



20  
BIS ANTHOLOGY 2018

The BIS Anthology  
Celebrating  
20 Years  
of Seeing  
Thinking and  
Acting Differently

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“An essential aspect of creativity  
is not being afraid to fail.”

EDWIN H. LAND, INVENTOR OF POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHY (1909-1991)

**FOREWORD**

Creativity, curiosity, and courage.

The creativity to see beyond what is, and imagine what might be. The curiosity to constantly explore, experiment and discover. The courage to make mistakes – a natural and necessary part of learning and discovery – and the courage to share and express our unique talents and novel perspectives with those around us.

These are attributes commonly associated with great artists. They are also the core attributes of great information systems professionals; the individuals whose work fundamentally transforms organisations, industries and societies.

Since its inception, Business Information Systems has been committed to the personal and professional development of the whole person. We believe that human empathy is as important as business savvy. We believe that knowing why to use technology is as important as knowing how. And above all, we believe that our core mission is to help students nurture their own creativity, curiosity, and courage, so that they might forge truly extraordinary careers by seeing, thinking and acting differently. The annual BIS Anthology, which allows our students to share their visual, verbal, and musical talents with each other and with the world, is an important part of how we pursue this mission.

This year is very special to us as we celebrate 20 years of this unique aspect of the BIS experience. In honour of the anniversary, we have also invited our staff to contribute work to this year’s anthology, and have organised a retrospective exhibition of anthology artwork with UCC’s Lewis Glucksman Gallery.

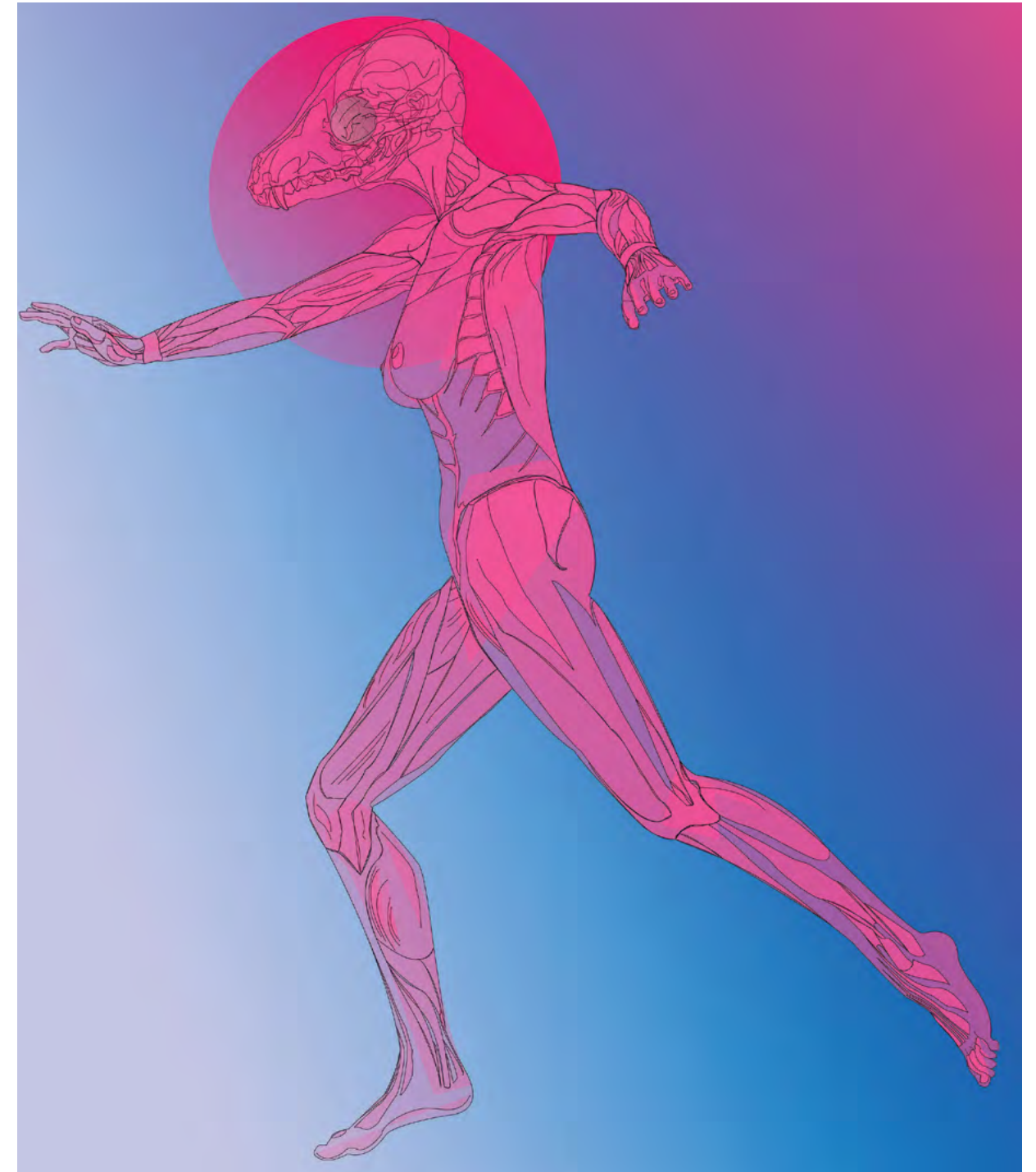
You are very welcome to the 2018 BIS Anthology, and we hope that you will join us in celebrating the passion and talent of the BIS community.

**Joseph Feller**



The piece came from an exercise in studying anatomy and colour, and I picked this one out of a bunch of other exercises because it's my favourite colour palette to play with.

Brian O'Sullivan





What inspired me to write this piece was my mental health a few months ago when I was struggling with depression, unbeknownst to me until a few weeks later. I was struggling with how no one could see how badly I was coping, so I decided to write it down as best as I could describe it and it turned out as a poem. Honestly I feel like this poem is somewhat deep and revealing, but I think mental health affects a majority of people, so people may be able to relate to this poem.

Chloe Cooley

The reason I chose this piece to submit is because I find that in Ireland mental health is somewhat hidden by those affected, and those around them dislike the topic. I think it's highly important to bring mental health to light, especially around younger people. Hence why the theme of this piece is mental health.

My hands shoved deep in my pockets  
My eyes stuck fixated on the stars.  
The zooming of cars as they drive on past  
Oh how I wish this moment would last.

The electrical lines are buzzing  
And I am humming some old tune  
I hear my soles grazing off the path  
Paying no attention to my direction.

I long for someone to see  
Why I walk as far as the sea.  
To see that I am drowning on the land  
That I need a helping hand.

I need to leave this trance I'm in  
I need a chance to break free of it  
But how can I save myself  
If I can't even explain it aloud.

They throw life jackets to those  
who are drowning  
But to us few who are stuck in a  
whirlpool of our own thoughts  
Only glances of pity get tossed  
in our direction  
No one thinks they need to help  
No one thinks we're worth throwing  
a life jacket to.

No one can see our lungs overflowing  
in salt water tears  
No one sees the thoughts dragging us deeper into the  
black waters we create  
No one sees our hands flailing in despair  
No one can hear our cries for help.

We all see the signs, see the warnings, hear the cries  
We pay no attention, we ignore it hoping it disappears,  
we block out other people's tears  
We don't want the trouble, the bother; their weight on  
our shoulders.

I want this moment to last  
I want to stay stood here staring at the stars  
Because when this moment ends I'm back to the start  
The point where the drowning starts all over again.  
I just want this moment to last.



Just wanted to submit a song I wrote for the Anthology.  
I put this link to my YouTube channel. Check it out ...

Patrick Wrenn



[www.youtube.com/watch?v=3LxUDEpjFj8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3LxUDEpjFj8)



I stumbled across this shot on the old Kenmare Road. There is a pass through the mountains which I wanted to hike with my brother. We started in Killarney national park and began the 10 mile hike just after lunch. My brother decided to turn back about 2 miles in as he was still hungry. I had my Nikon D80 with me and wanted to get a few shots so I continued. This is where I came up with the title ‘Go it alone.’

Stephen O’Sullivan





The theme of my piece is Exploration. I captured these photographs when I was on holiday in Lake Garda, exploring and immersing myself in Italian culture. I selected these particular photographs for this years anthology as the bright and vibrant colours capture the beautiful world we live in today.

Leah Daly



THE FLOATING CITY





These photos were captured on my frequent excursions to West Cork to take in the natural beauty of the countryside near the sea. Ireland is such a majestic place all year round.

Stephen Walsh





I was inspired to write this poem as I felt the access to abortion within Ireland was a topical subject at the time of writing it and I tried to imagine what it must be like having to come to terms with an unexpected pregnancy. The poem is about the choices faced when unplanned pregnancy occurs. These decisions for couples, especially the women involved, can be compounded by the stresses if they seek to end the pregnancy. This can't be legally sought within the Republic of Ireland. No matter what your feelings on this issue, it is easy to see that these decisions are ones which no one wishes to ever face.

