

**Ballincollig Community School  
Class of 2003  
Yearbook**





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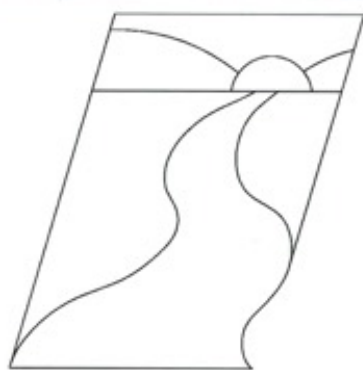
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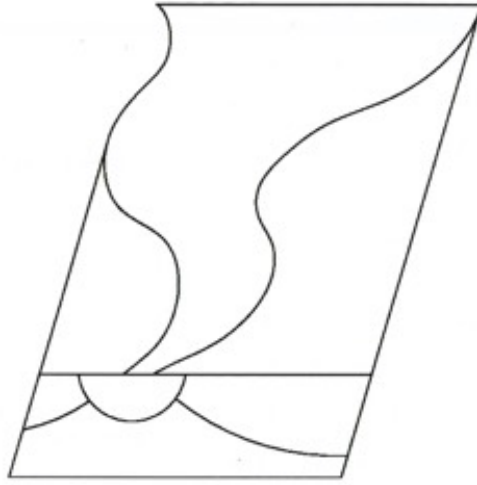
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of 2003 in their  
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Sean Slowey,  
Principal

I want to wish you well in the Leaving Cert. and I know that your hard work will be rewarded.

Your final year has been a historic one with the move to the new school and I want to thank you for your quiet leadership in the settling-in process.

I know that you appreciate the effort of all the teaching staff in guiding you towards achieving your full potential and especially the contribution of your Year Head, Mr. Alcock.

We have watched you grow into fine young men and women who are a credit to the school.

I hope that you have all enjoyed your time at Ballincollig Community School and that you have made firm friends.

I want to wish the class of 2003 every blessing and success for the future.





*Ladies and gentlemen of the class of 2003 ...*

Enjoy the power of your youth.

Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded.

But trust me, in 20 years, you'll look back at photos of yourself and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much possibility lay before you and how fabulous you really looked.

You are not as fat as you imagine.

Sing.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts.

Don't put up with people who are reckless with yours.

Floss.

Don't waste your time on jealousy.

Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind.

The race is long and, in the end, it's only with yourself.

Remember compliments you receive.

Forget the insults.

Keep your old love letters. Throw away your old bank statements.

Travel

Get plenty of calcium.

Be kind to your knees. You'll miss them when they're gone.

Dance.

Get to know your parents. You never when they'll be gone for good.

Be nice to your siblings. They're your best link to your past and the people most likely to stick with you in the future.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on.

Prices will rise.

You, too, will get old.

And when you do, you'll fantasise that when you were young, prices were reasonable, and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders

Don't expect anyone else to support you.

Don't mess too much with your hair or by the time you're 40 it will look 85.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it.

Enjoy your life.

Freddie Alcock.

## The Creatures of the Classroom.

One of the most fascinating creatures of the animal kingdom is around us everyday. Its presence strikes fear into people everywhere and its actions anger many. Yet no matter how you may feel on the subject it is amazing the variety of these creatures exist in Ireland's climate alone. I am of course referring to the infamous Teacher, or to choose the Latin word (Give-us-Thirty Percentus). These cunning resourceful creatures were recently placed on the endangered animals list due to a report that their numbers were falling. Recent studies show 11 main types of teacher, with many more being discovered almost every week.

Depending on food sources or climactic conditions Teachers tend to move in herds for safety. The herd is defended and kept under control by a single master or 'Head' Teacher (in Latin *Masterio Maximus*), it has been observed in the wild that this individual can have considerable power within a group. Clearly seen because of its neatness and clear booming tone this individual has an air of commanding power within herds and is not shy about putting rogue teachers in their place. This form of teacher is unique because it does not have direct contact with the up bringing of the young. Instead it tends to discipline the herd with its clear booming voice "HEY!, you lot"

Although there is one all-powerful leader there is usually a second in command (*Masterio Inferious*) ready to take over the head position if the old leader is removed or rejected by the herd. This individual, although eager to enforce its influence, has no real power within the group and carries out only minor roles within herds.

One of the most common animals is the notorious Irish Teacher (*Gaelicous Perplexous*). The Irish Teacher uses cunning confusion tactics to stun and attack its prey. Its main source of defence is the deadly Irish poem, which it wields with devastating accuracy when on the attack. The pelt of this creature is useless to poachers because of its age. A typical fur from this animal consists of a corduroy material or the familiar Aran jumper and tweed associated with the animal. The call of the female is a very recognisable and high pitched scream "ladddddddddddddddddddddddd BE QUIET!"

A close but more dangerous relative to the Irish species is the English Teacher. Its fiery temper and its quickness to anger make it the most dangerous of the teacher species. The English Teacher (*Cryptic Shakespearous*) has a distinctive sound ranging from a deep booming to a high pitched screeching sound which can be heard for many classrooms. The male variety of English teacher is something of a non-conformist and will not respond well to captivity. The use of a natural defence mechanism called the English Play is the common weapon of this creature. An old German legend tells of how the demon Shakespeare granted the power of the play to English Teachers at the dawn of time to use against their enemies. Modern science ignores this fantastical story of course but it is interesting none the less.

The Mathematic Teacher (*Theoremous la Pythagoras*) is also a common sight in many places. Seen as an advanced form of the *Cryptic Shakespearous* this animal is seen as highly intelligent, something distinctly unusual for the teacher species. The Theorem is the main form of defence and attack for this creature. A victim of the Theorem suffers disorientation and a crippling headache and should be brought to a doctor as quickly as possible to prevent brain damage. The language of this animal is known as Algebra. Recently an American team deciphered some of this language and discovered that  $x = y$ . Apart from this advance the rest of the language is believed to be indecipherable.

