

Ballincollig Community School

some gaff, boy!

class of 2005

Kids
today
must
find
their
own way,
because
nobody else
has a clue...

A message from Mr Doolan



May 2005

I wish the class of 2005 every success in their examinations and future careers. You were an excellent Year Group and created a favourable impression on all who came in contact with you.

I have happy memories of my time associated with you and I know you will uphold the great tradition of the school's former pupils in the world of work.

Rath Dé ar bhúr n-iarrachtai ins na blianta ata romhaibh.

John Doolan.



Over the past six years you have matured into responsible, wise (at times) young adults whose futures now stretch ahead of you. I should like to wish each and every one of you the best in the years ahead. I sincerely hope you achieve your dreams, whatever they may be and that you will stay, in the immortal words of Bob Dylan, "forever young".

Sixth year is not an easy one and sometimes it must have seemed as if it would never end as you lurched from one set of exams to another and while leaving school is a major step, one that will bring both joy and sorrow, it is, without doubt, a moment never to be forgotten.

jacket!

It was with some trepidation that I first met you as a year group one frosty morning in January '04. My strongest memory is of a sea of faces stretching from one set of red doors to another and neither God nor man (nor woman) could move you from those positions! However you soon became well known faces with gold spiky hair, red runners, short skirts and the inevitable



A message from the Year Head

Kathleen Lowney

Life is at your fingertips
But don't just leave it there
Grasp it with both hands and never let it go
And soon you will realise how much possibility lies before you.

Value both as you enter the next phase of your lives.
Anchor as you move on, will be your memories of your time at B.C.S. and your friendships.
daunting facing change and the unfamiliar. The things that will remain consistent, the anxiety and anticipation. It can be both exciting and a little emotions for many of you - feelings of joy and sadness, I am sure that these last few weeks have brought a mixture of close I wish you all the very best for the future.



A message from the Principal

As your time in Ballincollig Community School comes to a

Once upon a time, there was ... First Year



We were so small... and stupid enough to think the sixth years were the coolest things we'd ever seen. We cowered in their shadows. Kids today; no such respect.

Our legacy began from our first moments in these hallowed halls... the entrance test; trying to figure out what shoes and airports had to do with each other - Roy falling off his chair. The fascinating concept of a "free period" and dear Mr. Kennelly's vain attempts to convince us that these were rare occurrences.

Suddenly everything was bright and new - that's not how most people would choose to describe the prefabs but to our idealistic young eyes they brought endless entertainment... from their tendency to get a bit soggy in the rain to Mark and Roy's attempts to demolish them, to Mr. Doolan's



spontaneously combustible bin. The prefabs were our hardboard home away from home... particularly the back of the building, which seemed to fascinate many of our more amorous yearmates. Summer days kicking a football around the old basketball courts, running late to Iníon Uí Mhurchú's class and winter mornings sitting huddled together in Mr. Buttimer's room in our hats and scarves. Barry nearly killing Miriam in Metalwork with a file. Being sent home 'cos the heating was broken - Kevin Myles splitting his head open at the disco and the welcome committee using forcible means to try and make us dance. Ultimately it was over before we could take it all in... maybe that was a good thing.

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Then, suddenly, up crept ... Second Year

It was pretty hard to remember what the hell happened in second year... but we do have a few choice memories.



Area C - our new home. A lot of things come to mind when we think of area C... the freaky smell of the science corridor, the homely pink walls, the radiators, the bin... it was like our own personal barn but with all the straw on the ceiling. 'Twas a wondrous place - with interesting corners for interesting shenanigans.



Mr. Nally's English class all retain the memory of the deep trauma of the incident on the pitch when Brian "assaulted" Deborah - ahem... and then of course our exchange - so educational.

2001 was the year of the teachers' strike - and that fateful occasion when quite a few of us upped and relocated to the roundabout for the day. Sitting there for hours with nothing but

Taytos and Coke (the liquid kind) to sustain us; ties around our heads and strongly-worded placards in hand (sadly, we weren't very good at spelling in those days) - we were an unmovable force... that was until the Gardaí came along and moved us on.



Paris Exchange



'Twas a fine February morning when fourteen youngun's from Ballincollig Community School set off into the unknown in search of some culture; Ms. A. Owens their omnipotent guide and mentor. Unfortunately, none of us had very impressive French and so an elaborate sign-language was developed between us and our families for the week. That said, we learned a whole lot of new words we'd never heard in class - not to mention the joys of Paris life - up at half-six, run for bus/metro, meet at school, walk around the city for a few hours and back home for dinner followed immediately by bed.

We marveled at such sites as the Eiffel Tower by night, Notre Dame and Sacre Coeur (where Aidain acquired his monkey). We walked hundreds of steps a day, got our portraits painted in Montremarte and snuck off to the crêpe stalls at every given opportunity (highly recommended).

No-one objected to walking in Disneyland but the next day was Versailles - the palace was massive in itself but the grounds were even bigger. It even had a farm... with goats. The only thing that kept us going was the thought of McDonalds on the other side of the palace gates - by the time we got there, Peter looked like he'd never seen a Big Mac in his life and the locals look terrified at the mob of foreigners running through their doors begging to be fed.

Our last day was taken up by a visit to La Palais de la Découverte, a massive science museum in the centre of Paris - we were treated to a Van De Graaf demonstration and a very long astronomy exhibit during which Jennifer Moynihan fell asleep. Then we got to play with the interactive experiments. All agreed it was a day well spent. And so it was over and so we'd survived... with little more than minor injuries and no-one permanently lost (a few of the girls had forgotten Paula once or twice - she's easily miss-able y'know). We stuffed our bags with wine, cheese and chocolate crêpes and flew home (stopping off in Dublin to the welcome sound of Irish accents), disinfected our shoes a couple of times (we had the luck to visit a farm during the height of a Foot and Mouth scare) and we were home.



