

# Sacred Mountain Pilgrimage

*(from the Λεββαίη Στάηη Νεολιθονταοφα)*

Picture a typical family climbing the Sugar Loaf,  $\mathbb{W}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{c}\mathbb{k}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{A}$ , during the Summer Solstice. “Are we nearly there yet?” Squawks the young boy relentlessly, monotonously, annoyingly while his sister is all pouty and in a woeful sulk because she has left her Earth Mother rag doll at home. They’re also missing their neighbouring child’s birthday party with ‘Hunt the Cists’ and matching the burnt bones, the bouncy barrow and the sausage and snake barbecue in the ruined Neolithic structure afterwards.

Father would rather be at the match: Bri Cualans against the New Grangers who have improved a whole lot since they built their lucky dressing room and brought in Keaneō-ō as manager. He’ll also miss the pint of mushroom mead in the new snug that lets in the solstice light down the passage that illuminates the fancy sponsor’s logo and the cursus line dancing after.

Mother is missing her soap  $\mathbb{F}\mathbb{A}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{R}\ \mathbb{T}\mathbb{U}\mathbb{A}\mathbb{C}$ , which is at a crucial stage. Will  $\mathbb{C}\mathbb{U}\ \mathbb{C}\mathbb{U}\mathbb{L}\mathbb{A}\mathbb{M}\mathbb{H}$  lose the plot with that attractive but devious hussy,  $\mathbb{X}\mathbb{H}\mathbb{A}\mathbb{E}\mathbb{B}\mathbb{O}$ ? What will  $\mathbb{L}\mathbb{U}\mathbb{Z}$  do when he finds out that the second hand sun chariot he bought from  $\mathbb{D}\mathbb{E}\mathbb{L}\ \mathbb{B}\mathbb{U}\mathbb{C}\mathbb{A}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{L}$  was a lemon? Will  $\mathbb{F}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{O}\mathbb{H}\mathbb{H}$  buy the spotted cow that fell off the back of a  $\mathbb{C}\mathbb{U}\mathbb{R}\mathbb{R}\mathbb{A}\mathbb{C}$ ? Who was the couple canoodling when you know who was supposed to be somewhere else? Who turned  $\mathbb{D}\mathbb{E}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{R}\mathbb{D}\mathbb{R}\mathbb{E}$  into a swan? But didn’t she have it coming to her with her carry on with fiery swords in the forest?

That reminded her she’d also miss the cookery programme, but at least they’d get a quick snack at the local fast  $\mathbb{F}\mathbb{U}\mathbb{L}\mathbb{A}\mathbb{C}\mathbb{T}\mathbb{A}\ \mathbb{F}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{A}\mathbb{O}$ , even if the chips were soggy and who knows where the meat came from; sometimes the babies weren’t fresh.

Following is Granny grumbling. “Oh! Things were better in the Stone Age. Sure when I were but a young wee lass, knee high to a coleoptera, we didn’t have them fancy metal yokes. Mark my words somebody will get kilt one of these days messing with one of dem things. But sure, nowadays people have some awful fancy notions and ideas above their station, just look at Newgrange. Importing stuff from the mountains when there is plenty of local stone putting local lads out of work, so they are.

We don’t have to be building artificial sacred mountains in  $\mathbb{W}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{c}\mathbb{k}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{A}$ , sure haven’t we the rale thing. A proper mountain, we have, puts their pathetic derivative yokes to shame, and even worse they’ve taken all the nice white quartz and left hapes of grey rubble; no doubt plenty of brown cows changed hands. There are no flies on our brehons; they’d mind mice in a henge. And as for their modern art, all them squiggles and spirals, sure, our kids could do better.

Your wan up the  $\mathbb{B}\mathbb{O}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{C}\mathbb{R}\mathbb{1}\mathbb{H}$  says “But if the Meath lads wanted a bit of pebble dash then what harm if the price was right, after all ‘a heifer is a heifer when all’s said and done’”. Easy enough for her to say with her fancy megalith up the hill and didn’t she get the idea

from her holliers in the Costa de Galicia where there as common as muck and didn't her oul' fella make a hames of it, sure isn't it unclassifiable? She says it's in the Opuu's inventionory but sure what do they know sitting up in their fancy halls in ΤΑΡΑ causing chaos and confusion among the sheep farmers with their collops and quotas and promising subsidies as if money grew on spuds, not to mention some class of chariot parks that'll cause congestion.