James O'Leary

Daddy says you have to reap what you sow,  
Mother beseeches me to make  
An honest woman  
Of you,  
But you are already honest while  
facing this Path.

On This Path I'm with you but  
your footsteps leave me  
behind;

I want to make this decision  
with you,  
But I'm conscious you'll have the  
Final say —  
Do you want to keep it or push it  
Away?

Will we have to catch a plane and seek the help?  
Or will we remain and go ahead with  
The Plan?

Little succour is on this Island,  
— Even if we wished,  
Travel is the only means,  
To end what hasn't begun.

The toughest journey, the hardest road,  
Are we both at nineteen  
Going to reap what we sowed?





I wrote 'Spark' because I associate fire with passion, desire and dedication. A few years ago I found this feeling daunting as I wasn't able to see the benefits of being able to call upon this deep fire we have within us. However now, primarily in sport I can see that this fire and passion is what helps you when things might not be going your way.

Shaun O'Connell

The room was bright,  
From the flames of the fire.  
Helpful at first,  
But then they grew higher.

Can no longer see,  
Smoke creates a screen.  
Could this be,  
A really bad dream?

Routine is gone,  
Life no longer clear.  
Don't know what to do,  
With such great fear.

But this isn't a dream,  
Of the night.  
It's something that happens,  
In everyone's life.

For this room doesn't have couches,  
Tables or a bed.  
This room is the space,  
Deep inside your head.

And these flames,  
Provide power and are good for the mind.  
They're not destructive,  
But instead kind.

The fire ignites passion.  
Sparks inspiration.  
Provides an endless well,  
Of motivation.

So if you're down,  
Or your legs are like jelly.  
Remember,  
This fire is also in your belly.

After all the panic,  
Worry and concern.  
You find out.  
Fire doesn't always burn.

My inspiration for writing this piece titled ‘Question Everything’ stemmed from my interests, I began to question why I did certain things due to external pressures. I have always wondered why people did courses and jobs that they didn’t like.

Jeremiah O’Sullivan



# ‘Question Everything’

Isidor I. Rabi, the Nobel laureate in physics was thought to think inversely by one simple question his mother asked him every day after school. Instead of the usual question that we have all heard, “What did you learn today?”. She asked, “Did you ask a good question today?”. By changing one simple phrase, his whole thought process became inquisitive and not memory focused. If we were all to question our thoughts and behaviours, society would progress and become far more balanced. We can all start one question at a time.

Everything you do should be questioned in my opinion, individuals should know their reasoning and in turn it will ensure that they can always say, “I made the right decision based on the information available.” Whether it’s a new job, college course or an investment. One should back their decisions because they feel they made the correct decision for that time. In my opinion, the most important question everyone has in their arsenal is, “Why?”. Us millennials are one of the first generations to question organised religion, the church was once the most powerful entity in Ireland. It is nothing to what it once was and

renouncing the church is one of the first steps towards equality in society in my opinion. I have nothing against organised religion and it teaches morals but sometimes it can also embed a narrow mindset in its followers.

We are at the forefront of the technological era, so much has been accomplished to which 100 years ago would have seemed impossible. Unfortunately, technology is a double edged sword due to its mass influence in western society. We can no longer take a media outlet at its word due to all the fake news about. It is necessary to question everything we read especially online.

There is one societal norm that needs to be reassessed. Individuals who don’t have a social media presence are almost shunned by their peers. We are approaching the point where it is causing more harm than good to its users. Although, it’s a free and instant method of communication but its influence on our lives is teaching us that we must look a certain way and it’s also making us impersonal in real life. We are at the stage where you could literally find a partner without any words ever being

spoken, its plainly swiping right and that’s it. I am no angel but the ignorance of being on your phone mid conversation or in a lecture is frightening.

The main point to be taken from this topic on technology is the instant gratification people get from social media. It’s all about likes and escaping from reality. Rather than talking to someone about your problems, you go on social media and for a moment you forget about them. It is an addiction at this stage, just as destructive as any substance you can consume. It’s not recognised as a serious problem yet. A thought that users should ask themselves, “Why am I posting this?”. People are getting self-worth from the amount of likes they receive and the number of followers/friends they have. Instagram has been proven to be the most damaging social media outlet in terms of mental health. Although it is well known for self-expression and self-identity, it has also been associated with high levels of anxiety, depression and FOMO. The RSPH and the Young Health Movement (YHM) published the report, #StatusOfMind, examining the effects of social media on young people’s health.<sup>1</sup> The report highlighted that Instagram is one of the most damaging social media outlets in the UK with regards mental health. Yet nobody seems to question its addictiveness or encourages people to not use it even if its impact is clearly visible. Individuals are literally letting other people put a number on how valuable you are. It will never be enough, in a few years’ time people may come to their senses but before that many people will take their own lives since they won’t feel appreciated enough. It usually takes suffering before we question why are things the way they are.

One of the greatest things we have as a species is our ability to be self-aware and the willpower to literally do anything we want. Sadly, “99% of people in the world are convinced they are incapable of achieving great things, so they aim for the mediocre. The level of competition is thus fiercest for “realistic” goals, paradoxically making them the most time and energy consuming.” – Timothy Ferriss.<sup>2</sup> Walt Disney is a perfect example of someone who pursued a career he loved and it payed off immensely. What did he spend his time doing while growing up? Well, it was working but also drawing. In a study done by rich habits, 86% of people liked what they did for a living. In his study, people who loved their job earned \$4 million more than those who liked what they did. People should question what they do, go for the thrilling thing and not the “safe” thing. Always ask, “Do I want to spend my time on this?”

Nowadays, someone to not pursue 3rd level studies are frowned upon. In 2014, 16% of first year students dropped out of their course. Most of these students went into a course they didn’t like or thought it wasn’t for them. These are the only students that definitively and openly would say they don’t like their course. They questioned themselves and evaluated why they are doing this course. It goes without saying that there is a reasonable percentage of students who dislike their course and will go into a job they don’t like due to societal pressure put on them. Up to 70% of skilled employees feel disengaged in their work. To put that into perspective, this means you only enjoy 3 days out of 7 being Friday, Saturday and Sunday. So, you could end up dreading over half your life because you wouldn’t pursue something you enjoyed. Albeit, you work life isn’t everything and you can live a fulfilled life through other things but you are still wasting half of your life at least. In my opinion, you should look forward to everyday and not just the weekend. One always has a choice but one can easily get tied into long term commitments such as a mortgage or family. There is nothing wrong with that way of life, some are content and it’s all they need if they chose it. They are people who leaped before looking and entrapped themselves. All I want to get across is, you control your life. Not the bank and not some long-term contract. Question, question, question.

If you can’t provide a personally justifiable reason for why you behave and do certain things, you have already lost. Acting on your own accord in regards not following societal norms because you choose to or following societal norms since you choose to, is the key. We all make mistakes but its learning from them and asking yourself why you made that decision. When one begins to question the things around them and why they are there, people begin to get a much more vivid image of the reality behind the lives we live. We all learn material in school and college because someone else believes these are the skills necessary in our lives. Everyone should decide themselves, what they value, the knowledge they want to learn and the life they want to live at some point in life. It can only be done by questioning.



<sup>1</sup> www.rsph.org.uk/about-us/news/instagram-ranked-worst-for-young-people-s-mental-health.html  
<sup>2</sup> Ferriss, T. (2011). The 4-hour work week. Vermilion.



I was inspired to take this photo during my recent trip to Abu Dhabi in March of this year where I visited the Sheikh Zayed Mosque.

Clodagh O'Driscoll

The natural beauty and culture of the UAE, in particular the mosques, inspired me to capture the building in all its beauty.



The photo on the left titled ‘A Hidden Gem’ was taken during my trip to Cornwall in England where I visited the Eden Project.

I was inspired to capture this photo because of what the Eden Project stands for, they are about working to make a better planet through conservation and biodiversity which is an area that I am very interested in.



I'm presenting two favourite things from my holiday in Poland.  
1) Butterfly from Wroclaw Zoo  
2) Famous in this region Dwarfs, they are spread around all the city in local parks, (at the moment 335 dwarfs).

Katarzyna Creighton





I woke up early to watch the sunrise over Lower Manhattan. The sight of the sun peaking from behind the One World Trade Centre building and illuminating the rest of the city was too stunning for me not to photograph.

Sophie Walker

The main theme of this photo is “New Beginnings”. The sun is breaking out from behind the One World Trade Centre building while casting a dark shadow upon the building itself. It represents how the city has found light, positivity and new beginnings from the rubble and darkness of the 9/11 tragedy.