The History Teacher (*Olde Fossilus*) is one of the 3 ancient teacher groups. The 3 prehistoric Teacher groups are the History, Geography and the nearly extinct Latin Teacher. The History Teacher is usually placid and slow to anger with the 4 page essay an easy deterrent to would be attackers.

A close cousin of the History Teacher is the Geography Teacher (*Geographic Continental Driftus*). As old as the History Teacher this creature is adaptable to all climates though preferring to live near mountainous areas. The male of the species are notably very tall and are quite docile and take an interest in the welfare of

their young "Is that that OK, is that all right". On the other hand the female of the species is very concerned with order and has been often heard to remark "This region can be divided into 3 parts". Some have been documented to be flourishing near volcanic regions or areas susceptible to earthquake activity.

One of the most far reaching species has to be the Language Teacher (Foreign Grammericus). This creature has many forms ranging from the common German and French varieties to the lesser known Spanish and Italian species. The use of grammar to stun or kill prey is common within the Language teacher with no known anti-venom against the grammar. The main method of defence is usually the animals biting sarcasm.

The most knowledgeable of the teacher varieties is the Science Teacher (Scientifico laboratorious). Studies upon all Teacher species have shown that when one of these animals was placed in a maze it found the food and the other end quicker than all the other species. This type of Teacher is divided into 3 sub-sections according to the unique defence adaptations of each. The Biology Teacher (Dissectus Humanous Bodious) has adapted to defend itself with precision being an expert in anatomy. The male of the species shows great concern for other families and is sometimes asks, "How are your mothers" The use of complex diagrams and long unpronounceable words is enough to disable the average person for up to half an hour. When attacking this animal uses the deadly force of 'past-exam-questions' and finds delight in watching its prey squirming in agony at its devious questions. The Chemistry teacher (Periodic Tableous) is a more deadly form of the Biology Teacher. Brandishing the notorious periodic table if angered. The final Teacher in this group is the Physics Teacher (Tedious Formula). The use of brute force and a shrill voice is the preferred weapon used by the animal, and this creature must always be approached with caution. The male is significantly more dangerous than the female; many males have been known to use electricity as a means of defence. The female is less of a threat due to its limited knowledge.

New species are being discovered all the time and studies and tests tell us more about these prehistoric creatures everyday. Sometime these animals show themselves to be very patient with their young and give great assistance to the development of younger generations. Nonetheless they are wild and not domesticated animals and must always be approached with extreme caution. For more information talk to your local wildlife commission or you Local Health Board with questions on the health risks of these animals.

*Don O' Meara*



*McGowan's Shop  
and all the staff  
would like to wish*

*the Class of 2003 the best of luck  
for the future*

**McGowan's Shop, Link Road,  
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The producers of this Yearbook wish to thank all the sponsors who took out advertisements. We encourage you to support them whenever you can. Without all this help the Yearbook would not have been possible.

Thanks also to **City Print** for a fantastic print job !



Photo Gallery

# Photo Gallery





## *Footballing Flair In France*

The year 2001 marked our transition year's participation in Eurofoot. This is an annual football competition held in Nantes, France. Ballincollig Community School are privileged to be the sole Irish team to be involved, so pride in representing our country was at stake! Teacher and coach, Mr. Weir, selected a squad of sixteen over a period of three months, where training commenced twice a week after school hours. The final selection was made in May and it was made clear that inclusion in the squad was based on attendance, improvement at training and behaviour as well as initial ability.



Our team departed early on May 19th from Cork airport. Spirits were high as we were embarking on a once in a lifetime opportunity. We sacrificed an optional trip around Paris to catch the early T.G.V rail service to Nantes. Over the five days, we spent two nights at a small hotel and then the team was split into two's, only to be met by a French family from the region. This, I have to say it was an interesting situation to be in!!!! For most of us, the words "our", "merci" and "bonjour" made for riveting conversation between our hospitable hosts and us.

The tournament took place on the Saturday and Sunday in the most agreeable circumstances. The football pitches were of an impeccable standard and together with the perfect weather, the intense atmosphere was set for a memorable series of events. We surpassed all our hopes for the tournament when we finished fifteenth, losing out on penalties. In order to enter the top eight finishers against the French finalists 'San Sebastian'. Over the two days we combined all the traits associated with an Irish team, including determination, heart and our physical presence. It was clear that we had made an impression in the tournament and two of our players Eoin Ross and Peter Corcoran were honoured to represent a European selection of players against a French side. They did our team proud in what was a finale to the tournament that we had so thoroughly enjoyed.

The trip had taught us a lesson in culture and of course football and it is true to say that it was a trip and an experience we will never forget!!!!

*John Rodgers*



## *The Lota Excha*

The Lota Exchange was an extra-circular activity that had a profound effect on both the emotional and educational sides of learnig. Helping the disabled and mentally handicapped, showed students that there are people in our society who should be recognised through our friendship.

We had great fun on our trip to Lota helping and playing with our newfound friends. Realising that although the learning capabilities lack in the students of Lota, there is nothing at all lacking in their determination and immense skill level through their attributes in the Special Olympics.

Their overwhelming affection and acception of outsiders should be a lesson to all of us in how to accept but mostly be a friend to the people who are different around us.

*Brian McMahon*



## *Music in B.C.S.*

Many of our first memories of music in B.C.S. was the module in first year, Mrs O'Connell at the piano conjuring up melodies and keeping us in time. 'coffee, coffee, tea, tea'. I always got the impression that music in B.C.S was what you made of it. Mrs O'Connell certainly wasn't one to be close-minded, the evidence being the composer Bach painted next to Frank Sinatra and Radiohead's Tom Yorke on the Music Room wall. You always got an air of artistic expression and freedom with every journey to the class.

Not being in the music class, I got called up for 'drum duties' many times. School masses were always a great laugh. Getting to practice the swing version of 'This little light of mine' during class, with pianos, guitars and violins is always a good combination! With Mrs O'Connell conducting we would never put a note wrong and if we did no one hopefully noticed or particulary cared!

