

Medieval Cultural Package

An Extract from the *Leabair Scair Éadóis*

A sea mist hovers in the early spring morning, the sun but a faint shimmering light through the incessant drizzle. The waves beat softly on the shore where a lone figure trudges to check his fish traps. He hears the splash of oars coming through the gloom and sees a boat coming to shore, rowed by two muffled men.

The boat is medium-sized and, as it comes closer, he sees lettering. Peering, he deciphers the large ornate script

CELTIC COURIERS

Underneath in smaller letters

Cultural Packages are Us!

EUROPEAN DELIVERIES GUARANTEED 365/12

The boat lands with a crunch, grinding against the beach gravel. One of the men jumps out splashing through the lapping waves carrying a parcel.

“A fine soft day, Thank God”; then “Are oo Irish?” he asks of the fisherman.

“It is and I am; bedad”.

“Good so, I have a package addressed to the People of Ireland, will oo take it?”

“I will indeed.”

“OK, sign here,” and produces a hide-board, vellum delivery docket and charcoal stick.

That done he takes a leather flask from his jerkin and takes a swig before passing it on the fisherman who reads the label

Mojo Milk

Grows hairs where you least expect it

He takes a long swallow, “Begob, that’s powerful stuff”. He grabs the package, signs the docket and hares up the sand dunes and away with him to the local king.

ooooo

Later the king gazes at the package over his cup o’ mead, billowing smoke from his shillelagh pipe, reading the simply addressed label to the People of Ireland. The customs declaration is only a little more forthcoming, it says Early Medieval Package. Having heard about similar packages that were game changers way back in antiquity, he decides to gather the kings and brehons from far and near to discuss this weighty matter and then, perhaps, to open it.

Several weeks later, in his longhouse den lined with hunting trophies and smelling of wet woollens, stale beer and wolfhounds (K₉P), having braved fire, pestilence, flood, wolves and the dreaded and deadly $\varsigma\iota\omicron\varsigma\acute{\omicron}\zeta \varsigma\iota\acute{\omicron}\zeta \varsigma\acute{\iota}$, an august confabulation of bearded, suspicious looking gents suspiciously look at this harbinger of fate.

Meanwhile the fisherman is handing round $\upsilon\varsigma\varsigma\epsilon \beta\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\check{\alpha}$ to set fire to their brain cells while his flirtatious pretty daughter brings around platters of $\text{C}\Delta\gamma\tau\omicron$ ($\text{C}\acute{\alpha}\eta\varsigma \Delta\zeta\upsilon\varsigma \omicron\mu\eta\eta\acute{\iota}\eta$) and $\text{X}\rho\rho\acute{\alpha}\check{\alpha}\tau\acute{\alpha}\check{\alpha}\check{\alpha}$ $\text{X}\eta\upsilon\eta\zeta\alpha\iota\lambda$, while making eyes at eligible likely-looking sons. She admires the sword of one who suggests a private viewing of his Excalibur.

After a heated but polite discussion, minding their Ps and Qs, they cautiously open the first layer which has a letter of explanation from the senders across the water. It states that they, having heard that the benighted People of Ireland were still stuck in the Iron Age, have sent them a starter kit to bring them up to speed with the new Medieval Period (Early), complete with instructions and explanatory diagrams.

With expectant foreboding they investigate further and when the package is opened out pops a coulter plough, rotary quern, new dairying techniques, genetically modified seeds, $\rho\acute{\alpha}\check{\alpha}$ construction plans and instructions, Latin and Christianity. The gathered chiefs scratch their heads with puzzled frowns as they gaze at the selection.

The seeds are the first to get approval though they have to prevent one of the chiefs from eating them as he was feeling peckish with all this deep thought about new dairy products. The quern is approved soon after when one chief recommended it, having picked it up in a cheap lot when it fell off the back of a $\text{C}\upsilon\rho\rho\acute{\alpha}\check{\alpha}$.