What inspired me to submit this piece was how much I have grown throughout these past four years studying BIS. I have seen a huge growth in my own self-confidence and in my abilities to perform and accomplish any task or challenge that faces me. I was the person who put my head down and ask questions afterwards, now I see myself interacting in class and asking questions in lectures to get a deeper understanding of a topic. I see myself going out to different networking events with confidence and pride. Any opportunity that comes my way I go for it, I don’t let my nerves or fears take over.

Chelsea O’Connor

I have always wanted to write and create something which can hopefully, show my growth and also encourage others not to stay in the background, to go out there and show what makes each one of us unique. To embrace it and let it show through every day. I knew a written piece would best show this message and hopefully portray the emotions and courage I want to show through.

As humans we look at the past, look at how we are in the present or look to see how we will be in the future.

And as we move into an age where we are constantly critiquing ourselves, the mind does three things.

It instantly pinpoints what we did wrong, it rarely identifies what we achieved and it will always analyse how we can improve.

To understand our true passions and our accomplishments, we must challenge our minds.

We must blur out the negativity and seek to restructure our brains to see what we can find.

We must have confidence in our abilities, in our actions and in our thoughts.

Hiding away from the crowd, standing in the back and lowering my voice, this is who I was, but this is not who I aspire to be.

To have a passion and a vision is a valuable thing, to have the dedication and mindset to achieve your vision is a rarity.

To have the confidence to stand out in the crowd and let your voice be heard is certainly not easy. Time is precious, we must not wait.

To show your passion, your vision, to fight for what you believe in, is not only an accomplishment in itself, but it is a unique trait.

We are here to evolve, prosper and grow.

Don’t look back in a few years and ask “Where did it all go?”



Taken at one of my many hikes down the Kerry Mountains, mid-autumn. The secret behind this picture is my favourite distractions, humble photography and active expedition. My headspace.

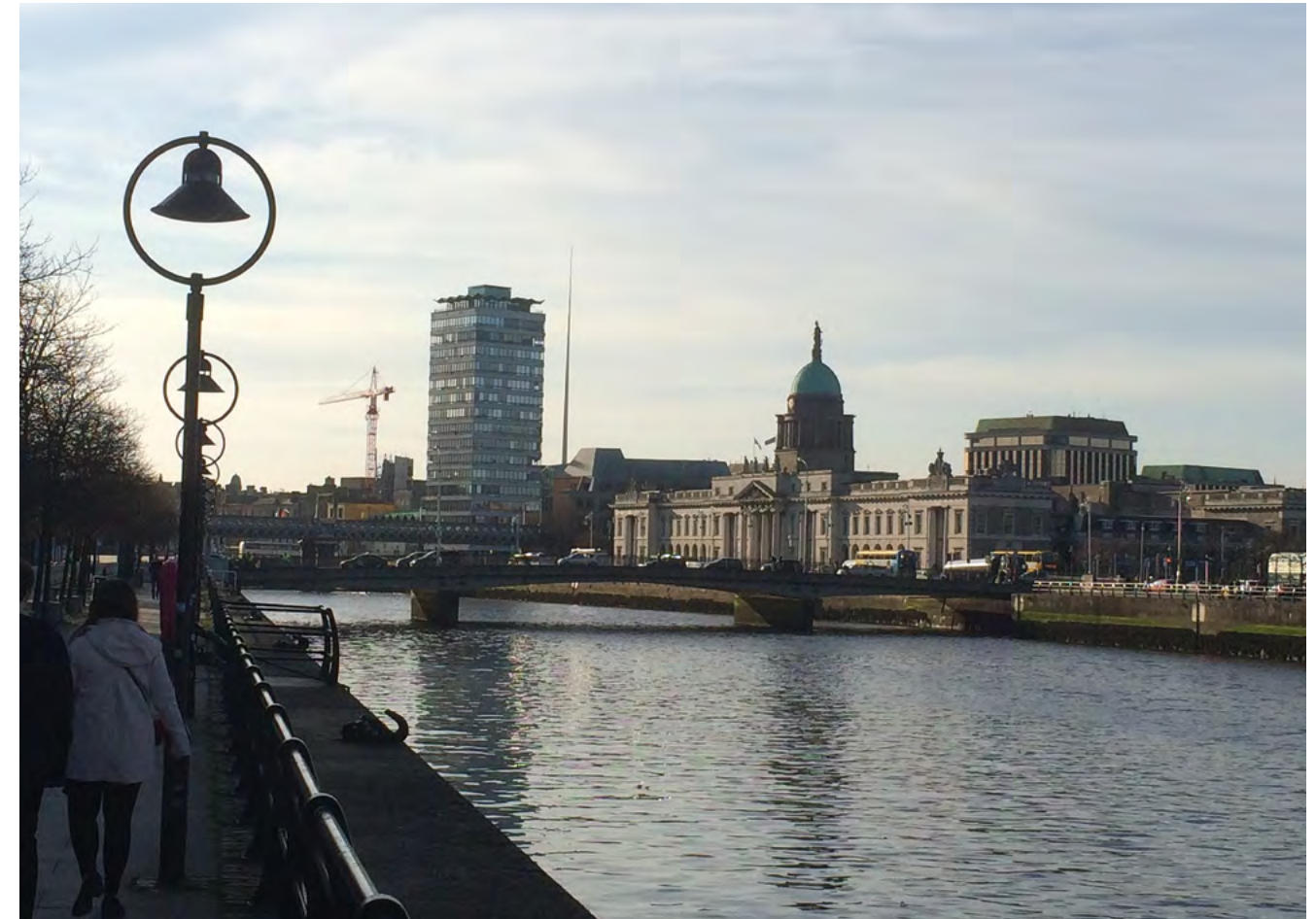
Diana Widel





The scene shown here is the one which I would see every day as I travelled home from work, walking up the Dublin quays until I reached my bus stop. In this photo, you can see three Dublin landmarks; Custom House, Liberty Hall, and The Spire. These are all commonly associated with the great city that is Dublin, and the crane shown in the background also symbolises the growth occurring in Dublin.

Dylan Sheridan



Pictured right you see Samuel Beckett Bridge in Dublin, a modern landmark which represents the new Ireland we live in today. In the right background, the building you see is AIG's offices, where I carried out my six month work placement. I grew a lot over these six months, and seeing this bridge every day made it a symbol for me, representing the move from student life to working life.





These photos were taken at Carnoustie Golf Links in Scotland. I have included these two photos as I feel that the sky, in particular, depicts a bold statement and is truly breathtaking.

Eoin Brewitt





Both images titled ‘Balinese Fisherman’ and ‘Canggu’ were inspired by the sunsets of Bali, Indonesia.

Eoin Feeney





I drew this piece on a tablet using the Adobe Sketch app.  
Luke Merriman





My inspiration for this picture came when I was out taking my dog for the usual walk. She sat down in the middle of flowers and leaves and decided to stare at a bird. Seeing this happen influenced me to take the picture as she looked so stern and concentrated.

My theme for this photo is Black and White. I chose this theme because some rumours say that dogs can't see colour. I wanted it to be black and white to illustrate how the dog sees the forestry surroundings. I submitted this piece because I love the way the image focuses on my dog's face whilst also taking in the colourful background.

I was out on a walk and I came across this view. The sun was setting right in the middle of two large trees. I thought this image was different and somewhat symmetrical. The reflection of the sun also created a brown/orange colour on the leaves which I loved.

Eva Aherne

The theme for this picture is Nature. I appreciate the effect that the sun gives to the surroundings such as the trees, river and leaves. I submitted this picture because I adore the colours that are in this photo.

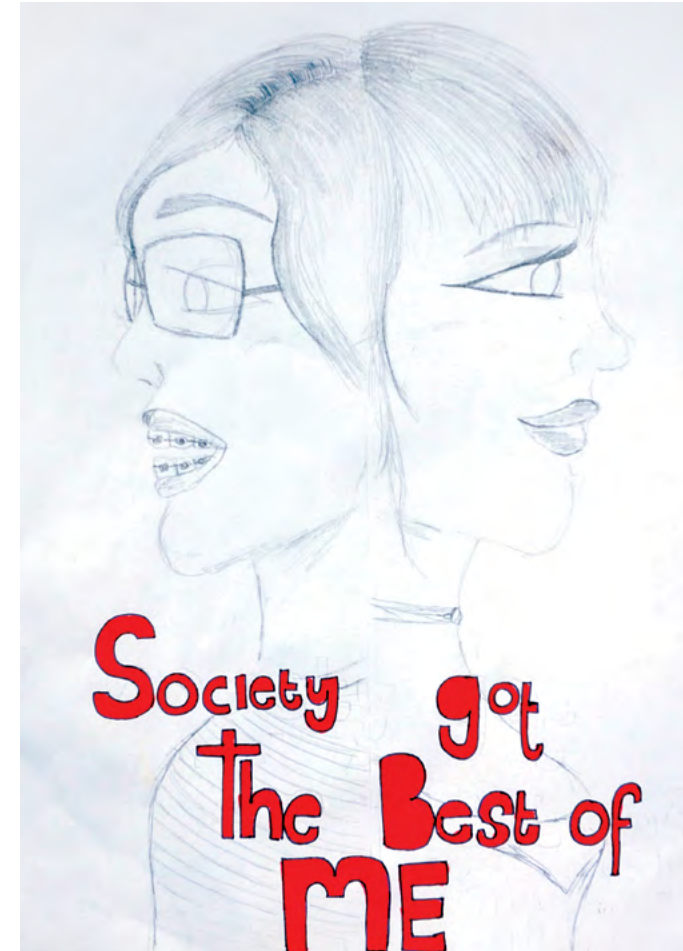






**The theme related to my art comes from personal experience. The truth about myself. How I crumbled and fell, but I picked myself up and believed in myself. This theme is seen amongst all girls. Every girl seems to be under pressure to be something better. I learned that loving yourself, and just a spark of confidence, can be inspiration for yourself.**

Jess Linehan



I let society get the better of me. For me it has been for the better, for others maybe not so much. I was that geeky shy girl who stood in the background. I had it all, the glasses and the braces. It seems too stereotypical to be true. Trust me I wish it wasn't back then. When I started in secondary school, I found my clique "the nerdy ones", was never enough though. I wanted to be more. I tried to dream big. Become a "Plastic". I know, this sounds like one of those American teen movies.



