

NO BULL: TRUE TALE OF RUNAWAY BULLOCK AND THE LOST WEEKEND

■ Paul Healy

This is the strange (but true) tale of the runaway bullock – which included a nightclub and an Arts Centre amongst its ‘must-see attractions’ during a bizarre 48-hour mystery tour around Roscommon town last weekend.

The journey undertaken by the young bullock after two days’ roaming around Roscommon town almost ended badly for the beast – before a crack team of local men freed the animal from an underground pipe after a seven-hour rescue effort.

Our bull-etin begins with act one in this drama on Friday evening last. The bullock was reportedly first sighted in Castle Street and also near the area known as ‘The Lough.’ It was however only the beginning of a marathon saga.

Incredibly, the bullock remained on the loose throughout Saturday. On Saturday night there were reported sightings in front of Rockford’s Nightclub, or, more specifically, in the carpark opposite. The bull was not ‘captured’ however.

We move forward to Sunday morning when the tale of the runaway bull took a potentially sad turn.

Somehow the animal gained access to a four-foot wide concrete pipe in the vicinity of Roscommon Arts Centre (where a carpark is being constructed). The bullock

wriggled into the pipe, continued underground and travelled sixty or seventy metres from the area of the Arts Centre towards and past Sean Doyle & Sons Ltd.

One of our sources told the Roscommon People: “Council staff were on the scene by about 9.30 am on Sunday morning. They were accompanied by a few other locals. They opened a manhole between Sean Doyle’s and Dunnes Stores and when they investigated, they located the bullock below.”

They could see the bullock, but they could not reach him. Was he distressed?

“Well, he was more shocked than distressed,” our source replied. “But then there was another twist. The rescue team moved on to an adjoining site (to the left of Sean Doyle’s) dug a hole there and broke into the pipe. Then we discovered that the bullock had turned and headed back towards the Arts Centre.”

The runaway bullock had done a u-turn. So what happened next?

Well, what happened next was that two Roscommon County Council employees did something they never expected to be doing on a Sunday morning. They got into the broken pipe themselves and burrowed down, underground, in search of the elusive bullock.

One of the people present reports: “The calculation was that while the young bull had turned in the pipe it was very congested and he was unlikely

to turn again. So two men went through the pipe and eventually they got him...they got a rope around him and finally got him above ground.”

The whole rescue process involved a number of Council staff and other locals and by all accounts it was a very tough ordeal which took about seven hours, i.e. from 9.30 am to 4.30 pm on Sunday afternoon. Those involved in the happy ending to this bizarre tale worked incredibly hard and deserve a pat on the back this week.

Was the animal okay after its ordeal?

Our source delivered the good news. “Yeah, I’d say he’s happily grazing in a field by now!”

As a postscript to this bulletin, the Roscommon People had a quick look at the scene. The bull went missing on Friday evening and remained at large until Sunday. A poster on the front window of the Arts

Centre announces ‘what’s on’ at the venue and seems to bring this story full circle.

‘Starting May 22. A play by Padraig Cunningham. **Lost and Found.**’



Picture: Andrew Fox/www.photosireland.net

The late Padraig Finneran

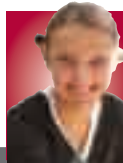
There was widespread sadness last weekend in Roscommon town and over a wide area at news of the untimely death of Padraig Finneran of Cloonbrackna Avenue, Roscommon Town.

Mr. Finneran, who was in his early 60’s, passed away at his home after a long battle with illness and his passing has been widely regretted by his family, many friends, colleagues, and all those who knew him. Padraig Finneran was an extremely popular man in the local community and his passing will be widely mourned. He was a prominent tradesman who was well known for the high standard of his work over many years.

The huge crowds that attended his removal, requiem mass and burial were a measure of the esteem that Padraig Finneran was held in throughout the county and further afield.

Padraig was predeceased by his wife Siobhan some years ago, and he is mourned by his daughters Nadia and Georgina, sons Gary and Liam, brothers Joe, Liam, Michael and Seamus, sister Eilish, mother-in-law Joan, daughter-in-law Janet, grandchildren, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, relatives and many friends. A Dheis De go raibh a anam.

Musings



with Marta Kaminska

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What happened to the small boy?

