

To the lighthouse

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Figure 1.1: *The pier out to Poolbeg Lighthouse, less than an hour's walk from Dublin City Centre.*

As I write this, my fortieth birthday is fast approaching and, as I think about it, this book may well be my mid-life crisis, pondering my life while prancing around in lycra. I've wanted to be a writer since I was a teenager but I've struggled for a format and a topic until this idea coalesced and I decided just go for it. Cycling new places always triggers new thoughts and, as I ploddy ploddy forward, I start writing them down in my head. Later, when I stop for coffee, I can just log them on my till receipt, and wham bam, thank you ma'am, I've got my

outline. I've done this for years and I write some of them in my diaries or as blog posts, but blogs are an incoherent mess with no internal momentum, so no books have ever presented themselves. Then one day I realised that I could write them all up using *bookdown* or *quarto*, formats often used for writing the computer code textbooks I'm constantly reading in work. This way, I could publish the book as I go along, chapter by chapter, writing a wee bit every morning before the kids wake up, and I wouldn't have to suffer from the horrible problem of carrying around a bunch of unfinished, unpublished projects. As you read this, the book is most likely unfinished, yet it exists, and I am under no pressure to rush through it. [The ‘code’ is stored on Github](#), which is used for version control, so that you can both edit and keep your work, and not rely on documents labeled like “Book_Final (7) version 2_7th Oct 1997.doc”

I didn't begin with a lifelong passion for lighthouses. I just needed a target to get me up and out of the house and to revel the beauty of the Irish landscape. But the more I look at lighthouses, the more I understand their symbolic beauty too, like flags on the moon, marking territory. The bigger influence has been my parents who used to go off on cycling holidays together, first around Europe and once the whole way across Australia in 1997. They were no longer young on these trips but their example showed me a different way to age, unlike other parents, as they went off and explored the earth. My dad's back got injured but my mam kept going and went coast-to-coast across America in 1999, and many smaller trips after. I didn't get into cycling until I was thirty, and in 2014, me and my mam cycled from Mizen Head to Malin Head, the length of Ireland, with my dad in the car as back up.

As I write this, I've picked off all of the lighthouses around Dublin and Wicklow, and there's a couple more I can get to as day trips along the Mild non-Atlantic Way. Rosslare and Carlingford, for example. But once it comes to the big long looparooney running clockwise from County Waterford to County Down, I'll have to do it in spurts, mixing lighthousery with little family holidays, and maybe bring in various friends along the way. I'd also love to bring my dad in a carrier bike, and maybe my mam can cycle a bit too if she's still able. My wife will join and our bike-loving son too, and maybe we can throw the baby on the back for a few legs once she's big enough.

Part I

Part 1. The mild, non-Atlantic Way

2 Poolbeg



Figure 2.1: *Today I learnt that if you chase the light then life will bring you lighthouses.*

0759, Sunday 28 August, 2022

It was not my intention to cycle to Poolbeg Lighthouse today, or any other lighthouses for that matter. And I certainly wasn't planning on starting any new books. I just needed to get the flock out of the gaff and clear my head. The plan was to do a re-run of yesterdo's cycle, stalling it from my gaff in Blanch to Grand Canal Dock, where I would aim for another dark coffee and bright pastry in *Il Valentino*, then handwrite about that joyous trip. But I'm way too whimsical to do identikit journeys, so as I come out of my crap apartment block, I turn right instead of yesterday's left, and hit the River Liffey where I can catch some Vitamin Tree.

I'm blessed that there's a wodge of ways into town from my gaff cos my vision of hell is to go up and down the same road every day. While Blanchardstown itself is mostly devoid of geography, it sits between two fine cycle routes. There is a canal path circling the innerouter Northside and it drops you off at various points about two clicks from the Spire. After that you're on your own, mate. To the south of Blanch is the Phoenix Park, a gentle decline into town, and a miserable drag home. But the most beautiful route of all is a mild detour via the River Liffey. All I have to do is drop a quick perpendicular through a buncha shitbox housing estates, and then take the riverrun along the Strawberry Beds, snake through Chapelizod, push past

Islandbridge and Heuston Station, and then emerge, foetus-like, out of the quickening cocoon and into the great wide open of the city and the sea.

2.1 Sunrise Fomo

It's a cloudy-ass day today but as I cross a dull suburban bridge towards the bleakly named Diswellstown, I see a patch of sunlight in the distance and I get a fierce dose of sunrise fomo, so I decide to chase it, along the river, and east to the sea and sun. Not long ago I saw the most beautiful red sunrise in Cabra slash the Navan Road but I elected not to stop and take photos as it would hinder my famous cycling rhythm, and I've been chasing light like that ever since. It's for that reason that I've got so few decent pics on this journey. Now Sunny Cabra is not renowned for its beauty, but when you are cycling along the Navan Dermot, downhill into town, and the stars are aligned, the place lights up like an afterparty in Ibiza, and you can see how this proto-dual-carriageway slash dynamic car park, which is actually lined with incongruously large houses, may have once been a broad avenue of trees, horses and opulent outdoor breakfasts. Today wasn't quite one of those days, but there was enough sun to give me some morning glowry, and I ached to get closer to that blob of nice light in the sea of grey clouds above, and have nothing else around me.

2.2 Liffey Valley

First though I had to get to the river, down Rugged Lane which might be County Dublin's strongest candidate for becoming a one-way road. It's a moderately steep valley descent, about the width of a wide van, and the only way through is to pull in to the occasional driveways and let the other motorists pass. The potholes are like something from the 1980s and even cycling it is bumpy wumpy. At the bottom is the Strawberry Beds, a gently meandering, tree-lined riverroad with ramps to keep the cars away. Back in the Doris, motorcyclists would zip along here and stop off in *The Wren's Nest* pub, but the ramps are doing their job so now so it's a near-perfect commute for a cyclist, winding through dense foliage, with the river itself coming in and out of view, past scattered houses and cottage clusters, which historically catered for workers of industry riff-raff like the Guinesses and the Shackletons. The houses all back up on to the valley but a few have forged treeless gardens on the river-side of the road, with a brilliant view of the sun and the valley across the river. The road begins in Lucan village and the end is marked by a gastropub called *The Angler's Rest*, angled along Knockmaroon Hill, just before the back entrance to the Phoenix Park. For me, the real boozer is *The Strawberry Hall*, underneath the M50 Toll Bridge, which has no telly and used to only take cash. Just pints and chat. In recent years a pop-up pizza parlour has popped up in the car park across the road. If you are feeling adventurous you can swim here in the river, accessed by a mud beach about the width of wide van. I've never sashed in the boozer of an evening, although

I've often stopped off for a scoop while cycling home home to Lucan, and sat outside, facing the sun.

I used to often commute this beautiful road, especially while my elderly parents had the good fortune of housing me between the age of 34 and 36, along with my wife and then very young child. This route was my refuge space, between childminding in the morning, teaching English in the afternoon and college in the evenings and weekends. For a few green kilometres every day, it was just me, and maybe a Patrick Winston YouTube lecture on machine learning. A cycle path could be put in all the way to town, ideally crossing over the river to the wondrous new Waterstown Park in Palmerstown, on the south side of the Liffey Valley. It's a solid commute, but in a world of e-bikes, scooters and foldable bicycles, it's legit feasible to trek it one way and hop on the boola bus for the other, if you couldn't be Gordoned doing both legs. My solution was to cycle in one day and park the bike in town overnight, then cycle home the next day. And that's one thing I love about living in Blanch. If I don't want to cycle home of an evening, I'll lash the Paul van onto the Boola train, lock it to a handrail, and put my feet up. My vision is that we'll develop one long greenway running from Leixlip through Lucan demesne and village, across the river to Palmerstown, and then through Chapelizod and Islandbridge. This is the ancient route to the West, with villages all along, and now we just need to connect the dots and take advantage of this under-appreciated natural path.

2.3 Reflections



Figure 2.2: *The cycle path from Chapelizod to Islandbridge is a hidden gem*

I climb up the shallower side of Knockmaroon Hill, past *The Angler's Rest* and then down the short, steep descent into bumpy, rampy Chapelizod; never an easy passage for cyclists. I spent a lot of time here during the miserable Level 5 Covid days, getting a takeaway coffee from *Baa Baas*, and sitting down with my laptop and blanket on the permabenches outside *The Villager* pub. The village is low on commerce but relatively high on energy, as the locals live right in it and there's a never-ending parade of passers-by, between M50 toll-dodgers and Phoenix Park walkers accessing the giant park via the twirly gate, after which another cafe is named. I turn right across the Liffey bridge and look down over the river where a few Dexter Gordons hang right over the water. I'm guessing this is what Town was like before the quays were put in, and I feel like this is where the washerwomen in *Finnegans Wank* wash their dirty laundry in public, banging on about "duddury devil" and whatever he did in the "Fiendish park" ([p196](#)). I chicane left after the bridge and wend past some redbrick houses and I think of poor Rob Carnegie who passed away a few years ago. I used to play cricket in the Park with him and his big brother Jamie, and then I bumped into aul' John Doran one day - on my way to see the Pope in fact - and he told me that Rob had died in an accident. I don't know which house is his home so I've never been in to pay my respects to their poor parents.

Access to the south side of the river is behind one of those bicycle-hating kissing gates, so you have to dismount and verticalize your bike just to swivel through, but after that it's a free ride on a footpath with bicycles stencilled onto it. I didn't know about this path for years until Mick Barton filled me and I've been using it ever since because parallel Conyngham Road is drab by comparison. I stop and take a few snaps of a riverbank whose leafy round undersides bounce back out of the river, and I reflect on how anything irregular can be made beautiful by simply mirroring it. How anything irregular can be made beautiful simply by mirroring it.

I mosey on towards Islandbridge, through a wee gate and into the War Memorial Park which caters nicely for the half-grown-up hipsters who now populate outer Dublin 8. We used to live in nearby Heuston South Quarter ourselves before the landlady decided flog the gaff and that's why we ended up out in Blanch, unable to find something in our comfort zone. There's a bevy of rowing clubs on the other bank, and I see a triathlon is centred around one of them, with punters transitioning from swim to cycle. I think about investigating it, seeing as I have been thinking about a) doing triathlons, and b) reporting on random events, but I think better of it as I remember that my actual goal is to talk shite about my own journeys, and I'll start reporting about other people's once that project runs out of juice.

2.4 Into Dodge

So that has me on Conyngham Road, approaching Parkgate St, and another of my favourite views in Dear Dirty Dzublin, the quays on a bright Doris. Or, as it is today, light at the end of the river, with grey clouds all around, as though the grey buildings have a blurred reflection in the sky. There is a random car parked on Ellis Quay, in the middle of the road, unmanned, and with its hazard lights flashing, so I stop up the road a bit and call the cops,

cos God only knows what is going on. The quays do their thing after that, opening up into the broader docks, with the water and sky casting redyellowblue joy onto the grey city, and the big buildings being pleasingly far away from another, leaving space for the soul to breathe, like they do in Berlin. So I decide to chase the light instead of stopping for coffee in Grand Canal, although I felt like the proverbial dog chasing after the bicycle, as the sky's visage fades to grey.

2.5 Beyond the Pale



Figure 2.3: *My son still thinks that the Poolbeg Towers are an ice-cream factory and I don't know when I'll have the heart to break it to him.*

I cross over the scaldyball East Link Toll bridge, a rundown beggar of a road that ought to be ashamed of itself for asking people to pay to cross it. It is rare reminder of the visual state of Ireland back in the 1990s, like [looking at the moustaches in the Walkinstown Roundabout video after we beat Romania in Italia 90](#). Yet the bridge's griminess bleeds neatly into Dublin Port through which I have to meander for a click or two, past the disused Ice Cream Factory, officially known as the Poolbeg Generating Station, and known to me as the Ringsend Towers, then on to the Poolbeg Lighthouse, via the Great South Wall, a 2k stretch of fat cobblestones that make me feel like I am Dylan van Baarle, soloing to victory in Paris-Roubaix. I would tell you all about the history of the lighthouse if I knew anything about it, but I don't. And I don't see any point me writing a summary of stuff we can both read on the Jimmy Internet.

There's a glut of fishermen here already and a few walkers. If I knew I was writing a book, I'd've taken a wodge of snaps. Instead, I take a video of the scene because that has been a hobby for some time, going places and commentating from afar on the punters passing-by, like a spineless David McSavage. What you're looking at are low-res stills from those vides. The problem today is that it's not busy enough to make myself a fly on the wall, so I end up spraffing on about the 360-degree views, with the gentle mountains to the south of Dublin Bay



Figure 2.4: *The North Bull Island lighthouse: A lot of major lighthouses have a necessary sidekick that understandably doesn't draw the crowds*

and the relatively unspoilt sandy north bay. A ferry from the mainland comes in to Dublin Port and you can see the lighthouses in action, between this red one in Poolbeg and its green partner to the North, sitting on submerged rocks. I realise that there is nothing stopping me from cycling to every lighthouse in Ireland and to see the whole island at its most rugged, unmanned edges. How exactly I'll get to the offshore ones is something to worry about later, and that's just how I chicken fillet, baby.

3 Bull Island

0735 Saturday, October 22, 2022

It's starting to get bright outside and I can feel the bike calling me but I don't want to wake up the chunfla and force my pregnant missus to wake up too, so I lash on a shitty coat and head out in my leisure pants aka pajamas instead of going upstairs to dig out the lycra. I'm only cycling Yvonne so it doesn't matter if I look like I'm nipping out for a baguette. I grab a spare t-shirt and use it as a scarf and then I can change later when I stop for coffee and the sweat turns cold. There's a high-viz jacket floating around too so I envelop myself in its brightness and I'm good to go. I haven't decided where yet. I'm not in the humour for driving somewhere first and I don't need to cos it's just about bright enough.

The lack of mountains on the Northside means that the sea calls even louder when I want at it, so I decide to go directo(ish) to Fairview whence I can let the open air blow away the busyness of my midweek life and the clusterforked urbanscapes which host it. The easiest route there is to follow the simple familiar path along the canal to Ballybough, then nudge off through a few traffic lights and bingo bango it's the sea. But it's Saturday and I'm in explorer mode and familiar paths slow down the relaxation process. I want to get back early enough so I can't be going too far today. I still haven't fully worked out how the Tolka works its way across the Northside and what impact that has had on the structure of the settlements surrounding it, so mapping that out is a good way to negate the interruptfulness of urban cycling. I've seen how the river sneaks past the back of Blanchardstown village and after that it weaves through a bizarre dead space where no cars go before reemerging inside the Tolka Valley Park which sounds more enticing than it really is.

3.1 More bridges than you've had hot dinners

Between my gaff and the Tolka Valley park is a spaghetti junction where the M50 and N3 meet, but the canal and train go through too, the river is nearby, providing the historical outline for the N3, and there's a cheeky aqueduct in the mix. *More bridges than you've had hot dinners*, as some wit has named the Strava segment along the canal cycleway. The junction even has space for a gym and a small shopping centre. The roads are seamless for longer-range motorists but their impact divvies up the locality into four quadrants, providing multiple barriers to whatever social cohesion might be found in a place like this.

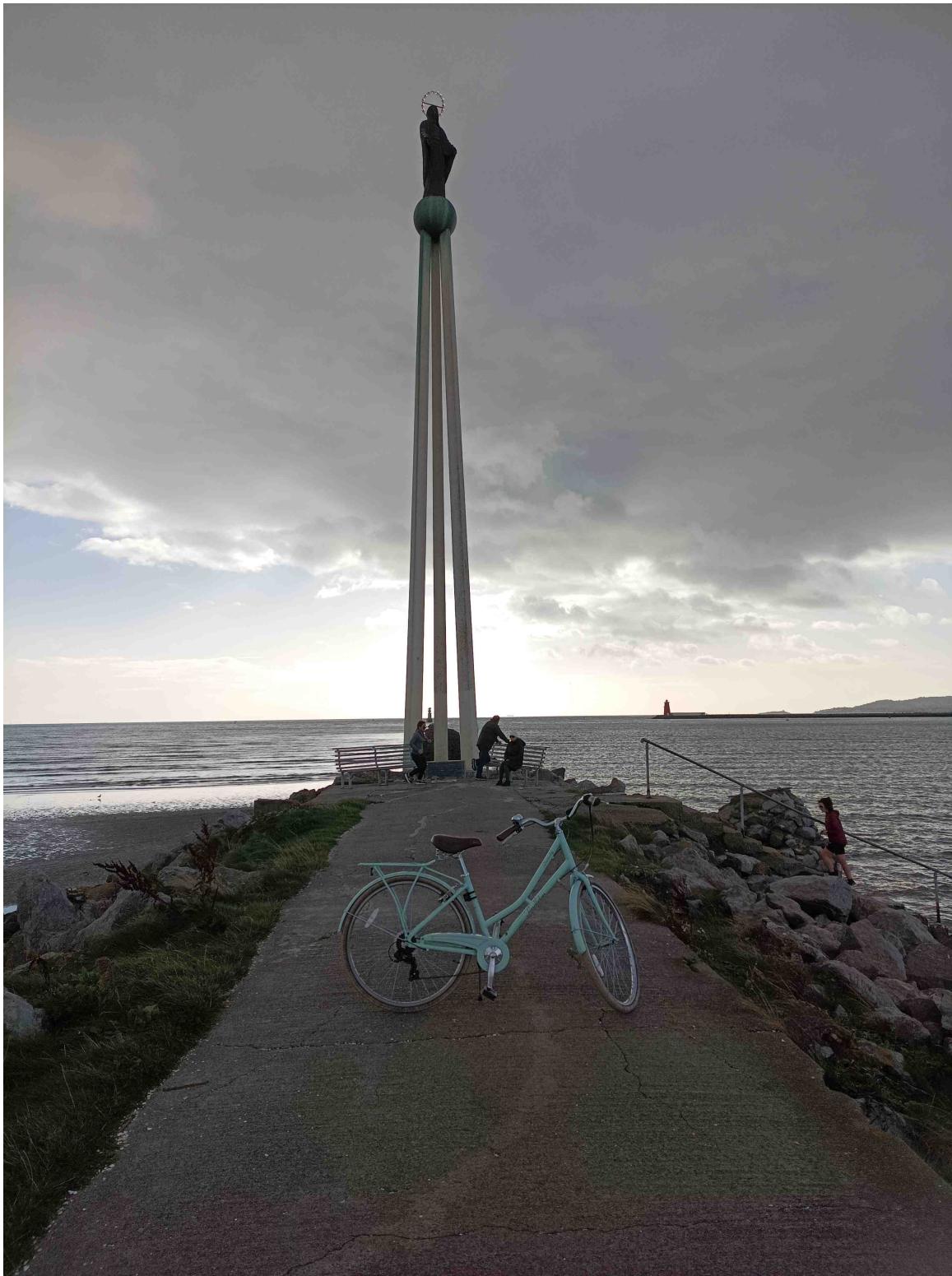


Figure 3.1: Our Lady, Star of the Sea

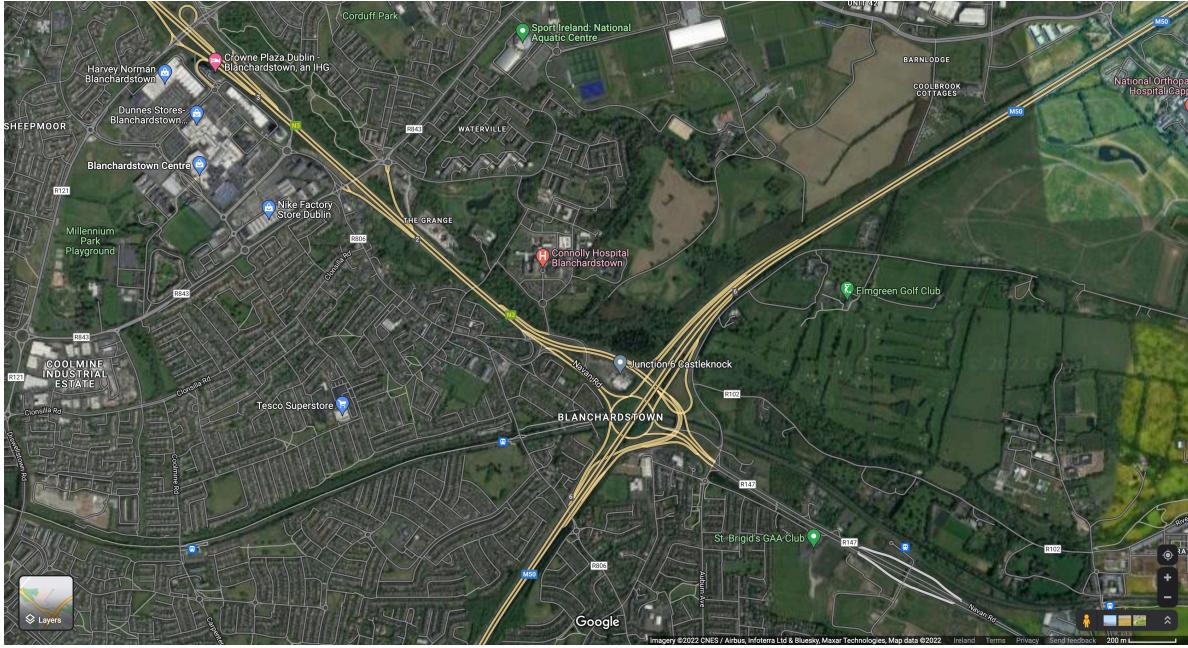


Figure 3.2: This junction does a great job of connecting major roads and breaking up the land into four distinct quadrants.

Castleknock is in the south quadrant, separated from Blanch in the west by the M50 and the canal slash trainline. The two morph westwards into Carpenterstown, Coolmine and Clonsilla. Blanchardstown village has suffered a bad dose off choppyoffyness, yet it has managed to carve out a niche, with several cafes, restaurants and bars, while the better known, soul-sapping Blanchardstown Shopping Centre is a smidge north-west, to the top left of the map, separated by perhaps the slowest traffic light system in Ireland. I find it a good spot to catch up on meditation exercises. The real commercial centre for locals is the Coolmine Industrial Estate, where you'll find papayas and falafels, mechanics and fitness studios, although no boozers or sit-down cafes. It's the only industrial estate I've ever seen which ought to transition to village status, and its existence shows how facilities can emerge over time despite shitbox planning.

