

May 2021

17th EDITION

O'HARE'S
GAP



O'HARE'S GAP

The Gap gazette

St. Columba Choir Has Remarkable Year!

By Sarah Sandalwood Horten - Editor



The St. Columba Catholic Children's Choir had an incredible and rewarding year unparalleled by any year before it! With now over 175 grid-wide performances since February 2016, the choir has established itself as a premium musical experience that audiences adore.



Our largest performance venue this year was Second Life's 17th Birthday Celebration in June. A number of SL's most famous performers observed our choir for the first time as well as a number of Lindens including a brief appearance by Ebbe Altberg. We had a capacity crowd and performed an abridged version of our SCCBS Gold show.

The Christmas season is always one of our favourites and this year was no exception. For the first time in 3 years, we upgraded the Christmas show with several new songs and a new stage.



From the 1st week of December until Christmas day, we loaded the weeks with several performances at many different venues, of which quite a few were brand new to hosting us. And now we look forward to our annual "Christmas in July" show where we relive the magic and fun of the holidays smack dab in the middle of summer!

One day we received an inquiry from The American Cancer Society asking us to perform our Gold show at their "Relay for Life" venue.



The "Relay for Life" is something from RL that has taken roots in SL over the past several years. Money raises at Relay events goes towards

cancer research and caregiver support. It is an event that is very dear to my heart in RL and I was so excited we could be part of it in SL. During our show, we raised about L\$ 18,000 that we donated to the ACS and they were thrilled. During the show, I was chatting with the CEO of the ACS and he was truly blown away by the professionalism of our performance. He hopes we can continue to work together in the future.

And finally, we were invited to perform for an Autism Awareness event that netted about L\$ 7,000 to the RL organization. It's wonderful that we can help contribute to something that costs nothing more than an hour of our time.

AUTISM
Awareness



We plan on performing once again at Second Life's 18th Birthday Celebration this summer and continue to offer a variety of shows including SCCBS Gold - The Best of the St. C Choir; Show Stopper - A Review of Broadway and Film; Children of Jesus - A Celebration of the Lord our God; The Sounds of Christmas - The Ultimate in Christmastime Celebration. A new show is currently in production and will debut later this year.

You can learn about our choir and also place a booking for your sim or special event at <https://www.sccbs-sl.org/choir>

Want some Christmas fun now? Watch our keepsake video of our favorite show [HERE](#).

O'Hare's Happenings

Community Information
Real Estate and financial reports



by Willy
Sandalwood

It's time for a review about griefers.

I think that Linden Labs (LL) did this right when they developed and published the Second Life Terms of Service (TOS), and the Community Standards (CS). I highly suggest you become familiar with them both if you are not aware of their content.

Griefers appear when you least expect them. They also appear in many different forms. When I say different forms, I mean in appearance and in actions.

Before I get into what this all means, I want to state that we should be careful about whether we are dealing with a situation that warrants. At OHG we have the following options to deal with griefers:

- A formal Abuse Report (AR) to LL
- Banning from the sims occupied by O'Hare's Gap (OHG)
- Banning from just the parcel the griefer is occupying
- Using the security system for your cottage to blacklist them

- Blocking them from your own personal view and communication
- Removal from any, or all, groups used by the community.

In extreme cases, most of those options will be necessary.

What is a griefer? LL defines a griefer as a name for a Second Life Resident who harasses other residents. Wikipedia has a good write-up on it as well. Basically griefing is a term meaning "unacceptable behavioral actions." Griefing in SL is a violation of the TOS and CS. Here are some of those actions of which you can find details in the CS:

- Intolerance
- Harassment
- Assault
- Invasion of Personal Space/Comfort Zones
- Inappropriate Content
- Disclosure
- Disturbing the Peace/Global Attacks
- Impersonation

How are griefers dealt with? Myself, and the officers of O'Hare's Gap, St. Columba Abbey, the St. Columba Catholic Boarding School, and some performers, have the authority to ban and eject on our sims.

That's right, many of you do not have the authority to ban and eject. So what do you do in the case where there is a griefer on the O'Hare's Gap sims? If severe enough, file an AR to Linden Labs. Also document the SL names, any chat, and take pictures if you can, date and time, and what the TOS or CS infraction was. Send that info to me via a notecard. Why SL names? Because anyone can change their display names preventing us from ever identifying them. Also, spell the names correctly otherwise we might never find them using search.