They think the mould board is a class act and that $\rho\acute{\alpha}\check{\alpha}$ are sound as a pound especially since theirs will be bivallate. However it is Christianity that has them all foxed and even leads to outright grumbling.

Says one, flicking through the Bible, “It’s not very liminal.”

Says another, “Where’s the chthonic deities?”

“The Druids aren’t going to take this lying down. There’ll be ructions, mark my word.”

Soon it’s a babble of voices...

“Listen to this, ‘Blessed are the meek’; he sounds like an awful wimp. Sure Constantine had no truck for that namby pamby twaddle, a proper emperor he was. Give me, $\text{L}\upsilon\zeta$ or even that big Baluba, $\text{B}\alpha\lambda\omicron\rho$, any day”.

“That Con was a cute hoor too, waiting till he was on his death bed before he was baptised.”

“Aye, but did it count? Sure, wasn’t it done by one of them heretical Arian bishops?”

“Begod! Now your sucking porridge”.

“That Judas sounds like a right feller-me-lad’ (thinking “Would have flourished here though, a bright young go-getting cute hoor will always prosper on this island”).

“Only one wife? Ha Ha Ha Ha!

“That vellum will never catch on, there’s nothing like a bit of stone for ΟΨΔΜ.”

“You daft muppet! How much stone would need to carve a gospel into ΟΨΔΜ, let alone the whole Bible? Would you ever cop on!”

“Voting for Christmas is like cows voting for ΣΑΜΑΙΗ”.

Says a wise brehon:

“Go way outta dat, we have to keep up with the *longue durée* fashions, we’re no longer Atlantic core but periphery of the Empire. We’re only make a bags of the conceptualisation of self and t’other in the post-Antiquity paradigm shift and a holy show of ourselves with ethnohistorical methodologies of otherworld mediation we’ve been using since God was a small boy. And ‘tis better we do it ourselves or the Brits will do a demic diffusion on us.”

Little did he know how prophetic those words would be.



Meanwhile, in another longhouse, to the strains of harp music gently wafting though the flower-bedecked tapestry-lined hall, perfumed with aromatic candles, the grandmothers, mothers, sisters, aunts, nieces, cousins, wives, mistresses, concubines, in-laws and ould segotias, the clotted cream of Ireland’s womenfolk, are discussing similar weighty matters.

The fisherman’s wife is handing round mead lattes while her handsome son is circulating with a platter of shellfish canapés and petit frogs while making eyes at the eligible likely-looking daughters. He admires the embroidery of one who suggests a private viewing of her pin cushion.

After a cursory discussion of all the boring stuff that concerns men, servants and slaves; the distribution of nouvelle cuisine recipes and knitting patterns is greeted with a little more enthusiasm. However it is Christianity that has them all hot and bothered and even leads to outright nitpicking.

Says one, flicking through the Bible, “It’s not very eldritch.”

Says another, “Where’s ΒΑΗΒΑ, ̐̐̐̐̐ and ̐̐̐̐̐? They’ve written the earth goddesses out of religion.”

“I don’t fancy that tripartite division of feminine gender as virgin, mother and hag, reading religion backwards, as it were; obviously some eejit of a man wrote that. It’s a grave error.”

Soon it’s a babble of voices...

“If ̐̐̐̐̐ was here now she’d give that mountainy ΒΡΥΨΥ̐ a clatter on her earhole and a kick up the you know where for cavorting with them blaggard snake-charmers with their Gnostic bling.”

“May ̐̐̐̐̐ trample them, May ̐̐̐̐̐̐̐̐̐ sit on their shoulders, May ΒΑΔ̐̐ pluck their eyes out! Surely, it’s the beginning of the end of the world.”

“Only one wife? Ha Ha Ha Ha!

“That chippy marrying a young one, her preggers and him near ninety; there’s no fool like an old fool.”

“But maybe all he wanted was herself to make his tea, having hung up his tools, as it were.”

“Begod! Now your chomping oats.”

“Immaculate Conception, me eye, pull the other one (thinking, “That’s a handy excuse for the future if we go for this malarkey”).