Hey, this is getting serious ...

Third Year

Third Year heralded the arrival of the State Examinations. It was to be our crowning and most glorious moment - everything we had ever worked for had been gearing up to this event of gigantic proportions. Not much happened in third year. Many of us like to believe it was a figment of our imaginations: a brush with the exam system, hopefully never to be repeated again.



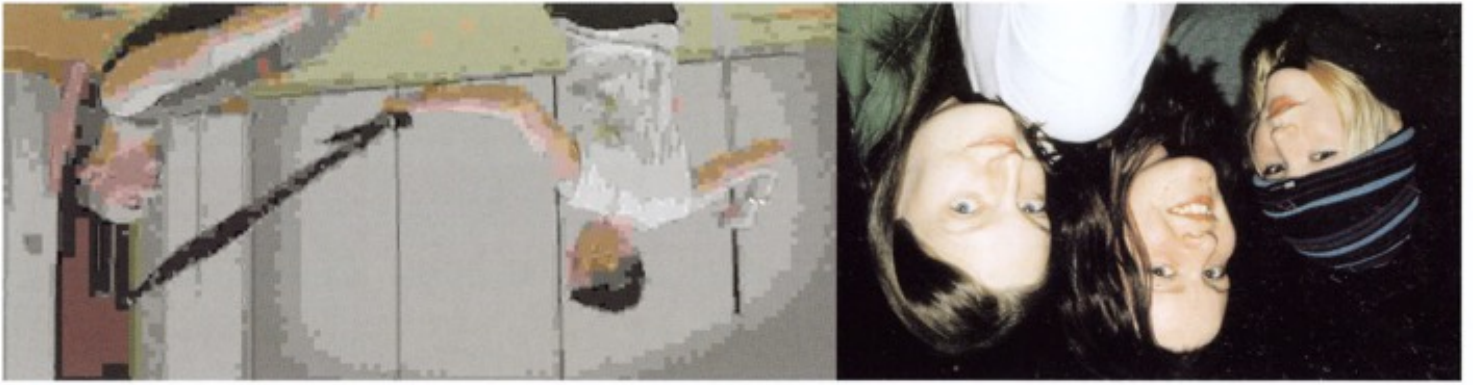
Banjaxed after the Junior Cert, so its on to ... Transition Year

Commencing transition year students were more than happy to begin a year with less study and more fun. At last we had a break from our usual classes during the day, as we all participated in modules such as E.C.D.L, Dancing, Golf, Horse Riding, Self Defence, First Aid, Soccer, Rugby, Food Craft, Pre-Driving, Human Rights and Swimming. There were three certified modules they included E.C.D.L, Self-Defence and First Aid.

E.C.D.L is a European Computer driving licence that most students found very beneficial, Self Defence taught us many ways in which to defend ourselves in lots of difficult situations, most students will agree that it was one of the best modules. First Aid showed us what to do in an emergency and gave us great insight into the medical profession and just how easy we have it at school. Dancing proved to be great fun for those that took this module, types of dance varied from modern dance to Irish dancing which the fellas proved to have a great talent for! The Golf module was held at the driving range in Inniscarra and all the Tiger Woods out there were able to show off their skills. Horse Riding took place at the riding centre in Ballinora, this module was very popular among the girls as only two boys opted for it and left after two weeks (poor things!) Both boys and girls chose soccer and Rugby, which they looked forward to doing every week as a break from so much homework (ya right!) In transition year we also got to relax and adventure in Kerry with the guidance and true friendship of Miss Cronin and Mrs Coughlan (cheers!).

There we enjoyed activities such as canoeing, orienteering, swimming in the aqua-dome and entertainment at the local cinema, which everyone appreciated. On the educational side we visited the Geraldine Centre and the Fenit Sea World, which was an excellent experience. We stayed over night in a B&B 'Lime Court' which was great fun.

Overall 4th year was a great year for us as we did lots of activities that will always be remembered. We will never forget that year as we did plenty of (hard) work experience. This gave everyone a great insight into the working world and we are grateful and delighted to have had such an amusing (dossy!) year. We would like to thank the many great teachers that helped and guided us in transition year. THANKS A MILL!!



A moving tale

In early December 2002 we moved to our new school. The last day was anarchy - no one minded that we were nicking all the signs off the doors or spray-painting the areas. There were fireworks and flooding and Mr. Weir following everyone around with his video camera.



We fourth years were delegated the honour of moving the school from one building to the other in hundreds of big red boxes and we were given the Christmas tests off as a reward for our dedicated work. Yay!

Unfortunately, our excitement was dampened by the death of our well loved Music teacher, Mrs O'Connell. However, we have happy memories of her many years in the school and we're sure she would have played us out in style as we lugged boxes from one building to the other.



Adrigole and points wesht

Seven months of moaning about not getting a school tour were quickly put to bed by the one and only, J.J. He decided to take us to West Cork for two days in May of 4th Year. "Is that alright, lads? That's fine, that's grand, that's fine."

So, on a surprisingly sunny May morning, J.J.'s 4th Year Geography class, in the company of Hugh (the bus driver) and Mrs. O' Sullivan headed for West Cork - or, more accurately, Adrigole / Castletownbere. The bus journey was long but fun filled. J.J. was in his element all the way down, showing us the geographical features whilst planning for that night's table quiz.



Without getting a decent chance to get settled into our lodgings, we were whisked to the foot of Hungry Hill where a long climb awaited us. Under the supervision of walking expert Dr. John, we found a path up the

mountain. However, quite regularly we had to stop and wait for Tierna and Lorraine to pick themselves up from the rock, they had collapsed on again!!



