNTY	Darren	MAGUIRE	Thomas	RAMSEY	Martin
BUNTING	Nicholas	MALLON	Rory	RICE	Sean
BURKE	David	MARTIN	Pearse	ROBB	Sean
BURKE	Ronan	MARTIN	Timothy	ROONEY	Ryan
BURNS	Paul	McALEESE	Peter	RUSSELL	Keith
CARLIN	Ciaran	McAREAVEY	Sean	SIMPSON	Robert
CARSON	Peter	McATEER	Conall	TEER	Brendan
CASSIDY	Stephen	McATEER	Conor	THOMPSON	Colum
CHRISTIE	Deaglan	McATEER	Paul	TOAL	Colin
COLLINS	Daniel	McBRIDE	Martin	TONER	Gerard
CONNOR	Mark	McCANN	Michael	WALKER	Paul
COYLE	Ciaran	McCARTNEY	Stephen	WEBB	John
CUNNINGHAM	Gary	McCLEAN	Ronan	WEIR	Liam
CURRAN	Sean	McCLEAVE	Noel	WILSON	Fintan
DELANEY	Damien	McCONNELL	Niall	WILSON	Glenn
DEVINE	Aidan	McCONVEY	Robert	WOODS	Paul
DEVLIN	Paul	McCORRY	Ryan		
DOHERTY	Eamonn	McDONNELL	Declan		
DONNELLY	Christopher	McELROY	Richard		
DONNELLY	John	McGEOWN	Martin		
DOWDS	Sean	McGEOWN	Sean		
DYNES	Brendan	McGHEE	Conor		
FLACK	Jonathan	McGOLDRICK	Conor		
FLANAGAN	Stephen	McGUICKIN	William		
FLAVIN	Hugh	McKENNA	Connell		
FORDE	Gavin	McKERR	Declan		
FRANKLIN	Kevin	McLARNON	Gregory		
FRENCH	Christopher	McLAUGHLIN	Patrick		
GALLAGHER	Robert	McMAHON	Christopher		
GEDDIS	Paul	McMANUS	Darren		
GIBNEY	Gerard	McMULLAN	Michael		
GOWDY	Gavin	McNULTY	Colm		
GRAHAM	Caoimhin	MEEHAN	Conor		
GRAHAM	Dermot	MILLEN	Antoin		
GUINEY	David	MOORE	Christopher		
HAGAN	Christopher	MORREN	Paul		
HAWKINS	Kevin	MULHERN	Paul		
HEANEY	Paul	MULHOLLAND	Ciaran		
JOHNSTON	Ciaran	MULHOLLAND	James		
KEATINGS	John	MULVENNA	Austin		
KEAVENEY	Eamonn	MURPHY	Peter		
KEAVENEY	Philip	NOLAN	Seamus		
LAMB	Conor	O'MUIRI	Gearoid		
LAPPIN	Colm	O'HANLON	David		



Comhghairdeas

Academic Awards at A2

A2 Art

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

- **Brendan Teer**

*(Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. -
now studying Social Work at Q.U.B.)*

A2 Biology

(The Thompson McClure Medal)

- **Partick McLaughlin**

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

A2 Chemistry

(The Northern Bank Medal)

- **Partick McLaughlin**

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

A2 Computing

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

- **Caoimhin Graham**

*(Corpus Christi College - now
studying Computer Science at
Q.U.B.)*

A2 Economics

(Ulster Business Equipment Medal)

- **Connell McKenna**

*(Holy Child P.S. - now studying
English at Trinity Collage, Dublin)*

A2 English Literature

(The Serridge Medal)

- **Ronan McClean**

*(St. Annes P.S. - now studying
English, History &
Philosophy at Q.U.B.)*

A2 Geography

(The Francis Rice Memorial Medal)

- **Ronan Burke**

*(St. Teresa's P.S. -
Gap year)*

A2 Government & Politics

(First Trust Bank Medal)

- **Colin Toal**

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

A2 History

(The Bank of Ireland Medal)

- **Ronan McClean**

*(St. Annes P.S. - now studying
English, History & Philosophy at
Q.U.B.)*

A2 Irish

(Cumann Gaelach Scoil Mhuire)

- **Ciaran Coyle**

*(Meanscoil Feirste - now
studying Irish & Celtic Studies at
Q.U.B.)
Achieved the top CCEA marks in
Irish.*

*Prize winners
celebrate their success.*



A2 Italian

- Niall McConnell
(Ballymacward P.S. - now studying
Mathematics at Q.U.B.)

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.

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

A2 Music

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

A2 Physical Education

(Glenn O'Hare Memorial Medal)

-Eamonn Doherty
(Holy Child P.S. - now
studying Physiotherapy at U.U.J.)

A2 Physics

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

A2 Psychology

- Ciaran Crudden
(St. Kevin's P.S. -
enhancing A2 grades)

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.

- Liam Weir
(St. Paul's P.S. - now studying
Modern History at Q.U.B.,)

A2 Spanish

-Eamonn Doherty
(Holy Child P.S. - now
studying Physiotherapy at U.U.J.)

A2 Technology

- Darren Brunty
(Holy Child P.S.- Employment)

Theatre Studies

- Paul Walker
(St. John the Baptist P.S.- now
studying Drama & History at Q.U.B.)

A.V.C.E.

- Kevin Hawkins
(St. Teresa's P.S. - now
studying Business Information
Technology at Q.U.B.)

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

- Ciaran Coyle
(Meanscoil Feirste - now studying Irish & Celtic Studies at Q.U.B.)

Bonn Sheamais Mhic Eachaidh

- John Keatings
(St. Teresa'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 Coyle
(Meanscoil Feirste - now studying Celtic Studies at Q.U.B.)



Ciaran Coyle recorded the top score in CCEA Irish at A2 Level in Northern Ireland

Gerry Magennis Memorial Award

(Footballer of the Year 2004)

Liam Boyle

(Holy Child P.S. - now studying Biomedical Engineering at U.U.J.)

Forresters' Medal

Conor McGoldrick

(Holy Child P.S.. - now studying Sports & Exercise Sciences at U.U.J.)

Bank of Ireland All Stars Hurling Award

Niall O'Reilly

(St. Anne's P.S.. - now studying Irish with Primary Education at St. Mary's U.C.)



Water Polo

(Player of the Year 2004)

Declan McKerr

Outstanding Performance at 'A' Level

Aidan Devine - (St. Kevin's P.S. - now studying Psychology at Q.U.B.)

David Guiney - (St. John the Baptist P.S. - seeking full-time employment)

David O'Hanlon - (St. Peter's P.S. - now studying Irish & Celtic Studies at Q.U.B.)

Fintan Wilson - (St. Teresa's P.S.- now studying Clinical Physiology at U.U.J.)

Pictured below with Mr J.Cooley



Paul Walker - Theatre Studies



Eamonn Doherty - Spanish Award

Attendance Awards

Ronan McClean - (St. Anne's P.S. - now studying English, History & Philosophy at Q.U.B.)

Liam Weir - (St. Paul's P.S. - now studying Modern History at Q.U.B.)

Paul Heaney - (St. Bride's P.S. - now studying Physiotherapy at U.U.J.)

Brendan Teer - (Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. - now studying Social Work at Q.U.B.)



Ancillary Staff Medal

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

Paul and Conor are two of the eight students to achieve three Grade 'A's.

Paul Burns - (St. John the Baptist P.S. - now studying Law with Politics at Q.U.B.)

Conor Lamb - (St. Joseph's P.S., Crumlin - now studying Computer Science at Q.U.B.)



Valedictory Address

Ronan McClean

(St. Anne's P.S. - now studying English, History & Philosophy at Q.U.B.)



Zambia

Joseph Caddell - (St. Aidan's P.S. - studying A2)

Tony Craig - (Holy Trinity P.S. - studying A2)

Dermot Hartigan - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - studying A2)

Michael McCaffrey - (St. Kevin's P.S. - studying A2)

Finnbar Christie - (St. Joseph's P.S. Slate St. - now studying Irish Lit & Lang at U.U.C.)

Robert Drumm - (St. Teresa's P.S. - now studying A2)

Desi Egan - (St. John the Baptist P.S. - now Teacher Training, Mater Dei, Dublin)

Christopher Pimlott - (St. John the Baptist P.S. - studying A2)

Ciaran Quinn - (Bunscoil Phobal Feirste - studying A2)

Christopher Thibodeau R.I.P. - (St. Kevin's P.S.)

Jonathan Flack - (St. Anne's P.S. - now studying Electronic Engineering at Q.U.B.)

Gavin Gowdy - (St. Anne's P.S. - now studying Biomedical Science at Q.U.B.)



Edmund Rice Perpetual Trophy

Edmund Rice Gold Medal

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

awarded to

Patrick McLaughlin

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

Best 'A' Level Student 2004



Patrick receives the Edmund Rice shield and the Gold Medal from Mr Tony Caher.

An Cumann Gaelach

Tráth na gCeist

Bhí bliain gnóthach arís ag lucht na Gaeilge ar Scoil Mhuire i mbliana. Thosaigh na himeachtaí leis an lá sultmhar a eagraíonn Gael Linn dúinn i Sólann Ard na bhFeá - Tráth na gCeist. Chuaigh céad duine ó bhliain a deich ann i mí na Samhna agus caoga duine ó bhliain a dó dhéag ann i mí Feabhra. Is traidisiún é seo anois, agus gidh nach mbaineann foireann as an scoil seo an duais gach

bliain, is cinnte go mbaineann siad sult as an lá agus sin an duais is tabhachtaí, ar ndóigh. An méid sin ráite nuair a bhí seal ag an chúigiú bliain bhí na scoláirí s'againne ar an fhoireann is fearr ar an lá - is iad sin Robert Irwin, Ryan Shortt, Ryan McCreanor (agus Harry MacAnulty nach bhfuil sa ghrianghraf thíos).



An Nua-Theicneolaíocht

I rith na bliana bhí naonúr as 9G páirteach i scéim nua eagraithe ag grúpa darbh ainm 'Dissolving Boundaries'. Cuireadh i dteagmháil le Coláiste Belvedere i mBaile Átha Cliath muid agus tugadh seans dúinn cumarsáid a dhéanamh le scaifte buachaillí ansin ar dhóigheanna nua-aimseartha, ríomhphost agus físghuthán ina measc.

Fuair siad taithí ar an nuatheicneolaíocht agus na fadhbanna a thagann leis, ach d'fhoghlaim siad ag an am chéanna faoi na deacrachtaí a bhaineann le canúintí na Gaeilge fosta! Seo beirt den dream agus iad i mbun comhrá ar an fhísghuthán.



G.C.S.E. Irish

D'éirigh thar barr leis an ochtar dalta as rang 10G anuraidh a rinne an scrúdú G.C.S.E. Irish, gan iad ach ceithre bliana déag d'aois. Fuair achan duine sa rang sin A* sa scrúdú G.C.S.E. Comhghairdeas le:

Niall Clarke, Niall O'Reilly, Francis Mezza, Séamus O'Rawe, Darach Doherty, Oisín Ó Murchú, James Reilly agus Colum Curtis.

CCEA

Príomháit sa scrúdú Gaeilge A2

Bhí cúis céiliúrtha den chéim is airde againn fán Nollaig nuair a fuair muid cuireadh ó CCEA chuig an ócáid bhliantúil nuair a bhronnann siad duais ar an scoláire a fuair an líon is mó marcanna i scrúdú dá gcuid. Dhá bhliain ó shin fuair beirt ó Scoil Mhuire comhscór - Ciarán Ó Brocháin agus Fionnbharr Mag Uidhir, ach anuraidh ba é Ciarán Mac Cumhaill a bhain an duais leis féin.

Tháinig Gael Linn chuig an scoil i mí Eánair le bronntanas a thabhairt do Chiarán in aitheantas ar an éacht a rinne sé sa scrúdú:



Seo Ciarán le Réamonn Ó Ciaráin ó Gael Linn.

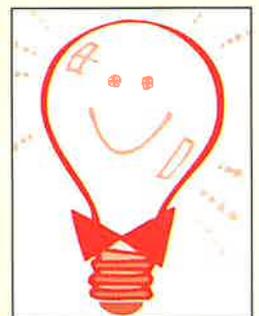
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Abair



Glac Francis Mezza agus Daithí Ó Muirí páirt i gcomórtas labhairt poiblí a d'eagraigh Gael Linn agus fuair siad seans labhairt sa chraobhchomórtas i stiúideo a haon sa BBC, áit a bhfuair Francis an dara háit ina roinn. Seo thíos an óráid a thug Daithí ar na toitíní.

Toitíní

Daithí Ó Muirí
13A a scríobh

Smaoinigh an bhfuil aon rud níos fearr ná an brú adreanailín a fhaightear ó bheith ag sú isteach aonocsáid carbóin nimhiúil, nicítín an-andúileach agus suas le 60 ábhar ailseacha isteach sa chorp? - airgead san aer ar ndóigh. Ábhar mo chuid cainte inniu? - na maidí gránna sin, sin é a chara, toitíní.

Ní bhím féin ag dul dóibh, mar níl mé féin ach ag iarraidh sult a bhaint as mo shaol, chan stop tobann a chur leis. Ach, tugtar le fios, cé go bhfuil neart fograí thart orainn faoi na contúirtí, go gcaitheann trian de dhaoine óga, idir 11 agus 16, in Éirinn, toitíní, agus iad go faiseanta dar leo. An é nach bhfaca siad na fograí breatha soiléire ar na paicéidí fiú? Caithfidh go bhfuil orainn an bosca uilig a chlúdach leo, solas dearg 's fuaim callánach a chur leo chomh maith.

Agus nuair a chuirtear an cheist ar dhaoine óga, cad chuige a chuireann tú do shaol i mbaol, ní chreidfeá na freagraí saonta a thugtar. Ach, is é an ceann is fearr ar fad ná, 'Tá sé san fhaisean.' Ní thuigimse seo, méara agus fiacla buí, anáil bhréan agus seanbholadh tobac ar na héadaí - sin faisean an lae inniu?

Cad é atá cearr le daoine óga go mbíonn siad i gcónaí ag iarraidh rince a dhéanamh leis an bhás é féin? Druideann na hÉirinnigh óga a súile ar an fhírinne, ag rá, 'Ní tharlóidh rud ar bith domhsa!' An bhfuil a leithéid ann, an duine dochloíte, neamhbhásmar? Níl! Faigheann 7,000 Éirinneach

bás gach bliain, mar gheall ar an nós marfach seo.

Ach, de réir cosúlachta, a deir mo comhgleacaí liom, níl na toitíní chomh holc sin, cuireann siad suaimhneas ort. Ar dóigh, ní amháin go dtugann siad gach cinéal fadhb sláinte duit - eimfiséime, broincíteas agus galar beag d'arbh ainm ailse - cuireann siad suaimhneas ort. Bíonn cuma gránna ort, ach is cuma sa tsíoc, baineann siad an strus díot.

Is olc an rud é an tobac, sin é, bun agus barr an scéil! B'fhéidir gur aislingeacht na hóige ata ann, ach ba bhréa liom dá gcuirfí stop leis an chaitheamh tobac ar an toirt, dá gcuirfí cosc ar an chaitheamh in áiteanna poiblí sna sé chontae, cosúil leis an chosc atá i bhfeidhm acu sa saorstát; mar ní amháin go ngortaíonn caiteoirí iad féin, gortaíonn siad na daoine thart orthu fost. In Éirinn, ligeadh isteach sna hotharlanna, 17, 000 páiste, faoi 15, as caitheamh go tánaisteach.

Mar sin de, a chara, is léir domhsa, cibé ar bith, gur chleachtadh millteach, déistíneach, imeaglach é an nós seo atá cleachtaithe ag neart Éirinnigh óga ar fud an oileáin seo, agus má chréideann tú i nDia, is peaca é chomh maith. Agus déarfainn go bhfuil mé ábalta teacht ar dhóigheanna i bhfad níos fearr chun mo shaol a chur i mbaol. Thiocthadh liom rith amach os chomhair gluaisteán dá mba mhian liom!

Feis Bhéal Feirste

Ar an 19ú Aibreán, 2005, ghlac scoláirí Naomh Muire páirt i gcomórtais Fheis Bhéal Feirste a tionóladh i scoil Naomh Pádraig, Bearna Gaoithe. Bhí halla na scoile dubh le scoláirí díograiseacha ó réimse leathan scoileanna ar fud na sé chontae, achan duine ag dréim le teastas nó bonn nó fiú scoláireacht Ghaeltachta a bhaint as duais stró a gcuid iarrachtaí. Ní raibh aon chúis díomá ar scoláirí Naomh Muire nó d'fhill siad chun an bhaile le lán a nglac de dhuaiseanna éagsúla agus ríméad orthu dá bharr! Sna comórtais teanga bhain:

Tiarnán Mackle, 8F- 2 háit Nicholas Hammond, 8F- 3ú háit

Bronnadh boinn agus teastais orthu araon, chomh maith le scoláireachtaí Gaeltachta. Comhghairdeachas leo!

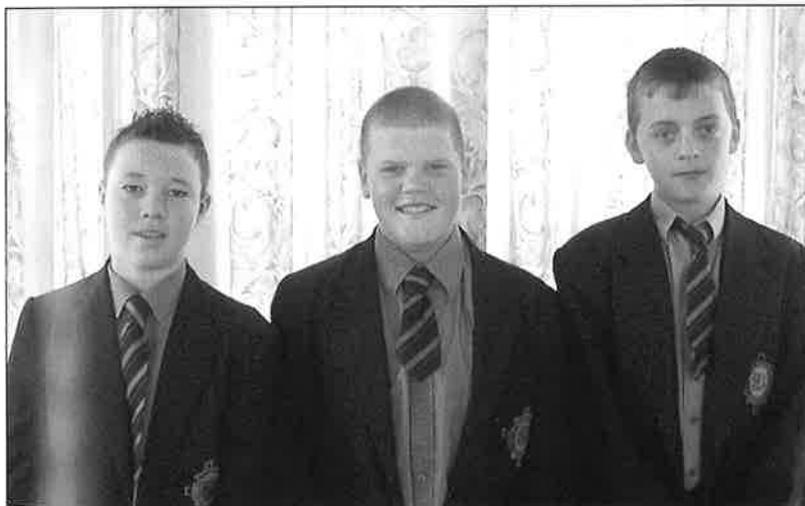
Tugadh moladh go hard na spéire do scoláirí Naomh Muire a ghlac páirt sna comórtais fhilíochta. Dúirt na moltóirí gur ardú meanma a bhí ann dóibh siúd amharc ar na gasúirí seo ag aithris dánta le paisean is le héifeacht. Ní beag an toradh a tháinig as seo mar nár thóg siad leo na duaiseanna filíochta ar fad, nach mór;



Bliain 8, Filíocht

Brendan Bradley, 8E- 1 áit

James Farrell, 8E- 3ú háit



Bliain 9, Filíocht

Déaglán Lynch- 1 áit

Kevin Holland- 2ú háit

Anthony Brady- 3ú háit

Bliain 10, Filíocht

Lorcán Kerr-1 áit

Brendan Roberts- 2 háit

Nár laga Dia sibh!

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Zambia, like other countries in Africa, needed to be experienced to fully appreciate it. Before I went, all that I had seen of Africa in general, were five minute instalments on news programmes. Never fully understanding the plight throughout Africa almost desensitised me. Five minutes after, I would practically have forgotten what I had seen.

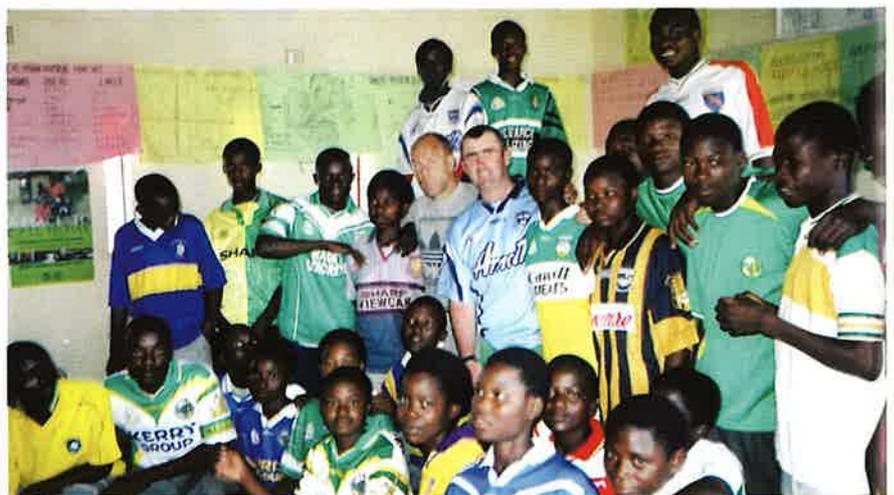
Mr Herron and Mr Austin were the team leaders who had everything planned to perfection helping the trip to run very smoothly. Mr Austin's father Tony and Mr Burke came too, as well as two women from the BBC, Sinead and Ciara, who were filming the expedition to show on Irish Language programme SRL.



Zambia is just south of the Equator and temperatures can reach over 40°C, and therefore it was no surprise that when I first stepped off the plane in Lusaka airport, the extreme heat could have floored me. It was very stuffy and three minutes after landing I got my first of many insect bites.

After collecting our luggage, we all piled into a coach that took us to the youth hostel where we would be staying. We were allowed a few hours to rest after an eight hour flight, but it wasn't long before we headed out to St. Lawrence's School where we would be working for the majority of the time.

The first day was probably the most powerful day for me because it was the first time we were given a tour around the school and its operations and most importantly met the children. It just felt unnatural when we walked into a classroom and forty young kids would stare so intently at us, as if we were celebrities. I remember feeling overcome by the situation and slightly uncomfortable because I didn't know what to do or what to say. However, everyone from the teachers, to the students was so welcoming and friendly that any nerves that I had built up dissipated very quickly.



We were not here very long however before we had to leave and get something to eat and freshen up for the long experience ahead. We went to a super mall called Manda Hill, and here I realised how Lusaka wasn't that different from any other major city in Europe. From fast food outlets, to high chain fashion stores, I was amazed that there was a different side to the city that you wouldn't see on TV. I always assumed that African cities were barren and dirty, however, areas of Lusaka looked modern and upper class. I felt this was a major problem in Zambia. Zambia seemed very wealthy, but a large percentage of this wealth went to a small minority of the people.

When I had the chance to go back to the school we were working at, I remember feeling really excited. The kids, even though they were living in such poverty, were so enthusiastic that they brought out your inner child. They were so eager to play that I remember jumping around and teaching them to Hi five, leaving me exhausted by it but adrenalin kept me going.

When it wasn't break time for the kids, we would usually be acting as classroom assistants. I was so impressed by the teachers who would be surrounded by children, yet keeping them under total control and keeping them interested in learning. The kids were so appreciative of what they were learning, which is more than can be said for some students back home. I especially remember four of the Project Zambia group and myself going into the special needs class for the children with hearing problems. It almost felt like they were teaching me because they were all so adamant to show me different pieces of sign language. To this day I still remember how to sign tree and alligator. I remember Neil, one of the group members; being very moved by working in the special needs class and complimenting the kids consistently.



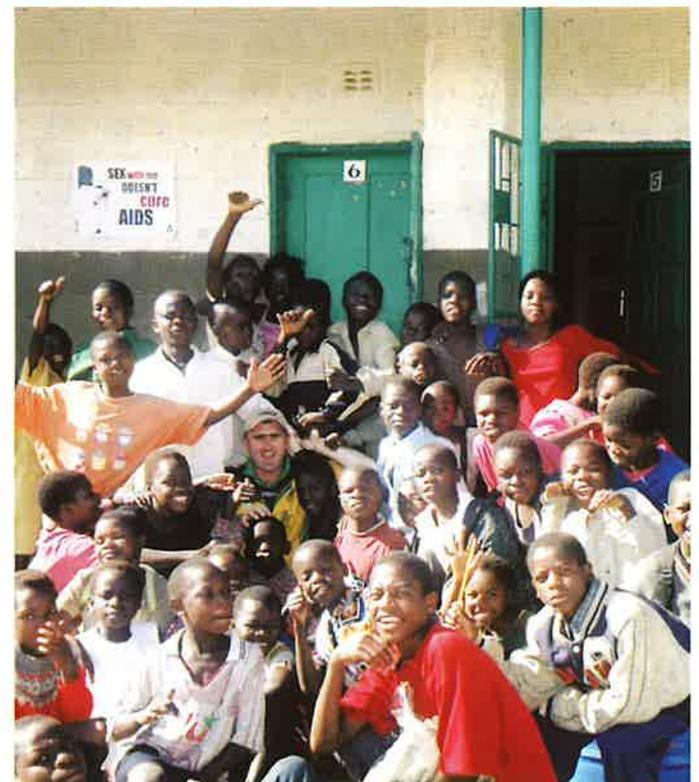
that it would actually cascade back up and then fall again as rain. This left anyone who walked by soaked, and this was helped when Mr Austin suggested we should walk through bare backed.

However, the main day everyone had to focus on was the Ireland v Zambia match at the St. Lawrence School. We would be up against some of the best Zambian players in the local area and I would be acting as goalkeeper. Unfortunately for me, any goalkeeping skills I had deserted me, but luckily there was a great team around me to bail me out ... a lot.

However, on one of the days, we got to take a trip into the compound, beside the school, where most of the kids would have been brought up, to go to the local nursery. It was quite hard for the group to take in. The smell of the compound was something so putrid that it couldn't be described, and something that can't be put across on a TV show. I was taking allergic reactions, minutes into walking through. Yet, as we walked through, the young kids would still dance around us with the biggest smiles on their faces and want to hold our hands.

However, what scared me was that it seemed like this was only the tip of the iceberg. Chris Power and Ryan Thibodeau told me of the horrors that they saw when Mr Herron took them deeper into the compound to see the work that was being done with AIDS victims.

What I really liked about the trip, was the fact that we got to see a lot of different aspects to Zambia, other than that portrayed on TV. Mr Herron had organised a coach to take us to Livingstone, which was a town situated beside the world famous Victoria Falls, considered one of the seven natural wonders. The sheer size of the waterfalls was enough to take anyone's breath away. The water fell at such a speed



Zambia 2005

For 90 minutes I watched our team play some great football, including five goals against their two. This victory for Ireland would go down as the first, which made it even sweeter for Mr Herron, who couldn't wait to rub it in Dr Donaldson's face.

We did so much in our short time there, between taking a jeep ride to a school called Old Kabweeza over dirt tracks as well as walking in the nation's World Youth Day parade alongside some of the students from St. Lawrence's, through central Lusaka, walking by the president in the process and competing with other schools to see who could sing the loudest (they didn't want to be upstaged by the 'poor' school that had the masungas or white people walking with them).

