



WINTER 2025

EXPRESSION



Coachford College presents...

The Expression

Winter 2025 Edition

by

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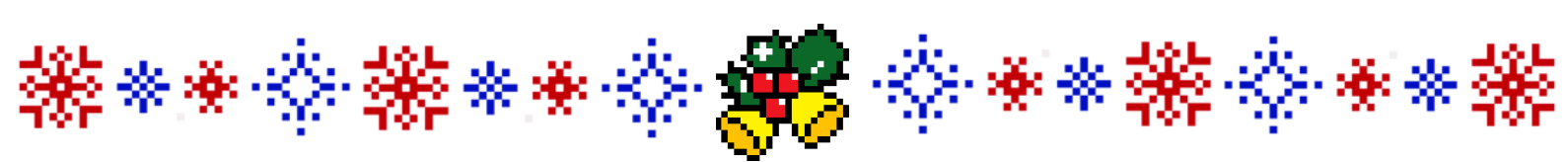
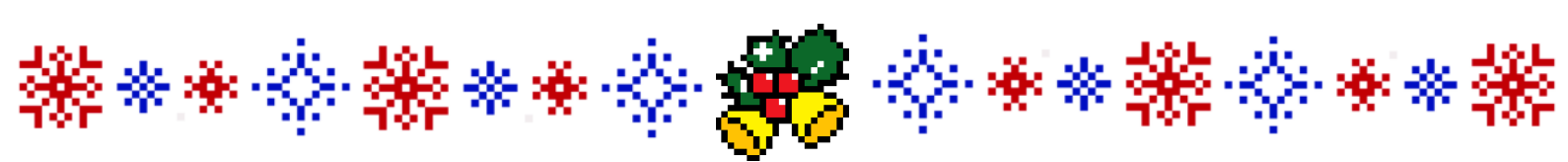


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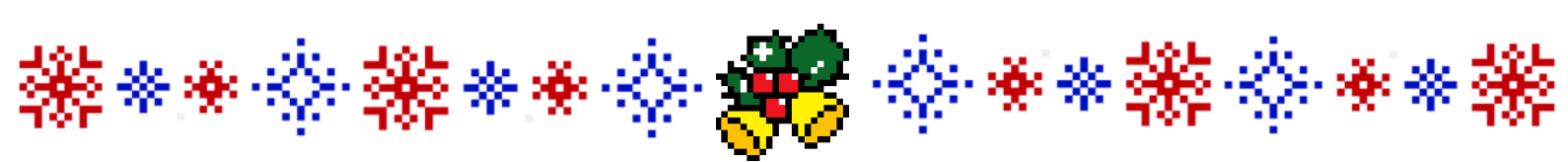
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INTERVIEW WITH BEAN AN TÍ

Ana Clara Souza and Érin Corcoran, 4th Year

1. How long have you been a Bean an Tí?

Bhi scolairí ag mo mháthair sa tigh seo ar feadh ós cionn daichead bliain. Mar sin, tá taithí. Bean Tí agam le tamall fada, ag cabhrú léi gach Samhradh. Táimse díreach ag tús mo thuras féin mar Bhean Tí anois. Sibhse mo chéad ghrúpa Thuras Scoile. Mar sin cuimhneoidh mé ar Coachford College le cion

My mother had students in this house for over forty years. So, I have had a long experience as a housewife, helping her every Summer. I am just beginning my own journey as a housewife now. You are my first School Tour group. So, I will remember Coachford College with fondness.

2. What made you want to be a Bean an Tí?

Mo leanaí! Tá beirt leanbh óg agam. Tá Aisling díreach trí bliana d'aois agus tá Ruadhán nách mór bliain d'aois. Tugann saol mar Bhean Tí deis iontach dom fanacht sa bhaile le mo leanaí. Is múinteoir bunscoile mé leis agus oibrím go páirt aimsire faid is atá m'íníon sa naíonra gach lá.

Tá cuimhní álainne agam fás aníos le scolairí sa tigh, ag cabhrú le mo mháthair, ag déanamh cáirde nua gach Samhradh agus an spioraid agus anam a bhíodh sa tigh i gcónaí leis na scolairí. Dheas liom é seo do'm leanaí fhéin anois.

My children! I have two young children. Aisling is just three years old and Ruadhán is almost a year old. Life as a Bhean Tí gives me a great opportunity to stay at home with my children. I am also a primary school teacher and work part time while my daughter is at the nursery every day. I have fond memories of growing up with students in the house, helping my mother, making new friends every summer and the spirit and soul that was always in the house with the students. I would like this for my own children now.

3. How many students per year?

Blianta siar, ní bhíodh scolairí ag teacht ach i rith an tSamhraidh agus bhíodh cúpla deireadh seachtaine i rith na bliana. Ach anois, bíonn scolairí ag teacht tríd na bliana. Tosnaíonn an chéad cúrsa i mí Eanáir agus críochnaíonn an bhliain le turasanna scoile i Mí Mheán Fómhair/ Dheireadh Fómhair. Tá na Coláistí Samhraidh imithe ó neart go neart agus an-éilimh ar na cúrsaí.

Bíonn rogha ag na Mná Tí cé mhéad cúrsa gur mhaith leo a dhéanamh. D'fhéadfadh suas le 150 leanbh bheith sa tigh tríd na bliana.

Years ago, students only came during the Summer and there were a few weekends during the year. But now, students come throughout the year. The first course starts in January and the year ends with school trips in September/October. The Summer Colleges have gone from strength to strength and the courses are very popular. The Housewives have a choice of how many courses they would like to do. There could be up to 150 children in the house throughout the year.



4. How does your routine change when you have students?

Bíonn rithim maith sa tigh nuair a bhíonn scolairí agam mar bíonn géarr ghá le bheith eagrúithe agus córas cruinn a bheith i bhfeidhm. Bíonn an bórd leagtha an oíche roimh ré don mbricfeast ar maidin agus gach rud eagrúithe don lón. Bíonn na scolairí ar scoil go dtína ceathair a chlog gach Luan go Aoine agus tugann sé seo saoirse iontach do Bhean an Tí.

Ansan bíonn dinnéar ag a cúig sar a mbailíonn na leanaí leo go dtí an ceilí ag a 7.30. Clabhsúr na hoíche ná cupa tae agus cúpla rud deas roimh an leaba taréis an chéilí chun scéalta na hoíche a roinnt.

Is breá liom an rithim a bhíonn agam sa tigh nuair a bhíonn scolairí agam. Bíonn gá an áit a choimeád breá slachtmhar, glanadh suas taréis gach cúrsa agus bíonn cabhair agam le 'beirt sa chistin gach lá 'ag ní agus ag triomú na háiristí. Bíonn deis agam mo leanaí a chuir a choladh faid is a bhíonn na scolairí ag an gceilí agus bím ag súil leis an geraic ar fad taréis an cheilí. Mar bhean tí, bíonn tú greammaithe don dtigh agus na leanaí faoi do chúram ach braithim go dtéann sé seo go maith le saol an Mhamáí.

There is a good rhythm in the house when I have students because there is a great need to be organized and have a precise system in place. The table is laid the night before for breakfast in the morning and everything is organized for lunch. The students are at school until four o'clock every Monday to Friday and this gives the housewife great freedom.

Then there is dinner at five before the children gather with them for the ceili at 7.30.

The evening is concluded with a cup of tea and a few nice things before bed after the ceili to share the night's stories.

I love the rhythm I have in the house when I have students. The place needs to be kept perfectly tidy, cleaned up after each course and I have help with 'two in the kitchen every day' washing and drying the dishes. I get to put my children to bed while the students are at school and I look forward to all the fun after school. As a housewife, you are stuck at home with the children in your care but I feel that this goes well with the life of a Mum.

5. What's your favourite memory of being Bean an Tí?

Is cuimhin liom blianta siar, thagadh scolairí ar a naonair ó suas faoin dtír ar an dtraein nó ar an mbus. Go minic bhíodh deora an chéad cúpa lá agus uaigneas baile orthu. Ní chithidís a glann don tréimhse trí seachtaine. Bhíodh siad mar pháirt don glann againne agus is cuimhin liom mo mháthair á moladh agus á gcur ar a gcompórd. Ag deireadh na trí seachtaine, bhíodh deora agus briseadh croí arís ach ar chúis difriúil.....toisc go mbídís ag fágaint. Bhí sé go haoibhinn misneach na scolairí a fheiscint ag forbairt agus caidrimh a fheiscint ag bláthú eadthru. Anois tagann scolairí le grupaí dá gcáirde, tagann an clann ar a dtuairisc taréis seachtaine agus tá na fóin agus na meáin shoisialta acu. Fós is é an pribhléad céanna é, fáilte a chur roimh scolairí nua isteach sa tigh agus iad a bheith mar pháirt don glann agat don tréimhse. Is í an Ghaoluinn bunchloch gach cúrsa ach, mar bhean tí, cionn tú an fás iomlán a dhéanann scoláire i rith an chúrsa leis agus is rud aoibhinn é sin.

Cúpla cuimhne randomach:

Scolaire a bheith again ó Tazmania. Bhí sé ar laethanta saoire in Éireann agus chuir a thuismitheoirí ar chúrsa trí seachtaine é faid is a bhíodar anseo. Ghlaoigh gach duine 'an Tasmanian Devil' air.



Scolaire amháin ag gearradh an gairdín dúinn na blianta siar. (Ní tharlódh sé sin anois) Mac feirmeora ab ea é agus bhraith sé uaidh obair na feirme, D'fhiafraigh sé dúinn an bhféadadh sé an gairdín a ghearradh. 'Banc' a bheith again sa tigh. Choimeádaimís airgead póca leis na leanaí dóibh. Thagadh cnag ar dhóras an seomra suite, scoláire ag lorg '50pingin' ón mbanc chun dul an tsiopa. Bíonn cárta revolut ag gach leanbh anois.

I remember years ago, students would arrive from upcountry by train or bus. Often the first few days were filled with tears and homesickness. They would not see their children for three weeks. They were part of our family and I remember my mother praising and comforting them. At the end of the three weeks, there would be tears and heartbreak again but for a different reason...because they were leaving. It was wonderful to see the students' courage develop and see relationships blossom between them. Now students come with groups of friends, the family comes to their home after a week and they have phones and social media. It is still the same privilege, welcoming new students into your home and having them be part of your family for the period. Irish is the foundation of every course but, as a homemaker, you see the full growth a student makes throughout the course and that is a wonderful thing.

A few random memories:

Having a student from Tasmania with us. He was on holiday in Ireland and his parents sent him on a three week course while they were here. Everyone called him 'the Tasmanian Devil'.

One student mowed the garden for us years ago. (That wouldn't happen now) He was a farmer's son and he missed the farm work. He asked us if he could mow the garden.

Having a 'bank' in the house, we would keep pocket money with the children for them. There was a knock on the sitting room door, a student asking for '50p' from the bank to go shopping. Every child now has a Revolut card.

6. Do you think visiting the Gaeltacht improves student interest in Gaeilge and their ability to speak the language?

Is dóigh liom go gcabhraíonn sé go mór le scolairí tuiscint gur teanga beo í an Ghaoluinn agus go bhfuil sí go mór ina beathaigh sa Ghaeltacht. Go minic ní chreideann scolairí gur Gaoluinn a labhrann m'íníon agus bús Gaoluinne aici leo. Is dóigh liom do dtuigeann sé deis iontach dos na scolairí a gcuid Gaoluinne a chleachtadh le leanaí an tí mar ná bíonn na leanaí ag ceartú aon dearudaí. Is dóigh liom go dtugann sé spreagadh dóibh leanaí níos óige ná iad a fheiscint ag labhairt Gaoluinn. An rud is tábhachtaí ar fad, i'm thuairimse, ná grá agus meas a bheith agat ar an dteanga agus is dóigh liom go gcabhraíonn turas go dtí an nGaeltacht le scoláire an grá seo a fháil.

I think it really helps students understand that Irish is a living language and that it is very much alive in the Gaeltacht. Often students don't believe that my daughter speaks Irish and she speaks Irish to them. I think it gives the students a great opportunity to practice their Irish with the children in the house because the children aren't correcting any mistakes. I think it gives them encouragement to see younger children speaking Irish. The most important thing, in my opinion, is to have a love and respect for the language and I think a trip to the Gaeltacht helps a student to find this love.





Little women(2019)

Emma Healy & Lucy O'Driscoll
4th Year

Director
Greta Gerwig

Actors

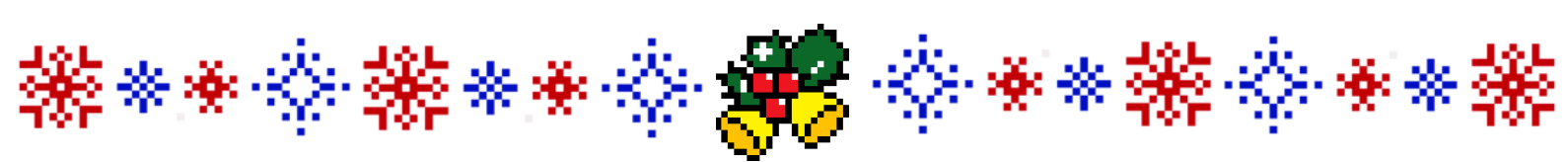
Saoirse Ronan (Jo March)
Florence Pugh (Amy March)
Emma Watson (Meg March)
Timothée Chalamet (Laurie)
Eliza Scanlen (Beth March)
Meryl Streep (Aunt March)
Laura Dern (Marmee March)



Greta Gerwig's wonderful film adaptation of the novel 'Little Women' by Louisa May Alcott, is a great film option to check out for the Christmas period, although it may not be a Christmas movie, it has all the aspects of one, such as a winter theme, and a warm family atmosphere in multiple scenes. The film showcases the lives of the four March sisters, Jo, Amy, Meg and Beth as they overcome the challenges in their lives.

The outstanding Saoirse Ronan portrayed the character of Jo excellently, through her fierce attitude, brisk and ambitious emotions in the film. From the very first scene, Ronan establishes Jo as a woman straining against the boundaries of her time. One of Ronan's standout moments is her monologue about the constraints placed on women "*I'm so sick of people saying that love is just all a woman is fit for*". It's a quiet storm of frustration and sadness, delivered with such emotional clarity that it lingers a long while after the credits roll.