In the Northern quadrant have been placed all of the large campus projects, so you get Connolly Hospital, Blanch IT, Corduff, and more recently, a swathe of high-end sports facilities, where the Olympic swimming pool finally got built, more pitches than a boarding school on roids, conference rooms for the FAI, and open spaces for equestrian events. This is where the Bertie Bowl would have been, and if you need an obscure placename to remind you of the halcyon Celtic Tiger days, try this: Abbotstown. Beyond is a wedge of #BusinessParks and then the land dovetails into the dull farmlands of Meath and North County Dublin.

3.2 Area D51

But it is the Eastern quadrant which I have never understood fully, as the land is undeveloped and there's no park to help you follow along the river. I try to access the quadrant from Waterville Park and Connolly Hospital but I end up back on the spaghetti junction, pass over the M50, and follow the signs down and around to the supposedly 'New' River Road. The entrance to the road is a right turn at a junction but I decide to go straight on instead up a marked cul de sac which runs parallel to the M50. It turns out that this is the longest frikkin cul de sac you'll find in a place without mountains, and there's not much happening, beyond the noise of the cars whizzing by overhead to the left. It feels like Dublin's answer to Area 51. There's a golf course, which explains a lot, and a nursing home, where the poor sods can be hidden away. There's signs for No Dumping and I take this as a red flag indicating potential criminal activity. Sure enough, a car is parked at the very end of the road, so in a freak out, with far too much time to think, I decide to make sure I'm not like a witness to some crime. I think about the kid in the desert in Season Five of Breaking Bad and decide against his fate, and I spin around and piss it back down the gentle decline. Afterwards, I realise that this is the entrance to Dunsink Observatory.

I turn left onto the ol' New River Road, and enjoy my safety, at least for a few moments. This road may once have been the main road to Navan but now it is the Tolka River's paltry answer to the Strawberry Beds. The Tolka's River Road has only two undeveloped kilometres and its windiness parallels the meandering scuttiness of the Tolka at this point. No ramps have been put on the road to slow down the impatient motorists. I manage to prevent one overtaker with my outreaching palm, and wave them on after the bend, but the trick is no use for the next driver, a taxi, who passes me by on a bend and, as another car approaches, uses their taxi-driver skills to solve the needless problem they had just created.

3.3 Tolka Valley Park

There's a crossroads soon after, left up another dead end towards Dunsink, right to Ashtown roundabout and the main Navan road etc, and roadworks straight ahead, with access only for the canal-side apartment complexes in progress. The options aren't great, as you might expect in a null space, but I want to stick to the river, so I go straight and then have to dismount the bike in order to get into the appropriately named "Linear Tolka Valley Park". I'll hold my thoughts for now on having to dismount a bicycle to access a park with a bike lane, and I get in to find an under-landscaped, semi-kempt park. The place is in dire need of fifty years' worth of tree growth, and the linearity is a reference to the narrow impact the park makes on the surrounding urbanscape, rather than to the direction of the paths, which which interweave in response to the steepish river banks. The next time I'm coming here will be when me five-year-old is ready for a BMX. There is a handful of dog walkers and it might

be a bit early — or scary — for joggers so I plough on, disappointed that nothing pleasant has yet emerged along the Tolka, beyond my curiosity being satisfied.

The park kicks you out for a bit, forcing you to cross a wideish road, before letting pedestrians back in through a barrier-gate, so I just take the L and follow the road til I come to Glasnevin cemetery, through which the widening river flows, thence into Botanical Gardens. I chicane left-right around the cemetary walls walls and reemerge on Botanic Avenue where I encounter the neat Griffith Park, the first bit of pleasant, well-sculpted land I've encountered since leaving my gaff a dozen clicks ago. It's a sure sign that the Northside Riviera is nearby and I just have to negotiate Richmond Road first. Like anywhere in Dublin named *Richmond* it is run-down as fuck, but its unmatched buildings provide several glimpses of the rare aul' times when people ran their own unkempt business for unmadeup people.

3.4 Seaspawn

I can feel the clamping grip of buildings letting me go as I hit Alfie Byrne Road where the land ends and the soothing spaciousness of the sea begins, yeswithstanding the scaldiness of Dublin Port across the unreclaimed remainder of the Tolka River estuary. It doesn't matter that there are complex roadworks and orange signs and orange people directing us either hither or thither. Here now is the relative nothingness where the unblocked sun bounces limegreen brightness off the seaweed slimefields and the retreating seawater lures my space-craving soul into a crazed chase for freedom. I follow the coastal bike lane and feel the seabreeze on my face and my mind empties of thought for a moment or three.

I realise that this is an easy chance to check out a lighthouse, either here in Clontarf or yonder in Howth. I want to follow this cycle path of freedom all the way to Howth but I keep stopping to marvel at the brightgreen glory of the seaweed fields and I think of *AtlasPro's* simple observation that the whole world is covered in land, and only some of it is covered by sea. Here is a chunk that oscillates twice daily between being land, as we usually think of it, and being the snotgreen sea, an opaque world to man. I think of times past and future when this land will be habitable for mankind, and of Doggerland and other drownded lands which some other poor souls must have tilled or foraged for scran.

Taking photos has broken my momentum so I decide to avoid trekking to Howth and instead I decide to go to the Stella Maris lighthouse at the end of the Bull Wall. I turn right onto Causeway Road which also connects the mainland to Bull Island, twenty-four/seven. Amazingly, I've never been down here before, even though my mam is from Clontarf and I spent much of my childhood at the Bull Wall, watching her swim up and down the pier. It is extraordinary to approach this familiar place from a new angle and the road leads to the very middle of the expansive beach. There's dogwalkers and golfers and actual birdwatchers, and a derelict building with picnic benches suggests that this was once a heavily frequented spot, presumably before pollution dirtied the swimwater and everyone started to fock off to Spain for some reliable beach bliss.



Figure 3.3: *Tidal seaweed fields bouncing limegreen brightness*



Figure 3.4: *People must have come to Dollymount Strand in larger numbers before the sea retreated and trips to Spain became affordable*



Figure 3.5: *Not many investors have gambled on climate change turning this sprawling urban beach into a tourist resort and for now it remains a land of dog walks, jog walks, and non-metaphorical kite-flyers*

3.5 To the lighthouse

I get to the beach but I realise that there's no way to transport Yvonne across 2k of sandy beach unless I actually lift her, so I double back on myself and do a looparooney towards The Wooden Bridge. It's still early enough that the place isn't jammers and I can peddle slowly along the pier all the way down to the Stella Maris lighthouse. From there the three-sixty views are immense. To the North is the Sutton side of Howth Head and the rest of the unspoilt Northside Riviera, encompassing Bull Island and the Sutton isthmus. To the south, you can watch the ferry nudge between the lighthouses on its way to Dublin Port .

I'm starting to take this lighthouse project more seriously and I'm thinking we're going to have to invest in a camper van or something if I want to make it happen. It's not like I'm going to be able to just nip off on my Tobler eighty or ninety times on overnighter trips to see lighthouses in Antrim, Donegal and Kerry. Our second bambino is on the way and getting out of Dodge takes planning now. This project will only work if we all go together and, while we're at it, we can check out houses to buy around the country. I want to live beside the sea even though it feels like an outrageous indulgence. But I understand now how my mam never recovered from moving inland from Clontarf to Lucan. The sea takes you out of your world and without it, escaping is a lot harder. And I need to escape. If I cycle to a hundred-odd lighthouses, and write about them all, then I'll probably buy myself a year or two of good mental health. It doesn't even matter if anyone actually reads it.



Figure 3.6: The road to heaven is nice and quiet this morning



Figure 3.7: *Dublin Port is a pot of gold that could redesigned as modern living for thousands*

4 Dun Laoghaire 1



Figure 4.1: *This lighthouse sells ice creams from inside an old military lookout tower. That's real progress.*

0805, Sunday January 1, 2023

It is, as ever, a slow start. You want to be gone but the bike says no. The back brakes are banjoed, which I can live with, and the fancy mudguard is dislodged, which I can't, cos it's dragging on the wheel. This stuff ought to be dunzoed the night before by my bike mechanic, but I am he, and here we are now. I've been tying up mudguard with a phone charger but

that's knackered now, so I need to dig out a longish bolt and *two* nuts to tighten it into place. Then I oil the chain and do a quick circle around the parked cars to spread the oil across the chain and the cassette, but the frikkin chain pops out of the bottom gear, and now the dérailleur is in the spokes. I'm at my wit's end with this bike. This keeps on happening when I'm climbing up hills. It did me in Chapelizard last week and it did me in Rockbrook a while back when I was testing out whether I could climb a bit of a mountain on it, partly out of curiosity, and partly to piss off all the allthegearmen themselves who forget that the mad bastards were doing the *Tour de France* long before carbon frames were available on the bike-to-work scheme. I bumped into Alan Lewis in Terenure on my way up and he was like, you're not going up there on *that* are you, with echoes of Barry O'D giving Kilroy the same grief out in Enniskerry over the hack of his Virgil van, but that attitude only gives me the extra urge of defiance to make it. Sadly, the chain was having none of it that day too and I had to abandon my climb at Mount Venus Road cos by the time I had it back on, it was time to go and pick up the chunfla from his babysitter.

4.1 And they're off

For once I know where I'm going. Dun Laoghaire lighthouse, or at least one of them. I head straight to the N3 cos I know I'll see the low sun there, instead of it being obscured behind houses and trees on the quieter roads, and it's a, eh, Bank Holiday Sunday today so everywhere will be doubly quiet. The mudguard has already started to come loose and of course it's because I've forgotten to tighten the two nuts so I have to dismount and tighten them with my fingers just. Sunny Cabra is looking particularly good and I flirt with finding the best spot to capture its tree-lined radiance but I start getting pissed off with all the stopping so I don't bother. It's plain sailing as far as the quays from here, and I roll through Stoneybatter all the way to the James Joyce bridge on the Liffey, which really does look, at least from this angle, like the open book it is supposed to, and more tantalisingly like the inner thighs of a supine lady with splayed legs. In squareness, it was the filthy man himself who made that connection, inasmuch as I can remember Dr John Nash *eile* telling us in college.

4.2 Negotiating the quays

I turn left onto the quays and I'm disappointed that the luminescent aperture of the Liffey estuary is not bookended by sunshine, because the last time I checked (Chapter 1), there were rays of light at the end of this grey tunnel, at this hour of the morning. But that was autumn and this is deepest winter, and with the slight north-eastward tilt of the quays, the sun seems to be hiding in the Deep South. I think about turning right over O'Connell Bridge, and actually I do, but I decide against the horrors of D'Olier St and the Protestant prison because again the sun will be blocked by buildings. So I weave along the skinny, tree-lined footpath on the south quays, using my bike's might to needlessly oust a hungover pedestrian who is already



Figure 4.2: Cycling along the Dublin quays of an early morning often feels like breaking into heaven. This photo was actually taken a couple of months later during the Dun Laoghaireó trip, and the sun is further south.

struggling to negotiate a dry passage between the wall, the trees, and the puddles that form on the ruptured concrete. I'm actually surprised that town is this quiet, as you'd normally have more wandering tourists struggling to find a worthy breakfast, and few heads on the walk of shame. Maybe they were all just up extra late last night celebrating the dawn of the New, to be fair, Year.

I cross back over Butt Bridge and there's barriers everywhere cos some kind of event musta been going on last night. I saw a wodge of scaffolding th'other day when I was driving back over the East Link bridge. I actually get yapping to the foreman cos I stop and ask a worker for a loan of spanner to tighten my nuts and she gives a me a pliers in lieu. The foreman moves me outside the barriers - cos I'm in a technically work environment? – but he's actually sound about it and he tells me that Westlife were playing, plus a few decent acts on the smaller stages. He's been working there since lunchtime yesterday and he looks shattered, although I'd say he's seen a few decent acts in his day, judging by the cut of him, or lack thereof. I give up on the pliers and give it back to your wan and I have to say it's really nice to see young women working in construction, cos you never woulda seen that in my Doris Day.



Figure 4.3: Yet again, the rainbows in Dublin Port are screaming for attention

Anyways, so I'm over the East Link and I do a quick bit of visual penance through Poolbeg's industrial scaldscape, before coming back out onto Sandymount Strand. I actually got this far last week, planning to hit the very same lighthouse in Dun Laoghaire, but I dropped in to see Storan whose wife had a horrific accident off the bike recently. I was worried that him and the kids would be on their Tobler for Xmo. It turned out she was just home and they were able to spend it together in their new house. Thanks be to the hokey she's gonna be ok, with no spinal or head damage, despite dozens of broken bones, and it's a reminder to never undertake a bus or a lorry at a junction, until they've moved on or left ahead of you. She actually thought the lorry driver had seen her and was stalling until she cycled on, but unfortunately not. He hit her, knocked her over, and was halfway over her body before a passerby screamed and stopped the lorry, saving her life. By the time she told me the whole story it was too late to push on to Dun Laoghaire so I ended up giving myself a tour of the Dodder River on the way home, which is a bit of a work-on, in case you are wondering, but I'm glad cos this week it's much sunnier.

4.3 Do the Strand

So I take the pedestrian path along the strand cos the tide is out and the walkers are on the sand, and then at the end of the footpath I hop down a few rocks to the sand, carrying my obviously bike, and thinking I'm Wout van Aert now, doing cyclo-cross. I only do a few hundred jaggedy metres on the rippled sand before coming out at Sydney Parade crossing and there's a plaque there for Merrion Strand, distinct from Sandymount Strand. I wonder if *this* is where Stephen starts his walk in the Proteus chapter of Ulysses, and it seems to the access point Oliver St John Gogarty suggests in his 1937 memoirs, where he writes "It costs one hour's sleep and half-a-crown to ride out to meet the winnowing tide at Merrion". The only difference nowadays is that it is easier to rent a DublinBike than a horse. I have to stop again to fix the mudguard but there's sand in my literally nuts and it's hard to screw them back on. I say hello to a Saudi lady with a boxer dog, a combo I've never seen before, and later I wonder if she's an infidel like my wife, also married to an Inglesi, cos anyone with a dog like that is clearly here for the long haul.

4.4 We've got it all

I'm back on the Rock Raid but cycling here is mingin, even with the advantage of a half-arsed bike lane, and I'm looking to see if that park on the left will solve my problems. On Seafort Parade, opposite Blackrock actual College, a couple of lads direct me down through an arch and into the park, which does have a bike lane, but before you know it, we all get squished through a five-foot path between the Dort barriers and a stone wall. It's a pedestrian right-of-way zone, understandably, and it turns out that the half-arsed bike lane award of the day



Figure 4.4: “*You must not think that Merrion is like this every morning at the beginning of the year; certainly not. But I have seen it thus on occasions when beauty reigned in the air and made it receptive. All we have to do is dwell on such moments of beauty. Other moments matter little...*” Oliver St John Gogarty



Figure 4.5: Freddie Mercury would have really appreciated life here

goes to this Newgrange-esque passageway. I come out at the DART Station and I'm welcomed by a modest sign saying "Blackrock village: we've got it all". Except for modesty.

In fairness, the village is a model example of how to quickly turn a linear Irish village - as in, all of them — into a public space worth hanging out in. There's public benches alloverthegaff, and some of them are even arranged so that two or more people can have a conversation. Throw in a welt of cafes with outdoor seating, and I'd say the boozers are prone to the odd spillover too, and suddenly you have a village worth actually being in, for reasons beyond Snail Mail and picking up a pint of milk. It doesn't take a lot of effort and there's no reason not to do more of this everywhere. Basically just keep what you had during Covid and add a few nuts and bolts for permanence. Traffic is one-way but there's a caynterflay bike lane. Plus it's worth coming for the accents alone, if only to hear what your own kids will sound like in a decade or two.

I exit the village and pop down to Seapoint just to scope out the Jacques Chirac with the swimmers. There's dozens of punters here, freezing their bits off, and looking all the happier for it. I sit down for a breakfast of oranges and nut bars and soak up fragments of chat. Southsiders don't get enough credit for their banter quotient, being neither Real Dubs nor the proud culchies who moved here before spawning them, so nobody much fights their corner. This bizarre mix of being nobody's child and the nation's rich kids finds fullest expression in the extraordinary Ross O'Carroll Kelly novels but also in the fact that many locals can see the funny side of their spectacularly successful rugby culture. Or as GK put it: if you're a Leinster fan wearing a Leinster jersey, then you don't get the joke. Being here also gives me a rare feeling of fitting in, which is something I seldom feel because I kinda didn't grow up in one place, but my ridiculous accent doesn't stand out here.

4.5 Dun Laoghaire pier

The problem now is that I'm freezing my own bits off and I'll be stopping yet more at the lighthouse. I shuffle down to Dun Laoghaire, another town designed for people to enjoy living in, and I get the base of the main pier. There's a queue for coffee and signs for no cycling on the pier, so I whip out my bike lock and it's jammed. I ask the fella in Bryan's coffee for some oil and he comes back and solves the problem with some WD-40, which David O'Doherty would advise against. But it's a quickfix and now I have coffee and a locked bike. I'm glad to be walking because my head is fried by now. I start moseying on the wrong side of the pier walk, cos I want to see the coast before they do it up, as they no doubt will soon, given how much effort has been going into, again, making this a nice place to be. God Bless Dun Laoghaire-Rathdown county council, with their splendidious libro and many public spaces. I love coming here because the space is made for people to enjoy themselves, and you don't even need to spend money, although that option is there, from Teddy's ice cream to food markets and a stack of restaurants with outdoor seating. There's well laid out spaces to walk, benches,

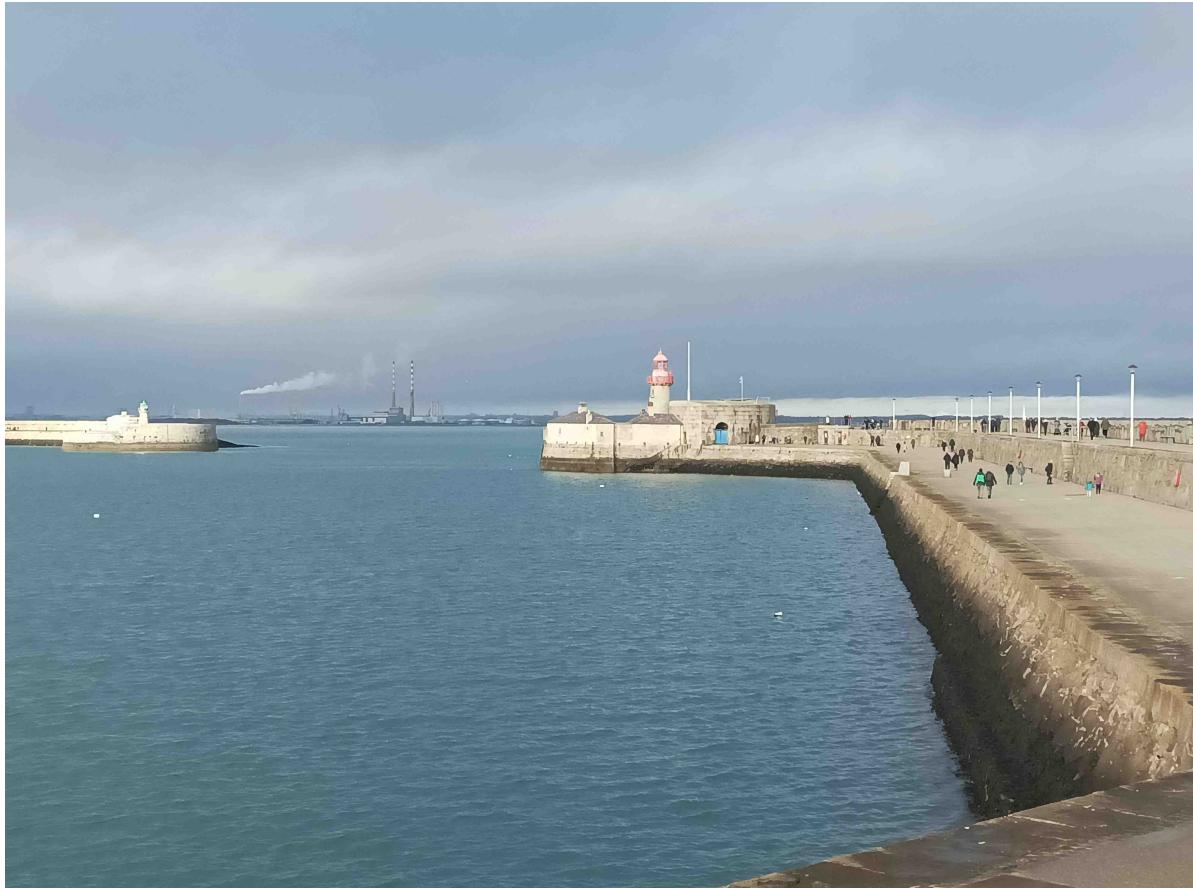


Figure 4.6: *A couple of cheeky lighthouses adjacent to your town centre does wonders for attracting daytrippers, even in the AM.*

a playground, and the People's Park adjacent. It feels like an Italian piazza here where all ages intersect, giving an orchestral fullness to life.



Figure 4.7: *I'd put money on the local council to do something decent with this rocky spot as the rest of the public spaces in the area are pretty jammers already.*

I get changed in a secluded spot - probably a classic location for knacker drinking - and I'm nice and warm again as I rejoin the masses making their way to the lighthouse. I hope that this pier can be a model of what is to come in the future of this country, as the population increases and more worthwhile coastal towns either spring up or expand in way that makes being there a pleasant experience. The lighthouse at the end of the pier lives inside a rundown Martello Tower and there's a disused cottage or two, which presumably used to be populated by lighthouse keepers. A van sells ice creams and I buy one off the world-weary shopkeeper who hasn't yet reconciled in his head the New Year vibes with the fact that he's just had to clean up a buncha portaloos. I lick my ice cream lustily on the walk back and then I'm on the bike for a surprisingly straight shot across the city on the diagonal running from south-east to north-west. There's little talk of a bike lane from Blanch to Dun Laoghaire, but it would go a long way towards unifying this city a little.