Even though I never really felt homesick on the trip because the crowd I was with was such a great crowd to be around, I found myself ready to go home after the 10 days. There was so much to take in, and between heat exhaustion and the missing of home comforts, it was the best feeling to meet up with my family and get home.

Project Zambia has been really important to me personally, because ever since I was there, not a day goes by where I do not think of someone I met or somewhere I visited during my time there. When I visited it was like a hit to the face, the way that the conditions have an impact on you. However, from the reactions of Mr Herron and others that have been there before, there has been an obvious improvement in the way that the school is being run and how it services the community.

It may sound like a cliché, however, when you visit a place like Zambia, even for a short period of time, you do take a new stance on certain things such as the 'Third World'. It makes it much easier to sympathise and relate to what these people are going through when you have seen it first hand rather from your sofa in Ireland.



A personal reflection



On Wednesday 9th March we departed from school for Dublin Airport. The journey down was fine and we all thought it would be good preparation for the easy flight ahead. After the first five hours of the flight from London to Zambia, a lot of us changed our minds.

After an eleven hour journey, we arrived in Lusaka Airport, tired and hot. Our uncomfortable feelings were soon quashed on arrival at the Project later that day. We met the children and their patron, Mr. Tembo, the people who would alter our hearts and attitudes over the next few days.

Sometimes we found it difficult to express what we took in on our daily endeavour to St. Lawrence's Community School, where we shared cultures with the children. Their games and sayings amused us and they became intrigued, if a little bemused, as they wondered around their dusty playground shouting 'What's 'a craic?'.

We discovered a new found pride in our school as we watched the official opening of the fantastic new St. Mary's school in Old Kabueze. The locals expressed their thanks with a Zambian Ceile, traditional singings and dancing in which we all sadly got involved. We were also treated to a speech by the legend Mrs Mianda who recognised that 'we know we can rely on our friends in Belfast'.

Our mission to Zambia was an unbelievable experience and whilst embarking on our summer examinations, one question you can't possibly prepare an answer for is 'What was it like?'.

YEAR 8 2004 - 2005

YEAR 8A
Form Tutor:
Mrs U Hughes



Michael Adair
St John the Baptist P.S.



Fionntan Armstrong
St. Joseph's P.S., Crumlin



Ryan Carleton
St. Teresa's P.S.



Neil Crudden
Holy Trinity P.S.



Marc Jordan
St. Joseph's P.S., Crumlin



Paul McCavana
St. Anne's P.S.



Terence Mc Grath
St. Luke's P.S.



Gavin Mc Kee
St. Mark's P.S.



Ciaran Mc Keever
St John the Baptist P.S.



Leo McKenna
Holy Trinity P.S.



Christopher Mc Keown
St. Teresa's P.S.



Colm Molloy
St John the Baptist P.S.



Kevin O' Brien
St. Joseph's P.S., Crumlin



John O'Neill
St. Anne's P.S.



Joseph O'Neill
St. Anne's P.S.



Gerard O'Rawe
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Conor Pelan
St. Anne's P.S.



Michael Podger
St. Anne's P.S.



Mark Salters
St Brides P.S.



Declan Scullion
St. Gall's P.S.



Neil Slane
St. Joseph's P.S. (Slate St)



Ciaran Slavin
St. Kieran's P.S.



Emmett Stewart
St. Gall's P.S.



Robert Stitt
St John the Baptist P.S.

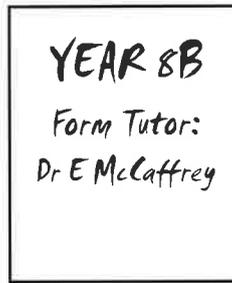
YEAR 8 2004 - 2005



Patrick Von Ohsen
St. Anne's P.S.



Niall Ward
Holy Trinity P.S.



Eamonn Cooke
St. Anne's P.S.



Ciaran Curran
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Shane Doherty
St Mark's P.S.



Ryan Duckett
St Colman's P.S.



Aidan Duggan
Holy Child P.S.



Michael Fallon
St. Teresa's P.S.



Jordan Fitzsimons
St Mark's P.S.



Peter Forde
St John the Baptist P.S.



James Gaskin
St Colman's P.S.



Daniel Glover
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Alan Graham
St. John The Baptist P.S.



Ciaran Gray
St. Kieran's P.S.



Jack Gunn
St. Anne's P.S.



Sean Hamill
St Malachy's P.S.



Patrick Hickey
Holy Trinity P.S.



Aodhan Lynagh
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Joseph Maginn
St. Joseph's P.S.



Brendan McCloskey
St. Teresa's P.S.



Joseph McConkey
St. Anne's P.S.



Brian Mc Donagh
Holy Trinity P.S.



Steven Mc Elwee
St. Peter's P.S.



Corey Mc Garry
St. John the Baptist P.S.

YEAR 8 2004 - 2005



Kurtis McGreevy
St John the Baptist P.S.



Dominic Shannon
St Colman's P.S.



Karl Shaw
St. Peter's P.S.



Sean Taylor
St. John the Baptist P.S.

YEAR 8C
Form Tutor:
Mrs C McCabe



David Hanna
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Matthew Jordan
St. Colman's P.S.



Thomas Livingstone
St. Colman's P.S.



James Magee
St Anne's P.S.



Ciaran McAreavey
Holy Child P.S.



Anthony McClean
St. Anne's P.S.



Patrick McCormick
St. Kieran's P.S.



Conor Mc Court
St. Anne's P.S.



Anthony Mc Donald
St. Teresa's P.S.



Stephen Mc Guigan
St Anne's P.S.



Shea McGurnaghan
St. Aloysius P.S.



Connel McKeown
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Ciaran Mc Loughlin
Holy Trinity P.S.



David Mc Mullan
St Kieran's P.S.



Christopher Moore
St. Anne's P.S.



Raymond Mullan
St. Kieran's P.S.



Matthew O'Grady
St. Anne's P.S.



Barry O' Neill
St. Kevin's P.S.



Martin O'Neill
St Teresa's P.S.



Christopher Pendleton
St. Aidan's P.S.

YEAR 8 2004 - 2005



Stewart Phillips
St. Colman's P.S.



Cormac Quinn
St. Kevin's P.S.



Stephen Scott
Holy Trinity P.S.



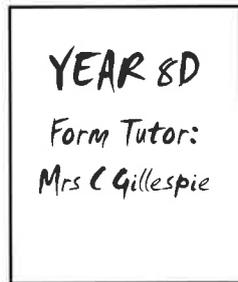
Martan Shortt
St. Teresa's P.S.



Michael Smart
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Gerald Smith
Holy Child P.S.



Michael Atcheson
St. Aidan's P.S.



Connor Bannon
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Conor Bradley
St. Teresa's P.S.



Thomas Burns
Ballymacward P.S.



Ryan Caddell
St. Aidan's P.S.



Ciaran Carville
St. Teresa's P.S.



David Christie
St. Peter's P.S.



Ryan Christie
St. Kevin's P.S.



Eoin Crean
St. Teresa's P.S.



James Crilly
Holy Trinity P.S.



Connor Cunningham
St. Colman's P.S.



John Curran
St. Teresa's P.S.



Ciaran Delaney
Good Shepherd P.S.



Joseph Donnelly
St. Gall's P.S.



Johnathan Doyle
St. John The Baptist P.S.



Michael Edgar
Holy Trinity P.S.



Luke Ferguson
Good Shepherd P.S.



Darren Floyd
St. Colman's P.S.

YEAR 8 2004 - 2005



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Gerard Gorman
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Christopher Mc Gowan
St. Galls P.S.



Paul Mc Shane
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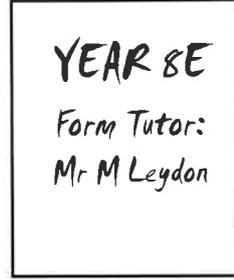
Conor Mulholland
Ballymacricquet P.S.



Paul Raffo
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Carl Wylie
St. Teresa's P.S.



Brendan Bradley
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Peter Carson
St. Teresa's P.S.



Paul Collins
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Matthew Cosgrove
St. Aidan's P.S.



Kevin Curran
Holy Trinity P.S.



Robert Darling
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Kevin Davey
St. Anne's P.S.



Emmet Dillon
St. Kevin's P.S.



James Downey
St. John The Baptist P.S.



James Farrell
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Cathal Fitzpatrick
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Donnchadh Fitzsimons
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Darren Franklin
Holy Trinity P.S.



Ryan Hull
St. Therese of Lisieux P.S.



Tyrone Irwin
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Ryan Kavanagh
St. Gall's P.S.

YEAR 8 2004 - 2005



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Christopher Lennon
Holy Trinity P.S.



Mark Loughran
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Michael Lyons
St. Mark's P.S.



Conor Mc Geown
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste.



Patrick McGowan
St. Kieran's P.S.



Peter Napier
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



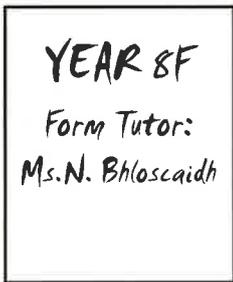
Paul Nolan
Gaelscoil Na Bhfal



Jude Savage
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Dominic Sherry-Adams
Gaelscoil Na Bhfal



Michael Bingham
St. Mark's P.S.



Emmet Cosgrove
All Saints P.S.



Emmet Cummings
St. Anne's P.S.



Nicholas Hammond
St. Luke's P.S.



Eamonn Kennedy
St Peter's P.S.



Tiarnan Mackel
Holy Child P.S.



Christopher Maguire
St Paul's P.S.



Carl Maxwell
St. Colman's P.S.



Paul Mc Ardle
Holy Trinity P.S.



Ryan McConnell
St Joseph's P.S. Lisburn



Pearse McConville
St. Joseph's P.S. Meigh



Niall Mc Garry
Holy Trinity P.S.



John Mc Glone
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



Nathan Mc Kenna
St. John the Baptist P.S.

YEAR 8 2004 - 2005



Niall McNulty
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Emmett McPoland
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Conor Mullan
St. Kevin's P.S.



Thomas Murray
St. Luke's P.S.



Aaron Nolan
St. John the Baptist



Peter Reynolds
St. Colman's P.S.



Mark Richmond
Holy Child P.S.



Anthony Shannon
St John the Baptist P.S.



Michael Smith
St Gall's P.S.



Anthony Todd
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James Todd
St Mark's P.S.

YEAR 8G
Form Tutor:
Mr C McLann



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St. Anne's P.S.



Aidan Mc Donald
St. Gall's P.S.



Sean Mc Dowell
Holy Child P.S.



Christopher McKenna
Holy Child P.S.



Matthew McKiernan
St. John The Baptist P.S.



Jonathon Mc Nally
Holy Trinity P.S.



Michael Mc Sherry
St Bernard's P.S.



Conor Mogy
St. Kieran's P.S.



Eoin Morgan
St. John The Baptist P.S.



Thomas Morgan
St. Gall's P.S.



Kevin Murphy
St. Gall's P.S.



Ciaran Murray
St. Anne's P.S.



Aodhan Napier
St Matthew's P.S.

YEAR 8 2004 - 2005



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St. Kevin's Crumlin



Ciaran Orchin
St John the Baptist P.S.



Kevin Petticrew
St. Aidan's P.S.



Eamonn Quinn
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Mark Rainey
St Gall's P.S.



Joshua Reynolds
St. Peter's P.S.



Ciaran Rice
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.

c GRANAGHAN
RACING

**BELFAST
GLENGORMLEY
&
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Best Wishes to St Mary's

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INJURIES?**

Sport Support & Advice

Contact

**McGrath's
Pharmacy**

182 Andersonstown Road
Tel: 9061 6055

91-93 Glen Road, Belfast
Tel: 9061 1643



Italian Department

Graded Objectives in Modern Languages : Italian
Year 11 students with their Level II certificates.



L-R Robert McLister, David McMahon, Christopher O'Kane, Caelan Monaghan & Christopher Rasmey.



L-R Jamie Massey, Tom McCallan, Conor McAreavey & Ryan McDonagh.



L-R Ciaran Lavery, Aodhan Liddy, Declan Mackin & Ryan Madden.



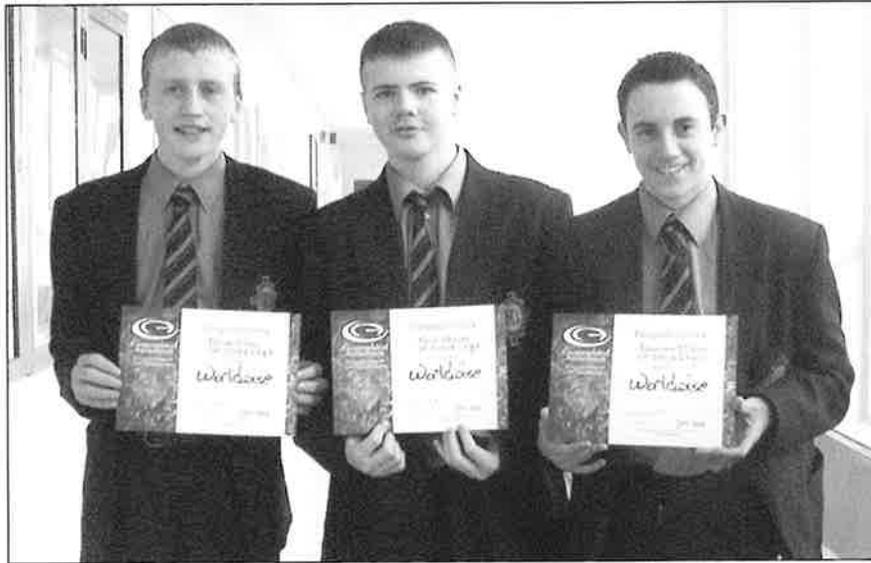
L-R Sean Finch, James Ferrin, Anthony Fenton & Paul Hesketh.



L-R Brendan Brophy, James Darragh, Daniel Diamond & Christopher Diver.

Geography

St. Mary's Worldwise Quiz Team



*St. Mary's Worldwise Quiz Team-
(left to right) Piaras Nolan, Kevin Shearer and Fionnbharr Mc Curdy*

On the 9th of November three pupils from 12G, Piaras Nolan, Kevin Shearer and I, Fionnbharr Mc Curdy, represented St. Mary's in The Worldwise Quiz Challenge in Queen's University Belfast. The Quiz takes place throughout the UK with the winning teams from each region going through to the grand final.

In this regional final, eighteen schools from across Northern Ireland took part. The St. Mary's team did very well answering the majority of the questions cor-

rectly, but on the night other schools such as St. Patrick's Armagh, were simply too good. The team took part in the four preliminary rounds but narrowly missed out on going through to the final.

All in all everyone had a very enjoyable night. Well done to all involved especially Mr Watson for his support and organisation and good luck to the school's Worldwise Quiz Team next year.

Fionnbharr Mc Curdy 12G

Tayto Factory

This year for my Geography Fieldwork I visited the Tayto Factory in Tandagree as part of the Year 10 investigation into industry. At the start of the trip we had to put on gloves and hats to keep the factory clean, this gave everyone a laugh. As the actual tour started we were told that a man called Thomas Hutchinson started Tayto when he delivered a snack that he called 'potatoes chips' in his bakery van. After a high demand for this snack, he and two other men, Fred Mc Kinney and Walter Gracey, bought Tandagree castle in 1955.

The tour continued as we went past all the machines that make the crisps and we learned that Tayto recycle almost everything. Potato skins are recycled and given to farmers along with bad crisps that are used for pig feed. Even the water is reused!

We were then allowed to see the crisps being packed using a machine which give us a good insight into the different processes in the Tayto Factory. More importantly we were able to taste the crisps at different stages of their development. In the last stage of the tour, our tour-guide was able to get us a packet of a new type of crisps that have just been released. As the tour came to an end we were all allowed 3 packets of crisps each. This was followed by a quiz to win even more crisps. The best part of the trip was the free crisps though we did learn the odd piece of Geography on the day.

Matthew Rice 10F

Year 9 River Study, Colin River 9C

Each Year 9 class this year took part in an investigation of the Colin River as part of their investigation into rivers. As you can see from the photos of 9C this was an excellent experience for all those involved.



Careers Department Report - 2004/05

The personnel in the Careers Department consist of four teachers, Mr E. Collins, Mr Mr J Heaney, Mr H McGettigan and Mrs A Thompson. However, other areas of teacher/pupil contact also deliver 'careers' through educational visits to various work places e.g. BT, Coca Cola.

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

Examples of some of the events that were organised, during the past academic year, by the Careers department in the school are detailed below.

Two Year 8 classes were involved in the Pilot Scheme for 'Education for Employability'. This was delivered by Mr Heaney and Mrs Thompson and will be continued next year. In February 2005 a number of Year 9 pupils participated in a very successful 'Enterprise Day' run by Young Enterprise N. Ireland. All Year 10 pupils took part in one of two 'Career Planning' days in November 2004. This was organised by Mr McGettigan and proved very successful.

In June 2005, most of the Year 10 students were involved in the 'Aim Higher' Road show which visited the school at the invitation of Mr E Collins, Head of Careers. This road show is a joint initiative by the Department of Education, the Department for Employment and Learning and the Ulster Bank. Its aim is to promote Higher Education and to encourage more young people to 'aim higher'

Some Year 11 pupils will, hopefully, be selected to take part in the Northern Ireland Fire Brigade 'Cadet Fire-fighter Scheme' which will run from September 2005.

Year 12 pupils had the opportunity to attend a number of Careers talks this year from representatives from BIFHE, Lisburn Institute, Belfast City Council and QUB, as well as meeting with our Careers Officers from the Department for Employment and Learning and engaging positively in the 'Getting Connected' programme and the follow-up 1-1 careers interviews.

Senior pupils also attended the annual Careers & Higher Education Convention at Methodist College, Belfast in September. All Year 13 pupils were given the opportunity to attend the UCAS Higher Education Convention in the King's Hall in April 2005.

Year 13 pupils also attended talks in the school from representatives from several Scottish universities, the Universities of Newcastle and Northumbria and the National University of Ireland, Maynooth and the School of Computer Science at QUB. By the completion of Year 13, pupils who positively engage in the Careers Programme will have had learning opportunities in work and interview experiences, developed skills in researching jobs and completing application forms, accessed Careers resources and begun their planning for the UCAS and Further Education route.

Pupils in Year 14 had opportunities to visit QUB and the UU for their Open Days in September and also attended talks in the school given by an Admissions Officer from these two establishments, prior to completing their UCAS applications.

The names of those pupils who obtained places in Third Level education and those past pupils who graduated from universities in the last academic year are displayed in the booklets at Parents' Nights, Open Nights



*Dr Pat Corr, School of Computer Science, QUB
with some year 12 pupils.*

and other school literature.

Many of last year's leavers performed with distinction and obtained courses of their choice. In keeping with the historical pattern, the majority of our Year 14 pupils entered Queen's University and the University of Ulster, some were attracted by courses in Dublin, Liverpool, Salford and Chester and some continued into Further Education Colleges. We anticipate similar success for this year's group.

It is also nice to record the achievements of past pupils and we remember Paul Barr, Malachy Costello and Brendan McCartan who graduated from QUB with First Class Honours degrees in Psychology, English and Irish & Celtic Studies respectively. Sincere congratulations to them and to all our past pupils who graduated during the last academic year.

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

Mr Eddie Collins
Head of Careers.



*Dr Pat Corr, School of Computer Science, QUB with
some year 14 pupils.*



Representatives from Lisburn Institute of Further & Higher Education talking to year 12 pupils.



Some year 9 pupils participating in a Team-Work activity during the 'Enterprise Day'.

Mr Tom Keane from Sentinus working with some year 10 pupils during the 'Career Planning' Day



'Aim Higher' Roadshow



Lorcan Kerr 10G, assessing some career information from the internet on one of the Roadshow's lap top computers.



Aisling Doyle from 'Aim Higher' Roadshow talking to year 10 pupils.



Pupils from 10G enjoy a DVD about university life.

Barcelona 2005

Barcelona 2005 ("Are we there yet?")

The school trip to Barcelona in April was a great success in every respect. The pupils were enthusiastic, appreciative and well-mannered and were complimented on their behaviour by hotel staff, guides and coach drivers. As they all study Spanish language, they were able to communicate in shops, cafés and the ubiquitous McDonald's. It was really rewarding to watch Spanish being taken out of the classroom and into real-life situations, even if the more intense grammatical discussions involved how to ask for a bacon double cheeseburger! A fresh approach to grammar - maybe those who write text books should take note.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the teachers who gave up some of their Easter holidays to accompany the boys. Their unfailing good humour, tremendous rapport with the pupils, untiring attention to individual students' needs and general craic made the trip the success it was. A huge thank you to Miss Joanne Mervyn, Mr Jim McGreevy, Mr Desi McNeill and Mrs Anne Thompson.

Miss Maria Morris, the school's Finance Officer, deserves a special mention, as her good-natured support made the financial planning much easier.

As the pupils' perspective of events is often much more entertaining and direct than the more formal, educational approach of their teachers, the boys submitted the following articles, which give their perspective of the activities (unedited!).

Mrs Jane McEvoy
Head of Spanish

When I was in Barcelona I had a brilliant time all round. We visited Parc Guell, Nou Camp and Las Ramblas. We had a great laugh with the pupils and the teachers. We played two football games on the beach. Our hotel was brilliant but the pool was freezing. We went to a Spanish mass the day the Pope died and it was a bit scary.

The best thing was the match at Nou Camp. It was a 3 - 3 draw and I ended up hoarse for a few days!

Michael Armstrong 10F

The Aquarium

The Aquarium we went to in Barcelona is one of the biggest and most important in Europe. Inside it you could walk around in a circle and see all sorts of tropical fish. At one point you could get on an escalator and go round in a circle and all around there would be water and loads of sea life like sharks, stingray, seahorses and other tropical fish. You actually thought you were under water because of the elegance of the fish. When we were done we visited the gift shop where funny enough you could buy teddy

fish!

Jamie Smyth & Gerard Torney 9D

Port Aventura

It started off as a normal Tuesday morning in the hotel except it was my mate Marc's birthday. Later on that day he was clueless what we had in store for him although he did know we were going to Port Aventura. When we got on the bus everyone was excited. When we got to Port Aventura everyone just wanted to go on the rides. Most people agreed that the best rides were the Dragon Khan and the Stampeda. A short bus journey later we were back at the hotel and it was time for dinner. When everyone was finished their dinner, the lights dimmed and Mrs McEvoy walked through the doors pushing a trolley with a huge birthday cake on it for Marc. Marc and the rest of us were stunned.

Well, that was our day out at Port Aventura and a memorable day for Marc.

Martin Hughes 10B



Spain 2005

As soon as we got on the bus to go to the hotel I knew the trip was going to be good, just the atmosphere and the fact that everyone was so excited and anxious to get there. A couple of hours later we arrived at the hotel. After a long journey you would have thought that everyone would have wanted to go to bed but no. Everyone was dying to go into town and see what the craic was about. We put our bags into the hotel and went into town.

It was great craic, the place was buzzing, all you could hear was singing from all the bars and even from people in the street. The wee men in the markets were so funny, the bargaining was the best. Some of them were so desperate they'd sell things for any price. When we went back to the hotel everyone was still excited. We went to our rooms and just sat and talked about how amazing the trip was going to be. And it turned out better than we imagined.

Some great memories and I hope we have another one again.

Marc Watters 10B



El Camp Nou

During our trip to Spain we visited Camp Nou to watch First position FC Barcelona take on third position Real Betis. There were 89,532 people attending the match. In the end the match finished 3 - 3 but it had everything you could want, with one red card, three yellow cards, six goals and a lot of extraordinary players like Ronaldinho, Eto'o, Guilly, Deco, Joaquín and Oliveira. Altogether Spain was worth paying for.

Stephen Kane 9C

Spanish Trip

We all met in the school at five o'clock then we headed to Dublin Airport. At about seven o'clock we arrived in Dublin. Then we were on our way. When we got to Spain we went to an aquarium which was brilliant, there were lots of fish like sharks and eels.

On the second day we got a tour of Barcelona and went to the Gaudi Museum. We then got to go round the town.

On the third day we went to a football match to see Barcelona against Real Betis. It was amazing. On the fourth day we went to Port Aventura (this is a theme park) and we were allowed to go about on our own. It was the best part of the trip.

Aodhan McGuinness 9C

During my trip to Barcelona we went to the Nou Camp to watch Barcelona play against Real Betis. The match was amazing; there was a sending off which led to a scored penalty for Barcelona. The atmosphere was sensational, it was roasting hot and I was getting sun burnt.

There were over 86,000 people at the match because it was the current first place in La Liga against third place. It was almost over for Barcelona because they were losing 1-3 in the last 10 minutes but Eto'o scored another penalty and it was 2-3. In the dying minutes of the match Barcelona were high in confidence throwing everyone forward in attack. And in the last play of the game Gio scored a heroic equaliser to make it 3-3 and got Barcelona a point.

Kevin Parker 9C

We set off on the coach to Dublin Airport at 5:00am, Friday April 1st. Five hours later we took off on the plane destined for Resu Airport, Spain. Forty pupils from the school, plus five teachers went on the trip. Although the hotel, Salou Park, was a four star, I was disappointed with the rooms. There were three to a room and we stayed for five days and four nights.

On the trip we visited many places such as the Barcelona aquarium, a cruise around the harbour, a tour of Barcelona and a look at Gaudí. We also visited el Camp



Nou and Portaventura. My favourite part of the trip was the match against Real Betis, there were six goals, two penalties, a red card and a fight at the end.

I really enjoyed the trip and would encourage anyone who gets a chance to go.

Thomas Heath 9C

My trip to Spain

When we went to Spain we went on a once in a life-time trip to the Nou Camp, (unless you're a season ticket holder or a really big fan) to watch Barcelona play Real Betis. Before the match almost everyone was excited and most of us didn't even know that Real Betis were in third place and that this was a big top of the table clash, with Real Betis chasing Real Madrid for an automatic Champions League place over Real Madrid.

I was cheering on Real Betis along with Sean McGrath because we wanted to be awkward. When Betis took an early lead we jumped from our seat. We looked like a bunch of rejects amongst 85,000 Barcelona fans. We were a little tiny dot of green in a pool of red and blue. When Barca equalised from a dodgy Eto'o penalty a few minutes later all hope looked shattered especially now that Betis were down to 10 men. We kept our spirits up and were rewarded a few minutes before half-time when Betis' top goal scorer, Oliveira, put them in the lead.