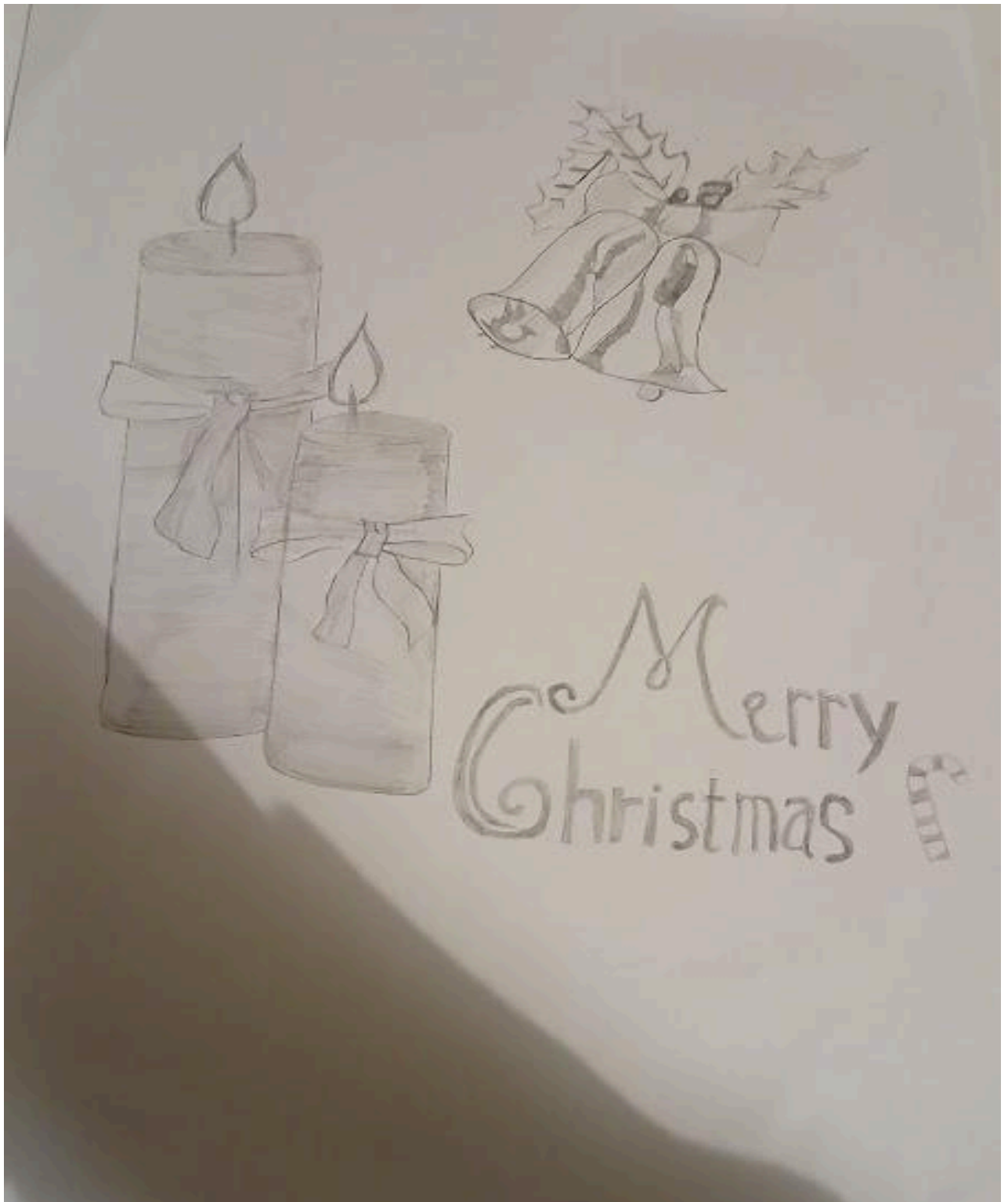
The film explores the themes of death, love, friendship and sisterhood. It has a powerful story, superb acting with beautiful costumes and design. Given 95% by Rotten Tomatoes, and 3\5 on The Irish Times, this movie has the fantastic ratings it deserves and should be watched by many.



Art work

Sarah Lehane

6th year



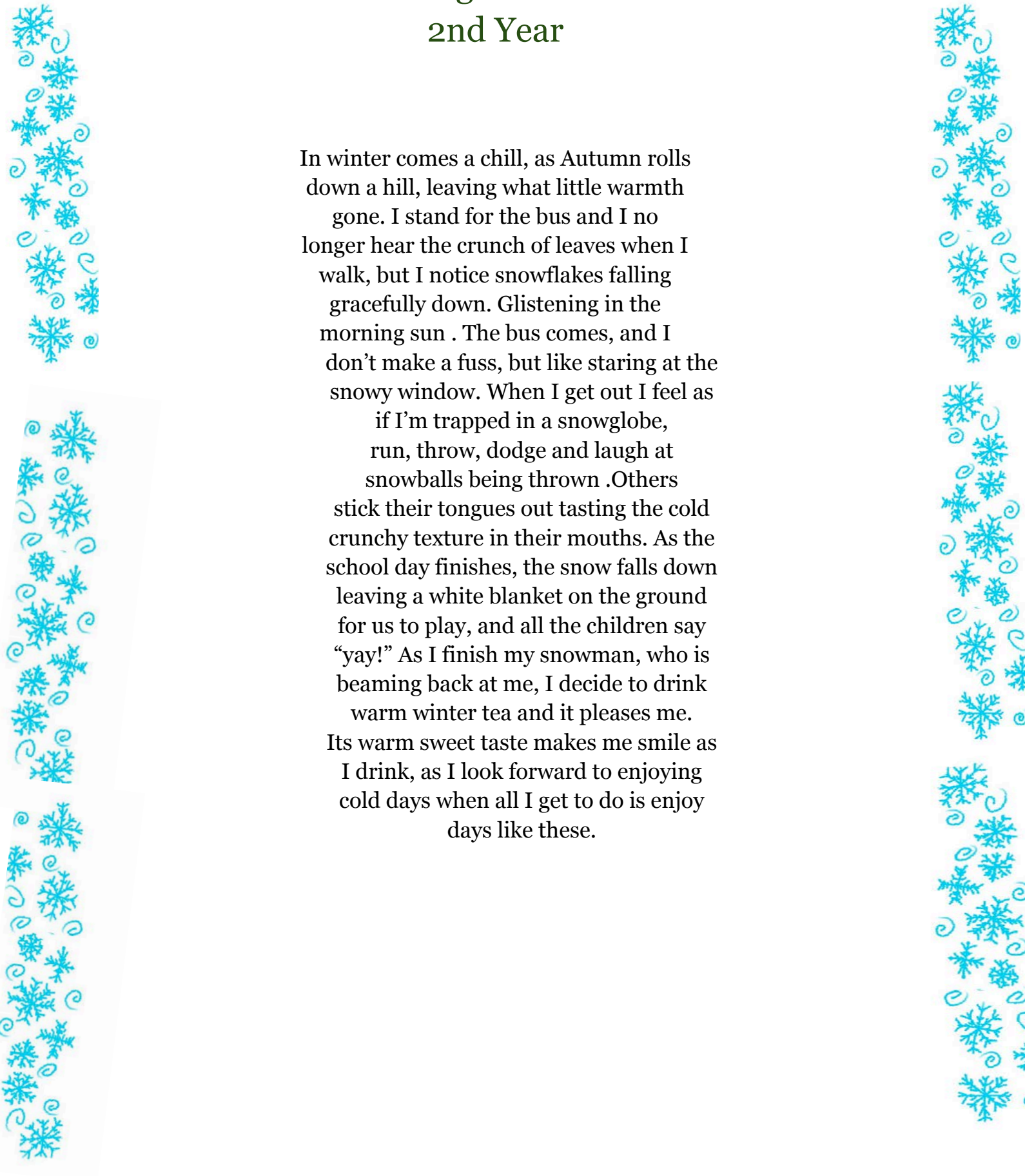


Winter

Clodagh McDaid

2nd Year

In winter comes a chill, as Autumn rolls
down a hill, leaving what little warmth
gone. I stand for the bus and I no
longer hear the crunch of leaves when I
walk, but I notice snowflakes falling
gracefully down. Glistening in the
morning sun . The bus comes, and I
don't make a fuss, but like staring at the
snowy window. When I get out I feel as
if I'm trapped in a snowglobe,
run, throw, dodge and laugh at
snowballs being thrown .Others
stick their tongues out tasting the cold
crunchy texture in their mouths. As the
school day finishes, the snow falls down
leaving a white blanket on the ground
for us to play, and all the children say
"yay!" As I finish my snowman, who is
beaming back at me, I decide to drink
warm winter tea and it pleases me.
Its warm sweet taste makes me smile as
I drink, as I look forward to enjoying
cold days when all I get to do is enjoy
days like these.





Interview with Sophie O'Grady

Emma Healy and Ide Desmond 4th

Profile of Sophie O Grady 2nd year student TV star and an actress to watch

Am Abú is a new, entertaining live action Irish language kids drama series, starring our own Sophie O' Grady, that takes us on a surreal and comic journey led by the wicked 'Leithreas Lugh'. He travels down his portal loo and does his utmost to mess around with history using false fact and fake news, all to generate more followers and likes on his social media.

We interviewed Sophie about her time on TG4 and her love for acting. Sophie has been acting for 4 years. She began with musical theatre with The Monforts. Sophie has always wanted to pursue a career in acting since she was young, and the role in "Am Abú" (A recent television series on TG4), was just the beginning she needed. Sophie got the role through a social media post that her mom saw. They sent in an audition tape as Sophie was perfect for the role, and she received a call back about a week later. She got a call four days later saying she got the role which was very exciting for her.



The role was perfect for her because of her amazing Irish which her auntie helped improve as she is an Irish teacher and spoke to Sophie in Irish. She had many favourite episodes, some including the

rap battle episode which she said was really funny to film and she got



sprayed with slime twice. She managed to balance school, acting and the many lines she had to learn with the help of an on set tutor during the ten weeks of filming.

Here are some fun facts about Sophie

Favourite Actress:

Emma Stone

Favourite Film:

La La Land

Actor she admires:

Emma Stone

Her dream job:

To work with London musical theatre

Actor she admired from the show:

Sean the antagonist

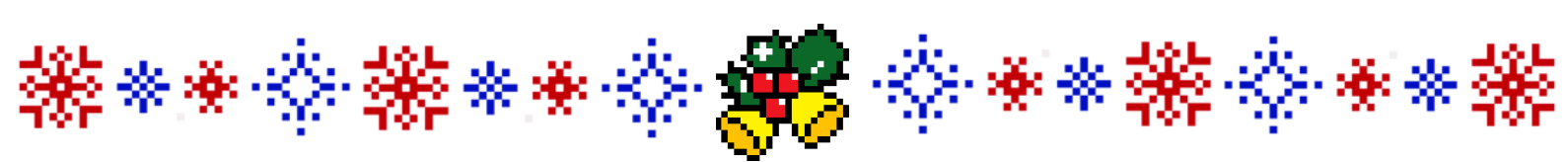


Artwork

Keyleigh keyes

2nd year





Scary Short Short Story Competition

October 2025

Winners and runners up

This year we got many great submission but these are the winners and the runners up

Winners

Sam Villarin, 6th year

Rain paints messages across the glass – letters forming, dissolving. Always the

same phrase: “Not yet”. I don't know what I'm waiting for. But it does.

Funfair lobotomy - Emma Hall, 2nd year

The coaster halts, my hair snags in rusted gears. Something tears, my body falls

with the ride, but not all of it...

The Witches' Supper - Clodagh McDaid, 2nd year

My cauldron brewed, this child will be the salt for my stew. Is one enough? Maybe I need two?

What would Gordon Ramsey do?

Runners up

Desperate Envy - Emma Hall, 2nd year

My stitches sting. Something moves beneath the blankets, cold, insistent.

Fingers tracing the incision. Whispered words. “Maybe if I had your heart, he'd love me instead”

My Friend - Sarah Foley, Transition Year

I had a friend once, she drove me crazy. Her head on a stick. Maybe I shouldn't

have friends

Feeding Time - Judy Carter, 2nd year

I pulled my son downstairs, his unconscious body limp in my arms, “feeding

time” my husband hissed as I lay him on the ground.

Kayleigh Keys, 2nd year

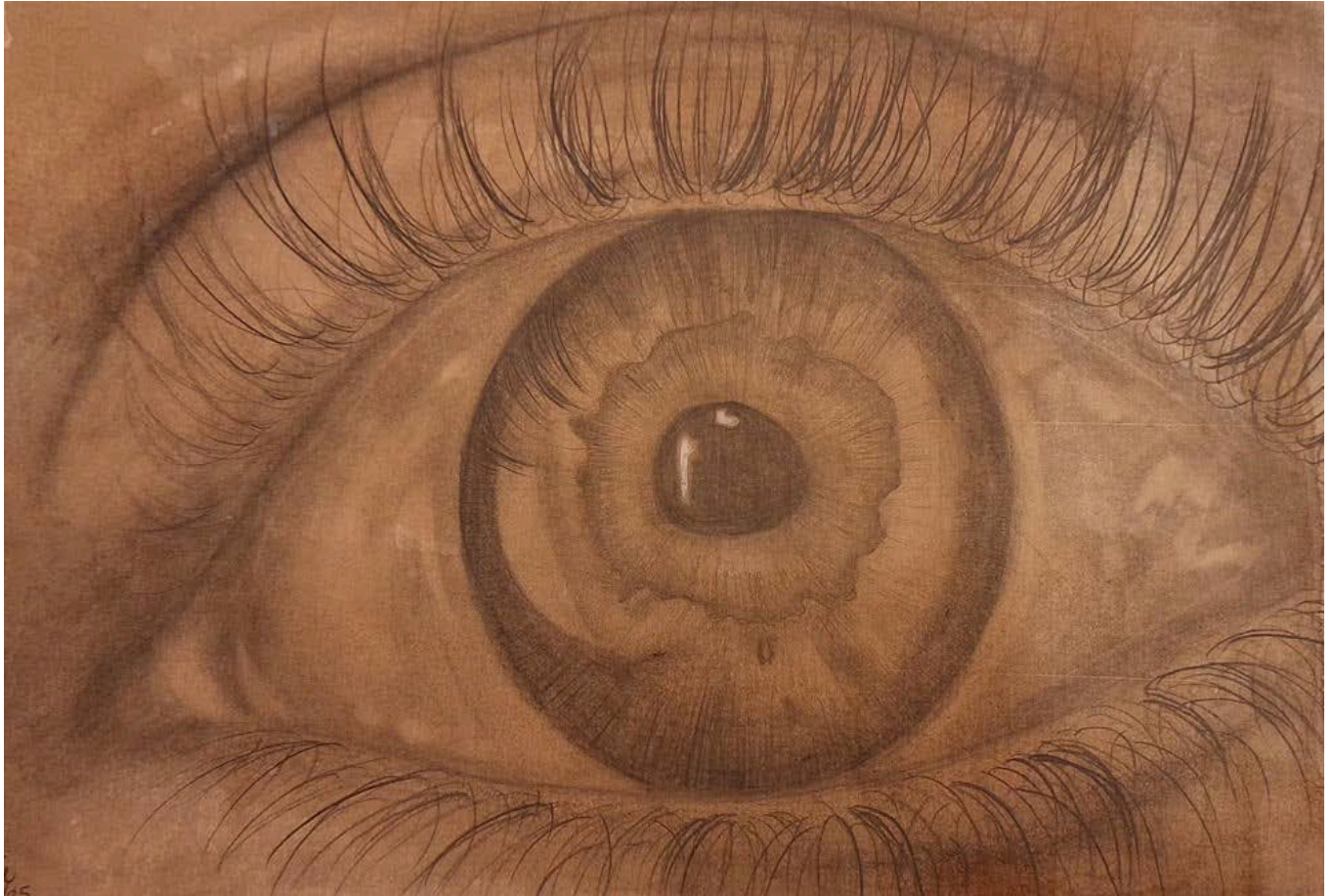
It stands on hind legs, howling at the silver moon red eyes dark and malevolent. dirty brown fur caked in crimson blood, all shall die.





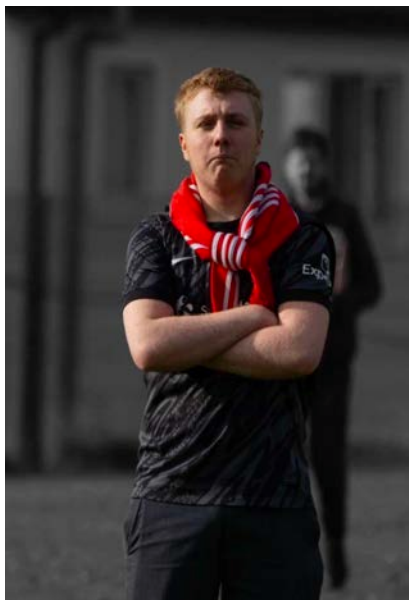
Artwork

Wiktor Nargog, 2nd year



Photography

Cian O'Connell, 4th Year





Twilight

Erica O'Connell, 4th Year

Over the summer I watched the movie “Twilight” for the first time and here's what I have to say about it. Originally a 2005 novel by Stephanie Meyer, Twilight created quite a stir for fans of the fantasy genre. Since vampires were always scary and dark creatures, it was something new and different for them to suddenly be these stunning people that live and act



like humans. The story is about a girl named Bella Swan who moves to the rainy, gloomy city of Forks, Washington. She begins going to Forks High School. She makes a small group of friends but is intrigued by the Cullen family who are a mysterious group of kids who were adopted by Carlisle and Esme Cullen. They don't really interact with anyone and Bella

unfortunately has her first interaction. In biology she has to sit next to Edward who begins acting weird and covering his mouth and nose as if there's something wrong with Bella. The whole movie is filmed with a blue kind of filter that adds to the gloomy autumn vibe which is why it's so memorable. I absolutely adore this movie. It's the type of movie that you don't have to pay too much attention to. I would wholeheartedly suggest if you are a fan of romance or fantasy movies to definitely give this one a watch. The movie has a bad rep. because of the acting and some scenes taken out of context but honestly I think it's an excellent movie . The soundtrack to this film is absolutely amazing with artists like The Muse, Linkin Park, Paramore and so many more.





