



2K9

Deez  
for eye

Mars

MM

# CLASS OF 2009 YEARBOOK

The book you're reading doesn't exist - officially at least. Officially, you're scanning your eyes through thin air and probably look tapped. This book doesn't exist because it was cancelled, as I'm sure you all know, but you're reading it nonetheless. In the days after the cancellation, the yearbook was on the tips of many tongues. It was in a 6A religion class that the publication got a second chance to live, like a butterfly being given a second chance to live. Let's just say nobody was chuffed; and everybody wanted to do something about it. Attempts were made to get the official book back on track, but 'Woodies' teaches us the benefits of D.I.Y. And so a yearbook for the class of 2009 came to be.

Thanks to:

- Article writers (names with articles)
- Those who sent photos, quotes etc.
- Vizard the Wizard (hunter-gatherer)
- Damien 'Ka-Ching' Suen (responsible for artwork and sourcing of a printer)
- Anyone else who played any part in making this wonderful dream a reality... [pause to wipe away the tears]

This was put together in Microsoft Word, but I did my best to make it look as good as possible despite that. Hope you like it,

-Karl Maxwell

Normally, this page of the yearbook might have little articles written by the principal, the year head and the chaplain. Unfortunately, as the school won't veto this project or take any responsibility for it, we don't have any. What we do have though, is a heart-warming poem about the values of education, love and friendship, by a renowned scholar and author of many famous children's stories such as 'The Carrot With The Heart Of A Cabbage', 'The Ugly Porcupine', 'The Tiger's Furry Coat', 'The Princess And The Stalker' and 'I Wish I Was A Banana So I Could Eat My Sorrows Away':

### **18-20 year halted**

Gathering its energy segments from the universal truth;  
its course dexterity eating my brain  
for the hidden meaning of questions, whose truth  
is as bizarre as the false.

Then it stops to rewind  
back to those important parts for those of lacking ears.

-Eoin O' Meara

Cliona Campbell

**“When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child and I thought as a child: but when I became an adult, I set aside such childish things.”**

For many of us, leaving our childhoods behind and beginning the path ahead seems both daunting and exciting - a newfound freedom that has the ability to both thrill and chill us all at once. Yet I would

implore those who harbour these worries to cast their minds back six years ago. We were standing in a huddle, school jumpers flapping at our knees and a ten stone schoolbag anchoring us to the floor. Quite oblivious to the Big Bad World, we were the innocent little angels.

My, how things change! And yet, we survived. We may have temporarily lost our way along the journey, both in the literal and metaphorical sense of the word, but we found our way again, and before long, we were at home.

Yet I can't help but feel sad to imagine that Mr. Alcock will no longer uplift our mornings with his light-hearted banter and witty wisecracks, calling us to prayer with "I sure hope St Peter isn't too busy gossiping when ye reach the pearly white gates" or "Come on lads, I'm old, this could be the last chance I get." I don't think I'll ever

unscrew a bottle without remembering Mr. Myles' profound advice of "Rightie tightie, leftie looseie". Indeed, it seems daunting that Mr. Nally's bestowing of his worldly wisdom and rebellious teen-at-heart philosophies has all come to an end. It seems that our six years have

passed by in a blur and only now do we pause to reflect on what secondary school has truly meant to us.

The quality that I treasure the most in my year group is their innate ability to remain united through even the most tragic of circumstances. As the wind whispers through the delicate limbs of our memorial trees, we remember those who should have been here to share each and every momentous occasion with us throughout our school years.

Adam and Andrew's short lives shone a light on all of our hearts, which is not dwindling, not ebbing away, but being carried along with us as a constant reminder of their brave lives. Yet nobody has ever been left to carry the burden of grief alone. The spirit of our year has always been to present a unified front through thick and thin, in good times and in bad, which has rewarded us with some of the most enduring friendships we will ever know.

One thing I do know is that they wouldn't have wanted us to look back on these school days with pangs of sadness and nostalgia. For these memories are a way of holding on to the things you love, the things you are, and the things you never want to lose. Yet there comes a time in every person's life when we all must walk on, because we'll never

walk alone.

