



Rutherford's Ireland
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In despair the man, who couldn't have been older than the legal age walked into Geese's pub here in Dundalk, Ireland off the coast of the North Sea. It was just one of those days; dark, dreary, damp and wet. The type of day where everything could all go wrong. The young man introduced himself as Rutherford St. James III, straight out of Dublin. He somehow landed in the peat bogs and has been unable to conjure his memory or previous thoughts up until now. Dublin was a vast forty-five miles away and Rutherford doesn't seem to have any form of transportation, so the questions remain how did Rutherford arrive in Dundalk? Why was he tossed up in the peat bogs?

Further examination of Rutherford's clothing revealed a small parchment of paper with the slightest dampness to it. On the piece of paper was small cursive writing, perhaps a women's with the words "Meet @ Trinity College. St. Patrick's Day. 3PM. Books of Kells." The Books of Kells at Trinity College are a masterpiece of the ornate Hiberno-Saxon style. It is probable that the illumination was begun in the late 8th century at the Irish monastery on the Scottish island of Iona and that after a Viking raid the book was taken to the monastery of Kells in County Meath, where it may have been completed in the early 9th century.

Rutherford continued to search all the pockets of his trousers and sports coat. Inside his pockets of his trousers where a hard, solid crystal type rock. This was believed to be Quartz but this mineral isn't normally found around in these parts geographically. Therefore, what was the quartz crystal doing with this parchment note about a meeting at Trinity College? Who was Rutherford supposed to meet? Did he know this person? Is this

the person that deserted him 45 miles from Dublin? There are so many questions and not very many answers.

The rest of his pockets were empty, there was no wallet or bill fold, no identification of any kind, not even a passport. Rutherford was not having a good day, he couldn't even buy his own drink because it was that the Irish are such warm and welcoming people many stepped up and bought the lad a beer or two. Rutherford was very gracious and thanked the men and sat at the table by the window. He needed to get back to Dublin but how and with what form of transportation? And how would he pay for it? This was going to be the most challenging period for him. Trying to recapture thoughts and memories that he can't remember, but by piecing the puzzle back together things and events may seem more clearer and less foggy.

Rutherford was in Dublin on Friday, March 15, 2024 gearing up for St. Patrick's Day festivities on Sunday. His presence was requested by the Council at the Abbey Theatre for a showing of a new production that was getting well deserved reviews and Rutherford always being a fan of the theatre showing off new talents. Just last year Rutherford and his father donated a substantial endowment to Dublin's local theaters, Abbey Theatre was one of those benefactors.

Rutherford remembers vaguely stopping by the Circular Garden at Dublin Castle. There he walked into the shade on the western side and walked over towards the tall trees where there was a strange couple over in the right side staring at the ground. He walked

closer and asked if they needed any help or assistance and the man turned around and jabbed a syringe into Rutherford's neck. Whatever is was acted fast because Rutherford said to the local law enforcement:

"I lost the use of my legs then my body froze, then I was gagged and thrown into a box, assuming it was a trunk of a car, and an older car at that because I had a tire iron and spare about to give me a lube job if you get my drift."

"I understand Mr. St. James, my name is Officer O'Kelly but we have to follow every lead and protocol, I'm glad your safe and you contacted us but we can arrange for a family member to come pick you up but that will take time, in the mean time we can go in my patrol car and I can set you up at the station." O'Kelly said.

Rutherford looked through the window where he was nursing his beer, O'Kelly's patrol car was an old nineteen nineties Ford Crown Victoria, half the Police insignia was missing and the car seemed to seen some gun fire in its days. "Somethings off with this situation, who called the authorities and how did you get here so quick?" Rutherford bluntly told O'Kelly getting up from his table slamming his beer mug on to the table.

"I'm the law around these parts, from Dundalk all the way to Swords. I am your worst nightmare; these folks know who I am and what I'm capable of with me and my brothers. You were sent here for a reason and now your alive, lucky you are my lad, but breath some nice air because soon it will be your last." O'Kelly said laughing as he exited the pub letting the door close behind him.

