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# The Whistleblower

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VOLUME 1: ISSUE 9: EARLY DECEMBER 2009 BLOG: WWW.TRALEEWHISTLEBLOWER.COM/BLOG For Comments/Subscriptions EDITOR@TRALEEWHISTLEBLOWER.COM

## MAGUIRES TRADITIONAL BUTCHERS OF CAHERSLEE

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Featuring: Ritchie Stritch, Scum, John Waters, Frenchman, Corkonian, Roy Keane, Bill O'Herlihy, Wilton Debois, artist, Sketchers, Citizens of St. Petersburg, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Daphne Parsible, Hermione Bloggs, Paddy, Governess, Paddy's father and children, Pastor Raphael Morosa, People of Cork, Samuel Jackson, Quentin Tarantino, Prophet Ezekiel, Edvina Hoff, a housewife, a plastic surgeon, a screenwriter, a pastor, a barber, a joiner/carpenter, a piano tuner, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Emperor Hirohito, Ernest Rutherford, Ernest Walton, John Cockcroft, Cleaner, Colin Powell, Prospero, Shakespeare, Hermione's sibling, Micky O Tuama, Alfonse Capone, Johanna Fry, Brad and Angelina, Student, Garda, Brian Cowen and Whistleblower.

### DYED DOG WALKING

By Ritchie Stritch

After spending some considerable time pondering my weekly diet of John Waters who was considering, *inter alia*, the rights of man, I decided to take the dog for a walk so that Mr. Water's profundities might be digested. The dog, Scum, is rather attractive—not unlike myself in that regard. The society of people who make up my fellow Corkonians seem to place special regard for his well-being and—if I may say so—rather more regard than for one of their own species.

Being a Corkonian I am quite accustomed to jay-walking. The design of the Corkonian mind is such that once he sees the gap—let alone a ball—he will go for it. If there is an opportunity he will seize it. If the ball happens to be anywhere within the vicinity of a Frenchman or indeed his hand, the instinct of the Corkonian is not protest, but put to stick one's head in the most strategic location necessary. Ask Roy Keane. We will just do it and not even ask questions.

At any rate I was minding my own business walking down the street and I seen a football on a TV screen. I immediately make my way across as though our trip to South Africa depends on its interception. Without warning I find myself subject to an orchestra of madness from on-



coming traffic as though I was Thierry himself. I try to explain to them I am going for the ball across the street. Nobody listens. Eventually I arrive having battled my way through an almighty automobusing from all directions. Of course the ball is now gone off the screen on the shopfront and, to add insult to injury, I seen Bill O'Herlihy laughing.

At this point I realise my dog Scum is across the street on three legs. I call him and he crosses. His crossing of Patrick's Street is as smooth as chipbag's sailing on the flood the week before. Every motorist seems to have a blonde moment. Cars grind to a halt in adoration of Scum. No complaints, no yells, no hassle. I know he is dyed in the red and white and he is from the North Side but a man is a man.

**EXCLUSIVE:**  
**'I LOVE MY MUGGER'**  
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### FADED EMPIRES

By Wilton Debois

Being interested in art I happened to visit Cork's great Crawford Gallery. What a wonderful spectacle it is for the penniless like myself. I was transported back to the pre-historic mists of the Celtic Tiger to a time when I visited Rome and in particular the Vatican. I was overcome for a few moments by the beautiful sculptures—mostly cast from originals of now faded empires. It was a delight to see a fellow artist therein working on a convincing sketch of one such sculpture and being always equipped with sketching utensils I joined the artist for a few minutes. Thankfully our duet was peaceful unlike what happened when I joined some fellow artists in Montmartre, Paris and was promptly ejected from the area by party of highly unionised *sketcheurs*.

Seeing remnants of a faded empire is a strange sensation indeed and abounds nowadays. It's a sensation that first struck me when in 1993, as a travelling

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puppeteer, I witnessed ordinary citizens of St. Petersburg, selling kittens and puppies on the entrances to the subway system. They wore the most beautiful dyed mink coats and hats and, most conspicuously of all, wore golden smiles from abundant dental mines of a more affluent era. No difference I say to the accoutrements with which my companions queue for social welfare—sporting sartorial finery obtainable only on a New York trip, ipods hosting ageing hits and entertaining lingering memories of days which fade deeper and deeper into the past. All this brings to mind Shelley who lamented:

*'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away'.*

### EXCLUSIVE:

## 'I LOVE MY MUGGER'

By Daphne Parsible in conversation with  
staff-reporter, Hermione Blogs

'Wonders never cease' is oft quoted by even the most experienced person. I wish to relate a story of which I was one of the two principal characters and which I consider to be a complete wonder. I hope that it will be instructive to beloved readers and inspire them to greater feats of Christianity and love. I wish to thank the good editor for lending me anonymity through the above pseudonym—Daphne Parsible. This provides me with the facility to reveal a considerable deal about this story without risking easy identification.

