

DE CORK *BOI*s
(*A.k.a. THE CORK BOYS*)
L SHEA

BAD DOG PUBLISHING

DE CORK BOIS
A.k.a. The Cork Boys
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All characters and events in this book are fictional and any resemblance to actual places, events or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Dedicated to

Declan, Dean, Adrian, Brian, Sean, Steve and Anthony,
For giving me reasons to laugh during moments in life that
were less than ideal and for making me realise the true value
of being from Cork...

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FOREWORD

This has perhaps been the hardest book I have ever written, not because there was no story to tell, but because decisions had to be made in relation to content and limiting the number of characters to the core seven around which the story revolves. It would have been so much easier treating the stories as separate incidents and writing them solely about the individuals from which they originated, but it would also have meant that the body of work as a whole might have ended up lacking a cohesive element as the tales fragmented off in different directions with no real character buy in due to a saturation of personas. It would have been a collection of tales linked only by virtue of having happened in Cork (in Ireland), or to multiple people from that locale. The book came about due to recognising a passion for living in Cork, and promoting same. I have to say that initially the appetite for the story evolved through that fervour which I saw in those around me, for the city, the culture and a deeper history that began with an appreciation of family and home. I was born in Cork, lived there for the better part of my life (and still do). I did so without realising how truly special the place is, even though I long extolled Cork as being the best little city in the world, smaller with regards to other cities, but more compact, easier to get around, and special in a way that was hard to explain to someone who had never deigned to visit this corner of the world. I spoke of Cork without truly being able to put my finger on why it was a place worthy of attention, or perhaps I did so to convince myself of its merit. There is always something going on in Cork and no visitor is likely to get bored.

One of the most difficult parts of bringing this story together was the sheer amount of material that made up its composition, much of which could not be printed in this outing. While the story is being told about seven lads from Cork, as noted, not all of the tales depicted herein were in

fact about the central characters, and thus, the material had to be adapted to the individuals. So, if you think you know the Cork Bois by the deeds depicted or any striking similarity to the descriptions or depictions on the cover, you don't, and they certainly won't know themselves if they choose to represent the personas used herein as their own. The characters are in the twenty-something bracket, so any thought of how a teenage or younger Cork Boi behaves is not covered in this story. Nor do we look at the older generation beyond any supporting flavour. By the time this book comes out the lads in question will be a little older, pushing the fringes of a maturing age in life that comes with passing a milestone.

This body of work is not intended to offend, so if any of the lads reading this feel that the character they find themselves most affiliated with, to be portrayed in a scene that is adverse to their general behaviour, please know that it is only a bit of fun, or as you will come to understand when you read on, a bit of *Craic* (explained later in the book). I have the utmost respect for those on which the characters are based, and a genuine fondness for the lads who made my life in Cork feel a little more worthwhile just for listening to their antics. Irish people are adept at telling tales, even when they do not know that they are passing on something of true merit. It has been a privilege to meet some really genuine and diverse people who know more than I ever will about what it truly means to be a Cork Boi. I was most certainly entertained every day and glad to be among those who touched my inner muse and made me laugh. My own sons too are closer to Cork than I will ever be, not because I don't hold a place in my heart for the city and county, but because I lived my life in a very different time and walked in circles that always led me home but kept me from realising the true merit of being Corkonian. I know now what I didn't then. The accent, the culture, the sheer depth of Cork is beyond what I thought I knew. For the rest of my life I will embrace

that appreciation of Cork, though I must confess I can never give myself over completely to the accent, as fond as I am of hearing it when away from home.

In closing, I only hope that I have done Cork some justice along the way, and that any of the lads who read this, who have a passing connection to the story, will at least forgive me for my indulgence, if not to go so far as to enjoy the body of work and the role they played in making this book a reality. Sure, it might even make them famous... or infamous as the case may be – it should at least make them pause and laugh and wonder.

L SHEA.