My final memory was the music showcase night last year. For this, everyone was summoned upon from Troy Murphy on electric guitar with Brian Leahy on vocals to the rest of the groups playing the infamous recorders which Mrs O'Connell was renowned for. We had special appearances by the school bands of Kallus and Reveir.

I feel privlged to have played at all those school events ( never mind the doss of class). We were pushed to explore the subject out of our musical bubbles by Mrs O'Connell and many have her to thank for their careers and college places. It was a great laugh and we will miss it, just as all the others did before us. On behalf of all the music students especially the 6th years we would like to pay tribute to Louise O Connell who will always be in our thoughts and prayers.

*Donal Moloney*



Photo Gallery

# Photo Gallery



Of all the trips, excursions and outings this year-group travelled on, the 2001 School Tour to Germany is probably the most memorable. Since early September of 2000 through the hard work and commitment of Mr. Alcock the hostels were booked, money was collected and before long we were ready to go. Great thanks must also be given to Mr. Alcock's intrepid team who accompanied the tour. Without the willingness of these teachers to give up their free time the trip would have been impossible. These were Mr. Weir, Ms. Daly, Ms. O'Sullivan and Ms. O'Leary. Many would call spending 5 days with 60 teenagers an act of madness. However the pupils greatly appreciate this generosity.

And so we headed off on a dark February morning. Already the trip was proving informative with many of the students seeing what 6 o'clock in the morning actually looks like. As we sped off towards Shannon Airport clearly there was some sort of race between the two buses (it is still unclear who won). Upon reaching Germany we met with Europe's most determined bus driver, Ralph. What Ralph lacked in his sense of direction and common sense he made up for in spirit. We also learned after a few hours speeding down Germany's Autobahns that Mr. Alcock had under-exaggerated when he said 'we would be spending some time on a bus'. After 5 hours many of us began to wonder if we actually were going to Munich, or was Ralph leading us into an elaborate trap. The spirits of the group never slowed however, rather like Ralph's driving. By late evening the bus arrived in Munich with 60 excitable students and 5 teachers, who must have been having serious apprehensions about leaving their families to go on this ultimate survival course.

Away from home it would have been tempting to ignore ones daily nutritional requirements. Soon however many students settled into a strict and nutritious regime of Coca-Cola and German chocolate. As Robert O'Leary and David O'Mahoney said on their first look at the facilities offered by the hostel "With these facilities there is hardly any need to leave the hostel and wander outside into the city". The disco in the basement of the hostel brought back memories to Mr. Weir as he remembered his youth spent on the 70's disco scene. The disco was a great attraction for all. Many students enjoyed the chance to relax in particular Fergal Condon and Brenda Collins who remarked that the fun had by the year brought them great happiness. With such a long bus journey and a very lively disco it is little wonder that on our first night everyone got to bed early, some even as early as 3 o'clock in the morning.

The next day we travelled to see the city we had come so far to visit. Our tour guide was a formidable woman who was possibly working part time for the German secret police. On our bus tour of the city we saw many of the city's attractions such as the Olympic Stadium and the old city palaces. As always Ralph's sense of direction was prompted by the occasional bark from our tour guide. After a hectic day exploring the sights and sounds of the city we prepared to head back to the hostel before going for a swim in the Olympic swimming pool. Unfortunately as the students and teachers boarded the bus it became clear that Joanne Cronin and Elaine O'Riordan were missing. After a wait of 10 minutes the majority of the bus seemed willing to abandon the two and continue on to the hostel. This is where Mr. Alcock's better judgement prevailed. With his vast pool of accumulated knowledge he decided we should wait. Fortunately the missing pair showed up, much to the relief of several people on the bus.

In the pool that evening many of the students tried their luck at swimming the 400 metres butterfly in an Olympic swimming pool. However I think we will all remember Andrea Cullen and Aoife Conway's preoccupation with attracting the attention of a very funny German pool attendant called Paul Nessed.

The next day we took a trip to see the salt capital of central Europe, Salzburg. A tour of the salt mines was organised. I think we all remember Ms. Daly's joy as she whizzed down the slide in delight contacting her inner child. It must be said that our guide was the height of Austrian hospitality. Clearly this was a man who knew his salt. We were reassured that if we became trapped in the deep recesses of the mines we would be looked after by a 65 year old retired salt miner, who spoke no English.

That night the prospect of being stranded in a salt mine seemed quite pleasant when we were faced with the rigours of ice-skating. As professional looking Germans flew past we couldn't help but think, "Are we going to survive this". As student after student got to grips with ice and gravity the group suffered a bad set back. One of the students, Aidan Scully, broke his leg after he fell on the ice. Unfortunately, Aidan and Mr. Alcock had to be flown home the following day.

Our next city was Heidelberg. In this picturesque mountain town nothing disturbed the peace. Then our bus arrived. After a look around the town of Heidelberg we began to head back to the bus. However, again two students appeared to be missing. We began to wonder if Joanne Cronin and Elaine O'Riordan actually wanted to stay in Germany permanently. After a delay we were off again, sadly nearing the end of our trip.

On our last night in German people began to reminisce on this unforgettable trip. Not only was the trip great fun it also allowed people to see a different side off their classmates, they would not normally see. The theory if Joanne really wanted to stay in Germany was finally solved on the last day. Although she still maintains that she mislaid her passport I think everyone knew that she had simply fallen in love with the wonders of German culture (and Ralph?). Fortunately for Stephen Ahern, Joanne was coaxed into returning on the flight home.

As we boarded the plane the next day Andrea Cullen said it best when she said, "This trip was the best. It is always exciting to experience new people and new places at least once. "





Hey, isn't that ...?