During half-time we were fearing attack by the Catalans who didn't look too kindly to us. We were loving every minute of the victory so far and laughing at everybody who said that Betis would get hammered by Barca. About 15 minutes into the 2nd half Real Betis struck again, scored by Joaquin again after he ran on to a superb through ball to slot the ball into the bottom corner which hit both posts before rolling in. We now had real belief that we would be going away with 3 points, a feat rarely achieved at the Nou Camp this season, but another Eto'o penalty made it 3-2.

We were three minutes into injury time when Barca got a late equaliser when Gio lofted the ball over the keeper after a great through ball. The Nou Camp erupted at this goal and we were tortured by all those supporting Barca who had failed to realise that a 3-3 draw away to Barcelona is a good result.

Patrick Copeland 9C

We left school at around 5:00am. Although two students were late, we arrived at Dublin Airport a few hours later. When we arrived at the airport we were checked in and ready to get on the plane. When we arrived we got on the coach and drove 2 hours to the aquarium which was filled with many sharks and big fish. After that we went on a boat trip through the harbour. When we arrived at our hotel we were all exhausted. The next day we went on a tour of Barcelona and we saw many of the famous architect Gaudi's works.

On the third day we went to Camp Nou and saw a football match between Real Betis and Barcelona and the final score was 3 all.

On the fourth day we went to Port Aventura which was my favourite part of the trip. It had the biggest rollercoaster in Europe and many other things to do for people of all ages.

On the fifth day we were sad to leave Barcelona and back home to Dublin airport.

Mark Devlin 9C

Portaventura

While we were in Salou, We had a trip to Portaventura. We had a great day there and got up to many different things around the theme park. There were many great rides at Portaventura, like the stunning, breath-taking "Dragon Khan" and the even more exciting ride that made many people sick because of the manual turning of the device. Of course it was the Teacups. There was a wee train that went round the theme park.

We got on it and it headed for the motorway. We were in mad laughter because we thought we were heading for Barcelona, even though we knew the train was going around the park. In the end it was a wasted journey because it didn't even stop at the place we wanted it to. It was a great day and full of excitement.

Adam O'Hare 9C

And now some words from a past pupil of St. Mary's, Christopher Morren. Christopher left St. Mary's in June 2001, with top grades in Spanish, French and English. He studied Law and Spanish at Queen's University and writes to tell us about the time he spent in Spain, an integral part of his Spanish studies.

Una experiencia inolvidable

Last year I was on a year-long placement at the University of Alcalá de Henares in Madrid. The great thing about learning abroad is that you become totally immersed in that country's culture and, of course, its language. Some high points for me include going on trips to other regions, such as Andalucía and making so many new friends.

It also has to be said that you really come to appreciate the Spanish way of life. Everyone seems so laid back that they certainly live up to their reputation of "manana"!

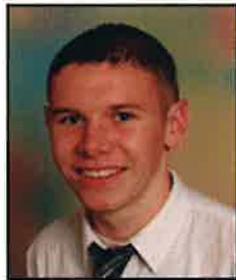
I would definitely recommend studying abroad if you get the chance to do so - it's a great experience, the memories of which will last for ever.

Christopher Morren



YEAR 14 2004 - 2005

YEAR 14A
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Ms. G. CURRAN



Aidan Burns
St. Joseph's P.S.



Laurence Claxton
St. Gall's P.S.



Stephen Curran
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Piaras Duffy
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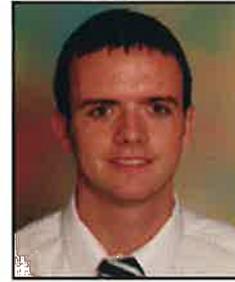
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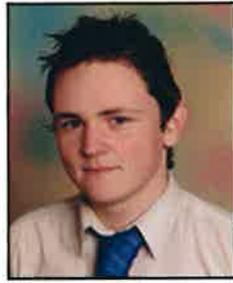


Bernard McLaughlin
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Corpus Christi College



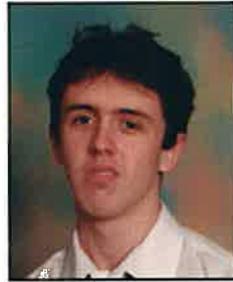
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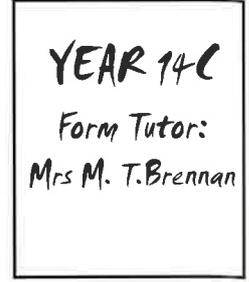
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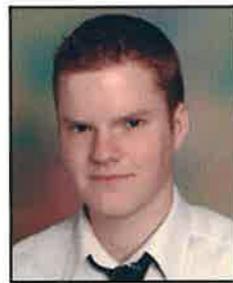
Conall Green
St Teresa's P.S



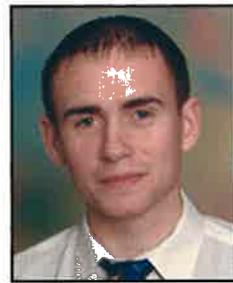
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Liam Knocker
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Michael Maguire
St. Gall's P.S.



Thomas McAuley
Juanita Elementary
USA



Patrick McCafferty
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Pearse McCusker
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Malachy McMahon
St. Colman's



Michael Morgan
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Eamon J O'Neil
St. Anne's P.S.



Christopher Pimlott
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Kieran Ryan
St. Anne's P.S.

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Conor Smith
St Matthew's P.S.

YEAR 14D
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David Crudden
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Stephen Hughes
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Micheal McAughey
Meanscoil Feirste



Kevin McComb
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Fintan McKillop
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Hugh McMahon
St. Kieran's P.S.



Andrew McMorrow
Holy Child P.S.



Daniel McShane
St. Joseph's P.S.
Lisburn



Conor O'Neil
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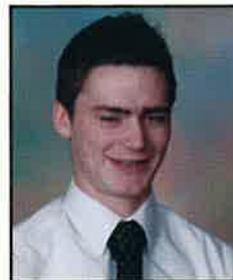


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Conor Donnelly
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John Doran
Our Lady & St. Patrick's



Robert Drumm
St. Teresa's P.S.



Paul Gallagher
St. Teresa's P.S.



Joseph Gillen
Meanscoil Feirste



Ciaran Hagan
St. Paul's P.S.



David Mallon
St Mary's C.B.G.S.



Martin McBride
St Luke's P.S.

YEAR 14 2004 - 2005



Conor McConville
CBS Glen Road



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Robert McManus
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Eamon O'Neil
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Daniel Quinn
St. Gall's P.S.



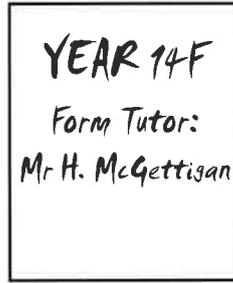
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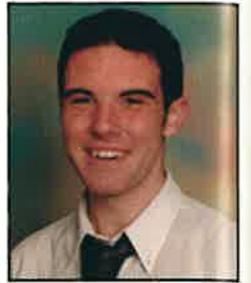


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Christopher Hughes

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Mark Lappin
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David Mallon
St. Kevin's P.S.



Ciaran Marshall
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Kieran McAllister
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Gerard McElkerney
St Peter's P.S.



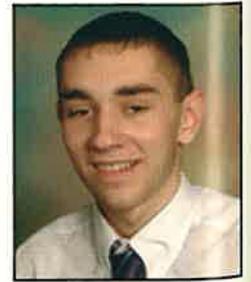
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Declan McKiernan
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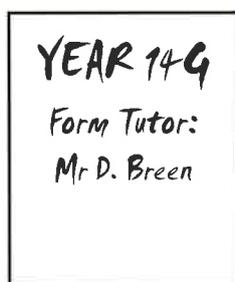
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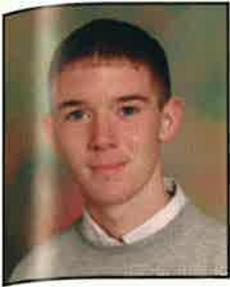


Ciaran Crudden
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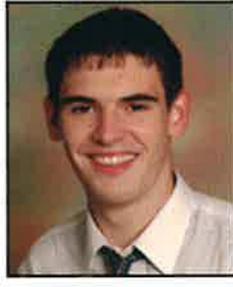


Aidan Devlin
Holy Child P.S.

YEAR 14 2004 - 2005



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Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Gavin Ferris
St. John The Baptist P.S.



Padraic Flanigan
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Ciaran Fox
Good Shepard P.S.



Patrick Laverty
St. Josephs P.S.
(Slate Street)



Damien Magee
St. Anne's P.S.



Malachy McAlister
St. Teresa's P.S.



Conor McCaffrey
St Colman's



Kieran McCurry
St Oliver Plunkett P.S.



Sean Mitchell
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Christopher O'Neil
St Teresa's P.S.



Ciaran Quinn
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste



Conor Scullion
St Gall's P.S.



James Smyth
Holy Child P.S.



John White
CBS Glen Road

YEAR 14H
Form Tutor:
Mr J. Heaney



David Burns
CBS Glen Road



Eamonn Butler
CBS Glen Road



Joseph Caddell
St Aidan's P.S.



Adrian Doyle
St. Mary's C.B.G.S.



Paul Egan
St. John the Baptist P.S.



Michael French
Holy Trinity P.S.



Eamon Gregory
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



Dermot Hartigan
Bunscoil Phobal Feirste

YEAR 14 2004 - 2005



John Kearns
CBS Glen Road



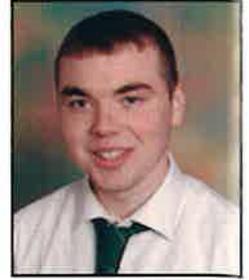
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Aaron McAree
St. Teresa's P.S.



Robert McCurdy
St. Gall's P.S.



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A French Morning

When I woke up I immediately heard the sound of tapping. It came from the roof. I heard this several times in the morning but not as loud. I stumbled around the caravan in a daze. I shook my head and woke up fully. Half of my body wanted to go to bed but I had to get the French bread and milk for today. So I got on my clothes. I looked out the window. The sky was a splash of blue, orange and yellow as the sun was just beginning to wake up for another day. I was walking out then I heard the tapping sound again. I turned round and saw a small grey squirrel with a white stomach and two beady eyes looking straight at me.

Suddenly a burst of energy drove it high up a tree. After I walked along a dusty path I

watched the small green scaly lizards scuttle past me. Suddenly the smell of chlorine hit me. Even though my eyes were looking at the ground my nose was telling me we were near. Then the sound of water made it certain. I glanced up and there were a few people there, just for an early morning swim. Other than that the place was deserted.

At the shop, the smell of fresh warm bread greeted me as I entered. It made me very hungry. I looked over to the bar which usually was busy, but now was deserted. When I got home I went up the creaking steps, past the door and into the living room, I could tell there was no one there by the quietness of



the place. The pizza box was still there on the table from the night before.

I decided to go to the pool, knowing my sisters would probably be already sunbathing there. I got my trunks on and grabbed my towel and dandered up to the pool, hoping I would see my friends. I had plenty of room to swim and jump about because there was hardly anyone else about. I raced up the steps of the slide. It was great as there was no queue. I leapt on the plastic slide and went headfirst into the water.

Kevin O'Brien 8A

THE Bully

All the boys felt uncomfortable when Lenny Anderson appeared in the playground. Everyone just went silent, as if they had frozen.

"Hello! Benjamin, how are you today? Still not got any mates?" said Lenny.

"No! shut up and leave me alone," Benjamin shouted.

"Ya, being cheeky to me?" Lenny asked.

"No, no of course not," replied the petrified Benjamin.

"Ya better not be!" snapped Lenny.

Lenny was a lot taller than the rest of the kids. He was quite brawny, with a long, pointed, tanned face, filled with acne. It wasn't a very good sight. His hair was long, greasy, ginger and tangled. He never brushed it. His eyes were beady and he wore the same shirt and jeans everyday. They were horrible, shabby, grubby and worn with big rips. His shoes were

supposed to be black but were somehow brown. They had big rips in the soles of them and they were faded at the side. He had an unusual voice. It was very deep and hoarse, scary if I had to give my opinion.

"Give me your lunch money," shouted Lenny.

"No, it's mine you big bully," Benjamin cried back.

Lenny got the money after all and left Benjamin for dust. Lenny did this everyday to several kids. I thought he would be rich after all. The bad thing about Benjamin is that he keeps things to himself and doesn't like a big fuss made over him. Benjamin is quite feeble, which would make it more awkward for him to defend himself.

"Heeeello Benjamin," he was cut off by the principal.

"Hello, Lenny, I have heard a little story about you. Would you like to tell me or will I have to tell you and the rest of the school at an assembly?" the principal said in a sarcastic tone.

"Wha Wha What are yo you talking about?"

he replied while shaking.

"You know what I'm talking about. My office now!" she squealed.

After 40 minutes denying it, Lenny finally owned up and was expelled from school. Benjamin also had a change. He made loads of new friends. He was now one of the most popular boys in school.

Niall Smith 9C



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A Scorching Summer

As the teams of sunlight hit earth in the distant horizon, the first sign of life is the birds chirping their melody in a repetitive manner.

Two hours after sunrise, the first human is awakened, looking and sounding almost like a caveman. People flee for the beaches, almost like a swarm of bees flying for honey. A traffic jam soon forms - stretching for numerous miles, until finally, the cars become microscopic dots in the far distance. Horns beep endlessly and noisily, almost like a disorganised orchestra.

The last to get to the beach would be lucky to get a square metre to sit, whether it be on sand or stones.

Adults turn themselves into overcooked sausages. Kids use as much of the sand as they can get, to play around and build sandcastles.

Meanwhile, in back gardens, people lie sunbathing for endless hours, and others barbecue food instead of themselves. Mouthwatering food is served on plates-hot-dogs, burgers, chicken, and steak. As they get it, people charge for their food like a lion would on its prey.

Others decide to cut their grass - sending hayfever to feed on innocent victims. As hayfever viciously attacks helpless victims, chemists soon fill up with unfortunate casualties of the heartless allergy. Queues are sent into the street to be eaten by the cruel allergy.

The first beat of the ice-cream van melody and a queue has formed, stretching into the next street. The ice-cream vendor grins similarly to the chemist, and as he takes a look at the queue.

Some decide to go the local swimming pool, but end up too compacted, almost like grass inside a lawnmower. No-one can move without banging into someone else.

As dusk hits, the beach is left with a mountain of rubbish, sun lotion bottles, broken sunglasses and even holes where people had been detecting for metal. The swimming pool is sucked dry of all its chlorine.

Jamie Massey 11F



The Mental Home



Bob had just woken up inside his room, inside what he thought was a house for magic and spells. As he sat on his bed he smelt the strong scent of window polish. He thought about his bed as a person. It was a lovely warm hearted person who would always comfort him but if you kicked him away the exquisite feeling of warmth would turn into a bad feeling of coldness. Then he thought of his straitjacket as a person, a strong annoying person who would never let him out of his sight.

Then Bob heard his door open. The Bad Witch came in. She had a foul smell of crude oil and alcohol that spread around Bob's room like a deadly virus. She had large bags under her eyes that was caused by tobacco that had made so many large holes in her lungs that it was like Swiss cheese. As she walked over with her crooked back and her long strides her large eyes were focused on Bob. Her eyeballs were almost pure red and she

had an extreme mass of electrifying rage pulsing through her body. She pulled Bob up and dragged him out of his room.

They entered the long white corridor that never seemed to end. It had about a hundred doors with each that same colour of elusive blue. The smell of the corridor was different. It was a smell of sweet honey and zesty lemon mixed together. The Bad Witch brought Bob along to the end of the corridor and into the medicine room. She made Bob swallow pills he had not seen before. After about two very long minutes Bob started to feel dizzy. He fell asleep. When he woke up he felt something painful go into his arm. He looked and saw that he was strapped into a chair by leather straps. He was brought back to his room and would enjoy getting into his warm hearted comforting bed to endure the very same thing the next day.

Fionntan Armstrong 8A

Red

Red is the blood that drips from your nose.
Red is the petals on a red, red rose.
Red is the colour of a robin's breast.
Red is the sky as I lay down to rest.
Red is your face when you're in a rush.
Red are your cheeks when you begin to blush.

Michael Adair 8A

My Favourite Things

Melted chocolate and ice cream.
The Simpsons Special at Halloween
When you wake up on Christmas day
And the smell of a fry on a Sunday.
When the bell goes at the end of school
And when jumping into the swimming pool.

The Water Show

In the heat of lava
 My skin sizzles
 One soaker tag left
 My heart quickens
 The general falls
 Going solo now
 Water is limited
 I stalk my prey
 The trigger's on stand by
 My target's locked
 As the showdown begins
 The pressure rises
 You slide the trigger
 Water squirts out
 As cries of laughter
 Roam the memory.

Christopher Pendleton 8C



Summer

I woke to the heat of a summer's day,
 And the brightness of the sun,
 To look out on such a beautiful sight,
 To feel as if nature and I are one.

The grass is green,
 The trees are in full bloom,
 If this was to be gone
 It would be gone too soon.



With my feet in the sand
 And the tide coming in
 There's a special warm feeling
 Coming from within.

My love for the summer
 Is so hard to describe
 I'm happy I'm active
 I'm truly alive.



Michael Atchison 8D

YEAR 8 POETRY COMPETITION

The future for poetry in Belfast looks bright judging by the talented array of entries to the Year Eight Glen Road Christian Brothers' Poetry Competition. Ms Pauline Brady and Mr Gerard Quigg arranged the competition as a joint venture between St Mary's and CBS as an opportunity for the pupils to explore and exhibit their creative talents. The theme was 'Summer' and with the holidays approaching the pupils responded to the challenge with relish. It was with great difficulty that the



judges picked out 'The Water Show' by Christopher Pendleton 8C and 'Holiday in the Sun' by Stephen McGeough 8R as the joint winners.

Second prize went to Michael Acheson (St.Mary's) and Piarais McCaffrey (CBS).

Third prize was awarded to Aodhan Lynagh (St.Mary's) and Mark Hamill (CBS).

Congratulations to the winners and to all you budding young poets look out for your opportunity to shine in next year's competition.

Summer Poem

The sun is shining through the trees
 And leaves are blowing in the breeze.
 Seabirds soaring through the air
 Warm wind blowing through my hair.

The sea is mixed with greens and blues
 Walking barefoot with no shoes.
 Feeling the sand beneath my feet
 Relaxing in the summer heat.

Summer

School is over, free to live,
 Summer's here, run and play,
 Sun come out, rain away.
 Drink anything, eat all day.
 On my bike, down the hill,
 Have fun, at your will.
 Stay up late, till midnight,
 Go swimming, at the pool
 At the movies, what a show!
 Sun is setting, over the hills,
 Summer's over, winter's here.
 Sun's away, school is near.

Gerard O'Rawe 8A

Summer

Summer is the time of year
 When adults and children
 Are full of cheer.

The people, the animals
 Are all so happy.
 Believe it or not so is my family.

So I leave you this poem
 So you remember
 The month is summer, not December.

A straw in a glass, a nice cool drink
 Nothing to do but relax and think.

This is what summer is all about
 Time to myself to totally chill out.

Stephen McGuigan 8C

Sizzling Summer

Not a leaf moves.

The big orange sun furiously
 Gives out scorching heat.

Birds strive to fly with their beaks open
 Dry from thirst.

Heat, seen in waves.

Pets sit at the side of their owners
 Dreaming of lazing indoors.

No one dares to
 Face the burning outdoors.

Everything is still

On this sizzling summer's day

Aodhan Lynagh 8B

Summer Time

Sharks swimming on the ocean floor
 Horses kicking on the stable door
 Ice melting in a bucket of wine
 Truly it is summer time.

Michael Podger



Seasons



Starting with summer, the best of them all
 We go into seasons,
 Four of them in all.
 All of the children playing in the pool,
 The mothers are worrying, covering their children in sunscreen.
 The sun is yellow and the sky is blue.
 Ending summer-moving into autumn,
 It is starting to get colder,
 From brown to blue.
 Leaves will turn from green to red
 Falling together
 Making a bed.
 Going to winter,
 Snow flakes now falling.
 The snow's eyes are now glittering.
 It will unfortunately
 Melt away.
 Now it is spring,
 And the flowers are awakening,
 The sun is alive now,
 And back into summer.

John O'Neill 8A

Sunset Dreams

School was finally over; the bell had finally rung,
 The first day of the summer was underway.
 The rain god had finally ran out of water,
 And the city was alight by the sun.

The sizzling midday heat,
 Challenges all who are caught by its death ray.
 The people seek to find an oasis of water,
 Or even a cool patch of shade.

The birds are agitated by the blazing ball in the sky,
 They long for the descent of the sun,
 And cry for the coolness of the night.

As the moon begins to set,
 The sun begins to rise.
 The people draw back their curtains
 And open their eyes.

Shea McGurnaghan 8C

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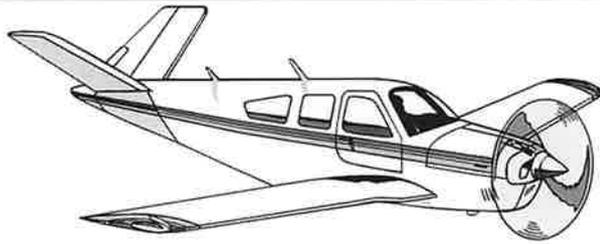
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Flight of Fancy

On the edge of the runway, I delicately ease the throttle forward and lift elegantly and graciously into the clear, cloudless sky overlooking the countryside. As we hit the comfortable altitude of 2,000 feet, we relax and begin to unclench our firm grip on the control column. Now with the takeoff finished we dare to look sideways out at over the breathtaking scenery of Strangford Lough and the Ards Peninsula. It is so peaceful and tranquil in the air with only the rapid rumble of the engine that reverberates through the cockpit in a regular pattern. As we soar through air in our two-seater Cessna at 180mph the captain and I look in awe at the wonderful sights below.

We head towards Belfast after our brief tour of Portaferry, and as we cross the City Airport we dream of controlling jets ourselves. Nevertheless the drill is the same. As we enter Belfast, landmarks such as the docks and the Odyssey strike you instantly. Soon we begin to feel secure and we are not paying adequate and sufficient attention to the controls. Places which govern the horizon are the RVH, Harland and Wolff and Black Mountain (which you try avoid close confrontation with.)

As we then turn towards the coast we see the beautiful green hills that our country is renowned for. We pass over forests and parks only to mumble a sigh of acknowledgement at the surreal images as they register and unfold in your head. At the same time we try to control the altitude and heading which are essential to be able to return safely. We then cross over into water and see the soft, lazy waves rippling out to as far as the eye can reach. From there we can see the mountainous border of Scotland and the Isle of Man. Also we cross several boats, both exchanging thoughts about each other's current position. Over the sea we concentrate a lot more attention on the needs of the aircraft. We intermittently make various calls to the Air Traffic Control to make them aware of our position. We finally roll back into the direction of the airport and prepare ourselves for a landing.

This is the most exciting part but at the same time we know that our brilliant exhilarating experience is nearly over.

We just about have the airport in view. The captain lets go of the control and hands all the power over to me. My hands begin to sweat and I feel my shoulders tense and eyes fix firmly on the runway, approximately three miles away. I decrease the throttle and lower the flaps very gently and robot like move my head sideways to look at the roads where the cars move in and out of side streets. We begin to think no matter what you do it is still insignificant in the grand scheme of things that goes on in people's lives.

The runway begins to appear bigger and bigger as every tense, taut second elapses. I move the column slightly and tamely in line. I again look at the captain and tell him. "Are you sure you want me to land? You're putting your life at risk." I lower very cautiously and vigilantly the throttle and ease tenderly up on the control column with the back wheels bouncing. Then the nose wheel touches and I run proudly and honourably on down the runway. We taxi to the resting place. As we tentatively step out of the plane I bless myself and express my relief at a job well done.

Daniel Diamond

Golf Glory



It was a warm clear summer's day, not a breath of wind in the sky. It was the ninth hole of the Players' Championship when I finally made my soaring approach up the leaderboard. At the start of the day I realised that I had no chance of winning my first PGA tour event in America and no expectations to even come close to winning. However, that all changed when I stepped on to the first tee. Driver in hand and ready to get started, I felt no pressure at all but only five shots off the pace.

I grip the club tightly. Sun shining. It is quiet but there are some birds chirping around in the trees. I swing the club with great power and strike the ball perfectly with great venom and force. The drive was a beauty, straight dead centre down the fairway and 300 yards. That is when I realise that I have the chance and the brilliance to make my move for the leaders.

The play off. Now at the seventeenth hole. One of the best par threes in golf, the seventeenth at Sawgrass. At this point I still have a chance to win. At the beginning of the day I was teed up with Tiger Woods the world's greatest golfer. Over twenty wins to his name, compared to me with only one in Europe. Now I feel nervous. Water all around the green, stuck between clubs, Tiger sharing the lead with me. Tiger to hit first. My heart was beating a mile a minute. I want Tiger to mess it up but I still have to hit. Tiger made a great swing with his pitching wedge. He's looking anxious. Approaching even closer to the green. In the water! Tiger is furious. The favourite to win, me, the underdog to lose. I step up to the ball. Have a look at the middle of the green. Take a deep breath. Swoosh! It was a great hit. It's still to clear the water. I hope it just sticks to the green. Yes, lands perfectly. Pressure off for the minute.

Tiger moves to the drop zone, and strikes one straight at the flag. Fabulous. The crowd roars for the Tiger. Although it could be too little too late. Meanwhile I stand on the green staring down my putt. I have two putts to win the championship and beat Tiger. My heart was beating frantically. I have one hand already on the trophy. I take a few practice strokes. Step over the ball. Hit it. The putt is off line but there is plenty of break. Starts to break. I'm praying it slows down. Yes! stops at four inches from the hole. Walk over and knock it in. The championship is mine. Tension is over. What a great time and probably the best golf I've played in my life.

Michael McMahon 110

The Battle



Swords, axes and spears clash as
Mighty armies fight.
The dead lie motionless with expressions of pain and
sadness.
Arrows fly high above the carnage,
Brother against brother, father against son.
The families of the dead moan the lost.
The victors celebrate.
The celebration is short lived as they see those affected
by the battle.

The glass shatters as men clad in black storm in.
The defenders ready themselves,
The men in black cut their way through them,
The door gives way as one defender adopts the
Southern Fist Style.

The men in black run towards him, swords drawn
With a few quick kicks, punches and cracks
The assassins lay lifeless.
The defender sits down only to reveal a wound,
He stands again as more assassins charge in.
Again they fall but more attack until the ..
Valiant defender falls mortally wounded.
The assassins loom over him to deal the final blow.