I changed everything, my hair, I wore make up, the way I dressed. I just wanted to get noticed. It worked, but I'm not completely gullible, I was being played with by these girls. When I started college I really found myself. I love fashion and style. I like being quirky and classy. It's like I defeated social pressures and let myself make it my way.



LEVENT ARSLAN - BIS 4



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CORK CITY

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This is a picture I took at Vernal Falls, Yosemite  
on my J1 in 2016!

Liam O'Herlihy







The title of my art piece is 'What even is an information system?' I've been messing around with different media and painting styles, particularly looking at abstract painting. I have a collection of buttons that I think look like cog wheels, which is probably what someone who isn't familiar with 'information systems' might think when they hear the term; a bunch of cogs turning trying to process something and make it work. I thought the colours combined looked like a movement of water, it's ever-changing and this is pretty much what information is.

Maria Prendeville









I took this photo after hearing about the interesting local Aquinnah myth concerning Moshup, the whales and why the beach is red!

Rebecca Barford Ryan





I did a lot of traveling while I was on placement in Boston. I chose these two photos to show how different every state I visited was. From Philadelphia and the birthplace of Philly Cheese Steaks to Pilot Mountain in North Carolina.

Every city and state has a completely different look and feel to it and I chose these photos to show the contrast between them. Some areas are very industrial and busy, like Philadelphia, whereas others are much more rural and quiet like North Carolina.

Ultan Hill



PILOT MOUNTAIN





Top: Moonlight above the hill in Domme, Dordogne (France, July 2017).  
Above and right: Lemur in Fota Wildlife Park (March 2017).



After watching RTE’s ‘1916’ documentary which revealed Devoy’s role in the rising I became very interested in his lifelong dedication to Irish nationalism and decided to write an essay on his greatest hour: The Catalpa Rescue. While we came together as a nation in 2016 to celebrate the heroes of Easter week 100 years on, we forgot to acknowledge those who had been risking their lives for Irish Independence long before the rebellion of 1916. In many ways it is these martyrs who laid the foundation of our state. The story of the Catalpa Rescue epitomizes the bravery and dedication of these forgotten nationalists. It has forced me to develop a huge degree of respect for all the men and all the women who fought willingly for Irish Independence, in particular ‘the greatest of Fenians’ (Patrick Pearse on John Devoy).

I have decided to submit this piece as I’m confident it will remind the people who read it of the lengths our ancestors went, not for fame but for freedom and to create better opportunities for the people who would inherit this great Country long after they had passed.

Tom O'Donnell



## Catalpa: The Forgotten Rescue

“The dramatic escape of six Fenian convicts aboard a Yankee whaler, hotly pursued by a police cutter and a steamship bristling with armed pensioner guards, was an event likely to be witnessed only once in a life-time. When the outside world heard of the news, sympathetic Irish nationalists and hostile imperial-minded loyalists in particular, were curious to know how the escape succeeded.” (Amos 1988).

By the middle of the 19th century, Fremantle prison, situated off the west coast of Australia was the only Australian prison which catered for convicts sent from Britain. In October 1867, 62 members of the Irish brotherhood, The Fenians, arrived. The majority had already served time in British prisons and

had a chance of being released. However, this was not the case for James Wilson, Martin Hogan, Thomas Hassett, Micheal Harrington, Robert Cranston and Thomas Darragh. Guilty of desertion and mutinous conduct, each faced penal servitude for life. Their only chance of freedom was if they followed in the footsteps of fellow Fenian John Boyle O'Reilly, and escape from a British prison.

To make their plight known to the rest of the world, Hogan and Wilson decided to write letters. Hogan, disgusted at the lack of communication from his fellow Brothers revealed how they felt, announcing they “appeared to be forgotten” (Kennaly, 1998). These emotional letters found their way to John Devoy.

Devoy was moved by the letters and insisted on supporting the prisoners. He felt that he “more than any man then living, ought (to do his) utmost for these soldiers” (Devoy, 1929). Devoy held this view because he had held meetings with many of the evicted Fenians before the rebellion of 1867. He felt guilty that his companions were granted life sentences in prison while he, one of the notorious leaders of the rebellion became a free man in America. Devoy therefore became eager to attempt a rescue mission. Devoy was convinced it would be successful, partly because the escape of his friend John Boyle O'Reilly in 1869 as this showed Fremantle’s security was flawed. However, despite his ambitious intentions, Devoy would have to persuade the Irish community in America before any real plan could develop.

Devoy had to get support from the Clan na Geal organisation. At their annual conventions in 1872 and 1873 he proposed a rescue mission, but failed to get endorsement on both occasions as the cautious and conservative delegates “doubted their ability to raise the funds” (Devoy, 1929). However, in 1874, months before the Clans annual convention, which would be held in Baltimore, Devoy received another letter from James Wilson. In this desperate plea for help, Wilson made complaints about prison staff and revealed that most of the Fenian soldiers “show(ed) symptoms of disease” (Kennaly, 1998). Wilson was sincere in expecting death and labelled himself the “voice of the tomb” (Kennaly, 1998). This became a famous quote amongst the Clan as it highlighted the prisoners suffering. Devoy used the letter to persuade the delegates of the convention in Baltimore. Clan na Geal’s supreme council of 5 decided that a rescue mission should be planned and carried out. Some delegates were unsure of the mission, doubting the truth of the letter from the ‘voice of the tomb’. Devoy, being the shrewd operator he was proved its credibility by showing the Australian postmark. Furthermore, he dispatched copies of the letters from the prisoners to all 86 branches of the Clan to gain support and approval for the mission.

A 10-man rescue committee was chosen to plan the escape, Devoy was the chairman and ultimately the most effective. Other important personnel also played a role in designing the escape plan as they received “invaluable co-operation

from John Boyle O'Reilly, from John Kenealy (and) Thomas McCarthy Fennell” (Devoy, 1929). Kenealy’s contribution was the most significant as he with the help of committee member John Talbot contributed almost half the funds raised to allow such a daring mission to take shape. Once most of the money had been collected Devoy met Captain Henry C. Hathaway who recommended the buying of a whaler ship. He believed with favorable whaling conditions and good fortune, they might secure enough whale oil to make it a self-funding rescue mission. Hathaway then introduced Devoy to John T. Richardson, a ship-owner from New Bedford. This meeting was to be of great significance. When Devoy arrived in New Bedford he was too late to bid on the ship he wanted so he turned to Richardson in desperation. He suggested purchasing the ‘Catalpa’. When Devoy fell \$350 short of the asking price, Richardson showed his generosity by paying the remainder and giving the clan 30 days to repay him.

Devoy “desired to go (on the rescue mission) and was assured of practically the unanimous support of the committee” (Devoy, 1929). Nonetheless, when selecting who to go on board, the committee omitted Devoy’s inclusion. This seemed bizarre at the time as Devoy was the key individual behind this rescue plan. However, when fundraising again became a problem Devoy had to retract his interest. This decision was reluctantly taken, but Devoy realised the rescue plan depended on his supervision, it made more sense for him to remain in New York and continue to organise the Clan, raise money and attract support. Devoy was also known to the British, they had feared him following the 1867 rebellion. Since being released to America Devoy had emerged as leader of Irish nationalism in the States, if the British discovered he was going on a whaling expedition to Western Australia, near Fremantle Prison, they would become suspicious and there would have been more precautions put in place. Devoy’s inclusion on the ship would have put the whole mission in jeopardy or perhaps failure, making his exclusion understandable.

