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Aided Chonchobuir  
The  
Death of Conchobar

Redacted and (freely) translated  
from Old Irish manuscripts in  
Ireland and Scotland

for Tyler agus Ethan McDowell, Christmas 1995  
by their uncle Fearlach Uilleam Uallas Mac Guadhre

**O**nce upon a time the warriors of Ulster (Northern Ireland) were shit-faced drunk. Conall, Cú Chulainn, and Loegaire started arguing over who had the coolest trophies. Conall said: "Bring me Mesgegra's brain so that I can face the cry-babies." The Ulster warriors were in the habit of cutting the brains out of any warrior that they killed in battle and mixing them with lime so that they became hard balls. Whenever they had arguments about who was the bitchenest dude they used to have the brain-balls brought out so that they could hold them in their hands.

'Well, O Conchobar,' said Conall, 'until the bull-shit posers perform a deed as mighty as the one I did in order to get this brain, they should keep their mouths shut.' Conchobar said 'I'm cool with that.'

Then the brain was put upon the shelf on which it was always kept. The next day every one went off to goof around. Then a bruiser from a different neighborhood (Connaught) named Cet mac (son of) Matu, went around Ulster making

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trouble. This Cet was the biggest asshole in Ireland. He used to strut around carrying three severed heads wherever he went.

(7) A group of Ulster jesters were playing catch with Mesgegra's brain and Cet overheard one of them say something. He snatched the brain out of the jester's hand and took off with it because he knew that it had been prophesied of Mesgegra that he would avenge himself after his death. In every battle that the men of Connaught (west-central Ireland) fought against the warriors of Ulster, Cet used to carry the brain in his belt to see if he could get famous by killing an important Ulsterman.

Once Cet was stealing cattle from the men of the Rosses, the men of Ulster tracked him down. Then Cet's buddies tried to rescue him. The two gangs rumbled. Conchobar himself, the leader of the Ulstermen, jumped into the fray. When they spotted him a group of chicks from Connaught begged Conchobar to come over so that they could check him out — Conchobar was supposed to be the biggest hunk in Ireland — he was a big guy with a great body, bitchen hair, a perfect complexion, great clothes, and he came from a rich family (etc). He was one spectacular stud! But the reason the

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chicks were after him was because Cet had put them up to it. Conchobar went over to make time with the babes.

Cet, for his part, was hiding in the middle of the women. He loaded Mesgegra's brain in a sling and fired it so that it smashed into the crown of Conchobar's head, and so that it stuck two-thirds of the way into his head. Conchobar was knocked unconscious by the blow. The men of Ulster ran towards him and carried him away. This all happened on the bank of the river *Daire da Baeth*.

Then the gang from Connaught started to lose the fight so they ran away to a place called *Scé Aird na Con*. The Ulstermen followed after them. 'Get me the fuck out of here!' said Conchobar. 'Whoever helps me get home can be leader of the Ulster gang.' 'I'll do it,' said Cenn Berraide, one of the freshman punks in the gang. He put a rope around him and carried him on his back to a place called *Ardachad of the Fewes*. The punk had a heart attack and croaked because of the strain so that people talk about 'Cenn Berraid's kingship over Ulster,' because the dork carried the king on his back for half a day and then died (some kingship!).

Meanwhile, the two gangs kept fighting for twenty-four hours straight. Until the men of Ulster got the hell beaten out of

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them. A doctor named Fingen was eventually brought to Conchobar. This guy was such a good doctor that he could tell how many people in a house were sick and what was wrong with them just by watching the smoke come out of their chimney. 'Well,' said Fingen, 'if I take the brain-ball out of your head you are a goner. If I leave it in you will live, but you will look like hell.' The Ulstermen said that they would rather have an ugly leader than a dead one.

So the doctor stitched up Conchobar's head as best he could with a gold thread (because Conchobar had blond hair and he figured it would be less conspicuous that way). Then the doctor told Conchobar that he would have to chill-out — that he couldn't ride a horse, couldn't have sex, couldn't snork his food, and couldn't even run.

And that's how Conchobar lived (if you call that living) for seven years. He was like a vegetable. He couldn't stand up or move around or anything. Then he heard that Christ had been crucified by the Jews. He found out because one day there was a major earthquake and lightning and thunder — all hell broke loose! Conchobar asked one of his druids 'Hey, what's going on? Something nasty has happened huh?' The druid said 'No shit

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Sherlock, Christ just got nailed.' 'What! That sucks!' said Conchobar, 'I was born on the same day as him, Christmas day, though I was born in a different year.'

It was then that Conchobar got really pissed off and started waving his sword around and screaming like a banshee that he was going to kick the crap out of whoever killed Christ. He had a flipping fit. He jumped up and down and spit he was so mad. Bad move on his part. He got a really bad headache, his temples started to throb and then, all at once, the brain-ball popped out of his head followed by Conchobar's own brains which came splashing out in a gray chunky plume as if he had puked old moose meat out of the top of his head. He died in pool of his own brain slime. Poor son of a bitch!

Finit