I remember when my younger sister was pregnant. My whole family was so happy, but something was wrong with me. First of all, I couldn’t believe it, that this little girl who I had often fought with suddenly became a woman and very soon she was going to have a baby. Secondly, as the oldest in the family, I should be the first to give my parents grandchildren. But instead of looking for a man, I was in between universities and planning a better future for myself. After a while, I got accustomed to the situation and even started the countdown to the big event.

On the big day I spent almost 12 hours with my sister in the hospital. I don’t know if that’s a lot or not too much, but for me it was like a second. Then came the birth of my first little nephew. Afterwards I had to take on a new role in my life, that of being an aunt. At first it was terrible. When he cried, I cried, but louder. When I had to change his nappy, I shook like jelly. But after a while we became good

friends. I was the person who taught him how to pee behind the tree (of course only in the absence of a toilet) and he showed me that it is possible to laugh all the time, so our lives together were like that, until I decided to go to Ireland.

Our friendship was tested. First of all, I didn’t feel too good. I was always wondering if he would recognise me the next time I called or if he would be shy and hide behind his mother’s skirts. I have to say that it was difficult, but when he was older, he started to call me and later even started smiling when he saw me.

A few days ago I returned from holidays in Poland. The last time I saw my little nephew was seven months ago and it was probably my last time, because the last time, at the airport, I saw a real man and the most important thing was that this different person is still my friend because he told me a huge secret, that he has a girlfriend!

It has to be said that emigrants

sometimes miss something important from their lives, but the good thing is that no matter where you are, you are always the same aunt, uncle, cousin or child.

Gdzie się podział ten malutki chłopczyk?

Pamiętam dokładnie kiedy to moja młodsza siostra zaszła w ciążę. Cała rodzina była wręcz wniebowzięta a mnie było jakoś tak dziwnie. Na początku nie mogłam w to uwierzyć, że ta mała dziewczynka z którą często miałam w zwyczajcu się ostro bić, stała się nagle dojrzałą kobietą i sama niedługo będzie mieć dziecko. Po drugie, jako to najstarsza w rodzinie to ja miałam urodzić rodzicom pierwszego wnuka. Jednak ja zamiast wywęszyć gdzieś samca buszowałam po uczel-

niach z myślą o lepszej przyszłości. Z czasem oswoiłam się z nową sytuacją i odliczałam dni do narodzin siostrzeńca.

Tego wielkiego dla nas dnia spędziłam z siostrą prawie dwanaście godzin w szpitalu. Nie wiem czy to dużo czy mało, jednak dla mnie trwało to może ułamek sekundy. I wtedy na świat przyszedł mój malutki, pierwszy siostrzeniec. Od tamtej pory wcieliłam się w nową rolę- bycia ciotką. Oj ciężko było na początku. Kiedy zostawaliśmy sami i on płakał to ja rzyczałam razem z nim. Gdy trzeba było zmienić pieluchę trzęsłam się jak galareta. Ale jakoś tak wyszło, że staliśmy się kumpłami. To właśnie ja nauczyłam go obsikiwać okoliczne drzewa (oczywiście tylko wtedy, gdy w pobliżu nie było toalety). A on udowodnił mi, że można śmiać się z byle czego. I tak to życie nasze upływało, aż zdecydowałam się wyjechać do Irlandii.

I tak to nasze kumpelstwo zostało wystawione na próbę. Początkowo

bardzo źle znosiłam nasze rozstanie. Ciągłe zastanawiałam się czy z kolejną wizytą mały mnie rozpozna, czy też schowa się zawstydzony za sukienką mamusi. Powiem szczerze, że bywało różnie. Jednak im był starszy tym częściej do mnie dzwonił i z czasem nawet znów uśmiechał się na mój widok.

Niedawno wróciłam z wakacji w Polsce. Ostatni raz widziałam mojego malucha siedem miesięcy temu, i chyba wtedy widziałam go po raz ostatni. Bo teraz na lotnisku przywitał mnie już prawie mężczyzna. I wiecie co jest najfajniejsze, że ten inny niż kiedyś facet, jest wciąż moim kumpłem, bo mnie jako jedynej wyjawiał sekret, że ma już dziewczynę.

I niestety z bólem serca muszę przyznać, że nas emigrantów nierzadko omija coś ważnego. Jednak pocieszające jest to, że na zawsze, niezależnie od tego gdzie akurat przebywamy, jesteśmy wciąż tymi samymi ciociami, wujkami, kuzynami i też dziećmi.