# FIRST YEAR

## Sports Day

First year might seem too long ago to remember, but these pictures should jog your memory.



# SECOND YEAR

## School Show

We made a show of ourselves...



## River Deep, Mountain High

Niamh Reidy &amp; Jennifer O' Leary

On the 15th of September 2k6, two days after our Junior Cert results, a crowd of bright-eyed and bushy-tailed fourth years set off on an epic quest to the Kingdom. The objective: to instil a sense of teamwork and friendship into us post-partaay, depressed teens by making us trudge a few miles through the Kerry countryside by Torc waterfall... a little tweeby but hey, it was a day off.

We departed the school all fureeeeeeeeeekd about the news du jour: Laura Lynch had broken her arm in an altercation with a tombstone and wouldn't be able to come. SCANTY NERVES! Anyhoo, the long and perilous bus trek to Boggerville proved somewhat boring, so we entertained ourselves with oodles of bus-related activities such as bus-surfing and the obligatory sing-song. We arrived brimming with eagerness and zeal and fervour and passion and vehemence (we didn't use a thesaurus) ready to start our trek into the unknown wilderness of Kerry... and so the TORC-ture began... (see what we did there?)

We trudged endlessly (uphill, downhill, diagonal-hill, side-to-side hill) through bogland and desert for days on end. Some raced ahead; others (i.e. us) did not. One of those expeditious individuals, who shall remain nameless (ahem, Damien Suen, ahem), nearly caused bloodshed when he - unable to control his velocity downhill - almost flattened us. The result: him sprawled in a gully, us scarred for life. We eventually reached what we thought to be the end... it was not. We were subjected to J.J.'s relentless trigger-happiness at a time when we were not looking our best. Alas, the photos shall forever remain as an unwanted reminder of our red-facedness.

The long slog back: the sweltering heat proved too much for the buffest among us, and so the toplessness began. Some were so desperate for beverages, they drank from puddles to quench their thirst. We eventually reached Muckcross House and stampeded hoards of Yanks out of the way in our haste to make it to the hot food counter/toilet (I knew the puddle was a bad idea). We returned to the bus, pooped but content, until the next day, when sweet niblets did our asses hurt like they had been chopped off and replaced with cheese-graters. Overall, it was a bad ass trip (geddit?)!



## A Life Changing and Bonding Experience

Eoghan Horgan & Emma Goodwin

It goes without saying that Blast:beat was a life changing event for all, worthy of mention in some history books and on a Curriculum Vitae under "Achievements" or "Previous Criminal History" (ok, that was a bad pun like lol). On completing the Blast:beat programme, the C.E.O.s were licked by the flaming tongue of the Holy Spirit and enlightened with the powers of management, acting as a lantern to light and guide them along the path of life. For them, the journey had just begun. Who would have thought that today they would still be in school...? After such vigilant and trying tests, they decided to further their education, here in the school among the other average students. Blast:beat taught us all an important lesson - we all have something in common; an incapability to deal with each other. There was laughter, there were tears... And only few are left to tell the tale...

One day, in a school not too far from here, there was a little boy/teacher named Mr. Griffin (half lion, half eagle, 100% motivation) who thought it would be a nice idea to round up a group of hormonal teenagers in order to form a big happy family/company where they would go out and seek good Christian music to promote. Thus, Criminal Records was born. Little did he know the crazy and wacky events that were about to unfold...

Three overlords/C.E.O.s were selected by God to lead the group into battle (of the bands competitions). The first gig took place in the clean, respectable wench-house "An Crúiscin Lán". Any geologist would agree that it truly rocked. Other fun-packed adventures included bag packing, no uniform days, table quizzes and Christmas! (I got a puppy but it died). Fun was attained (but not too much fun) by all the hard-working little elves that took part (no elves were harmed in the making of this company, only puppies).