If you have any questions about this, I'd be glad to discuss it. It takes all of us to keep OHG a quiet and safe place to be.

Out and About

Community Events and Happenings



by Willy
Sandalwood

The very first golf club was built in Ireland in 1853. It is unknown when miniature golf, or Crazy Golf as its known to the Irish, came to Ireland.

O'Hare's Gap is now proud to have what may be the best Crazy Golf course in the entire grid. Each of the nine holes has a theme related to common Irish background:

- Leprechauns
- Faeries
- Castles
- Ruins
- Celtic
- Rock fences
- The Titanic
- Shamrocks
- St. Patrick's Day

It's all free! Challenge your friends and family members.

The instructions are available at the very start of the first green. Always get your HUD from the sign and enjoy.

Here is your link: <http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Toyah/155/2/22>



Saint Columba Class Report

A summary of school and educational events



by
Victoria
Temple

Dear pupils, staff, families and friends.

Greetings from SCCBS. It is spring and the long cold months of winter are now coming to a close. The school is very active and this has been something we could boast about in the last year. It will be interesting how things will go when puppeteers corona restrictions are relaxed. However, SCCBS can be an addictive place to be. Friendships for life are made here!

The school does have its challenges. We are built on a magical land, that was a favourite place for fairies and leprechauns to live. This was long ago, but we still have the reminder of what an important place this was. There are magical things that sometimes happen at school and some even claim to have seen fairies and leprechauns. Our mushrooms are magical that keeps our pupils young. So this magic has been used by the school... until now...

In the last week, we have been getting messages that the fairies and leprechauns that are now in rebel mode. They have threatened to bring havoc down at the school using their tricks and games. They claim that these games are mere pranks. This remains to be seen, Already we had some green smoke in the school and Miss Sarah filled her lungs with it. Miss Sarah has told us that the smoke is affecting her, but she is too embarrassed to say how. As a headmistress, I am somewhat alarmed and worried as to where this can lead and what pranks we will experience in the next few weeks.

Steps have been taken. Everyone has been told not to consume the magic mushrooms.

It is not like the school has not been through drama. A few months ago, the tick book was stolen! This was a disaster for the school and there were investigations for several weeks. After a long court hearing, it was concluded that the school ghosts were responsible.

Classes continue, however, there has been health problems or some form of crises in some puppeteers lives. Unfortunately, this has affected the school where classes were cancelled. I am proud to say that the SCCBS spirit has been evident here, as parents and other teachers have promised to be subs if this is ever needed. It is so nice to know that we care for each other, and everyone helps in whatever way they can.

This spirit could also be seen when it comes to prayers. The administration wanted to make prayers more personal, catholic and suited for the school. So we moved all school prayers to the small school chapel. Some pupils also have shown their spirit here, as they have offered to lead some prayers. This move has been good. We now hope that more pupils and their families will come to prayers,

Sometimes we need to be more strict and this is because we care for the pupils. We have noticed that some pupils were getting slow, plump and unfit. Madam P suggested that we do gym classes and get the pupils back in shape. So we make the pupils run, swim in freshwaters, as well as sports. Not all pupils have been glad for this. Miss Sarah groans every time and Miss Lila ends up breaking some bone. Still, the staff are stub-

born and we will get pupils in a good Catholic shape.

We are still working on Annie.

Otherwise, the choir has been visiting different sims and being ambassadors of OHG and spreading our happiness and joy of music to as many as we can. I am personally proud that we performed at a Rally against Cancer concert. We helped raise a lot of money for this organization. It is a good feeling when we can entertain people, but also help such an important cause.

I will stop here, so I do not get fired for going on and on

Victoria Temple

ST. COLUMBA'S
ADVENTURES

IN

False Hope

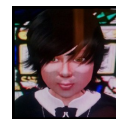
by Annie Auster

FT. Sarah, Anneke, Billy and Svenja.



