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Joe could be right. But he was sitting in McDaid's or in Grogan's; had been to America and come back. There must have been something wrong with him. Or me? This morning in Neary's. Parents dead. Wife in New York. Sister in New York. Money in my pocket. Not a care in the world.

I have to be getting out of here. Nothing wrong with Neary's, but the morning was over and it was time for the serious business of the day, not like all the others: St. Patrick's Day in Grogan's.

Are you cold? No really. I pushed her collar up against the back of her head. Squeezed her hand as if to extract the cold. She smiled. Said nothing. You are very shy, I said. Yes. One shouldn't be. Why? You prove the worth of the wrong people, the loud ones. I can't help it. It's my way. Some things I can't alter. Do you believe in ghosts? No. I do. Why? Because they exist. She pointed to the shadows between the houses.

Out of Neary's, across the street into Balfe Street, knowing Balfe was the middle name of Donleavy's Sebastian Dangerfield, some sort of composer, now just a length of street and cutting across a car park to enter by the front door Grogan's The Castle Lounge, or The Castle. Closer to the meaning of, "To the Castle, get your Alien's Book, registered up with the police, photographed and established that you got to be out of the country by 31 August."