When contemplating, who should go on board, the committee believed bringing a dozen Clan na Geal men was pointless. They had no experience in whaling, but above all it may alert

securities, which could have endangered the plan. They settled on the selection of Denis Duggan, a veteran of the 1867 rebellion and former class mate of Devoy’s. Despite the unanimous selection, John Goff, one of the committee members felt Thomas Brennan should Duggan as Brennan was one of the most active members in the Brotherhood. While the committee reluctantly agreed, Brennan would have to find his own way to Fremantle after missing the ships departure. They were accompanied by 22 other members whom had experience in whaling. The majority were Malays, Kanakas and Portuguese. Devoy chose Captain George S. Anthony as commander of the Catalpa. He was the son-in-law of Richardson and had been recommended by Hathaway. Anthony accepted the captaincy immediately and was not put off by the expeditions Fenian objective. The exceptional roles played by these three men in relation to the rescue is best summed up by Devoy “Neither of these three men had, so far as we know a drop of Irish blood in their veins, but they undertook the work they were asked to perform as readily as if they had been sworn Fenians, and right well did they perform it” (Amos, 1988).

Devoy chose John Breslin as leader of the mission. Breslin had previously played a prominent role in the rescue of the Fenian, James Stephens from Richmond Prison, Dublin in 1865. Devoy decided to send him as he saw “the advantage in sending someone familiar with the British prison service” (Amos, 1988). Breslin arrived in Fremantle six months before the Catalpa to arrange the details of the rescue. He set up his headquarters in the Emerald Isle Hotel in Fremantle. Pretending to be a millionaire under the fake name James Collins, Breslin tricked the entire community by leaving letters from non-existent bankers in his room. When word got around that there was a rich American investor in Fremantle, Breslin, under his new identity was able to mix with the best company. This resulted in him receiving a guided tour of Fremantle Prison. His thorough inspection of the entire prison allowed him to spot the weaknesses of the confinement. This would become unrivalled knowledge to him when he decided to draw up a rescue plan. He also communicated with the prisoners by holding private meetings with James Wilson. He waited patiently for the Catalpa to arrive, once it did Breslin met Captain Anthony

for the inaugural time where they discussed the final stages of the rescue plan and chose a date to carry out the mission. It appeared Breslin had constructed a perfect prison break, modestly revealing, he “did it in the service of (his) country”.

The rescue was now close to being attempted, which raises the question ‘how much did Britain and Australian authorities know about the planned rescue?’ Devoy revealed “that there was then no informer or spy in the organization and this was proved by the fact that the British Government took obsoletely no precaution against the rescue” (Devoy, 1929). However, this bias statement is not entirely true. In early March 1876, Lord Carnarvon told Governor Robinson that an “attempted Fenian escape was imminent” (Kennaly, 1998). Robinson later told Comptroller-General William Fauntleroy. Fauntleroy took Superintendent Joseph Doonan into his confidence. He held a conversation with him asking him to take extra care when closing the prison at night, suggesting special precautions be taken against the Fenians such as keeping them in by day. However, Doonan felt this would be unjust, believing rumors were not sufficient evidence to sentence such harsh punishments. They therefore took no further precautions, as they felt there was no need for concern. A common view was that stories of Fenian raiding ships generally proved untrue. Therefore, it was not the secrecy of the mission that made it successful. It was in fact the inactivity of Western Australian authorities, who had been made aware of a likely escape attempt.

The attempted rescue was set for Good Friday, however due to unforeseen circumstances, the mission was postponed until April 17th, Easter Monday. This was also Perth’s Regatta Day, which proved fortunate for the Fenians as many higher officials were distracted by various events around the city. On the morning of the rescue the 6 Fenian convicts carried out their work as normal waiting for a signal from Breslin. They received help from an IRB member, Frank O’Callaghan, who cut the telegraph wires between Fremantle and Perth delaying communication and giving the Catalpa more time to escape. Breslin hired a horse and trap and went to Rockingham road where he waited for the six escapees. “All slipped away with

remarkable ease” (Amos, 1988). Darragh left while he was tending the chaplain’s horse. Hogan evaded supervision and proceeded to the other escapees, telling the Warden “he had been instructed to take Wilson and Harrington to the Governor’s house to move furniture” (Amos, 1988). They met up with Breslin a few moments later, proceeding on a two-hour journey to Rockingham beach, where all six escapees along with their rescuers hopped on board a whaleboat.

A three-day pursuit of the Fenians commenced. Western Australian authorities sent police cutters from Fremantle, Bunbury and Vasse in an attempt to intercept the Catalpa. The steamer ‘Georgette’ also went in pursuit. Breslin’s whaleboat finally reached the Catalpa early Tuesday morning. The ‘Georgette’ sighted the Catalpa at a similar time. Bad luck then set in for the ‘Georgette’ as it was low on coal and had to pull ashore. Although they continued their pursuit of the prisoners later that night they had given the escapees an opportunity to finally board the Catalpa. Unwilling to surrender, Wednesday saw the ‘Georgette’ once again reached the Catalpa. After a shot was fired from the Australians, Captain Anthony declared “That’s an American flag, I am on the high seas; my flag protects me; if you fire on this ship you fire on the American flag” (Amos, 1988). In a final and desperate attempt to seize the prisoners, the Georgette’s spokesperson requested permission to go on board the Catalpa. Once Captain Anthony proudly declined, the ‘Georgette’ had no option but to retreat to shore. The Fenians had been rescued and would embark on a four-month voyage before becoming free men in America.

After four months of bitter conflict on board the Catalpa, mainly due to quarrels between Breslin and Brennan, which the former prisoners took Brennan’s side, The Catalpa arrived into New York on 19th August 1876. An ecstatic Devoy got “a chance to take them (the prisoners) into one of the vacant reception rooms to speak to them” (Kennaly, 1998). Devoy was disgusted after learning of the deep contempt toward Breslin and attempted to assure the prisoners that Breslin was the leader of the rescue and that they had been misled by Brennan. This appears to be Devoy’s only negative account of the entire rescue. Despite this “predictable celebrations continued

throughout America” (Kennaly, 1998). Captain Anthony was perhaps the best received as his heroics and dedication to a cause he knew little about earned him a hero’s welcome. As for the freed prisoners, Martin Hogan would remain active in the Fenian organization after he settled in Chicago. Little is known of the lives of the other prisoners apart from the fact that they led relatively obscure American lives. Breslin, whom Devoy had the utmost respect for got a job with Devoy’s ‘Irish Nation Weekly’ newspaper.

The Catalpa rescue reinforced Fenianism. It came at a perfect time as Irish Nationalism was developing under the Home Rule movement. Since the rebellion of 1867 attempts of Irish Nationalists to undermine British Imperialism had seen a dramatic increase. Events such as the attempted assignation of Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh by the Fenian Henry James O’Farrell and the escape of John Boyle O’Reilly from Fremantle are examples. However, the Catalpa rescue was unique, apart from being launched and carried out under difficult circumstances its legacy was recited by John Devoy’s detailed accounts in the ‘Gaelic American’ during the early 1900’s. These reports of the rescue “acted as a bulwark of Fenian morale during the long wait for Irish Independence” (Amos, 1988).

If it weren’t for Devoy’s dedication to Irish Nationalism an attempted rescue of the Fenians would never have been considered. He is one of few men to have leading roles in the rebellions of 1867, 1916 and the War of Independence. After supporting the formation of the Free State in 1921, an elderly Devoy triumphantly returned to his beloved Ireland in 1924, four years before his death. According to The London Times, Devoy’s life long dedication to the overthrow of British Imperialism and his threat to the status quo earned him the reputation “as the most dangerous enemy of this country (Britain) Ireland has produced since Wolfe Tone”.





Double rainbow  
in Kinsale, Co Cork.  
27th July 2017.



This picture was taken during our summer holiday to Italy last July, on a day trip up to the Veneto region of Northern Italy. We took a cable car and this was the view of the little town below, Cortina D’Ampezzo, surrounded by the Dolomites. We will return to Italy again this summer, for the fourth year running.

There is so much to love about Italy including the food, wine, coffee, gelato, weather, art, style and of course the beautiful cities and country landscapes. It is hard to capture everything I love about Italy in one photograph but this one for me captures the natural beauty of this country.