Master Billy's Babblings

Billy needs to babble...and YOU need to listen! :)



by
Billy J
Auster

Saint Columba School A School Like No Other

"A hero is someone who has given his or her life to something bigger than one-self." -Joseph Campbell

There is a very special place called Saint Columba Boarding School. A school, yes, but in fact it's so very much more than that. It has been around for many years, and takes in children ages 7 and up in a loving caring yet strict environment. In return, the children become a part of one of the most extraordinary experiences one will ever discover. It is difficult to express just how delightful a place it is to those who attend regularly, but I can tell you that of all the places you can visit in the so called "second world", the places that offer true comradery are the only ones worth one's time. Saint Columba is one of those places.

Saint Columba isn't your normal every day typical school. You won't find students running around with the latest fashion trends, hair styles, or toys. However, you will find them happy and content to be part of something gratifying, something bigger and greater than themselves. We learn humility, and respect, and achieve a great contentment with our friends there. Of course there are students who bend the rules at times, and they receive a 'tick' in the 'tickbook' for it. We are young and make mistakes like any child does, and try to learn and do better the next time.

"The Line"

Every single day, for more than five years, at 1:00PM SLT, the students of Saint Columba have carefully lined up in front of the school in unison, from tallest to shortest, in order to conduct a daily inspection.



"The Classes"

After daily inspection we typically have a class. We have all sorts of subjects to learn about at Saint Columba, ranging from music, history, writing, art, and many others through the years. Sometimes we must raise our hand and stand to speak. And sometimes certain teachers will allow us more slack.



"The Soup"

After class we are offered our most cherished (and only) meal of the day, a piping hot bowl of the most delicious soup. It is made with a secret recipe passed down by Miss Lucie, a matriarch of the school, long gone now but still with us in spirit.



"The Friendships"

During inspections, classes, soup, field trips, and all of the other in all of the "in between" times, the friendships that develop at Saint Columba blossom and flourish. We find joy in one another and our struggles and accomplishments.



"Joy lies in the fight, in the attempt, in the suffering involved, not in the victory itself." —Mahatma Gandhi

Read and learn all about SCCBS on our website at:

<https://www.sccbs-sl.org>



by
Anneke Van
Trijp

A Day in the Life ...

A day in the life of a schoolgirl.

Its 10 o'clock PM in the place where my puppeteer lives, and where I am stashed on the shelf. In O'Hare's Gap, where the school is located, it is 1.00 PM. This is approximately the time my puppeteer wakes me up with the question: "Anneke, are you ready to go to school"? And i nod my head and answer: "more than ready, puppeteer, I cant wait till I see my Billy again".

So, my puppeteer takes me out of the box (which is sitting on the shelf) and puts my strings on. Slowly I am lowered in the neighborhood of the school. First, I feel kinda cloudy, and when I look around, i only see orange clouds. But after a few moments, I start to feel alright, and the clouds change into my fellow students.

Billy was there! And right away he kissed my cheek and said "Hello Anneke". I kiss him back, and answer him. Then I greet all fellow students, and (when one is there) a teacher. This time, there was no

teacher, so Billy, being not only my boyfriend but also a former prefect AND junior grandmaster, decided to do the honors and inspect us. He just started, when a grown up showed up, in a red cloak and no pants. He said he was a gladiator, and had one leg, which he lost fighting a lion.

Billy asked the man, if he (being an adult) could inspect us. And after Billy explained what was expected, the man said: "well okay, I can do that". So he started. First he inspected Billy. I don't think Billy was very much in trouble, the man complimented Billy for being a good boy. And of course Billy beamed.

But then, the trouble started. As always, I stood right next to Billy, so I was next in line. He asked me first of all if I was a good catholic girl. And I answered "yes". Then the man was going on about good catholic girls who should be brought up to be good housewives and mothers, and he said men are superior to women all the time. Before I could answer, miss Dorlo

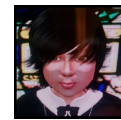
and miss Sarki stepped in and protested about that. Master Cameron and master Allie couldn't hear it out and ran away.

The gladiator, who had a very big sword in his hand, continued, to say girls always should obey the boys. Of course I was very scared of that sword, so i figured I best stay quiet. Anyway, After a while, the man went away and we all sighed, relieved he was gone.

Unfortunately class was canceled, so we all went our own way. Me and Billy, we went home and talked some more about the man in the red cape. Billy suggested we should ask the man to be our new grandmaster, (or in this case our gladiator). It would be great to have someone to perform the inspections again., At least I didn't think he was drunk, just ancient.

And that was a day in the life of a St. Columba student.

