

THE STORY OF THE BIG BOMB IN GREENLAND STREET

6 o'clock our time Jim Lynas and I had just finished tea. Showing off his gold glasses he was proud. Lo and behold, a very loud rap at the door. On opening it, there stood a good looking cop. Sorry to worry you Mrs., but you and the wee lad get to hell out. Not on your nellie says I, a bloody night like that, it would rust the balls of a brass monkey.

That may be so said Dick Head, but there is a Bomb. Just facing your door. A great cloud of dust passed by. It was Liz Doran, Lily Baird, fat cook, two dogs two cats.

Run Granny says Jim. Come on out to the Entry. Two stools, two mugs of tea, his gold rimmed glasses all steamed up, sat on the stool was Jim a big glass bowl on his head, I had a frying pan. Is every one out of these houses says the cop. Oh Mother of God poor Ann Lynas and wee Jim is missing. Never mind says the Cop. Who the hell do you think you are says wee Aggie. I put them big buck teeth of yours down your bloody throat. You move on Mrs, none of your lip. Would you go and kiss my fanny says Aggie. Lily Baird: big Bomb my arse, my Jimmie let a bigger fart. A yell from Aggie - Jesus Mary and Joe, that was all the far she got, Jimmie rushed at her, None of your mick talk here. You to talk, you're a turn coat, your Da was a IRA gun man. Give me any of your owl buck, your arms wavering like a pair of bloody knitting needles says Aggie to Jimmie - that will do now Aggie says Lily, we could all be gone. Just pray says Lily. You might be a bible thumper says Aggie but where the hell is my purse - oh my christ, some of them dirty dick heads has nicked it, I had 50 pounds in it. Aggie, may god forgive you, you're one teller of lies. I had to lend you 2 pounds this very day says Lily. Shut your big gub Lily, maybe the dick heads will have a wipe around they feel sorry for us. Sorry for you lot says Cop, first you were like a lot of jellies shaken, now you turned Turk on us, called us Black Bastards. Right enough says Aggie, there somebodys sons, for God sake Son help me find my Purse and God Bless you. By God says Jimmie if I thought one of them Dick Heads stole my wee Aggie's purse I would call the cops - away and feel your head says Aggie, there is 80 fucking cops on the street so call them...