At 9.30 the next morning, we were to be introduced to sailing. This didn't bode well with us and after a long lesson in pairs we took to the water. It was a terrifying experience! So, after an hour of being thrown into the water and being hit by the "boy", very wet, annoyed people made for shore, and lunch. Thankfully, after lunch, the sailing boats were replaced by canoes, (a much safer vessel if you ask me).



Following an afternoon of rigorous canoe exercise it was time to say goodbye to West Cork and head for Ballincollig once again.

It may not have been a foreign school tour, but it was fun. Many thanks to J.J. (that's grand, that's fine), Mrs. O' Sullivan, Dr. John and Hugh for organising an unforgettable trip.



Banking, the sport of kings

One of the many Transition Year projects was, of course, the BCS School Bank. Now, I bet you're thinking, "We had a school bank?!" Yes, I'm afraid it's true.

2003 saw the birth of our beloved school's greatest (and only) financial empire. Headed by Brian Donnelly, this paramount of professionalism went on to provide fiscal happiness for all the students of Ballincollig Community School for, oh...at least a month! And, let's face it: with David Murphy's resplendent (and highly legible) handwriting on the accounts, how could the team possibly go wrong?

Amy O' Connell, Barry Horgan and Vinnie Browne were always on hand as the firm's trusty cashiers. And last, but certainly not least, Barry Hennessy filled the position of assistant-manager. So, with dreams of banking glory, the team set out to impress the importance of bank accounts on the impressionable young students of BCS.

And who could forget the busiest and most triumphant day of the bank? Manager Brian's absence left the team running around like headless chickens. Hey! They only lost €20.00 and only one (physical) fight broke out! Ah, banking...it's a violent sport.



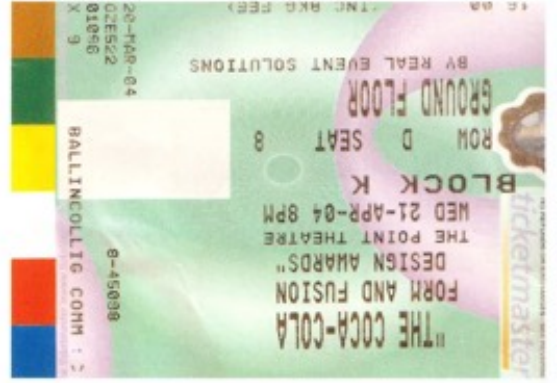
Form and Fusion - Remember that?

How could we forget? For those who were in our art class that year the names the lost Prophet, Beira and the Hell's Angel bring back a huge amount of memorable memories. Alex, Joe, Rory and Kevin as fierce fighting warriors or should I say having no attire at all is but one. In early September we set out to put together the most marvellous costumes our imaginations could produce. By late October we had enough. Nevertheless Miss Early drove us on and by January of following year we had set our sights on the preliminaries. The excitement mounted as the day dawned and what a day it was. I don't think I'll ever forget the random sequence of events that happened that day. It was all started when a certain Mr. Murphy whimped out leaving Peter Fennell, Glenn Murphy and Eoin Quinn to invent their "dance" routine on the spot.

Unfortunately we only managed to succeed in getting one of our costumes through (Beira - ice queen). After many more weeks of tiring work Beira was looking better than ever. It was an added bonus to the team of Ciara O'Mahony, Olive Mc Dermot, Sharon Murphy, Amy

O'Connell, Liadain Murphy and Maria Power that we got to show the nation our costume on the Late Late show. For those of us who went we undoubtedly had a brilliant time only it was a great pity that the whole team couldn't go as they all deserved it. The days before the final were long and busy but really enjoyable. Oh how we laughed at Sarah the stage manager having minor breakdowns! The air was tense and our nerves were shaking as the night of that day began to fall. The faithful brigade of drummers arrived from the year group to lend a hand or two. Much to everyone's

disappointment we did not manage to take an award home but by all standards I think it was without doubt a night and a year to remember.



TEACHERS' QUOTES

Ms. Daly

"You rat bag"

Mr. Murphy

"Is that ok, ok, ok?"

"Are you alright there are you ok"

"You're all big girls now, you can all shoot yourselves in the big toes if you want"

Mr. O' Broin

"Creatures"

"Panic time!!!"

(To Ciara Perott): Fridge, put that in the storeroom.

Mr. Lucey

"You did in your flute!"

Mr. Kennelly

"Let's go now please. C'mon."

Ms. Hoolahan

"Women! You can manage Ronan after class."

Mr. Downey

"What are the Irish mountains covered in?"

Class: "SHEEP!"

Mr. Downey: "....grass..."

"Denmark is usual important em...Denmark."

Ms. Harrington

"Now look at the diagra"

Mr. Nally

"I am a shy person."

"One of Nal's golden moments"

(About Caitríona O' Connell): She's daft as a brush, lads

Iníon Uí Mhurchú

(to Cormac) "Let you entertain me!"

Mr. Neville (religion)

"How many times do I have to tell you?! I have to tell you how many times?!"

Ms. Lennon

"Leave your derriere alone, man!"

"Well, I won't be oralling ye myself...it'll be a different person."

Ms Forde

"NNB Cuirigí líne faoi sin! AN-tábhachtach"

J.O.C:

"What's the long version of two?"

Women: "Twooooooooooooo....?"

"Just like Jojo"

Killian: "Jojo Buggy?"

"Tai chi maths!"

"It's fishy maths, lads"

"It's very simple if ye just use the Britney Spear's formula, followed by the Top Cat Fish formula."

Mr. O' Sullivan

"C'mere what are you doing?"

