

The Claretian Echo

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St Clarets GFC: You don't have to be crazy to play for us. We'll train you.

Joyce puts body on the line

Fergie's final word

When asked what he would miss most about being manager of Man Utd, Alex Ferguson simply replied: "Those angry 3am phone calls from Pat Lynott every time we lost to Liverpool."

"You think I'm intense. Well Pat (below) used to scare the crap out of me."

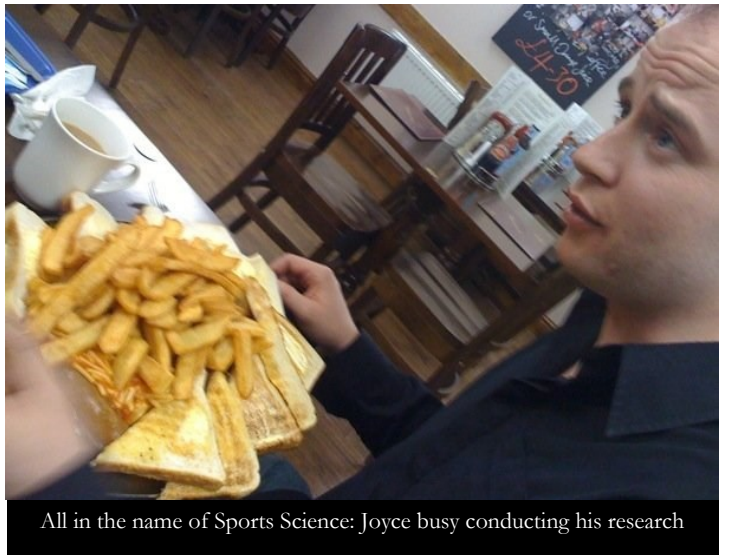


The Claretian Echo can this week reveal how club good-guy Michael Joyce has been selflessly putting his body on the line to assist the St Clarets in their pursuit of excellence.

For the past three months the amiable Galway man has been eating huge portions of fried food as he assists the club's expensively assembled sports science department in collecting data regarding just how damaging this type of diet is for any athlete.

When approached by *The Echo* about the lengths he is

going to in assisting the club, gotta chew, what a man's got- Joyce merely said: "A man's ta chew."



All in the name of Sports Science: Joyce busy conducting his research

O'Dowd's dreams dashed

Super hero wannabe John O'Dowd was left heartbroken last week when he failed to win the role of *The Incredible Hulk* in the upcoming sequel to *The Avengers* movie.

The ambitious Claretian had undertaken an intensive acting course over the past few months as he tried to hone his thespian skills.

Having read the autobiography of Oscar winning actor Daniel Day Lewis, O'Dowd decided that he would take Lewis's advice and submerge himself totally into the character, going so far as to warn friends and colleagues: "Don't make me angry, you wouldn't like me when I'm angry."

On the morning of the audition, O'Dowd visited his local tanning salon and asked for a *Lou Ferrigno*, a sel-

dom requested tone named in honour of the actor who played *The Hulk* in the TV series.

After half an hour in the booth, O'Dowd emerged looking more like a set of highlighter pens than a superhe-



O'Dowd drowns his sorrows after Hulk fiasco

ro, leaving staff profoundly apologetic for the malfunction that had caused the Cork man to be sprayed three different fluorescent colours.

Obviously unable to attend the audition, a glowing - yet enraged O'Dowd, wearing just a pair of cut-off jeans, ran out the door of the salon and down the High Street, knocking over several old ladies and their shopping trolleys, much to the astonishment of frightened bystanders.

He was last seen jumping over a garden fence and stealing a shirt and trousers from a clothes line in Ealing... Or at least that's what we think he was stealing from the line!

On a brighter note, John has been called for an audition for the next "Fanta - you've been tangoed" ad.