Figure 4.8: *These lighthouse keepers cottages will be snapped up quick once the war on vacant properties gathers real momentum*



Figure 4.9: *This is where they used to keep the ammo.*

5 Howth

Once I had ticked off the North Bull Lighthouse, I was ready to use my momentum and cycle to Howth the next week, but while I was going through the early morning preparation rigmarole, I woke my son up and I soon realised that he wasn't going back to sleep. So I lobbed him in the car, turned the L into a W, and two of us went for a wander, soaking up a glorious sunrise from the bay-side walk. So if you are sitting here wondering about the position of the sun at particular times of the year — which I increasingly am myself — then that's why the Baily Lighthouse in Howth is looking like it does above.

1048 Saturday Jan 7, 2023

It's late for cycling, but I got some news yesterday and it split my soul in two, with one part being me and the other part being a freaked-out variant who takes over intermittently. On top of that, I can feel a bout of emptiness being triggered, in a way that I've never been so explicitly aware of, and I know I need to take action. I don't get depressed in the sit-in-bed-all-day kind of way but I do feel an emptiness in me whereby basic life seems so aimless. Like, I can't sit and play with my son because I can't stop thinking how pointless it all is, but if I take him out for a walk then we'll have a blast and I'll feel better. If I stay at home, I need to do practical stuff like rearranging furniture. If I go cycling, then it has to be somewhere because I need that purpose. And I have to keep the locations changing or rotating, otherwise the pointlessness envelops me. I can't train per se. I couldn't sit on an exercise bike or lift weights in a gym or swim lengths of a pool. I just get depressed. I played so much sport growing up but I couldn't take it seriously after the age of sixteen and sport, along with nearly every profession, just seemed so emotionally lacking. I could never again commit myself to the rugby and cricket I had been playing insatiably. All that training seemed like such a loadamebollocks. I decided I wanted to be a writer, like George Orwell, and write about how shite everything was, and I knew, from Samuel Beckett, that my career could last until my eighties, unlike with sport.

5.1 Roads not taken

I bumped into Kev O'Brien in the playground last week and he's dunzo now. Ireland's most capped cricketer, out of contract, not selected for the World Cup in the autumn. Unemployed now. It was tough enough for me in my mid-thirties getting a hashtag real job after I finished up my PhD slash vow of poverty, but I can't imagine how tough it'll be for him, scouring the world for a cricketing job or else having to start afresh. Especially with kids. We played with



Figure 5.1: *Baily Lighthouse in the autumn sunrise*

and against each other as teenagers, between Ireland, Leinster and our respective clubs, before I chose the long and easy road, stopping in every Battle Cruiser on the way. Seeing Kev is a reminder of the life I claimed to pursue, and the need to write, as the clock is ticking. Bar technical writing, this is all I've got, and if it's shite, then at least I threw something at the wall.

In my twenties I poured booze into the hole in my soul. I played five-a-side football with the lads, and a smattering of junior rugby, but sporting fulfillment only came later when I discovered cycling. I was doing rehab from a knee operation and I had to bulk up my skinny leg but I was no longer doing the gymwork. My physio Andy Watson told me cycle up hills, preferably in a higher gear, and one day I battled my way up the Wicklow mountains on my shitty-ass city hybrid bike - Blue Thunder as Paul McQuaid pejoratively labelled it - and I loved it like nothing I had ever experienced. Since then I have had an activity in life with all of the joyous brutality of rugby except now I had the time and space to ponder life in real time. A place where my endless thoughts could find expression, coming and going in response to the changing landscape. A mobile meditation of sorts.

So anyway, I'm in the kitchen, cleaning up after breakfast, and I can feel the emptiness. We've no plan for the day and I can feel the nothingness come at me. But I know too that the issues from yesterday are triggering the trauma of going to boarding school when I was eight years old, so I get the idea of putting on some songs from that era, because there are so few details that I can remember properly, but the songs remain the same. First I stick on *Glory Box* by Portishead, released in 1994, but my memories are actually from my early secondary school days, and then I lash on *It's my life* by Dr Alban, which was my favourite song in the autumn of 1992, and immediately I'm in tears. I'm only nine and I'm back home in my folks' gaff, and it's time to go back to school, cos it's Sunday evening. *Atlantic 252* have announced they are going to play the song any minute and I'm waiting and waiting cos I want to tape it and then I'll be able to listen to it all week on my walkman. But we have to leave during the song and the music is gone.

5.2 Circular North Road

I go up for a shower and afterwards I declare I need to go for a cycle to help me process stuff. My wife and son are up for going to the playzone area nearby so I drop them there and then cycle out towards Howth. The cleanest and nicest way there is to take the canal into basically town and then jump on the cycle lane all the way up the coast from Fairview but I'm in the humour for piecing together more of the Northside, so I take the Abbotstown quadrant around towards Finglas and then hop onto the ringroad that pieces together the inner outer Northside all the way from Finglas Village to what turns out to be Killester. The road starts out life as Glasnevin Avenue and then it's Collins Avenue, but it's basically a North Circular Road, part deux, albeit low on embassies and high on gigantor churches. It's wall-to-wall traffic lights and junctions and I wouldn't recommend it unless cartography or transit is your goal. Everywhere

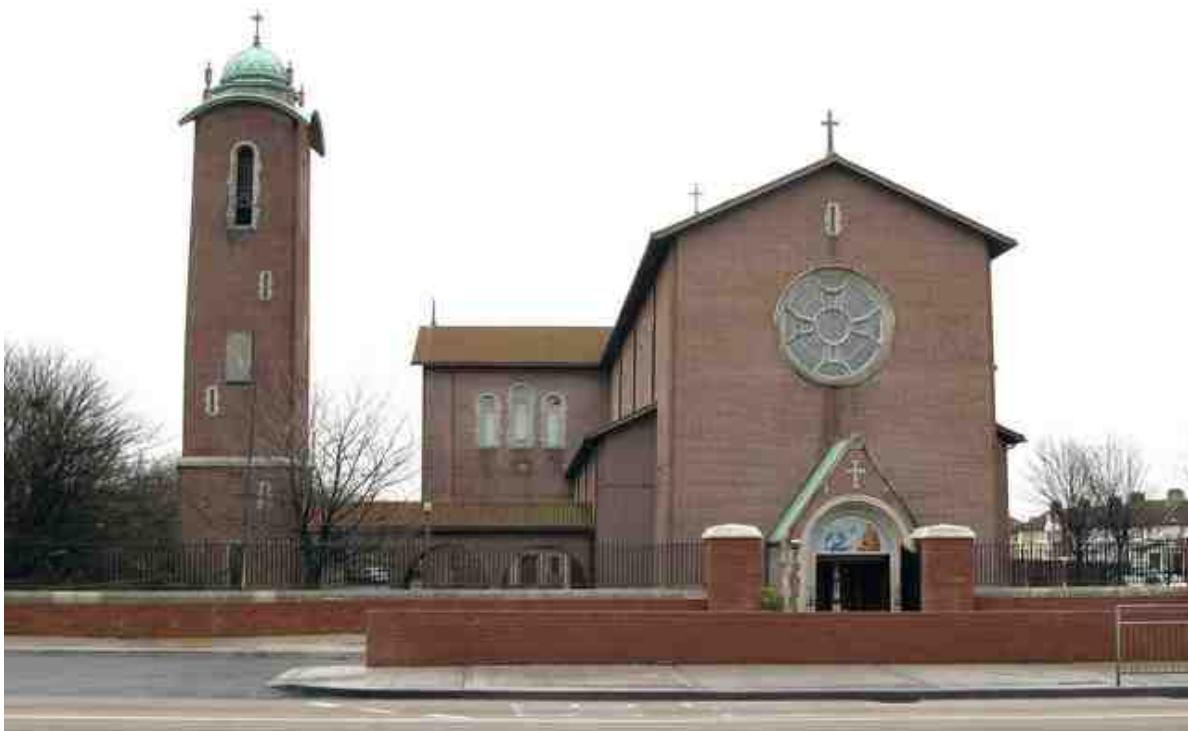


Figure 5.2: *Before the Catholic supernova exploded in the 1990s, churches in mid-20th century Ireland got bigger and bigger, as if they were going out of fashion.*

in the inner outer Northside seems to be a road, not a place, kinda like Belfast. Houses and gardens line the roads and, even though you never feel you are in a village, everywhere there is some prospect of life in a way that you don't get in siloed Blanch or New Lucan. Every so often a church emerges, the size of a football pitch, yet they look like placeholder prefabs, made of cardboard, and erected to ensure the newly housed residents could get mass while the real church is being built. Even the names are grandiosely Catholic, plucked from a game of Vatican Bingo. We're talking [Holy Child Roman Catholic Church, Whitehall](#), which was 'designed to accommodate a congregation of 1750'. We're talking, [Our Lady of Consolation](#), Malahide Road.

5.3 Maternal routes

After the Malahide Road things get more familiar. My mam's relatives are from around here. Killester, Marino, Raheny, although I certainly couldn't draw you a map because I was always driven here. I see from a shopfront that I'm actually in Killester, and I feel a warm memory of my mam's Uncle Jack. I'm very young and he's in his rocking chair, making an imaginary mouse run up his arm. The whole extended family used to have big card games a few times a year, with all the men in one room, smoking cigars and playing Poker, and all the women and children in the other room playing Newmarket, whose rules I can't remember. My mam was the only woman in the poker room. The older generation all died out, including my grandmother who was a widow for fifty-seven years. Her husband, Desmond Brennan, had died in 1948. He was a footballer for the Dubs and an accountant and a boozer, and he was only thirty-seven when he died. All four digits on the shared gravestone were different. 1.9.4.8 and 2.0.0.5. I can't imagine the loneliness for my Nana after he died. The kids were four, six, eight and ten, and my mam was off to boarding school in Longford a year later, aged seven, a double trauma that I'm only beginning to understand now myself, as my own child reaches that age, and I try to explore my own past, and my family's, to try to minimize the inter-generational trauma that I don't yet understand. You can still see my mam get triggered by frozen memories, or even by imaginary fantasy-memories, like when she sees Drico on the telly and she imagines his grandad and her own dad on the piss together in Clontarf. My mam still treasures her father's medals because that's all that survived. He is in this video, playing in [the 1934 All-Ireland Final](#), which Dublin lost to Galway.

After my granny died, Uncle Jack emigrated to Australia, aged nearly 90, to be with his daughter. *The Star* did a piece on him as Ireland's oldest emigrant. He was a lifelong swimmer well into his eighties and he must have been a great role model to her just as she has been to me, fending off age with exercise. Jack died ten years later, a week shy of his 100th birthday. I've often thought of putting a few bob on my mam to live to 100, just as Shane McGowan allegedly bet on himself to live to 50, then used the cash as a cheeky windfall. The older generation are all gone now and I don't know if any of my generation are in contact with each other, but my mam and her cousins still meet for dinner a few times a year and it's nice that

they stick together. It's a reminder to make sure that we keep up the full-size family occasions, with my all my sisters and our many kids.

5.4 St Anne's Park

I've been trying to make my way north, and to the sea, so that I can follow the coast road to Howth, but I'm still a bit lost. It's like trying to navigate life using childhood memories, although perhaps that's a good explanation of adulthood. I end up at yet another church, which turns out to be St Brigid's Church in Killester, from the 1920s, with a more Irish name. I give in and look at Google Maps and realise I'm beside St Anne's Park, which I've been studiously avoiding on my trips to Clontarf, cos I have cold but indistinct memories of the place. I weave through and there's a pop-up market on with loadsa burgers and organic vegetables, and there's a mother on a bike asking her son if he wants to buy kale so that they can make cripies. There's wide open spaces and the kids have no trouble making use of them but the adults are crouch-standing in huddles to eat their food cos there's nowhere for them to sit and eat and chill. Basic recreation is something that just doesn't seem to be understood deeply in this country. Please just stick a few seats down so we can all enjoy ourselves. Picnic benches. Fold-up seats. Anything. It's doesn't have to be a beanbagged chill-out space run by fans of *The Orb*, with lashins of herbal tea on the go, although I'm not gonna pass on the chance to advocate that.

Meanwhile, my infamous mudguard is giving me trouble again and I'm amazed to find out that there's a [bike repair spot](#) here. The lads are sound and the son tightens it back with two teeny bolts and I feel brand new. There's a stream running through the park so that takes me to the obviously sea and now I'm on the bike lane with a functional bike and a massive wind on my back. The water is in today and it comes right up to the bike lane so Doggerland has vanished. The grey sea seems dull now compared to the seaweed fields from the last day, but it's fun to ride this close to the water.

5.5 Bend of bay

The bike lane ends a bit before the x-shaped traffic jam at Sutton Cross, the tombolo which connects Howth Head to the mainland. If you need evidence that the land is made of sand, try playing rugby against Suttonians and see how your skin shreds on the soil if you don't lather up in Vaseline beforehand. Sutton Cross splits two ways. Straight on brings you to Howth village, and the Dart station, from which daytrippers can indulge in hikes to the summit and the finest range of fish-and-chip options on the island of Ireland, and there are a few swimming spots for the hardy. But when you are ready to mix it up, check out the bay-side of the peninsula, visible in the picture above, with its warren of walkways, and some very hidden beaches. Quite a few people live here and, as you continue along the peninsula, sticking to the coast as much



Figure 5.3: *Cycling to Howth Head: May the water not rise to meet you, and may the wind be always at your back.*

as possible, the houses start to get genuinely interesting, which is not something you would normally say on the island of Ireland. Some are right on the sea, others are raised high and I wonder how many of the ageing residents will have to install mini ski-lifts just to get up to their front door. I follow the Strand Road as far as I can and then have to climb some decent gradients to get back to the main road. It's pleasingly difficult on St Fintan's Road, around 10% gradient for a few hundred metres, and doubly enjoyable because I've only ever been up the main road here which is steady but dull 4%. When I re-emerge on the main road, I'm astonished to find that there are actual horses here. I can't put my finger on why I'm so astonished, as they are everywhere on the island of Ireland, even in people's gardens, but these eastmost grazers seem out of place.



Figure 5.4: *I'm astonished to find horses grazing in open fields on Howth Head*

5.6 Summit

The road grinds on to the summit, with the views now cordoned off, and it's just a breathing exercise to get to the top. There's a lad who races past me out on a steepish part but then I sit on his wheel to get a rest, and, when the road rises again, I spit him out the back on my way to a glorious victory. I take a cheeky look back down the road as I turn right up to the summit car park, and, to my delight, he is struggling, but he'll make it. I lock the bike in the car park and get ready for the slightly scary walk to the lighthouse, but I'm running out of time cos I've to get back and bring the chunfla for his Craig David vaccination at 4 o'clock. I don't have time to walk out to the lighthouse and back, so I decide to cheat, because we walked to this lighthouse so recently, and the sunrise light was so much better. I sit down and take a windy video, as my bike chewed up my earphones on the way here, and then I'm offski. The descent is straight and fast and I stop and see if I can take photos this time. It's a bad decision because a descent like this clears the head, and I resolve to minimize such stoppages in the future. Much as I adore the brain-filling joy of climbing, and the depths you need to go to just to keep going, the intense focus of going downhill washes the mind clear of thought, like restarting your computer, or downing a skin of pints after work on a Friday, which is how I used to do it.

I take the clean route home, along the seaside bike lane to Alfie Byrne Road and then I scooch over to the canal and piss it home to pick up the others. My bad feelings from earlier have been kicked to touch and I can take on the week from the yellow zone, not the red zone. On the coast road, I get in behind a couple of lads doing a steady pace into the strong wind, and we get chatting at the lights. Gary is selling his carbon-fibre bike and we exchange numbers. The next day I go over to test it out but it's just too big at the saddle for my squat legs, and I have to pass. But the seed is sown and I have to get me a decent Paul van before taking on the the lighthouses scattered around the other 3000 kilometres of coastline on the island of Ireland.

6 Wicklow Head



Figure 6.1: It'd be rude not to include a snap of sunset.

0904, Monday, Jan 16, 2023

It's Martin Luthor King Day, and because I work for an American company, I'm offski for the Doris so it's a good chance to take in a lighthouse. These American Bank Holidays might be unpaid but they are a special kind of me-time you don't normally get as a 9-5 drone, because when we are off, so is everyone else. So I cycle to school with the young lad running beside me, and then I'm free to ramble, as long as it isn't too icy. The problem is that it's proper cold for Ireland, only zero or one degree this morning, rising to just three degrees by midday. I suspect

that it'll be a smidge colder up the Wicklow Mountains. I'm heading to Wicklow Head today, 56k south of Dublin city, and I could buzz into town and take the flattish route via Bray, or I could take the fun route over the Dublin slash Wicklow mountains. The problem is that if it's a bit icy here, it's gonna be an ice rink up there.

I'm gaggo to go over the mountains because I love it up there and it's the only chance I'll have to write about those mountains in this book. My guess is that it'll be icy on the Dublin, aka north, side of the mountains, and that once I get over the first big peak the sun will be melting any ice. But I'll have to take it very easy on the descents, which doesn't bother me cos I'm way to scared to push it at the best of times. Normally I wouldn't risk it, but I have work to do today, getting to this lighthouse *and* taking in the mountains, so I'm pretending to myself that it's all ok, even though I know that ice and heavy wind are legit reasons to stay off the bike, unlike rain and a cold breeze. It was only afterwards that I found out there was a [status yellow ice warning](#) overnight, with special mention of the Sally Gap, although they did expect it to pass by noon.

6.1 Getting to the mountains

Getting to the mountains from Blanch is a pain in the gulags and it's yet another reason why I miss living in town. From the city centre, you can warm up on your way to the mountains, take in a good climb and then roll home, all within two hours, and quicker if you're pushing it. I make my way across the back roads to Chapelizard and then up the steep hill to Ballyfermot. I spent a year doing this route, between the bike and the car, lugging my son in the morning to a really great creche called Teanga Beo, where the kids could buzz about inside a sea of love. I miss Ballyfermot. It's a proper community and there's always a buzz about the village. It's like a survivor from the Ireland before the Celtic Tiger. We lived in nearby Kilmainham before the landlady decided to flog the gaff and the housing crisis forced us to emigrate to Blanch where we know no one. So for twelve months we back-and-forthed every day, with my wife picking the lad up on the bus on her way home from town. It was a lot of travel but at least we kept a little stability in his life while he was one the many children whose early years are ruptured by this country's failure to provide access to homes for people. We'll be moving again no doubt, once we have saved up a deposit to buy our own home, another sub-scandal in itself, and a big part of today's trip is to check out gaffs in South Wicklow where we might be able to afford.

I misjudge the diagonalization from Ballyfermot to Rathfarnham and Google maps wants me to do a weavearooney through a heap of unfamiliar spots but I'm not in explorer mode yet, so I cut back across from the Walkinstown Roundabout towards Terenure, past a whopper session gaff I used to live in, where a band called ITO used to live and practice. There was always an energy in the gaff and everyone was always doing something. Johnny Rayge and Steve were in the band. Imogen was a photographer. I was trying to write about the letters of the alphabet. JJ was a street performer and used to dress up as a skeleton and scare drunk

people for money in Temple Bar. And everyone's mates and mates' mates would just knock about. I first started cycling back then, in and out of town, as we all did, cos the bus was and still is a jake, although 5k seemed like an unbearable distance on the incline home. What hasn't changed, however, is the difficulty of negotiating the traffic into the otherwise beautiful Terenure village. After that junction it's a straight shot up to the mountains.

6.2 Catching my breath

But before I start climbing I have to stop off in a chemist to get an emergency ventolin inhaler because my lungs struggle when the temperature drops this low - I'd say it's about two degrees now. The pharmacist takes forever, like a solid twenty minutes for one item. I can never understand why pharmaceutical companies can put so much ingenuity into creating miracle medicines yet no one has worked out a way to dispense tablets quickly. Surely the back of the pharmacy should just be one big vending machine, supervised by a pharmacist who can talk to the customer. Instead, they piss away their time and yours by counting beans in the back while front of house is occupied by non-specialists who either don't know anything or aren't allowed to discuss it with you.

6.3 Rising slowly

After Terenure, it's Rathfarnham Castle, which could be a cardboard cutout for all I've ever seen of it, and then a brief urban-to-rural continuum as the road rises slowly. Once I go under the M50 the gradient increases, 2, 3, 4, 5 per cent up to the Merry Ploughboy before cresting briefly, and it's a good chance to get a feel for where the lungs are at. To feel your first wind. I think I finally understand the concept of a second wind. When a game starts, you run round headlessly and get out of breath because you haven't yet matched the pace of the game to your fitness, but once you find your own level, then that's your second wind, an acceptable level of exertion which you can maintain. Once the road rises from the interlude valley, I need to find my second wind because it's about 3.5k at 6% from here to the turn for Johnny Fox's, with a good stint at 8-10%. It's no rampa inhumana, but it's the hill against which I can measure my lungs, my legs and my mental state, and I can't even use the lowest gear so this is all about leg strength today.

Every time I come here I have to go to the well a little bit, just to keep my legs grinding. Thinking of the late Eamonn Donoghue got me up here once, and he'd've been forty in November, God rest his young soul. My mam's illness in 2014 too. And more prosaic difficulties in my own life. Getting through the PhD and my troubles with the booze. Little issues at home. Whatever is really wrong in my life will always come to me in the depths of this particular struggle. Suddenly I'm thinking about that other concern I have and so I just breathe and cycle, breathe and cycle. Yet I realize that when that problem is gone, everything else in my

life is now in a good place. We've got a baby on the way in a few weeks, and my wife is healthy and our son is well, and our relationship is good. My mam and dad are good and I am satisfied inside myself. Between the bike and the writing, the hole in my soul is filled, and for once I can't hear a scream, but a contented fulfilment. Nothing aches inside me and I smile ear to ear as the gradient keeps on giving. You think you are there but there's a blind bend and another steep rise, but it's all good. After the junction, the incline flattens out and there's a handy 3k to go before the Killakee viewing point, although there's a spot you always think is the resting point, and it's not. Mind you, a dog runs out after me, quicker than his owner can call him back, and it's great encouragement to keep going. There's always more in there than your mind tells you.