Halloween 2025

Photos by Serenity Gucella, 1st Year





Halloween 2025





Banana bread: the ultimate comfort food for when life gets bananas

Cian Casey & Niamh O'Malley
4th Year

Ingredients :

- 140g caster sugar
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 140g butter
- 2 large eggs
- 140g self raising flour
- 2 very ripe bananas
- 1/4 cup cocoa powder (optional)



This recipe will take roughly 1 hour and 15 minutes for the best banana bread you will ever have.

1. The first step we need to do is to line a loaf tin with baking paper and preheat an oven to 180°C.
2. Soften the butter and combine with caster sugar till fully and light and a tiny bit of the flour.
3. Once done, beat eggs and add to mixture. Mash both bananas and fold in remaining flour and cocoa powder.
4. Transfer the mixture into the lined pan for the preparation, bake the dish for 50 minutes in the oven at 180°C.
5. Check the loaf every 5 minutes or so for the first 30 minutes by poking it and checking for readout.
6. The loaf is ready once it comes out clean.
7. Cool it down in the tin for about 10 minutes and then move to a wire rack.
8. Mix the icing sugar (50g) and 3 tbs of hot water to make it runny. Drizzle the icing over the loaf, **yum!**



Artwork

Cormac Yelverton

2nd year





The Old Hotel

Eminje Watt

1st Year

The old hotel loomed ahead, a dark shape against an even darker sky. Of course, we had to choose the night of a major storm to do this. We walked slowly onwards, our steps crunching loudly on the gravel path. I glanced upwards, my gaze taking in the bruise coloured clouds, heavy with the promise of rain.

My friends and I had been having an ordinary night, watching movies and playing games, but naturally, Connor being Connor, suggested truth or dare, and here we were, approaching the most haunted place in town, the Eagle-Eye Hotel.

A cold gust of wind sent me hurrying along, leaving the wisps of my memories behind like smoke. Jess stared at the statues at either side of the front door, once beautiful and magnificent eagles, now crumbling heaps of rock. The faded sign at the entrance swung, attached by a single hinge, softly creaking as it moved. We reached the door, nobody wanting to go any further. When Connor finally reached out and pushed it, the door opened easily, like a mouth waiting to swallow us whole.

I walked into the first long hallway, my friends shuffling along behind me. I gripped my torch even tighter as I surveyed the dusty picture frames on the walls, trapped there by cobwebs and grime. Sarah squealed and I saw something scurry past, all furry and manky with a long, hairless tail. Its eyes reflected in the light from my torch, glittering maliciously as it stared me down. A floor board creaked under me, the old wood almost giving away. Confidence returning, I opened the first door, which led to a dusty reception area scattered with chairs and papers. “This isn’t so bad!” I joked, turning back to the others. They were gone. I stepped back into the hallway and looked left and right. No sign of them. “Come on, guys! This isn’t funny!” I called, getting no response. I started to continue along the corridor, going into the last room before the stairs. It was the kitchen. I heard a soft whispering, enticing me further inside. My torch started flickering, the light dimming until it was completely dark. Thunder echoed outside, accompanying the first drops of rain. I stumbled on, bumping into a counter and knocking something to the floor. My blind hands guided the way, fingers feeling ahead. I yanked them back as something pierced my right hand, blood oozing from the cut.



I clutched my injured hand to my chest, feeling the wet liquid soak into my shirt. I spotted a light up ahead, a small shaft of yellow from under a door. My breathing heavy, I pulled open the door, the hinges squealing angrily at me. This room was filled with bookshelves and couches, the bright overhead light shining into my eyes. I blinked it away, noticing for the first time how much colder it was in here. A lot colder.

My breath puffed out in white clouds, in an irregular beat alongside my thumping heart. I got the eerie feeling that something was watching me. I turned slowly, forcing my trembling legs to face towards the window. A scream ripped from my throat.

Standing there, just across from me, was a little girl, maybe four or five years old. She wore a beautiful white dress and held a doll in her hands. She was smiling, her pearly teeth small and straight, an adorable silver crown on her head.

The only problem was that she was dead....

Artwork

Caitlin Mcsweeney, 3rd year





Coachford College Staff's Favourite Poems

The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

Chosen by Ms Stout

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

"This poem has been a favourite of mine since I was introduced to it when I did my own Leaving Certificate. I like the simplicity of the metaphor in the lines "Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less travelled by, And that has made all the difference." I have always found comfort in the thought that it is okay not to follow the crowd and to make decisions which you need to make for you and your own life."

-Ms. Stout



The Emperor of Ice Cream

By Wallace Stevens

Chosen by Mr M.Lotty



Call the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.
Let the wenches dawdle in such dress
As they are used to wear, and let the boys
Bring flowers in last month's newspapers.
Let be be finale of seem.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

Take from the dresser of deal,
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once
And spread it so as to cover her face.
If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is, and dumb.
Let the lamp affix its beam.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

“Ask me tomorrow for my favourite poem and it will be a different one, but for today it is “The Emperor of Ice Cream” by Wallace Stevens. I love this poem, firstly because of its mystery, I think I have an idea of what it is about, but every time I read it another image burrows into my imagination and I lose the sense of understanding and get more uncertain. A great poem I believe needs to shimmer like a mirage in a desert. I also love the rhythm of the words. But, who is the emperor of ice-cream?” - Mr M. Lotty



La Canción del Pirata

By José de Espronceda

Chosen by Mr. Rodrigo

viento en popa a toda vela,
no corta el mar, sino vuela
un velero bergantín;



bajel pirata que llaman,
por su bravura, el Temido,
en todo mar conocido
del uno al otro confín.

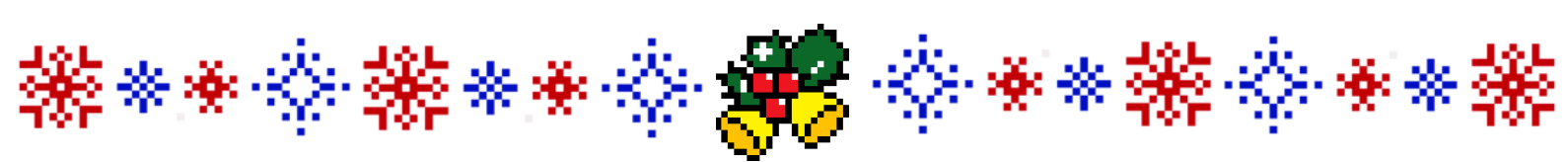
La luna en el mar ríela,
en la lona gime el viento
y alza en blando movimiento

(Unfortunately we could not put the whole poem in as it is quite long.)

“The poem, published around 1840, portrays the pirate's ship as his home, his source of independence, and his unwavering commitment to a life of liberty.”-Mr. Rodrigo



On Raglan Road



By Patrick Kavanagh

Chosen by Ms.Curtin



On Raglan Road on an autumn day I
met her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare
that I might one day rue;
I saw the danger, yet I walked along the
enchanted way,
And I said, let grief be a fallen leaf at the dawning of the day.



On Grafton Street in November we tripped lightly along the ledge
Of the deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passion's pledge,
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts and I not making hay -
O I loved too much and by such and such is happiness thrown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind I gave her the secret sign that's known
To the artists who have known the true gods of sound and stone
And word and tint. I did not stint for I gave her poems to say.
With her own name there and her own dark hair like clouds over fields of
May.

“I find Raglan Road to be an extraordinarily powerful poem because of the emotional honesty at its core. The poem confronts themes of love and loss in a way that feels both deeply personal and universally recognisable, reminding me that such experiences are part of what it means to be human. What adds to its significance for me is the poem’s second life as a song. Set to music, the verses take on a new resonance, allowing the emotions to be felt even more viscerally. This transformation has ensured its place within Ireland’s cultural heritage, where it continues to speak not only to national identity but also to shared human vulnerability.”-Ms.Curtin

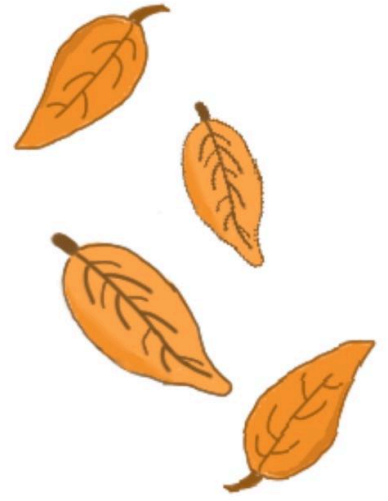
Ode to Autumn



By Keats

Chosen by Mr.R Lotty

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

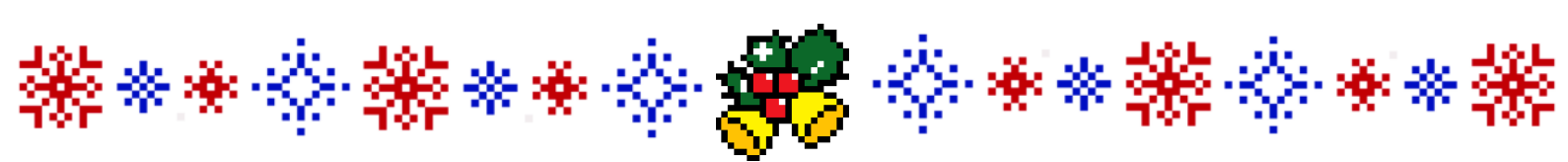


Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozing, hours by hours.



Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

***“His famous quote “Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced”
resonates with most coaches and teachers.”- Mr R.Lotty***



He Wishes for the cloths of heaven

By W.B yeats

Chosen by Ms.Merrick

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams

“It is a beautiful, simple poem, full of light and colour and love. I love how the declaration of love is both raw and personal at the same time as being gentle and tender.” - Ms.Merrick

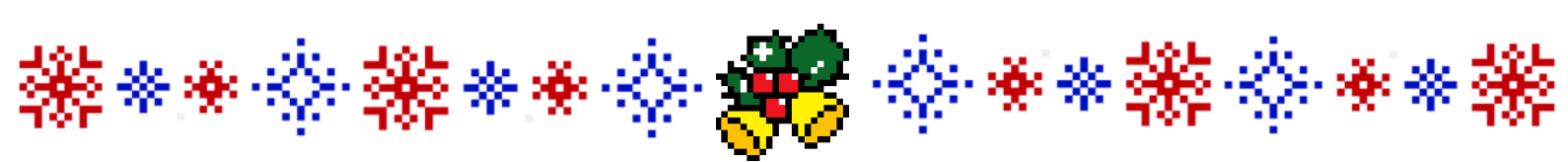
The Purist

By Odgen Nash

Chosen by Sandrine Looney

I give you now Professor Twist,
A conscientious scientist,
Trustees exclaimed, "He never bungles!"
And sent him off to distant jungles.
Camped on a tropic riverside,
One day he missed his loving bride.
She had, the guide informed him later,
Been eaten by an alligator.
Professor Twist could not but smile.
"You mean," he said, "a crocodile."

“Attached is a poem by Ogden Nash, it’s a family favorite . Anyone who thinks poetry is boring , try “Candy is dandy”, the best of Ogden Nash, it might change your mind.” -Sandrine Looney



The Second Coming

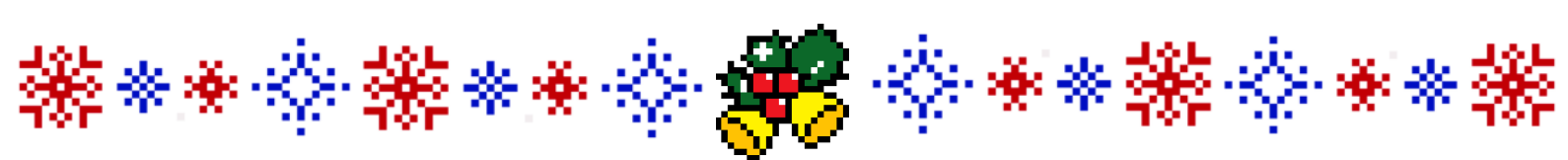
By W.B. Yeats

Chosen by Mr. Foley

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?



“As a life-long fan of horror stories and films, this poem has always appealed to me. It delivers unsettling images of the end of days and the re-birth of the antichrist and what’s not to love about that? It is also a social commentary on the chaos that a lack of moral decency creates. The line “The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity” could not be more true today even though the poem was written over 100 years ago”-Mr Foley



Volleyball 25/26 Report

Tadhg Carter, 4th year

The Seniors' season started on October 3rd, in a double header against Bishopstown and St. Peter's. In an almost blitz like format, Coachford College hosted one Bishopstown team and 2 St Peter's teams. Each team played one another, with Coachford and Bishopstown playing first. Coachford cruised through the game, winning their first set by 25-1, and the second by 25 points to 11, when thereafter they had a break whilst St. Peter's 1 took on the same Bishopstown side, winning both sets with no real struggle. Coachford then played St. Peter's 2, winning both sets by scorelines of 25-4 and 25-5. St. Peter's 2 then immediately played and beat Bishopstown, and the main event was to be played last, as Coachford and St. Peter's played



Their last games of the day.

Coachford started the first set strong, and went 8 points ahead after 4 consecutive aces by team captain Rosaleen Drennan. Coachford finished the set out the same way, with the first set's final scoreline sitting at 25-12 , but when the possession switched over and St. Peter's, they found their own amount of momentum as they won 4 straight points from the serve as Coachford struggled to respond to their new found confidence. Coachford regained their composure as the set went on, and retook the lead, winning the set 25-20 ,and the match and ending the day unbeaten.

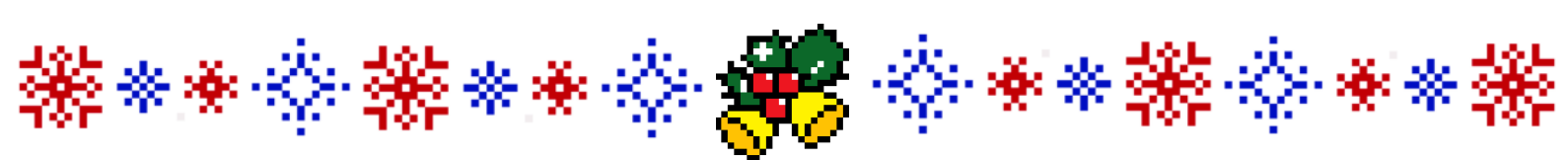


TABLE BY OCTOBER 3RD

Teams	Wins	Losses	Points
Coachford	3	0	9
St. Peters 1	2	1	6
St Peters 2	1	2	3
Bishopstown	0	3	0

(St. Peter's 1 and 2 played each other at a separate date at their home grounds.)

The Cadets started their season strong too, winning both of their opening games, as they beat Davis College in 2 straight sets at 25-14 and 25-12, and also triumphing over St.Paul's 25-17 and 25-15. As these matches were once again hosted by the school in blitz format, St. Paul's also played Davis College, winning over them in 2 straight sets.

TABLE BY OCTOBER 13TH

Teams	Wins	Losses	Points
Coachford	2	0	6
St.Paul's	1	1	3
Davis College	1	2	0

In the first Senior knockouts match, they faced Árdcoil na Mara in a common fixture at Coachford College, as the team has played them 3 times over the years, winning all their meetings. This winning form was carried through to this game, as they won 2 consecutive sets, 25-12 and 25-21, to take them through to the next round.

The Cadets played Fethard in their first knockout game at Coachford College on November 12th. Due to missing key players, Coachford ended up losing their first set of the year in any competition, with the score at the end of set 1 being 23:25. Fethard started off set 2 and went 3 points ahead, but Coachford found their adrenaline and grabbed 7 points in a row, and would not lose their lead for the rest of the set, finishing the set with a winning scoreline of 25:21.