Ms. Owens

"You wouldn't go to work without your hammer, would you?"

STUDENTS' QUOTES

Mr. Doolan

"Give that child a biscuit"
 "I'm zooming in on you"
 "Let's ask a passing first year!"

Glenn Murphy:
 Taxi?
Rory O'Connor

(In first year) "Tadhg, how do I be cool?"
Owen Murphy:
 "Some gaff, bhoy!"
Ronan Condon:

"It's Maglin, Maglin, Maglin, Maglin"
Tierna O'Connor

"Why don't the stones on the ground match the colour of the grass?"
 (Ms. Donovan) "And why do you think Michelle should buy this car?"
Ger: "Because it's small and compact and she's a small and compact person."
Yvonne Wallace

(Asked to describe the colours in a WW2 picture): "Happy colours"
Claire Murphy (Where do we start?):

"Do you know Freddy Cook?"
 "I am looking for froasts - they are frog ghosts"
 (When asked how do you make jam, she responded): "Suit and frugar"

Mr. Doolan

"Give that child a biscuit"
 "I'm zooming in on you"
 "Let's ask a passing first year!"

Vincent Browne

"Kiss me, I'm Irish, stroke me clover"
 "Cruising fingers"
 (When Ms. Kelly asked for sugar at a parent teacher meeting, he answered): "Your too sweet for sugar, miss"

Alex Hanlon:

"Anyone going to tuckers becks?"
 "Ahriatei?"
 "Lads, the war's over we can all go home"

Warren O'Sullivan

"Eagles seven"
 "Hit 'em Frank or I'll hit 'em for ya!"
 "Dya have ten cent?"

Hamlet: To be, or not to be < handy for English, lads >

Barry Hennessy

"You're all a bunch of smelly mingers!"

Catriona McKenna

(To Ms. Waterman after the Irish oral): Miss, I should have listened to you!

Amy O'Connell

A Blarney, il y a une grande chapeau!"

Ballincollig Con Leaving C 20



Back row: Shane Casey, John Dwyer, David Baldwin, Kevin Myles, David Rice, Miriam Canty, Caitriona McK
John Thullier

Third row: Joe Buggy, Niall Kenefick, Glenn Murphy, Roy Werst, George Harrington, Rory O'Connor, Noel W
Donovan, Warren O'Sullivan, Ciara O'Mahony, Gerard Kelliher, Caitriona Goggin, Deirdre Huggard, Tiarna C
Kate O'Brien

Second Row: Shirley Desmond, Kylie Lehane, Karen Kenneally, Deborah O'Driscoll, Barry Horgan, Jenny M
Yvonne Wallace, Readin O'Donovan, Michelle O'Connell

Front Row: Derek Shorten, Catherina O'Leary, Caitriona O'Connell, Vincent Browne, Daniel Cahill, John Pa
Murphy.

Community School
Certificate
05



Kenna, Ronan Condon, Gerard Fleming, Brian Donnelly, Ciara McKenna, David Quinlan, Danny Curran,
Williams, Aidan Cahill, Killian Kelleher, Aisling O'Leary, Alex Hanlon, Liadian Murphy, Barry Hennessy, Laura
O'Connor, Caroline Matson, Andrew O'Connell, Peter Fennell, Louise Cahill, Amy O'Connell, Cormac Lucey,
McMahon, Ciara Perrott, Carmel Cronin, Olive McDermott, Claire O'Reilly, Sharon Murphy, Edel McSweeney,
ul Rath, Miss E. Waterman, David Murphy, Maria Power, Aisling Kenny, Owen Murphy, Shane Woods, Claire



Basketball - boys

We have had great success in basketball over the years. Our year group has produced some of the finest players to ever grace the court in the famous colours of B.C.S basketball many of whom have also represented their county at Inter Regional level with honour and distinction, that makes me proud to say that I am a student of Ballincollig Community School.

When we arrived in this school in '99 we had no idea of the success that we would achieve sensing though that there were good times to come. Under the guidance of our coach Dermot Murphy and manager Mr.Lucey we defeated Spiorad Naomh in a thrilling county final that went down to the wire. From there we went on to qualify for the all Ireland finals after we emphatically won the All Ireland Qualifiers in Tramore. Unfortunately, we couldn't complete a fantastic year as we lost to St. Fintans in the semi finals.

In the next two years we continued to get better as a team and during this period many friendships were made. We enjoyed more success at county level but we were just short of All Ireland triumph when we were again foiled by our arch nemesis, St.Fintans. Fourth year proved to be the most memorable year. The Under 19 and Under 16 teams combined to reach four All Ireland finals between them. The under 19 team beat four teams on their way to the cup final including a very exciting game against Rockwell College at home in the new gym. The under 16 team was equally impressive in their matches as they wiped aside all competition such as Ard Scoil Ris in the semi final. The

finals in the National Basketball Arena in Tallaght were great occasions for the school and the players alike. Both teams were very unlucky not to win their respective finals as these matches were cruelly snatched away from them by buzzer beating shots. We were devastated by the defeats but we did regroup and the teams won their qualifying rounds to reach the league finals which were again held in Tallaght. This time around the Under 16 team exacted their revenge and won the match by a considerable margin. It was a great team effort by the lads especially by David Baldwin and the well deserved M.V.P. Killian Kelliher. It was a rewarding victory for the team coach Jim Nugent and manager Mr. Lucey. The Under 19's did not win their match but the team showed a good spirit and there were good displays from Kevin, Cormac, David and Killian.

In fifth year we won the prestigious O'Neill cup tournament in Tralee. The players from our year including Cormac and David played a big part in that success. The victory was even sweeter as we beat the team which we lost to in both the previous years finals. We reached the all Ireland group stage in Limerick where we lost in a hard fought match to the Green. In sixth year we had county success and we qualified for the all Ireland group stages.