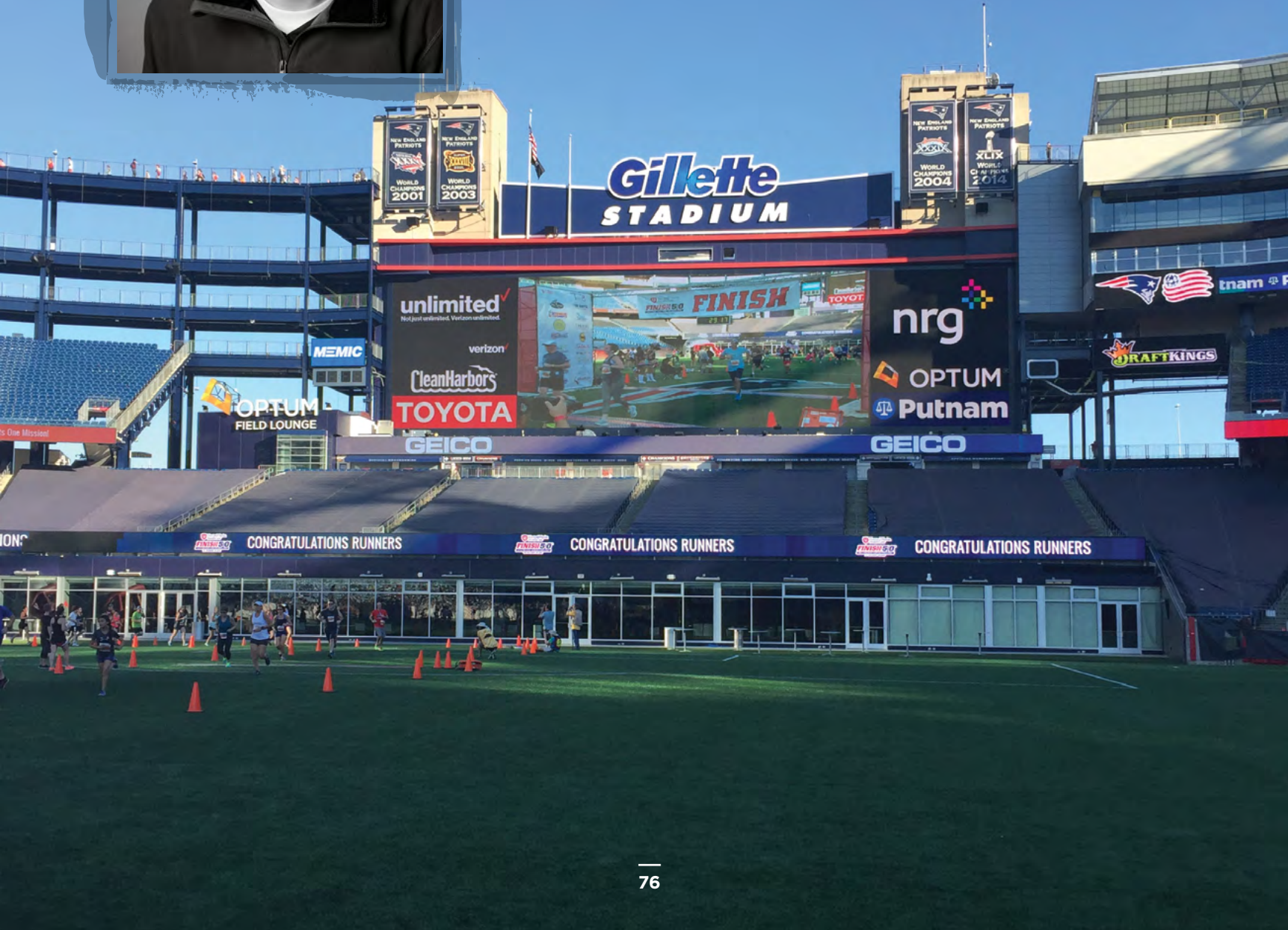
Sinead Hackett





My favourite place to go during placement in Boston. I was lucky enough to complete a race that finished at midfield. With the sun setting and the moon hiding behind the Super Bowl banners, it was an unforgettable experience.

Anthony Creed



While taking a balloon ride by the Rocky Mountains, I came across the phenomenon known as the 'Ballunar Eclipse' I had less than a second to capture this image, right place... right time.

Anthony Creed



COFFEE IN LONDON

Giants of glass and iron,  
Unmoving and unbreakable,  
Against a pale grey sky,  
While the ferries laze by,  
In London.

A man walked with the stars. They danced around him, lighting the way.

He was not surprised, merely content in this twisted reality, however there was one little thing that kept nagging at the back of his mind, an emptiness.

As the man walked the stars entertained him. They showed him pictures, stories of lands far away, tales of kings, queens and adventure. Gradually the images changed to include the man, it was he who fought with dragons it was he who travelled through space and time.

Then the stars depicted scenes from the man's life, this gave the man moments of raw emotion, he laughed along with the stars at his highest moments and forgot about the darker times, until the man noticed that something was amiss. There, in some of the scenes stood a figure of pure darkness, a silhouette against a distant backlight.

As the show continued the silhouette appeared more frequently each time the figure moved closer to the man. There was something familiar about that silhouette the man had reasoned. The silhouette moved closer and closer to the man in the images until one last picture, underneath this picture lay an old Victorian red door.

Once again, a wave of familiarity washed over the man and with it a wariness, a fear of what lay behind

that red door. Cautiously the man reached for the brass handle of the door. He tried to push open the door but found that the door was locked. The same familiarity washed over the man and almost mechanically he reached into his pocket. The man was surprised as in his pocket he found an old iron key that had not been there before. He inserted the key into the old door and a loud clunk echoed throughout the area as the door swung lazily open.

Beyond the red door lay a room to all-encompassing darkness, save of a single shaft of light illuminating a simple locker in the center of the room. it was on this locker that a simple picture frame of oak stood, the man moved toward the locker and he began to make out the worn, tattered picture that was held within the simple frame.

It was a vibrant picture, bursting with colors, what drew the man's eye however was the focus of the picture. There in the center was the man his arm wrapped around the figure of the silhouette.

The man found his eyes drawn upwards and there, standing before him was the figure, his fear had long since faded, only a curiosity and that sense of familiarity ...

As he stared, the cloak lifted, leaving a radiant woman, her wispy blonde hair flowed gracefully over her pale skin. She wore a smile that spoke only of love and kindness. The man's

gaze returned to the picture and there he found that there was no silhouette, only the woman.

A soft voice pulled the man from his stupor, the man's eyes were drawn back to the woman's, in her eyes tears flowed freely.

"Never Forget".

And with that she vanished, only smoke left in her wake.

The man felt a pain in his chest, a burning, the man screamed, agony etched on his face. He slumped to the ground and with one last pained wail, he too disappeared ...

A man awoke after walking with the stars, to his side lay a simple locker containing a simple treasure, a picture.

The man wept ...



## Deadline Day

Staring at the blank wall where the windows should be  
Wondering how long left until I would be free

Six long months spent learning coding  
Yet somehow, my project was no longer loading

The sun, the wind, but distant memories  
Fresh air and sleep were now my enemies

One last time I clicked 'run' in terror  
Praying to God that there would be no error

Sitting there with bated breath  
I wondered if this would be my cause of death

'Death by VB' would be my epitaph  
He died doing what he loved, they'd laugh

At last, the app decides to run  
I'd forgotten a comma, like I'd forgotten fun

Saved, signed, sealed, and delivered  
See you next year VB, I shivered.

I've never really written a poem before but I decided to have a go for this. I wanted to write about something that everyone in BIS can relate to so I decided on the first year VB project. This project was the first real taste of how challenging and stressful deadlines can be and the week leading up to and the day of submission was something that I won't forget in a hurry. Once it was over, you could laugh about it so I tried to approach it as humorously as possible. I decided on the title 'Deadline Day'.

Colm Scully



This photo was taken  
in Kinsale, Co Cork.

Laila Mushtaq



For our first year group programming assignment we were asked to submit a learning journal about visual basic and the project as a whole where we could be as creative as we liked. I challenged myself to write a rap and this was the result.

Shane O'Halloran

(To the tune of Will Smith's  
Fresh Prince of Bel Air Theme Song)

Now this is a story, all about how,  
We made a coding project that made Yvonne say wow,  
And I'd like to take a minute just wait and see  
I'll tell you how I became the prince of a program called VB

In the basement of the ORB, where I've been stressed for days  
On the computers is where I declared all my arrays.  
Chillin' out, coding, looping pre-and post-test,  
When it comes to For Next you know I'm the best.  
When a couple of errors, that were really mean  
Started causing problems on my login screen.  
I made one corrupted file and my team got scared  
and said, "Take Mossy to get Subway ye both need some fresh air"

I ploughed on coding it night after night  
Got a handle on design making everything look right  
I was in the zone when Andrew tapped me on the shoulder  
Saying "you forgot to put the text file in the Bin/Debug folder"

First draft, this code ain't bad  
All our customers appear with Listbox.Items.Add  
Dion sending files going quick as a flash  
And his first form really makes a splash

But we need contrast, alignment, all that,  
It's not strange that we want our design to be C.R.A.P  
Luckily we're all in proximity  
So I won't need to go repeating  
Everything we decided on during our team meetings

With the project almost finished we took a break, had a night out  
During which I realised something that made my brain shout  
We hadn't included any commenting yet  
Our biggest fear  
So I sprang quick like lightning, made it all appear

The deadline approached fast and when it came close  
We all finally just wanted to tell this assignment adios  
If I was smart I'd finish early and not have to code all night  
But I thought nah forget it, no sleep is fun right?