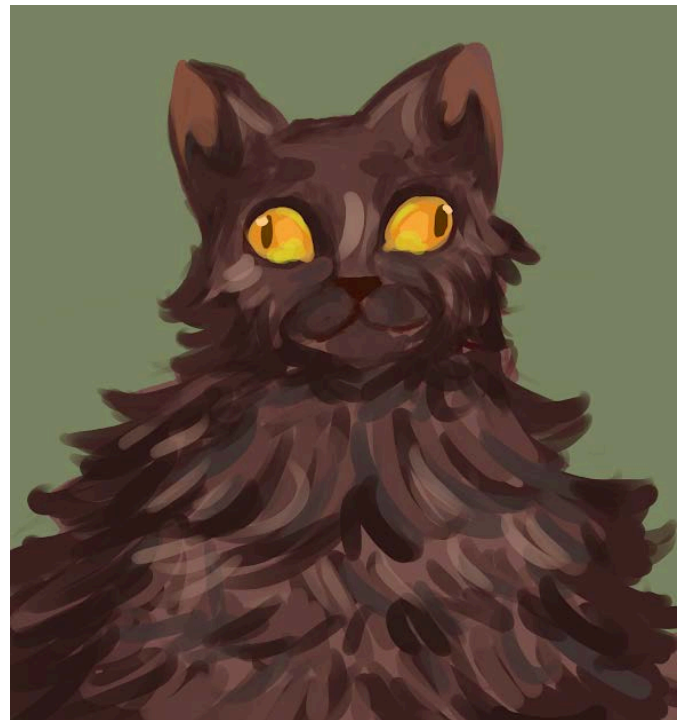
The match would all come down to the first 3rd set of the year, meaning all any of the teams needed to win was 15 points. Coachford started strong taking a 3 point lead, which they carried on until the final 15th point, scored by Érin Corcoran with a perfect ace.



Artwork

Sarah Foley

4th year





Turning Autumn

Adele Wash

1st Year



The summer leaves are dying
Shorter days and longer nights,
The hedgehogs are cozily lying
The harvest moon is bright.

As swallows begin their journey south,
The misty morning greets them as they fly.
We will stay and see this year out
Summer memories linger as we wave goodbye.

Nature & war

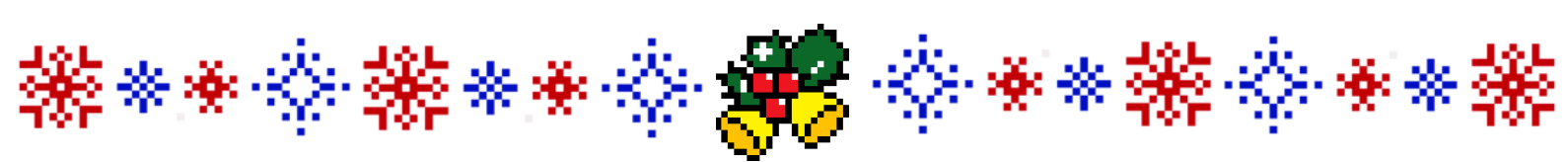
Eminje Watt

1st Year

There is a land with giant flowers,
With tall palm trees and man-made towers.
With a quiet breeze that sighs and blows,
And a small silent river that winds and flows.

The fern tips brush the soft green grass
And the sand is coloured like unpolished brass.
But as civilisation expands and grows,
Peace is shattered and all become foes. . .





The End of the World as We Know It

Ben Mulhearne

3rd year

After we picked up Mirable we headed back to the ship. Mirable looked at it then sneered, "You guys must really be the best and have a serious budget if your ship is anything to go by". "The boss hates us," I said. "Oh is that so?" she said. We boarded the ship and got under way. "So what do you guys do?" asked. Mirable. We do work that is too dangerous for the bosses favourites. "Ok" she said. "You big boy," she said pointing at Dan. "Can you tell me about the guy who sent you after me?" "Sure," he said. His name is Tomas Ato, he is a tall well built guy with a metal jaw and buzz cut green hair. "So he's a clown" laughed Mirable. "Anything else?", she asked "You can ask him yourself" I cut in "He's calling us". I walked to the table and projected the full sized hologram. "Well, did you get her?" barked Tomas. Before I could answer, Mirabel cut in, "you're a pathetic sight and no mistake", sneered Mirable. "And for your information they did get me, if you had eyes you would have seen me in the ship the idiot over there" she said pointing at me can see better than you and he has one eye. "You can't talk to me like that." "Why not? Mirabel asked. "Because you are a member of the team I have command over and I can fire you and throw you into jail." "You couldn't lay a hand on me even if I didn't try. "Why?" asked Tomas. "Because clown did you forget before I agreed to join this team I was an assassin?" Sighed Mirable. There is no answer from the commander. "Sir" I cut in, "we will be back in 20 mins". "Ok" said the commander and terminated the call. "I hope we get a parade when we get back" said Dan. "I highly doubt that Arandail,tech girl is right" said Mirabile. When we arrived there was no parade. The commander wasn't there. There was a note waiting for us it read.

"S.T.E.V.E You are setting out to free the king in 4 days. Tell your team to rest and pack what they need. Good luck and don't screw up. You will be given the location before you leave. Regards,

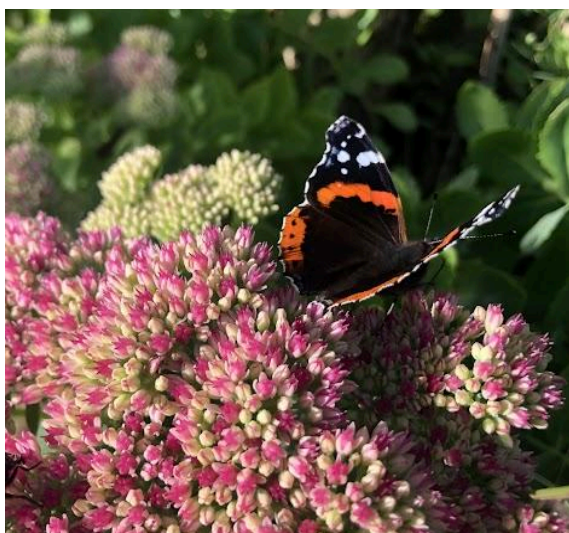
Tomas Ato

PS. You can buy anything you need no matter how dangerous."

I showed it to the team. "We better get packing," said Arandail.



Róisín Mongin Photography
1st year





My Dog

Robyn Morley
1st year



He's my furry friend with a wagging tail,
When I am down he'll never fail.
He greets me with a happy bark
and we go for walks in the park.

He loves to play and chase his ball
and he'll lick my face if he sees me fall,
with his soft white fluffy hair
There's traces of him everywhere.

Although he loves to play outside,
he'll happily stay curled up inside.
He really is my bestest friend,
a bond like ours will never end.

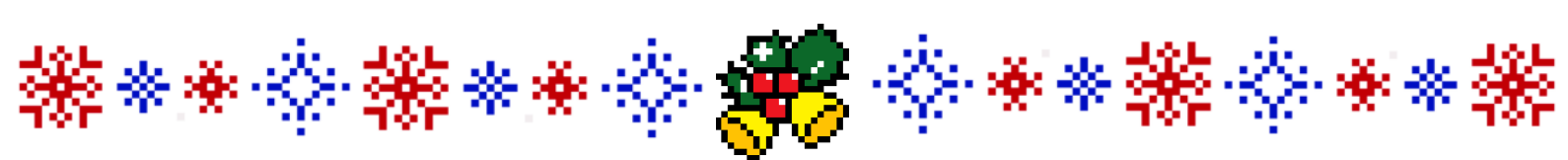
Home

Nathaniel Rejoy
1st year

Sunlight spills across the floor
Warmth greets me at every door
Walls that hold our laughter
Rooms that hold our laughter and cheer

The kitchen hums with comfort and smells
Windows catch stories the daylight tells,
Every corner, every space
My house is love, my favourite place.





DEAN RYAN SEMI FINAL

Dara Fehily, 4th year

Photos by Oran O'Riordan, 1st Year

ARD SCOIL RIS VS COACHFORD COLLEGE

ARDSKOIL RIS 1-23

COACHFORD COLLEGE 2-15



Ardscail ris had a flying start with their first score of the game being a goal.

Coachford came back with points but Ardscail drove it on at the end of the half, leading 1-14 to 0-7.

In the second half Coachford came back out strong, cutting the lead back but

Ardscail bounced back building an 11 point lead but Coachford kept going and late goals from Cíaran Lyons and Fionn Buckley made for a thrilling finish but the whistle came too soon for Coachford falling short by 5.

SCORERS:

Tadgh Murphy 0-9(0-8f)

Fionn Buckley 1-1

Ciaran Lyons 1-0

Cillian Honohan 0-2

Sean Hogan 0-1

Jacob Barry 0-1

Jack Casey 0-1 each





DEAN RYAN HURLING QUARTER

FINAL

Dara Fehily

4th year

Coachford College triumph over Kerry giants CBS Tralee

Coachford College 6-24

CBS Tralee 1-12

Tralee had a strong start, early frees and a goal put Tralee into an early lead but goals from Fionn Buckley and Sean Hogan towards the end of the half changed the match as Coachford took a strong 2-13 to 1-6 lead

conceding only one point from play in the rest of the first half. In the second half not much changed with Coachford piling on the points and Tralee had no answer. Coachford struck 4 goals in the second half through Sean Hogan and Fionn Buckley again with Tadhg Murphy and Cillian Honohan hitting the net also, putting Coachford well on their way and a final score from Tadhg Murphy finished off the game 6-24 to 1-12 for a dominant win and a first ever Dean Ryan Semi final.

Coachford:1 Ferghal O'Leary,2 Conor Healy,3 Colm O Riordan,4 Sean Collins,5 Gus O'Callaghan,6 Micheal Twomey,7 Liam Buckley,8 Danny Buckley,9 Jack Casey,10 Jacob Barry,11 Tadhg Murphy,12 Ciaran Lyons, 13 Cillian Honahan(C),14 Fionn Buckley,15 Sean Hogan

Subs:16 Jack Dineen,18 Cillian Twomey,19 Timmy Buckley,20 Charlie o Connell,22 Ben Foley,23 Dara Fehily



SCORERS:

S.Hogan 2-4

F.Buckley 2-4

T.Murphy 1-6(0-4f)

C Honohan 1-3

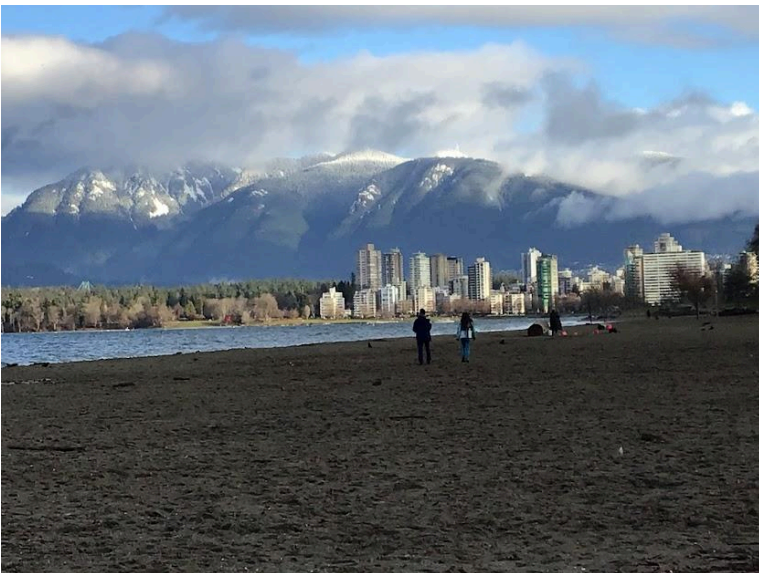
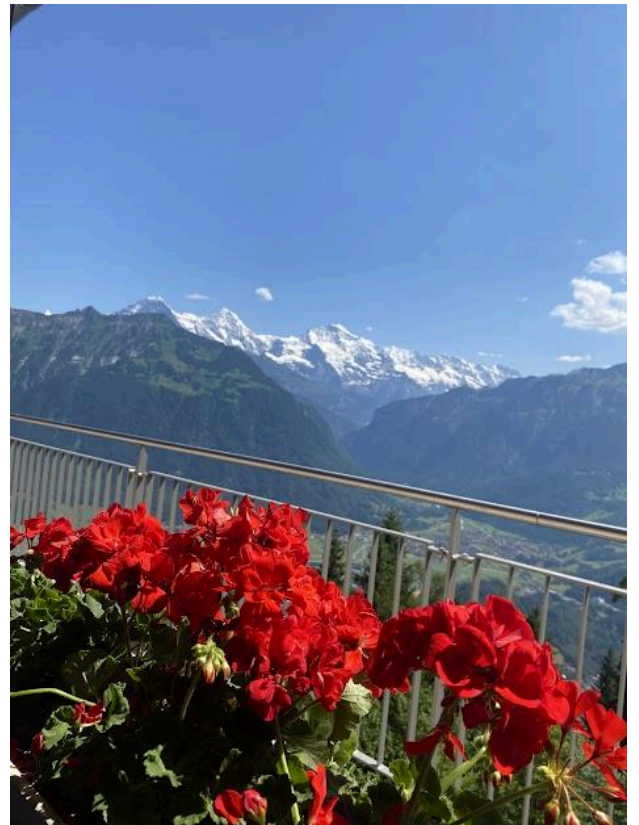
C Lyons 0-3

J Casey 0-3



Photography

Emily O'Dovnovan
2nd year





Nana's love!

Clodagh Finnegan

1st year

She swears she can't eat cake,
But always eats the pie I make,
Her knees, she says are done for good
Then she dances better than I could.

The T.V is loud, next door can hear it,
But touch that remote, don't come near.
She calls me thin then fills my plate,
With seconds helping just in case.

She fusses, jokes, and spoils me rotten,
With love too big to be forgotten.
A walking mix of charm and grace,
That's Nana's love, in every case!



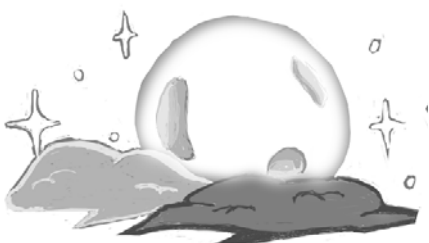
The sky

Blaithín O'Sullivan

1st year

The sun has set, the sky grows deep
The moonlight drifts where the shadows sleep.
The stars awaken, bright and far
Like silver lanterns, each a star.

The trees stand still, the breezes slow-
A hush has wrapped the world below.
I close my eyes, the silence right
A gentle, calm and peaceful night .





Baby Monitor

Kayla O'Sullivan, 1st year

Every night at exactly 3:12 am the baby monitor crackled to life with the sound of faint humming - not the sweet coo of a lullaby, but something wet and broken, like a voice trying to remember how to sound human-like. The baby fast asleep in her crib, never stirred, but Sarah would sit bolt upright in bed, frozen, unable to breathe as the humming grew louder, closer, until the monitor erupted with a guttural whisper "*she's mine now*". Her husband insisted it was just interference, just static, but every morning Sarah found long, wet fingerprints smeared on the inside of the nursery window three stories up, where no one could reach.