# Ballincollig Cor Class 0



Back Row: Padraig O'Brien, Mark Fleming, Chris O'Neill, Troy Murphy, John Rodgers, Stephen Ahern, James Buckley, Colm Coakley, Brendan Courtney, Colm Cronin, Michael O'Gorman

2nd Row: Mark Donnelly, Jimmy Mitchell, Stephen Brophy, Eoin Ross, William O'Donaghue, Kevin De O'Connor, David Murphy, Daniel O'Leary, Yvonne Malone, Louise Holland, Shane McDermott, Roisin

3rd row: Brian McMahon, Brenda Collins, Donna Tobin, Emma Holland, Eithne Downey, Rachelle Har Quinlan, Don O'Meara

Front row: Joanne Cronin, Eimear Power, Niamh O'Halloran, Sinead Holland, Donal Moloney, Paddy Sharon Leahy, Joe Galvin, Amanda Ferriter, Linda O'Reilly



# Community School of 2003



rn, John Hegarty, Robert O'Leary, Kevin Niesen, Peter Corcoran, Damian Curran, Keith Crowley,

De Groot, Jonathan Skinner, David O'Mahony, Cathal O'Callaghan, Brian Leahy, James Finn, Colm  
in O'Shea, Ray Wallace, Maire Spillane

lanley, Catriona Cahill, Mr Alcock, Pamela O'Keefe, Janice Hunt, Gillian O'Hea, Sarah McGowan, Edel

dy Keane, Sinead Murphy, Katie Locke, Katie Barry, Amanda Collins, Marion Horgan, Fergal Condon,



## **YVONNE REILLY. 1984 - 2003**

At the age of six, while in Farran National School Yvonne received her first Valentine's card. Sadly, she didn't want it, and told her admirer to give it to Yvonne Malone. However this fan was very upset, scrunched up the card and threw it in the bin. Poor guy!



Not all of us knew Yvonne back then. The fun began for us as a group when we entered BCS. Mr. Alcock tells of how she, a little first year, came up to him in her first week in school and fully explained Cystic Fibrosis to him.

Mr. Alcock got into a bit of a panic about the fact that she was already doing PE, but she stopped him with the phrase "When I can't do it, I won't do it." As her PE teacher, Mr. Weir, will attest, she never did say, "I can't do it."

Yvonne shocked everyone by being the first one to go on the 'hop'. However, when confronted, she turned on the waterworks and got away with it..... as usual. Also during 1st year, Katie had a problem with the spelling and pronunciation of Yvonne's name and on seeing it for the first time, wondered who Y-vonne was.

Physics class was always great fun. Yvonne and Gillian were half way through making a circuit, when they realised the circuit board was upside down and of no use. Although they hadn't really noticed, Mr. Myles made sure everyone knew, so the class could have a good laugh at them.

Transition year was a time that Yvonne didn't always like, however, she did make the most of it collecting money for GOAL, and helping out at the local COPE hostel once a week. In Self Defence, her ticklish side was shown. Anytime we tried to practice the knuckle jab under the arm, she would break down laughing and run away. For work experience, she went to Specsavers and liked it so much that she cancelled her second week of work to stay there. She fitted right in, was a dedicated worker, and was offered a Saturday job. She enjoyed her work there and stayed for a year and a half. She was well liked and respected, and made friends with all the staff members easily.

We had many fun times together as a gang, and during 5th year, we discovered a mini island at Farran Woods. On impulse we decided to wade out to it. However, we were all half way across when Yvonne expressed her fear of catching some sort of 'river disease'. After some persuasion, she agreed to cross the 'dangerous' waters and luckily survived the ordeal.

Everyone knew about Yvonne's intended parachute jump in aid of Cystic Fibrosis, she enjoyed the prospect of any challenge. Once again, she collected over a thousand euro for this charity. A huge effort was always made on her behalf to collect for CF, selling Christmas cards and candles for many years.

France was a place Yvonne loved greatly. She visited Paris and Lourdes many times, as well as participating in the French Exchange in 2nd year. Despite some awkward exchange students, she made the best of it, enjoying the experience immensely.

Yvonne's personality made her a fun person to be around. With her crazy poems, and our favourite, the La la la song, consisting of the words, la la la she kept us entertained. Her infectious laugh and frequent hyperactivity always managed to cheer us up. Occasionally, she would write us funny notes and surprise us with them when we least expected it. However, her friendship is the thing we will always be most appreciative of. Yvonne was always there for us and willingly went for 'laps' when we needed to talk. She was a true friend who always stood by us and never let us down. Her quiet courage and determination is being missed greatly by all those who knew her.

*Gillian O'Hea and Katie Locke.*

As in every 4th year group, we were herded off on the annual Outdoor Pursuits, just to see how we'd do if we were ever lost out in the wild. Or so we thought. In fact, the days out in Kinsale and Cobh were filled with incredibly uncomfortable wetsuits, sub-zero temperatures and communal showers! Just kidding.

Our first expedition was to Kinsale. The weather was murky, the breeze was turning to a gale and we had no idea what we were letting ourselves in for. However, despite our fears, the day over all was a success. We were sectioned off the two main groups and other smaller sub-groups. On the land we were faced with many gruelling activities which required smarts, wit and the cunning of a fox. Which is why it took twice as long for us to do the activities than any other group they had ever had! Some stood back, pondering how to move a bottle without the use of your hands or feet, a ridiculous concept really as it would surely be simple to move. We were sadly mistaken. Some, of course, really couldn't be bothered even trying and decided to sit back and watch as the Archery group used each other for target practice. Screams could be heard all around, but not from pain, but from noticing that you could look into the changing rooms from the hill we were stationed on. Not a pretty picture.

As we changed course and prepared ourselves to delve into the murky sea, we were prematurely put off by the pale, stiff creatures from the other group returning to somehow be rejuvenated. We looked on in fear as we were handed our giant wet suits and shoved into our view-for-all dressing rooms. The struggle to get into our wetsuits was enormous, more difficult than any other activity we had done that day. And of course, who can forget the Canoes, in which it became impossible to actually stay in the boat. After a while, I was convinced Katie Locke kept tipping us over on purpose. As we glided onto the stoned beach, I remember noticing a lot of topless boys wandering around the place, the reason for it I do not know nor do I ever want to know frankly. Though some of them were getting very friendly in the sea! You know who I'm talking about. Also, Don is a lot stronger than he looks, as I had the pleasure of noticing when he snuck up and dunked me in the sea repeatedly. Thanks for that, very refreshing.

