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Ballykissangel: the new arrival

Hugh Miller

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Hugh Miller : Ballykissangel: the new arrival before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Ballykissangel: the new arrival:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Father Clifford arrives in BallyK and into Assumpta's heartBy MartiniAssumpta Fitzgerald and Father Peter Clifford! I'll never forget these characters. It's such a joy to see the show

transcripts (in story form)...everything the exact same as the shows. If you loved Ballykissangel, you'll love this and the same for the 2nd book. Unfortunately there isn't a book on the 3rd season, or as they call it "Series", the season that broke all our hearts....I won't give it away by spoiling. It's been several years now and I still miss Assumpta and Father Peter Clifford. Great fictional characters. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. A let down
By Kilala Aurelia
When I think of novelizations of movies and TV shows, I usually am excited because you get to know what the character was thinking and you get little scenes that never made it on screen. This book provided almost none of that. It felt like I was reading a plot synopsis of the first season. I do love Ballyk, and I rather do like the first season so even a meh retelling of it in book form is worth at least 2 stars. This is definitely more of a check out of the library book than a buy book. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I highly recommend this book
By Customer
Thank you! I highly recommend this book!

Ballykissangel is a small parish in rural Ireland where life is anything but humdrum. Peter Clifford, an English curate, has been posted in Ballykissangel and his arrival comes as something of a shock both to him and the local residents. Not at all fitting his expectations, the misty little town is by no means the sleepy backwater he had envisioned. He is faced with the local scam-artist, Brian Quigley, who has just installed an automated confessional--complete with fax machine--in the church, and his daughter Niamh who asks Father Peter for advice about premarital sex. There is also Father Mac, the parish priest, who is known to be fond of the bottle and far less fond of the English. And, perhaps his most difficult challenge is presented in the form of Assumpta Fitzgerald, the beautiful, fiery, and fiercely anti-clerical owner of the local pub, who proves to be a very attractive sparring partner on issues of all sorts. Father Clifford is quickly forced to come to terms with idiosyncrasies of the various local characters of Ballykissangel, and to do so he will shake the foundation of their beliefs and the very bedrock of Irish Catholicism. Consequently, finding a foothold in the community proves to be harder than the youthful priest bargained for. This book is a companion to the series Ballykissangel, a 14-part drama that began airing in the United States on public television in January 1998. Wildly popular with British audiences, the series stars Steven Tompkinson (star of the recent film *Brassed Off*) as Father Peter Clifford, Dervla Kirwan (voted the most popular actress on British television last year) as the feisty Assumpta Fitzgerald, and Tony Doyle as the mischievous Brian Quigley.

About the Author
Hugh Miller was born in Scotland but now lives in Warwick. He is the author of the best seller *Ambulance*, as well as the highly acclaimed Mike Fletcher crime novels. He is an acknowledged expert on forensic medicine and has numerous TV credits. Gerry O'Brien writes humorous chapter books, picture books, and lyrics for 7-12 year olds. His lyrics have been sung by Corduroy Bear, Franklin the Turtle, and the Care Bears, and his stories, poems, and plays have won numerous writing awards. He lives in Argyle Shore, Prince Edward Island.
Excerpt.
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From Chapter 2: Assumpta parked the van in front of Fitzgerald's and took a cardboard carton with her shopping from the back. She elbowed her way into the bar, lugging the box, narrowly missing the heads of customers at tables near the door. Brian Quigley, a local businessman, was sitting at the bar, eating a sandwich and reading his paper. "morning, Brian." He grunted without looking up. "Niamh..." Assumpta called to the girl behind the counter and pointed to Quigley's sandwich. "Do me one of them, will you?" "If you don't mind waiting while she orders it from Dublin," Quigley muttered. Niamh glared at him. "Don't leave a tip, Dad. It only encourages me." She followed Assumpta to the kitchen at the back. Deftly and without preamble, while Assumpta put away her shopping in cupboards and drawers, Niamh was back on the topic which lately she would not leave alone--her plans for the advancement of her relationship with the young man of her choice. As she buttered the bread for Assumpta's sandwich she delivered a breathless summary of her tactics, then stopped what she was doing and stood with her head on one side, waiting for an opinion. "Niamh, what does it matter what I think?" Assumpta was keen to get on with her work so she needed to sidestep a full-scale heart-to-heart. "This is your life. It this is what you want to do, do it." "And what if he won't?" "What if he won't?" Assumpta shrugged. "Dump him." Niamh looked shocked, and she was well equipped for doing that. Depending on the angle of her gaze when she looked at another person, one eye drifted a fraction off centre, so that when she stood close, staring with her mouth half-open, she had the skewed look of a person struck by affront or alarm. "Have you ever been in love, Assumpta?" she demanded. "I mean, you know..." "Oh, why ask me then? Ask the new priest, why don't you." "He's here?" "Uh-huh. He's English." Assumpta smiled mischievously. "He looks about 12." Niamh was startled. "He's here?" She looked at her watch. "Uh-huh. See if you can find him a train set." Niamh finished making the sandwich, got her coat and hurried away. Assumpta went through to the bar where Quigley had his ear jammed to his mobile phone. At the other end of the line, Liam, one of his employees, was trying to convince him that a certain large crate that should have been in Ballykissangel by now had been delayed because it came off a later train. "What later train?" Quigley scowled at the mouthpiece. "There's no later train." He stopped himself on the verge of shouting and turned away from the bar. "Liam, I don't want to hear about it. Just get it here. It's supposed to be in place before the new fella arrives." Assumpta heard that. "The priest?" Quigley stared at her. "What about him?" "He's already here." He was motionless for a second or two, then he snatched up his cup, gulped down his coffee and hurried out of the place, just as his daughter had. He was in such a hurry that he didn't