I stall the ball at the Viewing Point although I don't find that it's a view which improves with repetition. Maybe I should come here with my full-strength glasses, as my prescription shades are a notch or two weaker than my latest specs. Inland from the beautiful coast, Dublin just looks like a flat sprawl with few notable landmarks or patterns. Even the river is too narrow to show up the Dubberlin Wall, the supposedly great divide, and the sprawling low-rises expand both North and West. Relief only comes here in the south and you can see how these hills have acted as a natural barrier to expansion. I was here once with the above-mentioned Johnny Rayge and the landscape helped him to reimagine the Vikings and the Brits coming in. That's the level you can see from here. How the lay of the land has shaped the history.

I'm getting cold now with all the standing round so I push on towards the open mountains and I hope the road is clear of ice. The first few hundred metres are through one of those evergreen deserts, and the trees block the light and prevent the ice from melting. Soon they fall away and it's open bog all round. The roads are clear but the grass is white with ice, the sky is California blue, and the sun is blindingly low. It's incredible. I've seen this place looking variously green and yellow or purple and red, and I've even seen it burnt to a black crisp, but now it's long white streaks of ice diagonalizing out of the ground. I go round the bend and as I look back, I see the grass is all yellow. The sun has melted the ice on one side of the grass but not the other.

I keep my momentum to get to the top before stopping to take more snaps, and on the descent I barely recognise where I am from how different the landscape looks, so my recognition has to come from my familiarity with the curves and slopes on the road, which itself seems narrower and more cracked up than normal. There's a graveyard of trees now and each narrow stump has a plastic domino erected beside it. Then there's a sign saying the Sally Gap might be inaccessible in winter and here's an easy road left to Enniskerry, but I'm in no mood for half-assery, nor for that fast straight descent down to the waterfall, so I punch on and I'm actually glad there's another hill to climb now because I'm so cold that I need the hardship of climbing to warm me back up. This climb always looks less steep than it really is because it's open and roads always look steeper when there are trees or other markers to highlight the hardship. I end up having to get off the bike at one point because it's too difficult for me. Or, more accurately, I've gone into the red because I've misjudged the difficulty. Or more accurately again, I've gotten off the bike so many times now that stopping due to pain has become a legit



Figure 6.2: You can take the bike out of the city but you can't take the city out of bike.



Figure 6.3: *The road is clear now but it's still icy on the dark side of the grass.*



Figure 6.4: *What were the bogs like when you were young? / They went on forever and they, when I, we lived in Glenasmole / And the bogs always had little fluffy grass /... / it was beautiful / The most beautiful bogs as a matter of fact / The grass was purple and red and yellow and on fire / And the grass would catch the colors everywhere.*

reason to rest. And that's yet another problem with taking snaps en route. It banjaxes your cycling rhythm and it takes your head out of the game, and your mind doesn't get to go deep inside itself, either by accident, cos you are in the zone, or by design, as in this case, because you need to go to the well just to keep going.

That to me is the greatest beauty of climbing, getting access to the well of experiences inside you, because as your legs struggle and your body says no, your mind thinks of something painful from the past - which you overcame - and you can use that as motivation to keep going. And now the current physical experience can get added to the well, so that the next time something is equally hard then you don't need to rely on emotions, cos you've got the bodily memory to refer back to. It is literally like *D'ye remember the time you were on Kippure and you kept going?* And that memory tells you that you've done this before and you can do it again. When I started cycling first I had to think back to rugby training, cos that was the only relevant experience I had had, and the pain of the training drills I had done over the years. Paul O'Connell used to always talk about going to the well, but he was talking about doing in the middle of a match, which is something I find odd, because I find rugby too fast-paced to have time to think back in your memory. Maybe he's doing it just before packing down to a scrum, or else he has game-speed access to his history of experience. But for me, I need slash love the slowness of cycling pain to help me go there. My goal is not to find the limits of my physical capabilities, but to understand the limits of my own inner self. To know who I am and how I was shaped.

It turns out I have become someone who stops on the side of a climb to take photos. I time my rest to coincide with a parking spot used by drivers to view Lough Brae, with its steep rocky walls making it look like a big mixing bowl filled with black water. There is no one foolish enough to brave this freezing bowl of water today although I've often thought this'd be a fun place to hold a triathlon. Swim in this lake, cycle the roads and run around the gorse. I must start hiking out here too and get a different view on these hills. After all, this is a massive national park which is still underappreciated. Everyone knows about the West of Ireland but Wicklow is just as beautiful and, if hiking was your job, you could easily commute here daily from Dublin city centre.

I push on up the last of the Tonduff-Kippure pass, and then the land plateaus for a few clicks along The Sally Gap. Thankfully there's no wind today as this place can be devilishly cold, even if it's like 8 degrees, and the climb has my blood back moving. Bizarrely, a fella pulls up on the road in front of me and whips out a big pro camera and I give him a photobomb wave, but he actually flags me down. It turns out he's a freelance photographer - by the name of Damien Eagers – and he asks me to double back and go again for a better shot. He takes my name and tells me he'll be sending photos into the newspapers and I wonder how they'd feel about the worst equipped cyclist in Ireland out slugging through icy roads. I push on, wishing I'd told him about my lighthouse trip, and then I stall on again at the exposed crossroads, where the Old Military Road, which I'm on, meets the road up from Blessington slash Manor Kilbride. This spot functions as a great endgoal in your mind but it can be a rough stopping



Figure 6.5: *Lough Brae. This is where I'd set a triathlon. Jump in to that lake, preferably off the cliffs, swim a few lengths, then jump on your bike to race up and down the mountains, before legging it round the boggy paths.*

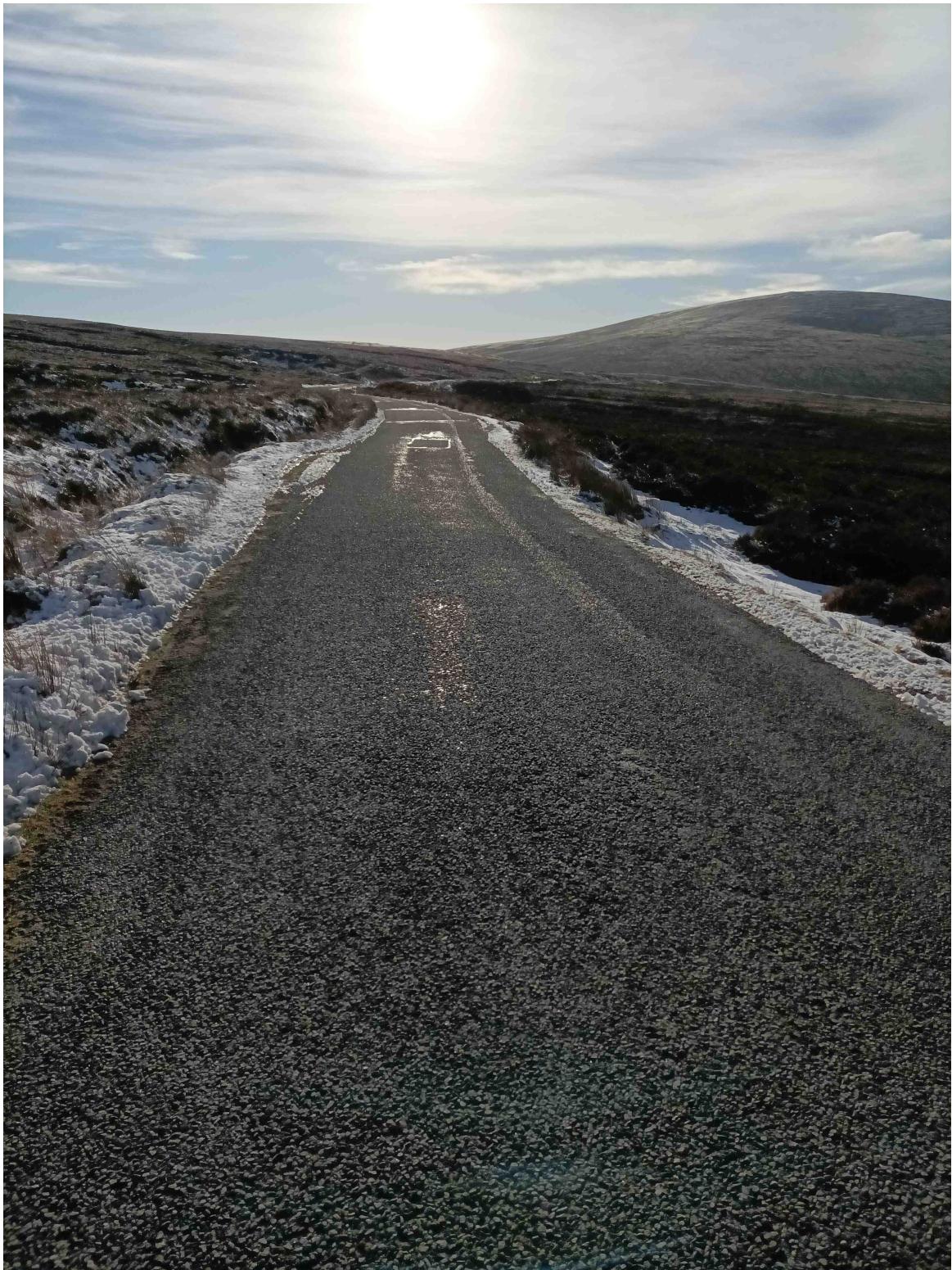


Figure 6.6: *The Sally Gap*. This is the ice on the papers were banging on about. Zoom in to the right and you'll see the road grinding up from the Blessington side.

point on a windy day cos there's no shelter. I'm trying to take arty photos of my bike at the toppled signpost and then Damien reappears, and we have a proper chat this time. Before I bounce, he gets me to do another looparooney so that he can get Kippure in the background, with its snow and big fukov TV mast,



One road goes to Glendalough and the Wicklow Gap, but I turn left for the Guinness Lake and Roundwood. This is less familiar territory now cos I'd usually swing around at the Sally Gap, descending towards Brittas, but it's handy enough this way too as it's mostly downhill, and I just have to be careful to dodge any ice, which only crops up whenever coniferous trees block the light. I stop off to look at the black and white lake and its teeny private flat valley and it's like looking at the past from above, when Ireland was divvied up into estates, with peasants out of view and aristos having afternoon tea in the gazebo. Some member of the Guinness family owns this land and I remember that I must pick up Paul Howard's book about your man from this branch of the family whose death was documented in The Beatles' song *A day in the Life*.

I want to know more about the Guinness family because I was friends with Patrick Guinness in the bizarre boarding school we both went to as kids, but I haven't seen him since I was ten,



Figure 6.7: *The Military Road feels like the road to nowhere until you get to the crossroads and lots of options emerge. Spin round and roll home or push on into deeper Wicklow for Glendalough or Roundwood.*

when he was old enough to move on to secondary school somewhere. His mother, Marina, was the kindest of souls and she'd rescue foreign kids for the weekend, as they would otherwise be locked up in school for three whole months at a time. Presumably she felt a lot of conflict between feeling sorry for the individual kids and the aristocratic habit of sending their eight-year-olds off to be raised by gangs of nine, ten, eleven and twelve year olds. I saw Marina intermittently down through the years as she used to buy her chicken feed in my dad's animal feed shop, although unlike most customers she'd be more interested in hearing about us, rather than unloading their latest goss or their dog's hardships. Still though, you'd hear stories of her letting travellers live on her land. I last saw her [in the Indo a few years back](#), being interviewed about the bands Kila over practising in her gaff. The presence of such people in my childhood gave me a glinting awareness of a rock'n'roll world which never seemed to seep beyond this Hidden Ireland of castles and estates. Paddy Guinness's dad was the drummer from The Police, Stuart Copeland, but he was off in America, and poor Paddy had to learn the drums from our shite music teacher in school.

I mostly lost touch with that world when I went to secondary school but somewhere in amongst it all I picked up a chunk of the Anglo-Irish insouciance, as they seemed to live in a parallel world to the rest of us, with fun ousting work as the primary life motivation. I jumped ship for secondary school, but I never felt at ease with the workaday world of respectable jobs which characterised its hard-working, well-salaried Catholic families. I feel I need to go and find those people I grew up with in primary school and learn about them and the mad world we were reared in. Every so often I meet one of them on the rand and the familiarity is like meeting a person from an island you grew up on but can never go back to. There's a photo of us all in 1993 and it'd be a very cathartic project to find and interview them all and write a book about it.

After Luggala, the descent transitions from mountain bog to farmland and I emerge on a busy one-way rural road that is the worst kind to cycle on. Cars zip by at the limit slash recommended speed of eighty clicks a Paddy, and when you're not getting overtaken at breakneck speeds, then you're in a tractor's cavalcade, rubbing wing mirrors with filthy jeeps. It's only 3k to Roundwood so I stick it out and I'm curious to check out this village, seeing as I'm kind of on a mish to scope out South Wickow as a viable and affordable place to buy a house and live. Instead, I listen to Google Maps and a rare pedestrian who both guide me left towards Ashford just before the village of Roundwood emerges. I know I've missed a beat cos I remember me and Mono stopping here for a carvery nearly ten years ago and watching Jimmy Gopperth missing an extra-time dropgoal by a cunthair, preventing a particularly unmemorable Lonster team from reaching another Heineken Cup Final. Such are the hashtag margins. But as I say, I'm on a mish to check out a few villages and this is the one I'm least interested in, being a piece of the midlands which has leaked into The Garden County.



Figure 6.8: *Luggala, aka the Guinness lake. Once the site of the biggest session gaff in Ireland.*

It turns out that the Wicklow Mountains are not quite parallel to the coastline, and Roundwood and its lakes lie in a bit of a plateau between the mountains proper and a harmonic overtone of hills through which I'm about to pass on my way to the coast. For a few clicks, I'm back in the Ireland I've never had much interest in. Lumpy fields and nothing happening. Many people think this is idyllic and I can even see why Kim and Kanye took [their honeymoon in Offaly](#), but to me it's just livestock and jeeps, an outdoor factory for churning out nosebag, and we're not welcome, unless you are on tea-drinking terms with the farmers. From the viewpoint of someone squashed into a shitbox duplex in the burbs, it's an inefficient use of our beautiful country, and I wish we could find a better way of divvying up the land between the need to accommodate people, the need to produce food, and the often forgotten need to reforest the island's natural habitat for the poor bastids who got turfed out.

Soon I'm back on hillier terrain, with equestrian centres replacing the sheep farms, and suddenly the coast reemerges in the distance, reminding me that I might soon reach this lighthouse. The hard work is done and this trip is now about exploration, looking at housing developments and getting the lay of the actual land. We're talking Ashford, Rathnew and Wicklow, where new homes (might) still cost less than 400k, and I can find that magic mix of the sea, the mountains and, I hope, some community for my family to be a part of, even if that will always be a little alien to me.

6.4 Ashford

As I arrive in Ashford I'm greeted by New Homes on both sides. I recognise the name of one of the developments and go in for a quick spin and there's about a hundred cookie-cutter Roisin Gaffneys with a block of young grass in the middle. I want to cycle round the path at the back but the pavement is five or six inches off the road, and I can immediately see how this will be a problem for kids cycling round. It's not a dealbreaker of a problem but it's the sort of detail which shows how little care goes into making housing estates habitable for when you're actually like *there?* I feellike I need to do a tour of the world before I come to understand how it ought to be done, but I'm a hundert percent sure we're doing it wrong in Ireland. Nearby is another development but each house has an upside down cross under the gable roof at the front and I feellike I'm in a horror movie in the Deep South. I make my way down to the village via some roadworks and I'm delighted to see that these developments are only a five minute walk from the village, exactly how I like to live.

I see a charity shop and I go in and buy myself a light fleece-jumper for a fiver and it warms me up goodo The lady's accent is very posh but not quite West Brit and I'm like this is going to be interesting. I go in to the cafe next door, *The Hen and Hog*, and I quickly clock that this is a two-accent town, exactly like Dublin city, and the name of the cafe kinda describes this. One accent dates back to the medieval English brought here by the Normans and this is only spoken by bonafide locals, of the right – or wrong - background. In Dublin, they

are condescendingly called Real Dubs, although to me that sounds aspirational, seeing as I couldn't name a single distant relative born in the other thirty-one counties of Ireland. But my people don't come from the old city. Then you've got your West Brit accent which came in centuries later and modern blow-ins develop gradations off that. In Dublin that has ended up as the D4 accent among younger people, but I'm not sure if it's as uniform among the older generations. The lady next to me is telling her lunch companion about laast week when she went awf shopping in Dun Laoghaire, and meanwhile the waitress is saying sarry she took so lo-ong, it's only her first da-ay, in that down-to-up accusing tone that *Real* Wickla people have. I must go back and see what [Hickey](#) has to say about these East Coast accents in Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford.

Ashford looks a nice size to live in. Enough going on to keep you fed and watered and the kids in school, but definitely not a town. By the time I leave, it's school collection o'clock and there's a logjam of traffic. My sister afterwards explained that there's feck all infrastructure down here to cope with the growing numbers. Even the train timetable is a joke. This morning, I had hoped to make it home on the 2:45 train from Wicklow Town, but if I miss that, and I will, I've gotta wait til the 7:15 train back to Dzublin. On a day like today, that's a cheeky excuse to faff about. But it's a black mark against the place being a viable place to live.

6.5 Rathnew and Wicklow Town

The road to Rathnew and Wicklow town is nothing to write home about unless you want another traffic report, although it's not quite clear exactly where Rathnew actually is, or if it's just town sprawl with a name known to outsiders. Given the warnings I've accrued in advance of my journey, I bet this is where all the council estates were put, allowing Wicklow Town people to maintain their distance from the riff raff. The sea is on my left, and the coastline is surprisingly drab, being neither rugged nor a bay, and it's a reminder how lucky we are in Dublin to have such beautiful coast.

The map says there's a narrow lough and a peninsula slash barrier island in parallel, so it looks like you've got all your transport systems there to my left. Coast, island, river slash lough, trainline, road. To the right is a long hill, stencilled with ineluctable houses not worth looking at, although I'd say many of them are decent to look *out of*. I pop into a sizeable development of new houses, Tinnakilly, which fills in a hilly gap between the road and the sea, but it screams amenity desert to me, and traffic galore. Like most new developments.

There is a bike lane now though, so I veer off left to cross the lough and it's a short kilometre into town. The peninsula is a post-industrial shitpit but a less scaldy promenade appears, full of walkers and scraps of amenities such as playgrounds and a dogpark, with gastro pubs hanging out the end of it. It's immediately clear that I'm cycling along on the future of this town, but there's not a crane in sight and you could still host a cheeky rave in the disused warehouses. I'd say Craig David lockdowns were the best thing to ever happen this place and that it was rammed with takeaway pinters in the summer of 2021, with the only downsides



Figure 6.9: If they repurposed those warehouses then a few hundred people could stroll into town along the sea whenever they needed a pint of milk or beer.



Figure 6.10: Post industrial shit pit

being the presumably breeze and the hill to the west knocking off a solid hour of evening sunshine. This place reminds me of La Manga in bottom right corner of Spain, a skinny strip of land which has recently been filled with condos and clubs. There's no reason why this town couldn't become a getaway town for Dublin, and a better train would zip you up and down in forty minutes. Like if the Victorians were stalling it out to Bray for the avo, then we should be buzzing down here. And if they are plonking low density housing in the greenfields on the edge of this town, forty-five road-laden minutes walk from the town, then they ought to sticking high density housing here in the brownfields, right on the sea, twenty minutes from town along the promenade.

Down near the harbour, I cross a tiny bridge back into the town centre, and I eke my way through some side streets and up onto the main street. It looks like the town is transitioning into a genuine hangout space, with the likes of Nick's coffee having reclaimed some roadspace for his clientele, and a few more micro-piazzas having great potential, but I can't help but feel that this town, like so many in the state, have suffered the deleterious effect of being left to the natives for a century.



Figure 6.11: I don



Figure 6.12: blah blah

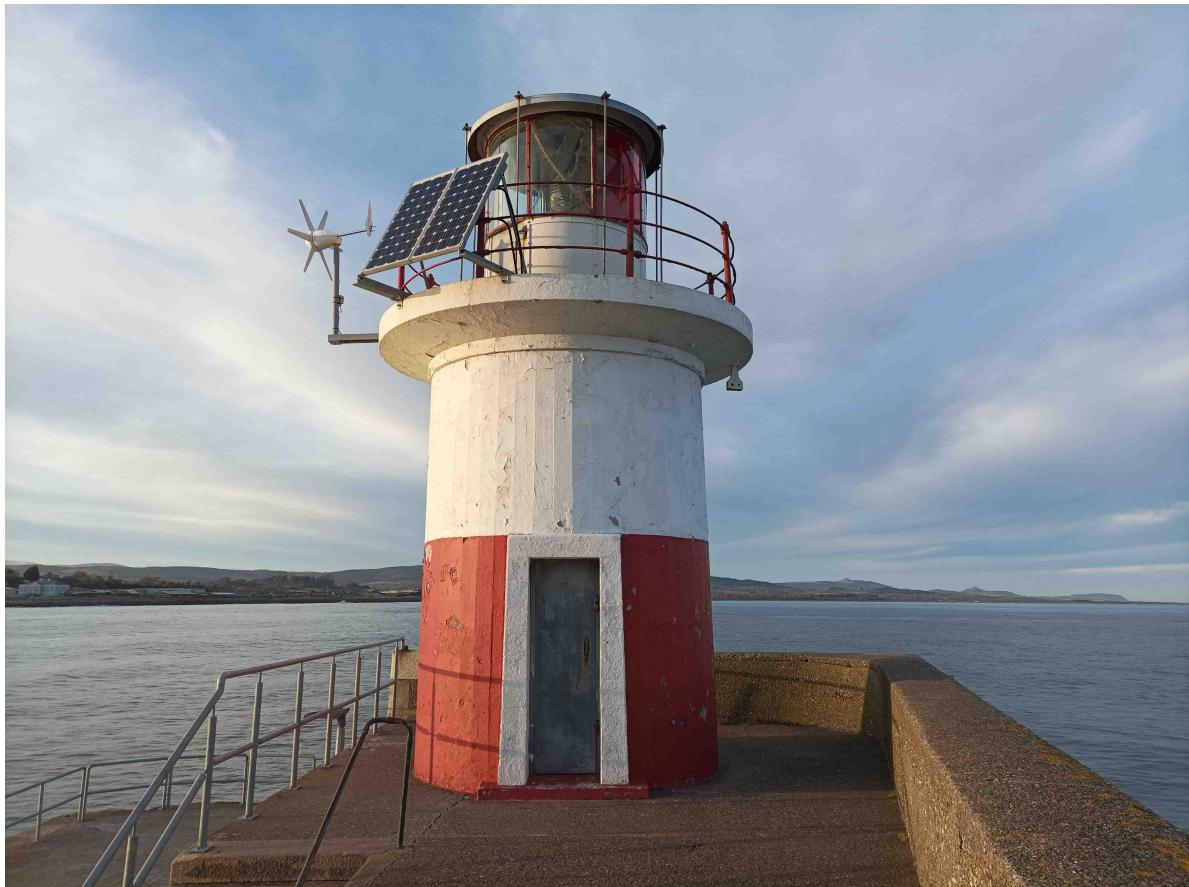


Figure 6.13: *This little lighthouse is so near the town that it might well have been operated by a local publican*

I pop back down to the harbour, which is still a live workspace and not a designed for tourists. For the sake of exhaustiveness, I take the short walk down to the scatty lighthouse. The whole area is a work-on for the town but, again, the potential is huge. There's a Norman castle here too and some explanation of the history and purpose of the town, but fish and fortification is good enough for me and I leave the castle for my next visit, with the kids next time, cos this place is a diamond in the rough.