INTRODUCTIONS

THE FINE ART OF BEING CORKONIAN

How's it goin'? That's just a friendly greeting, and it means 'How are you?' or 'Hello'. It's just an opening to break into the story. We have to begin somewhere I suppose. A story needs telling and it won't get told by prolonged procrastination, though that is likely to appear from time to time and more frequently than I would care to admit. There will be some repetition but that's just because I'm old and careful, but not so old as to forget I told you already. I'm going to be your guide along the way to keep the confusion to a minimum. My name is John Jeremiah Buckley, pronounced 'Buck-lee' for any Americans reading this book, and not 'Buc-lay' or 'Buc-ke-lee' or any other such nonsense. I am JJ to my friends, or 'the Buckster' or 'Bucky Boi'. Boi is how we say it in Cork and is our affectionate way of saying 'boy'. *Cork?* Well, that's in Ireland. You can't get much further south in Ireland than Cork. *Ireland?* Well, if you don't know where that is located in the world, you are missing some mighty *craic* (pronounced 'crack'). Craic is fun, and not the other stuff that it sounds like, which can also be fun but is illegal here just like in most other places. The Shades (or Gards) will do you in if ye're caught with that stuff. The Shades (or Gards) are the Garda, or the police, or cops, though we use a whole lot of other names for the *shaggers* as well, especially if caught on the wrong end of a speed camera or on the morning after imbibing a bit too much of the hard stuff (the drink I mean and not anything else you are imagining right now). We mean the word 'shaggers' in good fun. It means 'those guys who sometimes stop us having too much craic'. Back to Ireland before I digress further with the introduction and the story never gets told. Head for Europe. When you find yourself in the fun spot of the world, that's Ireland. If you find yourself miserable, that's anywhere from England to everywhere else

unless you happen to find yourself with some Irish (but mostly Corkonians), in which case you will be forgiven for getting confused as you become embroiled in the craic.

I want to paint a picture of Cork for you but I can't paint so I will use words. *Rain*. Of course it's raining again and not just in the winter; it happens frequently and all year round. It helps you to spot the Irish when they are in other countries – they are the pale ones who have seen no sun or the red sunburnt ones who were too much of a 'man' to put on sun cream, or they were just too hung over after a long night of *craic* to care. Back to the rain. This is Ireland after all, the land of perpetual grey and green – grey if you look up and green everywhere else. It may seem nice looking down from a plane on a flight into Cork, but wait until you hit the ground (figuratively speaking). Rain comes with the package, and that wonderful green you saw from several hundred feet up, it's dripping and oozing with all that Ireland's less than endearing weather has to offer, unless you happen to have come here during a consecutive three days of sun that we like to call summer or a drought, which only makes headline news because the farmers complain or we have to flush the toilet less because the mammy is afraid there will be nothing left to cook the spuds in (...well, 'spuds' is potatoes and I'm not explaining 'mammy' here, other than saying all Irish 'mammys' are national treasures, which I'm obliged to say in case my mam reads this book, or indeed the mammys of the bois decide to take a gander).

Now that you know where Ireland is, and where Cork (the best little city in the world) is, it's time to get back to the story. This is the tale of seven lads from Cork and the shenanigans they get up to from time to time. Shenanigans is fun, but it can mean mischief and other words that are not necessary right now but may be explained further if needed. Lads is the same as boys so if you haven't been following me, go back to the start and read the introduction again.

The bois are Declan (Decky, pronounced Deck-ee), Dean

(Deano, pronounced Dean-oh), Adrian (Adie, pronounced A-dee), Brian (Bry, pronounced... well that one is easy), Sean (Seany, pronounced Shaw-nee), Steve (Steveo, pronounced Steve-oh) and finally Anthony (Benjy, pronounced Ben-gee). I know the last name is different, but then so too is Benjy, and you may find out why in this story if you stick around until the end. Suffice to say for now – Benjy is the handsome one... not pretty – handsome! There is a distinction between the two that the girls like to make when talking about Benjy. That's not to say that the other bois don't have the looks, but well, as I said, Benjy is special, and not in like a '*Special Needs*' way, though there would be no problem if he was as he really is mostly just eye candy for much of the story. Doesn't say a lot but he is a great listener... and well enhances the potential of any group by being in it. The other thing you need to know up front is that it has long been known that there is a bit of a bromance going on between Decky and Deano, but it's nothing suspicious, like – they are just really good friends and have been for a very long time. The girls like to think of it as a bromance or just wishful thinking. Until they discovered the fairer sex, the two bois subscribed to the edict of '*Bros before hoes*'. No disrespect intended to the *cailíní* of the world, but if you are overly sensitive, best to feck off now and stop reading, cause it's bound to get a whole lot worse before it gets better and another word of warning; it's not likely to get any better. Feck off is the same as 'fuck off' but nicer. Cailíní – well that's a bit of the Gaelic, you know, the Irish language, and it means 'girls' defined as cailín (genitive singular cailín, nominative plural cailíní) – girl, young unmarried woman, female servant, maid, useful thing to look at when out on the town (referring to a feminine noun). You really can't make this shite up (shite is like shit but with an 'e' on the end to make it seem less vulgar), and you will have to pardon the necessity for profanity from time to time – after all, we are Irish. Also, every word that follows is absolutely true... from