Thanks to our coach Jim Nugent and manager Mr. Lucey who provided us with great memories and support through our school days here at B.C.S.

Basketball - girls

The girl's senior basketball team have been consistent throughout the years; from first year to sixth year we have succeeded, making it into many county finals, which in turn lead to all Ireland finals. Our coach Mick Healy helped us throughout the years making basketball a passion for us girls. Inside jokes and laughter were never far away. Whether it is training or a match we always had fun. Win, loose or draw we always kept our heads held high we accepted each result as a team and no one was ever to blame. The friendships formed and the memories we have are irreplaceable.

We remember:

Shirley Desmond's fights with numerous referees

Miriam Canty's tough defence and great blocking was hard to beat.

Kate O'Brien's amazing ability to shoot 3 pointers and make it look easy!

Tierna O'Connor's fiery temper on the court

Caitriona McKenna's legendary fast breaks which always caught the opposition off

guard.

Ciara McKenna's twinkle toes while doing lay up shots

Finally on a serious note, basketball has played a major role in our lives and we will be sad to leave the school team behind. We know the high standard will be continued on for many years to come. We would also like to take this opportunity to thank Ms. Gallagher for all her hard work and coaching in our final year.

Back to Earth (for some!!)

Fifth Year

Fifth year saw the adventitious rise of the C-Unit and WAGO (Warren, Alex, Gerard and Owen's West Side Engineering Posse). A surprisingly eventful year really. Some gaf boy.

The German student writes ...

Whenever I think about the days in BCS, a little smile comes up on my face... I came over to improve my English and to see how life is away from home, with little expectations but great curiosity. But I would never have expected to be this experience as brilliant as it was! I really enjoyed the days in school - I had nothing to lose as my work had no impact on my marks in Germany and so I could see things quite relaxed, even though I tried to do my best. At the very beginning, in September, everything felt so strange, not only the building, students and teachers but also formal things that are different in Germany - wearing school uniform, assembly in the morning, school in the afternoon and also the way of teaching which is quite different, too. But mostly fascinating was certainly the way I was welcomed and integrated by students and teachers- everyone was so friendly and helped me to get along fine with everything so that I actually had no chance to miss life at home! After some weeks I was still the "German student" but I got used to the daily routine in school very well. This wouldn't have happened if I did not feel connected to many people of the year who made me laugh, turned this strange place Ballincollig into a second home and taught me "You're always welcome!" And as good times always end much too early it soon became February - which meant going home to me (or I could nearly say leaving the new home for going back to my old home;-))- but not before celebrating with food and drinks in class which was good fun and



made leaving even harder!

But enough of this now, even though it is an honour to write a few lines for you! Besides wishing good luck to everyone and all the best for the final exams I must thank you again for the time I spent in BCS! I am sure you are all happy to finish school soon but maybe some of you will, like I do have these funny days with you in 5th year, keep some moments in good remembrance!

Caroline

Form and Fantasy

Fifth year also saw the start of Form and Fantasy - a show put on by the students brimming with colour and spectacle. Upon orders from Mr. Nally, a small team of highly depressed, unenthusiastic students were delegated the absolutely fecking fab-oo-luss opportunity of screaming their throats raw daily for three weeks. First years were recruited to be the recipients of their tormented cries.

After many hours of trying to convince Mr. Nally that we, in actual fact couldn't do a sketch involving full sized coffins, a plan was made for the music, theme and costumes. We decided that we would do a sketch based on the death of the sixties. We named it "R.I.P. The Sixties", which tied in nicely with the fifth year's attitude to the whole thing.

Maria Power was forced, by her team-mates (under pain of death) to drag her entire wardrobe in to be worn and destroyed by miscellaneous first years. Joy.

So, when we had clothed the first years, we concentrated on our huge-shiny-banner. Amy O'Connell, Maria Power and Liadain Murphy enlisted the help of some members of their class to cover themselves in blue dye and throw themselves at the big piece of cloth. This created the hippie-cum-death-and-despair vibe that we were going for. Once this critical step had been completed, we threw some stars and a nice moon on it and painted a tombstone. (Creepy Ivy courtesy of Olive McDermott and Tombstone courtesy of Warren O'Sullivan and Roman Condon)

The next crucial phase was to find dancers to leer unpleasantly at the first years. Our first choices were John and Cormac. Then we decided a nice guy like Ger would lighten the atmosphere a bit, so he joined in too.

Posters were commissioned by Mr. Nally. Warren and Roman drew portraits of sixties' icons as described by him (with a wistful glint in his eye). In the following year these posters have taken pride of place on one of his "hallowed walls" above the sacred whiteboard.

With mere days to go to the big night, Amy O'Connell spent the majority of her time tearing her hair out...and trying to teach the first years to sing. Maria Power eventually collapsed in a little ball of pain after many agonising hours trying to teach them to sing in time to the music. And Liadain Murphy gave the other two her



committal papers whilst trying to teach them to dance.

The first night went without a hitch as Warren O'Sullivan and Catriona Goggin showcased their presentational skills, bedazzling the audience. Catriona O'Connell dutifully restrained certain first years who had a tendency to run off! Catriona McKenna carried out the task of stage manager with the help of Miriam Canty . Banners and various pieces of the stage were held up by such excellent stage hands as Brian Donnelly and Peter Fennel. Barry Hennessy lent his voice to the opening speech for the performance and provided the, by now, famous "bang bang" for the "death of the sixties". Barry also sang a "lovely" Luke Kelly number - "The Sun Is Burning"...of which, after months he still could not remember the lyrics and was heard to remark how much he "loathed it with a 'burning' passion!"

