

Story from : Naomi Evans  
2016-2017

Name of Person giving story : Kenneth Evans  
Address : Poundlick Skibbereen (My <sup>↑</sup> Grandfather)

My Great Great Grandfather, Jack Evans lived in Poundlick Skibbereen. Jack was a pig farmer which was good because people lived on pigs but mostly potatoes. This was sometime in the 1900's in the time of the troubles. Everyone was involved in some secret organisation. Jack had lots of grey hounds aswell as pigs. Spuds were paid rent to the English. The grain also went across to England, the biggest empire.

Lil was an elderly lady who was living in Jack's neighbourhood. Lil was also a member of Cumann na mbán. She knew lots of stuff going on in the I.R.A, a member of the I.R.A was Lil's brother. Lil's brother also lived in that neighbourhood.

One day Jack went to visit Lil's brother. Lil's brother also owned greyhounds so they were just talking about greyhounds as you would. They talked for a while then Jack went home.

Later on that evening it was announced that Jack was to be shot because of something he said that morning but he really didn't say anything that would get him into trouble.

Everyone was so scared. Jack was thinking of going hiding out in a neighbour's house but the next morning of the day he

was going to be shot it was announced that he wasn't to be shot and that was because Lil's brother met with the leader of the I.R.A and told him that Jack was not to be shot as he didn't say anything wrong. He was just talking about greyhounds with him. So in the end Jack did not end up being shot and Lil's brother saved Jack. The End!

Address: Church strand view Baltimore

Story from  
Naomi Evans

Name Giving story: Mary Kelley  
(My Grandmother)

2016-2017

One day my great nana went for a stroll around. This was back when she was only about twelve or thirteen years old. There was this tree that she always used to visit, it was very near her house. But there was another man there. This man grabbed a stick from her. Now this wasn't any old stick, this would have been one of her toys, I know it seems quite boring but that toy could have been anything she wanted. It could have been a magic wand, a baseball bat or maybe a microphone. But this man stole her stick. She ran off behind a bush and watched the man. He wasn't dressed as a Black and Tan but she ran home because she still didn't feel safe. Her house was very close so she could still see the man. She thought maybe he could be collecting sticks to make a base with because he had a bag attached to his belt, that was in a tube shape, and he might have put my her stick in there. But he didn't put anything in. He took something out. That something was a gun and he shot a man. My Great Nana must have been feeling very scared. As her Dad was coming in the gate of her house she looked out the window and saw him shaking hands with Michael Collins but when Michael left and as her Dad was coming in the gate of his own house that same man that stole her stick and shot another man was behind him! Nana was very scared for her dad. This man now wacked him (her Dad) in the ear and ran away. The weapon used was, believe it or not Nana's stick! She was very relieved nothing worse had happened to her Father!