It was now close to noon and the lunch bunch were arriving at the pub, and in Ireland drinking always continues when it's a major Irish holiday, some may even want some specialty green leprechaun beer to wash down their throats. The pub was starting to fill up with more patrons and tables were getting more crowded, soon by midday it was packed with all kinds of folk from the town since many were getting off work or just looking for a place to relax and enjoy some company.

At around six in the evening and not a minute over a small mini cooper stopped outside and out came a weird bunch of an older man and slightly younger woman came into the pub, most likely tourists because they talked funny.

"How it goin' there bartender? We need some directions if you could oblige?" The fella said yelling over all the men sitting at the bar nursing their drinks which were always needing to be refilled.

"Sir, where are you trying to get to? Right now, you are in Dundalk, Ireland!" The Bartender said.

"We need to get to Dublin and back to normal society, you know where there is a shower and towels, comfy beds and amenities that doesn't look like are present in this or our last location." The older man said speaking louder to the bartender.

"No offense sir!" The lady said as she walked over to the bar grabbing her jacket close to her chest.

Rutherford's eyes perked up when he heard that these two individuals had a car and were lost and heading to Dublin. This might be his only chance to get to where he needs to go and in a hurry. However, he himself didn't even know how to get from his current location to Dublin, thus he could read a road map and follow directions. It was a perfect plan for an adventure to get back home to normalcy and find out what happened to him and who left him forty-five miles from home and why he is to meet someone at Trinity College at 3pm.

"Sir and madam, I may be of assistance, my name is Rutherford St. James III, I am from Dublin, Ireland and I can go along with you for the journey and assist in directions and map coordinates. I also need to get to Dublin but don't have a mode of transportation and believe you can assist me as I can assist you. Is it okay if I come along with you?"

"Very well, a team of three is better than two; my wife can stay in the back while the two men manage the helm with a driver and the other managing directions and the roads. My eyes aren't what they used to be and you being so young should be able to follow the road signs and detours or road closures." The man said as he went with the bartender to discuss directions to get on the main road out from the pub.

Rutherford asked the man what his name was "Sir what shall I call my companions on this Dublin road trip?" The woman was the first to answer "My name is Claudine St. Peter and my husband over there is John St. Peter. We are originally from England but have a son in Dublin and have been driving from the northern border of

Ireland in hope of viewing some old relics and historical Irish sites from years ago but found ourselves lost about eight hours ago.

A road expedition to Dublin was now underway and riding in the Mini Cooper was not as enjoyable for any of the participants, the cramped leg room, and small cabin space to be able to stretch your legs and be able to move about while sightseeing from all the windows during the night as the sun settled and the darkness took over the sky. The clear sky was an amazing sight to view the stars and bright round moon on this dark evening. The roads took a lot of concentration because you never knew when livestock or wild animals would be walking or stagnant in the main road. Farms and pastures were all around but most were fenced with stone or rock walls leading up to property far away from the road or too far to be seen but civilization seemed nonexistent around these parts and as the driving continued they were going to need to stop for gas shortly which means going into the next major town or city.

Rutherford, Claudine and John made it into the next major town a little over nine in the morning in the town of Skerries, Ireland. Their next stop would be Swords, Ireland and finally Dublin. Getting gasoline for the Mini Cooper was not so easy, because this town was not a major city like Mead or Louth where the couple previously bought their gas. It took about an hour and they began the second leg of their journey. Luckily, they didn't experience any car trouble, no flat tires or carjacking like you would expect in a place like America or other countries that tourists go and major tragedies happen that are

so unbelievable when you tell people about your trip, they are like "What were the chances? Huh? Who would have thought you of all people!"

"Come on its ten am, it's time we get moving," John said as he walked to open the Mini Coopers drivers side car door and realized it was locked and the key was dangling in the ignition. "How the Hell... !!" "How could I have been so stupid to leave the key in the ignition and lock the doors?"

The gas attendant came over and looked into the car and said "Yup, you have a dilemma...yes you do. I can jimmy the car door and see if you can gain entry?"

The gas attendant came over with the basic household tools to jimmy a lock and attempted to get the car door open with a metal hanger and the rest of the basics and right before the lock budged the hanger fell in the car between the driver's seat and car door. There was no use, this was starting to be a catastrophe in the making. Right at that moment Rutherford was not having any more of this drama. Rutherford went to the trunk of the Mini Cooper and felt the trunk and found the rubber button, miraculously it opened.