After the first night was such an unprecedented success, Amy, Liadain and Maria decided that it was time to just relax. The end was nigh. The final performance was so excellent that the Fifth Years were pleased with their hard work and were very proud of the First Years! After their last performance the First Years gave us boxes of chocolates and a lovely thank you card. The fifth years felt warm and fuzzy and all agreed it was time well spent!

Golf and Pitch & Putt

There has been a long tradition of golf and pitch & putt in B.C.S. Some of our players have gone on to represent their county in Munster and All Ireland championships over the years. With the school though our first and only triumph in pitch and putt came in the year 2002. The B.C.S team (Kevin Bradley, Keith Crowley, Liam O'Connell, Eoin O'Keefe and John Thuillier) earned a well-deserved runner-up spot in the Cork County schools championship. The following year in the Munster championship we were just narrowly beaten on the back nine for third place. In that particular tournament John Thuillier, Liam O'Connell and David Bowen shot scores of -8, -6 and -6 respectively, unfortunately that day it just wasn't enough. During the latter years of our time spent playing pitch and putt for the school success came few and far between. This was mainly due to the inclement weather and very unfortunate breaks.

In fourth year Brian Donnelly, Cormac Lucey and John Thuillier were given the tough task of coaching 1st and 2nd boys the art of playing pitch and putt with the help of Mr. Stephen Heneguess. At first it seemed like a mountain but eventually we got things going and it proved to be a very satisfactory break from school.

Now we move to the golfing side of the tail. Well what can I say? I can't say we lacked talent or maybe we did. Not trying to make any excuses but every tournament we played in, just as WE were about to tee off, gale force winds used to come out of nowhere. It was quite frustrating. There were some good individual performances but we never did it as a team. One thing for sure the food afterwards was always good. Our players over the years were as follows: Liam O'Connell, Keith Crowley, Paul O'Donoghue, Kieran O'Leary, Ian Kavanagh, Kevin Bradley, Daniel Cahill and John Thuillier.

On a final note I would like to thank Mr.J.J.Murphy for all the time, effort and patience (because he needed it) that he put into us over the last six years. None of these activities would have been possible if it weren't for him. Cheers Sir!

Ten Years from

now ...

- Aisling O'Leary** - Head of Ming Corp International. YUHI
- Michelle O'Connell** - Crime fighting superhero, saving the world from the horror of thongs.
- Deborah O'Driscoll** - Is Ireland's answer to Ricky Lake!
- Laura Donovan** - moody and married to a rich man (her words here, people!)
- Caitriona O'Connell** - Primary School teacher - loved by all.
- Shane Woods** - Rupert Murdoch's successor - owns all media.
- Glenn Murphy** - Rugby player by day, stand-up comedian by night.
- Andrew O'Connell** - World-renowned PE teacher.
- Ronan Condon** - Tall...very tall
- Caroline Matson** - First person to actually BECOME a calculator.
- John Thuillier** - Gets in touch with his French roots, much to Ms. Owen's pride and opens a snail farm. Escargot, anyone?
- Miriam Cauty** - World-renowned dancer and all-round Superstar!
- Caatriona Goggin** - Declares Westcourt independent and names herself Almighty Queen!
- Daniel Cahill** - Still "freaked out" by Olive, Barry and Edel. Baby faced as ever, though.
- Kylie Lehane** - Still striving for perfect attendance. Keep at it, girl!
- Edel McSweeney** - Not content with just having one Christmas, declares "Christmas II" in May. All rejoice! For now...
- Karen Kenally** - Writes Yearbook Conclusions for a living by day (THANKS KARI), Christmas cracker jokes by night.
- Deirdre Huggard** - Writing Geography fieldtrips for a living (You love it!)
- Ciara Perott** - Supplying wine-bottle openers for a whole new generation. Thanks Ciara!
- Jenny McMahon** - Woo-joo-ing the night away...hold me....
- Vincent Brown** - Still on crutches
- Barry Horgan** - Largest stockholder of the Dax Wax Corporation... but still driving the Starlet
- Cormac Lucey** - First man charged with "oh-so-decent exposure"...in space...
- Warren O'Sullivan** - Singing cabaret on a cruise ship.
- Gerald Fleming** - Changes his name to J.J.II. Professor of Irish in UCC, single-handedly revives the Irish language while playing his Bosca Ceoil.
- Maria Power** - Still trying to find a job closer to home than school.
- Rory O'Connor** - Underwear model
- Carmel Cronin** - Still in bed
- Kevin Myles** - Still trying to be a homie.
- Barry Hennessy** - After a stint as a Russian pop star, he realises his true calling - to reform English grammar and spelling based on his pre-approved standards.
- Kate O'Brien** - Still doing animal impressions at the back of Ms. Lennon's class
- Amy O'Connell** - After a long and fruitful life as a singer/songwriter, tries to revive her career as a model/spokesperson for frizz-ease products. Runs a support group for sufferers of curly hair
- David Murphy** - Professor of Hair-Care at Oxford University... "Smooth"
- Joe Buggy** - Sinead O'Connor tribute
- Clare O'Reilly** - Spokesperson for Fyfe's bananas
- Olive McDermott** - Opens new chain of hostels...all welcome!
- Owen Murphy** - World famous rally driver / car-designer. Oh, who are we kidding, he'll BECOME a car!
- David Quinlan** - Passes the "Sock-less-Thursday" Bill in the Dail. The sock industry suffers a loss of millions.