see Peter and Father MacAnally coming from the direction of St. Joseph's. "Let me ask you something," Father Mac was saying. "Why are you here?" "This is where I was sent," Peter said. Father Mac took that to be an evasion. "You don't have to tell me." Peter smiled. It was a vexation to priests in country parishes that they were often burdened with assistant clergy who had been troublesome elsewhere. "You've nothing to worry about," Peter said. "That's good, that's good. Only that's what the last fella said and he was gone in three weeks. I swear he only came for the suit. Lost his vocation, he said. Three weeks in Ballykissangel and..." Father Mac spread his fingers like a magician and extended his arms, as if he was making something disappear. "If it makes you feel any better," Peter said, "I lasted three years in the inner city and my faith is stronger than ever." "Good man." Peter noticed they were approaching Fitzgerald's. "Are we going in there?" "Is something wrong?" Peter said no, but he sounded doubtful all the same. "I've met the landlady." "Assumpta?" Father Mac chuckled. "Well, she makes a good pot of tea, and I like to watch her seethe at my presence." The instant the door opened Peter liked the place. It was cozy but not cramped, with a good long bar, an excellent selection at the pumps and enough in the way of homely touches--armchairs, framed pictures, shaded lamps--to make people behave themselves. "Assumpta..." Father Mac stepped up to the bar, smiling amiably. "How nice to see you." Assumpta gave him a blank look. When she spoke, it was to Peter. "You notice," she said, "he doesn't spend more time up there than he has to." Father Mac held on to his smile. "I'll put a hole in your roof one day, see how you like it." "You can make a pepperpot out of it, Father, you still won't get me in there." Peter shifted his feet awkwardly. "A pot of tea and a plate of sandwiches if you please, Assumpta," Father Mac said, "And if you could summon up a little respect..." She jerked her head at Peter. "I hope you're not going to make him pay. You know, he doesn't even have a car." She went through to the back. "We'll find you something," Father Mac told Peter. "Oh, it's all right, I don't drive." "You don't drive?" Now Father Mac looked mildly alarmed. "I never needed to." "So in emergencies you took the Blessed Sacrament by taxi, is the right?" Peter laughed. "No. By bike." "By bike?" "Mountain bike." "Mountain bike?" "It was just as quick." "In the city," Father Mac said dryly. "Well, yes..." Peter couldn't help sounding defensive. "But mountain bikes are designed for mountains." "No, Father, goats are designed for mountains and mountain roads are designed for motor cars." Father Mac frowned. "What kind of people do you think we are? Look, come over here." He led Peter to a framed, elegantly hand-drawn map on the wall. "This is where you are..." He pointed to Ballykissangel, then to the nearby town of Cilldargan: "Here is where I am most of the week." His finger traced a wide circle: "This is the entire parish of Cilldargan which I, as parish priest, am responsible for. I cannot be everywhere. This is why there is a priest in Castlecomarty"--he jabbed the map--"another in Dromane"--he jabbed it again--"another in Ballykissangel, and so on." "Yes, Father." Father Mac made a circle around Ballykissangel and the surrounding hilly country. "This is all you. Not just the town. And you're quite right, Father, some of your parishioners do live on the tops of mountains. Like Tommy Hassett. He's on his last legs and there are plenty more like him..." "Yes, Father." "...only by the time you got there on your mountain bike, they could be throwing another sod of turf on the fire for the Prince of Darkness." The two men stared at each other. Assumpta came back, carrying a tray with the tea and sandwiches. She looked from one to the other. "Making friends? That's good." From AudioFileBALLYKISSANGEL demonstrates the sometimes poignant but more often hilarious aspects of life in an Irish village. Listeners experience firsthand a local play, a beauty contest, a resident rock star, an abandoned baby, and countless priest jokes. (Two of the principal characters are priests.) Narrator Gerry O'Brien gives each character's presentation his all, with the stand-out performance given to the wily, manipulative rich guy who, to the residents' (and listeners') joy, gets his comeuppance. A romp in the countryside for those who love all things Irish. S.G.B. AudioFile 2003, Portland, Maine-- Copyright AudioFile, Portland, Maine