Patrick Von Ohsen 8A

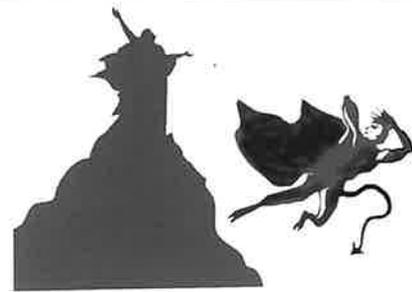
The Killing of Timmy

As the sun pelted down on his neck,
Oh how much he wanted to get back,
To go home was his heart's desire,
As his body sank into that deathly mire

The rain was smashing at his head,
His stomach jerked violently, for he hadn't been fed,
There he was-dying alone,
As the sky threw down those balls of stone.
Eventually the light grew dim,
All we could hear were the cries
From dear comrade, officer Tim.
His voice was shrill and then the silence,
What was the point, in all this violence?

Just then his eyes closed tight,
It was no longer possible,
To tell those, the adventures of that night.
There he was, lying in a muddy cot,
Why? Oh, Why was it he who got shot?

Ciaran Magee 11D



Revenge of the Fallen

Demonic rites misanthropic by nature
Perverting the world, destroying their birthright.
Seeking vengeance on those who oppose,
Condemning those who comply.

Atrocities too great to name,
Corruption beyond the grotesque
Anger, hatred, blind vehemence
Forge a path for Him.

Ploughing through the fields of reason
dragging all into oblivion.
Compassion, love, beauty
have long since vanished, leaving
Nothing but black desolation.

Angels torn from grace, gaze
Into the parapets below. Searing agonies
This is no fall, but revenge inflicted
upon the pious: "They shall suffer, They will atone"

The bell of judgement rings out.
Now the fallen are victorious
Promises once made, now are fulfilled.
Their atonement begins.

Gerard Gallagher Year 13F

The Dark Side of the War!

Summertime is here again,
Controlled by fear, ruled by pain.
In the circle the blood will fill.
Onto my hands the blood will spill.

Sacrifice, murder, pain and sin,
As the blood runs Satan will win.
Satan's army will rise again,
Enemies of evil will die in pain.

Satan's dark horses they have come,
The blood of humanity will run and run.
The humanity in this world is done.
What happened to God's only Son?

Warren Oakes 11D



Johnny's Dream

Johnny and the other boys
would always play with his
box of toys.
His favourite was his soldiers
as Johnny dreamt of being
One when he got older.

Johnny's brother was somewhat
older,
And had left home to see the world
as a soldier.
His mum and dad had said
goodbye, with tears streaming
from their eyes.

Letters arrived every other day
from parts of the world you
can hardly say.
Photos, postcards all over his wall,
Johnny was mesmerized by it all.

Then one day a letter arrived
mum and dad looked surprised.
There was a silence like none
before and I went upstairs
and closed the door.
I read the words "killed in action"
but all I could see was
Jim's reflection.
The dream was over.

Ryan Duckett 8B



In the Trenches

In the trenches dark and deep
Lay some men fast asleep.
Some with guns and grenades
Some playing Charades.

Gun shots fired in every direction
Bombers have bombs in every selection.
Running up hills running down
The enemy's camp was no where to be found.

Some people faking their ages
Just to get a medal and take the stages.
Running through the streets
Poor people walking in their bare feet.

Rats and bats in the night
Men looking for a fight.
Flood lights beaming
People screaming.

Men crying for their mums
Because they're not back at home.
They miss shepherds pie
And the great blue sky.

James Gaskin 8G



War is an Issue

Is war good or is war fine?
War isn't fine or good at any time.
People say that war is great,
But war is full of death and hate.

Soldiers say that war's a game,
But only sends people that bit insane.
Down, deep inside the trenches,
A boy sees murder and his gut wrenches.

Numerous young boys die in action,
Don't worry about them, they're just a
fraction,
A fraction of an army is a big issue,
When the news reaches home there better
be a tissue.

Ciaran Orchin 8G

My Bike

It's shiny and fast
It's built to last
Stunt pegs back and front
It can do any stunt
Racing at ninety miles per hour
Faster than my mummy's car
Blue and black frame
There is no bike the same
the wheels spin as I race
I'm going to win first place.

Ryan Carleton 8A



Summer Sun



Summer sun is here at last,
Roses are red as blood,
Daffodils are growing fast,
The roots dug deep in mud.

Sun is such a lovely sight,
People love to see it,
It warms us all through day and night,
People would love to be it.

Holidays are coming nearer,
For relaxing in the sun,
The wind whistles for all to hear her,
The kids are having fun.

Everybody loves the summer,
Because you get off school,
But when it goes its such a bummer,
Still, the summer is cool.

Michael Smith 8F



Hercules Versus The Hydra

Under the scorching heat of the sun, another mischievous Centaur had fallen at the hands of Greek demi-god Hercules. This hero had limitless strength and is frequently called on to dispatch all the monsters and trouble makers around Greece. He does this more often because Hera, wife of Hercules' father Zeus, had poisoned his mind and made him go crazy. He eventually broke free of the curse but it was too little too late for his family. In a moment of madness, an enraged Hercules attacked and killed his family, and it was at that moment the curse was lifted. Realizing what he had done, Hercules travelled round Greece doing good deeds to atone for his sins.

"Good morning Hercules, did you sleep well?"

"Yeah, where are we going now, Argon?" Hercules responded wearily. "Greece is trouble free at the moment, but we should stay on the road for now until we find something." So Hercules left the forest with Argon and headed towards the nearest city.

Meanwhile, in the city of Corinth, a huge reptile type creature lurked in the lake. With its many heads, red glowing eyes and mace-like tail, it could only be one creature, the Hydra. The Hydra was the strongest of Dragons, Ared was the God of war and Hercules brother. But there was just one problem about it being the Hydra. Two years ago Hercules was in a battle with the Hydra and had defeated it. The Hydra has poisonous barbs on its tail and could poison water. Whatever this creature was, it seemed content to conceal itself. It took one last glimpse of its surroundings and then sank under the surface of the water.

"Argon, come on, I think you have enough supplies there. Let's go find some criminals."

"Hercules I think you should check out Corinth. Word around Greece is that the Hydra is there."

"That's impossible. I killed it two years ago, didn't I?"

"Yes, but poisoned water supply, destroyed boats, who else could it be?"

"Well, let's check it out."

Hercules and Argon set out on a journey to Corinth. When they reached the city they could not believe their eyes. The once splendid city of Corinth had been reduced to a shambles. Bodies were littering the streets, some dead, some dying. The hospitals were filled with the sick. There was only one way a city with a population this size could fall sick: a poisoned water supply.

"It can't be the Hydra now, Argon. Look, up there, in the mountains."

In the mountains there was a sanctuary to Ared. This grand building outshone everything else in the city. That means Ared is worshipped here, so the Hydra can't be attacking the city.

"Hercules, I heard that the monster was down by the lake, we must hurry there." The slow footsteps of the pair had turned into a full scale sprint. They almost tripped over lifeless bodies on the boulevard. Soon they were at the docks when a shady character approached.

"Halt. Well, well, well, if it isn't Hercules and Argon, the crimebusting duo.

It was General Angelos, the leader of the army of Athens.

"Hercules, what's he doing here?"

"Look over there Argon. Athens has invaded Corinth."

To the right, a major battle was taking place. The army of Corinth had been drained of their energy and some had died from disease. They were losing heavily to a full strength Athenian army.

"Hercules, just go. I will take care of him. Now go!"

Hercules left Argon and continued to the lake. He could hear a clanging noise after two swords clashed. He called the monster. The monster jumped out. It was the Hydra.

The battle had started. Hercules used his spear and lunged forward putting it through one of the Hydra's necks. The Hydra retaliated by spitting acid. It had burned through Hercules' tunic. He quickly tore it off to stop it from touching his skin. The Hydra then grabbed Hercules spear and devoured it. It kicked him and sent him sprawling to the ground. The end was near, the Hydra was closing in for the killer blow. With nothing to defend himself with and severely losing energy due to the kick, he could only stop the Hydra from stamping him, for so long.

"Hercules catch!"

It was Argon. He had thrown a sword. Hercules gripped the sword and stabbed the Hydra till it pierced its heart. The Hydra's red eyes started to fade. It stumbled back and fell to its death. The Hydra had been vanquished.

Daniel Kelly 9C

You'll Never Walk Alone

The thud, eleven men all behind the ball,
backs against the wall, the final judgement day
Eternal pressure being absorbed like an over
exuberant sponge.

Seconds pass like hours, 20 to play,
One mistake could change it all.

The constant bombardment of the deteriorating
defence.

Drained but determined.

Ball to an opposing villain, hearts drop
A lunge from a stragglng leg. So fresh it hurt.
He releases the trigger, the stragglng leg too late.
Keeper falls-the hopes of thousands come
falling after.

The defence is broken.

The race against the clock has changed sides.

It's the opposing villains' turn

The switch to attack is phenomenal

Each player reaches reluctantly.

The defence is no longer important.

Nothing but a whisker of time left.

The ball is struck. It sails smoothly toward the
top corner.

A superhuman lunge - hearts die as it sails wide.

The luminous blur runs from his net going for
all-or nothing.

The ball swung from the corner which seemed
so far away.

A keeper swings a hand in wonder but misses
by a fraction.

The opposing figure of a keeper all dressed,
luminous.

It hits the net, and ripples,

All hearts are lifted,

Glory is upon us.

Michael Dines 11D



The F.A Cup Final

Arsenal versus Man. Utd.

United had chance after chance,
Arsene Wenger was ready to pounce,
But no matter how hard Utd. tried,
All their shots had been denied.

There was a corner from the left hand side,
Rio Ferdinand scored a goal,
But the linesman flagged it as offside.

The match ended as a 0-0 draw,
That was lucky for Arsenal, they barely touched the ball.

Extra time was no good,
So I went to my kitchen to get some food.
When I came in the match was still dim,
The ref. blew blew his whistle, let the penalties begin.

I tell you solemnly Utd. did not win,
Paul Schole's penalty was saved-
By Lehman the German.
Arsenal should not have won the game,
In my opinion Paul Schole is to blame.

Nathan McKenna 8F



Semi-Final Defeat

The heartache, the pain, the misery after losing a big game.
Was it my fault? Or was it his fault?
One game away from three in a row
But we just weren't good enough for the big show.
4 points that's all, but we just couldn't play football.
Were we too confident?
Were we a team or individuals?
Clearly not a team.
We instantly went from hero to zero
Will we be back?
The only way we know is if we can
reach the next big show.
The pain and hurt has only left tears on the
Green and yellow shirt.

Ciaran Caldwell 11D

Relegation

The Season begins with hope and fear,
Of what may come at the end of the year.
Who will be the three that go down?
And who will claim the survivor's crown?

It's a tragedy to leave the Premier League,
To face the Championship and another year of fatigue.
They once were playing Arsenal and Utd,
At the time the fans were delighted.

Now they face Leicester City and Ipswich town,
And the team's Star players can't handle going down.
So they move back up to the Premier League,
While their old team struggles in the football league.

Manuel McGuinness 11D

My Dream Team

My dream team would be,
The team that could win the Champions League,
Win the Premiership and F.A. cup,
That would shut Mourinho up.

My team would be full of stars,
And we'd all drive sport cars,
We'd have Ronaldo, Robben and even Gerrard,
We won't be easy, we'll be hard!

We'd have Rooney scoring all the goals,
And in centre midfield we'd have Paul Scholes,
We'd have big Rio in defence,
But Keano's the one with all the sense.

We fought our way to the top of the league,
And into the final of the Champions League,
And into the final of the F.A. cup,
We were unbeatable we couldn't be stopped!

We won the Champions League and the F.A. cup,
Ah no, it was a dream,
I just woke up!!

Mark Richmond 8F

Champions upon Champions

Hearing the whistle the match begins
Maldini's goal only 50 seconds in,
Attacking defending one goal down
Two and three Liverpool frown.
People in Milan singing in the street,
As Liverpool fear defeat.
Gerrard's goal number one
Smicer scores celebrating with fun.
It's a penalty Alonso to take
He misses but recovers great.
The match goes into extra time,
AC commit a football crime.
Penalties begin AC take first,
Serginio , misses he feels the worst.
Liverpool win,
Champions!

Michael Bingham

8F

The Clash



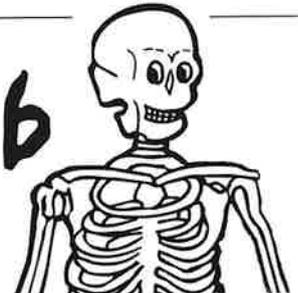
The Reds triumph against Giants,
Fingers crossed to win the ultimate.
How long was it? Twenty years since
They had lifted the shiny precious Cup.

Both clans are shouting, just waiting -
For the loud air to hear.
Earth and above is shaking like
Thousands of grenades exploding.

Here they come, mighty warriors,
Running with smiles, engulfed by red.
Watch the determined Red Ants,
As the onslaught begins.

Billy Pike 11D

Tales From The Tomb



The Graveyard

The graveyard is dark and gloomy all the time, even during the day. There are hundreds of graves. Some are tall and are smooth to touch, others are short, rotten and smell like mouldy bread. The rain which is constantly falling is like a stone. It rolls down off the clouds and hits you in the head.

The sound of the birds is all you can hear apart for the snap of the sticks and animal bones as you walk on them. The smell in the graveyard is unbearable. It smells like dead animals that have been there for years. Most of the graves have an eerie mist rising from them which makes the place gloomy and oppressive.

"I hate graveyards," I thought as I was nearly grabbed by a low hanging tree. As I walked along I noticed that the sounds started to fade away like the colour of a worn out shirt. The trees stopped thrashing and started swaying. I knew something was wrong. Then I heard it, a high pitched scream that sounded like a badly tuned violin. At first it was in the distance but it was closing in on me, just like a lion after its prey. Soon it was unbearable. I was about to run when it suddenly stopped. I started to relax when I was hit from behind. A sharp pain shot through my body. I turned to face my opponent but there was no-one there, only an eerie mist rising from the ground.

That was enough for me. I started to run until I came to a clearing with a single grave in it. I wasn't sure whether to go on or go back. I wouldn't be here if George hadn't dared me to. But I suppose I was the one to blame because I agreed. I decided to go back. As I came to the path, the trees bent over to make a wall. I was stuck. I started walking around to find a way out when the ground started to shake. I looked at the grave. A hand burst out of the soil. Soon the rest of the creature made its way up from hell. "Help! Help!" I shouted but the only reply was the groan of the zombie. I had nothing to protect myself with. The zombie attacked me with his razor sharp claws. I threw my arms up to protect myself but it cut out off my hands. Everything went black.

My eyes snapped open. I was so relieved I got up and went down stairs. There was nobody home. I went to pour myself a cup of tea but when I went to lift the kettle, it didn't move. That was when I noticed I had no hands! Then I heard a familiar sound a scream coming closer and closer. I knew this was the end. The last thing I remembered was fire and that same bone chilling scream!

Damien McCreanor 9C

Survival

It was nearly half an hour after the explosion. We expected it to be a bomb, most likely a nuclear bomb. It was only now that people started to crawl out from underneath the rubble. All along the road people came out on their hands and knees, looking dazed and confused. I limped through the hole that had been blown in the front wall of the house. I was nearly blinded by the dust from the debris. White clouds floated slowly and heavily through the village. The only noise to be heard for miles was the sound of coughing and spluttering of the survivors. I sniffed and dust filled my nose. I could smell the stench from the broken walls. My hands felt chalky. I could also taste the chalk in my mouth.

I was from a family of five. There was me, my brother, my sister and my Mum and Dad. We lived in a terraced house in a small village on the Antrim coast. Our village was in the middle of four other villages.

I searched around for my family. I found my dad and my brother under a pile of wood. I had to clear the area of stones and splinters to free them. My mum came over limping and crying. Unfortunately my sister didn't make it. We looked around the house in hope of finding food that hadn't been blown to bits. We also had to find shelter.

That night, I helped my dad make a small but much needed hut. We stacked bricks and

stones we found to use as walls. We then set lengths of wood in rows on top, which was to be used as a roof.

The next day, all the villagers raided the village shop. We grabbed what we could, a couple of tins of beans, two loaves of bread and three cartons of milk. That night we had beans on bread, around a log fire. Nobody spoke. We weren't as sad about the loss of my sister as we thought we would have been. We were all too shocked to mourn.

About two weeks later a group came round to our hut. We had recognised them from the village. We were asked to join a type of clan. All the villagers were joining. So we joined. We were taken to a large building, which looked as if it had been built in a hurry. It was a big hall. There were people serving soup and beds had been laid out on the floor.

We had just settled in, when a couple of days later, we were attacked by another clan. Somebody had said they were from another village. It was as if time had been turned back about a thousand years. They stole some food. But we had been expecting this and had hidden most of it.

I had become friends with two boys. We tried to enter the army that the group leaders had set up, but we were too young.

Over the next few weeks, the class from the five villages attacked and raided each other. We had

succeeded twice and failed once. A few people died, but we had been too busy to care.

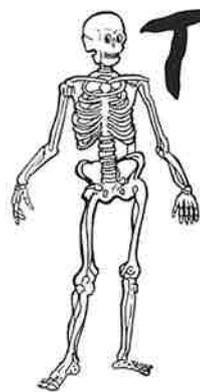
After three months of fighting, one clan came to our village holding flags made from white shirts. They had surrendered. All the clan soon joined together to form an army. We shared food and shelter and people were allocated jobs. Things started to get back to the way they were before the Bomb.

But we knew our food and resources would not last forever. We had to think of alternatives quickly or else there would be a shortfall of food. Everyone had built their own house and we hoped things were getting back to the way they were before the bomb.

A year on, and we were still alive. We lived on eggs from the chickens and meat from the cows and pigs. The village had grown and people had babies.

A couple of decades on and the village grew from a village to a town, and then to a city.

Thomas Heath 9C



Tales From The Tomb

Horror House

Go into an old abandoned house,
You hear a noise it's only a mouse.
Move on further, further inside,
Hear a noise you better hide.
You start to hear movement everywhere,
You better not move you'll be in for a scare.
All the movement goes away,
And you're scared you tend to stay.
You stay the day and then the night,
You could be in for a very big fight.

A boy goes into an abandoned house,
He hears a noise but it's only a mouse.

Aaron Nolan 8F

Echoes from the Crypt

Far below this castle keep
this buried one lies buried deep,
living still his restless soul,
his body stiff from endless cold,
cadaverous thoughts and tortured mind
this wretched victim of death unkind.
He rises up as if to speak,
his hollow voice is timbre weak.
'On this hill it's cold and dreary,
I live in darkness alone and weary,
isolated from realms of light,
made to crawl through endless nights,
once a man I stood tall and proud,
but now I wear a spectre's shroud.
The evil ones that cast me down
took my soul, left my body laying,
cold and naked in the ground.....
His rotten flesh burns,
almost washed by acid rain.
'Will I ever see the light again?'
Echoes from the crypt refrain.

Chris Diver 11F

Death

I am in the wind that blows
I am the sea blue sky,
I'm in the smallest seed that grows,
I'm in the desert dry.

I am in the water drops,
I am in the rain,
And when you hear the water plop,
You'll swear you heard my name.

I am in the autumn leaves,
Dead as they may be,
Their soul lives on, as no one sees,
It's the exact same with me.

I'm in the mighty sun that shines,
I am in the moon,
I am in the stars aligned
You know they won't die soon.

Do not stand at my grave and weep
Do not stand and cry,
I am no longer down there now,
I'm not, for I did not die.

Christopher Montgomery 11F



Tales From The Tomb



The Graveyard

The rain fell slowly in the graveyard. You could hear its pitter-patter as it hit the stone cold grave stones. The graveyard seemed different in the night, as if it changed after dusk. The trees whispered in the night to say they were warning each other of something. There was a thick fog and with each step I took it got thicker, the wind got stronger and the trees became louder. I started to run, until I fell over.

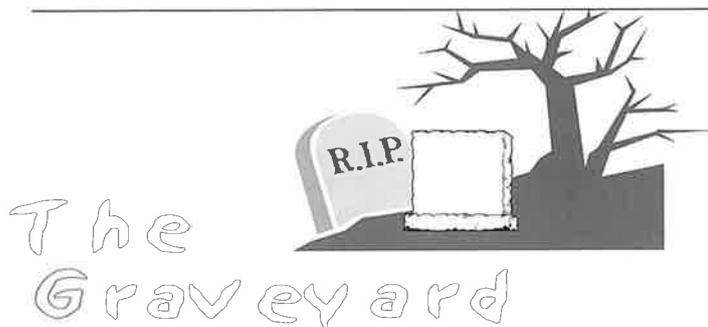
I was on my grandmother's grave. I started to pray. About ten minutes later the wind stopped. I decided to go home. As I was walking out of the graveyard the air started to smell a bit oily. I crouched down to feel the grass. There was a rumble, then I heard a

sinister laugh like a Saturday morning cartoon villain. I ran, and ran, and ran. When I finally got out I thought to myself should I go back in?

I decided to go back into the graveyard. It was now ten o'clock. I was supposed to go home but I couldn't. The air was gloomy. I could barely make out the graveyard. I opened the rusting gate. It made a sound but not the usual creaking sound, a different one. Slowly the oily smell once again filled the air. I knew what to expect next. I waited until I heard the maniacal laugh. I then hurled a rock no bigger than a brick in the general direction of the laugh. I heard the impact and practically felt it myself. I sensed footsteps coming my way. I hid in the bushes and looked out. I saw a ghoulish figure standing about ten feet tall. He had a big nose, wide eyes and huge hands and feet. I heard a

squawk and looked up. Flying above me were two monstrous gargoyles, each having their own pair of horns and claws. I had come to the conclusion that this graveyard was haunted. I had to sneak out, there was no other option. I started to crawl towards the exit. I figured the sound of the wind against the trees would cover the noise I was making. I was wrong, dead wrong. As soon as I started crawling the trees stopped rustling and the wind stopped howling. The monsters saw me and I got up and started to run. The jagged bushes were clawing at my jeans just like a tiger claws at its prey. I fell and banged my head off a rock. I didn't care about being hurt. I just kept running. When I got out I slammed the dying gate, locked it and then started to sprint down the road.

Enda Flavin 9C



The Graveyard

It was 12.00 at night. I had just come out from a party. I was expected in the house early so I took the shortest way home. The Graveyard.

As I got to the graveyard gates, I was welcomed by a horrible odour that smelt like rotting cabbage. I walked slowly keeping an eye on my every footstep. The tall trees dropped over me as if waiting to pounce like a

wild tiger. The headstones loomed as if they were watching my every footstep. The moon was beaming down on me as if it were some sort of spy. In the distance I could hear the cawing of a faint hearted crow. I could feel the icy wind cut my face.

I would see an old house covered in ivy. The ivy looked like a wild snake suffocating its prey. I walked on past the house trying to reach the exit. I could hear the whispering of the trees as if they were planning to do something to me. As I walked on over the beds of flowers, they made a crunching noise as if I was crushing their spine. The mist hung over the graveyard like a cloud of smoke.

I was nearing the end of the graveyard from where I was I could see the gates. Even though nothing had happened in the graveyard, my heart was racing. There was something suspicious about that graveyard, something that would leave a mark on me forever.

John Gallagher 9C

The Graveyard

The night was heavy. The dreary rain cast a blanket of gloom over my surroundings. The icy wind cut through me like a dagger. There was a solitary crow cawing half heartedly in the rain. Where was I anyway?

I was on my way home from the laser disco when something diverted my attention and drew me elsewhere. This place was strange. There was a foul order lingering in the air. There were grey slabs half hidden in the ground. Lightning struck and thunder roared, showing me hundreds of these slabs. It came clear to me now. I was in a graveyard!

I wanted to run, turn away and go back but something urged me to go on deeper into the shadows. My feet obeyed a command I did not give them. The rain started to pound heavier on the ground, so hard it jumped back up again. Suddenly, there was a strange silence. Then again the tap, tap, tap of the rain on the headstones. It was as if something had interrupted nature and the very way of life

itself, as if a message was being sent to me.

I continued on my path. The stone statues that surrounded the graves glared at me freakishly like prisoners in their cells, watching another prisoner go to his doom. I glared back not looking where I was going. I tripped over something and fell. A second later I was staring face to face with a stone Gargoyle!

Its disfigured face beamed at me, taunting me. I scrambled to my feet. The grave it had come from was entangled in overgrown grass and straggly weeds. It had garish plastic wreaths. There was a hole in the soil. It seemed like something had crawled out, knocking things over and out of place. The thought made me wince.

But suddenly I did not care about the grave or give a second thought about what might have come from the hole because a second later I knew. An old woman, her head covered and bent against the harsh weather was standing on the other side of the path that I had walked upon not five minutes ago.

I was suddenly lifted off my back and was hovering in mid-air. My legs would not obey me. It felt like my whole spinal column had been severed. I began to glide through the air towards her. As I came closer I discovered that her head was bent over because it was nearly decapitated.

As I moved ever closer, her hanging head looked like it had been hacked with a blunt axe. Closer and closer the seconds went by and I was being dragged through the air. The corpse was taunting me by making me wait to die. As I approached the body it raised a hand and then darkness!

Anthony Harte 9C



Showmanship is a Lie



That famous line, repeated above all,
 "The show must go on"
 Well, they're wrong.
 What do we care for the show.
 When our hearts are breaking, our
 make up flaking?
 Damn the show, neglect the audience
 What do they know anymore?
 What do they care?

I know, I feel, I hurt
 I refuse to feign happiness,
 and I curse those who say I must.
 Our make up is our shield.
 When that cracks, let what seeps
 through
 Pour out. Don't disguise it. Don't
 cover it.
 It exists regardless and it must be
 faced.
 Showmanship is a lie anyway
 Taught by the callous.

Gerard Gallagher 13F



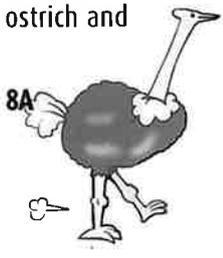
The Race

A cheetah was racing
 An ostrich one day
 Around the corner
 And through the hay.

Past the trees
 Beside a cave
 Who will finish
 For the flag to wave?

They're coming up to the last turn,
 all their energy is starting to burn.
 The cheetah won just by a blink,
 He turned to the ostrich and
 Gave it a wink.

Terry Mc Grath 8A



Area 51

"You've earned this Romero. You and
 your guns have saved this secret base,"
 "Thank you, General."
 "Romero Fanodo, I give you the honour
 of."