Anneke Danube



by
Billy J
Auster

Story Time

SAINT COLUMBA COMRADES: VOLUME 1:

"Heidi's strange predicament"

Based on a true story here at Saint Columba

An Introduction:

Once, a very long time ago, when times were simpler and good, there was a very strict Catholic school called St. Columba. The school was situated in a little village in Ireland, called O'Hare's Gap. Founded by Lucie Rose, long gone now, but who's soup recipe remains still, ever cherished and consumed daily by eager students. The school had a strict sequence of daily events: first there were prayers, then there was inspection, followed by class, daily soup, bedtime prayers and then finally sleep. This went on every day, and the children who belonged to it were relatively happy and content.

On one particular day, come inspection time, one particular student, who's name was Heidi (perhaps the one most often the center of controversy or jokes) was nowhere to be found. By the time there began to be any worry over her, suddenly she appeared -- but dressed all in rags. This was not uncommon for Heidi to appear out of uniform, so no one was surprised.

Miss Sarah barked at her: "Heidi you're late again. And haven't I told you a thousand times to arrive in uniform? What's wrong with you, are you deaf?"

"I fell in a well," Heidi said. "And I guess my uniform is somewhere down there, I suppose." Heidi stopped to wipe an itch from her face. "Took all of my wits just to get out of there!"

Skeptical looks from everyone.

"So ... you were just walking along, and just happened to fall into a well? Sounds too clumsy even for you, Heidi." Miss Sarah challenged.

"Well,... there were elephants of course." said Heidi.

"Huh?" said miss Sarah, scratching her head but now becoming more curious.

"Elephants." Said Heidi. "I rescue them, you know. Today there was a blue one."

Someone in the inspection line whispered: "Has Miss Heidi started drinking, do you think?"

"I find that hard to believe, Miss Heidi. But what would that have to do with you falling in a well, anyway?" Asked miss Sarah.

"I was in the midst of trying to help it, you see. I rescue elephants, you know. Anyway, I must have been backing up as it approached smelling the peanuts I held in my fist, and I must have backed up into a well

"There is NO well in O'Hares Gap, miss Heidi. And there are certainly NO elephants. TWO TICKS FOR FIBBING!" "And TWO MORE for BEING LATE and OUT OF UNIFORM!"

"But... but... it's true! It's ALL true. There IS a well. And elephants , too!" cried Heidi.

"Very well then. Take us to them." Miss Sarah said. "Take us now. That is... if you're willing to get in even

more trouble?"

Miss Heidi began confidently trudging the direction she said they were, and everyone followed her curiously. She headed toward the Blarney Stone. A sacred stone that brought you good luck to kiss it. Who knows how many millions of Irish lips and Irish cooties are planted on that stone!

After some time, Heidi said, "erm, um.. erm.. well i thought it was here, but I can't be sure now. " she rubbed her head a bit and winced. "I've a lump on my head now, after all."

Miss Sarah rolled her eyes and tapped her foot. "Enough! Back to school everyone." Miss Sarah glared disapprovingly at miss Heidi. "We'll have private talk when we get back".

Heidi wept on the return home, and it started to rain on top of it all.

It came to pass that a few weeks later, Billy and Anneke, students who were head over heels in love, went for a walk in the Gap's green foothills. In their search for a secret place to kissy face, suddenly, there it was -- A WELL!! Billy, brave as he is, went down the well with a rope, and yes, as Heidi told, there was the torn uniform. So Heidi was right all along!!! As Billy came out from the well, the both of them could hear -- some distance away they thought -- the roar and rumbling footsteps of some great elephant.

Dark School Legends:



by
Dorlota
Burdon

DARK SCHOOL LEGENDS: The final dare or is dating dangerous at Saint Columba?

By Dorlota Burdon

It was once again debate class. The subject was, if students should be allowed to date at our Saint Columba Catholic Boarding School. Ironically the pro-side was presented by Miss Emily Pickery, an old spinster who certainly never dated any boys during her youth. We girls smiled about that choice. Not less ironic was that Miss Shasta Brown, an African American teacher with a colorful past had to take the position that for students of school dating is not appropriate. Of course, most of us sided with Miss Emily, because we wanted to have the right to date someone. At school we have at least two couples and it was noticeable that these students were absent during that debate.