The first gig was so critically acclaimed that it sparked off a revolution in youth sub-culture in Cork. Due to popular demand, the second gig took place. Any optician would agree that it was quite the spectacle. A balloon release was organised by our balloon consultant, Dr. Aisling Murphy (who also played a small role in Concert Production). Due to inflation, there was a sharp increase in the cost of the balloons which eventually amounted to a whopping €2 each! 200 balloons were released at the end of the gig, which were immediately violated by 200 drug-addicts, i.e. our target market. Dr. Murphy, from her wild days as a tree-hugger in the 60's, also organised a safety precaution for the bands getting on the stage: an unbreakable fortress/human chain of love and flower-power which was completely ineffective.

After such perils, things were getting serious at Criminal Records HQ. You could cut the tension at our meetings with a blunt spoon. "You're overdosing on a little drug I like to call F.U.N.," Mr. Griffin informed us (who started in hilarious comedies such as "Entourage" and has dreamy green eyes and a taste for certain oriental ice-creams). As the stress mounted, one of the C.E.O.s, who, for legal reasons, shall remain nameless, (Caoimhe) was caught doing homework during a meeting. Violence soon erupted, resulting in name calling and general tomfoolery. Harsh words that I dare not speak were shouted. The C.E.O. was then exiled to Mantua for a short period because "she hurted Mr. Griffin's feelings," but was soon welcomed back with open arms when things settled down. That's when the real problems began to arise...

The third gig achieved even more than the previous – more controversy! CRIMINAL RECORDS read the flawless banner, which was barely legible and tasted yuck. In fact, the honourable band we were promoting, also known as KXV, decided to act against us in revolt and didn't play the charity gig... because they needed to practise for the final...ahem... Of course, we completely agreed and no bad feelings whatsoever were had. Despite all of these setbacks, any controlled demolition expert would agree that the gig was a blast.

Soon after, preparation began for the Blastbeat final. Every mini-company needed a public display (of affection) stand at the final in Vicar St. in Dublin in Ireland in Europe in the World in the Solar System in the Milky Way Galaxy in the Universe. Of course, when we arrived at said address, we realised that our vision of what the stand should be and every other company's view were slightly different... We crushed them like the puppy I got for Christmas. He was so beautiful... Our presentation was "exquisite" (Irish Times) and "4/5" (Rolling Stone). Then came the deciding moment. All of the companies were called up onto the stage for the award ceremony by Rob Stevenson (the creator of this entire orchestration). It was then that the final awards were announced. "WE WON!" Mr. Griffin shrieked in his soft, dreamy voice. Everyone jumped around like giddy school girls. 11 of the 15 awards in total were given to Criminal Records, including best supporting actress. For the first time ever, the company was united positively, which, in a sense, was the true meaning of Blast:beat. Overall, any judge would agree that our Blastbeat experience was beyond doubt criminal!

## Barcelona

Aoife Hickey & Jennifer Bowen

On Thursday the 22nd of March 2007, sixty-three of us and, of course, the five teachers - Mr. Alcock (legend), Ms. Cronin, Mr. O' Toole, Ms. Donnelly, and Ms. Barry Murphy - arrived tired, but excited, in Barcelona. When we were given our rooms, we were delighted to find that we were next door to Mr. O'Toole. He, however, was not so thrilled as he was woken up every morning at six with the hairdryers!

After a good night's sleep, we headed to Barcelona city, where we received a guided tour of the city and visited the beautiful Sagrada Familia Cathedral and the Park Guell, with Gaudi's stunning mosaic lizard and other attractions. We then travelled to the Nou Camp, Barcelona F.C.'s magnificent stadium. That night, we all wanted to hit the clubs, but the teachers on the other hand opted for a quiet night at the bowling alley; although more than a few bottles were still spotted around the teachers den!

Monsterrat was the next stop. As the bus travelled through beautiful mountain scenery on the Friday morning, the height began to bother some people, but it was all worth it when we reached the top, with breathtaking scenery and high mass taking place in the Cathedral itself.