It stopped there. Immediately my
 stomach turned. It twisted like a spiral
 of stairs. I knew something was wrong.
 "General, a UFO has crashed into the
 secret base."

"Get the Deltas to entrance. Romero,
 your squad is waiting for you outside."
 "Yes, sir"

We entered the base as soon as possible,
 running as fast as possible. The rain was
 belting us like acid rain from nowhere.
 The sounds of helicopters bombarded our
 ears. We entered.. Scientists were
 evacuating the area. At once we were
 called into action.

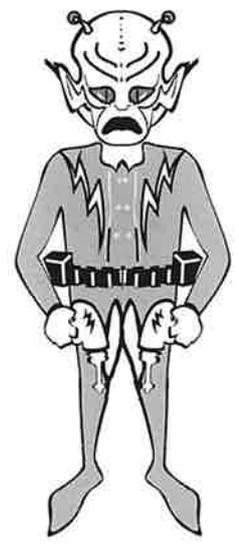
"Lock and load, Deltas," I said."
 The immediate sound of guns firing was
 heard from the next three rooms.
 "AHHH!"

It was commando Fred, a barbecued
 coloured skin alien with hollow eyes that
 looked to be burrowed into his head. He
 was ripping into his armour its quest to
 get through the armour and quickly slice
 into his skin. The sound of bullets
 quickly came from behind me. At once
 green blood splurged into my face. It
 burned into the helmet like acid and at
 once I was vulnerable.

"Sergeant, I need to return to base"
 "No, save yourself!"
 The transmitter broke up.
 "Get out of there, Deltas!"

As I turned round I saw a giant colossal
 four limbed monster. I took out my
 flashing grenade and threw it at it. At
 once the monster spun round
 continuously but in its confusion it took
 out my squad. They were still alive.
 Their arms had been severed. It fell to
 the ground, spurting out green blood. I
 covered my eyes immediately. The
 others were not as fortunate. It landed
 on their arms and it burned through
 them. They woke up.

"Move on, Deltas."
 They ran away. I ran away with them.
 We jumped on the helicopter but a flying
 spear went through the window and
 destroyed the controls. We jumped out.
 Gun shots flew past my head but the
 thing we were firing at was resistant. Its
 fourth arm just seemed to absorb the



bullets like a sponge. Its mouth gaping
 bullets were useless. A sharp pain
 surged through me when I saw my
 armour had been torn through. Now it
 was scrap metal.

The sky had darkened like a blanket of
 death had swept over the sky.

"Deltas?"
 "Yes, sir"
 "Are you OK?"
 "Are you OK, sir?"
 "Why!"
 "Watch out sir!"

An array of shots and grenades were
 thrown. It was too late. I was the only
 one of Delta squad remaining. The
 giant reptilian alien was dead. I was
 left with 15mg and 60 blaster clips. I
 heard the sound of bullets again but
 they were not from behind me nor in
 front of me. They were from my own
 gun. The aliens were swarming around
 me and my gun was running out of
 bullets. As I marched forward I felt the
 death march would be suitable but I saw
 another squad. I shot my gun in the air
 so they could recognize me. They
 turned round.

"We're so glad to see you, sir."
 But suddenly I noticed the General lying
 on the ground. His armour had been
 mangled.
 "Wait stop!"

He was dead. Sergeant had killed him.
 He had been mutilated. His dead skin
 was peeling like a banana skin, his
 mouth agape. He jumped, his claw
 barely missing me. I picked up his M60.
 The only thought I had was to keep my
 finger on the trigger.

Michael Podger 8A

JUDGEMENT DAY



Minds went black, hearts froze and lungs stopped. A sudden stroke of light brushed away the stone cold earth and left an eerie unsatisfying silence. Trees gone, buildings gone, you gone. All that thrown away after so many years of building our lives. Money and material goods had left God's kingdom empty and left him demoralised! For he knew we would fail Him and empty him out of our hearts. The stars still shone, but for no good. A long time ago men would look up at the stars and say-what a beautiful world. No-we have been punished for our own sins. We have destroyed our O-zone, that once acted like a canopy covering our bed. We brought global warming. We brought pollution. We brought poverty and when we realised it, it was too late. The world has collapsed, stars have frozen and the earth, the earth our world, has gone.

Mark Salters 8A

Bitter Cold



The snow smashed along the window panes. The frozen air blew through the small bare trees, paralysed in the middle of the square. There was a large white blanket of snow stretched out along the roads and pavements. Swirls of mist like snow filled the air creating a cold but beautiful atmosphere. The warm lights from the shop were homely and welcoming. The street lights were dull with the snow completely covering them. Homeless people huddled together to gather heat but the bitter frost would eventually consume them. People rushed home from work to get into the safety of their homes. Their umbrellas rushed about as if they had a mind of their own.

The snow was easing off and the dark

clouds were vanishing as the sun pushed through the clouds. The snow was melting slowly and dripping down from the small houses. The swallows were reappearing and were singing lullabies which were echoing around the village.

Later on in the day the children were out playing. The smell of sausages and bacon from barbecues filled the air with their luscious juicy taste. The grass was still wet but the children didn't care. It was a glorious day. The parents lay on the wooden benches, watching their children gallop along in the sunshine. The sun was setting but its warm rays lingered lovingly, still sprawled along the grass.

Ryan Carleton 8A



Old Man Jenkins

The seventy-year old man stumbled down the creaking stairs and out the door.

There was a cold winter breeze about and he felt the wind rush against his face. Nearly everyone was inside, sheltered from the cold, but a few kids were still running around, getting into all sorts of trouble.

The man walked across the deserted road and into the park. Everything was black and white and the trees had been stripped of their beautiful leaves. The naked branches loomed over you like spectres in a ghost story.

He dug his bony fingers into the deep pit of his pocket and pulled out a cigarette. He took a long hard drag as he sat down on the park bench and remembered the good old

days when you could hear Frank on the radio and you wouldn't have to worry about children outside because they all understood the meaning of discipline.

As he heard the kids playing, his mind drifted back to when he was a boy. He didn't have much of a childhood, not like those children. At the age of fourteen he had to drop out of school to work in a factory and got paid slave wages.

But at least then everything was beautiful. The flowers always stayed in blossom, lush green fields of grass were always in sight. It was always bright except for night but even then the moon shone over you like a guardian angel.

Conor Pelan 8A

The Mission



I was dropped into the jungle by an allied bomber, the year 2010. I was on a mission, to kill my predecessor who had defected, created a rogue faction and stole a nuclear warhead. My mission was to destroy the nuke and kill her.

The jungle welcomed me with open arms, engulfing me in green leaves and wildlife. On my way down I lost my backpack which had my p90 handgun and rations. All I had was my hunting knife and five pieces of c4. There was a sudden rustle in the bushes. An enemy soldier emerged from the undergrowth poised for an encounter. He edged towards me step by step. I had to do something but what? So I leapt out and silenced him forever.

I stole his clothes and rifle, composed myself and headed for the compound. I had passed several patrols, each time fearful of

being caught but it was the eighth time that I was discovered. I was vigorously interrogated by my target. She had pale blonde hair and a small mole on her left cheek. As she walked away threatening to disembowel me I spotted the words 'esprit de corps' (loyalty to your group). That's rich coming from her!

After she left I broke the rusty chains and escaped. I had to kill another guard by slicing his tender flesh which created a sleek incision. I was guessing that the nuke would be in the tallest most secure building-the Plaza. It was as tall as a ten storey building put on itself five times. It had silver coated windows and a bridge connecting

the two buildings and that's where I would hit it. I entered through the back because it was the least protected. I took the two out from a distance and then entered.

It was cold inside the Plaza. A brisk chill hung in the air, clinging to whatever it touched. I interrogated a general who said that the nuke was being transported through the bridge today so I shot him through the head, execution style. I stole his uniform and AK-47. I intercepted the transportation and only after I was three feet away from them that I swung round and pulled the trigger of the AK-47, releasing a hail of bullets which penetrated their skin with unerring accuracy, slaughtering all five of them.

Kevin O'Brien 8A

The Hobbit



We are riding on a horse and carriage over a stone and pebble path with wild berries and dandelions welcoming whoever sets foot. Small lumps suddenly jump from the ground getting bigger. More of them become visible as you go up the small hill. Small

children, about knee height, in summer dresses and boiler suits play and fish near the small stream which always seems to reflect a sunshine ray. Friendly people only thigh height, weave as they come out of a pub or farm out into the fields. Now we are reaching what many Hobbits call "The Hill" which is in the heart of the village. Twenty doors spread out across this mighty hill. Daisies spread out across each semi-circle. The hill reflects a beautiful Irish green.

We walk down to the bright semi-circled door. I feel nervous, knocking on the humorous winking rabbit's door because I haven't seen my dear friend in 50 years. As the door opens, the smile on his face shines as bright as the sun.

John O'Neill 8A



The Last Farewell

Sean sat on the train, quietly hoping that aunt May, who he was going to stay with, remembered him. The last time she had seen him was when he was a baby. That was five years ago. During those years Sean's father had died due to the war and his mother took ill and had to be put in hospital. The last thing he wanted was to stay with aunt May but he had to. The bombings were getting worse and she was his only relative who lived in the countryside.

The train stopped and Sean made his way to the platform. He waited at the station for one hour hoping that May would arrive but she didn't. He walked through the little village, not knowing where to go, following the country road ahead. Then a woman came dashing behind him.

"Miss," he said in his Belfast accent. "Do you know where May Carmichael lives?" said Sean. The women looked at him awkwardly, gazing at his bag full of old clothes. "May Carmichael?" said the women "Yes," replied Sean. "She lives in number fourteen," said the women, walking on. "Thanks," said Sean but she was gone. He arrived at number fourteen but no one was in. He went round to the backdoor

and found it was open. He walked on in. "Aunt May," he shouted "Aunt May," he shouted again. "Who are you?" said a mysterious stranger. The stranger came out of the shadows. She was a little woman with ginger hair, dressed in an emerald green jumper and a long pleated skirt, complete with a white apron. "Get out of my house!" shouted the woman grabbing hold of his arm. "Aunt May, it's me Sean," said Sean. "Oh Mary's son," she said letting go of his arm. "Oh my, haven't you grown. You're the biggest five year old I've ever seen," said Aunt May. Sean knew that aunt May was confused but not this confused. "I'm ten, aunt May," said Sean "Yea and I'm the Pope," replied aunt May chuckling to herself. "Get your bags upstairs and I'll show you your room, Tom," said aunt May. "It's Sean," replied Sean. A few weeks passed but Sean could not fit into the village. He went to school, but he was the only evacuee in his class. All the kids laughed at his accent and the way he dressed. Life for him was tough in Belfast but the country had proven to be tougher. Two months after his arrival he received a letter from his mother saying that he could come home. Sean didn't really want to go home, to go to the

horrible bombings that killed so many. He would like to stay in Ballymena with aunt May. Sean wrote a letter back saying that his mother should leave Belfast and come to Ballymena but no letter arrived back to Sean. It was Saturday morning and aunt May turned on the wireless to check the news. "News just in, bombings in east Belfast, many killed. "Aunt May turned off the wireless. Sean looked at aunt May in shock. Teardrops slowly crept down Sean's face. "She's dead," said Sean putting his head on the kitchen table. Sean was right, his mum was dead. He and aunt May went to Belfast for her last farewell. Aunt May told Sean that he could come live with her. Sean went back to Ballymena with aunt May. Sean thought about returning to Belfast but there was no-one left. His mother and father had died due to what he thought a stupid war and he hoped that when he died that it wasn't the same awful death. Sean ran back from school one day after he had heard one of the houses in the village had been bombed. As he got closer to his home he noticed lots of police. He turned into his street to find his whole house in rubble.

Padraig McMullan 9C

My Granny

My granny was always happy,
She loved wine gums, and John Wayne films.
She always came to my house to have
Christmas Day dinner
After that she watched "The Great Escape"
Even though she'd seen it lots of times.

Then one year she had to go,
A place I hadn't yet known
But now I realise I shouldn't be sad,
Because I know that someday
I will meet her again.

Fionntan Armstrong 8A

It was the afternoon but dark and eerie. The autumn wind blew the leaves in circles and strange formations as if lifted by an invisible presence.



The House

Suddenly I heard a scraping noise as if something was running a me. I swung round to see a larger guard dog like an Alsatian staring at me. It started growling loudly and showing its teeth. I looked at it in fear. Me and the dog made eye contact. I was frozen. I didn't know what to do. I just stood looking at it. Suddenly it pounced. I turned and threw myself through the door and it quickly shut. Outside I could hear growling and the scraping of the door. I leant against the door. My heart was pounding and I was terrified.

As I drew nearer the gates of the old house, an abnormal sense suddenly hit me. I felt as if I was being watched. I reached out and pushed the gate, eagerly wanting to see what lay behind it. I started pushing the gate. My heart was pounding with fear. Something inside told me to stop but my curiosity pushed me onwards. I pushed the gate open and in front of me stood a large creepy house. It had fifteen rooms and was four storeys tall including the attic. The house was in its own grounds. The gardens looked like they hadn't been tended to in a while. I started to walk up the long winding stone path towards the house. I looked to my right and saw a large oak tree. Its branches looked horribly deformed. It bore no leaves and the trunk looked like it had been hollowed out with a blunt knife. I stood looking at the terrifying monster towering over me. I walked on drawing nearer and nearer the house. I stared at the windows, thinking I could see somebody looking back. I walked on up the steps and in front of the old wooden door, thinking about what was inside.

I looked up and found myself in a large corridor. On the left there was a massive staircase. To my right there were two doors and there was a door in front of me. I decided to check each room. I started walking towards the closest door on my right. I put my hand on the door not to turn it. Click, Click. I spun round and looked at the door at the end of the corridor as it slid open and shadows ran over the walls. There was definitely something in the roof. I slowly crept across the blood red carpet, past the first door, looking desperately on the ground for an object or weapon I could use in case anything might happen. I crept on a bit further and I saw laying on the ground in a pile of broken glass what looked like a walking stick. I picked it up and left it in front of me like a baseball player ready to hit a ball. I was standing outside the room. Now I peered in. I entered.

Christopher Ball 11F

The Abandoned House

It was a sunny day when it first started. Me and my friend Daire were out playing basketball. Nearby there was a house - it was that old I don't know if I should call it a house anymore. For as long as I can remember it had been empty. I decided to dare him to go inside the house but he refused. He said it was haunted.

As usual I ended up doing my own dare. As I stepped nervously towards the house I was wondering if it really was haunted. I turned to face Daire and then at the discoloured door. I firmly put my hand on the rusty old-fashioned door knob. At first it wouldn't turn

but as I tried the second time I heard a loud thud as something fell inside the house. I discovered that it was the door knob from the inside of the house.

I stepped inside the eerie house and looked around. The first thing I noticed was the fireplace. Over the thick layer of dust I could barely see the dark mahogany wood. I glanced up the stairs. They I found myself walking up them. I tried to stop myself but my legs just kept moving. When I came to the top of the stairs I went into a daydream, but it was more like a vision of some sort. I saw an old woman with blackish grey hair down to her shoulders. Slowly she walked

towards me and put her hands on my throat. She squeezed tightly. That's when I woke up from the daydream. I still could not control myself and was walking towards a door. I put my hand flat on the door and pushed. Then, my vision came true. It was happening. The last thing I heard was a faint scream.

Gavin McKee 8A



DRUMS IN THE DEEP



A long time ago, deep in the dense forests of South America lived the tribe of the Yenan. There a boy named Bareseus lived. Bareseus was fifteen and had rough brown hair. For years the tyrant King Mornar had been torturing the Yenan people.

Bareseus woke to the sound of drums and knew who was coming, King Mornar. Bareseus ran out of the hut to see his friends and the Yenan people lined up to be counted.

"What's happening?" Bareseus asked a child.

"They're taking everyone to the prison of the Sun on Mount Ageleas," he said. Bareseus was fuming with anger and moments later his outburst nearly cost him his life. Bareseus shouted, "Let the people go now!" The king was so outraged he sent his half-man, half-leopard servants after Bareseus. Since Bareseus knew the surrounding jungle so well, he escaped easily. Bareseus knew he had to free the Yenan people, but how? The answer was the king's golden staff, which was the key to the prison gate. It wouldn't be easy. They would have to get past the huge serpent which guards it.

After Bareseus convinced his two best

friends Jose and Carlos to join him, they set off during the night to the king's palace. Jose was dark with jet black hair and Carlos completely the opposite, milk white skin and blonde hair. The staff would be in a closed off cave underneath the palace. Bareseus' way in was a secret tunnel used by the Yenan for decades. Bareseus, Jose and Carlos entered the tunnel which was hidden behind a boulder and fallen trees. The tunnel was dark and eerie. A stench of rotten meat came to meet the three.

It took Bareseus and his friends at least forty minutes to reach the end of the tunnel. There it was, the golden staff. The cave was lightly lit and had nothing in it but the staff and a staircase leading to a door. Bareseus ran forward and snatched the staff, just when one of the king's servants walked in. Bareseus, Jose and Carlos ran, or should I say, crawled for their lives.

The scare of the king's servant had startled Bareseus and with that they quickened their pace to Mount Ageales. Bareseus, Jose and Carlos reached the foot of Mount Ageales in a day. They started the ascent of the mountain knowing there would be an overgrown snake lurking in

the dark for them. At last they were at the top which seemed to take a week to get to. Bareseus took out the staff and placed it in its place to open the gate. The gate slowly retreated to reveal all of the Yenan people.

"We're free, thank God," said one person.

The Yenan people were slowly walking back down the mountain, when slithering out from the shadows came the serpent. The serpent went straight for Bareseus, when Jose jumped in front of him and took the dagger-like teeth of the serpent which injected the venom into Jose. Jose let out a wail of pain and lay motionless on the ground. Out of nowhere Carlos got a club with spikes and drove it down into the snake's head, then again into its huge body.

Bareseus returned, emotional to the village. Jose was worshipped as a king after his death and was buried in the centre of the village. Bareseus and Carlos were heroes for all the young children.

Bareseus woke one morning to hear, drums!

Conor McLaughlin 9C



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MC NAMEE CUP 2004

St. Mary's got off to a flying start to their McNamee Cup campaign with a facile 10 point victory over fellow Belfast school La Salle.

St. Mary's CBGS 8-12
Our Lady and St. Patrick's College Knock 0-4

Next up was Knock, who had also beaten La Salle. The match was played at St. Enda's Hightown. St. Mary's got off to a great start when Declan Lynch goaled early on. There was no looking back as St. Mary's steamrolled to a 8-12 to 0-4 victory. The St. Mary's full forward line caused havoc that day with Jude Savage and Michael Lyons creating problems and setting up Declan Lynch for a personal total of 5-6.

Declan Dalton worked hard for the 60 minutes from centre half forward and was ably supported by Danny Best and Adam 'the Bomber' O'Hare.

In defence, the half back line of Darren Boyd, Conor Mc Clelland and Mark Rea were outstanding, with Conor McClelland playing out of his skin and contributing 1-1 to the final score.

St. Mary's CBGS 15-14 **St. Patricks College Keady 1-1**

The final match in the league was against St. Patrick's College Keady, a match to determine who would top the group. Played on a heavy Tír na nÓg pitch in Portadown, St. Patrick's, who had also defeated

Knock, got off to a flying start with a goal in their first attack. This was to be their only score of the first half as St. Mary's replied with 5-1 in the next 10 minutes, each of the full forwards goaling along with Conor Murray from Left Half forward.

St. Mary's defence held tight for the remainder of the game with Chris 'Rash' Devlin leading from the back. This allowed the forwards to get on with what they do best and the final score in no way flattered a keen forward outfit, the game finishing 15-14 to 1-1. Again, Conor McClelland played a captain's role and led from defence, himself

Semi-Final

St. Mary's CBGS 4-9 **St. Patrick's College Maghera 1-9**

Next up was the semi - final and it was time to lock horns with an age-old opponent in the form of St. Patrick's College Maghera. St. Mary's in recent years had fallen at the semi-final stage of this competition but the boys were determined to turn the tables this time round. The match started at an electric pace and things were looking good after just 5 minutes when St. Mary's led 1-1 to 0-0 thanks to a Conor Murray goal and a Declan Lynch point.

However, Maghera went on to dominate the remainder of the first half and at half time the score stood at 1-7 to 1-3 in favour of the Derry lads. St. Mary's had the chance to make amends just before the break when they were awarded a penalty but the usually reliable McClelland blasted his shot wide. The half-time scoreline reflected the play of the first half and a four-point deficit was no more than St. Mary's deserved.

The Belfast lads started the second half a much more determined outfit and a brilliant solo run by the troublesome Declan Dalton was rewarded with a goal. This was soon followed by a point bringing the teams back to level terms. Christopher McGuinness was causing all sorts of problems for the Maghera centre-back and the off-the-ball movement of the full-forward line was too much for the Maghera defence. The midfield pairing of the Bomber and Danny Best really turned on their game and between them more than made up for a very lacklustre first - half display.

The St. Mary's defence was solid as a rock and led by Kevin 'Keevo' Holland on the edge of the square they kept Maghera to a mere two points for the whole of the second half. At the other end of the pitch, St. Mary's finished the match having outscored Maghera by 3-6 to 0-2 in the second half, the final score being 4-9 to 1-9 in favour of the boys from West Belfast.



MC NAMEE CUP 2004

McNamee Cup Final

St. Malachy's Castledawson Saturday
23/10/04

St. Mary's CBGS 4-12 Cross and Passion
Ballycastle 5-5

St. Mary's faced a huge task in the final in the shape of Cross and Passion Ballycastle. This Ballycastle team defeated St. Mary's in the final of the First year competition the previous year and were strong favourites to lift the McNamee Cup.

The boys met at the school at 8.30 on Saturday morning for their tea and Jaffa Cakes, then it was onto the bus and straight up the road to Castledawson. The boys were focused from the start and after a vigorous warm up were ready for the task at hand.



Some wise words were delivered to the team in the changing room before the match, and the well rehearsed game plan was discussed one last time. A good crowd had gathered and as the boys took to the pitch, they were determined to write their own headlines for Monday's paper.



McNamee Cup

Much was expected of this Ballycastle team, and an article in Thursday's Irish News, talking of their players as sons and brothers of Antrim's past hurling stars more or less suggested that St. Mary's shouldn't even bother turning up. The boys took great motivation from this, and got off to a flyer with a goal early in the game, followed very quickly by a point, but each time St. Mary's got scores on the board, Ballycastle rallied. Some great defending by Mark Rea and Ciaran Orchin, led by Conor McClelland, our strapping centre back, kept the 'Castle at bay, and 5 minutes before the break St. Mary's led by 2-6 to 0-4. Declan Lynch was outstanding in full forward and contributed 2-4 of his sides half time total. However, all the forwards worked

hard to create the chances for Lynch, and Declan Dalton in centre forward was a joy to watch. A lapse of concentration in the Mary's defence let Ballycastle in for two goals just before the break, and left the half time scores at 2-6 to 2-4.

Half time allowed St. Mary's to collect themselves and straight from the restart Declan Lynch goaled, soon followed by another, giving the North Antrim lads a huge mountain to climb. The second half was a great battle, and Ballycastle fought back well. St Mary's had to defend like lions against a prolonged Ballycastle attack, and with 10 minutes to go, the margin was down to 3 points.



McNamee Cup

Come the hero of the hour, Declan Dalton was determined that this title belonged to Belfast. Having collected the ball in his own defence, he ran the length of the field, through no less than 6 tackles before slotting the ball over the bar in what was the score of the match. This was followed by a long distant point by Conor McClelland to seal the victory on a scoreline of 4-12 to 5-5.

This was an Ulster title worthy of its title, and many commented that it had been the best game of hurling at any level that they had seen in a long time. It was no more than the boys deserved for all their hard work and commitment and made this year's McNamee Cup campaign one to remember.



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Gallagher Cup 2004

The Gallagher Cup got underway this year in April, and the Year 10 hurlers had a lot to prove since their defeat in the semi-final of the McNamee Cup in 2003. They lost that game after extra-time to Garron Tower having had more than enough chances to win the game outright. The pain felt by the lads after that defeat was never forgotten and at the start of this year's campaign, the squad vowed to work hard and to make amends for underachieving last year.

St. Mary's found themselves in a so-called 'Group-of-Death', along with the other 3 top teams in Ulster, Garron Tower, Ballycastle, and St. Patrick's Maghera. Only two teams were to qualify from this group, so every match was treated like a championship final. St. Patrick's Maghera were the clear favourites in the competition, having won the McNamee Cup when in Year 9. In fact, Maghera held Garron Tower scoreless in that final.

St. Mary's CBGS 2-14 St. Patrick's Maghera 1-9

First up in the group was the competition favourites Maghera. St. Mary's knew that to get any result out of this game, they had to play to their best and be 100% focused. The lads hit the ground running. Having listened carefully to the game plan, the Belfast lads put St. Pat's on the back foot straight away and fired over a couple of quick points. Captain Conor Rocks led the way from midfield and set up Michael Armstrong and Declan Bunting for some early scores. A quick ball into the corner was won well by Armstrong who instinctively played the ball across the 21 to the waiting Declan Bunting who roofed the ball to the back of the net. St. Mary's were on their way to causing the first upset of the competition.

The second half started well and the half-time Jaffa Cakes seemed to be having the desired effect on the team. Some excellent defending with Stephen Shannon, Paul Johnston and David McGarrity all to the fore followed early scores. The introduction of Declan Lynch to full forward caused the Maghera defence more problems, and Christopher McGuinness in the corner was having a field day, adding another goal before the end.

The end result saw an 11-point win for St. Mary's, and left St. Pat's Maghera very shell-shocked. This gave the Mary's lads the belief that this competition was theirs, and it would take a very brave team to stop them now.

St. Mary's CBGS 2-23 Cross and Passion Ballycastle 0-2

Next up was Ballycastle, played at a very wet Ballymena pitch. Ballycastle were backboned by their strong Year 9 panel who were beaten by St. Mary's in the McNamee Cup final earlier in the school year. This match proved to be a very one-sided affair with St. Mary's dominating every position on the field. Outstanding once again was Conor Rocks in midfield, who, along with Matt Devlin and Thomas Crawford set up attack after attack.

The defence didn't have much to do, but Ryan McMahon (the 2nd best find of the year) Daire Maskey and David McGarrity in the full back line dealt with anything that came their way. Up front, Declan Bunting's running of the ball and positional instinct was a treat to watch, and all of St. Mary's 25 scores were well worked and well taken. Roll on Garron Tower.