But I remember one thing. Shasta Brown starred at me with her dark eyes and said: "Dating can be dangerous. Don't forget that!" Her eyes were as dark as coal and really scarred me. Of course, we girls were giggling about that secretly, but in the course of the events I must always think about that phrase.

One girl that was absent was Polina* (*the name and appearance of her was changed not to embarrass her family). Polina seems to have East-European origin and was already quite mature for her age. She was the first girl of school I saw who seems to have been infected by the virus of puberty. The brown-eyed girl with the round head had a boyfriend out of school. Of course, the teachers did not like that, but Polina dated him outside school, so it was difficult for the teachers to prevent her dates. Sometimes she left school at night to date her boyfriend, who was a young artist.

At that time I was still a day-time student and usually slept at home. But this cold night in March I had to sleep over at school. Some students managed to get home, but not me. So there were enough free beds in the girls' dormitory and I could take one. I really rarely stayed overnight at school. So everything was quite new for me and I was really excited. Polina was among the few students that were in the dorm with me.

I was lying in bed awake already for a long time. The wind was howling outside and I heard strange sounds like whispers and cries. I was pulling my blanket over my head to protect myself, but soon it was getting too warm and I could not sleep. Around midnight I really felt that I have to go to the bathroom. I did not want to use the chamber pot as this seems to me childish and disgusting. But to get up in the cold and move through the dark mansion of Saint Columba was also scary. The restroom for girls is one floor below. I was still thinking about what to do, when I heard a sudden noise. It was at the window. What was it?



The girls seemed to be asleep, some one even snoring. Didn't they hear it? There it was again, but then I realized another one was awake.

It was Polina! She put her clothes on and was getting up. "Did you hear that noise? Where are you going?", I whispered to her. She approached me and smiled. "Shush! I am going to date my boyfriend. Don't worry Dorlota! It was him, he threw a stone at the window to let me know that he is there." I smiled and I found that really romantic. Would a boy do something like that for me, too? Quite unlikely I was just one more blond girl. Nothing special, more or less ignored by many.

"Polina, I will follow to the first floor. I have to go to the restroom", I whispered. She nodded and said: "But be silent! Don't spoil my date!" I nodded and we both smiled in complicity. I grabbed my slippers and off we go. Polina already put her coat on. The other girls kept on sleeping and the wind was still howling louder. I heard of an owl. Some say it's a sign of a lingering calamity, but I am not too superstitious. At least I was not.

We sneaked through the empty corridor downstairs. Here we could really hear the sounds of night even clearer. It seemed to be like hideous creatures are hiding outside. "Polina, don't go out! It's dangerous out there!", I suddenly said. I had a really bad feeling about the situation.

We already reached the first floor. She laughed: "It's just the weather, Dorlota! Love makes me strong. I am not afraid. Floyd will protect me. You go to the toilet now and don't wet the floor!", she said to me and giggled. I felt a bit embarrassed as Polina treated me like a baby. "So enjoy Polina!", I said and she smiled. Her face got a dreamy expression. It must be really great to have a boyfriend or at least a date. I sighed and closed the door of the bathroom behind me, while Polina was heading downstairs.



After I finished my business and washed my hands, I was really curious what Polina was doing outside with her boyfriend. So I sneaked to the big window and starred in the dark trying to catch a glimpse on Polina and Floyd, who was a bit older than her.

There a shadow moving in the dark! It was Polina just leaving school! In a distance near a bush, I saw another movement. But it was a strange shadow. It was much too tall to be a boy. The dark shadow was moving towards Polina. She had pulled the hood of her coat above her head. So she was not aware of this shadow moving towards her. I was opening the window. The storm ran through my hair as I have opened it. The rain was hitting my face. I cried as loud as I could: "Polina! Go away! Fast!" But the storm was so loud and I was on the first floor. I heard another scream of an owl mixing with the scream of Polina when the shadow grabbed her. Due to the fear and the rain I closed my eyes for a second or two. Then everything was dark and no one was there. Where was Polina? Where did the shadow take her? I ran back to the dorm and hid under my blanket. I was shivering about what I had seen and not just because of the cold. But I was really tired and fell asleep. I had bad nightmares about what happened.

In the morning the sun was shining. Was it just a nightmare? Was Polina back? I blinked to her bed and it was empty. I was dressing up quickly for breakfast. Before breakfast I ran to the office of the headmistress, Madam Victoria Temple.