After that, it was off to Barcelona for some shopping. While most of the lads went off in search of a 'place to watch the match', the rest of us shopped 'til we dropped. A fun (but mouldy) day was had by all!

Last, but definitely not least, we travelled to Port Aventura on the Sunday. Between the 100 metre drop - Hurakan Condor, the eight-looped Dragon Khan and the huge water ride (that Mr. O' Toole went on with all of us and got absolutely soaked), everyone had a great time. When it was time to leave, we all arranged to meet back at the entrance where Mr. O' Toole was presented with a giant lollipop for being the bravest teacher to go on all the rides!

Our trip to Barcelona will never be forgotten and the memories we shared will stay with us all long after we all leave school.





# START!

The Land of Education



The call to Adventure

The pupil receives a signal, Summon to next Stage of Existence



## THE STUDENT

UCC IT CIT UL  
Welcome to Collegeroad

Crossing of the return threshold or the End in other cases

Answers Here

The Ultimate Boom Score

Having passed the Exam the student has unlocked



The of Gods secrets the Roll again

Belly of the beast



Leaving cert paper

The hero is swallowed by the known lose a turn

The Road of Trials

The player must fight back through a gauntlet of ever greater challenges

Leave this space only by rolling a

SIX = A

Concept and drawing by Damien Suen, with Cian O'Leary neatly colouring inside the lines.



# AWARDS

- Biggest D4:** Emma Baxter  
**Biggest Poser:** Megan Bennett  
**Biggest Blonde:** Zara Linehan  
**Biggest Spacer:** Katie McCarthy  
**Biggest Boy Racer:** Emma Goodwin  
**Biggest Waaaaah:** Dodsie  
**Biggest Woman-beater:** Fiachra Landers  
**Biggest Part-ay Animal:** "Night Hawk" Tim  
**Biggest Rebel:** Brian Coffey  
**Biggest Farmer:** Ava O' Leary  
**Biggest Waster:** Brian Coffey  
**Biggest Dosser:** Stephanie Kavanagh  
**Biggest Flirt Male:** Jonathan Knowles  
**Biggest Flirt Female:** Carol Roche  
**Best Beard:** Dean Murray Cantwell  
**Foxiest Male:** Alan Kenny  
**Foxiest Female:** Aisling Murphy  
**Fox in Socks (honourable mention for rigging):** Fiachra Landers  
**Best Cough:** Aisling Murphy  
**Best Laugh:** Natalie Cunningham  
**Best Hair:** Eadaoin Ní Bhuachalla  
**Best Dressed:** Alannah McCarthy  
**Best Robot Dancer:** Eoghan Horgan  
**Best Actor:** Tim Murphy  
**Funniest Male:** Philip O' Driscoll  
**Funniest Female:** Natalie Cunningham  
**Funniest Male Drunk:** Philip O' Driscoll  
**Funniest Female Drunk:** Natalie Cunningham  
**Most Creative:** Suen  
**Most in Touch with their Sexuality:** Jonathan Knowles  
**Most Generous Person:** Charlotte Keating  
**Most Dramatic Dropout:** Eoin O' Meara  
**Most Melodramatic Person:** Zara Linehan  
**Cutest Couple:** Eoin and Cian Tisdall  
**Sweetest Person:** Laura McCarthy

Stratford 2K8

Karl Maxwell & Eoghan Horgan

A three-page essay cut down in true J.J. Key note style:

Somethingth of October... trilby-wearing Frenchman → the romantic Monsieur Boizard... aqueous vessel... the great landmass of Britannica... Wales → pot noodle, Charlotte Church, unpronounceable language... rolling countryside → morphed → ever-expanding concrete jungle... urban forest of Nottingham... tardy and weary... collective date with Macbeth and Co. → dark gripping drama ensnared our minds in a web of deep, penetrating webby stuff... perambulated to the throbbing, pulsing heart of Nottingham → flashback to the 70's... alcoholic palace of 'Flares'... "To Stratford; and beyond!" commanded Sir Nally to a whimpering bus driver, who then proceeded to put the pedal to the metal... first to the antiquated abode of a certain actress and Lancôme model, one such Anne Hathaway → purpose-built love-shack, dwelling plus gift shop, bought honest trifles for family members, Macbeth puppet pals... Warwick Castle → an infusion of Norman grandeur and demanding English brat-children... Toxic Waste... "Avant and quit my sight!"... room above swimming pool... actor with a fetish for making people into the shape of the Titanic... "To London; and beyond!"... I-Spy → Jahna → "it's kind of metaphysical" → reflection... 20 Questions... Rock, Paper Scissors... girly magazines [O-Max]... tube to the city... Globular Theatre... Planet Hollywood [disappointingly not a celestial body]... goosey goosey gander in Picadilly Circus [disappointingly not a big tent with camels and clowns and candy floss]... exchanged notes with some random old woman on them for petty goods... fabulous Alton Towers... chasing the rabbit of childhood imagination into a land of mystery... big, scary rollercoasters... Oblivion lol [=]... rapt withal... Glass Elevator... Anfield... crazy Liverpool tour-guide feen... Nally's WAG walk... saw Saw and saw Saw II... 'The Cigarepisode' (coined by Eadaoin)... Ryan's nosebleed → ROFLMAOOL! [sherbet overdose → don't try this at home]... eh... yeah, think that's about it... did I mention Ryan's nosebleed?



# SPORT

## Eurofoot

Alan Kenny

We headed off in May '07 with sixteen players, Mr. O' Mahony and Mr. O' Toole. We met in the church and left after a few bag searches after what had happened in Barcelona (that still didn't stop three people.)

We reached France two days before the tournament. We checked into a hostel for the first night. The next day, we met our host families, which turned out to be quite funny as not one of us had a word of French.

We started the tournament the next day and our first match was on the main pitch against the Portuguese, which we won 1-0 with C. Tizzi scoring. That was his last act as he was then injured for the rest of the tournament as well as Mickey G. and Adrian Raymond. We lost the next game 1-0 but won the third game thanks to Philly getting one of those long legs to knock the ball in. We then had to play on the brutal clay pitch, but thanks to some good defending from Eoin T. and Dave, we got a draw and Fiachra saved a penalty to win the game for us. The second day wasn't as much of a success as we lost the next two games on penalties, but Sonny kept his 100% record by scoring in all three shootouts. We lost the last game 2-0 but still managed to finish eighth, the best the school has ever done.

Well done to Dave O'Halloran and John Slattery, who represented the European team and put in good performances.

### Memories from the tour:

- Tim getting jocked in front of the two girls in McDonalds
- The girl on the tram who everyone was talking about being sexy and shouting at each other about and she happened to speak English
- Eoin T. nearly killing Mr. O' Mahony in quad biking
- Getting the disco going
- Raymond's Grandad Socks
- The quote of the tour: "Dumb, Dumber, Dumbest."

## Girls' Basketball

Ava O'Leary

It all goes back to first year, when we started with about thirty girls, which was eventually narrowed down to fifteen. Coached by Mick (remember his comb over?) we went onto reach our first ever county final. Unfortunately, we lost out to a stronger Coachford side. We stuck at it though, determined to do better the following year. Under new management in the shape of 'Gally', we went on to win the county final in second year, beating Carrigaline in a very exciting game! In third year, we once again won all our games and reached the county final, our third in three years! We won again, this time beating Bantry.

By the time we were in fourth year, we had lost a few more players. We reached the county final again but lost out narrowly to a team from Charleville.

We decided at the start of fifth year that it would be our year to go further than just a county final, and we set our sights on the All-Ireland Championships. The team was mainly made up of people from our year, with two sixth years and a third year also playing. Players from our year were Aoife Hickey, Megan Cunningham Murphy, Jahna Hilliard, Ava O' Leary, Caoimhe Horgan, Emma Goodwin and Orla McSweeney. After two major ankle injuries, a broken arm and a case of food poisoning before an important game, we thought we were finished. We trained even harder and it paid off when we won the county final. Bit by bit, our team started to come back to full strength and we eventually progressed to the All-Ireland Final in the National Basketball Arena, Tallaght, where we met a strong team from Arklow. We clinched this game by a single point, much to everyone's relief, but we would not have done it without the support and encouragement of our fantastic coach, Gally!