This match was a match that the lads had looked forward to for over a year. Another crack at Garron Tower, who put St. Mary's out of the McNamee Cup when the boys were in Year 9. The lads needed no inspirational teamtalk, no motivation, no positive psychology. Just a reminder of the pain of defeat in their bellies last year and they knew the game was not going to be lost. The game started off at a fast pace with St. Mary's firing over a couple of points and David McNally setting aside the Keeper's jersey for the day to slot into centre half forward. This caused all sorts of problems for the 'Tower defence, but St. Mary's seemed to abandon their game plan which had served them so well to date, and every player preferred to chase the ball as if it was the last sausage roll bap at breacktime. This allowed Garron Tower to sneak in for a goal and bring themselves back into the game.

Time for some loud roars from the sideline and a more organised St. Mary's got the Gallagher Cup steamroller back on the road. Some excellent defending by Conor McClelland and Paul Johnston saw plenty of supply to McGuinness and Armstrong who set up some great scores as well as scoring themselves, the score of the match saw Armstrong win possession at the corner flag and then play the ball 50 yards back to midfield where McClelland picked it out of the air and fired it over the bar. Poetry in motion. Two 21 yard frees were rifled to the back of the net either side of half time by McNally who was slowly making a claim to the number 11 jersey.

A defeat the previous year had been turned into a 17 point victory and left St. Mary's top of the Group, a group which at the start of the year, looked like it would be impossible to qualify from. Bring on the Semi-Final.



Gallagher Cup Semi Final @ Lurgan

St. Mary's CBGS 7-9 St. Patrick's Keady 1-2

And the St. Mary's steamroller rolls on. This semi-final, a 25-point win for St. Mary's was the story of one individual. Paul McGreevy (find-of-the-year) made this game his own. Having recovered from a concussion suffered during a challenge 'game' against Ardscoil Rís, McGreevy made his debut in the Gallagher Cup in the semi-final in Full Forward. As expected, Keady played a very physical game and the lads found it hard to settle into their normal game. Manus Docherty played some great stuff in midfield, firing over two great points in the process, while Gerard McGettigan was busy in attack on the wing. David McNally was proving to be a thorn in Keady's side with a huge workrate in the half forward line. It wasn't long before McGreevy weighed in with the first of his goals.

A save by the Keady keeper saw McGreevy pounce and hammer the ball to the back of the net. St. Mary's soon settled down into their game and added more scores to pull away from St. Pat's by the halftime stage. David McGarrity was forced to retire due to an ankle injury and stand-in fullback, Christopher McErlean was more than up to the task.

The second half saw the pick of big Paul McGreevy's goals. A high ball was launched into the St. Mary's full-forward, and with three defenders hanging off him, McGreevy rose to pluck the sliotar out of the air, turn, sidestep and roof the ball to the back of the net. Paul finished with a personal tally of 4-1, and little did he know but he had just secured his place in the team for the final. An all round excellent display by the whole team, but worth a mention was Thomas Crawford in goals, who had a great game playing with a bad leg injury. Kevin Holland scored an opportunist goal, and Cormac Reynolds was inspirational in corner back.

So, having topped the group-of-death, St. Mary's were well on their way with an emphatic 25 point victory in this semi-final. Next up was a rematch of the first match in the competition, St. Patrick's Maghera.



Gallagher Cup Final @ Casement Park 9th June 2005

St. Mary's CBGS 3-16 St. Patrick's Maghera 0-13

Maghera in the final of a hurling competition is never the same team as Maghera in the group stages. Our 11-point victory over the Derry boys earlier in the competition seemed a distant memory and the boys now focused on the final as if we had never played them before. Preparation was good with Matt Devlin back from injury having missed the previous 3 matches and Daire Maskey having recovered from a broken finger to reclaim his corner back position. All the talking had been done, team plays been explained over and over again. It was time to make Casement Park our own and bring back another Ulster Hurling Title to the Glen Road.

A good warm-up was done on a glorious pitch with the sun shining down from the Black Mountain. On return to the changing room, the countdown had begun and it was time for some final words of inspiration. Enough said. A focused changing room. One job on everyone's mind. Nothing to stand in our way. Unleash the fury.

The ball thrown in, St. Mary's started at 100 miles per hour but several wides later, possession had not been converted into scores. Up steps McGreevy. A high ball launched in. Up pops McGreevy. Ball caught, turns, enters square, is dragged back. McGreevy remembers the last words whispered into his ear, *'If you get in on goal, and you can't get your stroke in, get your boot on the end of it.'*

.... and he did, goal for St. Mary's. That score lifted the whole team and Declan Dalton, Conor Rocks and Michael Armstrong all added points. The St. Mary's forwards were causing all sorts of problems and were awarded several frees, ably converted by Matt Devlin. Declan Dalton in particular was playing superb with some great running and support play.

Maghera Cup



At the other end of the field, Maghera were depending on one player, who having started at full forward, was shifted out to centre half having got no change out of the strapping McGarrity. This player proved to be Maghera's only real threat, and having pulled back a few points before halftime, the scores read St. Mary's 1-9 St. Pat's 0-6.

Half time and Jaffa Cakes. The boys knew the routine. In the changing room, drinks were handed round and the lads listened carefully. We have to win the second half. Maghera will throw everything at you in the first 10 minutes of the second half. If we keep our cool, and weather the storm, and don't concede any stupid goals, we'll win. Defend from the front. Our hardest working defenders have to be our three full-forwards. Cut out the supply to their threat and they'll do nothing. 30 minutes away from being Ulster champions. 30 minutes away from being the best Year 10 hurling team in the whole of Ulster. Do you believe you can win???? YES! Do you want

to win???? YES! Well go out and make yourselves Ulster Champions. And they did.

The Maghera storm did materialise. Three unanswered points reduced the lead to 6 points, but cometh the hour, cometh the man. Paul McGreevy had had enough of Maghera dominating and took it upon himself to do something about it. Another goal from the big full-forward signalled St. Mary's intentions, that this Gallagher Cup was staying in West Belfast. Then Conor Rocks came into his own and fielded four or five great catches in the middle of the park, pointing two of them and setting up attacks with the others. Inspirational stuff.

Declan Bunting also began to shine, and some great link up play with Christopher McGuinness in the corner was to follow. Declan Dalton again weighed in with some great scores of his own, and in their own special way, St. Mary's answered Maghera's storm with a tornado of their own. Paul Johnston, Ryan McMahon, Stephen

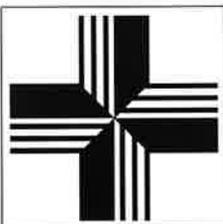
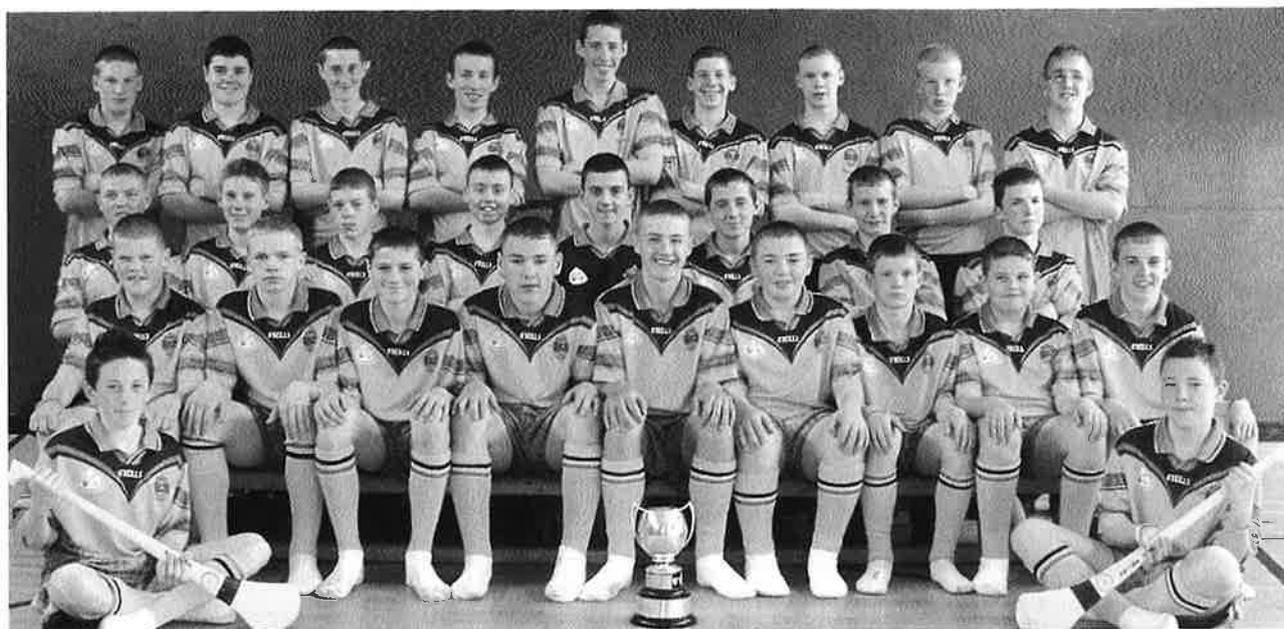


Shannon and Conor McClelland all played out of their skin, and Rocks and McNally dominated proceedings in the middle of the field. Maghera were awarded a 21 yard free which was duly saved on the line, and the ball was played up the field where Declan Bunting put the ball into the back of the Maghera onion bag. Game over. Ulster Champions. And elation. Conor Rocks' speech said it all! A well deserved victory and some great

hurling played. Just reward for a lot of work by the lads. Another Ulster title to finish off a great year for Hurling in St. Mary's. And the many pupils, teachers and parents, whose support was greatly appreciated, enjoyed a great hurling match and added to the occasion. Many thanks to all who helped and supported the team throughout the campaign. You know who you are. The smile on the lads' faces said it all,

'WE DID IT!!!'

Year 10 Gallagher Cup Champions



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Saint Mary's win the Corn Colmcille

St Mary's 2nd year gaelic footballers went unbeaten all the way to the Corn Colmcille title. The squad first got together in late September and headed to Dublin on a rain-lashed Sunday to play a friendly against Oliver Plunkett's in Cabra before spending a very enjoyable afternoon watching the 2nd match of the Compromise Rules Game. They witnessed an easy Irish victory and enjoyed a stroll on the hallowed turf of Croke Park (How many of these young Antrim stars will play there in the future?).

And so to training! This started twice weekly from November and both attendance and efforts were very impressive showing this squad's determination from the outset. After friendly matches against CBS and OLASP Knock they were ready to do battle.

Group matches

St Mary's were drawn in a Belfast Section featuring 3 other local schools. Thursday 7th April saw St Mary's open their account against La Salle. The match was played on a rain-lashed Trench House pitch. The physically stronger St Mary's lads coped with the blustery conditions better and ran out comfortable winners at 9-12 to 0-0 (4-9 to 0-0 HT).

Monday 18th brought St Malachy's across town to Cherryvale, but again the physical dominance and more accomplished footballing skills allowed St Mary's to race to a half time score of 4-8 to 0-0. Even with a total of 12 substitutions in the second period we finished with an impressive 6-16 to 0-1 score line.

The group was finished off on Thursday 21st with a more competitive match against Rathmore in Boucher. Indeed the first half was keenly contested with some fine scores from both schools as reflected by a 2-5 to 1-2 half-time score. The St. Mary's midfield and forwards came into their own in the second half. With

the entire back line restricting the Rathmore forwards to a single point we finished the game at 2-14 to 1-3. We came out of our group as one of the early favourites to lift the cup.

Quarter finals

Monday 9th May saw St. Mary's make the long trip to Dundrum to play St. Louis, Kilkeel.

A great tactical move saw Brendan Conlon (9G) switch from corner back to full forward. What a master stroke by Mr. Finnegan - as big Brendy finished the day with only 4 goals!

Indeed St. Mary's dominated at all areas of the park. Declan Dalton (9F) scored 1-1, Conor Kavanagh (9B) 2-1, Declan Lynch (9G) and Darren Boyd (9E) added valuable points in a half time score of 7-6 to 0-1. The substitutes got in on the act in the second half and St. Mary's completed the match 7-8 to 0-5.

Stephen Kane (9C) aka "Dubs" and the entire back line had yet to concede a goal. A great defensive record in any one's books.

Semi finals

St. Columb's, the other fancied team, met us in Maghera on Friday 20th May. (It was nice to see the inside of Mr. Crilly's club for the first time!).

Derry were the first team to match us physically and the first half produced some fine individual battles, as reflected in the 1-4 to 1-3 score line at the interval in St. Mary's favour. Declan Dalton produced a scintillating second half performance, finishing with a personal tally of 2-4. Kevin Parker (9C) added 1-1, Declan Lynch (0-3) and Darren Boyd (0-2) contributed to a much more polished second half that saw St. Mary's advance to the final with a full time score of 3-10 to 2-4.

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And so the final

This was played in brilliant sunshine on Tuesday 7th June against St. Louis in front of a large Ballymena support. The wide expanses of the superb pitch at Lavey suited the free running of the St. Mary's team. St Mary's got off to a great start with a Declan Dalton drive being parried by the St Louis keeper only to be finished to the net by Brendan Conlon at full forward. A couple of quick points, one from a long-range free from Darren Boyd and one from Declan Lynch had St. Louis on the back foot.

The half back line of Paddy Agnew, Christopher McGuinness and Danny Best dominated their players with an outstanding display of defending. Man of the Match McGuinness seemed to cover every blade of grass on the pitch and had the fantastic knack of being in the right place at the right time to mop up any Ballymena attacks. Goals from Declan Dalton and Kevin Parker plus two brilliant points from Gerard Torney put St. Mary's in a commanding position at half time with a score line of 3-5 to 1-0. St Louis' score came from the penalty spot late on in the first half.

St. Mary's started the second half quickly with the Declans giving the Ballymena defence a hard time. Dalton finished with 1-4 and Lynch with 1-3. St Louis responded with a goal of their own but it was too little too late. St Mary's finished strongly with Darren Boyd and Conor Kavanagh adding points to bring the final score to 4-12 to 2-0 in favour of the city boys.



The boys would like to thank



Mr Finnegan and Dr Shannon, for their time, efforts and "kind words" throughout the year (Who was coach and who was water boy?).

Mr Austin, for his lunch time circuits (Diesel was even sweating during one of them!).

Ray Collins, for all the kit and spare socks.



Brother Carlin, president and only member of the Supporters Club and official team photographer.



St. Mary's Young Mathematicians



Students of Year 10, 11 and 12 continue to thrive and maintain a high standard of Mathematical excellence within the school through participating in this year's UK Intermediate Maths Challenge. All the students who participated in the challenge this year demonstrated great ability in applying their Mathematical knowledge and skills in problem solving. Congratulations to all the students who took part in the challenge.

A special congratulations to Aidan McCullough (12G), Christopher O' Kane (11B) and Brendan Lundy (10G) who all achieved gold certificates.

(Aidan McCullough is on Exam Leave at present)



Silver Certificates were achieved by the following students.

Rory McManus	(11A)	Michael McCarthy	(11B)
Ryan McCreanor	(11B)	Ciaran Murphy	(11B)
Seamus O'Rawe	(11B)	Sean Monaghan	(11C)
Mark McCallum	(11H)	Niall McCrory	(10C)
Stephen McGuinness	(10E)	Gareth Smith	(10E)



Bronze Certificates were achieved by the following students.

Francis Mezza	(11A)
Darren Ward	(11B)
Michael McMahan	(11D)
Paul Hesketh	(11E)
Patrick O' Hare	(10E)
Conor Rock	(10E)



St. Mary's Junior Mathematicians

pupils from Year 8 and Year 9 continue to show and display great enthusiasm in demonstrating their Mathematical knowledge and ability in problem solving by participating in this year's UK Junior Maths Challenge. I would like to congratulate and thank all the students who took part in the challenge this year.

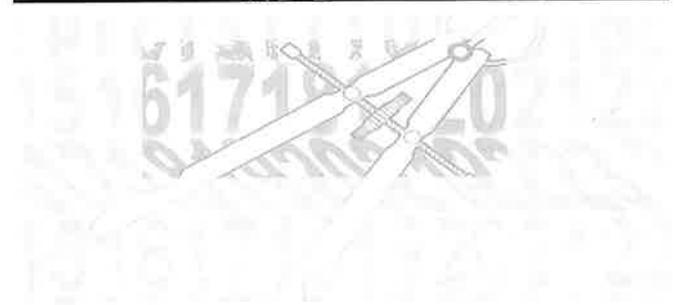
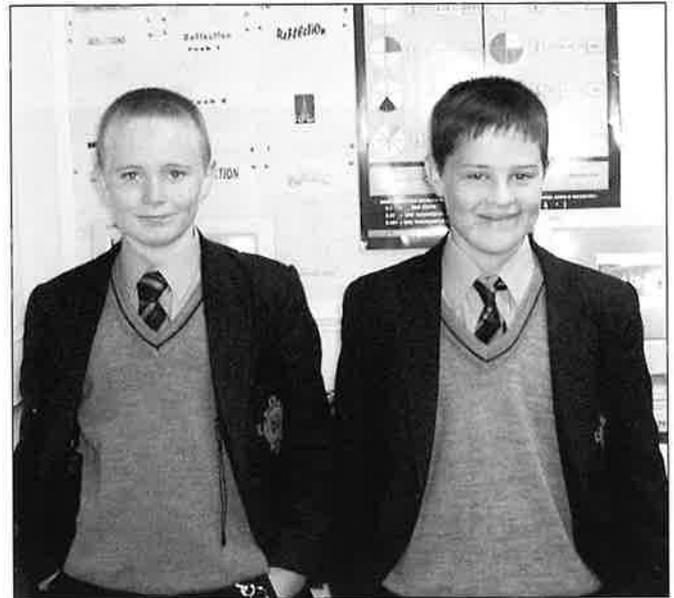
A special congratulations to both Darren Franklin (8E) and Stephen McFadden (9F) who both achieved gold certificates.

Silver Certificates were achieved by the following students.

Patrick Copeland (9C)	Ciaran McCusker (9D)
Niall Doherty (9C)	Hayden Allen (9E)
Matthew Hanna (9B)	Jonathan Curran (9F)
Barry O'Neill (8C)	Ciaran Rice (8G)

Bronze Certificates were achieved by the following students.

Paul McDonald (9G)	Michael Crossan (9F)
Paul Loughran (9F)	Jordan Fitzsimons (8B)
Andrew Gillen (8D)	Thomas Morgan (8G)
Michael Lyon (8E)	Eoin Crean (8D)
Paul McShane (8D)	Aaron Nolan (8F)



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Water Polo



This year has been one of, if not the most successful of the fifty years the school has been involved in schools water polo. Virtually the same group of players won titles at local and All Ireland level at U16 and U19 grades, The only player on the U19 team who was too old to play at U16 level was Aidan Doyle, year 14, who is also Ireland's junior goalie.

The U19 team retained the Ulster U19 title undefeated and reached the Irish final in which they faced St. Joseph's, Dublin as underdogs. With an all round superb performance they beat the favourites 5 - 4 to lift the Gallagher Trophy, player of the tournament being goalie and captain, Devlin.

In the Ulster U16 Cup we dropped two valuable points in our 1st round game against La Salle. Playing without captain Paul Murphy, year 13, out due to mumps, we were level one goal apiece with two minutes left. Keen to get the winner we over extended and La Salle broke out of defence to score twice and win 3 - 1. In the return game we had Murph back and won comfortably five goals to one thus forcing a play-off with La Salle which St. Mary's won 8 - 1. Four goals from Stephen Loughran, two a-piece from the Campfield cousins,

Ronan and Brendy, all of the goals coming from the springboard of a superb defensive performance.

In the All Ireland U16 competition we were by far the superior team scoring 40 goals and only letting in 4, which augurs well for next year.

The U14 team, coached by Mr. Watson, finished runners up to St. Malachy's and there are a number of emerging stars of the future in the U14 ranks.

Congratulations to the entire U19 - U16 squad, not just the five players mentioned but also Paul Armstrong, Harry McNulty, Chris Devlin, James Ferrin, Adrian Hanna and Ciaran Ferguson.

Special congratulations to Stephen Loughran, year 13, Chris Devlin, year 12 and Brendan Campfield, all of whom were selected to play for Ireland U17 in a tournament in Poland and the European Championships in April / May.

Coaching recommences in the school pool with Mr McClean and Mr Watson. All interested pupils are most welcome.

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BASKETBALL YEAR 9



St. Mary's year 9 team were entered in the Ulster 'B' League this year. The group stage saw wins against Rathmore and Lagan and defeats to Knock and Dungannon. A semi final draw vs. St. Pat's Academy, Dungannon was the game to put our defeat to rest. A physical game with St. Pat's starting lively as their big players sunk everything in sight. St. Mary's were 9 points down at half-time. Sheer determination and foul trouble for Dungannon saw the lead diminish as St. Mary's rebounded at each end of the court. A finishing basket by Danny Best led us to 27-27 at full time. An Ulster Final was in sight! Two minutes of extra time were to tell our fate. Excellent defending by David Murray and Emmet Dawson and driving to the basket by Gerard Torney and Kevin Milnes saw St. Mary's sink two baskets to reach the Ulster final for the first time.



Semi-Final vs. St. Pat's Academy, Dungannon

St. Pat's Academy 27 vs. 31 St. Mary's CBGS

Ulster Final Result:

Lagan 29 vs. 17 St. Mary's CBGS

St. Mary's, having just stepped off the court, ecstatic at their win over St. Pat's, had to play Lagan College in the final. A two point win in the group stages meant this was going to be a tough game. Lagan started well and took an early 6 point lead. St. Mary's fought with the

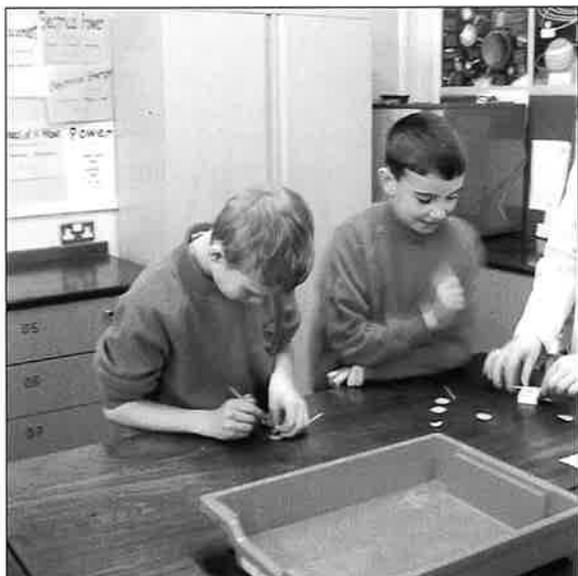
height advantage of Lagan and tried to sink some outside shots. Fresh legs for the 2nd quarter saw St. Mary's recover to 4 points at half-time. The second half was played for pride and Lagan's impressive shooting saw them victorious to achieve Ulster Title for 2004/5.



Ciaran Mc Cusker, Christopher Murray, Danny Best, Kevin Milnes, David Murray. Adam O'Hare, Mark Devlin, Gerard Torney (captain), Jamie Smith, Matthew Megahey, Donal Feeney, Emmet Dawson.



St. Anne's Primary School visit the Science Department.



St. Teresa's Primary 6 pupils visit St. Mary's in June 05

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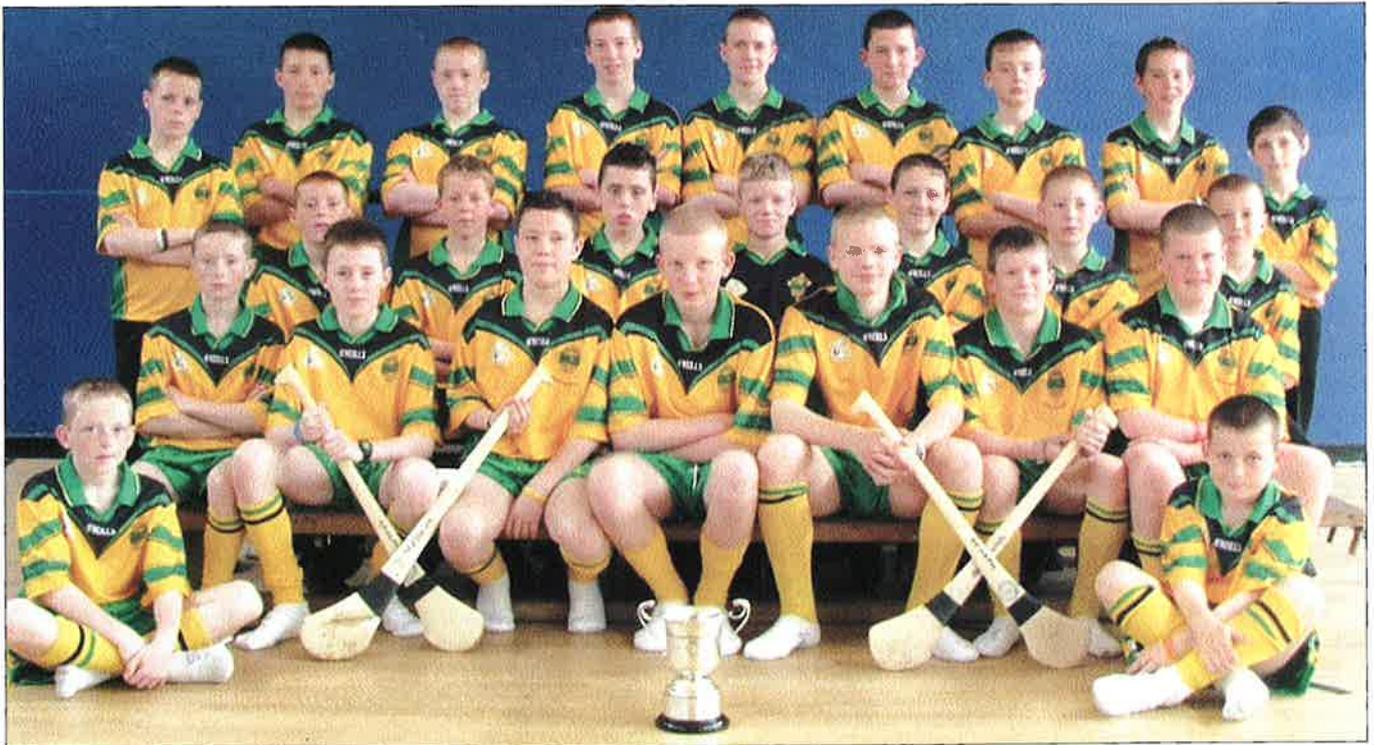
Year 9 Corn Colmcille



The squad

S Kane, C Devlin, M Connor, M Kearney, D Best, C McGuinness (capt), P Agnew, P Burns, C Kavanagh, D Boyd, D Dalton, G Torney, K Parker, B Conlon, D Lynch, M Kane, M Hanna, K Toolan, A O'Hare, E Flavin, R Edwards, J Kelly, S O'Hagan, C Carroll, C Murray, C Kelly, A Mc Guinness, J Smith, P Loughlin, N Docherty, R O'Kane, O. Rodgers.