“The Holy Trinity, Ἄλλο δὲ! What a load of old shamrocks! Derivative and unreliable!”

“Obviously we must confabulate, disambiguate and discombobulate the meta-quantum granular archetypal agnatic archaic alpha-relationships, semiotic neologisms and homologous qualia of the trilemmic epistemic phenomenological narcissistic zeitgeist of the δερβιμε Übermensch memplex by cognitively strategizing and manipulating neuropsychological triadic in/ex/ternal post-postgenderist (non-alternative)-intertextual pseudo-imperialist precolonial hyper-hegemonic phallogocentric reductionist mereological morphemic multi-referential ontological non-discursive multivocalities, virtualities and counter-methodologies that (re)constituate the binary bipolar neo-patriarchal ‘Otherness’ heteroglossia, ultracrepidated paradoxicalities and contra-dichotomies in processualist indeterminate multi-temporal non-directional random unfactual centrifugal polarities of anisotropic antisocial antinomy subsumed and transmogrified from land/sea tropes and topologies that disengender decoherent dissonance of the exponential eschatological ensuance of existentiality.”

After a stunned silence, a chorus erupts: “Ah Stop! Sure, you’re great gas, altogether!”

And there’s always the one, “You must give me that delicious canapés recipe, and another mead latte, please. Sure, a boird never flew on wun wing.”



Elsewhere, a gaggle of young wuns (except the βεαν σῆ Goth) are hiding from the cruddy music and worse adults. After comparing accessories and woad tattoos, they’re now checking out the latest issue of Eho! straight from Rome for fashion, hair styles, Ambubaia beauty secrets, diets, philtrum, horoscopes, relationships advice and quizzes, What Men really Want, Amita Agonia and Nugae Lorem Nobilitas.

In the Ardens section they’re ogling an icon of a tall blond gorgeous young Adonis Superstar and think he’s “Awesome”; and him ending up crucified with his Mammy looking on is “Really, no, like, really really tragic”.

Anyway, mythology and pooking shape-shifting is so last year and who wants to be swanning around like 1JR’s chisellers, Meh! And as for that pisshead slapper Ἄνεοβ, the wagon who thinks she’s the Celt’s pyjamas, and the cheese; too much information.

This is an exciting alternative to all that Druid crap of faffing around oak groves stoned on mushrooms and twerking with horses during inaugurations which is just so “Whatever!”



The lads (except the quare geek studying *Advanced Abacus for Accountants*), are just in from some friendly faction fighting having had great CRΔJC cracking heads; only two killed.

They're checking out the latest issue of Ipsum straight from Rome for weaponry, lifestyle, grooming, thong fashions, a profile of Gladiator Punk, Chariot League results, transfers and new signings, What Women really Want, What the Doctor Says, and incompetent Analecta Hibernica jokes.

In the Flagrans section they are gawking at a centrefold icon of a stunning doe-eyed brown long-haired scantily dressed Venus, Apostle to the Apostles, and thinks she's "A fine bit of stuff".

There's a tech review of the Twelve Apps. They think changing water into whiskey is deadly, better than walking on it any day, while the loaves and the fishes trick would be massive handy on a cattle raid; though raising a leper from the dead is totally off the wall.

Some think that yer man would have been a bit of a waste of space with a blackthorn in a zombie apocalypse, since they think 'Blessed are the Peacemakers' hilarious. On the other hand, baytin the bejusus out of the moneylenders in the Temple meant he wasn't a total wus. Though some lads are a bit confused as to whose side he'd be on since he rose from the dead, so, he's got to be a zombie, right?

Anyway, that head-the-ball tosser, Cú Cúladh, has lost the run of himself altogether and turned into a right muck savage bowsie who couldn't hit a cow's backside with a banjo. As for that wojus langer, Fionn mac Cumhail, chasing after a mot young enough to be his daughter, duh! Let's not go there.

Plus anything would be better than acting the maggot in oak groves stoned on mushrooms and sex with horses during inaugurations which leaves them banjaxed.