Somehow, I don't think we were a very Outdoors kind of group, but we still had fun all the same. Luckily we didn't encounter any wild animals, as I'm sure Mark Donnelly would have lost another pair of underwear. It sure as hell wasn't an episode of Baywatch and we were less than graceful in our gigantic wetsuits. It was a bonding experience without the bonding and some of us learned a very valuable lesson - do not wear make-up in the sea.

Our fears were slightly confounded when we noticed how peaceful the sea looked. That is until our mini groups were sent out in our boats to face the cruel splashes of our neighbouring foes. We all got our own back though, and each of us spent some time in the frighteningly cold water, some screaming more than others and some making it their business to tip over others. Good fun was had all around.

Of course, let's not forget the horrid display of half-naked teenagers roaming all over the place. There seems to be something very strange to me about allowing so many post pubescent teens get wet and wild together in the water. Although, it was very, VERY cold! I really think they should reconsider their approach to some things there. Like the fact that Troy almost got castrated by the harness which Mrs. O'Riordan had the pleasure of seeing) and the fact that Robert O'Leary very easily jumped up and took a quick snapshot of the girls dressing room) we established quickly that it was a half naked Maire that he snapped). Other than that though, I think the day was a good trip for us all.

Somehow, I thought Cobh wasn't as good. Some will agree or disagree. All the same, there were some memorable moments, like the girls screams of laughter as they noticed a big hole in Niamh's wetsuit) which was in a very compromising situation). Actually, come to think of it, they all had holes in them, though not quiet as embarrassing as that.

## *Looking back ...*

Every year group has one year that they will always remember, and I would have to nominate 4th year, for very obvious reasons. We laughed, we cried, we got into a lot of trouble and at the end of it all we had nothing to show for it. That, to me, is what school life is all about. In that year, it was a time for experimentation (Aoife and Andrea), Blooming romances (Brian and Linda), Violent outbursts of aggression towards a comrade (Skinner and Liam), new friends for life( Hey Donnie ) and a lot of other raging hormones. It was our own episode of Sunset Beach, minus the sunset, or the beach really for that matter. But it was still jam packed with unfinished story lines and long lost loves who really weren't lost, just down the road from you. I think we went to class occasionally too.

Everybody will tell you that this is the most important time of your life, and also the quickest. For a lot of us, 6th year was the year that we became adults, through age and the personal experiences we faced. The maturity and appreciation of life that we developed is what will get us through these exams and through a lot of what we'll be faced with in the future. Well, we did our best, nobody can deny that. We were a very competitive year weren't we? There always seemed to be some kind of competition going on, whether it was to do with a sport or whether it was who could rip Mark Donnelly's underwear off the quickest( though that may be enlisted as a new sport for the up and coming year groups). The greatest competition though is the long lasting fury between the Pro Fine Gael Maire and the Pro Fianna Fail Don. There will be a showdown, the time or the place, I do not know. It may have already come to pass, but I foresee it being at the debts when Maire's had a few too many Smirnoff's and Dons had a bit too much of "The Sauce"(i.e. Jameson). My money's on Maire anyway.

It's difficult for one person to justify everything that's happened to us in the last six years. My memories may not be your memories, but at least we have memories. Good or bad, they each stick with us, even if it was just that one time a teacher came into class with their underwear showing. For some, looking back on the years may be an experience of joy, maybe grief, and for others looking back may just be an experience! Whatever the case may be, your memories are YOUR memories and nobody can ever take them away from you. I'm simply here to remind you of some of the highlights of our six years in Ballincollig Community School. So, Class of 2003, hold onto you seats and grab some popcorn, as we take a trip back to the past, which some of us wish we could just forget.

One of the most vivid memories for me is, rather remarkably considering my memory, our first ever day here. As kind as our superiors attempted to be, they oh so delicately managed to hoard us into the cafeteria like cattle, awaiting our inevitable doom- whether we were in the same class as that really good-looking girl/boy who you've been eyeing since you first walked into the school. Since I'm waiting to embarrass people with name dropping later on, I'll just simply say, YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE! Then, of course, there were the "Oooh's", and "Aaah's" as we gazed around our odd little circular caravan park. Of course, the fascination and astonishment left our cheery naïve selves as soon as we:

- a) Got scalded by the radiators which were turned on full blast, even though it was almost 20 degrees outside
- b) The roof began leaking on our carefully groomed hair and, finally,
- c) we had our first Business Studies class.

Well, this is it. I wish I had more words of wisdom, but I'm in the same boat as you, not a clue what's happening. We've had some good times, some terrible times and, occasionally, just "times". Our year definitely differs from others though. There's a silent bond between us all, a bond which is very obvious and special. It's this bond that will make it that little bit more difficult to leave the school. There are too many memories for a lot of us. Then again, you could look at it another way, in which some of us want to get as far away from those memories as possible. When you walk out of this school for the last time, you will leave behind a part of you that only ever existed in the school grounds, and in some cases, you will leave behind the people which shaped you into the person you are today.

Look around you guys, because this is it.

Class of 2003, it was my sincere pleasure spending the last 6 years with you. Good luck to you all.

*Its not what you say ... its the way that you say it!*

**Mr. Alcock:**

"Get off the pot!"  
"Remember Davey Crockett....Of course ye don't, ye don't have a clue"  
"Ye could get it down to 0.01 of a millimetre. Well, I could, ye can't do anything"  
"Did I give you any narcotics?...I don't want to give you too much of this stuff"  
"Has anybody used paint stripper? It's brilliant.... It'll blow your head off"  
"It wouldn't turn me on" (Referring to the Fiat Multipla)  
"He's like that, he's into that sort of thing" (Referring to gang and straddle.....milling)  
"I am superhuman, but I haven't developed telepathic powers yet"  
"They're trying to sneak in sneakers"  
"I'm not trying to chat ye up. Take it easy girls".