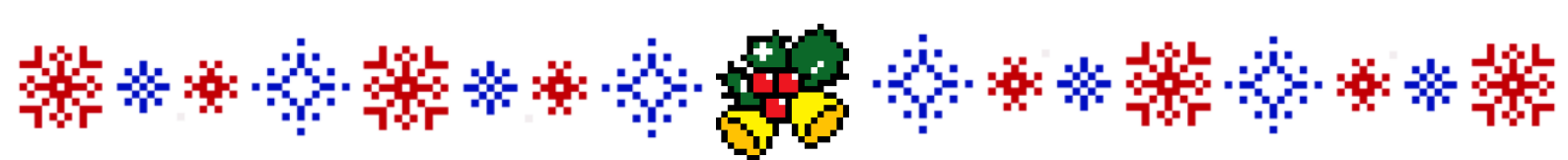
On the seventh night, Sarah couldn't take it anymore. She waited by the crib clutching onto a kitchen knife, eyes locked on the baby monitor's red light. At 3:12 am the humming began again. Slowly, the closet door behind her cracked open not from the hinges but as if the wood itself was being peeled away. A hand, bloated and gray slid out first, followed by a face stitched together with human teeth grinning from places no mouth should be. The baby opened her eyes glowing faintly, and cooed "*mommy*" before the monitor clicked off. The next morning the nursery was empty, and all they found was *the knife melted into the crib...*



Artwork

Megan McElroy, 4th year





Artwork

Eva Dowling
1st year





Black Hollow Woods

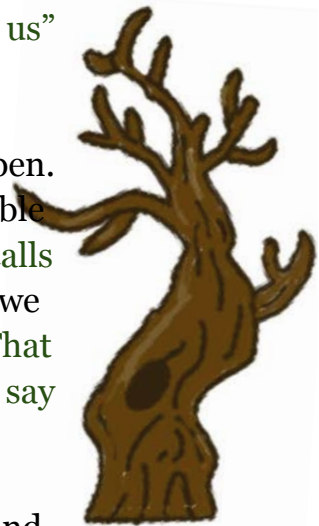
Clodagh Finnegan

1st year

Everyone in our town says never go to the Black hollow woods after dark. People say you can hear voices calling your name, and that no one who ever goes too far, ever comes back the same. Most people didn't believe the stories. I didn't.

One cold autumn evening, I dared my little brother Eli to come with me. "It's only a bunch of trees," I said, trying to sound brave. He looked nervous, but followed me anyway. In a small bag, we packed a flashlight, a camera, minerals and food. The air was cold enough to make our breath look like smoke. At first it was quiet, a bit too quiet. Our footsteps crunched on dead leaves. The trees stood close together, blocking most of the light. The deeper we went, the darker it got. Then we heard it for real. A voice. At first, it was faint, like it came from far away. Then it said my name, "Lena..." I froze. "Did you hear that?" I whispered. Eli nodded, his eyes wide. Then we heard it again, but this time it sounded exactly like him "Eli...". My heart started to beat really fast. "Somebody is messing with us" I said. We turned around and the path was gone. Every tree looked the same. We kept walking until we found an old wooden cabin hidden between thick trees. It has broken windows and the door was busted open. Inside it smelt horrible. There was a dead cat's body in there. On the table, there was a picture of a girl. On the back it said, "Don't listen when it calls your name". Suddenly the door slammed shut. We both jumped. Then we heard the voice again, right outside. "Eli let me in". Eli turned pale. "That sounds like you," he whispered. The flashlight started to flicker. "Don't say anything" I mouthed. We ran out the back door and into the trees. The woods seemed to move around us. Branches scratched our arms. The whispers grew louder. They were calling both of our names now, over and over, in our own voice. I wanted to scream but I didn't. I just kept running.

Finally, through the fog we saw the road. I felt a wave of relief. We stumbled out of the trees gasping for air. I turned around to make sure Eli was still with me. He was breathing fast but safe. Then I heard it. A quiet voice behind me. "Don't leave me". I looked down—Eli was still holding my hand. The voices had not come from him. *It came from the woods.*





My First Week In Secondary

Kaela Clarke

1st Year

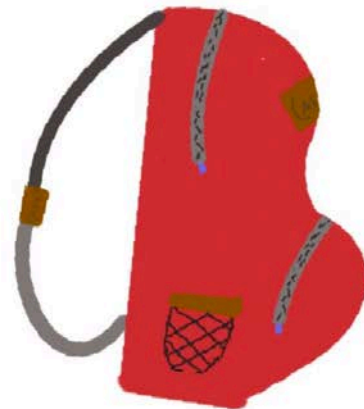
My first week in secondary was eventful,
All the students were very careful.
We all tried not to be too forgetful,
As that would be just dreadful.

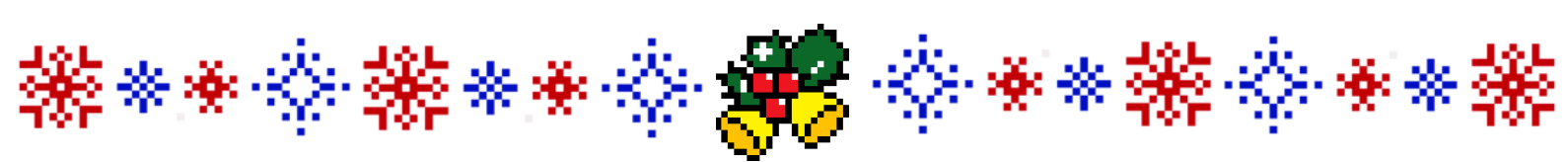
My first week in secondary was exciting,
A few classes I was rewriting.
Some classes my hand was sore from writing,
While others we just went on reciting.

My first week in secondary was amazing,
English, let's just say, was entertaining.
Maths, we were busy counting,
By Wednesday in PE, it was tiring.

My first week in secondary was daunting,
With so many new subjects it was overwhelming.
Finding my way around was challenging,
But making new friends was encouraging.

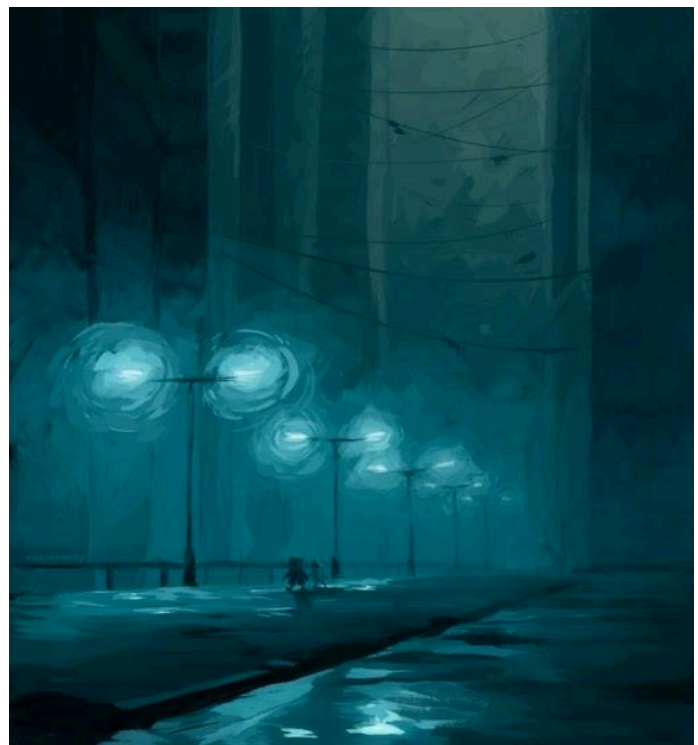
My first week in secondary was an adventure,
The teachers all gave us advice about the future.
I hope the coming weeks will also be an adventure,
And that we will all be successful in the future.





Artwork

Caitlin McSweeney
3rd year





The Beach

Aoibhinn Dasari
1st yr

You see the beach
You never knew
How big it is and the water isn't even blue.

You hear the waves crashing down, You never knew,
How big it is and the water isn't even blue,

But hopefully when you go swim,
you don't drown,

You're in the ocean,
You see the fish,
And they're hoping they don't become your dish.

You can see the birds up in the sky,
While enjoying the beach as you lie,

You have fun and play,
And then it's the end of the beach day!





Avenged Sevenfold

Erica O'Connell

4th year



Since I was a kid heavy metal music has always been in my life and especially the band Avenged Sevenfold. On the radio, in my dad's car, everywhere I went I always heard their music. Originally established in 1999 with band members M.Shadows (Matthew Sanders), The Rev (Jimmy Sullivan) (R.I.P), Synyster Gates (Brian Elwin), Zacky Vengeance (Zack

Baker) and Johnny Christ (Johnathan Lewis Seward). In 2001 they made their debut album 'Sounding The Seventh Trumpet' which was their rise to fame. My favourite albums have to be 'Avenged Sevenfold' (the white album) and 'Nightmare'. I personally like a harder style of metal so those two albums suited my taste. My favourite song is probably 'Almost Easy' because it has an emotional but catchy melody. I think their songs are full of emotion especially 'So far away' which was dedicated to The Rev who sadly passed away on the 28th of December 2009. I would argue he was the best drummer to ever exist. Recently one of their songs popped up on Spotify and I began listening to them again. Avenged Sevenfold never played it safe with their music, every album having a different style, a different sound but still all coming back to the heavy metal genre. They have had their songs appear in many popular games like, Madden NFL 2006, Guitar Hero 3, Call of duty Black Ops 2 and Fortnite. M.Shadows unfortunately injured his vocals in early 2018 and again in September of this year got a vocal fold hematoma. Their Latin America tour was postponed till late January 2026. This halloween I dressed up as the lead singer and put a picture of it on my Instagram story which then Avenged Sevenfold themselves put me on their story.

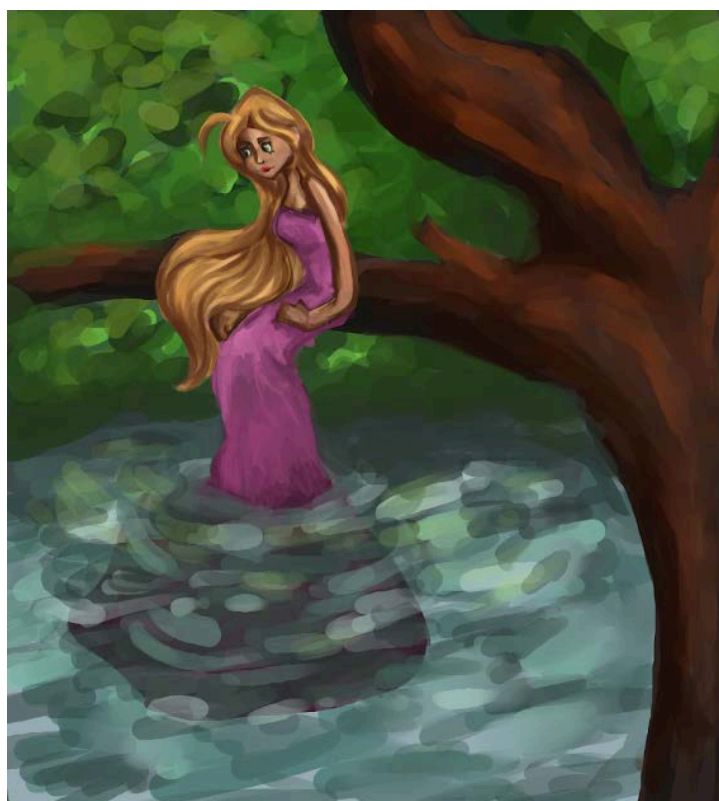
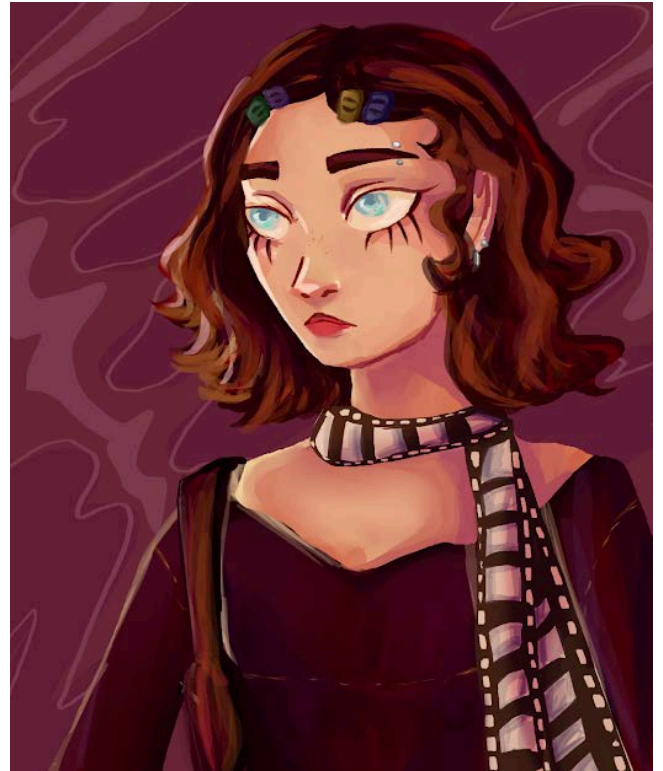


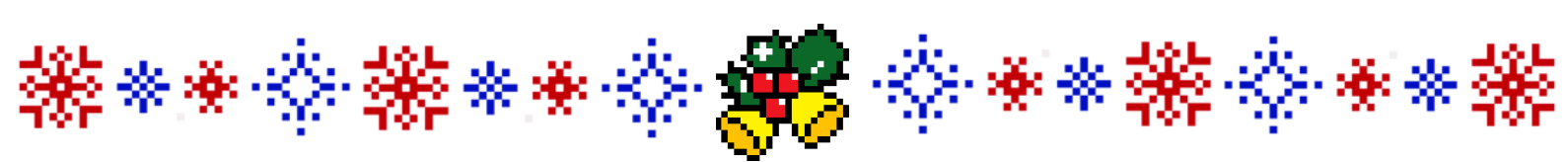


Artwork

Sarah Foley

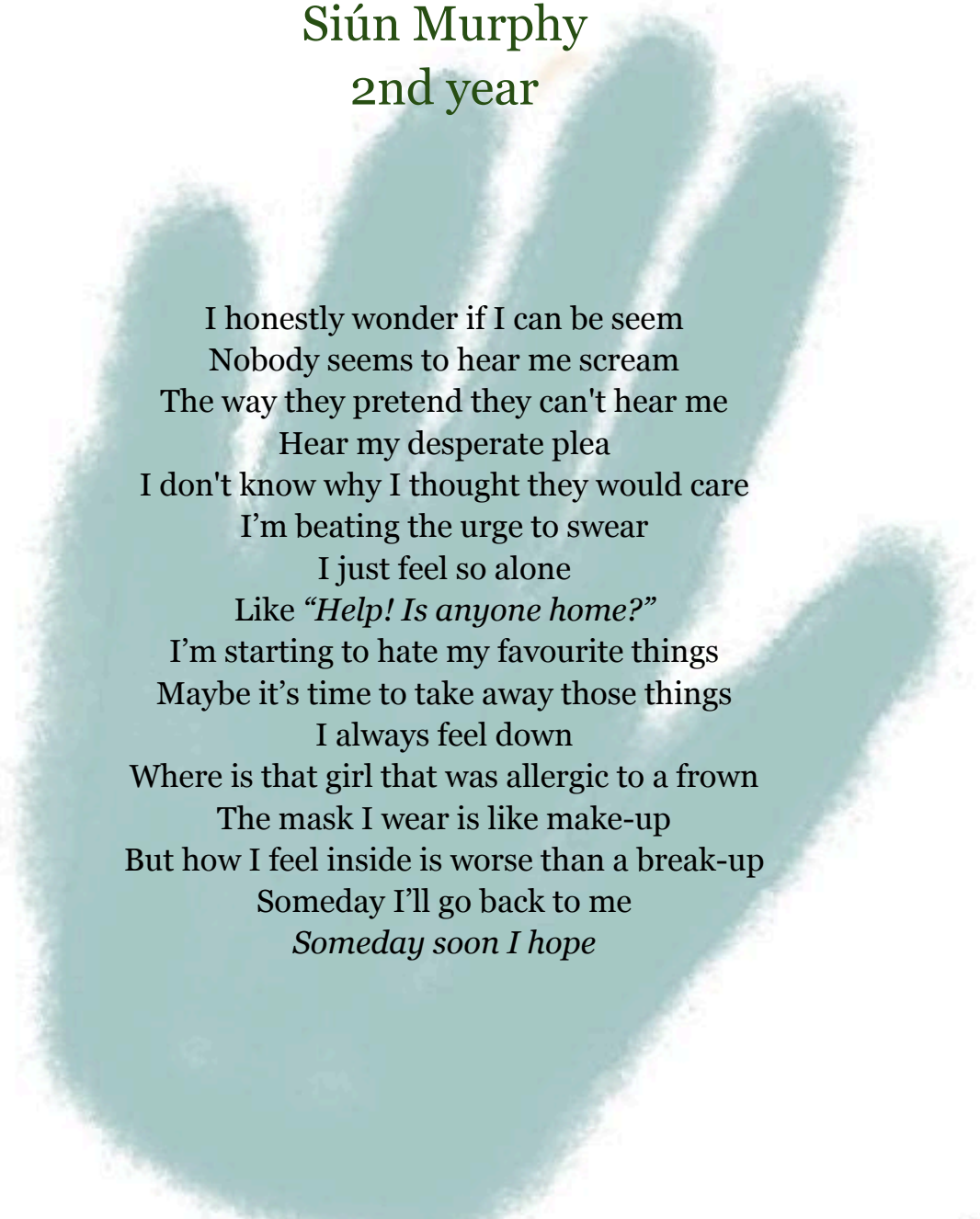
4th year





Invisible

Siún Murphy
2nd year



I honestly wonder if I can be seem
Nobody seems to hear me scream
The way they pretend they can't hear me
Hear my desperate plea
I don't know why I thought they would care
I'm beating the urge to swear
I just feel so alone
Like "*Help! Is anyone home?*"
I'm starting to hate my favourite things
Maybe it's time to take away those things
I always feel down
Where is that girl that was allergic to a frown
The mask I wear is like make-up
But how I feel inside is worse than a break-up
Someday I'll go back to me
Someday soon I hope



The Last Dance

Niamh O' Malley

4th year

CREAK! Went the bed as Margaret climbed out of it and went downstairs. She was an old lady who lived alone and was very sad and lonely. She was 90 years old and lived far away from anything. All her granddaughters and sons were very far away. Her only hobby was to sing and dance around her kitchen, but she was too old for that now. It was a normal morning for her. She got up, got dressed, and went downstairs on her electric wheelchair, but this morning she was not alone. Sitting at her kitchen table was a tall man dressed in all black, and he was eating Cheerios as if he lived there.