Figure 6.14: *The road to the lighthouse is a boreen (left) off the main road (right). This takes you onto a small, isolated headland and you've no reason to be here unless you're a resident or scoping out lighthouses.*

It's three or four clicks from the town to the lighthouse, past a tidy golf course and then down a boreen off the main road. I'm only following Google Maps and haven't done my obviously research, so I'm pretty shocked to find notices saying that the road is private. There's a couple of houses and I hear someone about to leave the gaff with a few dogs so when she

comes out I ask her the Jacques Chirac and she says it's grand, that there's a grumpy farmer who is always moaning about the gate being left open. I feel like a criminal all the same but I'm relieved to see a few Spanish tourists out taking selfies and when I get to the gate I just open and close it like the basically door that it is. I now feel like a kid sheepishly retrieving his football from a neighbour's garden. There's yet another gate on the way to the lighthouse, with *CIL* welded into it and only later do I learn that this means *Commissioners of Irish Lights*, so I no longer need to be worrying that said farmer is coming out with a shotgun. But I still am. Unlike a lot of Irish people, I don't have a well of trespassing experiences to draw upon in order to help me through these nerves.

It turns out that there are three lighthouses on this campus. The working lighthouse is on a lower knob of land jutting out of main headland and to get there you have to descend a few steep hairpins. It's your classic lighthouse, complete with red and white paint, and a house adjacent for the erstwhile lighthouse keeper and family. The views from here are quite poor, by the high standards of the genre, so you can only look 180 degrees out to sea, and to some pointy cliffs which you'll want to avoid if you're on a boat. This is the Eastmost point of Leinster and you'd really want to be here in the morning for sunrise. This is the sort of detail I didn't appreciate until I started voyaging out to these plantless, houseless places.

On my way down is a father and son combo, obvious from their matching gaits, but I'm not sure if they live here or are just visiting. The dad looks out towards the cliffs and the son pops down under the gap in the gate to go and have a moment to himself on the far side of the wall. I get yapping to him after and he tells me a bit about the battle between the farmer, who owns the land, and the I think council who the road. He's the kind of lad you would seldom find in any other county, with a Druid's goatee so thick and long that it's hard to see his lips and whenever I struggle to understand his accent, then my only back-up is to tongue-read his speech. The lads bounce and I hang around to take photos and savour my disappointment. It's a long way to come to find such a mediocre setting for a lighthouse.

What I don't fully appreciate is that the other two towers were also lighthouses in their day, lit by candles and mirrors. I don't hang around long to work out the situation because the sun is setting and I need to cycle back into town before dark. I'm gonna file that under learnings and work ons.

Coda

It's a long way home from here and the train isn't for another two and a half actual hours. On the way back to Wicklow Town, I stop to look at a tiny valley which has been manicured into a beautiful green by the golf club, and it's a chance to reflect on how mankind can turn the most useless of land into something useful and beautiful. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I feel that golf courses might be world leaders in turning Ls into Ws, along with Japanese gardens. Every beach in Ireland has a golf club hanging out the back of it with sandy dunes converted into pure recreation. It'll be interesting to see how land gets developed in the future as more people live in tighter spaces and need more resources. It looks like Wicklow has begun the



Figure 6.15: *The modern lighthouse is at the bottom of a winding road, as far out to sea as possible on this stubby headland.*



Figure 6.16: *Some cliffs to avoid if you are on a boat*



Figure 6.17: *The rear lighthouse dates from 1781 and sits on top of Wicklow Head, not at sea.*



Figure 6.18: It is a beautiful octagonal structure offset by ever-smaller round windows climbing up the tapered tower, and nowadays you can rent it out and kip here.



Figure 6.19: *The front lighthouse is a less impressive structure and looks like the lighthouse keepers' kids decided to have a go too*

process of sprucing itself up but a lot more vision and investment will be needed to transform its coastline so that it becomes a day trip resort, and no doubt this lighthouse complex could do with a visitor centre too. I stall the ball in the town, pop in for a chat with an estate agent and we both agree that the town is the place to live, not off in one of the new developments. I pass the time with some pub grub in an empty boozer, but it is a Monday in the middle of January, and there is at least a ukulele class on in the background to take the edge off the cavernousness. Waiting for the train home I get yapping to a Ukrainian lady who has come to Ireland for a five day holiday. She arrived today and, for reasons she hasn't got the English to explain, she has come here. Her face screams disappointment but I feel hopeful. On train I talk bikes and mortgages with a bike shop mechanic who has to work 11-7 because of the train skedj and I just hope to Christ that the right people get on the case and turn this town into the special place it could be.



Figure 6.20: *If life gives you bumps, make golf courses.*

7 Balbriggan



Figure 7.1: *Balbriggan beach and harbour: I took this snap two weeks later when I brought the family back for a sunny day out in Dublin's most underrated town.*

Monday, April 10, 0857

It's a Bank Holiday Monday and another good chance to get out on the Paul van. I haven't been out for a big one since baby Desiree was born in February, but life is stable at home now and my wife is well on top of her shit. The baby has been an angel and Valentine, who'll be six in May, is back to himself and more. In fairness to my wife, she hasn't been holding me back. I just felt like I was supposed to be at home and yet that has done nothing for my

mental health, especially as I already work from home, and I've only emerged now from what she reckons has been a week-long anxiety attack. It is something I'm gonna need help for, although I'd still rather throw cycling, writing and meditation at the problem than prozac, as long as I can, although, to be fair, I'm not always arsed. Thankfully I'm back to myself now and I'm ready to hit the Dermot and have something to write about after.

Yesterday I thought it might be time to hit Dundalk via Drogheda so I called Boring Mick and he was gaggo for it cos he was already at home in Drogheda for Easter, and he said he'd join me for the second leg. But in the end, he was up to his eyes with his insomniac toddler so I had to go out on my Tobler and find somewhere to go in the pissings of rain. I decided that it was finally time to go and explore a bit of inland North County Dublin, where my dad is from. Since I moved to Blanch, I've been out scoping the coastal towns from Malahide through Swords, Donabate, Rush and Skerries. Most of all I've been in the tiny fishing village of Loughshinney, where my mate Leonard moved to a few years back. There's good odds that we'll end up buying a gaff in one of those towns cos the area ticks a buncha boxes, being beside the sea and connected to the city by the train, and maybe the kids will feel like they are actually from a community, in a way that I don't. I reckon that area will become the new South County Dublin as the city explodes North and all the towns get swallowed up, just as Blackrock and Dun Laoghaire did over the twentieth century. The question, of course, is whether we could be arsed being part of the relatively early migration.

But inland North County Dublin is a funny old place to me because my dad is from there yet I've never spent serious amounts of time there, beyond day trips as a kid and funeral visits in recent years, as his five brothers have all died, including four in the last five years. Thankfully their sister Monica, in her mid-eighties, is still alive and kicking, and she still brings my dad along to the races with her. The whole family had big-ticket names. Cuddie's real name was Columbanus, the great Irish saint, and Lorenzo was named after a Vatican bigwig in the early 1930s who came to visit Ireland. There was Austin, Aidan and Oliver, which is now like the most popular baby name in Ireland and Britain, and my dad was Valentine, born twenty minutes after Valentine's day. That was also going to be my name, but when the nurse saw *Valentine Desmond* written down, she pointed out to my parents that my initials would be VD - or *venereal disease* - so they swapped it to *Desmond Valentine*. In the end, we named our son Valentine, which my wife was up for because she and my dad get on like a house on fire. Our cat was also born on Valentine's day but we never managed to name him appropriately, despite Maisoon's excellent suggestion of *Cupid*, and the poor unnamed creature ended up being called *Puddens*, which is really a term of endearment. Amazingly, our daughter Desiree was due to be born on the Valentine's day just gone, and that was when my dad told me the story about him being born a few minutes late. His mother asked the nurse to change the time of birth to match the date, but your wan said she couldn't. The story makes me feel like less of a spoofe because people regularly ask us if our son was born on Valentine's day, and I've long since given up being like "*Almost. His grandfather was born the day after Valentine's day?*"

So anyway I set Google Maps for Oldtown and then Ballyboughal cos the family are from

somewhere between the two, although I've only ever been driven there, so I don't remember exactly where. It's pissing rain when I leave and after about three minutes I realise that it's also cold enough to need gloves, but instead of doubling back on myself and disrupting the fatherless breakfast party that is about to begin, I decide to dig out my spare socks. I packed minimal clothing to wear home on the presumably train but I'd much rather have wet feet on a train than cold hands on a bike. And that's not just because I don't give a rats about future me. There's times where I'd rather be naked on a bike with gloves on than the other way around.

The cycle itself is fine but following Google Maps on a bike is more of a hassle than being wet and I'm all the time pulling over and taking off my glove-socks and recentring and doing doublebackarooneys, but the trip itself is otherwise pretty mellow cos the roads are quiet and it's just great to be out. It's 20k to Oldtown and I barely remember it, and even Strava didn't bother to record it. There's moments where you'd see a bit of featureless flat farmland and think, ooh, this might be where we used to drive down to Cuddie's or whatever, but I'm not sure. There's a sign saying 3k to Oldtown and it's the first time I feel emotions, but it's actually a pang of pain about my first day in boarding school, and my sisters all being there and I think they were probably too horrified ever to go back, bar Babs who'd come and collect me sometimes at the weekend. I remember Oliver and his wife Rosaleen coming down one Sunday evening and Rosaleen was horrified by the place. It's one of the few moments I have of adults having explicit feelings or opinions about my strange upbringing. She was always lovely and I have great memories of having fun with Suzanne and Derek, my slightly older cousins, who had a dart board and a snooker table that Santa had to leave outside.

7.1 Oldtown

Oldtown village is tiny but the church isn't and it hits me on arrival. Cuddie was buried here and I've a memory of an off-kilter local fella in a high viz jacket doing his bit to herd us all from the church to the cemetery. Cuddie ran the post office and a grocery shop, and then his son Andrew became the postman for a bit. Once or twice the two of them came out to run my dad's shop when he was away and that was gas. I can't remember why cos me and my sisters always ran the shop ourselves when my dad was off on holidays with my mam, usually cycling the world. As I'm cycling in to Oldtown village I actually think I see Andrew, under an umbrella, and I call his name, but it's not him, and I push down to the main crossroads where the only pub is and a pop-up coffee shop. There's a young wan making coffee, two middle-aged ladies getting caffeinated before the races in Fairyhouse, and two possibly father-and-son barmen outside cleaning up last night's heroics. I ask them about my family and the younger barman says they are not much of a drinking family. No one seems to know exactly where Derek's farm is, where my dad grew up. Seemingly it is up a lane past Keogh's, of crisps fame, and their lorries are the only sign of industry in the area. It turns out Cuddies' wife Catherine was there for last night's Easter events. Some kind of IRA celebration I think, but I didn't catch the exact deets.



Figure 7.2: Oldtown's church is big enough to sleep the whole village



Figure 7.3: *Oldtown village has one battle cruiser and no traffic except for lorries exporting Keogh's crisps which are made round the corner.*

I've never had a proper local pub where people know each other so it all feels alien to me and I've never even stayed overnight here as the cousin from the city because we lived near enough to go home in the evening, even after a few tipples. This actually explains yet another bit of my sense of displacement. So many Dublin people of my generation are the spawn of jumped-up boggers, so they would have gone down the country and put in serious time there, and many of them still do. Kilroy still hits up Enniscrone in Sligo, and Storan would hit Bantry in West Cork, or whatever. I called him yesterday and he was in mass in Ballina in Mayo, with his wife, warming up pews for Sleepy Joe's coming visit. Even my sister Emer has been in Monaghan all weekend with her husband and their kids, who still alternate Dublin and Monaghan gaelic jerseys. I've never had that other place, with the brief exception of Tralee, where I used to stay as a teenager with McCornFlake, and for a couple of years when I was going out with a girl who I met through him. Even that was only serious enough to stall down for a Stephen's Day piss-up with all the lokes, rather than a full-on Christmas. Tragically, my wife is no longer accepted by her family in Oman, since she had a kid with me, so we can't and don't go there. Instead, we hang out in my sister Barbara's, who is much older than me, and has always doubled up as part-sister, part-mammy to me. I was only ten when her first son was born and seeing as they lived about a mile away, I'd stall down there whenever, and I still do. Her and her grown-up kids now provide that second layer of family to my kids and it is something that I am eternally grateful for because everybody needs a refuge, and that connection keeps us nearby more than anything. A house has come up five minutes walk from her gaff and, if we can, we'll take it.

7.2 Ballyboughal

I push on towards Ballyboughal, three clicks away, and somewhere off-route is where my dad grew up. I decide to leave that for another day and it's nice to scope out an empty Ballyboughal without there being a funeral, and me not feeling like an outsider amongst dozens of lookalike cousins. The church is much older than Oldtown's which makes sense cos this village is on a road to somewhere. There is a plaque on the nearby pub about some Ra lads back in 1921. I do a spin up and down village and I realise that it's actually your classic linear drivethrough village and I think about Rob Kearney's brother who was knocked down by a lorry aged five, crossing a road that was probably like this, and poor Gordon Cooney, our next door neighbour who died at that age, long before I was born. The road continues on to The Naul, eight lumpy clicks north, and I follow it cos Leonard said Naul Village was nice. It's nice to have some gradient after thirty clicks on the flat, but the village is a bit of let-down, mostly cos I hate linear villages, but possibly cos it's a Bank holiday and everything is dúnta. So I turn right for Balbriggan, another eight lumpy clicks towards the East coast. I don't know the plan yet but I'm defo stopping there for some nosebag because I'm Hank Marvin at this stage.



Figure 7.4: *Ballyboughal church is older than Oldtown's so it must've always had more people*

7.3 Balbriggan



Figure 7.5: *Balbriggan lighthouse and harbour from the blind side.*

As I approach Balbriggan, houses start popping up and some purpose-built schools, and soon I see the boozer where we had pints after Frankie Gaffney's dad's funeral a few years ago. The town itself doesn't feel like a coastal town and it turns out that the train line chops off access between the town and the sea, so you are looking at underpasses and walkways galore. On my way to the harbour, I meet functional beachgoers like dogwalkers and grannies with spadewielding grandkids, but there is not a lot of casual integration between the town and the coast, like in Dun Laoghaire, where you can't miss the sea. I approach the harbour from the blind side, via the Protestant church on high, and I am delighted to spot a lighthouse, as I hadn't realised there was one here. It turns out that the Wikipedia page is split into two tables: lighthouses run by the Commissioner of Irish Lighthouses, which I had been planning to visit, and then a sundry bunch of lighthouses run by whoever. This explains why the lighthouse in Wicklow Harbour wasn't on my list, and it's a good thing I nipped over to it for the sake of exhaustion. That lighthouse is run by the harbour, and so is this one. I stop to ask a fella

with a work van if the lighthouse is in use and he parks his disbelief before telling me it's the second oldest functional lighthouse in the country, and that he's after getting a new boat for himself that he's in the process of doing up but that it's hard to get out now with the new baby. His dad was a fisherman but he just gets out for a few mackerel now and then and they are going to clean up the harbour soon which is badly needed. He says it's a great spot to bring up kids and that his wife is from Tallaght and they lived there for a bit but it wasn't for him. We part ways and I push down to the lighthouse for a goo at the rusty fishing boats and an unreadable plaque stating how old the thing is.

7.4 Stepping stones

I stall back up to the hipstery part of town, which may just be a single cafe and a scrannery beside the train station, and these establishments function as stepping stones between the midlands-esque town proper and the beach addendum for enthusiasts who are arsed making the short journey. I do feel very much at home in this so-called tapas restaurant serving fry ups, as the place is jammed with wankers. You've got a few tech workers still wearing Palo Alto t-shirts and there's a long-haired fella here too, as well as couples with very young kids, trying to keep the brunch dream alive. The staff are all Brazilian and I'd love to map their dispersal across the country because they are a lead indicator of where the future of gentrification lies. Back in the recession they were populating your Dublin 8s and your East Walls, long before *Legit Coffee* and *Two Pups* were in serving filter coffee to broke post-grads like me. The Brazilians diffused out of town after that, and by late 2019, I had reports from students living in Ballyfermot, which I had earmarked as the new Stoneybatter, although in reality that's Inchicore. Two years later I was one of several parents cycling my kids to the naoinra in Ballyfermot. I stopped teaching English in 2020 so I'm not privy to the latest movements of Brazilians, but if they are working in Balbriggan, you can be one hundred percent sure that the rest of us will be on the way, once the infamous scald factor has been sufficiently diluted. In the cafe opposite, I get chatting to a couple with big dogs and the lady shows me the paint on her hands because they're doing up the three-bed they've just bought for 330k. She's from Skerries and it's too dear there for them there. I realise that Balbriggan is the poor-man's Wicklow Town, a big-enough town on the coast, with a harbour, a beach and a train to Dublin, making it a nice option for life. Rush, Lusk, Skerries and Loughshinny are all too small and, despite being nearer to the city in terms of kilometres, the exit strategy is too difficult, as the M1 is too far away. In Rush, you have to exit from a scrum in front of your own posts, every single day. In Balbriggan, it's only a lineout just inside your 22, and you can kick, run or maul.



Figure 7.6: harbour



Figure 7.7: *Cabana cafe* is a stepping stone between the main street (at the very end of the road, under the grey cloud) and the railway station slash beach area (under permanent sunshine). The lady with the yellow face told me I oughtn't to be taking such photos, which I normally don't, although I believe she is not right on this.

7.5 Exit Festival, Hypothermia

Nonetheless, today's exit is one of the least pleasant cycles of my life. First off I go down to scope out the beach walk, but the rain starts again, so I take refuge in a six-foot tunnel along with like twenty other people. It's a great spot to pick up a bit of intel on the locality but I'm suffering from frostation because the cold sea breeze is being funnelled through this tiny chasm and my core is still cold from being rainsoaked earlier. I bounce before the rain dissipates but it's just too rainy so next up I'm under a bus shelter listening to a lady telling me about her poor dad in the Mater hospital. I could take two trains home but I know I'll need the miles in my legs, so eventually I brave it. But now the chain keeps popping off my bike cos the front derailleur is too tight and I'm not able to tweak it back into place. After about ten drops I give up and leave it in the small ring and it's enough to keep me driving into the wind. I take a minor detour through Skerries and even get a long distance shot of Rockabill Lighthouse, just in case I couldn't bearsed cycling back here. I drop in to the Leonards in Loughshinney for a quick hello and they suggest a back road to Lusk and then take Blake's Cross for Ballyboughal. I do the first bit but I don't have the emotional bandwidth for another trip down memory lane so I brave the N1 all the way Swords and it's barely safe for cars let alone cyclists. Leonard once told me they'll be opening up the greenway from Rush to the Donabate slash Swords estuary, and it can't come soon enough. I scoped out that peninsula a few months back but Google Maps had me cycling over actual water so I decided to veto their suggestion. After Swords, and another torrent of rain, which I collect this time cos I just wanna get home, I have to brave the exposed roads beside the airport with winds of up to about forty clicks a Paddy. I feel like I'm in Belgium and I can see poor Tim Declercq's grimace on my own pained face, but it's the only way home now, and after that it's more Google Maps through the unremarkable roads of North West County Dublin.

8 Greenore



0650, Saturday May 6, 2023

I've decided to kill two birds on this trip, cos my cousin's stag is on in Carlingford all weekend, so I'm gonna cycle there, catch up with a buncha lads I don't know, for the afterneevening, and take in a disused lighthouse in nearby Greenore. There's also a couple of inaccessible lighthouses at sea, visible from land apparently, so I can tick them off today, while focussing



Figure 8.1: *The disused lighthouse in Greenore lingers beside a busy industrial port which was privatised in the 1950s. The port was opened in 1873 and ferried passengers to Holyhead until after Partition. Across Carlingford Lough lie The Mourne Mountains in the overseas jurisdiction of Nairn.*

on what is fast-becoming the *de facto* goal of this trip: cycling the entire Irish coastline. Seeing as I finished up in Drogheda last week, it makes sense to start there this week and hug the coast all the way to Dundalk, before turning right along the Cooley Peninsula towards the stag and the lighthouses. This way, I can finally find out whether County Louth merits its status as the forgotten man of the Irish coastline. Plus, I'm happy to stall along to the stag for just a few hours because I can't be on the sesh like I used to and I've long since done my nation plenty proud.

