

# Corporal Lake

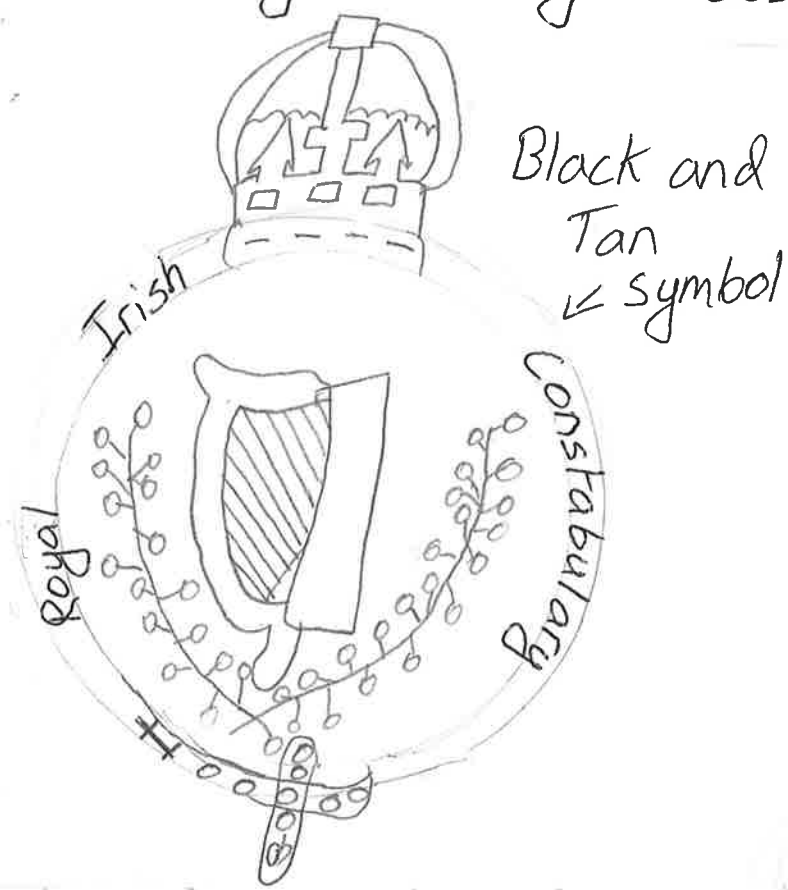
There once was a Corporal heading from Schull to Dunmanway. He rode on horse back and he was a Black and Tan. As he rode through Glounaphooca bog, the wind arose a massive wave in a flat, lifeless lake nestled between two peat banks.

They say the Corporal thought it was a beautiful white horse and so he chased it, fell into the lake and drowned. The next day the English Army came looking for the Corporal. They found his body on the bank of the lake.

They say you can still see his ghost riding across the lake to this day!

Glounaphooca means 'Glen of the Ghost.'

This story was told to me by my father who was told by my Nana who was raised in the Glounaphooca area.



By Colm Harrington / February 2017

Story Was told to by Declan  
Harrington

Gortnaclohy, Skibbereen