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had a 13th century stone-keep attached in the rear. Crannagh had won the hearts and minds of Q and Skylar on a previous trip and, therefore, became a must-see landmark for this adventure. Later, we discovered a mystery involving the whereabouts of Giles McBain's (the owner) wife. This was never resolved to our satisfaction. However, our satisfaction wasn't the issue at that time so we just kept our mouths shut.

The journey to Crannagh Castle included various stops. Some of the stops were scheduled and some were not.

An example of an unscheduled stop comes to mind from a previous trip with Stonewall and Kerry. Stonewall is mentioned because he was the one that nearly jumped out of the car to save his own life. He figured his chances were better leaping from a moving car into traffic than continuing the trip with Kerry behind the wheel. I suspect it had something to do with: a) Kerry driving on the left hand-side of the road in a land where there is a traffic sign that means "Resume Ludicrous Speed", b) Kerry trying to look at the scenery... all of it... all at once, c) Kerry's patented "Devil-May-Care" approach to life. The only time I ever saw Kerry in a really dangerous position was when he was driving around the traffic circle that is just south of Aughram. We pulled over until he had completed his fifteenth orbit, then we proceeded.

Another time Kerry got his head stuck in the side of a cliff at the Burren while face-mining Irish Quartz. That really wasn't all that dangerous, just mildly amusing.

Of course, Stonewall was no slouch when it came to rental car adventures. We had all enjoyed the sight of Stonewall's tire catching fire and rolling into a service station. That was discussed in earlier writings and won't be expounded upon here.

But I digress. Getting back to our journey, we pulled into Kilkenny around noon. A fine Irish lunch and a Guinness or two was our intent as we parked the cars and took off on foot. Since there were nine of us (listed by vehicle: Q & VB & IB; Jung Mei & M & Ferris; Skylar & The General & Creona), we tried to stay together. Splitting up into too many groups was extremely counter-productive. Here is an example of what can happen. Again, the previous trip. In a quaint little village near Clonakilty, we spent two hours looking for Jung Mei who was finally discovered sleeping under some coats in his car. As a result, we missed the opportunity to register for a music festival. We played anyway and received the most votes from the judges, but could not collect the cash prize because we weren't registered. We did get a nice mention in the paper though. However, like the trip to Ireland, again I wander.



Back to Kilkenny. We found a nice little pub and enjoyed the afternoon repast. Since Kilkenny is a primary tourist stop for the myriad of bus tours, the town is heavy on the souvenir shop side. This was a delight to the VB who's ambition was to spend the most time in a shop without buying anything. "Scaahhhhttt - Look at this" rang frequently through the air. So as to keep Q's life tolerable, we

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