I knocked and she looked up from her desk. "Come in!", she said strictly. "O, the Princess of Yakutia, I hope you slept well!", she greeted me cold and full of irony. "Good morning, Madam Temple" I greeted her and curtsied. "Where is Polina. Madam Temple? Her bed is empty", I said without telling her what I have seen. Madam Temple frowned and grimaced for a second fixing me with her eyes: "Why do you ask, Miss Dorlota?" "Her bed was empty and I saw her leaving the dorm tonight", I answered. "Yes, she left school Miss Dorlota.", she answered without further explanation "At night without telling anyone?", I replied. "She said she was dating her boyfriend last night and I saw a shadow and I heard a scream outside, Madam Temple!"

"Don't worry, Dorlota. Polina was adopted by a couple from Russia and they already left Ireland. She had to leave school at night, Miss Dorlota. The plane to Petersburg left very early in the morning. She was very happy about that.", the blond teacher explained me.

"I was going to the bathroom this night Madam and I saw through the window a shadow moving towards Polina and this shadow took her!", I explained.

"So you left the dorm at night, I see. That is a tick. I am sorry, Miss Dorlota", she said and smiled at me. "But I have good news for you, too. We have a free bed now. That is your chance Miss Dorlota to become really part of the school. No one will see you as second class student anymore".

"But Polina?", I asked desperately. I really did not believe that story.

She stood up and looked on me with a dark shadow on her face. "Never mention this name again! Polina left! She is past! She is not part of our school family anymore. Do you want the bed or not? If not, we have a long list of applicants!"

I nodded: "Yes, I would love to have the bed and sleep here to become part of the school family".

The shadow on her face disappeared and she smiled friendly, maybe too friendly: "Good girl! You have the bed and we forget the tick! Deal, Miss Dorlota?"

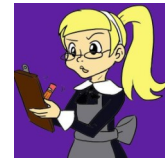
I gulped and nodded. I was confused and not able to think anymore. "Yes, thank you, Madam Temple".

"Welcome to the family Miss Dorlota! Don't forget we care for each other here. Forever!" She emphasized the last word in a strange way. I curtsied and left the room.

I never heard anything again from Polina. She never wrote a letter from Russia. The other girls did not take me seriously and laughed about my story. Miss Anneke said she thinks that Polina left school with her boyfriend and Madam Temple told me the story to keep the image of the school clean. But it was not her boyfriend outside and definitely not Polina's new family. Polina was an orphan, no one was searching for her. And she was not from Ireland, so no one cared. We also never heard anything from her boyfriend, too. It seems he has disappeared, too. But every time I hear the wind howling I think of Polina. And how could I forget her? I am sleeping in her bed. But I still believe there is something outside in the dark waiting for students who are going on a date. Maybe someday I will find out what it is. And I will keep on writing this diary, in case I will disappear like Polina...

SCCBS Admin News

St. C School News and Information



by
Sarah
Sandalwood
Horten

Normally I take this opportunity to share with the general public, all the ticks and demerits the students have received since the last issue. HOWEVER:

This past year, the school purchased a deluxe, state-of-the-art tick tracking system I lovingly dubbed "The Tick-O-Matic 5000". This system allowed all school staff to tick students easily with the press of a button on a special remote control and all the data is logged, categorized and available at the touch of a button. Ticks had more than tripled and I was as happy as an 8 year old with a new coloring book!

So one day I approached the machine to run a report and an error appeared on the screen.



The ticks were...GONE! KAPUT! VAPORIZED! Like they never existed! I WAS DEVASTATED! All those ticks lovingly trusted to this machine....GONE! I immediately contacted support who came and upgraded the software and apologized for the loss of school records. Begrudgingly, we started storing ticks in the tick bank once again only to be greeted by the error screen AGAIN! Apparently, we were issuing more ticks than the "Tick-O-Matic 5000" could store! Hundreds and hundreds of ticks...like they never happened. Therefore the students are the ones who luck out this year but I can assure you, I will NOT be as careless going forward.

So without ticks to publish in my article, I'll just share some fun moments from this past year demonstrating just how wonderful and unique St. Columba Catholic Boarding School is. Don't let the silliness fool you...I still insist on perfection, rules and compliance in one of SL's most prestigious educational institutions.