My story began some 15 years ago as I was walking across a certain street from a jewellery store in a certain provincial town in Cape Cod, MA, USA. All of a sudden I remember falling to the ground and, thinking it was an accident. I looked up to see the person who had trampled over me. At this point I realised that my handbag had been snatched which contained an antique diamond studded locket. 'Hey!' I shouted 'come back! You want my car-keys?'

At this point the thief halted and returned and lifted me from the side of the street. He looked me in the eyes. It was love at first sight. When I looked into those big blue eyes, I was two worlds—the past world full of trouble and sadness and another world full of hope and optimism. I felt I could be the bridge between these two worlds and allow this sad, hopeless

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individual achieve his dreams without the necessity of upsetting the lives of others.

At that time I was an heiress to a huge fortune—unimaginable to an ordinary person and certainly to a person like this gentleman whom we shall refer to as Sven. I was the only daughter of a business man who had built up a majority share-holding in a business which one of the largest suppliers to America's burgeoning automobile industry. Having had little education, his sheer intrepid nature and eye for seizing opportunity ensured huge prosperity. This provided me with a childhood that was full of adventure and travel leaving me equally at home in Monaco and Casablanca as in our summer home near where Massachusetts meets Upstate New York. I had a governess as a teacher and she travelled with my mother and me not only teaching me but also as my protector, nurse and a servant to all my needs. I have the advantage and privilege of never having been in want and never having had the need to work a day of my life.

Paddy on the other hand was an immigrant whose family he told me had Irish connections. His mother died at his birth and his father worked several jobs trying to raise nine children—all boys. Through some misfortune or another, his father took to drinking too much leaving Paddy to fend for his brothers. This begun him in a life of delinquency and crime. In those days there was no state or federal protection for children like Paddy and very soon he found himself spending time in state penitentiary for various misdemeanours.

Now history was repeating itself; Paddy had a family of his own—seven boy and his wife had passed on. His entire mission was to fend for his children and do whatever he could to provide for them—even if this was to steal a lady's handbag and jewellery.

To cut a long story short, Paddy and I fell

in love. Whatever he could see in me was what I saw in him. I saw a life full of hope and immeasurable happiness—all only a kiss away.

Paddy and I now live in the town of East Hampton in Long Island. His children—our children - are most happy and enjoying some of the best Ivy league education that America can offer. We have several abodes along the east coast to which we sail in our yacht—*Next Jewel*— each summer.

As I always remind Paddy, I truly love my mugger!

## *Lav da Driva but Hate da Cah'*

*A Special Address by Pastor Raphael Morosa III  
in conversation with Johanna Fry*

Beloved friends, I lav Eyeland and especially da Cok peepal. Dey ah so nice I lav dem and God bless dam and God bless all reedahs. Today we face haad tams but the powa of da lawd is at hand. We must neva feah au we will be destried by the powa of eval.

Da peopal au Cok au gud peepal. When I com to Cok day teech me how to speak bettah. On dah vay fust day I com heah, I want to get a bus so I go to bus stop. I ax a man who stop in Mayseedays 'hey brudda, what time do da bus come ah?' He replie and he say 'Excuse me?' I say to him 'hey brudda, what time do da bus come ah?' 'Well, now me, dear man,' say day man, 'here in Cork and especially on the south-side, we never finish a sentence with a preposition!' 'Ok', I say to hem. 'what time do the bus com at, langah?' He tell me and I wait for bus.

I see da day peepal get cross in day cas when I drive nee dem. Sometime day scream and shout. I tink day must know dat Gad is in every human—even me. So I say to da peepal o Cok—day must lane to lav da driva and hate da cah. Do not shout ah day driva o de odder cah. He is a child oh God. He may shout at da cah.

It ih nice to know dat evray one know I am a Pastor. You see if I go vary neah or touch dey cah with mine dey shout ah me 'You black Pastor!' . I bless dem den as I call out from my window at da top o my

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vice: 'Repent therefore and be converted' (Acts 3:19).

When I get cross when I drive I look at da cah and not da driva. I stop and I scream from da bottom of my hat 'I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger!'. Dees ah exactly da words dat our great hero and brudda Samuel Jackson say in Pulp Fiction by Mister Tarantino and day ah da words of Ezekiel. Da cah always drive away very fast den and I am safe. So, I say ta peepel dey must lov da driva and hate da cah. Amen.