**Miss Horgan:**

"There's always brown stuff. And when the brown stuff hits the fan...."  
"When you were four, you were put in a box."  
"Oh God he scares me" (Hearing Mr. Kennedy on the intercom)

**Mr. Murphy:**

"I want to be easy for you"  
"The dog leg developed the dog leg"  
"We're used to one dimensional people"  
"I don't know if that's the case, but I'll guarantee you that's the case"  
"They're not mistakes, they're just errors."  
"I'm not trying to unravel you"  
"I can't think of one off the top of my head, but there is one I can think of"  
"You're two silly boys!"

**Mr. Myles:**

"The electrons start to get excited. But you can't stay excited for too long. You'll learn that in later life."  
"I could make a comment like 'we're better off without him', but I won't"

**Miss Owens:**

"This is about the ordinary, everyday, unpurged, erotic intimacy between three people"  
"Jesus lads, I'm trying to teach here. Am I insane?"  
"Ok, first witch....Andrea"  
"Who'll be Seyton (Satan)....Andrea"  
"You're after getting very brazen, you're asking questions!"  
"Oh God, I have no brain"  
"You've all seen it on the radio"

**Miss Dawes:**

"If you don't shape up, I'll ship you out"  
"Any chance of an answer before I fossilize boy?"  
"If you were any lazier, you'd shut down"  
"Suffering saints"  
"Spare the rod, spoil the child, what does that mean John?"  
John: "Beat the children!"

**Mr Buttimer (Irish)**

"I get nervous when boys smile at me"

"I'm not used to seeing ye with your clothes on"

"I got 20 points in my leaving cert" (trying to promote confidence in his teaching ability)

"I always get my man"

"He was into the wine and women and all those nice things..."

"I could do ye tomorrow"

"Do you know it?" (While playing an imaginary guitar to the class)

**Mr. Doolan:**

"Logs are very popular at the moment, at the top of the charts "There's a whole lot of logging going on""

Andrea laughing, Mr Doolan: "Didn't I say not to look in the mirror"

"It's still there before you haul the next shaft at them"

"I was going to say that, before the hat interrupted me"

"Let's ask a passing first year"

"As every schoolgirl knows....."

"Let's ask someone intelligent, awake and alert..... I'll go next door then."

**Mrs. Hegarty:**

"The Neanderthal Man, he's another homo"

"I must get my positions right before I say the wrong thing"

"How many specimens have we mounted?"

Fiona: "Can Mr Lucey have Sinead down in the gym?"

Ms Hegarty: "I'm assuming you mean can Mr Lucey see Sinead down in the gym?"

**Mrs. Kelly:**

"Hmmm bisexuals, they have the best of both worlds"

"So that's 1000, that's 2 less than 1002" (Demonstrating her great mathematical skills)

"Ahh shoot"

"That's a blunder"

**Mr. Kiely:**

"Am I brilliant? I am!"

"I'm just your jack in the box"

"Shut up!" (Yelling at the class next door through the wall)

"Harry, answer me" (while banging his head off of 'Harry' the blackboard)

**Mrs. Lennon:**

"Watch the board, because I'm always forgetting things."

"Girls, give me a bit of assistance on how to write on the board."

"He was entitled to his drugs, but since he wasn't getting enough from the state, he stole my bag."

"He should get a smack in the bottom."

"How could it be causing any destruction? I parked it into the bush!"

"Do you even want to do your Leaving Cert.? You're thinking, yes lets flyo!"

**Miss Lynch:**

"Most farms are owned by farmers"

**Miss Walsh:**

"Stop or I'll have to give you a note" (When Mark was farting)

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**Mr. O'Broin:**

"John, put your legs down, you're having too much fun"

"Does that make sense?"

**Mr O'Connell:**

"Now a pestle and mortar is a bit like a mommy and a daddy. The daddy just moves in and, well, you know the rest" (To his science class when they were in first year)

**Mr. Roe:**

"Do you know why you shouldn't put hot food into a plastic bowl?..... Because the chemicals produced from the heat gives men breasts."  
"Have you ever seen a P45?"

**Mr. Weir:**

"Ern boys! Why don't ye play strip basketball?"

**Other quick quotes ..**

Sinead to Mr Nally:

"why do you have such a big stapler!!?"  
"if its make-up its ok but if it's a dress it's a no-no!"

Maire:

"if a tree falls in a wood and theres no one around to hear it, did it really fall?"

Fiona (in response

to what comprehension they had last night):

Katie Locke:

"oh, my word"

Katie Locke:

"oh, my goodness"

Mr Alcock

"you are 8 minutes late"

Fiona

"damn"



## *Second Year F*

In March 1999, 16 of us took part in the French exchange. Ms Owens organised this ten day trip to Paris and many adventures were had by all. But these are the ones that stand out in our minds.

We will never forget when Edel Dineen shocked us all by being the only one to jump onto the metro. From the platform we saw Edel's scared face as the doors closed. But heroically, Ms. Fleming was there to pry the doors open with her fingernails, saving Edel from a life on the streets of Paris.

Sinead Holland would live to regret teaching Donna Tobin's student the meaning of "póg mo thoin". It later backfired when Sinead used it in a heated argument against this particular student.

Though we "enjoyed" the hour and a half talk on sea organisms in broken English in the Natural History Museum, we were thankful when Ms. Owens finally put an end to the tour guide's rambling.

One of the objects of the tour was to learn about school life in France. We were surprised to see the unisex bathrooms. As we trudged up the steep stairs we were shocked as the teachers happily passed us out in the elevator.

One of the highlights of the French Exchange was the day on EuroDisney. Our caring exchange families prepared us for a day of wind and rain that was forecasted. However, we cursed the French weatherman as the sun beat down on our many layers of clothes.

The trip to Versailles was very interesting, although the disappearance of Janice Hunt caused some panic. Thankfully she was found and also saved from a future on the streets of Paris.