"Jeez here I go back into another box just to save the day! And this ones even smaller how many cubic feet is this thing like 10!" sarcastically while taking layers off to fit in the Mini-Cooper.

He grunted and kept going into the back seats and then sat upright. As he made it to the passenger side (which is the driver's side in Ireland) he grabbed the hanger and

unlocked the door for John and then he opened his own door. While all the effaces of the car were open he got out and stretched his body and breathed some fresh air again. Which conjured his memory of Officer O'Kelly who told him to take advantage of his every breaths. Rutherford was still asking so many questions in his head, who was Officer O'Kelly? What was his motive and why was he threatening Rutherford? Who left Rutherford in the peat bogs? Why? Couldn't they keep him in a warehouse in Dublin why toss him away forty-five miles away from home? Who wants to meet him at Trinity College at three pm and at the Books of Kells?

With all these questions still not answered Rutherford had to get to Dublin by tomorrow which would be Sunday St. Patrick's Day and everything would then fall into place.

"All right shake a leg come one, we aren't going to end up in Dublin standing about looking at each other." John said as he sat in the driver seat started the Mini Cooper and closed his door. Claudine and Rutherford followed suit.

The driving continued with similar scenery until they were past the country and were entering Dublin. Dublin is a major city which holds great appeal to live in with technology and agricultural business booming. The population has surpassed over 1 million and will continue to grow as Dublin develops with technology.

They all reached the central port and followed into the city to Dublin's St. Patrick's Cathedral where they then went to The University of Dublin where the St.

Peters were going to visit their son, and Rutherford was going to Trinity College to meet his surprise of a lifetime. The sun was this peach colored dew the morning when Rutherford started to go exploring on his own. He had until three in the afternoon to meet his guest who left the parchment in his trousers which left him to die for-five miles from home.

Walking around the campus brought so much thought to come across his ever-intelligent mind about the history of the university and its students' lives that are being enriched. Rutherford came from wealth and money which therefore lead to prestige which would guarantee him acceptance to any secondary educational institution he wanted to attend. Rutherford Knew he came from money but he was smart, diligent and a hard worker. He thought on his feet and was able to quantitatively solve problems rapidly then some of his peers.

The clock struck two o clock in the afternoon and Rutherford was already from gathering things from around campus to set his trap. He collected some rope, trash bags and paint thinner from the utility closet from the utility closet. He was hopeful to find some clear adhesive and clear wrapping but was out of luck. However, this would work with what he was able to find.

Using the clear trash bags, Rutherford poured the paint thinner on to the sliced bags and hung them up tied by the rope to create a trap that when a person would run into

the bags they would get stuck with the paint thinner bags on the face and body parts including clothes. They would be stuck and the bags wouldn't come off that well.

This would give Rutherford plenty of time to grab the abductor and see who they are and gather as much evidence as possible and hopefully get some answers about why and for what reason did they do this to him. The clock struck the next hour, it was the time to shine or fall victim again.

Ding, Ding, Ding... Rutherford started pacing towards the area of the Books of Kells and after about two minutes standing there a faint figure under a veil started to approach him, was this a woman coming to see the books? Or was this his abductor? Questions needed to be answered.

The veil wearing figure was starting to come closer into the light, it was a male figure attempting to pass off as a woman in a veil. He had broad shoulders like an athlete and was mid-height nowhere over six feet, he was a darker complexion than Irish, maybe Peruvian or of Spanish descent. He wore a dark robe with a blue stripe in the middle almost like a monk but it was tuned into pants on the bottom.

"Are you Rutherford? The man given the piece of Parchment who knows he's luckily to be alive? The man in the robe said.

"I am thee Rutherford that you speak of, who may I ask are you" Rutherford asked.

"I am Lug Lámfota the god of the Celtics. I summoned you here to warn you that a grave danger awaits you if you don't stop it before it stops you. I can help you but you have to be able to abide by me and use the powers I have been given to defend you against the evil that awaits." Lug Lámfota said.

"But who and what god are you I don't understand?" Rutherford Asked.