They should be looking after the drainage, aren't we having an awful problem with lakes and rivers bursting. Wasn't I reading in yesterday's annals that the nine ΒΡΟΣΗΔΪΣ, nine ΡΙΪΕΣ and three ΑΠΣΙΟΠΗΣ erupted, ruining many a carpet and ritual landscape no doubt, not to mention the bog butter laid down for poshterity in souterrains.

Sure I know t'is a daft place to put bog butter but, sure, they had to find some use for them after they got taken in by some cowboy builders who said septic tanks were the latest fashion in Rome, but they called them aquaducks after the quare ducks that do be swimming in them.

Anyway, people rapidly found out they weren't suited for that class of a purpose at all except a few hardy ones whose houses you could smell a mile away. But even they abandoned them after Scattered ΣΙΟΒΑΗ's souterrain exploded! And didn't they call the hill behind after her, because, sure, wasn't she scattered across it, so she was.

If God had wanted us to use septic tanks he wouldn't have invented peat moss. Now where was I? O yes, your wan up the βοιτρῖη.

Sure, I knew her when you could see her arse sticking out her pelt and there she is causing shame and disgrace by dancing around a sheelnagig at night in her lavender nightie and sombrero waving a torch when 'tis proper to (*missing phrase*) naked with a smoky bit of tallow, you'd think she was doing the Ηυκκλεbuck. I blame the cēlj bands with their disgusting οἰοley-eye and all this dancing at the crossroads.

She can't cackle properly either and her magic mushroom stew is worse than shaman's piss, you could trot a mouse across it. Now she's taken up with a new fad, vegamatarianism or some such, she won't eat the boiled mare that the king has (*text corrupt*) and has taken up with Paddy that everyone knows is a bit soft in the head from herding Lord Muck's pigs up in Mayō. Sure, the poor man is away with the fairies and a menhir short of a dolmen.

Sure, the country is going to rack and ruin. I blame the invasions for diluting our gene pool especially the ΗΙΒΕΡΗΟ-Βολζ, ΗΙΒΕΡΗΟ-De-ΦΑηΔη and ΗΙΒΕΡΗΟ-Celcs and as for the refugees from ΗΥ ΒΡΑΖΙΛ on the dole and taking our jobs; enough said. And aren't the ƒjR NACKERS a lot of chancers with their Spin the Broach and throwing perfectly good tools into boggy pools to see who can make the biggest splash when we all know we dump them there to control inflation, to keep the CΡΑΙC at a 100.

Even Con the Eejit was taken in when he brought a quern stone. Bejapers! He made the biggest splash when he slipped and fell in with it. But didn't he drown and they said it was awful bad karma and we had to pay a fortune in consultancy fees to placate the chronic deities. And their women are even worse with their fancy torcs and golden thingamagigs telling your fortune from the bones of a salmon they poached from a holy well. Do they think we came down with the last shower of blood..." On and on and on she drones like a diuretic duck.

Behind is Harry Junior who is back in the oul' sod for the first time since his great-grandfather emigrated to CjR ηΔ Oζ and made a fortune selling life insurance. He rues the fact that selfies haven't been invented yet, but keeps saying its 'Awesome'. He is with two third cousins (twice removed, judging by the hairstyle), "What does he want roots for? I gave him a turnip and he said he wasn't hungry", asks one, "and you can't eat the scenery, either" "No," replies the second who has a B Δζus B, "But you can eat the tourists". "Oh! Don't tempt me!" says the first, his stomach rumbling.

Granddad has missed the foursomes playing in the 42,000-hole golf course though he hears that because they are all on prime land, the developers will be in to convert the enclosures to desirable accommodation for the up and coming Rj and his yuppy mates from Rome with their new fangled craze called literacy.

"It'll never catch on, you know, if God had wanted us to write he would never have invented OζΔm and it's only good for their new religion: planning permission, the devils' invention. It's a complete waste of fine enclosures; there is nothing more liminal than the swish of a Formorian skull through the sward and the rathle (hence ρΔĉ) of teeth as it lands in a post-hole, not to mention the trophy of a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow and spot prizes of ποικειη miniatures and Irish Coffee.

It weren't like that when he were but a wee young lad with as much sense as a chironimid; Oh! ϚΔδδ, ϚΔδδ..."