"Hello", he said with a friendly tone in his voice.

"H..H.. hello" said Margaret with a wobble in her voice. She was scared and wondering what this strange man was doing in her house.

"H.. how did you get in?" Margaret said

"The door, you should really invest in a lock," the strange man said

"Oh,I see you made yourself at home. What is your name?" she said inquisitively. She thought she could somewhat trust this strange man since he didn't try to harm her, nor did he damage anything.

"Oh, how could I be so rude? My name is Death," he said

That is a weird name, I wonder who his parents are. I don't think I know them, there is no one near me.

"Where does that name come from?"she asked

"I'm not quite sure Google it maybe," He said

"Umm, never mind," she said

"Would you like to go outside and spend some time together?" he asked

"Oh! I haven't been outside for so long, I don't know what it is like! Can't remember wonder if I should, don't know, maybe"

"Oh, I haven't in so long, I don't think I should ", she said

"Oh, don't be absurd of course you should, you would love it just like a date, "he said pleadingly

"Oh, a date in that case I couldn't say no, but I need my wheelchair," she said

"That's fine, where is it?" he asked



"In the press across from the stairs, "she said. He left the room and went into the cupboard. She could hear rustling and banging coming from the other room for a few seconds, then silence.

"I found it! We must be on our way now," he said, emerging from the small room.

"Ok. I hope it's nice outside, "she said with a sigh. They went outside and there were wonderful trees, grass, flowers and plants. You can see little lizards and fabulous butterflies

"Oh wow it is wonderful I don't think it would still be alive after all these years.

"Thank you this has made my day,"she said

"No problem, it is wonderful really. Since you are here why don't you tell me about yourself since i don't really know you " he said.

"Oh well , my life is so lonely. I live in the middle of nowhere. I have no-one to get up for since all my siblings and parents are dead. I have no neighbours to cook for and my nieces, granddaughters and sons and all my friends live in the city miles and miles away. I love to sing and dance around my kitchen but I'm too old for that now too".

"Margaret you seem so sad and lonely is there anything i can do to help " he said hopefully

"I would love to do a ballroom dance. It has been so long and I miss it. It is my favorite dance so please would you like to dance?" She said mournfully. Death froze on the spot thinking knowingly that if he touches her she will slowly die.. He sat there staring at her. Then he said,

"Are you sure you want to " he said unsurely.

"Yes!, I really want to, it's been so long, " Margaret said as she wheeled inside the house. She was so excited because she still remembered the exact moves and songs even though she hadn't danced in years.

"Ok I need help to stand my legs are weak " she said.

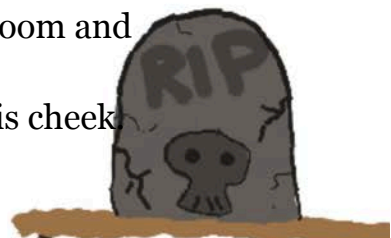
"Be careful "he said as he rushed over to help her up. Margaret with the help of Death got up and leaned against him, wobbling slightly till she found her balance.

"Are you steady? Will we start? " he asked

"Yes I'm ready " she answered.

They dance around the kitchen gracefully while Margaret slowly gets weaker and weaker and weaker in his arms. They danced till the sun was setting and by then she was gone. Death picked her up to her bedroom and softly laid her on the bed.

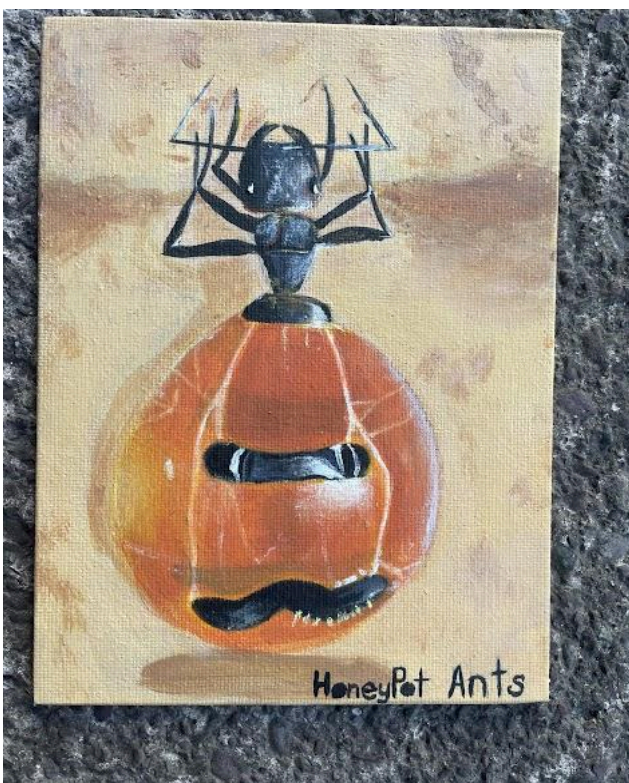
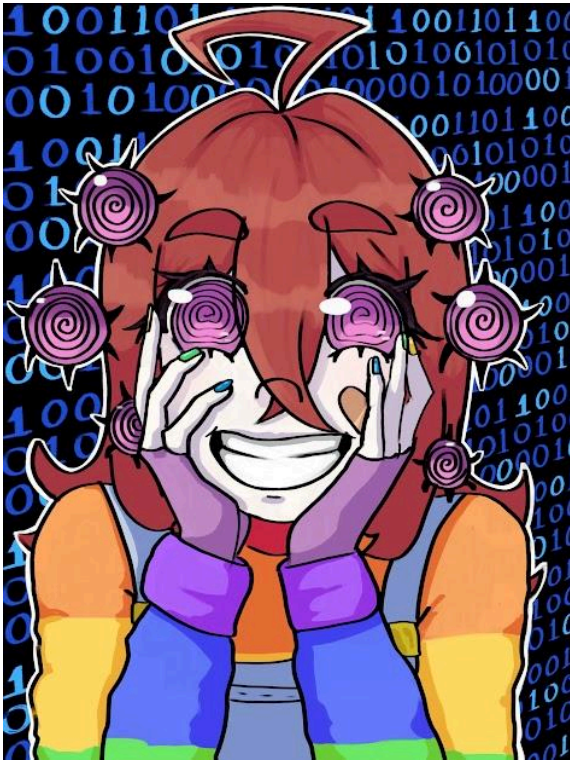
"You're in a better place now", he said with a tear running down his cheek





Artwork

Amy Noonan
3rd year





From TikTok to Popstar

Cian Casey

4th year

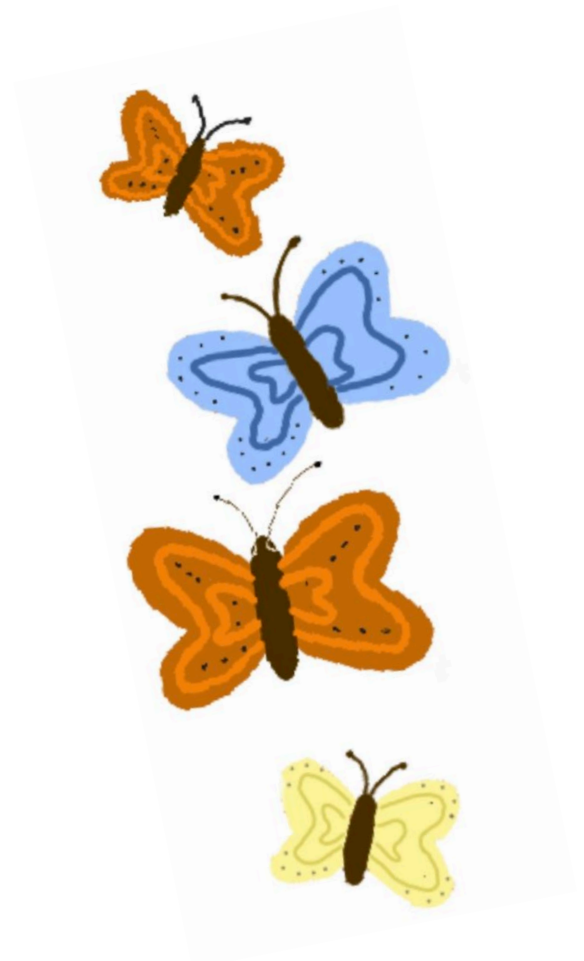
Addison Rae had one of the biggest comebacks of any 2020 influencer, as she realised her debut album, self-titled *Addison* debuted at number four on the

Billboard 200. She also shocked fans when she featured on the *Sweat tour* with *Charli XCX* and *Troye Sivan* who were at the time, at their peak as it was the end of the *BRAT* summer.

The album includes 12 songs with “Diet Pepsi” being by far the most popular and has been covered by *Ben Platt* at the 2025 Las Culturistas Culture Awards.

She also featured on the Brat remix album alongside stars like *Lorde*, many of her fellow hype house peers who have fallen off, there is one notable exception.

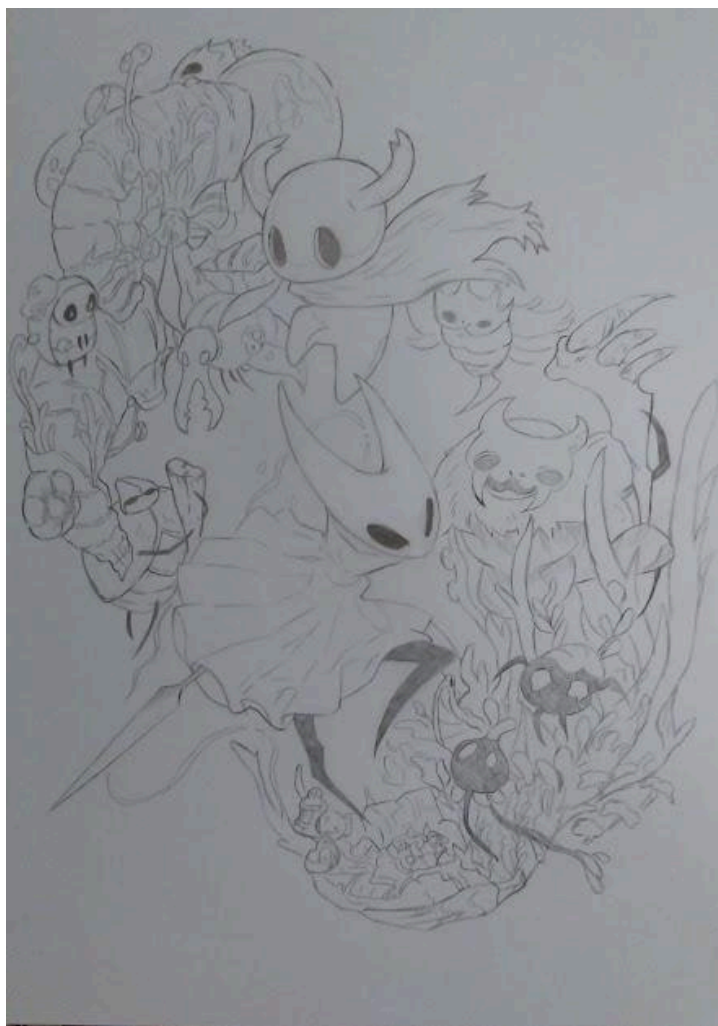
A member who has gotten immensely popular is *Alex Warren* who has had hits this year with the best example being *Ordinary*.





Artwork

Cormac Yelverton
2nd year





Charlie Kirk: Justified Death or Assassination?

Tadhg Carter
4th year

Disclaimer: This essay does not justify Charlie Kirk or anybody else's death. Murder is never justified. Throughout this entire passage, it is to be made known that the person who wrote it does not support the death of Charlie Kirk. Thoughts and prayers go to Charlie's family, friends and anyone else close to him.

On September 10th, 2025, Charlie James Kirk was speaking on stage at his "American Comeback Tour", upon finishing a point on gun violence, he was fatally shot in the neck by a bullet from a building by a Mauser 98 sniper rifle. He collapsed in his chair, was rushed to hospital and was later pronounced dead in Timpanogos Regional Hospital in Utah.

This all happened in front of roughly 3,000 people who were attending the event, and upon the shot being fired, the crowd instantly scattered and attempted to escape the scene.



Charlie Kirk was "a God-fearing man" and a Christian. A lot of his opinions rotated and referred to passages from the bible, Christian teachings and laws. Charlie Kirk was seen as a man who was "Anti-Transgender, against gay rights, anti-abortion and anti-immigration", very similar to US President Donald Trump's ideals. As a result of that, he was often hated by members of those communities and outside of them, but does that justify his death? Charlie Kirk was father of 2 girls, a husband, a son, a brother, but most importantly, Charlie was human.



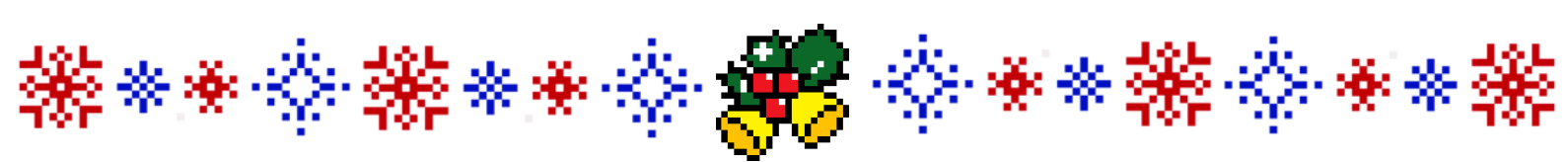
This is where the opinion of this story comes into play. Was he asking for it? Did he deserve to die? Does hatred of another human justify wanting them dead?

Hypocrisy plays a huge part in this debate. People will tell you that “No one in the Holocaust deserved to die,” but then turn around and start cheering at his death. And vice versa, people will claim that “Charlie was a human being, and absolutely did not deserve to die” but strongly support someone of a different race, or sexuality or even gender being murdered. So the question continues to linger, unanswered and unspoken about.