## BREAD—IT'S ALL IN THE WRAPPER

By Edwina Hoff

Everyone knows that books should never be judged by the cover. However an extraordinary phenomenon has been reported by a correspondent to this writer. The lady concerned works with a bread manufacturer and revealed that different wrappers are put on the very same bread. Of course this is not strange. However the most extraordinary fact is that the very same bread, in different wrappers is considered by different people to be different bread. So much is this the case that householders swear by differently wrapped bread over the same bread in another wrapper.

This particular phenomenon was put by this writer to a multi-disciplinary team of experts; a housewife, a plastic surgeon, a screenwriter, a pastor, a barber, a joiner/carpenter and a piano tuner. Even though deliberations lasted for many days, none of the experts could offer a plausible explanation as to people's preferences for the same bread in different wrappers.

This pondering proved futile despite the provision of a Polynesian pocket of spicy chicken, pineapple, the nicest chips and more from KC's Ministry

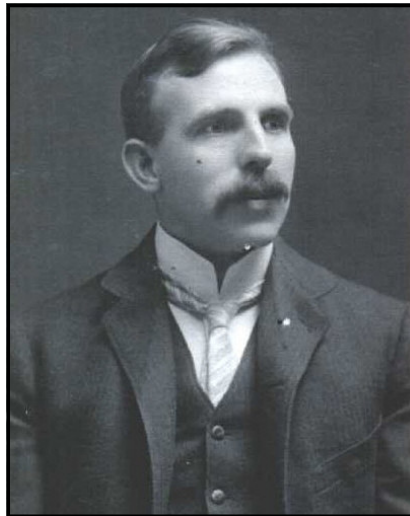
**DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO?**  
**IDAHO!**  
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of Chips in Douglas.

Many of you readers will recall the long labour which finally produced the Good Friday Agreement in 1998. Others will recall the Manhattan Project of the 1940's when scientists such as J. Robert Oppenheimer were deployed to develop the atomic bomb which ultimately provided Emperor Hirohito's capitulation and that of Japan in 1945. It was similar travail—perhaps lesser in magnitude in the scale of importance insofar as these investigators were concerned. The answer came from an unlikely source, which unlikely the source was, is worth mentioning.

It was the great physicist, New Zealand born Ernest Rutherford who said that if one cannot explain to the cleaner woman what was going on in the laboratory, then the laboratory work was futile. We should bear this advice in mind; Rutherford may not have put the fig into the fig-roll but he did in 1917 achieve the not insignificant feat of splitting the atom in and at the time shared this achievement only with the sun—so far as we understand it to be the case in the known universe. Of course he did so with a certain Irish Ernest—one Waterford-born Ernest Walton as one of his protégés along with a certain John Cockcroft. That said, a class-mate of mine in primary school called Tony, used claim that his father split many an atom many times over while helping him with his mathematics homework each night. Having knowledge of Tony one would suspect that his father's feat was far the more formidable than that of the aforementioned physicists.

Needless to say it was a cleaner woman who



Ernest Rutherford (1871-1937) From Wikimedia

provided the clearest insight into how the mystery might be resolved. 'Why don't ye ask the people themselves?'

## THE FIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Hermione Blogz

May I offer you all the advice of a learned correspondent. The advice is devised to ensure that, irrespective of your degree of depression and delinquency, you and your families enjoy the most peaceful Christmas imaginable. This may be the first time in Ireland that the Clonakilty banger might replace the turkey; but isn't peace better than feast?

We all come from families. Let's face it for once and for all—like true rebels—most of our families are mildly weird at the best of times—this writer being, of course, an exception. After all most families are composed of a the jealous, the selfish, the forgotten, the guilt-ridden, the accountant, the worrier, the content, the baffled and the highly-strung. And that's just the normal family. This coterie assembled in the one place, at any one time is, for all intents and purposes, a weapon of mass destruction more lethal than Colin Powell could concoct at the United Nations Security Council. The most innocuous glance, smirk, sigh or yawn can be sufficient to act as a detonator to ensure that the Christmas dinner table becomes downtown Bagdad in a matter of seconds.

So rather than having a fight that will last years, the correspondent suggests having a good old argy bargy with family members before Christmas.

It should be said that I consider this most grotesque of suggestions not least because it is advocated by a sibling with whom I should like to discuss the matter. I propose that we do so over dinner so that I may have the opportunity if disembowelling the idea from his rather malign head. I look forward indeed to the next time we meet—at Christmas dinner I believe.