Year 9 McNamee



Competition: Treanor Cup

St Marys CBGS 3-26 St Louis Kilkeel 1-4

Date: 14th April 2005 Venue: Ballykinlar

The Glen Road side defeated cup holders Saint Louis Kilkeel with an emphatic win at rain-soaked Ballykinlar last Thursday. Indeed the huge score line belied the one-sidedness of this anticipated clash. The game was over as a contest after fifteen minutes with Saint Mary's leading by 2-8 to no score. However this maturing team continued to press the pedal by adding a further ten points to their tally before the break. With all six forwards scoring and a particularly impressive debut by full forward David McNally and wing back Maurice Murphy, these boys will certainly be a difficult team to stop in this years U15 Ulster championship.

St Marys CBGS 2-11 Rathmore 0-7

**Date: Tuesday 3rd May 2005
Venue: Casement Park Belfast**

An opportunistic goal gave the Saint Mary's Treanor Cup team an incisive lead in this quarter final clash of the two west Belfast Colleges. Indeed the Glen Road sides' inability to convert their chances in front of the uprights in the opening 30 minutes left them with a huge challenge playing into the wind after the break. However, it was corner-forward Michael Armstrong who seized upon a goal-keeping error in the fifth minute of the second half to blast the ball into the net.

The opening half was a dour affair with Saint Mary's struggling to play with wind advantage. Despite injuries to key players, the line-up remained strong due to the big squad available to the coaches. Whilst Sean Finch (Man of the Match) gave a virtuoso display of attacking football throughout the 60 minutes, there were no excuses for the inept performances in general that resulted in Saint Mary's going into the break leading by the minimum 0-4 to 0-3.

The second half told a different story. Realising they hadn't done themselves justice against an indifferent Rathmore team, Scoil Mhuire got stuck in.

Led by former team captain, Ciaran Caldwell at centre forward, the team overwhelmed Rathmore with some superb support play and excellent scores. A further goal by full forward David McNally sealed the victory. With all six forwards registering a score in the second half and a thundering point from midfielder Brendan Lochard, Coach Vernon Murphy was generally pleased all round. However work still needs to be done to avoid a repeat of the first half showing.

Semi Final St Mary's CBGS 2-9 St Columb's, Derry 4-7

**Date: Friday 13th May 2005
Venue: Watty Grahams, Mahera**

Friday 13th of May 2005 was to be a dark day for St. Mary's Treanor Cup panel. The venue: Watty Grahams G.A.C, Maghera. The opposition: St Columb's Derry. The game: A Treanor Cup semi-final and an opportunity to reach their third consecutive Ulster final. At 2.00pm the ball was dropped. At 2.01 pm St. Mary's were already a goal down. This set the tone for the match. With injuries to several key players, St. Mary's struggled to stop the St Columb's attack. Minutes later, a mix-up in defence and a deflected goal ended in the Glen Road boys trailing by 2-2 to 0-1. Indeed had the Derry lads converted half of their missed opportunities the margin would have been insurmountable.

At this point, St. Mary's managers decided to throw on the cavalry. The introduction of Brendan Lochard to midfield, Ciaran Caldwell into the forwards and Eammon Herron to full-back gave the St. Mary's team a boost. St. Mary's improved slightly but not a great deal. A few points from the forwards reduced the deficit for St. Mary's. At half time St. Mary's trailed 2-5 to 0-4. This was a new challenge. We had never been at half time. They were being taught a lesson by a team who Saint Mary's had annihilated in previous encounters. More was to follow.

Straight from the throw in they conceded another goal. Although St. Mary's reduced the deficit with two goals from Ciaran Caldwell and points from his forward line, they were always fighting an uphill battle. St. Columb's were leading by three. The greatest comeback was on until disaster struck: another goal for St. Columba St Marys were angered, as they thought there should have been a free for them. Matt Devlin (goalkeeper) was impeded and he had to watch the goal bobble into the back of the net.

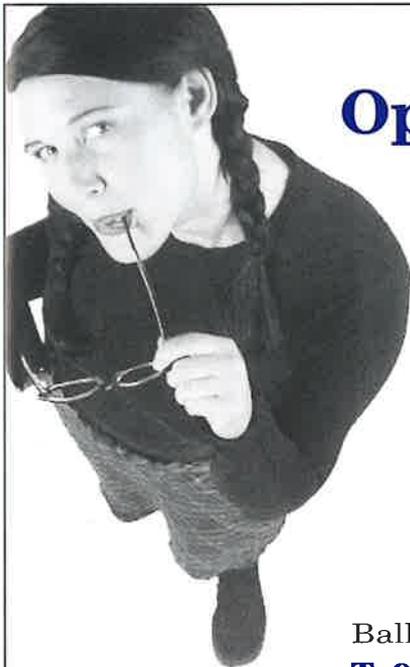
The final whistle was blown and the St. Mary's team was distraught. Tasting defeat on a scoreline of St. Columb's Derry 4-7 St. Mary's 2-9. They were beaten for the first time in a competitive fixture for 3 years. The team was so disappointed that some of the players may have shed a quiet tear, although the team is already setting their sights on next year and they have agreed with their manager to report back to training in mid August to prepare for the Herald Cup, as they are determined to win back their Ulster Champions' status.

Maurice Murphy (Wing Back)



Saint Mary's Squad:

*James Darragh, James Ferron, Sean Finch, Brendan Brophy, Michael Sweeney,
Colm McGoldrick, Ronan Campfield, Eamman Herron, Maurice Murphy, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Ciaran Stone, Sean Flynn, Niall Kewley,
Martin McNally, Mark Small, Ciaran Caldwell,
Brendan Lochard, Conor Kearney, Michael Armstrong, Declan Bunting, Matt Deolin,
Conor Rocks, Darach Doherty, Johnny McGuinness, Manus Doherty, Pearse Donnelly,
Paul McMullan, Ryan McCreanor.*



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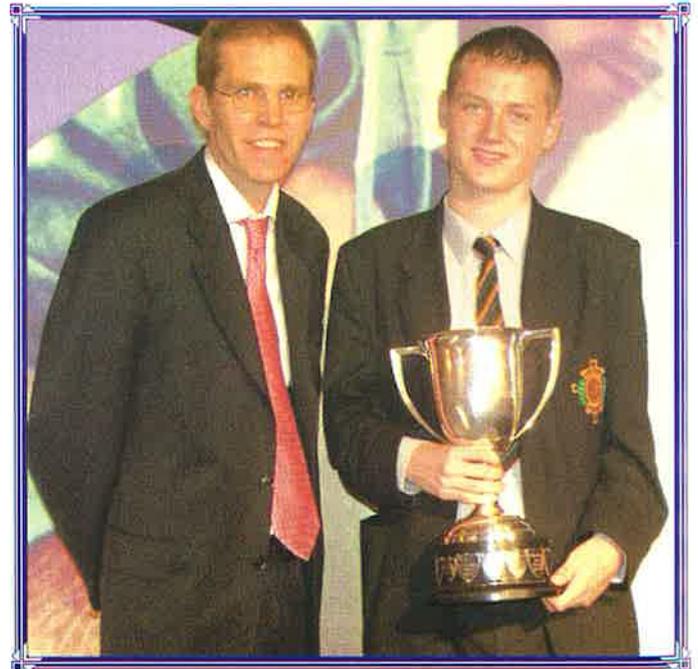
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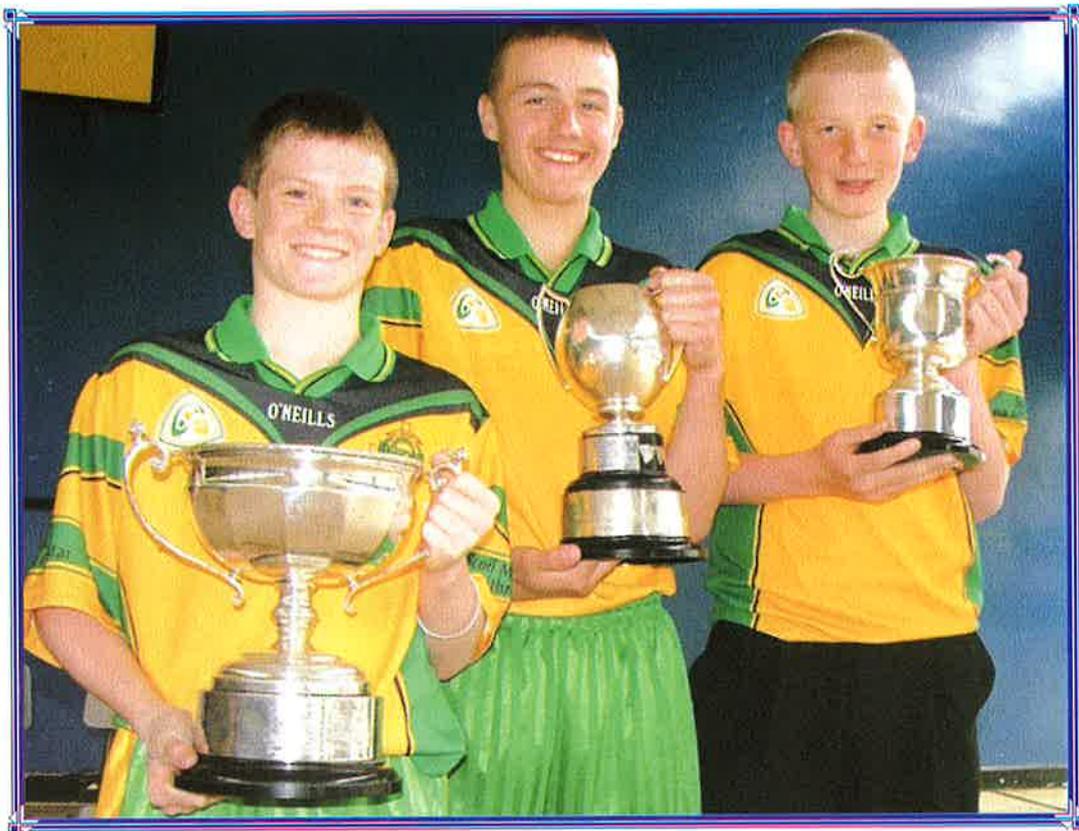
*Ciaran Caldwell, captain of the team that won the title
Ulster Colleges Corn Loch an Iuir 2004*



Mr Burke congratulates Ciaran.



Mr J. Quinn adds his congratulations.



Year 8 Football Squad A



Year 8 Hurling Squad A



Year 8 Football Squad B



Year 8 Hurling Squad B



Ehrwald 2005

Once again the St. Mary's ski group set off to conquer the slopes of Europe. This year we took on the Austrian Alps. We arrived in the middle of heavy snowfall and very low temperatures. It looked like a miserable start but next morning the Sun blazed down and set the scene for the rest of the week!

The first morning, groups were organised and the skiing began. The advanced group took off with their customary speed and style which continued until the substitute ski instructor arrived, thereafter even Ms. Curran could keep up with them!

The advanced intermediate group which included the intrepid Eamonn Og Denny skiing backwards down the slopes, off the side of the slope and wiping out everyone in sight, were undoubtedly the craziest group on the mountain! This group also had the most boring Geography lesson in history, given by one of the instructors. (We thought Mr. Watson was bad!)

The hills were alive with the sound of music as Charlie Clarke and the other members of the group serenaded anyone who would listen as they flew down the slopes.

All skiers improved their skills but the beginners made great progress. Gerard Mooney, Ciaran Herity, Daniel Diamond and Chris Murphy were close contenders for Beginners skier of the week awards won by Niall Smart and Niall Atkinson.



The Fall of the week was hotly contested as ever. Eamonn Og made great efforts even Ms. Curran and Miss Convery were in the running but it came down to a family contest between the Shearer brothers won by Dangerous Des!

Chris McIlhatton won the overall Skier of the Week award including the downhill slalom but still couldn't keep up with Mr. McGettigan! Maybe next year?

Who can forget the image of Phillip O'Neill as he disappeared into the dark on his snow bike, or Sean Hull who still proved lethal on a snow bike although carrying an injury. The main event had to be the Tubing Run when the teachers, led astray by Mr. Watson, threw caution to the wind and took off, eyes closed, yelling loud enough to cause an avalanche. Not a pretty sight.

The final competition of the week was the "Rap" contest starring Kevin Shearer and Conor "Conzo" Smith. Conor applied the same technique to rapping as he does to skiing i.e. start off optimistically and make it up as you go along. He had the same level of success; Kevin won.

Rematch next year?

All Ireland 400M Senior Champion

Michael Morgan

Just after four, in a grey overcast Tullamore, Michael Morgan made a piece of history as he ran a magnificent 49.57seconds to win the 400M Senior boys race at the All Ireland Schools Track and Field Championship. Watched by his coaches, Paul Magee

and Bill Kelly from Beechmount Harriers club, Michael put in an impressive performance as he strode to a comfortable win.

Assigned Lane 1, Michael knew that he had the potential as he had won Ulster two weeks previously but facing the best in the country can be daunting. Nevertheless, he stuck to the game plan worked out with his coaches and although, at half way, he looked slightly off the pace this had more to do with the angle of vision rather than with the actual race. Coming into the home strait Michael's experience and stamina stood the test and with 20M left the race was his.

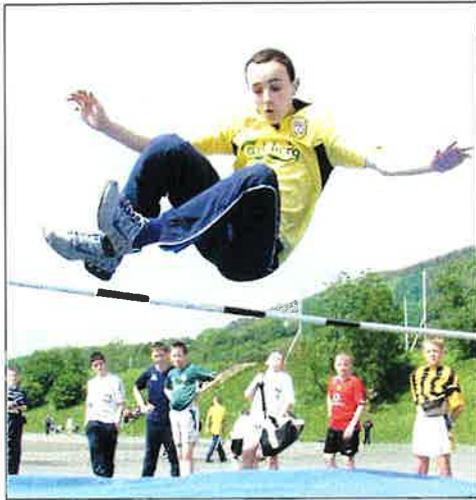
A delighted Michael afterwards was in celebratory mood as all the hard work of the past three years paid off. Michael was disappointed last year with his placing after winning the Inter two years ago. However up against his own age group Saturday he showed just why many in the Schools Association had him as favourite. Stepping up to the podium he became the first St. Mary's student in living memory to achieve the highest honour in Schools athletics.



Sports Day 2005

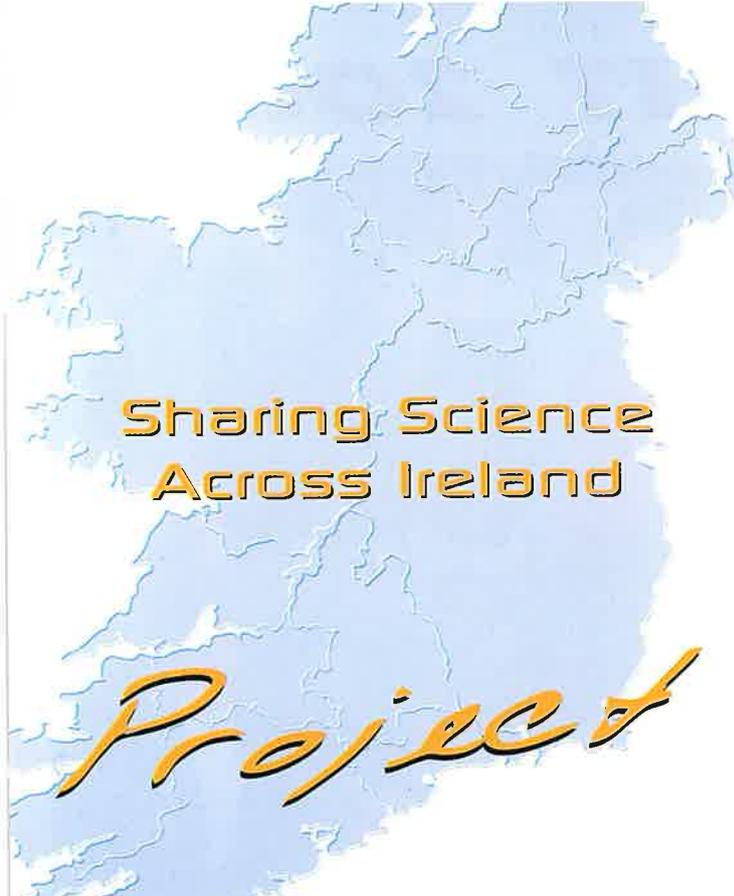


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Sharing Science Across Ireland

Project

Our class of 8G was selected to become involved in the "Sharing Science across Ireland project". This is a cross community and cross border venture. We are currently carrying out a project with Carrick Vocational School in Glencolmcille, co Donegal and Portora Royal, Enniskillen. Our venture is about "Well Beings" and will involve research into diet, health and fitness.

The groups taking part in the project went to W5 to link up with other schools and meet with the schools we will be working with. We then visited all the various floors in W5 and learned a lot about the science of how things worked.

We were able to construct a car with wheels and doors and used telephones linked together with tubes. When you spoke through one you heard it echo at the other side, it sounded like you were talking to an operator. There was one particular game which everybody liked where you had an opponent that you played with in front of a camcorder and on the television it looked like you really were playing the game you picked.

We attended a magical science show. People were picked to help with the various "tricks". Some people had to put eggs on tubes and pull the tray. The eggs fell into a cup of water; this in fact was all due to the force of gravity acting downwards on them. Another "trick" involved using vinegar, which actually is an acid. Vinegar was put into a cup and fairy liquid and baking soda added. The lid was closed tight and after a few seconds the lid shot off and hit the roof. This was caused by a chemical reaction in which carbon dioxide gas was given off causing an explosion!

Work is beginning on our project in June and we will hopefully meet again with our participating schools in September! Watch this space to see how things progress.

Joshua Reynolds 8G



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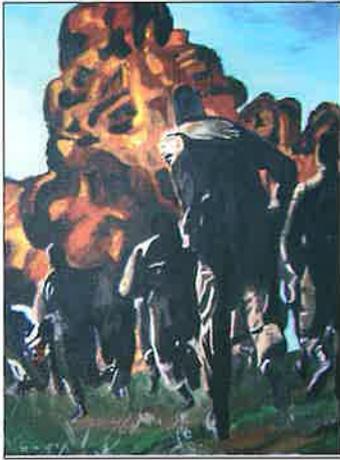
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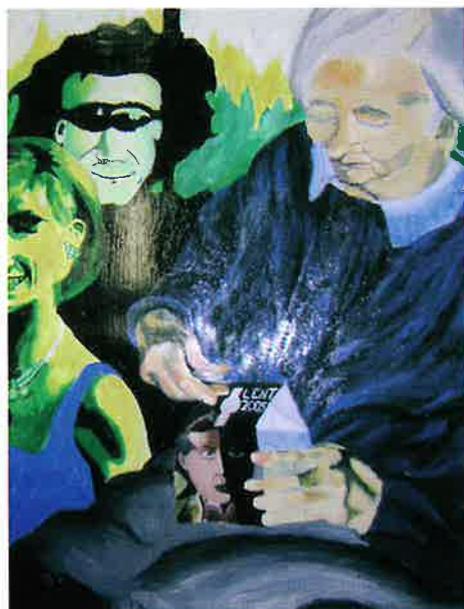
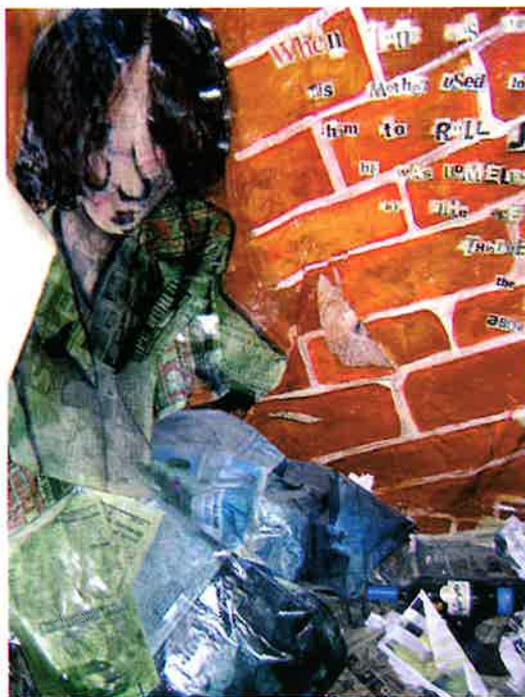
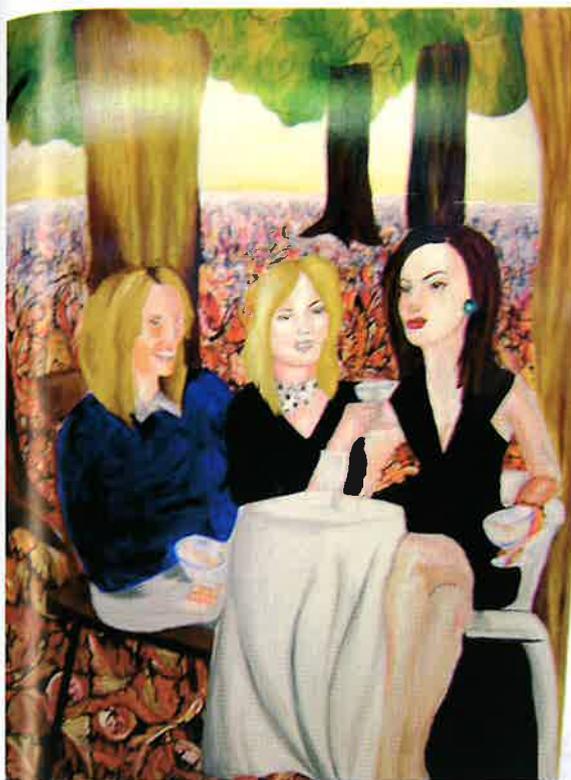
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028 9061 8316

Annual A2 Biology Field Trip







Leavers Mass, May 2005

Stephen Curran Valedictory address

You don't have to look far to see how frequently education and in particular secondary level education comes under the critical glare of so many bureaucratic institutions and the media. Now more than ever the difficulties inherent in cultivating an appropriate and effective environment for successful academic achievement are part of the dialogue of our society. However it is important to look past this. When we think of St Mary's, as pupils we envisage the everyday processes of teaching and learning, as well as the darkly cast shadows of impending examinations. But school is so much more than that, it is where children become adults and more so than any experience in life it can be definitive in plotting out our course for the future.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my past seven years at St Mary's from my daunting first steps into the school to my final days as a pupil. St Mary's has played an integral part in my academic development but also in my social maturity. Being involved in such extra curricular activities such as the mentoring programme, first aid scheme and the school newspaper helped me to integrate into school life.

I would like to draw attention to such non academic successes in the fields of football, water polo, hurling, athletics, debating and the school mini company, where this year has excelled.

The fundraising efforts of the year, which has shown constant support for the Zambian Immersion scheme under Doctor Aidan Donaldson, Mr Raymond Herron and Mr Kevin Burke.

Most importantly, the thank yous. I extend a strong and fully felt thank you on behalf of year 14 to all those at the school who are responsible for such a rich and varied educational environment. In many ways it begins with those staff members who we rarely engage with but whose contribution is vital to the everyday running of the school. I speak specifically of the various caretakers, cleaning and ancillary staff whose commitment to creating a safe and stable atmosphere which aids us so immeasurably in our scholastic and recreational

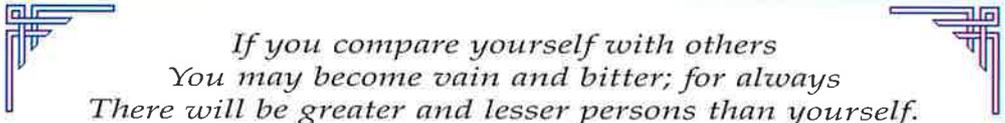
pursuits. Similar thanks must be conveyed to our canteen staff that provides a delicious substitute to the somewhat questionable cooking of our parents.

Other than the lovely canteen staff, another group of ladies to be thanked is the office staff. The everyday running of the school would not be possible without the courteous and always helpful Mary, Maria, Anne Marie, Elaine and Lisa. Also the school librarian Mr Patrick Green deserves a thank you and an apology on all the books he will not get back this year.

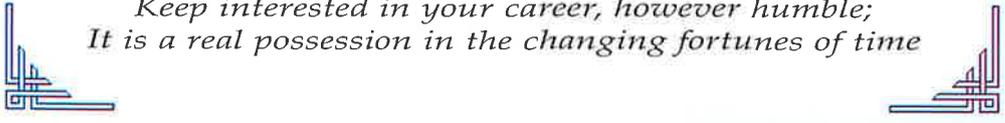
One group I have yet to mention is the most obvious, the teachers. I would like to thank all teachers who have had the pleasure of taking our year group for the past seven years and we greatly appreciate their guidance and perseverance. A special thanks to our year head Mrs Tohill and the head of senior school Mr Mc Flynn and also Dr Shannon who was our year head from first to fifth year.

I would also take this opportunity to remember Mr Terry Hegarty who passed away suddenly on the 10th January and praise him for his dedication to the pupils and whose presence will be sorely missed. You do not have to go far to find a student or staff member who remembers him fondly and still holds him in high regard. Another tragedy that touched our year in particular was the death of Nial Holmes who died in a motor biking accident early this year. I would like to congratulate Mr and Mrs Robinson on the birth of their baby girl, and also Mrs Murray who too gave birth to a baby girl.

And finally to our principal, Kevin Burke, who we owe sincere gratitude and appreciation for his endeavours over the past seven years. So much of the responsibilities have been with teachers in these past seven years but now the onus is on us to shape and mould ourselves through whatever the future holds. I can think of no better place where this journey can have started other than at St Mary's. It's now the time to look to the future. I would like to finish off by quoting from the Desiderata:



*If you compare yourself with others
You may become vain and bitter; for always
There will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.
Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans
Keep interested in your career, however humble;
It is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time*



Students, Parents and Staff enjoying the Leavers Mass.



Year 10 Soccer

"Close, but no cigar!"

St Mary's were very much the underdogs going into the final of the Belfast Cup. With our boys having little experience playing as a team, up against formidable neighbours La Salle, we were given scant chance of success.

With key players Niall Atkinson and Pearce Donnelly injured, it seemed dark indeed.