a certain point of view, which means that most of it has been exaggerated beyond belief in passing from one person to another, been embellished by the imbibing of drink, and well, the boring bits have been changed. The names, however, after much deliberation, have not been changed so as not to hurt the feelings of those who might be miffed at being left out, and for those that have been left out of the story, or feel that they have been neglected... well, ye can just feck off too. Some personalities may be a composite or I may just be covering up who they really are so that they don't get swamped on social media and become really famous, or more famous than me, like. Oh, Cork people have a fondness for ending sentences with the word 'like' and sticking 'likes' in so many places you have to wonder if Facebook got the idea from Cork. You might as well get used to it because it's not going to go away and it is too engrained in our culture to cure it now. Cork has more 'likes' than any existing social media platform and they have been at it a whole lot longer. I heard a story that they found a cave drawing in Cork with an inscription that ended in 'like'. If you need help in understanding the dialogue, just ignore the 'likes' at the end of every sentence and you won't miss much. In fact you can probably ignore the 'likes' in lots of other places too. Try out a sentence without it and if it works, go for it.

Before we begin, I am going to have to explain some additional terms or expressions so that you don't get confused and so that I won't have to explain every sentence along the way. I suggest that you photocopy the Glossary at the back of the book and keep it beside you as you read the story so that you don't have to go back and forth, or if this is a digital copy of the book, take a picture with your phone. Print it if you can, but just the terms in the Glossary and not the whole feekin' book, like, which is illegal. If I catch you doing that, I will take a two-by-one to you, and I mean a stick with a thickness of at least two by one inches and not some war dance or sexual innuendo which I will leave to Steveo

and Adie in the story. I could just write the whole book in proper English, but then I'm Irish and you wouldn't learn much about Cork. I could write it in Irish, but well, I didn't listen much in school and you wouldn't understand it anyway. Besides, nobody would read the feckin' thing, except perhaps in the Gaeltacht – that's in the sad parts of Ireland where they speak mostly Irish and no one understands them. Then again, perhaps it's in the happiest parts of Ireland, because no one understands them. I don't know because, as I said, I didn't listen much in school and I don't understand them. They make good wool jumpers though. If you manage to master the words below, you may end up speaking like a Cork boi, but it's just as likely that you will sound like you had a stroke if you don't know how the words are pronounced with the right accent. If you find that people don't understand you outside of Cork, you are either right on track or you have strayed into the *Gaeltacht*. This book is best enjoyed with a pint (or three), or shared with a number of friends who have also purchased the book and not just copied or borrowed yours, which is also illegal and will lead to a bating with the aforementioned stick if I catch ye doing it. Bating is beating and not something to do with fishing. I am not condoning the imbibing of alcohol; I am telling you that it may be essential to your grasp of the Cork brogue and in understanding this book and the antics of the bois. Just to let you know, there may also be a bit of a love story going on in the book, and not just the aforementioned one between Decky and Deano. If it disturbs you too much, try to remember it's just a story with elements of truth that may or may not be real. It is an absolute fact, and by that I mean, it's completely fabricated but with a touch of truth. I will be providing an introduction at the beginning of every chapter and wading in with my ten cents worth (formally known as tuppence ha'penny in the really old money which generally means a non-expert opinion) where I think you might get confused. As an added aid to guide you

through the Corkonian elements of the story, I have provided a quick check reference at the end of each chapter to review the terms that may have been used in that part of the story, mostly because I really want you to buy my book and not get fed up with thumbing back and forth. Remember, you can photocopy the Glossary... but not the book!

Now I need to add just a little more in guidance here about Cork so that you don't get led astray. There are some people in Cork who make a distinction between being a true 'Cork Boi' and the side of the river you live on in the city, and there are only two sides (in the city that is) – Northsider and Southsider. For the purposes of this book, though it is likely to elicit much disagreement, most notably from the contingent in opposition to the distinction – Cork Bois can come from either side of the River Lee, and trust me on this, the accent, mannerisms and all that goes with being from Cork is not exclusive to one faction or the other... and that includes Ballincollig, though I understand that they can be a little different. There are also the fringes of Cork County, most notably Youghal in the east (often pronounced 'aest' or 'a-est' by locals) and Bantry in the west (often pronounced 'wessth' or 'wa-s-th' by locals), where the lads are no less 'Cork' but may have unusual behaviours not indicative of the bois living in the city. They can often be referred to as 'a thick country eejit' but in an affectionate way that may take some getting used to by those outside of Ireland. Nearly every group in the city adopts one of these feckers from time to time, and I think there may even be a law about it somewhere... or at the very least, an unwritten rule. While the aforementioned Bantry is generally easier to pronounce – 'Ban-tree', Youghal may take a little more explaining, especially to any Americans reading this book as I have heard one of ye calling it 'You-Gal'. It is not pronounced 'You-gal' but closer to 'Yawl' which most of you should be able to pronounce because of all them cowboy movies that come out from time to time to teach us how to speak like an