Good times were also had with the French students. We will be forever indebted to Catherine Brennan's family as we broke her couch at a party in her house. We still blame the French!

We will never forget the time we spent in Paris.

*Elaine O' Riordan and Sinead Murphy*

## **Work Experience**

During our Transition year students went on work experience from the 26th of March to the 9th of April. This work experience continued for 2 weeks and was thoroughly beneficial to all. The idea of work experience is to allow people the opportunity to work and to teach a sense of the "working world"!

Everyone organised their own work experience either through family and friends, by phone or by letter. The students from our year went to a variety of places from RTE to CIT and from working with a fashion designer to working in an engineering company.

Students were given a report card to hand to their prospective employer on commencement of their work experience. The employers were asked to comment on each of the following: attendance, punctuality, ability to work and attitude to the job on completion of the work experience by the student. The employer then returned the report card to the school. A written report by all Transition year pupils was completed. Work experience was a good experience for all.

*Marion Horgan*

## **Faith Friends:**

The objective was to befriend a Communion class pupil and help him/her through the learning of the Communion by pictures and activities. There were roughly 18 people from BCS with 18 students from Scoil Barra. It was good fun visiting the 2nd class in Scoil Barra as the children were full of enthusiasm and loved to see older people and make friends with them. Faith Friends was organised by the B.C.S. school chaplain, Ms. Fleming.

*Andrea Cullen*



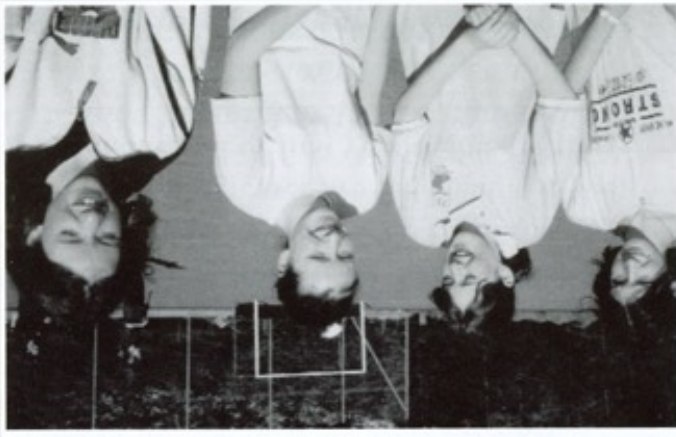


Photo Gallery

## *Is this a poem that I see before me?*

Walking into brightly coloured area A,  
We were all excited, it was our first day.  
We were rounded up and gathered in the caf,  
We were all happy and having a laugh.  
Our skirts started way down by our knees,  
But got shorter and shorter to make the boys  
pleased.  
Our ties were up around our necks,  
Because we were afraid of the uniform checks.  
Outside our classrooms we all stood shaking,  
Afraid of the subjects we were taking.  
Every morning the girls were bright and alert,  
To swoon over the year head and have a quick  
flirt.  
But then one morning it was not so much fun,  
He screamed so loud he made us all run.  
As the year progressed we felt right at home,  
So that's the end of first year in this poem.

Second year came we were strangers no more,  
And some of us weren't quite as close to the  
floor.

The prefabs became a centre for romance,

Many kisses were had out of glance.  
Emma was great at playing the blondes role,  
She was flicking her hair when she walked into  
the pole.

The boy's made quite an impression,  
And so started Amanda's (C) progression.  
Second year ended we were all filled with glee,  
Delaying the worry of the big JC.

First day of 3rd year we all wanted to cry,  
Not realising how fast the year would fly.  
This was the year people did work,  
Some teachers pulled their hair and went  
berserk.

Some got stressed others lay back,  
That whole study thing, there must have been a  
knack.

Why all the fuss it wasn't that bad,  
I don't understand how it drove people mad.

Junior Cert night the lads were filled with gat,  
Their dinners came up and landed with a splat  
This was the year no homework was done,  
It was time to sit back and have loads of fun.  
The tour was arranged we were off to  
Deutschland,  
Troy didn't like the plane, he had to hold  
Fiona's hand.

*Happy to meet, sorry to part ...*





J. Holland  
F. Alcock  
D. Myers

back row right,  
3rd row with moustache,  
front row left

**Answer:**

You'd have to be on your mettle to recognise some of these heads. Make it your business to account for some of your favourite teachers who worked together in a previous existence. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you hadn't seen them around the building during the construction of the new school.

**Puzzle Corner:**

At the ice-rink we fell if we left go of the bar,  
But come on now Scully you took it too far.  
The fashion show came, two costumes were through,  
Hello Pat Kenny can I throw my knickers at you.  
Fourth year ended, oh, what a shame,  
Why couldn't every other year be the same.  
Fifth year arrived not that much to remember,  
Except that we were not thrilled to be back in September,  
The year started off with not too many glitches,  
Except when one girlie ended up with stitches.  
One teacher swore if there was one more intercom call,  
He would rip the box right off of the wall.  
Rip, that reminds us of Mark Flemings disaster,  
Peter Corcoran showed us that he was the master,  
He pulled marks jocks from right under his pants,  
Days passed before he finally stopped with his rants.  
The leaving cert was coming, the fun was over for us,  
It was time to rant and rave and perhaps the odd cuss.

The End.

*Amanda Collins and Fiona Flavin.*

***So thanks Mr Alcock for all your assistance, We succeeded so well 'cos of your persistence.***

6th year came, we knew tears would be shed, but nothing could prepare us for what lay ahead.  
Time to knuckle down, said Mr Alcock,  
But half of us just thought: "what a crock!"  
The new year brought with it a male refugee,  
The girls were excited and so filled with glee.  
They stared with amazement as he came in the door,  
A new male addition for the girls to adore.  
It was time to move, say goodbye to area E,  
Many door signs went missing annoying the powers that be.  
We entered the new school filled with awe,  
Searching ceiling to floor for even one flaw.  
So now we're here and waiting in fear,  
Maybe we should have done some study this year.  
We are now at Mass shedding some tears,  
Then we're off to the pub to have a few beers.