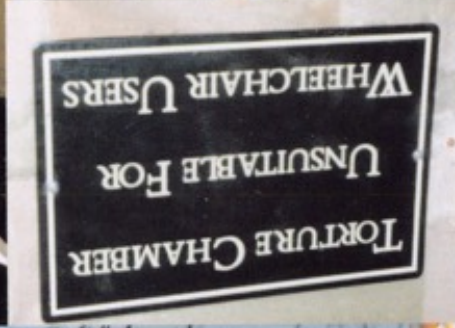
Stratford Tour

'Twas a beauteous spring morning, when we set off on our maiden voyage. It was to be the first time our year was taken outside of our fair Emerald Isle. Neglected in previous years, Sir Nal The Elder deemed it fit to captain our adventure. It promised to be everything a school trip should be; it was to broaden our horizons and minds. Stratford was a place of tranquil, harmonious history.... that is until we arrived. But, to proverbially kill two birds with one stone, Captain Nal thought it best to include our younger, more naïve counterparts...the illustrious "Fourth Years".

MEMORIES OF:

1. David Rice getting lost in Stratford and being forced to go around with Nal for the day as punishment.
2. John, Cormac, Glenn, Barry, Daniel and Peter being caught with cigars by Nal.
3. When Cormac and John were wrestling Lolita Convenience, "the blow up doll", Cormac went to punch her and followed through and hit John in the jaw.
4. Spunky Monkey. Need we expand?
5. Michelle O'Connell's "Birthday Surprise!"
6. Barry doing his Fr. Noel impression at a stall in Warwick to win a toy dragon for Amy. She named it Corcra. Barry still regrets it...
7. Several "female" impersonations - Peterina, you slay us!
8. Andrew's Mohawk.
9. Nal's purple surprise.
10. Ice.
11. Cormac's stirring performance as Gertrude in our drama workshop.





It can't be! Can it??

Sixth Year

And so, here it is. The grand sum of all our six years - now, indeed, is the winter of our discontent. It was over all too soon for some but not soon enough for others. Those dratted State Exams snuck in the back door again ... and while we weren't even looking! Damn them! But sure, everyone knew how to handle them and, as all the teachers so frequently reminded us, they were only the biggest exams of our lives! It'll be graaaand! Madness spread across the classrooms and the area ... turning everyone into mere shadows of their former selves ...

Student Memories

Aidan Cahill's eyebrows being shaved off.

Kevin Myles falling off the cafeteria counter at the 1st year disco and splitting his head open.

David Murphy's PowerPoint presentation in Physics!!!

John Thuillier, Cormac Lucey and Peter Fennell's locker incident!!! When they put two mackerel fillets, a sheep's heart, fish fingers and mince meat in Vinnie's locker which not only stunk out his locker but also Brian and Louise's locker too!

David Quinlan going to mass in his bare feet on the retreat in Guganebarra.

George Harrington and Caitriona O'Connell's race to physics one day...Caitriona nearly won but George decided to throw his bag in front of her and she fell in front of everyone.

David Quinlan's no sock Thursdays.

Warren O'Sullivan's love for his sambos.

Karen Kenneally climbing hungry hill in 3inch buffalo shoes!

Claire Murphy and Tierna O'Connor sabotaging Daniel Cahill's cooking attempts in Home Ec - ie. soya sauce in his chocolate icing!

Fizzy and David Quinlan doing a striptease at Tierna's illustrious party.

Rory O' Connor dragging a lazy Barry Hennessy to the bin and back by his feet.

John Thuillier, Cormac Lucy and Peter Fennell caught dancing in their "Elevator Club" by Mr. Kennelly. Apology letters were duly completed.

Kylie Lehane fainting in PE in 6th Year. She was ok, though - she woke up to Chad-o-licious.

Daniel Curran's brush with the medical profession in 1st Year (heart dissection) - again, it ended in a rather, green "faint moment"...I don't believe he'll soon be becoming a doctor!

David Baldwin caught going into the girl's locker room by Mr. Weir in 1st Year!

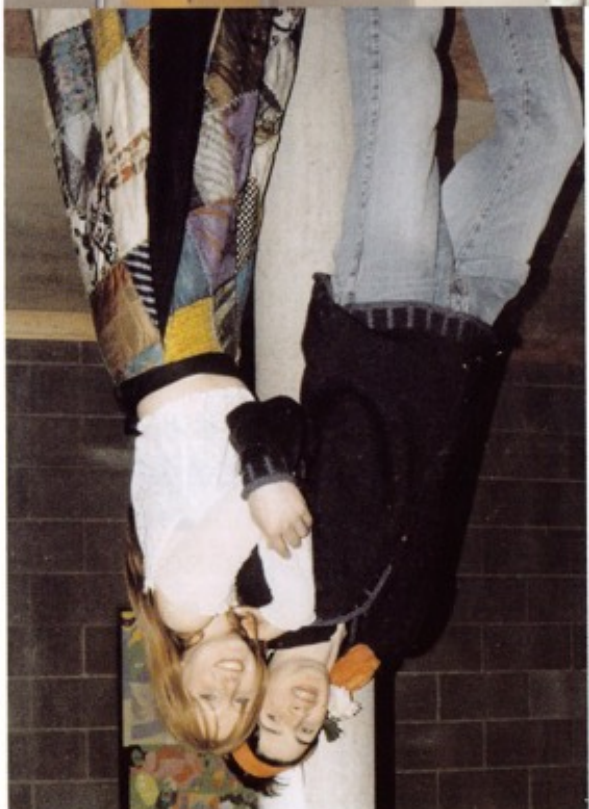
Shirley Desmond's concerns for that Inspector...let's not go there!

Trying to fit Rory into the bin in 6th Year.

Caroline Willenbrink - a dear and close friend.

When Quinlan stole Caroline Willenbrink's camera and tried to get as many lads as possible into a toilet cubicle.