American, except in certain parts of your country, which we like to look at in a similar way to Dublin in Ireland. The Dubs (people from Dublin) are another story and will not be covered here as this book is likely to be big enough as it is, and we don't want to run on too long (too late I know) before getting to the story. Suffice to say, people from Dublin are special in their own way (but not like Benjy) and the rest of the country loves them dearly, especially during the All-Ireland... which is a Gaelic Hurling or Football match and not a song contest. For those who can't feel the sheer depth of sarcasm here, be aware that it's deeply rooted in our culture, but far more prominent in Cork. Saying that, nearly every county in Ireland hates the other counties during any contest of note, but there are rivalries that go beyond common or garden variety enmity and absolute antagonism. Unfortunately, we are made to accept our differences, usually by the women in our lives, and mostly when a lad from one of the other counties marries into the family. Make no mistake, no matter where they are from, and no matter where the Cork *buchail* (Gaelic for Boy) or *cailín* (we covered that one) lives, they are still from 'Cork' and it is their partner who 'marries into' the family. Thereafter we are required locally to protect them, but only when there are sufficient numbers in a group not to get the head 'bate' off us (like bating mentioned previously) when we venture out to the local (meaning the pub).

In closing, you should now have enough to get started. Welcome to a taste of Cork and the lads who live there. I hope you enjoy every moment. All that's left to say is... UP CORK!

WORDS TO LOOK OUT FOR IN INTRODUCTIONS

Bating - Beating or Fighting.

Bois - Boy or Boys, also lad or guys for American readers.

Buchail - Irish for boy.

Cailín - Irish for girl.

Cailíní - Girls - (genitive singular cailín, nominative plural cailíní) – girl, young unmarried woman, female servant, maid, useful thing to look at when out on the town (referring to a feminine noun).

Corkonians - People from Cork - usually born there.

Craic - Fun.

Eejit - Fool or foolish person.

Feck off - Like 'Fuck off' but nicer sounding, and more universally accepted as a tamer swear word like, damn.

Fecker - Fucker, eejit or a boi who is generally on the wrong side of another's wrath or displeasure.

Feekin' - Like 'Fucking' but nicer sounding in the way the Americans use 'Damn'.

Fecking - See Feekin'.

Gaeltacht - The sad (or happiest) parts of Ireland where they speak mostly Irish and make really good thick, woolly jumpers.

Gander - Take a look or look.

Garda - Cops.

Gards - See Garda.

How's it goin' - How are you, Hello and other friendly greetings to start a conversation or just to say 'Hi'.

Like - An expression that ends up in all Cork Boi dialogue. Can usually be ignored.

Mammy - Mother of a Cork Boi (or Irish lad) - all Irish 'mammys' are national treasures.

Northsider - Boi from the North side of Cork City.

Shades - Gards, Garda or Cops.

Shaggers - Gards, Garda or Cops, but may be used in further instances for other shaggers.

Shenanigans - Fun, craic, general boisterous fun with a little good natured mayhem.

Shite - Nice Irish way of saying shit but with the 'e' to make it more acceptable and less vulgar sounding, implying something is useless or used in reference to another subject such as – 'That's just shite talk.' – after a drunken exchange.

Southsider - Boi from the South side of Cork City.

Spuds - Potatoes.

Tuppence ha'penny - Old Irish money, also means non-expert opinion.

ALSO FROM BAD DOG PUBLISHING

By William Anthony Shea

TALES FROM A DARKLING POOL

(Author's Preferred Text)

RETURN TO A DARKLING POOL

A DARKLING POOL AGAIN

BEYOND A DARKLING POOL

RIPPLES FROM A DARKLING POOL – NYR*

SAGA OF THE SENTENIAL

BOOK ONE: CAULDRON OF TROUBLE

BOOK TWO: FOR THE LAND THAT FELL

BOOK THREE: THE HOUSE OF SILMARIN

NIGHTMARE

VAMPIRE

FALLEN

REMNANT – NYR*

KNIGHTSHADE RPG

THE INITIATE'S TOME

THE GRANDMASTER'S TOME

THE LOREMASTER'S TOME – NYR*

FUMBLING VOLUME ONE

FUMBLING VOLUME TWO

By L Shea

IMMORAL DAWN

DE CORK BOIS

DEAD TO ME (The many deaths of Michaleen) – NYR*

*NYR = Not Yet Released.

In a small corner of the world, there is a place known as Cork, the best city in Ireland (if not the world) where a different class of lad lives and thrives... these are the CORK BOIs (or boys). This is the tale of seven lads from Cork and the shenanigans they get up to, especially when out on the town. It is a story of their mishaps, humorous moments and how they deal with living every day in Cork. Oh, and there's a bit of a love thing thrown in for good measure...