Miss Lila broke her leg in gym class. So how did she climb up all those mattresses?



Madam Shasta shows the girls the fine art of sporting an afro.



Maybe the school really IS haunted after all!



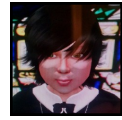
Miss Sarah prepares to faceplant directly into the snow after getting snowballed by the kids.



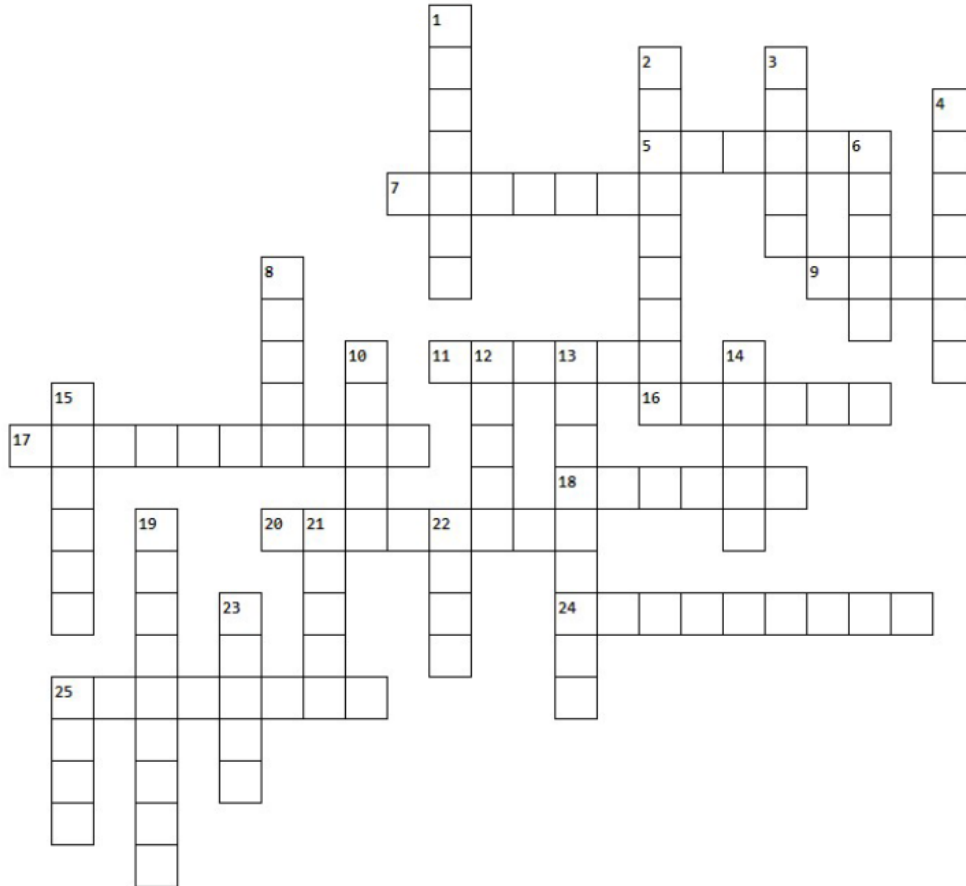
Madam Temple finds joy in swiping Miss Sarah's seat at the dinner table.



Students prepare for a round of football...or is it soccer?!



SCCBS Crossword Puzzle



Across

- 5. Shoe shiner
- 7. Daily ritual
- 9. No gaps
- 11. Newest teacher
- 16. Spaced out
- 17. Daily check
- 18. Madonna Fan
- 20. Yakutian Queen
- 24. Bull in a china store
- 25. Youngest Yakutian

Down

- 1. Newest boy
- 2. Excellence personified
- 3. A student and a musical
- 4. Pruney old lady
- 6. Forbidden room
- 8. Busters
- 10. Props & Solos
- 12. Mischief maker
- 13. Amen?
- 14. Junior Grandmaster
- 15. Billy's true love
- 19. Youthful food
- 21. _____ + Annie
- 22. Gacha Queen
- 23. After inspection
- 25. Billy's other true love

O'Hares Gap Word Scramble

Unscramble the words.