Then again, they'd have agreed to anything their girlfriends wanted, skilled in the dark arts of ΔΙΣΕΟΛΑΣ ΘΕΔΡΨΑΪ, as they only have one thing on their minds having more hormones than brains.

And this, my friends, is the real reason that Christianity became so popular, long before anyone knew what they were letting themselves in for.



And so to conclude taking everything into consideration in the final analysis it came to pass when all was said and done at the heel of the hunt at the end of the day when all the chickens had come home to roost the Medieval Period (Early) spread round the island.

But, as may be expected, results were not always quite what the senders envisaged because while there is a right way and a wrong way to do anything there is also arseways, a speciality of the People of Ireland, though was later known as cultural innovation by the Academics of Ireland.



Historical Addendum

Even though the Secret Souterrain Archives are hidden under the end of a rainbow by the LÉIRÉACÁM division of $\text{SCÍURCÓIREACÉ NA FÁISNÉISE (52)}$, thanks to SCEICÉRE 5ASCÁ , this much is known.

Celtic Couriers had a long distinguished history of cultural deliveries to Ireland. Their first prestigious job was the Neolithic Package having first cut their teeth on flint packages. This was followed by the Bronze Age, Beaker and Iron Age packages.

However, because of complacency during the transition from regional to nationalised enterprises, others, on the cutting edge of cultural diffusion and transport infrastructure, with friends in high places, delivered the Viking, Norman, English, Reformation, Industrial Revolution, Democracy and Capitalism packages.

They were foiled in attempts to deliver Renaissance, Spanish and French packages in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries but successfully smuggled in the Counter Reformation in a consignment of papal wine and Spanish ale.

Since then, as you all well know, the Globalisation Package has fragmented into many niche franchises, such as bespoke Gaelic-Celtic Revival, Modernity and Gaybo packages as well as more generic types; i.e. Hollywood for plebs, Post-Modernity for academic Scholastikos and PÁDÚYWHACKERY for the OIRIŠH (all of which come with health and sanity warnings).

Celtic Couriers were commercially linked and intermarried with Thalassic Ferries, best known for the transport of the FÉR BOLZ , CÚACÁ De Dánnam and MÍL Espáine . Some think their ancestors ferried Ceasair and her family on an Iberian American code-share year-end cruise package. They were stranded when they lost their tickets in a Flood and were the first contestants of CÁ mé MARRCÁNHÓIR , $\text{FÁIZ ÁMÁC AS seo hóm}$!

The MÍUHCÉIR PÁRCÓLÓH were a bunch of rowdy CLURCÁM out on a mad skite to ÉMÁM ÁBLÁIC that never made it home on account of them dying of a plague of bad last pints but not before they vandalised and littered the island with bullaM and rock-art mé féM graffiti.

NEMÉD led a collective of Neolithic-Age hippie organic cHÁjb farmers who performed in 5RUÁZ at the Summer of Love festival at CÉR NA HÓZ to celebrate the dawning of the Age of Taurus and stayed. He's buried at $\text{OILEAN ÁRD NA NEIMÉAD}$ and is ancestor of Cork people, which may explain why they think they're God's gift to Creation.

Finally, FÓMOIRE Ferries was avoided as their crews usually ate the passengers. They were defeated at the Battle of MÁZ LOMZEAS by the fearsome MÍCEAL O'LAOZÁIRE , RÍ NA ÁER .



Obscure hints

1. grave error: Robert Graves
2. blaggard snake-charmers: Bob Quinn's Naassene assembly of Naas
3. βαση σῆ Ἐπιη: Siouxsie Sioux
4. Nobilitas: Celeb
5. Analecta: Roman slang for a dining room slave.
6. ΞΑΣΤΑ: from the Hawaiian
7. papal wine and Spanish ale: Dark Rosaleen
8. Scholastikos: see Philogelos for definition
9. ΝΙΔΡΕΔΗΘΗΡ: Survivor
10. μέ ρέηη: selfie (spirals are self portraits of entheogen states of consciousness)