I'm up early and the weather is blanket grey so poor Co Louth won't be looking the Georgie Best. I bring a tasty pourover in the car with me, along with some crumby toast, and I drive directo to Drogheda train station, planning to park there for the Daniel Doris. It turns out that the car park has been colonised by Apcoa, and while I don't mind forking out three fiddy for a day's parking, there's something sinister about those pricks declaring so much land for themselves. Presumably, there used to be a bog standard car park here, looking identical to this one, with a possibly aulfella on the gate, when suddenly Apcoa declare it for themselves. Where does all that money go? Do they help maintain roads or reduce car-dependency? Me Jackson Pollocks, they do.

I wasn't in the humour for unearthing the hidden beauty of Drogheda Town, so I cross the main bridge and turn right onto the North side of the Boyne River, before stalling it the 7k out towards the sea, opposite where I cycled in last week from Mornington. The port is on the right, just out of town, but the tide is out and I'm struggling to work out how tidal ports operate. It must be awfully restricting for business to be confined solely to sailings at high tide, and you can imagine how frustrating the lives of the workers must be, as their schedules shift with the tides. We had a similar problem during Covid when my wife worked in the PCR lab, four nights on and four nights off, and her eight-day cycle looped slightly slower than our



Figure 8.2: *The Drogheda wetlands belong more in the imagination of fantasy novelists and video game designers, than in the hearts of Irish holidaymakers.*

seven-day skedj. It was like living inside a piece of Steve Reich's phased music, where our lives only synced with glorious normality once every fifty-six days.

The estuary is untidy and there is a handful of old stumpy stone beacons used to guide boats. While this seems odd to me, having grown up with the neatly arranged Liffey River, it's a reminder of how messy the Liffey and Tolka estuaries might have been before the docks were built and land was reclaimed around your Ringsends and Fairviews. The geographic similarities between Drogheda and Dublin are evidenced by their Irish names: *Droichead Atha* is the "ford bridge", so I guess people must have crossed the Boyne River there and eventually built a permanent bridge. Meanwhile, *Baile Atha Cliath*, is the "town of the hurdle ford", which is a series of words I always knew but never understood. It seems to be a place where you cross (a ford) mixed with a buncha bits lashed down to help you cross (a hurdle), and [this old RTE clip](#) is set at the supposedly bridging point on the Liffey. It's not clear to me why Dzublin became the main city on the East Coast while Drogheda didn't, and I suspect that the distance - or navigability - to the sea played a big role. This stretch of wetlands between the sea and Drogheda town may have been less of a help than the deeper Liffey and its shorter gap to the sea. Plus Dublin is closer to Britain, our big brother island.

Very few people have elected to live along these wetlands, but as you hit the sea, [there is a row of south-facing houses on the left](#), with deep front gardens, overlooking the water, and then the village of Beltray where a Golf club has made use of the sand dunes. But the place is quiet enough that the locals must play bowls on the road, judging by the signposts urging caution. I turn left towards Clogherhead, but en route is the in-betweeny village of Termonfeckin, whose name is its most glaring attraction. A signpost says *Tearmann Feichín* and I'm trying to work out what a *Feichín* is - maybe it's "a little view" - but when I get there I see a school called



Figure 8.3: *Drogheda 6 - 3 Termonfeckin*

Scoil Naomh Fheichín and realise it must be a boring old saint, and I'm disappointed. There's actually quite a lot of #NewHomes round here so I'm guessing these people are going for the living-in-village-near-a-big-town approach. Not a bad shout. I turn towards the coast road for Clogherhead which is Louth's answer to both Howth Head and Donabate, and on my way in, I see a colony of mobile homes perched by the sea. There's a holiday park with a big shop outside it and a few units and I'm gaggo to join in the craic some time. I'm always hearing about how much fun it is to spend your summer in one of these places, being outside all the time and the kids having good clean fun all day long. I love when people live on top of each other and can't go off and hide in their little caves. When you are in a four-bed hostel room, with shared bathrooms, then you make friends fast. Stay a while and you'll make enemies too. I've always wanted to be a front door person, sitting outside and yapping to passers-by, just waiting for craic to happen. Like an aulfella on the wall. I don't know how people can put chairs in their back garden and plan to stare at their own walls with no chance of outside life occurring.

I get to Clogherhead village and see a couple of cyclists coming in from the other direction and I basically just follow them cos cyclists always go to the good spot. It turns out to be a cafe on the sprawling beach and I get yapping to them of course. They've come from Dundalk, after doing the *Darkness into Light* walk early in the morning, in memory of those who have taken their own lives. I think of Eamonn Donoghue, who is etched in my soul, and now poor Eabha Rosenstock, whose inner zest was probably compromised by living in The Matrix, where she did not belong. I can relate. Me and Eabha might well have been better friends, but now we never will be. I eventually nudge the chat in that direction but they don't bite and the lady tells me about how beautiful County Louth is, with both the sea and the mountains, and I'm

glad that they've come from where I'm going cos things can only get better. I'm not a 100% sure if they are a married couple, but they remind me of my parents off touring the world on their bikes, at some indeterminate middle age where you have a perfect mix of energy, time and cash to go and do exactly what you want. I ask them if it's worth checking out the cliffs on the other side of the headland and they tell me to come back on foot some day, which I will. After that I get the head down and do some proper cycling.



Figure 8.4: *The mild, non-Atlantic way reaches its nadir in mid-County Louth.*

It's all been a bit stop-start thus far and sometimes my favourite part is to just cycle and forget that I've a book to write. It's 30 clicks to Blackrock, hugging the coastline, ish, and I aim to get there with an empty belly so that I can munch and listen. Almost nothing happens along this coast as there are no bays, coves, caves or cliffs. No sand dunes. No barrier islands, no muddy estuaries, no calm lagoons. No offshore skerries. No lighthouses, boats, harbours, ports or villages. It's like cycling through the fecund farmlands of Rest of Leinster, except that there's a gentle lake on one side called The Irish Sea. I do pass by the thumb-shaped micro-peninsula in Annagassan village and detractors will note that there's an obtuse headland called Dunany Point, which even the coast road diagonalizes past. You can't see everything and I comfort myself with the recollection that [no coastline is viewable in its mathematical entirely](#).

I know I've emerged from deep farmland into urban sensibility when I see a big-boned young lady on the pavement wearing undersized skinny jeans, as of course no legit culchie cares enough about fashion to get it that wrong. Blackrock is a very nice town, with boutique shops facing the rocky coast, and you can see why it recently won a Tidy Town award for Ireland's best small town. It is Dundalk's Dun Laoghaire, and I'd love to go to a cafe and listen to the

people talk but I'm only 30 clicks from the stag now and I'd rather just get there asap so I can see my cousin and his crew. I see that he's online on WhatsApp so I give him a tinkle and he's sounding ok for 1030am on Day 2 of your own stag. He says they are going for a dip in a bit and then playing Tag Rugby at 2, so it looks like I'll go directo to them, say hello, and then buzz down to Greenore Lighthouse while they're playing tag, a non-contact brand of rugby that does very little for me. Like casual dating without the sex.

So I just get a rock'n'roll in a Centra and a pint of boiling soup, then I crouch outside to eat it. Opposite me is another mildly overweight cyclist but he hasn't got the memo that whenever you find someone in life doing the exact same thing as you, then you are supposed to acknowledge them. Thankfully he moves on quickly and an aulfella from presumably Munster squats down with his two Louth grandchildren licking ice creams, in spite of the dross weather. He tells me he migrated here to be near the family cos he was living in Kilkenny and the journeys were too much on him. I can see why someone would happily relocate here, being a seaside village near a big town, although he says he misses the bike cos he lives on top of a hill and isn't able for it at his age. I suggest an e-bike but he's having none of it so there's obviously more going on. It's bothering me whether he's actually from Kilkenny or legit Munster, cos Kilkenny accents can be pretty D'Unbelayvable, although I've scarcely ever been there myself. I used to lift a lot of animal feed with labourers from Goresbridge on the Carlow-Kilkenny border. My dad's shop would get big deliveries from Red Mills, and so we'd handball in a few hundred bags of animal feed every Friday, and yap away to the two lads on the lorry. The driver would always be a proper trucker, adjusted to the outside world, but the non-driver would often be a hand-to-mouth labourer, likely a boozer, sometimes boozing actively, and seldom with the ability to accommodate their speech to outsiders. Some people just don't get it. Irvine Welsh grabs this in *Trainspotting* when a convicted Renton and Spud respond affirmatively to a judge. Renton says "Yes, your honour", while Spud mumbles "Aye". Renton gets off and Spud goes down. It's no surprise that Renton was the one who skidaddled to Amsterdam, whereas Spud was just pure dead Leith.

I push on, past a beautiful church and then I bypass Dundalk because that couple in Clogher-head told me to take the main road around it. I'm surprised to find it actually is more pleasant than most main roads but then I turn right on to the Cooley Peninsula and suddenly I'm hit by the wind. All morning, I've had it on my back or side, but now it's driving into me and the child seat on my rear wheel is acting like a sail, as noted by the #realcyclist who pulls up beside me for a wee chuckle. We chat for a few minutes but I'm struggling to keep the pace and I tell him I'm going to have to take his wheel, so he drags me through the air for ten fairly dull kilometers. Eventually, I can take no more and I let him go, thanking him as I shoot out the back. Now you never see much when you are on the wheel of another cyclist cos your head is down and you are concentrating like mad on their movement. I've made the mistake of taking the easier path to my destination, along a main road. There's a gorse-decorated mountain to my left and I wish I was climbing over it, thinking about sugar and spice and all things nice, rather than worrying about potholes pushing you into the path of whichever scary vehicle is passing by. I completely forget about the Dundalk Lighthouse, which is barely



Figure 8.5: *This beautiful dark grey church in Blackrock suggests I am entering a different geological area*

visible from the coast and, like the ones in Mornington, it moves around on its spidery stilts. It's finally time to either push on to the Greenore Lighthouse or else take a left over the tail end of the hill to Carlingford, avoiding this miserable main road. I choose Option B because I want to catch Gish and his crew before they head off to play tag. That way I can kinda meet them twice, before the rugby, then Pat Rafter, as the drinking kicks off. And with an hour's bantersmash in me, I'll have my curiosity head back on for Greenore, cos I'm learning now that there's a limit to how much you can soak up on the continuously bike.



Figure 8.6: *Medieval Carlingford faces the North, on the other side of the lough, while cloudy mountains in the Republic loom over it.*

Carlingford sits on the nice side of the Cooley peninsula, with the steep mountain at its back and the wide lough to the fore. Across the water are the Mourne Mountains of County Down, and clearly we are in a different geographic space now. The tourists' accents suggest that this is as more an extension of Ulster than an extremity of Leinster, and the yellow registration plates corroborate this. I decide against exploring the medieval town yet so I find the gaff where Gish and half of the lads are staying and it's great to see him, a big lump of everlasting radiance, here with his crew. He might be Ireland's most popular man, with thirty-plus people spread across two houses, and another few dozen who couldn't make it. I could see from the WhatsApp group alone how loved he is. Mercifully, there is little unity to the group at this hour as everyone is still recombobulating themselves after last night, so Gish is free for chats and to introduce me to a few of the lads, and lasses, as they come and go. It's the first time I've seen a heavily pregnant woman at a stag party. Fair play to everyone involved and to Paulie for putting on this show. I lash on the kettle and sit down at the kitchen table, with Gish stood opposite, and we have a bit of a date-with-an-audience, with our rugby lives being the conversational scaffold around which we bantersmash, bouncing our pasts off one another, and Irishly making sure everyone knows who everyone is.

Me and Gish would have spent a good bit of time together as kids, cos our mams are close, and he lived with our granny, but we drifted apart as teenagers when the four-year gap mattered more. Things were probably complicated by our granny having dementia and the impact that had on our mams, especially his, who had to look after her all the time. We started hanging out again as young men, when he was doing the Leaving and I was finishing college. It's only today, while we are all shooting the breeze in the kitchen, playing a rapid-fire game of Remember When, that he reminds the reason we were meeting up in the first place was that I was giving him maths grinds. Those few lessons morphed into cans and gigs and we've been close since, even if the number of contact hours have never been that high. Those childhood experiences have a long half-life. But it's also reminder of how important it is to have structured activities between indirect relatives. Teaching maths to my nephew and two nieces was a great way for us to spend time together, and I also worked for years with my brother-in-law (their dad), in my dad's shop. Without such structure, it can be hard to bond across ages and sub-families.

The lads all stall off to the tag rugby and so I have time enough for a Brad, Paddy and a Mexican, although I've forgotten my razor. I change back into my civvies and then sauntercycle off to the lighthouse. The sun is out now and the landscape glistens. I follow the main road for a bit, then I nudge off alongside a beautiful golf course, where all the players seem to be women. I'm tempted to shout out some mock-sexist comments, especially with all that stag juice in my blood, but I finally see a male golfer and I'm glad I've kept my trap shut. The road passes by the serene village of Greenore, and round the bend to a forlorn chunk of seaside, with a joyless port to the left and a strand forgotten by all but dogwalkers. The lighthouse is disused and sits behind a wall so I have to lift my phone overhead to get a snap of the thing. Much more invigorating is the slim, elegant Haulbowline lighthouse, a click or two out to sea, dissecting the Eastern view of the lough. To the north are the Mourne Mountains of Nair Nairn, and it's strange to see it across a body of water, as an overseas territory. Normally you just drive there and the only difference is the colour of the roads plus that ineluctable foreboding. The place fascinates me, being both our land and not our land, and it'll be great to soak it up from the discomfort of my bicycle.

Dotted around are posters explaining the curious history of this purpose-built Victorian village, in filmset condition, and I stall the ball to soak it up. A deepwater port was built here as an alternative to tidal Carlingford, and the village housed the workers. A ferry provided a northern connection to Holyhead, for cattle and passengers, while a little train line connected to Dundalk and Newry, bringing kids to school and keeping this remote peninsular village connected to the mainland. The passenger ferry was discontinued soon after Partition, and the cargo ferry and trainline were closed down in the 1950s, making redundant a local teenager by the name of Jimmy Magee, who soon after began his legendary career as a sports commentator. Sadly the station and its luxury hotel have been demolished, along with its warm seawater baths, according to this *actual trainspotters' forum*. Nowadays, there is a shuttle ferry connecting to the Northern side of the lough, saving locals a 50k round trip, while the port continues to ship cargo, emitting dust-bearing lorries that rattle along at the frightening speeds of the overly familiar. The village, being set back from the main road, escapes this horror, and it feels like a time warp. The tea rooms survive, with a museum inside, and the



Figure 8.7: Purpose-built in 1873, Greenore village looks like a film set from a period drama, bar the boola Jammers

lady tells me that the village's 150 year anniversary was only last week. It's a shame to have missed out but it occurs to me that I might start coinciding some of these trips with local events. A barrage of cyclists arrive and I leave her to it, rather than going to the museum, so I mosey round to the other residential street whose single line of terraced houses faces the entrance to the golf club.

Greenore golf course runs a tiny old train line which used to bring passengers from Dundalk and Newry to the Greenore ferry which provided a northern passage to Holyhead, although it was discontinued soon after Partition. In the background sit the Mourne Mountains in The Black North, partitioned naturally by the obscured lough.

On my cycle back I think of the late, great Jimmy Magee. He was one of my heroes as a kid, commentating on everything and co-presenting *Know Your Sport*, which me and my dad watched religiously every Monday, seeing if we could get the answers faster than the contestants. Being a sports commentator was one of the only jobs I wanted to do as a kid, like Michael O'Muircheartaigh or Gabriel Egan, and, as an adult, Michael Corcoran who brought European Cup Rugby to life. I ended up doing a wee bit of it in Lansdowne and I commentated on all their matches when they won their first AIL in 2012-13, with Tadgh Beirne and John Cooney on the team. I loved it so much but I've just never been able to commit my entire existence to sport cos I have this weird thing where nothing fills my soul except for writing. Still, I really ought to get back to it for the lolz.

Back at the stag party, the lads have booked a pitch in Carlingford Rugby club, and I find Gish in his element on the field of play, with his dinky kicks and no-look passes. You can see how happy he is and how happy everyone is that he is happy. The tag rugby tournament



Figure 8.8: Hanging out the back of the village are golfers who maintain a little life in the area



Figure 8.9: Gishapalooza: Tag rugby is an excellent activity for a stag party, optimizing the simultaneous desire for competition, exercise and cans.

is entering its latter phase and the semi-finals are about to kick off. Any noobs have been being subbed out by fellas looking to double up across teams, getting as much game time in as possible. Part of me would love to be out there playing but a stronger part just couldn't give a rats. I'm on the sideline, kicking and passing the ball, like old times, but the urge to compete isn't there. My relationship with sports and games has changed over time, like I've outgrown them and I'm searching for something more. It's like a mini version of my relationship with life in general, or at least how other people live it. While others scramble to play by the rules and have some fun while making ends meet, I am half in and half out. I've been working for the man for three years now and I've almost caught up with the gang, cos we've just been mortgage approved. The question is whether we want to commit to twenty-eight more years of working for the man so that we can live at home near family and friends, with lots more boola jobs around, or if we should just up sticks and live a cheaper life elsewhere, freeing up time to travel and write, and do the things we want. Sharifa wants to grow a garden and have some animals and have her own art studio. I just want my time back. I'm at my best when I have the freedom to explore and investigate. And I know that if I keep writing and keep doing interesting data projects, then I'll converge on the right format for expressing myself.

The tag rugby ends and we stroll back to the gaff where a hog roast has been cooking. I get yapping to the ladies serving the food and it turns out they are driving the van back to Drogheda, Pat Rafterwards, and they say they can give me a lift back. This means I don't have to worry about finding a Joer or, God forbid, cycling another 25k to Dundalk train station. I hang around for a couple of hours, scranning hard with the boys, who are all spruced up now and kitted out in Hawai'ian shirts, ready for the dark hours ahead. It's hard to remember who is who because I was just getting used to them in their sleeveless tag gear, spaced evenly across the pitch and memorable by their movements. Like a commentator would. It's fun now catching up with Gish's mates. We're talking double weekends as a front rower and the rebranding of Killester as Clontarf North. One lad in a foot brace tells me about the option of sea kayaking out to the inaccessible lighthouses, which is something I hadn't thought about. It turns out he's an instructor for water sports and he banjoed his leg jumping onto rocks in shallow water. That kind of carry on would bring a whole extra dimension to this project, and the idea is planted. I say goodbye to those around me and lob my Paul van into the back of the actual van and then I sit in the middle seat up front. I ask the ladies for a selfie with the three of us so that I can assure my wife I'm alright. We have a few laughs and they tell me about travelling all over the country and the ideas you get and the craic they have. I'm home by 10pm, early enough to put the chunfla to bed as he has waited up to see me, and I nod off in the knowledge that I've had a very, very wholesome day.

9 Hook Head



Figure 9.1: *Hook Head: the Big Daddy of lighthouses*

0810 Friday August 4, 2023

Graham sends me a picture of Hook Head lighthouse because he can see it across the water from his living room in Dunmore East, where he is summering with his wife, toddler and fresh bambino. In between the two landmasses is the large, n-shaped Waterford harbour, and the plan today is for the both of us to cycle from one lighthouse to the other and back, seventy clicks, up the Waterford side, across on the boola ferry, and then down the Wexford side to the Big Daddy of all lighthouses, Hook Head, which has been keeping her lit since like the twelfth century, *anno domino*.

I'm only halfway there, sitting in an Applegreen Service Station in Paulstown, Co Kilkenny, desperately trying to finish off a report for work by hashtag end of week. I zipped down here first thing, but I'm anxious to dunzo the work before meeting GK, as he is known, although you might know him from [Graham's Mustard](#), whose condiments have, since the peak of the recession, been adorning the plates of discerning food lovers. I had actually planned to stall it down last night but this report clogged up my plans, so now I'm sat in a Costa Coffee, the Marks & Spencer of cafés, where everything scores 6.8 out of 10. I always work well in their lower-upper-mid-quality decor, and the gentle lighting (ish) does be good for my delicate

brain. I'm also glad of the break visually and intellectually, because the M9 is the most boring motorway in Ireland, and it breaks my heart to waste my good morning brain watching grass dry.

After the pit stop, a few hills emerge north of Waterford, and the rush-hour traffic turns out to be the most interesting part of the drive. My brain gets rebooted by the act of looking at something. I remember arriving in Paris once, after eight weeks in North Burgundy, the Leitrim of France, and the concrete jungle got my ruralized brain back moving. This is worth remembering, should we decided to move to the countryside to save cash and buy some space. By the time I slingshot out to Dunmore, I'm adequately stimulated, and I have fond memories of hanging out here with Grimey, aka the 'late' Brendan Walsh, who had to stall out to New Zealand forever. His soon-to-be-ex-partner wanted to go home home, so her and their chunfla went first, while Grimey came out in his own good time, to find that he had been dumped, and thus had to either go home alone or co-parent forever on the other side of their world. At Graham and Sophie's wedding, in Dunmore, Grimey stopped the (after)party to give himself a eulogy of sorts, as he knew he wouldn't be seeing anyone much again, and I really hope I haven't lost the video I took of it.



Figure 9.2: *And they're off...*

It's nearly ten o'clock by the time I get to Dunmore, but GK's rented bike still hasn't even been delivered. Parking outside their gaff is a mare, with signs and traffic cones telling the tourists to Foxtrot Oscar. But the orkwordness brings the community together and immediately I'm being introduced to a neighbour with whom I'm going to be doing a parking switcherooney. I then whip Blue Thunder out of the boot, cos I still haven't been arsed fixing my road bike, and I get down to some low-end maintenance. I've got bicycle shorts for Graham, which he'll defo be needing, but he claims my spare jersey is too tight, and I'm disappointed cos I like to think that my five foot high, two foot wide physique would map neatly onto the chassis of his

leanish two-ish metres. Both of us are, after all, fourteen and a half stone. Instead he goes all underarmer on the problem but I put my foot down on him taking a sweaty backpack. He's never cycled anything like this distance, the furthest was a trip out to Howth and back with me about two years ago. So when Ralph comes to deliver the carbon-fibre bicycle, Sophie starts rinsing Graham, saying he'll never be able for the journey. Ralph, who is a bit of a bog-man jack-the-lad, doesn't even respond to her, and asks Graham if she'll be quiet soon. He tells us a bit about the bike and I ask a question about the gears, to which he tells us that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, demonstrating the bike mechanic's knack of making cyclists feel like dodos. So I don't bother asking him to help with my bike. Ralph legs it, I tighten my brakes and attach some cleat pedals. We're on the road by 11, with me lugging beach towels in a bag on Blue Thunder's child seat.