"According to Irish tradition, I, Lug Lámfota ("Lug of the Long Arm") was the sole survivor of triplet brothers all having the same name. At least three dedications to Lugus in plural form, Lugoues, are known from the European continent, and the Celtic affinity for trinitarian forms would suggest that three gods were likewise envisaged in these dedications. My son, or rebirth, according to Irish belief, was the great Ulster hero, Cú Chulainn ("Culann's Dog"). I was also known in Irish tradition as Samildánach ("Skilled in All the Arts"). The variety of my attributes and the extent to which my calendar festival Lugnasad on August 1 was celebrated in Celtic lands indicate that I was one of the most powerful and impressive of all the ancient Celtic deities."

"I see, but who dumped me into the... "Whoosh, Splat Boom.

All of a sudden Rutherford got blown away into the trap he set and landed against the banister full of paint thinner, trash bags and rope. he was having problems grasping for breath but he was managing alright. He arms were above him and his legs were dangling outward as he was trying to stand with all the rope, clear trash bags and paint thinner all over him.

“How was that? You Rutherford ask to many questions and sometimes need a taste of your own medicine. You try and use that slick trick on me, I told you I’m a god and all I did was a tiny trick and you got all uhm... what should I call it “got all wrapped up!” Lug Lámfota said laughing at Rutherford.

Rutherford worked and worked to get himself free, and eventually was cleaned up out of his sticky situation.

“who is after me and how do I just get my normal boring life again?” Rutherford asked.

You will have to face the “Pooka” or as they are known as “Hobgoblins”. Lug Lámfota said.

“You mean a little fucking fairy is messing with my life?!!” Rutherford said

“if that’s how you want to describe it then yes.” Lug Lámfota said.



This now explains a lot in medieval English folklore, a malicious fairy or demon. In Old and Middle English, the word meant simply “demon.” In Elizabethan lore he was a mischievous, brownie like fairy also called Robin Goodfellow, or Hobgoblin. As one of the leading characters in William Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Puck boasts of his pranks of changing shapes, misleading travelers at night, spoiling milk, frightening young girls, and tripping venerable old dames. The Irish pooka, or *púca*, and the Welsh *pwcca* are similar household spirits.

Rutherford now knew what he had to do and that was to stand up to the malicious fairy which was a small demon. The gods had his back and would assist him with their powers and protect him, while he would fight the battle.

"Demon Fairy wherever you are come on out and play, I'm ready to face you and play your game." Rutherford said while holding one of the books of Kells.

Within a few seconds a small fairy (demon) appeared on the floor about 3 feet tall. The fairy was dancing and talking gibberish and laughing/giggling. This image was a difficult one to comprehend, it seemed like a scene out of Hollywood.

"I will have your soul because your stupid like a troll, you fall for my tricks and live you like in the sticks. I brought you far away from your home and you lost everything and begged like a dog for a bone." The Demon Fairy was chanting.

Rutherford was getting aggravated with this little creature and needed to find a way to win and conquer against this 3-foot-tall menace to society. He looked into the Book of Kells and shouted some passages from the manuscript which was updated in the 9th century and the fairy demon went mad, he started jumping up and down and covering its ears and then out of nowhere it couldn't take anymore and said "your free, your free!" and disappeared.

Rutherford said thank you to the god for his help and asked about the crystal stone that was in Rutherford's sports coat. Rutherford grabbed the stone from his pocket and looked at for a while and handed it back to the god and he to vanished, but before he did he said "Without this crystal I wouldn't be able to show you my true form." Lug Lámfota said as he rose up to the tall ceilings and vanished. Rutherford went back to managing with his own life and paying more attention about where he goes and who he's around,

especially when he in the parks and areas where strangers can just abduct you. He knew he never wanted to be in a situation where he didn't know where he was or in a place unfamiliar to him. However, when he got home his father wasn't home and hadn't left a note which was unusual. He called his father cell and the same voice of the Fairy answered:

**"I play the voice of your pops, because you out smarted me so here's the spot,
Come to Boston and find your pops and me or everything will die like they
should be."**

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Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, illustration from *Robin Goodfellow, his mad pranks and merry jests*, 1628

Courtesy of the Folklore Society Library, University College, London; photograph, R.B. Fleming

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