John and Cormac sneaking out of bed at 4 in the morning, unbeknownst to all and trekking to the McKenna's house to lavish them with Valentine's presents the night before the Junior Cert. Pres. Derek Shorten as Boris, The Russian Spy. Derek Shorten's Austin Powers impressions. David Rice hugging Ms. Owens after the French Oral! Caroline Matson's singing sock going off in Accounting When Cathal Lordan and Kevin Downey tried to dissuade that girl from becoming a nun during the fourth year retreat. When George Harrington's attempt to kick a tennis ball went horribly awry and resulted in him putting his foot through the window. Mortoi!



Return
From
Central 1
To
Central 1



The way we were

Ballincollig Community School



First Year 1999

RESEARCH SHOWS ...

We must discuss the inevitable. We're leaving. We can make our humorous predictions of where we'll be in 10 years time but the really scary thing is that we just don't know! With all the options nobody can be sure. We aren't helpless or hopeless but if you think about it our lives have pretty much been planned out up to this point and somebody else's responsibility. Now it's just us and maybe a couple of years messing up on our own before we finally realise that our condition is terminal. Within the next few years we will all succumb to the debilitating condition known ominously as: Adulthood. Withdrawal symptoms from youth can include but are not limited to:

Entering Third level education.

Having enough disposable income to go out but feeling guilty about doing so.

Trying to answer serious "life questions".

Watching the News

In an effort to combat these worrying signals of what is known in the medical world as "Becoming Boring" researchers recommend that you:

Try and do something stupid everyday.

Live at home for as long as possible (move in the wife and kids if necessary).

Keep the hair you have now for the next twenty years.

Never learn to drive or else always have a crap car.

Make all household repairs with Duct-tape.

Do not pursue any kind of further education.

If symptoms persist you may contract a mortgage. But seriously, by the time you read this

the exams will almost be upon us (unless you're forty and re-reading my sentimental

drive!) but also the celebrations and freedom (Debs!!!) We're saying we'll keep in contact

but if we've learned anything from these 6 years, especially the lunch breaks, it's that

nothing is certain. If nothing else, forget the stress of this year, remember we had a laugh

and know that Rory couldn't think of a punch line for his article.

Homebrew Philosophy

"High school is a lot like prison: Bad food, high fences" (Luther in The New Guy)

I survived. I'm finally nearing the end of something that started almost 14 years ago when I walked into a classroom for the first time. I decided on that day that I couldn't understand Irish. It was tough but I stuck to my guns and I still don't understand Irish. Luckily in the mean time I've learned how to read, write and find roots of quadratic equations.

After 14 years of school we're free. No more homework classes or studies unless you're going to college but that's alright. From now on it's a choice. We're free to choose. We're free to travel, think, chase dreams and go to work.

What I'm trying to say is -

I can't wait for college.

I can't wait for real life.

"There is a time and place for everything. It's called college." (Chef on South Park)

Say, isn't that ...?



And, finally ...

Our last year, we are signed sealed and in the post towards the future. This final chapter written, memories forever embedded in our minds. Past thoughts clenched tight in our fists. A year of worries packed neatly in a box and buried deep inside our souls. A sense of pride, a journey near completion, our final destination.

We thought this year was mission impossible, that rain it would forever, soaking us through and through, yet maturity becomes us, the sun dries up our insecurities and gives a friendly positive glimpse towards our futures.

A building that held all sorts of emotions from young children to young adults, we stand proud with our wings spread, educated and taught well. If walls could talk they'd tell some stories of who's with who and who did what. The laughs and jokes will forever haunt the corridors and dance from class to class.

Our minds, an eager sponge easily absorbed the precious moments that hold and will hold great meaning and significance in our lives, our youth. School here, an experience never to be re-lived or repeated again. It's truly nerve wracking to think that a world of opportunity awaits us when we leave. Confidence soared from year to year, like a bird getting ready to leave the nest and fend for itself.

Teachers, once the enemy now become our friends. A wider picture has been pieced together, our views slightly changed, we are slightly changed. So, as we drop our pens and sign off, past pupils we'll become. Long lasting friendships made, great conversations at our breaks full of hope and anticipation, of "what ifs?" and "what will happen?"

So as the last lap runs beneath us, and as the finish line draws near, we are positively stamped, signed for, sealed tightly, ready and willing ... sent!

GOOD LUCK!

By: Karen Kennally.

Thanks to All

Thanks to the following for their financial contributions to this project. Without their generous support this Year Book would not have been possible.

Tom Murphy

(Men's Fashions,

Dress Hire Service)

58 Patrick Street, Cork.

Mr. John Donnelly,

C&L Office Supplies,

Penrose Wharf,

Cork.

Mr. Thomas Cahill,

Pratt Financial,

Main Street, Ballincollig.

AIB Bank, Ballincollig.

Permanent TSB,

Ballincollig.

Bank of Ireland,

Ballincollig

Downs Super-Valu,

Ballincollig.

O Cruaia! Butchers,

Ballincollig.

Harringtons Pharmacy,

Ballincollig.

Maurice Healy,

Newsagent, Ballincollig.

Councillor Jerry Buttimer

The Reel Picture,

Time Square, Ballincollig.

Bob Fagin, Shaw

Scientific

Board of Management,

Ballincollig Community

School.

Many thanks to the hard-

working Year Book

Committee,

Maria Power,

Barry Hennessey,

Rory O'Connor,

Tierna O'Connor,

Yvonne Wallace

John Thuillier.

Also, we would like to give

a special word of thanks to

Mr Myles, Mr JJ Murphy,

Mr Alcock and Miss

Waterman for their help.

RUNAWAY MINE TRAIN



05/04/2004 P96 871 PTR 1 QTY 1 ATMT403V0971