This year was our last year playing together, and to end it on a high note, we again won the county final, this time beating North Mon. We also progressed to the semi-final of the All-Ireland Cup, but unfortunately lost out to a school from Naas. Even with that, we would all agree that it's been our best year yet and you know what they say; save the best till last!

# REMEMBRANCE

## Adam Connolly

Adam Connolly was in BCS for only a short time. But for those who he hung around with, his humour could lift a bad mood. Pretty much always in a group of laughing people. He had this presence about him which had people in good humour, from what I can remember.

His sudden departure took everyone by surprise. He passed away during Easter Week when we were all away from school. We, as a year group, were all young and thrown into the deep end of grieving. But we all helped one another along. The weeks and months that followed will be in our minds, as we grew from this experience.

He is gone, but still remembered...

-Cian O'Leary



## Andrew Twohig

Andrew was only on this earth for eighteen years, yet he made an impact on everyone he met, he touched the hearts of so many people.

Andrew was the kind of friend that you could only dream of having. He was there for you, whether you just wanted to talk or even go out on a Saturday night.

Andrew was an extremely strong-willed character. He rose to every challenge that was thrown at him over the past six years. As well as that you can be sure he did it with a big, bright smile.

Andrew, you have departed now, but we promise that you will always be in our hearts and you will never be forgotten.

-Jerry McGrath



# QUOTES

**Ms. Lennon:**

"Ask Holy God!" "Don't be a baby now!" "You will respect my authorita, Eoin, like it says on your pencil case!" "Un, deux, trois cats sank!"

**Mr. J.J. Murphy:**

"Don't mix up exotic with erotic. I do that all the time." "You wake up one morning looking down on your own decapitated head with your feet at the end of the bed, you know?" "You can call George Washington 'Wash'." "You know that song with 'ice cool, cooler than cool'? Well, Karl, you're liquid nitrogen." "I don't think Daniel O' Donnell drinks tea." "I might be out on Friday, but I won't be." "That's not Africa, that's South America, David." "I want you to get excited about rocks!" "This book is constipated. It tried to say the same thing three times!" "Lads, you're gonna become all sorts of things; doctors and lawyers and property developers and dropouts..." "Cork is like a pimple on the ass of an elephant – and that elephant is called Mumbai." "Their internal intestines overheat and explode." "I don't like letting ye wear your own clothes. Ye turn into Megadeth and... and 2Pac." "The smallest of us would be a monster to them. The tallest would be a double monster!" "You can bring a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. So he'll just die. And I'm not going to be performing CPR on a dead horse." "Don't put all your beanbags in one beanbag."

**Ms. Kelly:**

"You gligín!" "You wally!" "You dingbat!" "You amadán!" "One kilogram is therefore equal to ten kilograms."

**Ms. Arslan:**

"I have a geography book to show you. Now I don't know if it's here or if it's in Turkey." "To remember the words 'triangulation station', think of strangulation." "You're not in B.C.S. anymore, Eoghan. You're a farmer living in Mali." "Mali is like a dirty sock or a dirty t-shirt at the end of a basket that never gets washed." "That doesn't mean that there's a mountain of butter in the middle of the E.U."

**Mr. Holland:**

"Now we get mahogany from...? A place we call Brazil." "I'm going to knock your block off!" "Why don't these mice have balls?" "How're the gaaarrls?"

**Ms. Donnelly:**

"Second years, you're driving me crazy!" "24 is a funny number, isn't it?"

**Mr. Nally:**

"I'm gonna make my own porno version of Romeo and Juliet." "You bogface!" "Olan, if I turn around and catch you talking, I will go down there with the scissors and cut out your tongue and feed it to Fiachra." "Alan, are you ever ashamed to get out of bed in the morning?" "I've said many things that could get me castrated."