I finished the final draft about half past 4  
And I emailed the team "We don't have to code no more!"  
I showed them the project,  
They could finally see  
Now time to get a 1.1, as the Prince of VB



My piece is inspired by homeliness. People can get caught up in the hectic daily routines and forget to take a moment to really appreciate both life and their own roots. This picture was taken from a place which I find peaceful and it always gives me a sense of home even when I’m away, therefore I would title this photograph ‘A piece of home’.

James Donovan





The Paradox Of Our Age (by the Dalai Lama) is what inspired me to write this piece. It's been hanging up at home for as long as I can remember and I've always appreciated its contrasting nature. I wanted to try something similar stylistically and chose the relevant theme of college. Obviously people do know and do realise the things I've mentioned here. It's really just about highlighting a sense of awareness as to why we do what we do in our course and acknowledge the less obvious things we learn in college, to show we sometimes overlook the reasons and benefits behind things we take for granted.

Jack Delaney

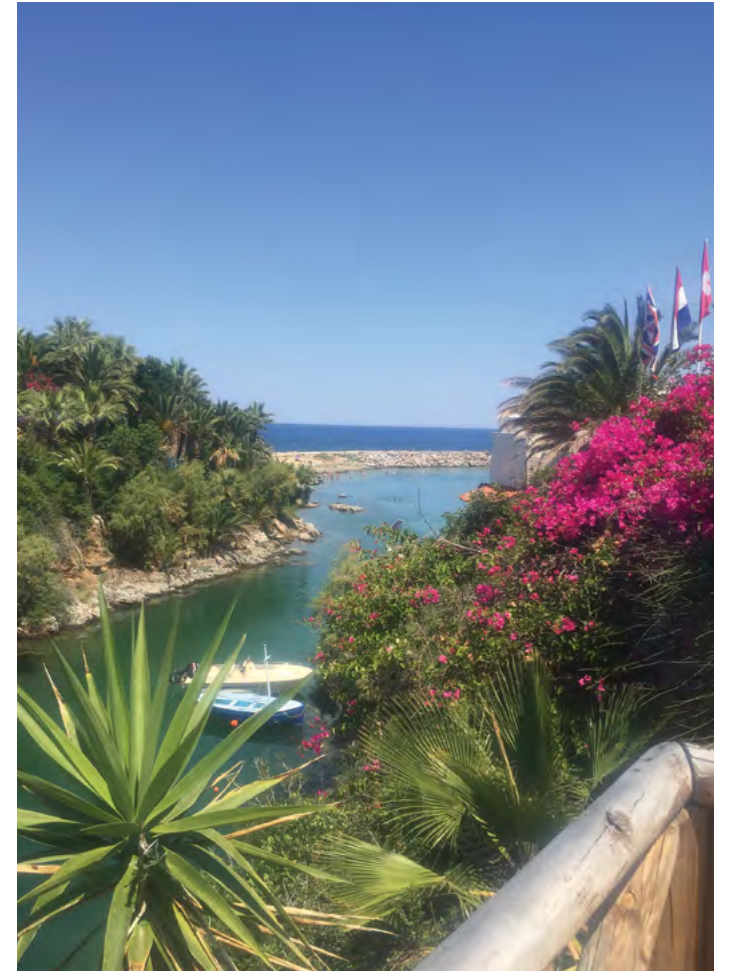
**We know that coffee mornings get us to interact with faculty and course mates.** We don't know that coffee mornings are improving our public speech.

**We know that essays can be time-consuming and onerous.** We don't know that essays prepare us for reports we may write.

**We know that programming and database projects enforce what we learn in lectures.** We don't know that these group projects are teaching us better communication and co-operation.

**We know that having mandatory attendance can be a pain in the backside.** We don't know that mandatory attendance helps us with punctuality (to some avail).

**We realise that university furthers our education.** We don't realise that university furthers our character.





The inspiration I got for writing this piece formed due to a collection of thoughts that I have gathered over the years and I wanted to display them through a medium that I thought was suitable. I came up with the theme by constructing thoughts based around the idea of awareness and perception of ones, and others realities.

Samuel Kiernan

Aware:

Drawing conclusions from the seconds between uncertain words, words meaning a meaning, behind the meaning.

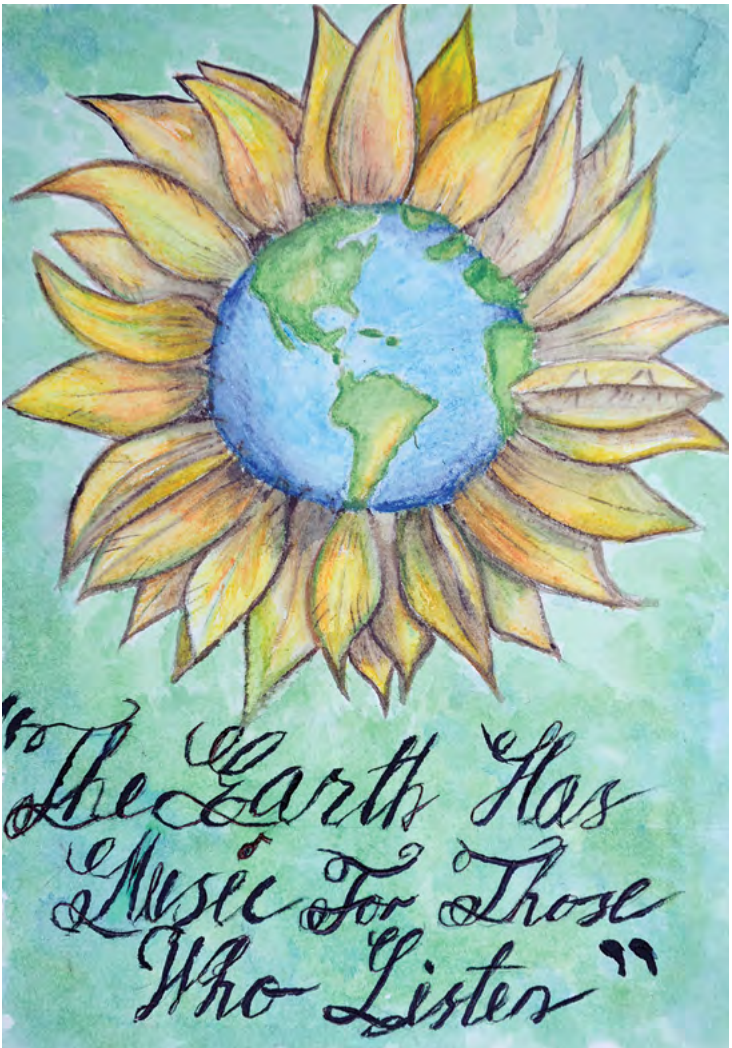
Looking, feeling, acting, engaging in a role to fill a void that not needs consumption but faith.

Sitting in a void of total silence but yet can hear the blaring noise between the band of personalities.

A space where they are searching or where they are escaping, where values warp, change and form.

Confident or confused, static or stable, knowing or not.

