

A Wee Bit of
INTEGRITY

Limericks After
DERRY
GIRLS
Seasons 1 and 2

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Description

In 2018, Britain's Channel Four launched *Derry Girls*, a teen comedy set in Northern Ireland in the early 1990s.

It was a joy to watch.

And how should a compulsive rhymers respond to such an Irish delight?

With a book of limericks, of course! And here it is - *A Wee Bit of Integrity: Limericks After Derry Girls Seasons 1 and 2*.

162 five-liners recalling all the diary-pillaging, detentions, fish holes and Euro Trotters, dogs and miracles, Ukrainians, Provos, editorial coups, barricades, polar bears, weddings, wakes and scones, proms and presidents and romance, treachery, tomfoolery and fun.

S1 E1: Detention

The story of Erin, our hero,
Who writes more profusely than Nero,
Begins in the gloom
Of an upper wee room
Where the privacy rating is zero.

She wakes, though it isn't a rule,
To the voice of the younger McCool,
A being infernal
Who plunders her journal,
And quotes it to people at school.

At breakfast, but deeply engrossed,
Her thoughts more ascended than most,
Enlightened and growing,
Essentially glowing,
She daintily nibbles her toast.

Now school and a bomb are in play;
Her mother just wants her away.
No dressing in denim!
She's dripping with venom,
And girding her knickers today.

Kamal, late of Ballybofey,
Seeks sponsors to suffer a day,
And then to gymkhana
With him to Buncrana,
And carry his water away.

Clare's bitten this off and she'll chew it ...
Already beginning to rue it;
It's horrible, halving
Each moment, while starving
So stoically; how does she do it?

There's a poster; the lettering's good.
Get a lighter? She probably should.
A general invite,
But the meaning is right
Where she puts it, and well understood.

A sweet night ahead of you, then you
Perceive an exotic new menu,
And someone's terrifically
Asked you specifically
Out to his gig at the Venue.

She's blessed with a mouth and a curl,
And in truth, she's a bit of a churl,
But she'll tell you what's what;
She's refreshingly not
What the fairy tales want in a girl.

A brief introduction to James,
A presence who lingers, and shames;
A foreign intrusion
Of gender confusion
And many affectionate names.

An upstart usurper who scorns;
A Five and a foetus lock horns;
Embarrassing, shocking
Retreat under mocking,
And back to the chatter and yawns.

Real threats, but all joking aside,
Now soldiers have boarded the ride;
It's hard to conceive
That they wouldn't believe
It's just innocent children inside.

Though sure, you might win if you dare,
When you choose escalation, beware:
Give a diva the finger,
The insult will linger,
And life, as you know, is unfair.

A finger of truth, unconstrained;
Point made, but the victory gained
Is detention. The twister,
A pilfering Sister
No longer among them detained.

Linguistically stuck up a ladder,
Wrong gender, and still hasn't had a
Full syllable loose
Without copping abuse,
And he's busting to empty his bladder.

Two tragedies, grim to report,
One huge, and one trivial sort;
There's Erin's, more big,
Cause she's missing the gig,
And the other one's heading for court.

It's death in a time of detention,
A case that defies comprehension;
A nun at their throat,
And it's murder she wrote,
But it wasn't, they hasten to mention.

S1 E2: Euro Trotters

The best opportunity ever,
A genuine learning endeavour;
A trust fund at supper,
Nicole and her Papa,
The Louvre and the Arc de Whatever.

A girl who's ambitious (no morals),
A boy who wants practice in orals,
One lass who would study,
And one with a buddy,
Just won, who can rest on her laurels.

A status to gall and embarrass:
Their parents are pointless to harass;
The trip is a bust
For there's nothing in trust,
And their trotters won't make it to Paris.

Two villains abusing his laces,
They're in and they're out with no faces;
A victim, of sorts,
He'll deliver reports
Over dinner: a family braces.

There's one who's polite, and one's lippy,
And one who's a bit of a hippy,
A mouth with a list,
And a lad who'll insist
On creating a scene at the chippie.

An uncle who could have been toast:
His narrative holds them engrossed;
They laced him in strife
To an inch of his life,
Or an inch and a half at the most.

The honour of trotting abroad
Is more than a wain can afford;
But surely a city
As famous and pretty
As Paris is worthy of fraud?

Five cheerfully buoyant wee souls
Have a list of achievable goals:
Mow and tutor and sit,
Walk a dog for a bit,
Wash a car, but it isn't Nicole's.

Clare's bright, in conventional ways,
And James has his muscular ways;
There's Erin, the slabber,
And Orla, the blabber ...
Michelle is a constant, and stays.

No vengeful, maleficent ruler
Could offer a punishment crueller;
No merciless brain
Could imagine such pain
As is dealt by the tyrant Fionnula.

Her Ma cut a deal to get by,
For cleaning a greasy old sty;
Though progress is slow
And there's nothing to show
For it, don't you love how she says *how*?

A burning, too awful to look,
An outcome too awful to brook;
A cynical lace-up,
For no one'll face up
To Friday and having to cook.

They've plotted and stolen and striven;
They're rumbled and rorted and riven,
Their villainy found,
And their families bound
To eat pizza, and not be forgiven.

Thank you for reading

This has only been a sample;
did you think it fun, or vile?
My intention, when I'm writing,
is to leave you with a smile.

Should you wish to say hello
or ask a question, or whate'er,
On my website is a contact page,
and [this](#) will take you there :)

Buy Me a Coffee?

Buy Me a Coffee?



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