**Ms. Myers:**

"Dope!" "I'm going to make accountants out of all of you." "If you were my own daughter, I'd smack you in the head!" "I'll kill you if you keep dotting your i's like that!"

**Ms. Owens:**

"I'm not a monster! I'm not something out of 'the Lord of the Rings' you know!" "By sixth year, you're all going to be mini versions of me." "I am feminine... somehow Tara, you seem to find that hilariously funny." [to Stephen] "There's a dartboard in the office with your face on it."

**Mr. 'John' Corcoran:**

"My name's Mr. Corcoran. You can just call me John." Soon afterwards... "You're not allowed call me John." "Spot on."

**Mr. Lucey:**

Christmas exams, Christmas exams... Forget about it!" "If I can prove that the pips are at least three minutes off national time, you all get homework off."



**Ms. Willis:** "Give me a feel there, Jahna."

**Ms. Fleming:** "Jesus loves you." "It's good to take some time out, just to reflect." "Imagine you are on a beach..."

"You see a figure walking towards you along the beach... It's Jesus." "Turn away from the gospel and walk towards sin."

**Mr. O' Mahony:** "When you put your foot in a puddle, it gets wet." "Dumb... Dumber... Dumbest!" "Authority

sucks, doesn't it?" "You've got bigger fish to fry." "Some of the first years were getting sticky fingers." "I'm sick of this baloney!"

**Mr. O' Sullivan:** "You see, this ad was made for an American audience, so they couldn't make it too difficult or they

wouldn't understand." "What's so funny about Jim Aiken?"

**Mr. O' Broin:** "Max Vizard... It's like a comic strip character!" "Now, my creatures..." "Lads, if a lion came into the classroom, would ye all jump into a giant condom to protect yerselves? No. Ye would 'nt."

"Lazarus" "Catwoman" "Peepphole Kate" "Emma Badwin" "Vizard the Wizard"

**Mr. Myles:** "This is maths class – you're not supposed to have fun." "Don't call me Shirley." "SH!" "We're not interested in real life. This is Physics, not real life."

**Ms. Whelan:** "Fiachra, why does Adam have three legs?" (Kayleigh: "My dad works in the sexual health clinic in Cork." Ms. Whelan: "Yeah, I know, I met him." Kayleigh: "What?!" Ms. Whelan: "In the parent-

teacher meeting!")

**Mr. Griffin:** "A griffin's half goat, half lion actually!"

**Mr. Alcock:** "Maybe you should do home ec. instead and learn to put a zip in it!" "I don't want 63 people coming back, and I certainly don't want 64!" "If a Spanish man approaches you and says 'ooh, your eyes,

zey are like zec bluest seas," he's only after one thing!" "When you're at the gates of heaven, you'd better hope St. Peter isn't gossiping!"

**Ms. Horgan:** "You won't be here in 120 years time – no matter how much yoghurt you eat!" "She didn't drop out – she chose to leave." "Let's face it – none of us likes being knocked down by cars." "The car park is

a dangerous place." "The weird people are often the most interesting to talk to." "Some people like coffee... some people like milkshakes... I like tea."

**Ms. Dawes:** "I have no sense of humour." "Get out your notes and start learning and stop smiling." "I never forget when someone corrects my grammar." "Saints preserve us!" "I can see you driving a Ferrari

yet. If you drive in a puddle when you pass me, I'll throw something at you." "Do try to hurry up before I fossalise."

**Mr. Kennelly:** "Wisjecteasheerspmission, could [student] please come to my office." "[student] has lost their mobile phone. It's black and silver with small buttons on it." "The pencil box has... pencils in it."

"Place your sacks in under the table and when your name is called just raise your right arm and exclaim 'present'."

**Inon Ui Murchu:** "Alan! Sucky time is over!" "Where are they going? Connolly West?" "Shoe-

Pack and Connolly West? I've never heard of them!"