Figure 9.3: *Dunmore Strand and Lower Village. Graham & Sophie's wedding was in The Strand Bar, which guards the beach.*

The start of the cycle is a punctuated affair, touring around Dunmore. GK's gaff is down in the lower village, where *The Strand Bar* guards the striking beach, set between low cliffs to the left and a rising hill-cliff to the right, up to the main village. Strong walls keep the water at bay and when the tide is in, punters can walk straight in from the road. When the tide recedes, out come the buckets, spades and footballs. Graham and Sophie's gaff is close enough that while you wouldn't walk into the water before brushing your teeth, you could easily excuse your self from dinner, and sneak out for a quick swim while there others think you are downstairs in the Barryer. Downstairs, because their gaff has been inverted, with the bedrooms by the front door and the living space upstairs, affording sea views and Hook Head in the background.

We ask a couple of DryRobes to take a picture of us and the volunteer does the job at holiday speed. We scale the hill up towards the main village, and in the narrow park between the road

and cliffs, several ageing ladies are learning tennis, with the Pet Shop Boys inexplicably blasting out. This is what it's all about round here. Wholesome lower-upper-mid-level holidaying, which is as posh as it gets in Ireland. Long weekends away from the city, drinking Pyms if you have an in-the-know friend. Entire summers of golf, and not a whiff of amusements and arcades. Graham says he actually has a game of tennis lined up soon with a fella he met in the pub the other day, and I'm not surprised that he fits in here so well. The Good Life oozes out of him, and while someone did once call him a diamond-jumper faggot, he never brings any rigid-bodied stuffiness to proceedings, but rather an infectious lightheartedness, and no one makes me laugh more.



Figure 9.4: *Hook Head lighthouse can be seen across the water from everywhere in Dunmore*

We descend to the well-maintained harbour, with its twelve-sided lighthouse, a neat little structure. I get Graham to read out the badly-written plaque while I scope out angles to photograph this lighthouse and Hook Head in the background. The theme of the plaque is that everyone should be saved at sea, friend or foe, and it's a reminder of the beneficence inherent in lighthousery. Meanwhile, the sight of grown men processing oysters is a reminder of the physical hardship goes into earning a basic crust in a foreign country. Once the photoshoot is over, we are on the road proper, doubling back on ourselves before exiting on an eliminator hill, as Graham calls it. Of course, my front derailleur fails on me so I'm on the side of the road, putting it back together and I'm delighted to see he has stalled the ball for me at the top - cos there are plenty who wouldn't. But I'm even more delighted that he has had no trouble with the climb, as neither of us is sure how able he will be for the cycle. We've played five-a-side with him for years, on and off with our mates, and he's not a mechanical engine-room player like me, of the kind that translates naturally into the workaday nature of cycling. Graham's always on a wing or up front, where his tekkerz and micro-explosiveness can burst in and out of the action. The land undulates all the way to Passage East on the quiet roads and he is shocked by the speed of the descent into Woodstown as he adjusts to this kind of bike. On

the flatter sections, there is a little time to yap and talk about the plague of house prices, as both of us are still renting in Dublin with two young children. We stop off now and then to admire a fine lawn or flowery garden, and we take snaps as we enter the village of Crooke.



Figure 9.5: *We'll get there, by Crooke and by Hook.*

Later on, our tour guide in Hook Lighthouse tells us that during the 1649 siege of Waterford Oliver Cromwell used to ask his troops to take it *by Hook or by Crooke*, meaning from the peninsula east or west of the sea lough. This is believed to be the origin of the phrase, but it turns out, [the phrase is actually recorded](#) from 1380 in the writings of John Wycliffe, the great pre-Reformation translator of the Bible, so it was long in existence. Looking at Google's n-gram viewer, which lets us track phrase usage in their library of yoinked books, in the print era, we can see a major spike in late 1620's. This was a little before Cromwell, after whom so many Irish boys have been named in recent years, was in his destructive pomp. My feeling is that Cromwell's crew possibly knew the phrase already, and would have had serious lolz in mapping it to the task at hand.

The main road on the Waterford side of the harbour is mostly set back from the sea lough because of sand deposits on this side of the water, and it is only after descending to the picturesque fishing village of Passage East that the history of this area becomes easier to view. You can see several settlements at once, nestled into coves among the cliffs, like a cloudy Cinque Terre. Less than a kilometer across the water is the tiny village of Ballyhack, to which the ferry shuttles back and forth all day long, and just south is the larger Arthurstown, set in a bigger bay. We miss one departure but only have to wait twenty minutes for the boola boat to come back and collect us. Time enough for us to have a few proper lolz and for me to monster the fig rolls, to Graham's horror. It's four nicker return for cyclists and the weather-faced ticket collector tells us that a quite a few people commute into Waterford City from the Wexford side of the harbour. This is good intel, because I could see myself living round here,

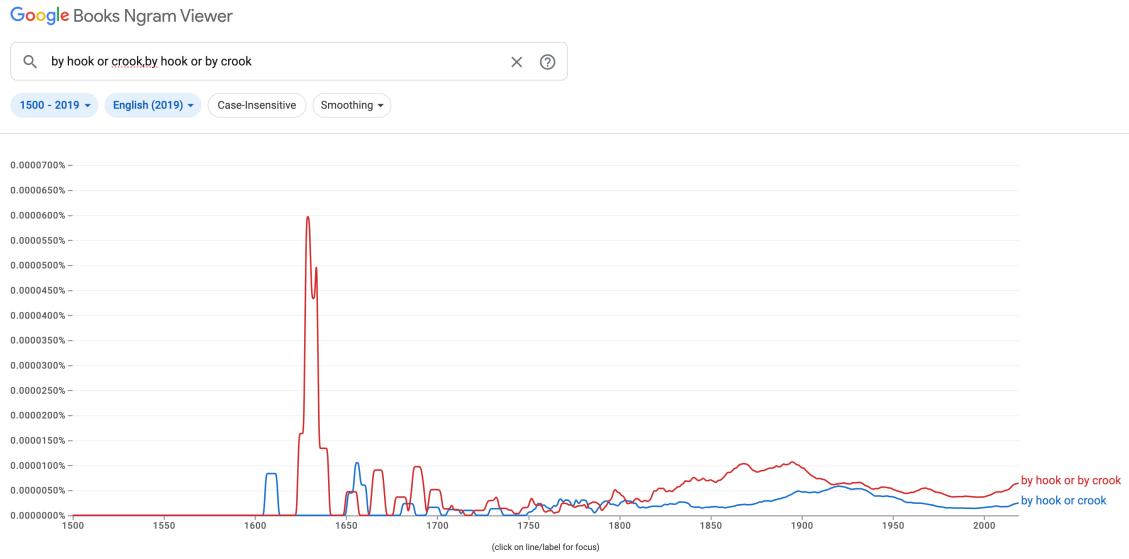


Figure 9.6: *The phrase “By hook or (by) crook” predates Cromwell’s siege of Waterford in 1649, having peaked in the 1620s. The lads must’ve had plenty of lolz with the phrase.* [data](#)

in a village by the sea, with a city nearby for jobs and coffee. Graham is wondering if I'd move to Dunmore East, but it's too dear for somewhere so far away, and probably a bit too nice for me. The kind of place that people with money move to for The Good Life. I'd rather arrive somewhere cheaper and scaldier, and gamble on living through its growth, with a cheap enough mortgage, rather than pledging myself to the proverbial man until the day I pretty much die. Across the water in Ballyhack, Graham grabs fluids in the shop while I needlessly scale the fourteen percent hill and have a quick bit of micro-bant with the locals. We push back along the coast to Arthurstown and Duncannon to the south. These towns are on the Norman Way, a Wexford-based tourist trail which focuses on the very visible ruins of that hybrid culture which dominated these parts in the late Middle Ages. The presence of such ruins, dotted along the peninsular coastline of South Wexford, makes it easier to reimagine the past, and later on our tour guide reconstructs that life for us a little.

Once we get to beach town of Duncannon it's me who knows the way better because I was here last year with the fam, on a one-night camping trip, testing out whether we would enjoy the misery. In theory we did, but the tent wouldn't stay up and my wife was freezing her pregnant tits off so the whole hashtag experience wasn't the Kanye West. Of course, I jumped on the Paul van early in the morning and took the coast road to Fethard-on-Sea, but guilt got the better of me and I didn't cycle the whole peninsula to Hook Head. That missed opportunity was something that sowed the seed for the current adventure. A week later I was cycling to Poolbeg Lighthouse and starting this book. The road rises out of Duncannon and Graham is

disappointed that it hasn't flattened off yet. He's used to looking at the long, flat, treeless peninsula from the other side, with Loftus House sitting exposed on its Tobler. Apparently it is going to be turned into a boozer, and Grahams says his in-laws are looking forward to boating over from Dunmore for a few scoops. I think we're both starting to realize that we've been missing out on a whole extra realm of travel. For now though, we actually have a few clicks to go before hitting the strange peninsula. We stop off to gawk at a ruined church and then take on the headwind on the long straight road to the lighthouse, with the sea nearby on both sides. Graham is starting to worry that he won't make it home because his legs are screaming.



Figure 9.7: *The lighthouse campus has been turned into a major tourist attraction with the old keepers' lodges being repurposed into a visitor centre.*

I'm shocked on arrival to see that the lighthouse campus is jammers, and the familiar lighthouse loneliness has been replaced by modern man on tour. Cars are parked inside and outside the walls; camper vans occupy micro-peninsulae along the clifftop edges. Kids play in a boat-shaped playground, and a real-life pirate wanders among the picnic benches looking to dazzle the sprogs. Bikers huddle near a supposed rack for push bikes, but it's one of those knee-high jobbies into which you wedge your back wheel, waiting for it to topple and buckle, while your front wheel gets optionally stolen, so I'm having none of it. GK is in getting the Wilsons for an upcoming tour, so I ask a grumpy attendant where else I can park the bike. He assures me there's a chain behind a big metal buoy but I can't find it so I lock the bikes to a signpost.

We've got 45 minutes to kill before the four o'clock tour, and it's time to refuel. Graham had originally scoped out a fish restaurant for the return leg, but we need to take the L on that because needs must. I grab a plain pizza for a tenner in an outdoor van, and Graham comes back to tell me that's he's been unreliably informed that the £16.50 prawn sandwich is the bees knees. It turns out there's a cafeteria inside, with views to match the price of the



Figure 9.8: *The view from the cafeteria in the visitor centre at Hook Head, validating the cost of the sambo.*

sambo. I open up my pizza, unload my pockets, and we kick back to reflect on a great day out so far, although I'm half-expecting some busybody to come and kick me out for bringing in my own food. And sure enough, some Battleaxe does barge in the door, making an urgent appeal to the owners of the two bicycles locked outside, as though we had double parked a camper van on top of an ambulance. She really wants it and she's picked a fight with the right man because I'm having none of her bolloxology. I tell her, indignantly, that never in a life of locking bicycles to lampposts have I had trouble from anyone, and she's like *People can't read my signpost*. So I have to stall it outside and it's clear that she has already made a scene out there because there's a handful of onlookers ready to see the guilty party. Thankfully, there's one lady who has also never seen anything like it, which calms my blood a bit, but there's also another member of staff, male, early twenties, well built, and he thinks I must be a career criminal. I ask him why I can't lock the bikes there and he says it's the rules. I ask him why, but that's above his pay grade. He's starting to get thick with me and I remember how my wife always knows when people aren't worth fighting with, so I ease off and cool my jets. But you can feel the siege mentality of the staff, dealing with the public all day long, and at last they have a scapegoat for their collective seething. The lad shows me to the famous chain beside the buoy, but it's basically a metal shoelace behind the wall, dating from a buoy-gone era, and you'd sooner chew it off with your teeth than break my bike lock with an angle-grinder. I saunter back in to GK, with a prawn-sandwich eating grin all over his Brendan, and the two of us giggle like schoolgirls.

The lighthouse itself is huge, thick-set like a one thousand-year-old tree, except painted in giant black and white hoops. The walls are twelve feet deep at the base with tiny windows, and a winding staircase spirals around what is basically a medieval apartment block, with

three circular, vaulted halls stacked on top of each other. The lighthouse keepers used to live in here until the nineteenth century, and monks before them, along with other fiends looking for trouble, warming themselves from fireplaces the size of a king-size bed. The ancient tower is seventy-two feet high and plonked on top of it is a modern lighthouse, the usual white with red trimmings, and a spinning light whose power cannot be appreciated by day, unless you see it in a dark room, which we can as part of our tour. The ground floor of the lighthouse used to be a coal storage room, with walls and ceilings as black as a fireplace. In the middle is a disused Fresnel lens, the beautiful chiselled sphere which lighthouses have been using to refract light since the nineteenth century, sending out those iconic spinning beams of light. Our guide spins it, like the Alberto Pomodoro sculptures in Trinnerz, The Vatican and elsewhere, and the lens sends out a bright blue beam around the coal-blackened walls of this room. I'm glad I have my Irlen lenses on because even though I look like an obviously knob, it's good to be protected a little from this spinning strobe light which could (and should) illuminate a techno festival. The lens upstairs, we are told, is much bigger than this one which has been taken from another lighthouse, presumably replaced by a scatty LED light. Clearly this is what Messrs Murphy, the birdspotters in St John's Point, were harping on about. In front of me is their so-called Rolls Royce, a truly beautiful piece of engineering, and the people of Killough want to keep it spinning in their lighthouse, rather than replacing it with some Ford-like functionality to save a few shekels.



Figure 9.9: *Our guide, John, has a writer's knack of seeing the big picture in the little details, connecting this outpost to the heart of our lives.*

There's a glorious new viewing room built low down on the landless side, with a 270 degree arc of windows, and our tour starts here with John, who explains, in his curious accent, that this area is known as the graveyard of a thousand ships. This is where four bodies of waters meet, making it the third most dangerous spot in the world, after Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. To our right slash south-west are the Celtic Seas and Atlantic Oceans, although I don't

understand where one ends and the other starts. To our left slash North-East, is St George's Channel, bringing Atlantic-bound ships from Wales and England. Our guide reminds us that emigrants from these lands would have passed by here, including the Titanic, which is logged in the lighthouse's notebooks. He has a knack of seeing the big picture in the little details. The ships connect Old World emigrants to the New World tourists here today. The medieval knight, William Marshall, who built this lighthouse and later signed the Magna Carta, is actually a forefather of modern democracy. The New Ross tapestries are the Norman way of taking selfies, and the young children in the tour are the inheritors of a venerable oral culture which we adults must strive to pass on. John's monologues are delivered at 2X speed with silence trimmed, doubling his value, although it's probably heavy going for non-native speakers. The tour ends on top of the lighthouse with panoramic views and we thank our guide, before extracting a few bonus stories from him on the way down, when really he needs to unwind. It's a tiring job and his voice is not yet ready to relax. I loved being a tour guide but the comedown is tough and booze is an easy solution. I also hated giving the same tour twice in one day because I could never remember if I had told that story already and my brain would frazzle. My cache memory needs to be wiped before I can repeat the act. I was lucky because I'd have the Colosseum for breakfast, the Vatican for lunch and sometimes the centre of Rome in the evening. Or two thereof. But in a place like this there is only one tour to give, on repeat, and it must be grinding. All the same, I resolve to come back later this weekend with my family.



Figure 9.10: *The graveyard of a thousand ships. If you look closely, you can see two bodies of water meeting here at the end of the peninsula. To the left is The Celtic Sea and to the right is Waterford Harbour with a lighter colour. In the background is Dunmore East.*

The trip home is a gentler affair with the wind on our backs now, and this time we take a detour to the East of the peninsula, via Hookless Village, Baginbun Beach and Fethard-on-sea.

I want to check out some holiday homes for sale in a complex where, for some reason, there are like five for sale. I don't know whether it would be feasible to raise a family all year round in a remote place like this but I want to get the vibe, so we go in for a quick spin round. I really like the set up, with the houses being detached yet connected by the large open lawn on which they sit. This looks ideal for kids to play while remaining in view. It's also easy to talk to anyone so I approach a middle-aged man out painting his walls, which is something you'd want to enjoy in a sea-swept place like this. He's got kayaks on his wooden balcony and I tell him I'm interested in one of the gaffs for sale over there. The wife comes soon after and we quickly get the vibe that they've had enough of the place. There's mention of a nasty neighbour and I could do without another one of them. Meanwhile, The Ukraines have all moved in to the rental houses on the other side and now there's no tourists, no one to bring cash in to the area, and the nearby boozer is dínta. They have a face of regret, of being stuck here now, and it's clear they don't recommend the place.



Figure 9.11: *I took this pic of Carnivan Bay last year, while out galavanting. Unfortunately, it's not safe for swimmers, only surfers.*

It's a few clicks along the coast towards Baginbun beach, a place that seems to be gathering

traction, but beside it is the even more beautiful Carnivan Bay, a surfer's beach which is not safe for swimmers. We sit on the bench and admire the glorious view, where the turquoise colour of the water remains apparent despite the total cloud cover. A couple of days later, during my second visit to Hook Lighthouse, another guide tells us, with heartbreak fresh on his face, that he put this bench here, to remember his wife who died. They would come here, despite her condition, and she always said there should be a bench. We pop down to Baginbun on the other side of the headland and its mere nine-out-ten-ness seems like a let down after Carnivan. I love this beach and came here thrice within 30 hours last year. Once to check it out with the family, once on the bike the next morning as an endpoint, and again that afternoon for another family day out. I seldom rush back anywhere, but this place is special. The beach is a cosy cove of five hundred odd meters, with little grassy cliffs behind, adding the green and brown you never knew you needed at the beach. It's big enough to have space but small enough to force interaction between everyone, adding atmos to the gaff. I can't stand big fuckoff beaches like Portmarnock and Donabate where the endless space recommends people run away from each other. I want people on top of me, like in a hostel, where you can choose between getting on with them or being a weirdo on your Tobe. Far too much of modern life accommodates reclusiveness, with everyone boxed off in their rooms and their cars and their little bubbles. The beach is also sloped, meaning the tide doesn't go far out and your kids don't edge off to the horizon. The only work-ons are some rocks and seaweed in the water at the entrance end, and we make our way to the far end. Another striking feature is that people wallop sliotars about, as if there is no danger of taking someone's head off. This just seems to be de rigueur here in the hurling counties. But it's too cold today for hanging out and it's swimmers only. The slope means that the water is instantly deep, preventing the death by a thousand cuts which you get wading through shallow water. It turns out that this is to Graham's liking and he's even more of a teabag swimmer than me. In and out. In and out. Out for good. The lack of sun makes it all the harder because there is no radiator to warm up your body, and with all the stopping and starting, it's not like our core body temperature needs to be reduced. I'm delighted to lash on my spare cycling jersey, the one that didn't fit Graham, and we are ready again the 30k cycle home.

But first, we stall the ball for a coffee in the little coffee hut, although Gk orders builders' tea for reasons I have never understood. The beach facilities are all very new, only a year or two old, including a car park, a sauna hut and a kayak school, and it's fun to watch the interaction and hierarchy among the workers as they have little to do on this cloudy evening. Like me, Gk thinks that kayak outings are a loadamebollix, because you're always just doing pointless exercises and going nowhere. *Ok guys, just paddle to the left there and we'll all form a nice circle.* He's glad to hear that the kayakers in this place visit the caves. It reminds me of the dog which him and his dad got years ago, a hunting dog which was always on duty, watching. Neither of them would have any interest in a sit-around dog. Graham's dad died maybe ten years ago, in his sixties, and it's a big absence in his life, although he doesn't exactly bang on about it. Since he died, Graham has just done a lot. He spent a year or two fixing up their dilapidated holiday home in County Clare, and he began a mustard business, just as his dad had been a sausage man. It's been a long but independent struggle and it's the reason why

he can just show up here of a Friday. I wonder how much easier it would have been for him to have had that guidance. Then again, it might have been a disaster for all I know, with his aul' fella lurking over his shoulder, clogging up his big chance to fail and grow, fail and grow.

On the way back, I'm bothered by the gap between the beach and the local village, Fethard-on-Sea, and the two places miss out on the synergy that comes from having one another, like in Dunmore East or Dun Laoghaire. It'll be very interesting to see how this beautiful place grows in the coming years. The return leg to the ferry is an inland affair, and the villages contain little beyond gastro pubs for tourists and very old churches, another reminder of the deep history in this area. Graham gets to the ferry in Ballyhack before me cos I'm dillydallying and, as I cruise in, he has to get off the ferry which is about to leave. We sit it out over a quick pint, but GK doesn't like mid-activity boozing so he's understandably not happy when I call it and get another cheeky half, meaning we have to wait twice. His legs survive the last fifteen k of up and down, and both of us are delighted now to sit down for a celebratory scoop in Aggie Hayes pub, on top of the hill outside Dunmore. It's been a great day out and I'm glad I've recruited a partner in crime for this brilliant way to see the world.

10 Rosslare Harbour



Figure 10.1: *St Patrick's Church, Rosslare: Sometimes you can't get to the lighthouse, but there's always a beacon for Our Lord.*

10.0.0.1 0733, Friday August 25, 2023

I've been trying for months to do this day trip to Rosslare but the stars never aligned. There were three American bank holidays in May and June, which should be good cycling days for me, but the first one was my son's birthday, and then my octogenarian father was sick throughout June so me and my sisters were off in a Spanish hospital for the month, helping him hoik up black phlegm, night and day, as he battled off a deathly dose of covid. Right now I'm on technically holidays, meaning that I'm off work for a bit, but I'm still in Ireland, and a couple of nights of camping was understandably enough for my breastfeeding wife, so we are back home and I'm itching to get out. It's been a mare trying to organize real holidays this year, with the Costa Living and Schengen visas and saving up for a gaff.