# Photo Gallery



The distribution and sale of St. Patrick's Day Badges in aid of the Irish charities Goal and Aidlink has been organised by Transition year students of Blackrock College And Scoil Mhuire Cork. Goal offers emergency relief for Third World Countries. Over the past decade it has provided emergency housing, medical care and food to the people of Rwanda, Bosnia, Kosovo and Calcutta.

Aidlink specialises in developmental work. It helps set up schools, hospitals and community projects. Basically, Aidlink helps people to help themselves. Ballincollig Community School Transition Year students were approached by Scoil Mhuire Transition Year students to invite us to participate in this worthy project. A group of 12 of us decided to become involved. We set about the task of selling 1,000 badges on the week we came back from work experience.

We sold badges through Scoil Barra, Gael Scoil and Scoil Eoin and we got great support on the main street and at the L&N shopping centre. We raised £1,591.31 during that week. Scoil Mhuire were delighted with us, as we surpassed any other "new" school which became involved.

We were invited to a Presentation Ceremony in Jury's on the 10th of May and we were all very excited. A special thanks to all those who were involved and of course Ms. Cronin for her hard work, enthusiasm and dedication.

The members of the group were- Catriona Cahill, Rachelle Hanley, Mark Fleming, Emma Holland, Chris O'Neill, Edel Quinlan, Amanda Ferriter, Katie Locke, Joanne Cronin, Don O'Meara, Sinead Murphy and Yvonne Reilly

*When I grow up ...*

Brian Leahy	professional stalker/ wrestling professional at weekends
Louise Holland	physio for the Munster rugby team.
Yvonne Malone	coach for the U12 Eire Og, all of whom are her children.
Keith Crowley	the next Padraig Harrington, always second best.
Donna Tobin	future Mrs. Doubtfire/Doyle.
Donal Moloney	wrinkly deaf rocker living off his royalties from his one hit wonder.
Paddy Keane	life partner with above - waiting for legislation to be passed so they can marry.
Kevin de Groot	drug dealer
Don O'Meara	Communist leader of Little Cuba.
Edel Dincen	"night nurse"
Katie Barty	Ms. Horgan's replacement.
Brian McMahon	Chris Evans replacement
Eithne Downey	fighting for small people's rights.
Amanda Ferriter	artist of Sponge Bob Square Pants.
Sarah McGowan	married to extremely wrinkly old rocker John Finn.
Roisin O'Shea	Queen of the Fairies (living in Amsterdam)
Máire Spillane	angry unpopular Fine Gael Minister.
Robert O'Leary	German teacher.
Fiona Falvin	Miss Universe, professional flirt, Mrs. Alcock
Eoin McSweeney	professional look-a-like for Abs from Five
Roisin Garvey	living in Australia searching for Ben
Emma Holland	owner of dating agency
Mark Donnelly	main supplier of bottled methane gas
Elaine O'Riordan	still arguing she is right
Amanda Collins	owner of hair dye company

### *Death in the Corridor.*

They ran down the hall, scared out of their wits. The killer was after them, to tear them to bits. Linda hid in the closet, hoped he wouldn't look there, but he reached into the darkness, and pulled her out by the hair. He stuck the knife through her head and pinned her to the wall. When he took the knife out, she dropped like a rag doll. As Maire ran from the killer, she fell with a shout. The killer took his knife and gouged her eyes out. Next he stabbed Eimear, she was in severe pain, but before he could kill her, Robert blew out his brain. They were all sad about Maire as they walked out the door, but look on the bright side, the blondes dead on the floor.

Author	Liam Moroney
Hero	Robert O'Leary
Killed	Maire Spillane
Saved by Robert	Eimear Power

### *Keith has a swinging time.*

I first began playing Pitch & Putt at the age of 10 and soon got the hang of it. By 15 I had won 3 gold medals with Cork at the all-Irelands and won the Munster strokeplay in my last year. I now sought bigger and better things, so I turned to golf and soon began to excel, due to continuous practise. I came from 12 handicap to 4 in my first year. Currently playing at a handicap of 1, I have represented my home club Lee Valley on numerous occasions aswell as wining Golfer of the year in 2001. I am now part of the Munster U21 panel for this year and hope to seek golf as a career.

*Keith Crowley*

### *Boys Basketball*

Our first taste of success was in 2nd year when we reached the all-Ireland finals tournament, but to our surprise and dismay we were beaten in the semi-final. No doubt we would return to seek gold and we did the following two years at U16 but again we were beaten before we could get a sniff of victory.

After that we never made it to an all Ireland final again but as always we produced a good team but unfortunately never relived our victory days. Over the years due to hard training and practise two members of our year represented Cork at the Inter-regionals - Troy Murphy and Keith Crowley at U15 and Keith Crowley again at U17 age group.

We would like to thank Mr Lucey for his time and dedication and of course our coaches over the years - Jason O'Connell, Dermot Murphy and last but not least, Jim Nugent, who has spent years developing Basketball in our school and still remains to do so, to our delight.

### *The Circle of Life*

In 5th year the art class were asked by Scoil Barra to make masks for their play "The circle of life" based on "The Lion King". We were happy to be given such a challenge. With the help of Mrs. Mahoney and Ms. Burke and most of all the team effort the class put in, I can most definitely say it was a great success. We had only one week to produce 4 main characters and several lionesses.

We all had to pull together and share our ideas. A lot of hard work went into the masks but it was all worth it in the end. The pupils of Scoil Barra were delighted with their masks.

Masks	Made by
Simba	Eithne Downey and Louise Holland
Scar	Roisin Garvey and Edel Quinlan
Mufasa	Amanda Ferriter and Roisin O'Shea
Nala	Fiona Flavin and Vicky Buckley
Lionesses	Donal, Janice, Brian, Ray, Fergal, Yvonne, John, Pamela and Robert.

Noelle Beasley, Proprietor  
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*Warrina*

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