However, against expectation, the encounter emerged as a thrilling bout, with La Salle going ahead early on

in the game. Paul Duffy, in place of Pearce, stepped into the breach and excelled in nets. A second half equaliser from Stephen Hesketh brought us back into contention and St Mary's then dominated the game, with a plethora of near-misses.

It was not to be our day, however, and a mere 17 seconds from the conclusion of extra time, La Salle literally fumbled the ball into the net to emerge victorious. A "basketball" conclusion, a super match and St Mary's emerge a force to be reckoned with.



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Middle Row: L-R
 Ciaran Lundy, Mark Rea, Michael Kane, Liam Gilmartin, Nicholas Tracey, Ryan McCullough, Kevin Milnes, Emmet Dawson, Carleton Rogers.

Back Row: L-R
 Eamonn McMullan, Conor Lennon, Ryan Mallon-Carberry, Paul McGroarty, Michael Kileen, Karl Young, Conor McNeil, David Forrester.

Form Tutor: Miss L McGuigan

Class 9B

Front Row: L-R
 Conor Brophy, Mark McKenna, Matthew Hanna, Calum Whyte, George Teggart, Neil McGinnity, Thomas Armstrong.

Middle Row: L-R
 Michael Rafferty, Mark Fitzpatrick, Conal McGettigan, Oliver Gibney, Christopher Brown, Kiefer Toolan, Christopher Robinson, John O'Connor, Eamonn Toner.

Back Row: L-R
 Patrick Flynn, Daniel Moore, Garry Sharpe, Matthew Devlin, Kevin Hill, Conor Kavanagh, Mark McKernan, Stephen Durkan.

Form Tutor: Ms D Murphy



Class 9C

Front Row: L-R
 Matthew Megahy, Mark Devlin, Steven McIlwee, Niall Doherty, Darren Moore, Niall Smith, Ryan Morgan.

Middle Row: L-R
 Sean Turley, Conor McLaughlin, Aodhan McGuinness, Patrick Copeland, Gregory Creaney, John Gallagher, Enda Flavin, Ciaran Floyd.

Back Row: L-R
 Adam O'Hare, Anthony Harte, Conor Mulholland, Kevin Parker, Thomas Heath, Daniel Kelly, Damien McCreanor, Stephen Kane.

Form Tutor: Dr K Robinson

Class 9D

Front Row: L-R
Aaron Nugent, Jamie Smith,
Gerard Torney, Thomas Harbinson,
Conor Wisdom, Ryan Boyle,
Matthew Hackett.

Middle Row: L-R
Daniel Wilson, Malachy Lundy,
Darren Madden, Ciaran Gormley,
Donal Feeney, Daniel Best, Adam
Kerr, Patrick Agnew, David
McGeown.

Back Row: L-R
Colin Toner, Ciaran McCusker,
Caolin O'Brien, Cuan Price, Neal
Mulholland, Conal McKernon,
Kevin McCullagh, Adam Graham.

Form Tutor: Mr G O'Connor



Class 9E

Front Row: L-R
Stephen Frizzell, Peter Lynn, Ronan
O'Kane, John Fox, Sean Bradley,
Hayden Allen, Martin Campbell.

Middle Row: L-R
Darren Boyd, Colm McCurdy,
Christopher Devlin, John Gibney,
Kevin Collins, Brian Moylan, Olibhear
McAlister, Thomas McKibben.

Back Row: L-R
Paul Loughran, Dominic Kelly,
Michael McAreavey, Ryan Edwards,
Ciaran Race, Mark Kearney, Martin
Connor, Brian Corr.

Form Tutor: Ms L McGonagle



Class 9F

Front Row: L-R
Rugraigh Owens, Stephen
McFadden, Patrick Curran, Declan
McGeogh, Deaglan Black, Matthew
Neeson, Christopher McGuinness.

Middle Row: L-R
Mark Spence, Steven O'Hagan,
Jonathan Curran, Ciaran Brown, Paul
Loughran, Liam Kavanagh, Niall
Cooney, Paul Burns, John Kelly.

Back Row: L-R
Nathan Doone, Patrick Stitt, Pdraig
Burns, Ryan Farrelly, Declan Dalton,
Patrick Boyle, Steven Cotterill,
Michael Crossan, Pierce Reilly.

Form Tutor: Mr V Murphy





Class 9A

Front Row: L-R

Paul McDonald, Matthew McCleave, Ryan Hyland, Feargal McPhillips, Patrick Brennan, Emmanuel Barkley, Patrick Moran.

Middle Row: L-R

Anthony Brady, Colm Lynagh, Conor Murray, Michael Jackson, Declan Lynch, Kevin Holland, Anthony Hanna, Gareth McBride, Tomás McKee.

Back Row: L-R

Christopher Magee, Colum Carroll, Christopher Murray, David Murray, Aodán Mitchell, Conor McClelland, Anthony Milliken, Brendan Conlon, Colm Dorris, Ciaran Hicks.

Form Tutor: Mrs B Breen

Class 10A

Front Row: L-R

Aaron Gault, Conor Courtney, Jordan Lynch, Sean Hull, Niall McGlone, Graeme Flanagan, Peter McClean.

Middle Row: L-R

John Paul Macklin, Killian Doherty, Joseph Smyth, Conor Gaskin, Liam Boyce, Matthew McArdle, John White, Ciaran Dowds.

Back Row: L-R

Niall Burke, Patrick Lundy, Niall Atkinson, Niall McWilliams, Gerard Lewsley, Ronan Maguire, Martin Diffin, Rory Best.

Form Tutor: Mr G Quigg



Class 10B

Front Row: L-R

Christopher McCorry, Johnathan O'Reilly, Christopher Armstrong, Paul Turley, Martin Hughes, Eamon Kearon, Mark James.

Eric Gonzalez, Alex Magee, Sean Sloan, Calum Rooney, Matthew Cassidy, Patrick Lenon, Marc Watters, Simon Ramsey, Martin Ramsey.

Back Row: L-R

Christopher McGeown, Paul McCrory, Matthew Leonard, Paul Shields, George Sloan, David McGarrity, George Sloan, John Slack.

Form Tutor: Mr P Lavery



Class 10C

Front Row: L-R

Carl Reid, Emmanuel McLaughlin,
Desmond Ryan, Michael Armstrong,
Michael Griffen, Seamus Corrigan,
Charlie Clarke.

Middle Row: L-R

Seam McCafferty, Pearse Donnelly,
Stephen Hesketh, Conor McVarnock,
Philip Bonner, Sean McGrath, Kieran
McParland, Christopher Fitzpatrick,
Dan Cummings.

Back Row: L-R

Eoin Magee, Martin Donald, Niall
McCroory, James Cachart, Ciaran
Herity, Aodan McPeake, David Kerr,
Declan Burke.

Form Tutor: Mrs L Cleary



Class 10D

Front Row: L-R

Declan Bunting, Bryan McPolin,
Anthony Donnelly, Niall Larkin,
Steven Mullan, Gary Randall-
O'Neill, Joseph Richardson.

Middle Row: L-R

Conor McManus, Conor Daykin,
Ryan McKenna, Faeral Donnelly,
Michael Mohan, Ryan McMahon,
Peter Casey, Matthew Teeney,
David McNally.

Back Row: L-R

Mark O'Neill, Paul Johnston,
Christopher McElean, Matthew
Mulligan, Joseph Sloan, Matthew
Deviin, Thomas Crawford, Manus
Doherty, Tomás Cosgrove.

Form Tutor: Mrs M Murray

Class 10E

Front Row: L-R

Connor Haughey, Daniel Pollock,
Stephen McGuinness, Kevin Floyd,
Shane McGann, Chris Moyna,
Ben McCallum.

Middle Row: L-R

Christopher Phillips,
Sean McLaughlin, Paul Lewsley,
John O'Hare, Patrick O'Hare,
Gerard Morris, Alan McLaughlin,
Gerard McGettigan,
Stephen Shannon.

Back Row: L-R

Ciaran Glennon, Michael Marley,
Cormac Reynolds, Gareth Smith,
Tommy McCarthy, Paul McGreevy,
Conor Rocks, Owen Shields,
Darren McShane.

Form Tutor: Miss J Mervyn





Class 10F

Front Row: L-R

Conor Connolly, Michael McKee, Patrick Herron, Nathan Cassidy, Gary McLaughlin, Ciaran Hasson, Mark O'Hara.

Middle Row: L-R

Michael Armstrong, Barry Maguire, Matthew Rice, Daryl Mullan, Niall Hamilton, Michael Finlay, Ralph Singco, Ryan Bell, Kevin Brennan.

Back Row: L-R

Michael Fitzpatrick, Mark Cousins, Aaron Kelly, Daniel Kelly, Daniel Shanks, Paul Murphy, Conor Cullen, Patrick Sullivan.

Form Tutor: Mrs A Thompson

Class 10G

Front Row: L-R

Brendan McCurry, Tom Barnes, Ronan Lunney, Emmett McCaughey, Brendan McFadden, Darren Shaw, Patrick O'Kane.

Middle Row: L-R

Aaron Duffy, Conor Richmond, James Ferris, Brendan Roberts, Paul Flack, Liam Molloy, Brendan Lundy, Daniel Diamond.

Back Row: L-R

Eamon Rooney, Stephen McGrath, Lorcan Kerr, Michael Connolly, Daniel McQuaid, Chris Ferguson, Daire Maskey, Johnathan French.

Form Tutor: Mr K Morgan



Class 11A

Front Row: L-R

Oisan O'Murachu, Francis Mezza, Gareth Watters, Pater McLaughlin, Peter Coogan, John Walker, James Higgen.

Middle Row: L-R

Aidan Walsh, Sean McHugh, Rory McManus, Niall Kewley, Conall Reilly, Ciaran Doherty, Mr John Donnelly

Back Row: L-R

Eamonn Hamill, Michael Doran, Robert Gillespie, Christopher Leonrad, Conor McKeating, Owen Fitzpatrick.

Form Tutor: Mrs M-B Byrne

Class 11B

Front Row: L-R
Christopher O'Kane,
Conor Diamond, Conor Heaney,
Ciaran Murphy, Niall Chapman,
Christopher Murphy, David O'Neill.

Middle Row: L-R
Gerard McKernan, Maurice Murphy,
Sean Finch, Christopher Murphy,
Michael McCarthy, Conor Wilkinson.

Back Row: L-R
Seamus O'Rawe, Michael Christie,
Colm Walsh, David Loughran,
Ryan McCreanor, Deaglan Agnew.

Form Tutor: Miss Colette Morris



Class 11C

Front Row: L-R
Adrian Hanna, Gerard Peake, Conor
Quinn, Sean Flynn, Diarmaid Adams,
Johnathan Delaney, Conor Kearney.

Middle Row: L-R
John Gregory, James Kerr, Gerard
McKnight, Richard Ferguson, Gareth
Armstrong, Brendan Campfield, Aaron
Hicks, Gerard McGivern.

Back Row: L-R
Sean Monaghan, Ronan Campfield,
James Ferrin, Joseph Guiney,
Brendan Lockard, Nathan Kane, Eoin
Heatley, Andrew Magee.

Form Tutor: Mr D Mahon

Class 11D

Front Row: L-R
Donal Crossen, Michael Dines,
Declan Burns, Martin Brownlee,
Warren Oakes, Craig Haughey,
Ciaran Magee.

Middle Row: L-R
Luke Cassidy, Ryan Muldoon,
Darren Campbell, Ryan Deighan,
Billy Pike, Christopher Lyttle.

Back Row: L-R
Mauuel McGuinness, Francis Magee,
Ciaran Caldwell, David Crawford,
Michael McMahon,
Christopher McKiernan.

Form Tutor: Mrs M Jennings





Class 11E

Front Row: L-R
Paul Hesketh, Robert McLister,
Paul McMullan, Ryan Madden,
Philip McCabe, Gary Graham,
Aodhan Liddy.

Middle Row: L-R
David McMahon, Tom McCallum,
Michael O'Connor, Colin Stewart,
Mark McGran, Vincent Kelly,
James McGuinness.

Back Row: L-R
Aodhan McKiernan, Chris Connolly,
Christopher Ramsey,
Anthony Fenton, Conor Hill,
Martin White, Martin Begley,
Ryan McDonagh.

Form Tutor: Mr A Austin

Class 11F

Front Row: L-R
Niall Clarke, Michael Allison,
Gerard Mooney, Gary Russell,
Ciaran George,
Christopher Montgomery,
Christopher Smith.

Middle Row: L-R
Eoin Holland, Sean Conry,
Niall Conway, Christopher Diver,
Caelan Monaghan,
Daniel Diamond, Connor O'Neill.

Back Row: L-R
David Rogan, Colin McComb,
Mark Prior, Christopher Ball,
Gavin Megahey, Jamie Massey,
Marco Angrlone.

Form Tutor: Mr P Tully



Class 11G

Front Row: L-R
Conor Friel, Colum Curtis, Aaron
Haughey, Christopher Gilmartin,
Eamann Herron, Stephen Corner,
John Burns.

Middle Row: L-R
James Quinn, Christopher Mallon,
Damian Cousins, Colin McAuley,
Charles Hemsworth, James Cassidy.

Back Row: L-R
Connor McAreavey, Declan Mackin,
James Reilly, Adam George,
Michael Sweeney, Colm McGoldrick,
Ciaran Kerr, Anthony Teggart.

Form Tutor: Mr T Murphy

Class 11H

Front Row: L-R
 Jamie Magee, Stephen Clarke,
 Daragh Doherty, Brendan Brophy,
 Terry Gorman, John Gibson,
 Gary Campbell.

Middle Row: L-R
 Stephen McKeever, Jonathon
 McGuinness, Paul McMullan,
 Martin McNally, Sean Muldoon,
 Brian Rooney, Ciaran Stone.

Back Row: L-R
 James McCullagh, Mark McCallum,
 Anthony Kelly, Ryan Kieft,
 Damien Hitchen, Patrick Fitzpatrick,
 James Darragh.

Form Tutor: Miss A-M Doherty



Class 12A

Front Row: L-R
 Shane McGuckin, Matthew Collins,
 Conal Shannon, Brian King,
 Patrick Molloy, Damien Green,
 Ciaran McKenna.

Middle Row: L-R
 Ciaran Duffy, Sean McGarrity,
 David O'Neill, Chrisoper McNulty,
 Patrick Dutton, Liam Lavery,
 Andrew Irvine.

Back Row: L-R
 David Brady, James Ferguson,
 Martin Butler, Ciaran Martin,
 Matthew McVeigh, Aodhan
 Mulholland, Liam Green.

Form Tutor: Mr J McGreevy

Class 12B

Front Row: L-R
 Michael Kelly, Stuart Smyth,
 Eamonn Cunningham,
 Martin Lavelle, Jim Brennan,
 Aidan Galway, Brendan Fitzpatrick.

Middle Row: L-R Colin Walsh, Paul
 Hanna, Garry McAtamney, Conor
 Smith, Stephen McAtackney.

Back Row: L-R
 Conor O'Rawe, David McKenna,
 Mark Cullen, Marl Sloan.

Form Tutor: Mr J McAuley



Class 12C

Front Row: L-R
Gerard Costello, Brian Nelson, Rory Clarke, Matthew Regan, Aaron McKenna, Niall Smart, Paul Johnston.

Middle Row: L-R
Conor Kerr, David Best, Martin O'Prey, Gerard Sullivan, James Grieve, Cormac McLaughlin, Eamonn Walls, Matthew Taggart.

Back Row: L-R
Barry McFall, Alan Campbell, Gavin McKenna, John Quinn, Conall Mulhern, Gareth Cullen, Niall Porter, Christopher Weir.

Form Tutor: Mrs M. Lewis



Class 12D

Front Row: L-R
Conor Johnston, Ciaran Bellew, Aodan Newell, Brendan Smyth, Brendan McCrory, Damien Fox, Pierce Kearns.

Middle Row: L-R
Niall Connor, Stephen McNally, Seamus Cullen, David Lynch, Brendan Cousins, Mark Lennon, Gavin Bunting, Christopher Campbell.

Back Row: L-R
Martin Keenan, Niall McCreanor, Michael O'Neill, Stephen McCann, Anthony Stafford, Shaun Graham, Niall Connolly.
Abs. Mark Campbell, Christopher Black.

Form Tutor: Mr. R. Herron.

Class 12E

Front Row: L-R
Ryan Hamilton, John Boyle, Ciaran Buchanan, Michael Burke, Conor Traynor, Michael McLaughlin, Stephen McCormick.

Middle Row: L-R
Fergal O'Donnell, Brian Byrne, Aidan McIlhennon, Stephen Ramsey, Brendan Shannon, David McMahon, Ciaran Roberts, Christopher McBride.

Back Row: L-R
Seosamh Malocco, Pearse Coogan, Sean Og McCaffrey, Christopher Valente, Richard Kelly, Martin Floyd, Martin Elliott, Eamonn Og Denny.

Form Tutor: Miss A. Madden



Class 12F

Front Row: L-R
John Paul Maxwell, Stephen Walsh,
Daniel Shortt, Conor Toal, Harry
McAnulty, Stephen Carlin,
Ciaran Flannery.

Middle Row: L-R
Francis Hughes, Christopher Lees,
Sean Paul Boyle, Gerard
McLoughlin, Daniel Macklin, Jack
McGarry, Paul McCormick.

Back Row: L-R
Michael Loughran, Gavin Flynn,
Mark Lynagh, Christopher Moran,
Philip Rafferty, Michael McCann.

Form Tutor: Mr M. Watson



Class 12G

Front Row: L-R
Conor Gallagher, Robert Irwin,
Fionnbharr McCurdy, Christopher
Black, Brendan Connor, Michael
McAnoy, Ryan Shortt.

Middle Row: L-R
Conall McNally, Kieran Moore,
Piaras Nolan, Kevin Shearer,
Ciaran Hall, Kieran Carson,
Brendan A. Connor.

Back Row: L-R
Robert McGuickin, Damien Currie,
Gareth Shortt, Gary Shaw,
Michael McAree, Jamie Agnew.

Form Tutor: Mr M. Robinson

Class 12H

Front Row: L-R
Jonathan Devine, Noel Rocks,
Anthony Alwell, Jonathan McCann,
Pearse O'Prey, Shane O'Neill,
Conor McCrudden.

Middle Row: L-R
Barry Rooney, John Leyden, Patrick
Davidson, Daniel McDonagh, Peter
McGarrity, Christopher Donnelly,
Gerard Farrell.

Back Row: L-R
Darren O'Neill, Kieran Ferguson,
Aidan McCullough,
Conor McMullan, Joseph Shortt.

Form Tutor: Mr A. Smyth



Class 13A

Back Row: L-R

Sam Mills, Cairbre Ocaireallain,
Eamon Kelly, Ciaran McParland, Sean
Megahey.

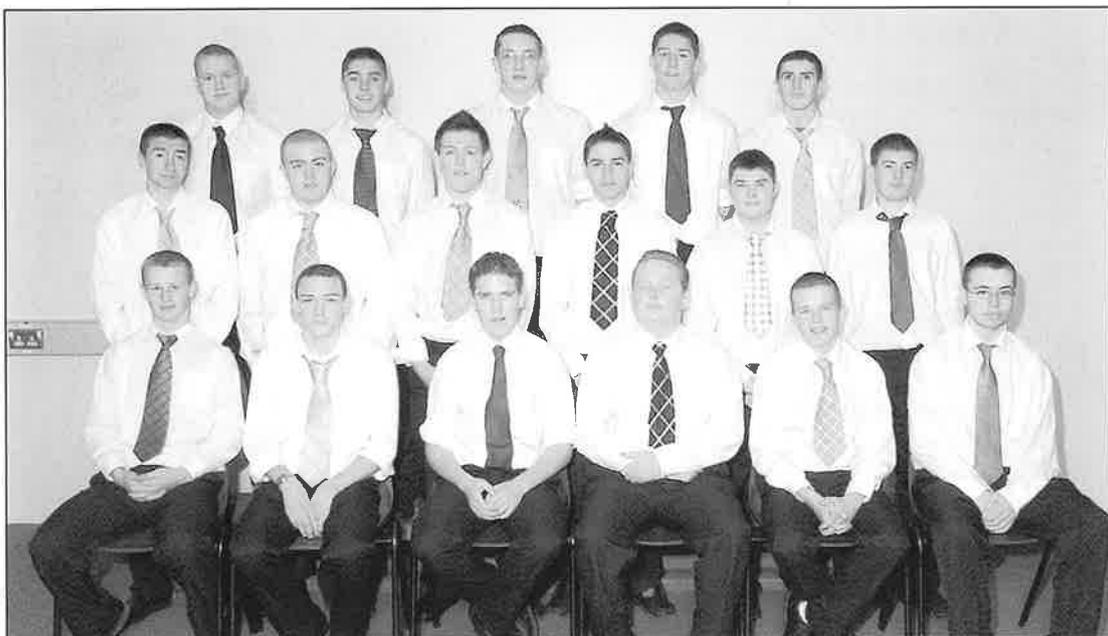
Middle Row: L-R

Ciaran McAuley, Conor Kerr,
Stephen Curley, Diarmuid McPhillips,
Tuathan McAughey, Mark Taylor.

Front Row: L-R

Christopher Nolan,
Stephen Loughran, Kevin Clarke,
Ciaran McAteer, Christopher Baggley,
John Lundy

Form Tutor: Mr M Greene



Class 13B

Back Row: L-R

Lorcan Hanna, Christopher Smith,
Patrick Boyle, Conor McQuade.

Middle Row: L-R

Conor Hamill, Ciaran Cullen,
Lewis Reilly, Michael Ferguson,
Gerard McGeown.

Front Row: L-R

Mauuel Walsh, Ben McKenna,
Stephen Herdman, David Pollock,
John Carson, Damien Lynn.

Form Tutor: Mr F Manning



Class 13C

Back Row: L-R

Stephen Lagan, Ryan McMahon,
Damien Lynch.

Middle Row: L-R

Darryn Kane, Robert McLaughlin,
Patrick McGuigan, Connor Crawford,
Mark Connolly.

Front Row: L-R

Connor Curran, David Doyle, Daithi
Murray, Francis Maxwell, Michael
George, Kevin Perry.

Form Tutor: Mr D Tohill



Class 13D

Back Row: L-R

Thomas McVeigh, Simon Geraghty,
Declan Cadell, Colm McCrory.

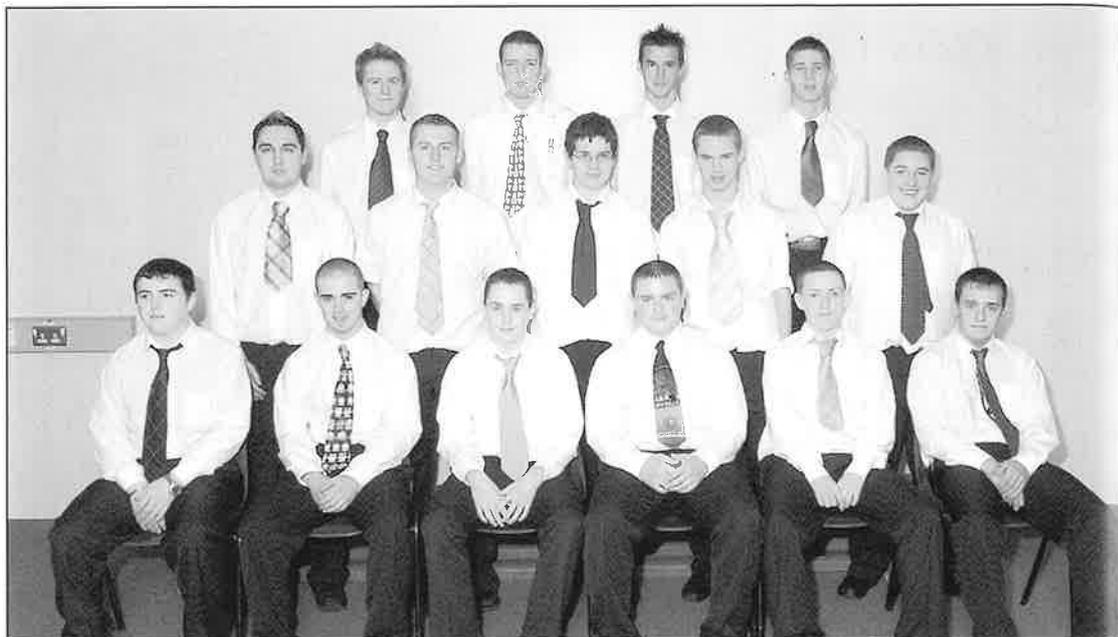
Middle Row: L-R

Ryan Kerr, Ryan Thibodeau,
Cormac McKeown, Fionntan Duffy,
Liam Ferron.

Front Row: L-R

Kevin Boyle, Daniel O'Neill, Ciaran
Dines, Stephen Bell, Matthew Smith,
Chrisyopher Wilkinson.

Form Tutor: Mr D Campfield



Class 13E

Front Row: L-R

William Lockard, Neil Rafferty, Paul
Murphy, Joseph Carlin.

Middle Row: L-R

Darren Murray, Daniel Turley, Sean
McGurk, Stephen Murray, Brendan
Gallagher.

Back Row: L-R

Patrick Brennan, Christopher
McIlhatton, James Connelly, Alex
McGoran, Kevin Scott, Paul Christie.

Form Tutor: Mr L McAleese

Class 13F

Back Row: L-R

Paul Armstrong, David Corner,
Patrick Larkin, Sean Woods, Conor
Bell, Caelan Bradley.

Front Row: L-R

Ryan McKeown, Stephen Moore,
Thomas Heaney, Desmond Shearer,
Ciaran MacManus, Paul McCarthy.

Form Tutor: Mr D Armstrong



Class 13G

Back Row: L-R
David Hughes, Dermot McCabe,
Robert Reilly, Daragh Scullion,
Michael Goodall.

Middle Row: L-R
Mark George, Sean Burns,
Patrick O'Kane, Mark Carson,
Daniel Teggart, Sean O'Neill.

Front Row: L-R
Gabriel Brown, Christopher Power,
Sean Lagan, David O'Neill,
Kevin McKegney, Joseph Watson.

Form Tutor: Mr C Monaghan



Class 13H

Back Row: L-R
James O'Neill, Michael McLaughlin,
Kevin McGuinness,
Michael Cunningham,
Simon Sloan.

Middle Row: L-R
Jonathen Richards, Seamus Millen,
Phillip O'Neill, Connor O'Kane,
Paul Burns, Raymond Kinnaird.

Front Row: L-R
Colin Duffy, Ciaran Reilly, Conor
Graham, Eamonn MacManus,
Stephen McDonagh, Patrick Lavelle,
Mark Bowman.

Form Tutor: Miss O Convery



Notes





Notes

Notes



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