- | | | | |
|----------------|-------|-------------------|-------|
| 1. UPB | _____ | 10. BEYBA | _____ |
| 2. IENLDAR | _____ | 11. ATIN | _____ |
| 3. PGA NNI | _____ | 12. THIUESLOGH | _____ |
| 4. SFFLIC | _____ | 13. YNNUH | _____ |
| 5. GAHNRA | _____ | 14. SAAHR | _____ |
| 6. MKS | _____ | 15. LLWIY | _____ |
| 7. AHNSUELPERC | _____ | 16. RGAAD | _____ |
| 8. SEIAFRE | _____ | 17. LAEBNRY ENTOS | _____ |
| 9. TAEHTRE | _____ | 18. HOTYA | _____ |

*Find the answers to these puzzles in the next gazette!



"Rumor Has It..."



by
Anneke Van
Trijp

O'HARE'S GAP THE GAP GAZETTE

Wilde and Toyah Sims

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Remember the Ghost in the attic? The children of St. Columba were forbidden to go up the attic, because there was supposed to be a ghost, making the place unsafe. And we, obedient as we are, didn't go there. Probably more because we were scared of ghosts than being good boys and girls.

Till one day, one of the students (i wont say who because i don't want her to be in trouble, but her name starts with an "L") discovered, there was no such thing as a ghost there. Yes, she did go up there, in fact she was sentenced to sleep in the attic for a fortnight. And when she came back, she told us: "no such thing as a ghost". Well, she was there, so we have to believe her.

Not much later, a girl reported another ghost, this time "the ghost in the kitchen". Miss Sarah, who knows the joint piece by piece, declared: "there's NO ghost in the kitchen". Yet, a few of us, actually saw the creature. And what do you think: someone even said it was the ghost of me. Now, as every-one could see, I am very much alive. And to become a ghost, you absolutely have to be dead. D.e.a.d. And I'm not. Bottom line: IF there was a ghost, and I write it with a big IF, it certainly was NOT me.

Question remains: were there ghosts, and when there were, who's ghost was it. I decided to investigate.

Now, there are some ways you can recognize a ghost. First of all, because they are totally illusive, it stands to reason, they cant hold liquor nor solid food. There's nothing to catch it, nothing to stop it from falling on the ground. So, I started to watch my fellow students. Even, I must confess, miss Sarah. You cant make any exceptions in this quest. But, every student who was on the soup table, perfectly held the soup in: nothing was found on the floor, except maybe some soup drips, coming from students who were less careful with their soup. (Of course that were boys, that goes without saying; not Billy though). What I DID notice was, Madame Temple NEVER attends the soup table. Was that a coincidence, or on purpose?

Another way to recognize a ghost is: since they are illusive, all sounds passes them by: No ears, they cant hear anything said by others. The only way they COULD know what you are saying is, by reading your lips (funny enough they DO have eyes). So again, i followed my fellow students, and talked to them. Even to miss Sarah. You cant make any exceptions in this quest. But every one I talked to, responded. Even when I didn't show my face and turned my back to them. Still every student understood what I said and responded. Conclusion: none of the students was a ghost. What I DID notice was, Madame Temple NEVER reacted to anything I said. Even when it was a tickable offense, no reaction what so ever.

CONCLUSION: and I am very sorry to have to be the barer of this news: MADAME TEMPLE is the ghost. Cant be anything else. She doesn't eat soup because she cant hold it inside, and she doesn't react to anything said because she has no ears. A ghost. And when you think about it, it all makes sense now. As a ghost she knows everything what is going on, nobody can see her when she flies around in the school, she knows all the answers everyone EVER asked, because as a ghost she is all-knowing, And as a ghost she doesn't need any fee, because she has no pockets to put it in.

I AM sorry for Miss Svenja though, having a ghost as a mummy cant be easy. Perhaps that is why she has to polish so many shoes. A ghost cant stand looking in mirrors (no reflection as they are illusive).

Don't let the truth stand in the way of a good story

Yours, Anneke van Trijp

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Good of the Village



Madam Pickery runs a strict phys-ed class



Schlomo Lipshitz hangs out at the school just to score a free meal



This photo is what is known as an "oxymoron"



For the first time ever, students experience fried chicken.

The Gap Gazette is published quarterly for the residents and community of Ohare's Gap and St. Columba Catholic Boarding School in Second Life



Master Billy rehearses for the SCCBS Talent Show