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wandered the streets with him, dipping in-and-out of wool shops, claddagh stands and authentic fairy-stone-jewelry stores. Surprisingly, each of these vendors had some form of green-beer Irish music playing painfully outside of their shops, as an enticement for the bus-loads of (add a nationality here _____) tourists. We endured the tenor-after-tenor deluge as we wandered the midway. Suddenly, something changed. We noticed it almost subliminally at first. Bystanders watched as our heads started to spin about, like a pack of wolves picking up the faint trace of an unknown noise. Our ears flicked back and forth trying to locate this out-of-place sound. With years of forest aural triangulation under his belt, Q led the pack directly towards the aberration and as we got closer, we could see the great stone towers of Kilkenny Castle distantly rise over the ancient tile roof-tops. We neared the great building and the sound coalesced into the all-too-familiar vocalizations of... Elvis Presley.

“Wise men say, only fools rush in...” Don’t we know it!

It had to be him. Why else would his voice lilt over one of the most tourist-laden spots on the Emerald Isle? Every other souvenir shop had some form of Danny Boy as a theme. It made no sense to have Elvis playing if he wasn’t there. This wasn’t Graceland. I’m sure they weren’t selling “Kiss Me I’m Elvis” pins, or Elvis four-leaf-clover ties. It had to be him.

This was too much for us. We became disoriented. Confused. The very nature of the Universe had changed and with it our direction. In retrospect, I imagine that it was some sort of cosmic warning that we needed to alter our course. Everything we knew was wrong. “Look elsewhere.” the Universe said “Find a new path.” It had been our intention to continue on to Crannagh Castle where we would meet up with Pierosh (the first Chieftain of Mu Mu) and his lovely bride Monica (see The General's Memoirs Chapter Two-web site). But the message from the great beyond was too compelling. Skylar decided to call Giles McBain and make certain all was well. Sure enough, it wasn’t. Pierosh and Monica had left Crannagh a couple of weeks before and were now living in Sligo. Jung suggested we change course (180 degrees) and head south to visit Tony (Dr. Feelgood) and Babette, whom we were sure were living in Kenmare. We all agreed it was as good a plan as any and so bid farewell to Kilkenny, Elvis and the tourist buses and made our way back to the cars.

Two hours later, we entered Foley’s Restaurant where Tony worked as the head chef. We settled down to some wonderful Leek Soup and ironically listened to Zam-Fir play Danny Boy on the Pan-pipes. Creona and Jung Mei got into a verbal Waterloo and I sided with Creona. She asked why I would do that since I’d known Jung a great deal longer. It was then I revealed myself as the “Liberated Woman’s Friend” (one of many titles I picked up that trip). Unanimously, we agreed not to drive anywhere for two days. It had nothing to do with Zam-Fir. We were just tired of traveling. The next day, Q, M, Skylar and I went for a walk in the countryside, discovered and climbed onto an ancient 20 foot Dolman. Q almost fell off. I had to save him by lunging out and grabbing onto his belt while he dangled over the side. Then we found a fellow who offered us some home-made Pocheen. Don’t think that didn’t leave a mark.

But that’s another chapter.