And what of my sibling at the Christmas dinner table? Only the words I borrow from the mouth Prospero from our beloved Shakespeare's *Tempest* suffice:

*A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, Even to roaring*

All will be well in the end so that all the family can enjoy a memorable Christmas sausage.

## WHINING AND DINING

By Micky O'Tuama

Before emigrating to America an esteemed mentor of this writer advised him to do as he pleases—murder, pillage, desecrate, instigate a revolution, start up a Fianna Fail cumann— but above all else pay his taxes. Upon enquiry from the writer as to why paying taxes was an absolute necessity, the s-



Not known to have been an Irish Banker:  
Chicago Gangster Alfonse Capone

aid mentor advised him to remember how they got Al Capone in the end. FBI records state that he was jailed for income tax evasion.

While ensconced in the state of Texas for a few months for no other reason than having an Irish accent I got to know many of the local folk and I was treated like a king. One of my greatest hosts was a couple—we'll call them Brad and Angelina. Both were incredibly kind and made sure that I was well-looked after—fed and watered. Brad had a wonderfully persuasive personality and used it to great effect even when it was not necessary.

One evening a group of friends and I were invited out for a wonderful meal on a sultry southern evening and eating *al fresco*. I recall I ordered beautifully seasoned chicken fried steak among other things. Brad was the type who never ordered what was on the menu—he had his own idea of what would suit him. He was like having Charlie McCreevy ordering a meal. The trouble was that he ordered for everyone else too and countermanded every single order of the company—even admitting in the end that he did not even read the menu. The single waiter serving the table was

eventually reinforced by a battery of waiters and waitresses who went hither and thither exchanging this order for that until the food spent more time in their hands than in our plates. Finally the manager who was summoned to the restaurant came and stood aghast at the consternation calling out the lines of in Shakespeare's *Tempest* which made quite an impression on the company: *'Hell is empty and all the devils are here!'*

His quoting of Shakespeare was all the more impressing when I learned from one of the company that the very town had recently voted to build a sports ground instead of a library in its precinct. Obviously the manager's erudition is of the sort expected by a certain Limerick professor who each Tuesday afternoon at 3pm and with the comfort of a €120k salary from our wonderful state announces to his students *'Now my weekend begins!'*

Without further ado the restaurant manager, who clearly lived in the real world, announced that the meal would be free as we had obviously been so inconvenienced. Brad was thrilled and had apparently achieved what he had planned all along. He declared the whole event an resounding success—much to our dismay.

Today both Brad and his wife Angelina reside in separate state penitentiaries for tax evasion where all meals, meagre as they are, are free and dispensed without rancour.

### STUDENT IN FOXHOLE

Anonymous former student  
in conversation with Johanna Fry

It was this time of the year. Rain. Darkness. Depression. But worse still it was exacerbated by a ferocious hangover. So begins the tale from a learned correspondent who was a student in Limerick in the late 1980's.

A deserved sleep is one thing. Even though books have been written extolling the simple, peaceful trouble-free life of a scholar—like 'book on shelf', this outwardly life of leisure does have its unremitting hardships. The young gent had been at a house party one Thursday night and even though this had resulted him being highly stimulated by foreign objects he decided to leave the party as he had come—on his bicycle. However his journey was in vain as he managed only a fraction of the route back to his digs. His legs stopped turning the pedals and he halted against a neighbour's hedge. The said student woke up to the sound of passing traffic and he still sitting on the bike leaning against the hedge early the following morning—and he drove on. On reaching his abode he gathered himself as fast as he could caper and cycled off to

his lectures. Later in the afternoon after a wonderfully exciting day of education he decided that enough was enough and he made another attempt at getting some sleep back in his abode. This was located over a pub and early evening was the best time to grab a knap.

Having journeyed into a deep sleep which was a paradise far away from the hardships of the student life of misery and nothingness, he was awoken by a blinding flash of light. Upon his recovery to the land of the living he observed a gentleman in full Garda uniform standing at the door of his bedroom along with a companion, flashlight in the Guard's hand and the other wielding an Uzi submachine gun.

In a moment of sheer desperation the young chap tried to recall the events of the night before. Who had he killed? How many years on Spike Island lay before him? Was he really a student or had he woken up and become someone else?

*'Just looking for the Border Fox! Go back to sleep!'* said the Guard.

*'Goodnight!'* said our student, *'woof woof!'*

Exit Whistleblower followed by Brian Cowen. fast.

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