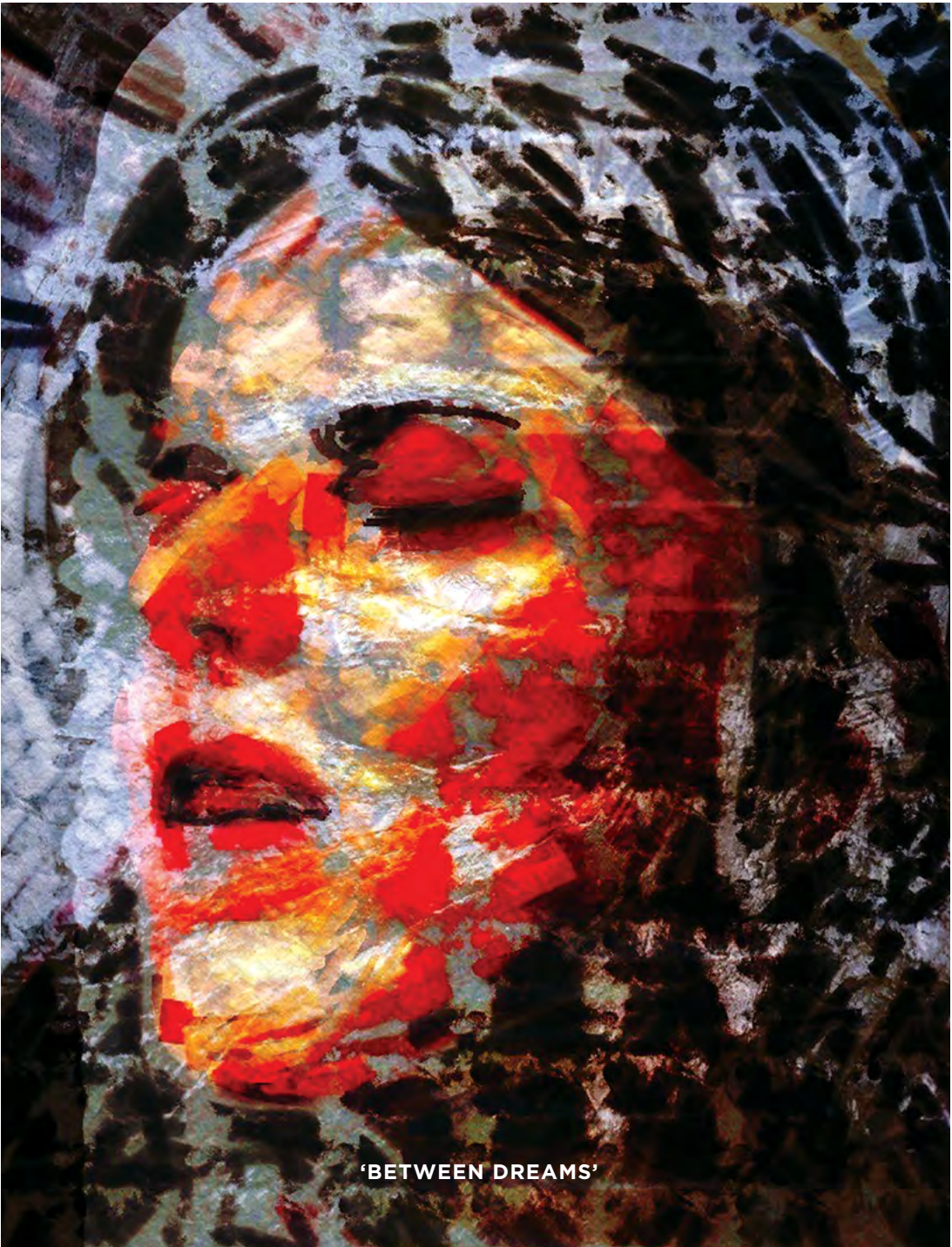
Journey is the medicine, wisdom is the cure.



"The Earth Has  
Music For Those  
Who Listen"







'BETWEEN DREAMS'



I was listening to Duffy Powers hit “It Ain’t Necessarily So” in the track Raymond sings a sermon to his listeners pleading with them not to believe everything the church professes. This was recorded in 1963 in England, however, the original was written in the United States in the 1930s. Although the fallacy of the churches irreproachable credibility is a thing of the past, our tendency to take all kinds of things at face value has not changed since the 1930s when there was much less information at our disposal. There are plenty of modern idols which deserve re-evaluation.

Douglas Brien

I wanted to represent some of my opinions around habits and thought patterns I see in myself and others. I wanted to deliver it in an ironic form as self-depreciation has always appealed to me. The significant amount of time that my generation spends on the internet rarely enhances the diversity or depth of our opinions, despite the breadth of knowledge now available to us. As automation changes work, social media changes politics, and the homogenisation of culture breaks into full swing, our ability to establish our own truth amongst competing facts is needed more than ever.

Little lies let men believe  
in their vigorous dance routines  
take no heed!  
of time passed listlessly  
pacing up and down the feed  
that’s funny I think, that matters to me

So we learn nothing new  
little matter, there is no need  
hereditary privilege bought my car  
and I streamed my views  
as a playlist direct from MTV

Pasteurised, sterilised, cauterised  
neatly dissected, labelled and liquified  
for your convenience  
no originality required  
our opinions come pre-decided!

Neither politics nor policy  
is of interest to me  
I’m not the fool my parents were  
I serve no idols, no nature, no priest  
my happiness is derived solely  
from the league position of LFC

See no unpleasant sights  
don’t think too deep  
sugar coat the rotten meat  
and spray the room with Febreze!

The perfect existence awaits  
iLife-Lite! disposably packaged  
delivered by a man on a bike  
with a zero-hour contract  
and type two diabetes

Well isn’t that lovely  
we’ll all murmur in harmony  
as we take our seats on the couch  
just in time to see  
the death of the individual  
in the great conformity.



19/10/2014

I wrote this song as a  
tribute to my late friend  
who passed away suddenly.

Alison Ring

Verse

Two days gone by  
Still sitting here with teardrops in my eyes  
Trying not to cry  
All the words we spoke and all those happy times  
I say I’m fine  
I’m not the only one who needs you back by my side  
I look to the sky  
I don’t want to say goodbye

Chorus

Where are you now?  
We need you here; we need you on this ground  
It’s been hard we’ve found  
And it’s only getting tougher as we’re into the next round  
Please hear us calling for you  
“He’s gonna get ya” but we just want to get back you

Verse

A week’s nearly down  
So much has happened but you’re still not around  
Familiar faces in town  
I’m looking for yours and your voice; just the way it sounds  
Feel like a clown  
Makeup running down my face as I try to fight back the frown  
A king with his crown  
Never fading to the background

Chorus

Where are you now?  
We need you here; we need you on this ground  
It’s been hard we’ve found  
And it’s only getting tougher as we’re into the next round  
Please hear us calling for you  
“He’s gonna get ya” but we just want to get back you

Bridge

I never thought this day would come  
But we’re here now together in more ways than one  
And now it’s time to let you go into another life  
Remember our names, our games, this song

Chorus

Where are you now?  
We need you here; we need you on this ground  
It’s been hard we’ve found  
And it’s only getting tougher as we’re into the next round  
Please hear us calling for you  
“He’s gonna get ya” but we just want to get back you  
You, you, you  
You, you, you

Verse

Where are you now?  
We need you here; we need you on this ground  
It’s been hard we’ve found  
And it’s only getting tougher as we’re into the next round  
Please hear us calling for you  
“He’s gonna get ya” but we just want to get back you  
“He’s gonna get ya” but we just want to get back you



‘Same Old Story’ was the first song I ever wrote and it symbolises how people can often lose their way in life. Moments from my past inspired me to write this piece and composing the song was a way of expressing myself through music. ‘Same Old Story’ shows how a character can be changed by misfortune or bad luck, especially when history seems to repeat itself, hence the title. Sometimes you can find yourself lost on a path, yet for some people, you have to lose yourself to find out who you really are.

Mark Kenny



**SAME OLD STORY**

**Verse**  
I saw her there, saw her standing there,  
Oh Waiting for my chance to come.  
But the wind and rain,  
Came and washed it away.  
My Same Old Story unfolds.

**Chorus**  
I always seem lost but I never get found,  
Waiting for answers for love to come round.  
Darkness cages my latent light,  
Oh, in the soul which shone so bright,  
The sun is gone ...

**Verse**  
Misfortune and fate only severs debate,  
Her heart and her love slip away.  
For that chance to dance in a failing romance,  
Our feet part slowly and sway.

**Chorus**  
I always seem lost but I never get found,  
Waiting for answers for love to come round.  
Darkness cages my latent light,  
Oh in the soul which shone so bright,  
The sun is gone ...

**Bridge**  
My compass now broken it points only south.  
My heart starts to ache and will starts to break!  
My same story in life starts again.

**Chorus**  
I always seem lost but I never get found,  
Waiting for answers for love to come round.  
Darkness cages my latent light,  
Oh in the soul which shone so bright,  
The sun is gone ...

Listen to ‘Same Old Story’ at this link:  
[www.youtube.com/watch?v=aLUKlv8I9jI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aLUKlv8I9jI)

I wrote and composed ‘Tides of Change’ just before I sat my Leaving Cert. It was at a time in my life where I knew everybody close to me would be going on new journeys, and I began to realise most of those adventures would be travelled separately. It’s inspired, by how time really can pass us by so quickly and that sometimes the future really can come too soon. The lyrics are heavily influenced by the beauty of a night’s sky and how the ending of a chapter can sometimes capture the most special of moments.

Mark Kenny

**Verse**  
Watching the night sky, while twilit, refined,  
I see the beauty that I’ve often passed by,  
Yet being with you, I feel closer to the light of day.  
But it worries me that some time we’ll both part ways.  
That I’ll be alone without you every day.

**Chorus**  
I know it will hurt,  
If the future comes too soon.  
So right now, let’s live inside this moonlit romance.  
The tides of change play too much on my mind.  
And I’ll stare on as an eclipse falls too soon.

**Verse**  
Watching the stars as they light up the sky,  
I truly feel lucky for being alive,  
And sitting with you, I feel the night smiling at me.  
But I wonder how life chose for us two to be.  
Cause you’re like those stars that seem so far from reach.

**Chorus**  
I know it will hurt,  
If the future comes too soon.  
So right now, let’s live inside this moonlit romance.  
The tides of change play too much on my mind.  
And I’ll stare on as an eclipse falls too soon.

I’ll watch as your shooting star slips through.

Listen to ‘Tides of Change’ at this link:  
[www.youtube.com/watch?v=VxAXye2--9k](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VxAXye2--9k)

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

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**Joseph Feller and Patricia Lynch**



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