It's no secret that many people online have made fun of and ridiculed Kirk's death, from jokes to skits to just videos of people outright celebrating his death. All this begs the question; do people remember that he was a human being? Sure, I can agree he had a lot of disgustingly bad takes, littered with racist, homophobic, xenophobic and transphobic comments poorly backed up by “Bible teachings” or “Christian Law”, but I believe that this alone never justifies his death. The only thing Charlie did for a living was debate college students and advocate for Trump. Yet some believe this alone justifies his death and its ridiculing online and in real life.

My opinion, as unpopular as it may be, is that Charlie absolutely did not deserve his untimely death, and neither does any other person. Because at the end of the day, even though a lot of his opinions were inhumane and the way he went about sharing his opinions would often be patronizing or rude, there is no excuse for taking another person's life. It is a crime that cannot be reversed, cannot be excused and cannot be forgiven. This opinion piece was created to educate people on the seriousness of this event. It shocked the world all over, and the amount of hate spread internet-wide is something that should never happen.

To answer this essay's question; Charlie Kirk's death was an assassination, and a murder, which the perpetrator will be charged for. As of this essay's writing (November 7th, 2025) Kirk's murderer Tyler Robinson, will have a court case on Jan 16th, and could face life in prison for his crimes, and deservedly so. Thanks for taking the time to read this essay, and just remember the next time you say anything about Charlie's death, just remember that he was human too.



Gaebratach Committee 2025/26



Members Back Row (L-R): Tegan Donohoe, Lucey Carroll,

Aoibhinn Fox, Darragh O'Connell, Arlene Kelleher, Jack Foley

Front Row (L-R): Érin Corcoran, Sophie O'Grady, Siún Murphy,
Christian O'Keeffe

Not Pictured: Clodagh McDaid, Amy Browne, Ms Curtin

Gaelbratach is a fun way to promote the Irish language in secondary schools across the country. On September 25th 2025 two fifth year students and one transition year student completed a training day in Cork City along with several other schools. This helped them to come up with ideas to promote Irish in their school such as a treasure hunt as Gaeilge for 1st, 2nd and TY students. - Tegan Donohoe, 4th Year



Artwork

Ben Mulhearne
3rd year





An Daingean

Érin Corcoran

4th year

In September 2025, the Transition Years travelled to the Gaeltacht in scenic West Kerry for 3 days. We stayed in 7 different houses with our Bean an Tís who generously opened their homes to us for our trip. (See interview with a bean an tí)

Wednesday the 17th of September:

We left early on Wednesday morning, all on 3 different buses, a long trip ahead of us on the bus. We went straight to Killarney to Sullivan's Cascade for a scenic hike up a mountain to a beautiful waterfall, we hiked for over an hour up and down, taking a break at the waterfall for lunch with a view. Afterwards, we all hopped back on our respective buses and travelled to our houses to greet our Bean an Tís and get settled in.

The Beanna an Tí made us dinner before we struck off to the local hall for some céilí agus craic.

Thursday the 18th of September:

The itinerary for Thursday included free time in Dingle town, Dingle Aquarium, The Blasket Center and more. First we were split in 2 groups where one group got free time to walk around the town while the other enjoyed a tour of the aquarium and then vice versa. Although the weather was very very miserable, we still had a lovely time exploring Dingle, seeing many different gift shops and meeting many friendly locals while practising our own Gaeilge.

We were led through the aquarium by a tour guide who spoke in both Irish and English, explaining many different things about the animals and even letting us pet or hold a few of them. We learned many interesting facts about local sea life and had quite an enjoyable time there.





Afterwards, we made our way to the Blasket center, however we stopped along the way to visit and pay our respects to Peig Sayer's grave. Peig Sayers was the last person to live on the Blasket Islands, specifically The Great Blasket. She also published books about her life and times on the island, where the people's first language was Gaeilge.

After that we went to the Blasket Center where we learned and read many articles about the islands and life on the islands, the history of them and why people are no longer living there. It was very eye opening to our history and our culture. We went out to a viewing point in the almost violent wind to get a real view of the Great Blasket itself.

That evening, after travelling back to our houses to warm up and get ready for a fun evening of zumba with DJ Nat.

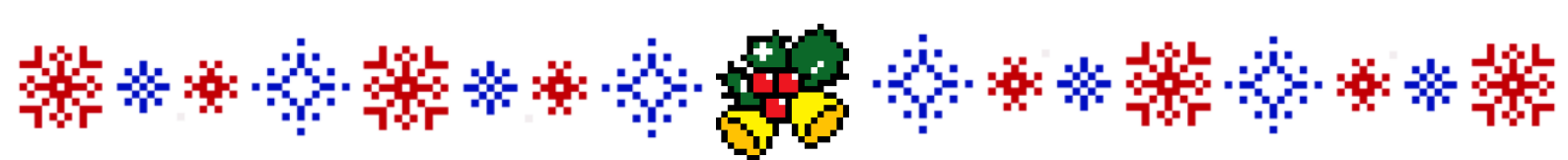


Friday the 19th of September

After thanking our Bean an Tís for their hospitality and kindness, we once again took off on our buses, heading for the Aquadome. It was a great experience, we were very lucky for such a great day out.

We spent what felt like hours splashing about in the waterpark and having fun with our friends before getting food in the extremely busy McDonalds, then making the trip back to Coachford, marking the end of our first TY trip.





Transition Year Film

Tegan Donohoe

4th year

Four Students. One traitor. And more zombies than you can count...

Follow four students as they struggle to escape their apocalyptic school knowing that within their small group one of them might be a traitor... Watch as they struggle (Physically and Mentally *Cough Tom cough* Who said that!?) and as relationships start to crumble and most importantly try to survive...

Starting as diabolical chicken curry and turning to a devastating apocalypse, will they live? Or will they come out on top... Whether you're looking for a laugh or a thrill this movie is perfect for you! Watch as a mean girl crashes out, a hero sacrifices himself, a traitor tells barefaced lies and an idiot... well starts an apocalypse.

Staring:

Darragh Farmer as Bill, Tegan Donohoe as Leah, Caileigh Murray as Corey and Emese Marton as Tom

Zombies Extras:

Willow Dineen, Caragh Malone, Lumi Sheehan, Erica O'Connell and Cian Casey

Props and Costumes:

Jayden Leahy, Colm Murray, Liam McLaughlin, Éabha Healy and Ava Honohan

Cameras: Cian O'Connell and Daniel Harrington with Cian O'Connell and Sarah O'Callaghan

Makeup:

Tegan Donohoe and Sarah O'Callaghan

Story Board:

Tegan Donohoe, Katie Sheehan, Adam Sheehan, Meaghan McSweeney, Ava Honohan, Caileigh Murray, Caragh Malone, Cian O'Connell, Colm Murray, Daniel Moynihan, Darragh Farmer, Emese Marton, Jayden Leahy, Liam McLaughlin, Lumi Sheehan, Sarah O'Callaghan, Tristan Byrne, Willow Dineen, Éabha Healy

Assistant Director:

Daniel Moynihan

Director:

Tegan Donohoe





Photography

Cian O'Connell

4th year





Fake It

Tegan Donohoe

4th year

Down from the bottom I work my way up,
Step by step, brick by brick
Feeling my worst but fake it till you make it right?
Always thought it was a comforting lie'
That was until I proved it right.

Smiling through hurt seems pointless
Letting people think you're okay,
When you desperately need a hug
Slowly though that fake smile turns real
And your spark comes back

Saying yes to hanging out
Simply so no one asks
“Why don't you come out anymore?”
And slowly but surely realising,
That maybe you can talk to your friends?

The waiting seems pointless,
The hurt is real,
But, faking it till you make it...
Sometimes that's all it takes.





Almost Perfect

Nathaniel Rejoy

1st yr

Tom moved into an old house. It smelled dusty and sour. He told his parents, they said it was just old house smell, but he felt like the smell was following him. Every night, the pipes clicked, in slow patterns, almost like breathing. Then came the voice from the basement,

"Come here, I found something."

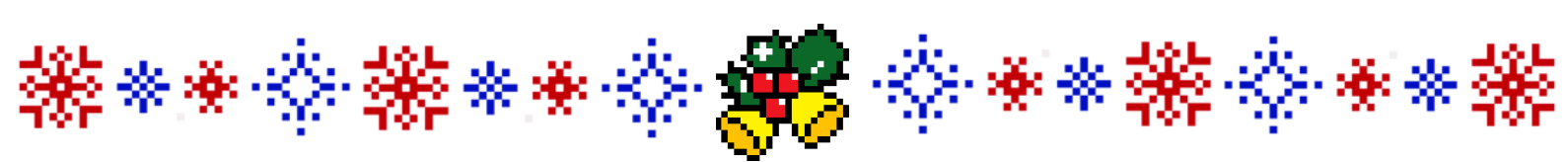
The next morning he played recordings from his phone. There was whispering behind the voice, wet sounds, like someone chewing through fabric. Then a new line he hadn't heard before *"I almost have your shape now."*

It was his own voice.

That night he woke up to the sound of dragging something heaving, scraping across the floor. Then laughter and bubbling. He crept downstairs. The basement door was open. His reflection waited at the bottom of the steps, skin twitching like it didn't fit right. Its jaw hung crooked, bone under the skin trying to rearrange itself. *"You left me down here"* It gurgled, smiling. *"But I remember how your bones go"* It started to walk towards him, but the way it moved wasn't walking. It folded, twisted, crawled on too many limbs, all of them human, but not in the right places. The lights flickered, a sound like teeth clicking. When his parents came down in the morning, they found Tom at the table, smiling too wide, head tilted too far on one side as if his neck had learned a new direction. And from the basement something still whispered

"Almost perfect."





Artwork

Kayleigh Keyes
2nd year





October 31st

Tegan Donohoe

4th year

A howl a whisper,
A scream a scratch,
The witch she wanders,
With broom and cat

The ghouls cry,
And zombies shuffle by
Graves unturned
Death disturbed

The chilly wind whips through the trees
Wolves howl out
And vampires hiss
Not a sound do they miss

Beware the dead
Beware the living
October 31st
Brings out the worst of the worst





Cinnamon roll recipe

Ellen Glasheen

4th year

For the dough

340g all purpose flour
50g sugar
180ml milk
45g butter
7g yeast
1 egg

For the icing

113g cream cheese
30g butter
80g icing sugar
1tsp cinnamon

For the filling

45g butter
67g brown sugar
2tbsp cinnamon



1. Make the dough

Whisk the flour, sugar and salt in one bowl and set aside

Combine the milk and melted butter in a bowl. When lukewarm, mix in the yeast. Pour the dry ingredients into the bowl, add the eggs and mix until the dough is smooth

Knead the dough for 3-5 minutes and set aside with a warm damp towel over the bowl

Leave to rise for 30 minutes

2. Make the filling

Melt the butter in a bowl and slowly add in the brown sugar and cinnamon until well mixed and smooth

3. Make the roll

Roll out the dough til its about 2cm thick

Spread the filling across the dough evenly

Then cut the dough into 12 pieces and roll them up, put to the side in a tray and leave to rise for an hour

4. Bake

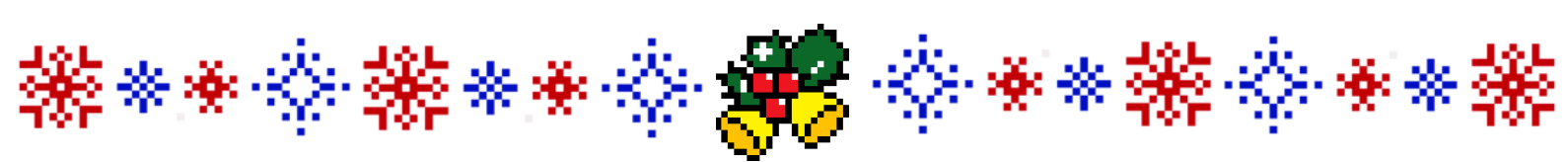
Put into the oven at 190 degrees for about 25-30 minutes

5. Make the icing

Mix the cream cheese and butter together in a bowl

Gently mix in the icing sugar and cinnamon

6. Put the icing on the cinnamon rolls and enjoy



Artwork

Keyleigh keyes
2nd year





Capoeira

Ana Clara Souza

4th year

Capoeira is an Afro-Brazilian cultural expression and martial art created by Africans who were enslaved in Brazilian territory.

This practice was developed by enslaved people as a form of defense against the brutal violence perpetrated by their masters.

From the 16th century onwards, Portuguese colonizers brought millions of Africans on ships to be enslaved in Brazil. These people worked on different types of plantations, for example, tobacco, cotton, coffee, and sugarcane.

During this time, the enslaved African people were subjected to inhumane and degrading conditions of forced labor and were targets of cruel violence such as mutilation and whippings. To confront their masters and, perhaps, escape in search of liberation, this population began to train in striking techniques and develop bodily agility, thus creating what would become capoeira.

Since slaves couldn't be seen learning how to defend themselves back then, they created a way to disguise fighting blows with dance movements. The most common movements were sweeps, headbutts, knee strikes, kicks, and acrobatics flips and different types of cartwheels.

Today, there are different styles of play. The main styles of capoeira are Angola, Regional, and Contemporary.

Angola is the most traditional and slow style, focusing on demonstrating body control.

Regional is faster and more technical, focusing on demonstrating skills in strikes and acrobatic jumps.

Contemporary is a mix of the two styles, seeking a balance between tradition and modernity.



Musicality:

The berimbau is an instrument derived from African musical bows but adapted in Brazil, thus being considered a traditional Brazilian instrument so important to capoeira that it is always revered before starting the game. For some, the berimbau is considered a sacred instrument. He leads the capoeira circle, dictating the rhythm and style to be played. There are three berimbaus that can be played together:



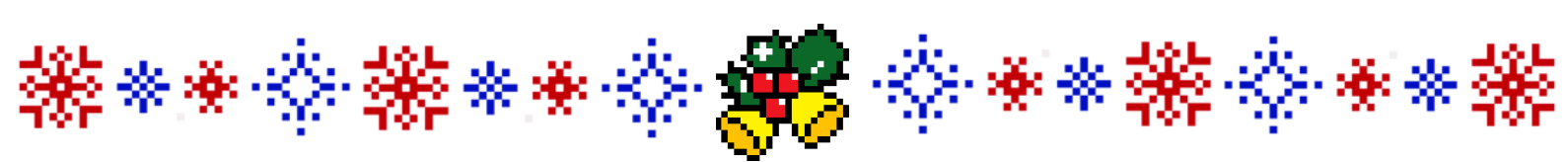
The Gunga, which plays the bass line
The Médio, which complements the gunga
the Viola, which plays most of the improvisations within the rhythm defined by the other two
In a capoeira circle, other traditional Brazilian instruments are also used, such as the Atabaque, Agogô, Reco-Reco, and Canza. The Pandeiro is also used, but it is a non-traditional Brazilian instrument.

Clothing

Capoeiristas usually wear white pants and shirts, as well as a rope around their waist, the color of which indicates the capoeirista's level of skill.

For many historians, the origin of capoeira clothing comes from sailors, since many capoeiristas lived with them and adopted the habit of wearing bell-bottom pants. For them, bell-bottom pants were convenient for movement and also served as a way to hide bladed weapons. Nowadays, clothing varies depending on where you train and the type of capoeira you practice.





COACHFORD COLLEGE VS AN MHAINISTIR THUAIDH

Jack Dineen
4th Year

Coachford College strike at home vs Mon!
Coachford College 3-15
An Mhainistir Thuaidh 1-15

A very tough game for Mhanistir Thuaidh, they were left in shock as Coachford struck early with a goal from Sean Hogan and two great points from Fionn Buckley .

Cillian Honahan was outstanding under the breaking ball,he is a strong play maker in the team .Tadhg Murphy scored a great free to keep Coachford ticking over until half time .

Going into the second half with a lead of four points. Two goals in the second half wrapped up the game for Coachford.