I wake up at stupid AM and check the weather on *Yr.no*. It's going to piss in Dublin and later on in Wicklow but it's looking fairly Canada Dry down in Wexford, bar the odd shower, so I decide to go for it. I have to clean the kitchen and empty the car of all the camping gear, then

I lash my revamped Falcon bike into the back of the boola Jammer and it's half seven agin I'm on the road. I drive about an hour to Wicklow Town where I park my car in the train station, because I'll be coming back here later on the train from Rosslare. Our old friend, Apcoa, are taking voluntary contributions in the car park. The bastard app won't take my three fiddy, but luckily there is a QR code and they take €4.50 for the convenience. But I know it'll be a long day and I will be very happy to get straight into the car later on. Google Maps says it's a 108k cycle, but I want to hug the coast and that brings it up to about 120k, a distance I've barely ever cycled.

10.0.1 SDNW migration

I drop in to *Nick's Coffee* to plan out the trip because I haven't got the finer deets nailed down. I hate planning stuff in advance. I'd rather just do stuff then redo it better. I know that I'll be taking in Arklow and probably Courtown but I've no idea after that, or how many beaches I'll be able to sneakily visit. I also want to have a peak at Rosslare Strand, because it falls into that niche category of seaside village near a big town, with affordable house prices. But it turns out that the train home is at 1730, not 1830, and now I can see a big orange light flashing for the day, telling me to keep going, cos I'm going to be up against it. It's already 0930 and there's six cycling hours ahead of me, so that leaves only two hours of mickeying around, including my current cup of lower-end high-end coffee. Six hours is fine for a legit cyclist but a ticking clock ruins the bantersmash.

Nonetheless, I still have a few minutes to scoop up some Wicklow Town vibes from its presumably coolest cafe. *Nick's Coffee* used to live under an arch in Ranelagh, spitting out espressos at near-Italian prices, but for some reason they had to migrate here, presumably for not ripping people off and thus bringing the area into disrepute. There's seats outside but I'm staying warm inside for now where I can hear Wicklow's two-accent thing in a newer form. Now it's between the older locals and a new breed of South Dublin / North Wicklow heads who are coming here for the hashtag quality of life. There's a mother-of-two in the queue, a former session bird with a booming city voice, quipping repeatedly about the hardship of dragging kids through a long summer, but she's getting no actual laughs out of anyone when all she needs is one token chuckle and maybe a cheeky hug just to get the day off on a manageable note.

Of course that could be me next year, or my wife, as we are thinking seriously about moving here, or even Wicklow's less glamorous sidekick, Rathnew. Now we've missed the boat value-wise, but I still think it's the best place in Leinster for us to live, given that we both want to live beside the sea, and I love cycling up mountains. South Dublin and North Wicklow are too expensive and I haven't even bothered to show up with my magnifying glass. North Leinster is too boring geographically, with its flat coast and flat land, and I know from living in Blanch, how much of a toll that takes on me. I also can't face spending the rest of my life in edgeless, inland suburbia, so it has to be a self-contained town. It feels like the difference between eating dinner on a table of six people, with a sense of unity, versus a long table of eight

or twelve or twenty, where there is no centre and everyone's focus is constantly shifting. The best option in North County Dublin would be Rush, but it's a bit like the Lucan I come from, a village with a ballooning population and very little to come home to bar the resplendent beaches, upon which the sun also rises. I'm actually convincing myself as we speak. Ideally, I'd rather be in a town with more facilities, like Balbriggan, which I've discounted ever since someone threw a stone at me on the street, and Wicklow or maybe distant Arklow, which I'll be visiting this morning. There you can do everything on foot or bicycle, unlike living in the middle of nowhere, where you need to drive twelve minutes every time someone wants a lollipop. Later on today I'll be investigating the long, East Wexford coast, but my travels around South Wexford suggest the county will be just too farmy for the likes of me. And of course, I am discounting, for now, the beautiful West of Ireland, with its incessant rain, and the Responsorial Psalm of *So you're Dub then, is it?*

So before parking up, I actually popped in for another quick sconce at a buncha new builds we viewed in May. The estate is part of an ongoing effort to fill in the remaining gaps between the featureless village of Rathnew and the geography-rich town of Wicklow. Eugene the Estate Agent thinks they are in the middle of nowhere, cos it's like 2.5k from his office in the town centre, but the primary school would be an eight minute walk away and that's our most basic unit of travel. The bus to Dublin is right outside, as is the motorway, so the exit strat is decent, and you can dodge some, but not all, of the town's infamous traffic. Plus I live on a bicycle anyway, so 2.5k is a non-distance to me, like a ten minute walk. We viewed the gaffs a couple of months ago and they told us to stall on til at least September. Then last week, a handful of gaffs came up, only the email went in to my forking spam folder and they were gonzo agin I got back to them. The next batch are due in like October slash November, which is a pain in the Gulags cos now we'll be looking at breaking up the school year for the chunfla. The problem with new builds is that they are so frikkin dear and we'd have to either buy a terraced two-bed or do an equity share with the government. And you don't leave home to go live in a far-off two-bed, especially if having a third child is up in the air. On the plus side though, a new estate means that you are immediately dialled in to a community of other families, namely people with mutual needs, which is the lubricant of human interaction. The fear is that we'll end up in jobs in Dublin and have to travel bucketloads every single day. But if I limit myself to hybrid work, which I probably can, I'll be grand, whereas my wife's career remains a concern, and her travelling lots does worry me. But we are in no rush, so we can take our time looking for jobs that suit our needs.



Figure 10.2: *Wicklow harbour, with the Wicklow Drumlins in the background, bouncing into the sea.*

10.0.2

10.0.3 The empty coast

I decide to get straight to Arklow, 25k, then Courtown, another 25k, for lunch. These are distances I can cope with and then I can worry about the rest of the day from there. I get a quick snap of Wicklow Harbour and soon I'm passing the back of Wicklow Head lighthouse. I'm very happy to be on this bike, although I'm shocked at how hard it is to turn the big ring on the undulating terrain. Last week I finally fixed the issues I was having on the Balbriggan trip like three months ago. I installed a new crankset, which includes the two rings at the front plus the arms onto which the pedals are screwed on. I got myself some variable pedals, with cleats on one side for real cycling, and flat on the other for stalling in and out of town. I also had to put in a new bottom bracket to hold it all together. That's the cylindrical fella which goes into the mysterious little pipe at the bottom of a bike frame. But I decided to up my training regime and get a bigger ring, thinking I was Victor Campanaerts, and now my unpracticed legs can't turn the feckin' wheels, so it feels like I'm dragging my four-stone six-year-old on the back. There's no way I'll be able for six hours of this, and I'll have to get used to it on short midweek rides, so I settle in to a rhythm for now using the smaller chainring, inasmuch as you can with the never-ending up-and-down roads on this lowlumpy island.

The coast road to Arklow is surprisingly empty with no proper villages en route, unless you include caravan parks, or the blink-and-you'll-miss-it Brittas Bay, and it feels like some distributional law of mathematics is being broken. Surely it must be possible to get mass or source a pint of stout either side of a day's labour? But the coast is cliffty, and there are no harbours,



Figure 10.3: *The sparsely populated South Wicklow coastline is characterised by small cove beaches, low cliffs, and occasional caravan parks.*

thus no fishing villages. Dwelling-wise, there seem to be a lot of sizeable houses locked away behind thick electric gates, and plenty of them must own a chunk of the coast. [Later inspection](#) shows that these are the East Coast's electoral districts with the lowest population density. The low-ish cliffs are broken up by intermittent strands, including the famous Brittas Bay and a delectable smaller variant we went to this summer, Magherabeg. Unlike the smaller (sic) Magheramore just north, which is owned and guarded by Wolohan's caravan park, Magherabeg has a makeshift field nearby for parking, but then you have to drag your beach gear along in festival-like fashion. It gave me real pleasure to hand over five nicker to some local teenagers, rather than three fiddly to faceless pricks with fat yellow clamps. Another few coves dot the coast before Arklow and I spot one or two swimmers re-emerging, like amphibians with car keys, and that sense of having already won the day.

10.0.4 Arklow

Arklow, it turns out, is a river town near the sea, like Dublin or Wexford or Drogheda, and you have to make a little effort to get to the coast, whereas in Wicklow the sea is right there, so you can instantly dodge all the towniness, like Dun Laoghaire. I cross the bridge, where they seem to be adding a boardwalk along the river, then I turn left towards the harbour - still the river - and then I remember there stands a light taken from an old lightship. I grab a photo from the other side of the quay, but the light's internal prettiness is masked by the visual overload of its surroundings, with a round block of apartments nearby and masts sticking up irregularly from the marina behind. By contrast, I recall another lightship light sitting resplendent on a roundabout connecting Arklow to the motorway, where its complex beauty is highlighted by



Figure 10.4: *An old lightship light sits stands by the Avoca River in Arklow Harbour, but the nearby marina, with its spiky masts, clogs up the view and reminds us how a lighthouse's beauty relies upon the emptiness around it.*

its simple round grass frame. Roundabout art is rare in Ireland and we could really do with more of it. They are like a modern version of the lighthouse, marking out spaces to avoid along our travel paths. My wife says they are on a different level in her native Oman, and it's yet another thing to see there when we are finally welcomed.

I reconned Arklow a couple of months ago when we were stalling it down to Wexford, and I was more impressed by the outdoor facilities emerging north of the river than the main town arcking up a hill on the south side of what must be a trafficky bridge. The place, to be fair, was as dead as you'd expect on a Bank Holiday Monday, but that only highlighted my diminishing interest in Irish towns with their Battle Cruisers, bookies and perfunctory shite like estate agents and solicitors. And cars parked everywhere. I'm just waiting for the big day when the towns all get pedestrianised and turned into long piazzas full of places to hang out, where adults loiter on the edges, drinking their pints of bubble tea and kids recreate their video games in the flesh. We might even see unobtrusive sports like bowls and badminton. Careful inspection shows that this situation already exists for like eighty metres at the top of Dublin's recently pedestrianised Capel St. Malahide has also introduced a pedestrianised street, although I don't recall that anyone thought of the kids, or indeed anyone who would like to be there without spending cash.

The river feeds, unsurprisingly, into to the sea, and roadworks block the path. There is a definitely a sense of urgency in this town that people are living here and need facilities after a supposedly brutal dose of recession. I nudge through the traffic cones before coming to Arklow South Beach, which is a bit of a #LeinsterBeach, but there's a few families here using the sand as a free babysitter, and I'm asking people if they know whether I can cycle along the



Figure 10.5: *County Wicklow is replete with #vernacular signage voicing the feelings of the community. “PLEASE THIS BEACH IS NOT A DOGS TO LET”.*

coast. The problem is that there is a quarry in the way, with a big pointy hill getting its guts nibbled out. Google Maps wants me to avoid it, even though it does display road-like paths between here and the other side. Everyone claims not to be local, so I punch on inanyways and a local dogwalker tells me there is a gravel path around the quarry, if I stay left of the fence, which I do. I come to The Cove, a slightly nicer beach where a boulder welcomes us with a spraypainted announcement that *This beach is not a dog's toilet*. I've noticed quite a lot of these signs around Wicklow where the people really seem to be standing up for themselves. There's also quite a bit of community art around the place, another strong sign that a lot of fucks are indeed given round here.

Back on the rough gravel path, I'm worried I might get a puncture, although I'm glad my 28mm tyres aren't stupidly skinny. Did I prepare properly last night and pack a puncture repair kit and pump? No, your Honour, I took a needless chance this morning. The path is very steep in parts and hard to grip, so I have to dismount at one point, then I incorrectly choose a left and come to the sumptuous Hanging Rock Beach, to which I'll be returning. The climb back up the slippy terrain is a nice workout for the legs and the cleats on my new pedals are a real help. From the top you can see more little beaches with caravan parks hanging out the back of them, and [here is some tasty drone footage](#). I descend out the other side, into the last couple of kilometres of the wondrous county of Wicklow in which I think I want to live.



Figure 10.6: *The quarry in the background has turned this area into a shambles, but it's worth punching on through for the beaches and walks.*



Figure 10.7: *Hanging Rock beach will be well worth a full visit on a sunny day.*

10.0.5 County Wexford

While I'm not yet in technically Wexford, it feels like I've already entered a new place now as the terrain is that bit flahher. I'm excited to finally see the domestic tourism scene in this county, where you hear reports of hashtag Real Dubs coming and supposedly overrunning the place, although that sounds like decent craic to me, at least for the first three hours. The first sign of life comes from an explorer aunt out on her bike, and a few clicks later I see a gastro pub on the side of the road advertising an upcoming performance of Roddy Doyle's *The Snapper*. But there are no people. Just road and farms, and the odd sign for honey and eggs for sale. I continue on around Tara Hill, where an elderly lady refuses me permission to photo [her cute house](#), then I turn left for Ballymoney and Courtown, where the mobile homes start to stack up, and then the housing estates for some possibly long-distance commuters. I'm delighted to have this chunk of the trip dunzoed and I'm ready for a swim and some scran. It's 1215 now so I'm on skedj, but I won't have time for a thorough investigation.

I expected Courtown to have a long sprawling beach, like what everyone bangs on about in Wexford, and which I've been half-avoiding, but actually it's a fishing harbour with low cliffs at the south end, and little scatty beaches scattered along the shore. It's not even obvious where I ought to swim but I see a few teenage Dubs in wetsuits who look like they've been transplanted here from Grand Canal Dock and they are climbing down some awkward steps to get to the water. Other people are walking along a path in the grass. My problem is that I don't have a little lock for this bike cos the poundshop lock I bought has rusted and the key is stuck. The sociologist in me is gaggo to follow the lads, but the item-heavy middle-aged man in me is telling me to push on. A German couple tell me there's a beach at the end of the short road, Keltunnel Bay beach apparent, which bizarrely sits in an evergreen wood. No one is here except for a humourless couple with a toddler, doing their duty, and a grandad with his maybe nine-year-old granddaughter, trying to convince her to get in to the water without setting any kind of example himself. I whip out Kilroy's tiny swimming jocks and lounge in the instantly deep water for fully two minutes, a season's best. Rain starts spitting as I get out and I'm bricking it cos I've got seventy k to go and less than five hours before the train departs. But a change of jersey is very welcome and my light jacket keeps the spitting rain out.

I don't have time for a sit-down meal so I order fish and chips from a takeaway, which is not a great mid-exercise choice, and while I wait for it I sit round the corner with a meh coffee, jotting down notes for what is written above. I'm also trying to soak in the atmos but it's not a people-watching paradise, due to its clusterfucked layout. Your classic seaside pattern goes sea, beach, parallel promenade, shops, and road behind. People watching is easy because they come and they go, paralleling along like everything else. But here it's all mixed up. The harbour is at the centre, with a small river cutting diagonally across. The beaches are split either side of the town, with that small cliffy headland to the south, and the village cuts back perpendicularly from the harbour. Parked cars soak up what could be a small piazza, and

there's nowhere much to sit out and eat. This cafe has some low wooden benches and high wooden casks, but the cask makes it easier to hide my food on my lap while I have the odd sip of coffee. I gobble up the fish and put half the chips in my teeny backpack, using them to separate my little wet towel from the last of my dry clothes for the train home. The kiosk in the car park is particularly pretty so I ask the aul fella if I can get a snap. He says yes and that a lot of people take a picture, then I feel guilty and order an ice-cream, which is exactly what I don't need. I misframe the photo so I'm not printing it here. I've actually go no even half-decent photos of Courtown, possibly because its layout doesn't lend itself to a 2D shot. I hit the road in a flurry and I'm disappointed that I haven't rested my brain enough for another couple of hours of observation.



Figure 10.8: *Tidy Towns have done a lot of work in Kilmuckridge, but this house is setting the pace.*

The next forty five kilometres are very much the loneliness of the long-distance runner, so I just keep my head down to get them dunzoed. I lash on a podcast for once cos I need a break from my unrested brain. Signposts indicate Curracloe, 30k away, so I use that as my next goal even though I no longer expect to see its famous beach. I'm starting to understand that this so-called coast road is actually just an inland distributor road, running parallel to the coast, and you have to turn off it to get to the villages and beaches. So instead of Cahore Point on the coast, I get to see inland Ballygarrett, which is full-on Heart of Darkness stuff, with petrol pumps outside a small shop, and a monster church built after Emancipation for a population that can no longer fill it. 8k later is the larger village-town of Kilmuckridge, which has been colonised by the Tidy Towns people. Its coastal partner is Morriscastle Strand. I stop off for fluids in a surprisingly fancy Centra, which has modelled itself on post-merger Super Valu, but

of the Superquinn kind, rather than the shoddy Bogger Valus that used to drain rural cash in exchange for limp carrots. The place seems to be a magnet for ageing ladies, dressed to the sevens, hoping to bump into their next social engagement. Across from the Centra sits Wexford House which may well be a factory for hanging baskets. 9k later I'm in Blackwater, an ancient-looking village, with a couple of shops older than your granda. It looks like it has worked hard to preserve its history, but some very modern tractors plough through it, being harvest season, and we all get stuck behind some roadworks. I can feel my legs now missing their sparkle on the short uphill exit out of the town, although I have a nice little race against one of the tractors as it struggles to negotiate the traffic cones which mark out the roadworks. Yet again it's like 8 or 9k to the next village, Curracloe, whereby no man is ever more than 4 or 5k from his pint or priest, that being as far as one could reasonably walk to and fro on the reg. Sure enough, it's just a junction village with a road to the nearby beach, so I sit down for a suppa water then punch on a few more clicks to Wexford Town.

10.0.6 Wexford Town



Figure 10.9: *Like Dublin, Wexford is not a seaside town, but a river town near the sea.*

Arriving in Wexford Town gives me that now-familiar joy of arriving back in civilization, and the upsloping settlement across the wide river looks deloosh in the sunshine. It's 345 now and I've got thirty mins max to go all Ford Prefect on the situation, so I make a beeline for the boozer where I can get a quick Britney and a packa peanuts. I almost feel like [these Tour de France riders](#) from back in the hashtag who would run into cafes and steal a wodge of booze and stuff it back into their jerseys, to be drunk while they chase back on to the peleton. In my

case I hit The Undertaker, which should be outdoor pinting heaven, but the bar is understaffed and the aul lad takes fifteen full minutes to serve me a sharp pint of Moretti. I slobber it down and barely have enough time to sort out all the shite in my pockets before it's time to leg it. This place should be people-watching heaven but again, that's not a task for the frantic. It's 415 now and the train is at 530.



Figure 10.10: *Nearly there: I haven't felt this good since Jason McAteer scored against Holland in 2001*

Google Maps is sending me on some roundabout journey, turning 17k into 24, and putting me under severious time pressure. The signs are telling me otherwise and I realize that something is up when it tells me to take a left off the N25 down some L-road, when all the Jammers and lorries are zipping along this, the Rosslare road. Obviously some gom in Google Maps has confused Motorways with National roads, cos I've since started to notice a pattern. Now lookit, you wouldn't plan your Sunday spin around this noise but you'd certainly take it over missing your Boola train and being stranded in one of the four corners of Ireland. I also have to take the L on scoping out Rosslare Strand as a place to live, but I'm no longer pushed because I know I don't want to live anywhere in Wexford. If I'm going to be this far from Dublin, then I'd rather be somewhere more dramatic. Mind you the pancake flat land out this side of the town is working in my favour and I can finally power towards my final destination in the big ring. There's a sign saying 6k to Rosslare Harbour and I haven't felt this good since Jason McAteer scored against Holland in 2001. I can see the top of the ferry in the distance, beyond the flat fields, and it looks like the roof of a circus tent, advertising itself via shape and colour. The built up area arrives and I feel a rare sense of synergy with the place as everything relates to my destination, the harbour, to which all the lorries and many of the cars are headed. After the traditional village of Kilrane, everything starts to scream at you, American-style, from the side of the road. Eat here. Sleep here. Refuel here. The pyramidal church from the 1960s confirms the modernity of the place. I stop to take stock and a lorry

spatters me with minutes-old rainwater, but it feels lucky, like birdshit on your shoulder, and I'm reminded that I've dodged God's pee all day long. I think about grabbing some scran and a celebratory beer for the train, but I decide to just get to the station, buy my ticket and then head to the lighthouse, planning to pig out on the two-hour train ride back.



Figure 10.11: *The little lighthouse is inaccessible to the public unless you make prior arrangements with the harbourmaster or like whatever.*

The road descends to the harbour on the left, while a low cliff to the right provides a perch for the locals to live. There is no train station, just a platform and ticket machine behind a wodge of makeshift fencing. A train worker is arriving in work and I ask him how I get to the lighthouse but he tells me it's inaccessible, and the only way I'll even see it is from the cliff above. So I grab my bike and, thinking I'm a cyclo-cross hero, I lug it up fifty-odd steps whence I can look back over the scaldyball harbour whose aesthetic, one might argue, operates at a magnitude greater than that of the individual. I still have fifteen minutes to play with so I ask the security guards if I can stall in towards the lighthouse. I make it through the first two entry levels but the last one gives me a hard no, and it's fair enuffski, as this isn't some pissy tourist operation we're dealing with here, like Hook Head. It's also not the last disappointment of the Doris Day. I cycle back with my tail between my legs and, on boarding the train, I find that they no longer sell food or water, let alone a cheeky cans. This has been the case ever since Craig David, according to the smug conductor, who squeezes in a cheeky bit of beration for me not booking a spot for my bike. I am thankful for the cold, soggy chips in my bag and the lady opposite offers me half her water bottle. I offer her chocolate in return and we talk camper vans for a while, but I need to write and she wants to read. I change into some vinegar-infused clean clothes, and two slow hours later I'm back in my car, craving a McDonalds milkshake. I find a recovery drink in a petrol station and hit the motorway, thinking I might be doing this drive a lot more, #goingforward.