Coachford: 1 Fearghal O' Leary 2. Conor Healy 3. Colm O' Riordan 4. Sean Collins 5. Gus O Callaghan 6. Michael

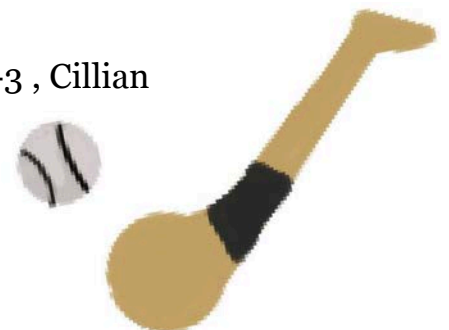
Twomey 7. Liam Buckley 8. Danny Buckley 9. Jack Casey 10. Jacob Barry 11. Tadhg Murphy 12. Cillian Twomey 13.

Cillian Honahan(C) 14. Sean Hogan 15. Fionn Buckley

SUBS : 16 Jack Dineen 18. Ciaran Lyons 19. Timmy Buckley 20. Charlie O' Connell 22 Jack O Riordan 23. Dara

Fehily

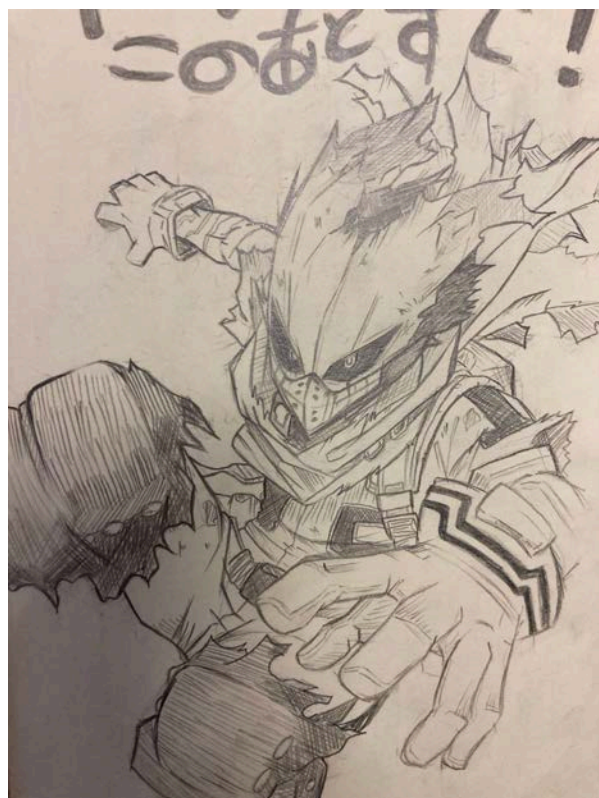
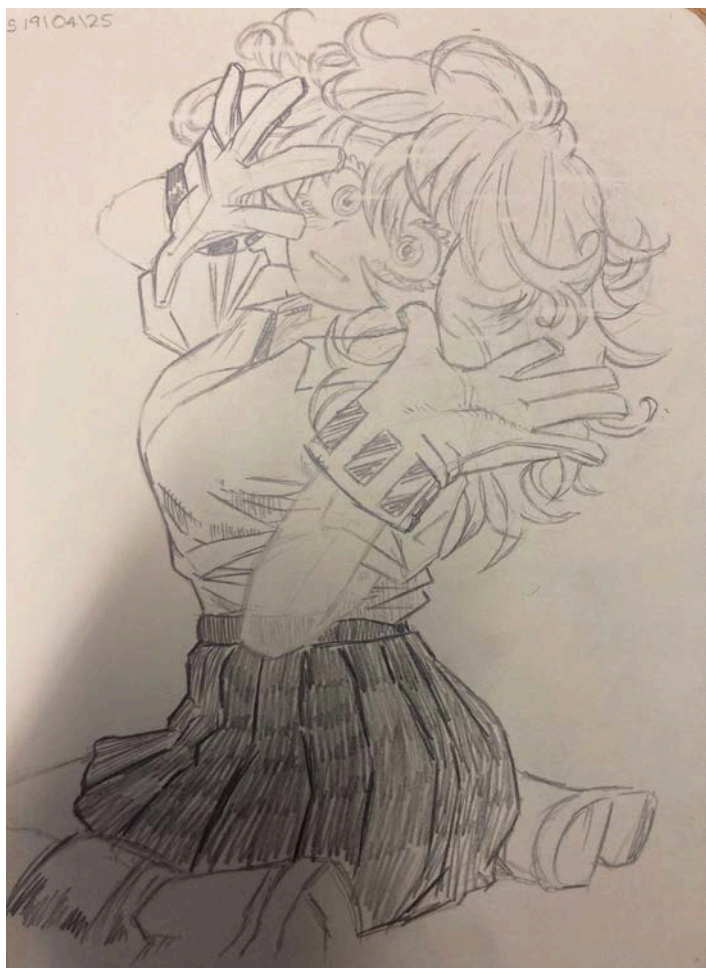
Scorers : Tadgh Murphy , 1-6 (0-3 F), Fionn Buckley , 0-3 , Cillian Honahan , 0-2 , Jacob Barry , 1-2 ,Sean Hogan , 1-2





Artwork

Megan McElroy
4th Year





The Chainsaw

Declan Corcoran

1st Year

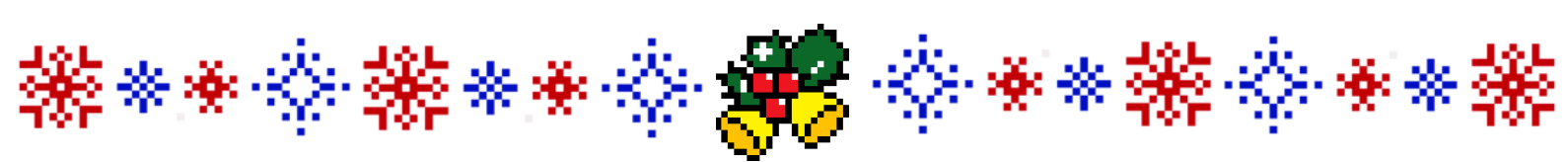
Me and my friends Billy, Mark and Aiden were cycling down a strange road we've never been down before. Our parents had warned us to never go down but we snuck down there anyway. It was a quiet, dull road with overgrown trees and no cars going up or down it. All of a sudden we saw these big gates with vines crawling up it, behind it was this big, dark driveway and you could barely see a house back there. It was such a long driveway. So we broke the locks and went in, not knowing we made the worst mistake of our lives...

We cycled up the driveway, birds flying out in front of us, leaves and branches all over the overgrown driveway.

As we were cycling up the driveway, we were just near the edge and we saw a shed. It was overgrown by trees and without hesitation, Aiden grabs a rock and smashes the window. We climbed in and saw a car which was under a cover so we lifted it up and underneath was an old black BMW M3 but we couldn't open the door to the shed as it was jammed. We then broke a window out back and went into the house. It was very dark, all curtains closed, all doors locked. Except for one. We went in, the door slamming shut behind us. The four of us trapped in a room, trying to kick and pull the door open. Nothing. We'd been locked in the room for an hour and a half, phones all dead, complete silence. Until we heard the creaky gates opening...

Up the driveway came a strange car with a man driving, he came out with a face mask on, holding an axe, blood soaked clothes. He walked towards the open window, dropping the axe and then looking up, straight into my eyes. The kind of look to change your life forever.

"GASP!" we ducked down, about 20 seconds later we heard the sound of a chainsaw chopping down the front door. Silence... Next thing, you hear footsteps coming up the creaky stairs, we panicked so I grabbed the sharpest thing I could find; a shovel. The man walks in the door and straight away I drive the shovel straight into his stomach. He dropped to

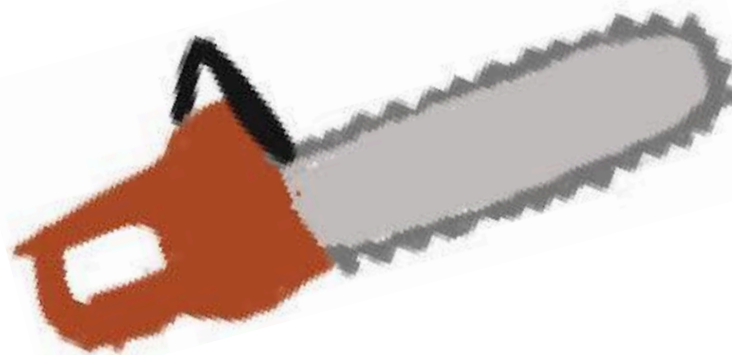


the floor, blood pumping out, drops the chainsaw so we all ran for our lives. We got outside to see our bikes cut in half by a chainsaw. So we did the next best thing. Next thing you know we're doing 140km/h up the roof in a 2007 red ford focus (which was a nice car if I do say so), the same red car that pulled up the driveway earlier.

Just as we neared the end of the strange road, a Garda car pulled out from a gate right behind me so I just slammed on the brakes as I skidded to the end of the road but I just pulled into a gate just around the corner waiting for the Garda to pull up behind us. Now, as a group of 15 year olds, we were all worried as we had no license. Five minutes had gone by and the Gardaí still hadn't come up to us, so I put the car in reverse and got the fright of my life. The same BMW from the shed back at the old abandoned mansion was rammed into the side of the Garda car. Both cars were upside down in a ditch. All you could see and hear were the steam from the engines and the chainsaw engine lying in the middle of the road. So I drove off as fast as the car would go, we parked the car in a field far away and set fire to it.

We couldn't tell the Gardaí or we'd be in trouble for trespassing. We watched the car burn to ashes for nearly an hour straight. We all swore to never tell anyone.

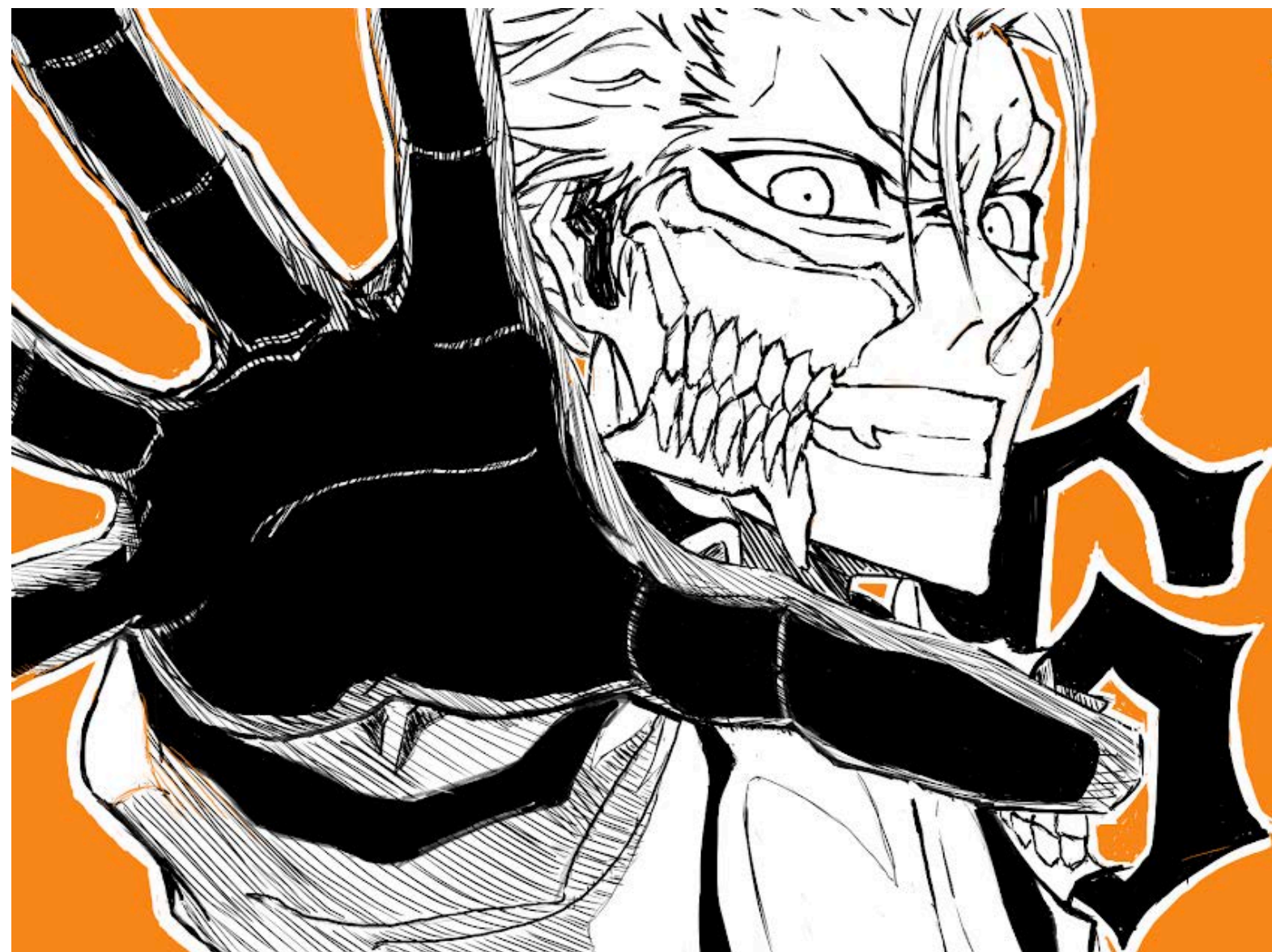
It was 4:30am by the time we got home. Our parents were worried, but we came up with a lie even though I got grounded. The next morning I was watching the news and the crash was everywhere, but they never found out. I was in deep shock when it said the chainsaw man's body was never found. The following night I couldn't sleep at all. It was almost midnight when I heard at the door. Immediately I peeked out the window and there he stood, chainsaw in hand.





Artwork

Tadhg Carter
4th Year





Men's vs Women's sports

Alice How

4th year

WNBA players earn a max of *215,00* while NBA players have a salary cap of *123,655,00*. In tennis female players earn *283,635* while male athletes earn *335,946*. Tennis players are the highest paid female athletes and yet there is still a pay gap.

In 2025 *82,331* people attended the hurling All Ireland final reaching full capacity compared to the *23,795* people at the camogie all ireland final.

The highest female golfer in 2022 earned *7.3 million* while her male counterpart received *138 million*. Do you think that's fair that two people doing the same job get paid completely differently? In the 21st century women are still not receiving the same pay despite doing the same job.

Before people say it's because male athletes create more income than female athletes, as more people attend men's sports, why do you think that is? Maybe it's because men's sports receive more advertising, more broadcasting and more sponsorships.



In 2019 women's sports made up *5.4%* of media coverage compared to men's sports. Since then a massive effort has been made to resolve this problem and give female athletes the recognition they deserve but despite this there is still not nearly enough advertising and media coverage of female sports and we need to keep working to resolve the unfair pay gap.

Incidental art

Expression team, 4th Year



Cian, Niamh, Anna, Ellen, Todha



QUOTES

From The Expression Team

Cian Casey

"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

Ana Souza

"It was Niamh."

Niamh O'Malley

"I swear to god it's not my fault"

Tristan Byrne

"I don't know I just got here"

Sarah Foley

"You have to slap the [REDACTED]"

Tadhg Carter

"Ya, it's Niamh's fault"

Ellen Glasheen

"A man walks into a bar..."

Erin Corcoran

"I left for TWO DAYS"

Rowen O'Leary

"Finger lickin' good"

Alice How

"I don't have any quote"

Scott Bruton

"Is blud Einstein"

Megan McElroy

"C12 almost ruined The Expression"

Roy Shannahan

"What is this diddy blud doing on the calculator"

Erica O'Connell

"I watched Twilight the entire time"



Final Thanks

Thank you very much for reading The Expression magazine for Winter 2025. A lot of effort was put into the creation of this magazine, and we appreciate all the support we got from the students. Thanks to everyone that submitted something/was interviewed by our members, a big thanks to Mr. Foley and Mr. Lotty for their help in sourcing material from students. Thanks again for reading, and we can't wait to bring you the Summer edition.

Lots of thanks, the editorial team.



Ana Gouza

Scott Bruton Sarah Foley

~~Paula~~

Cian Casey

Tadhg

Ellen
Niamh O'Malley
Julie O'Brien
Dara Foley
Megan McKeown
Rovers O'Leary

Erin
Coscoran

Robin

Alice How

Robyn O'Connor

Erica

Lucy

The Emma Hayes

Alan Foley