

# PS, I scored the brides -maids

**Ross O'Carroll-Kelly**

**[As told to Paul Howard]**

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**Got this, like,**

Valey's Day cord from Sorch, roysh, we're talking six or seven months ago, when I was throwing her a bone for a little while. She basically arrived home from Australia minus Penis Head, Cian or whatever his name was, that tool she went off with on the so-called romantic trip of a lifetime. Realised the spark wasn't there anymore, she said, and they both wanted different things in life – code for Cian storted rattling some other Sheila. So she comes home and after a couple of days, roysh, and not wanting to sound like a total orsehole here, let's just say it's not just her tail she's got between her legs. The girl's got it bad, aloysh. So sue me. It's, like, phone us now for your free consultation. Just dial 1850 STUD MUFFIN. No foal, no fee.

Anyway, we ended up being together maybe, like, three times, roysh, when this cord arrives and in it she's written, 'You are the first thing I think about when I wake up in the morning and the last thing I think about before I go to sleep at night,' which I was sure she robbed off a Westlife record, or 'Dawson's Creek', or some, I don't know, Patricia fucking Scanlon book. Or maybe

they learn it in school. Yeah, I can hear a lot of birds out there shifting uncomfortably in their seats. And with good reason. Your secret's out. Goys, remember that time in sixth class when the priest took us all out to play, I don't know, tag rugby or some shit, and all the birds had to stay behind for a chat with some woman teacher who was fucking morto? Thought it was about the blob, didn't you? The old period costume drama. Wear loose trousers, hold a hot-water bottle to your stomach and try not to stab any men. News flash, goys. That little chat, it had fock-all to do with telling the birds what to do when Munster are playing at home. It was like, 'How To Get A Goy: Step One – tell him he's the first thing you think about when you get up in the morning and the last thing you think about before you go to sleep at night. They're suckers for that shit,' which we basically are. I even find myself repeating it back to Sorcha, like a total sap, going, 'You're the first thing *I* think about in the morning as well. *And* the last thing I think about at night,' and it's total bullshit and the thing is, roysh, we're talking totally here. I could name fifty things I think about in the morning before Sorcha ever crosses my mind. You want to take that bet?

Jessica Alba. Jade Jagger. Christina Ricci. Anna Kournikova. Ali Landry. Heidi Klum. Halle Berry. Gail Porter. Drew Barrymore. Katie Holmes. Denise Richards. Teri Hatcher. Yasmine Bleeth. Tiffani Amber Thiessen. Angelina Jolie. Isla Fischer. Calista Flockhart. Why not? Estella Warren. Heather Graham. Claudia Schiffer. Gillian Anderson. Andrea Corr. Rachel Stevens. Liz Hurley. Jennifer Love Hewitt. Alicia Silverstone. Natalie Imbruglia. Billie Piper. Alyson Hannigan. Rebecca Romjin-Stamos. What am I up to? Thirty? Amanda Holden. Cat Deeley. Sarah Michelle Gellar. Holly Valance. Britney Spears.

Anna Friel. Shania Twain. Jennifer Aniston. Tyra Banks. Liv Tyler. Charisma Carpenter. Neve Campbell. Elisha Cuthbert. Kirsten Dunst. Hannah Spearitt. Penelope Cruz. Mena Suvari. Claire Danes. Ashley Judd. Kate Beckinsale.

There you have it. Fifty cures for the old morning wood. You wake up at ten o'clock and your little love warrior's already been up an hour. This book was going to be called *The Goy Who Went To Sleep In A Bed And Woke Up In A Tent*, but they couldn't fit it on the fucking cover. I know there's a lot of birds out there whose blood is, like, boiling at this point. Hey, I'm called an orsehole on average ten or eleven times a week. Twice that if I venture out to Knackery Doo, which isn't often these days. I've overfished the waters. But the last time I was there, roysh, a bird who I'd never clapped eyes on in my fucking life – nobody's bargain, to be honest – she goes, 'Your problem is you think with your dick,' which is basically all true, except for the bit about it being a problem. Because it's not. I do think with my dick. Or at least I listen to it, roysh, and that's because it's hardly ever wrong. Okay, I've woken up with a few mingers in my time, but generally I do alroysh.

Listening to your lad. You know another word – well, two words – for that? Animal attraction. So snap the bracelets on me, roysh, and take me to see the judge, but while you're at it, you're going to have to charge the rest of the animal kingdom as well, because they're choosing who to score and who not to score on exactly the same basis as me. It's nature. Birds – as in women – think they're, like, cleverer than nature. Want to know on what basis they decide whether a goy is worth jumping? Come on, you know this. How many times have you heard a girl say that you can tell a lot about a man by looking at his shoes. His fucking SHOES!

*'Slip-ons, Orlaith, do NOT go there!' 'OH! MY! GOD! They're not even proper Dubes, Eibbin!'*

Get this, roysh. JP was seeing this bird who he was basically mad into. The name's not important, but she had great top tens and an alroysh boat. Chatted her up while showing her old pair around a gaff in Monkstown that they were buying as, like, an investment property. So he gets her number, roysh, and they end up going out with each other for, like, six months. It's so serious, roysh, that me and the goys didn't see the focker for basically ages and when he finally resurfaced he was talking about, like, babies and engagement rings and mortgages and shit. So one night, roysh, they're in Annabel's and JP's wearing a pair of Timberland boots. He's actually sitting down, roysh, shooting the breeze with me, when he stands up to get the Britneys in and doesn't realise that the bottom of his chinos are tucked into his boot, just at the back. So he ends up walking around like this for, like, five full minutes, roysh, and his bird cops it, as do all her friends. So what does she do? *OH! MY GOD! SO embarrassing!* She focking dumps the dude. These are the same creatures who sit crying with the curtains drawn wondering why their hearts are low, their hearts are soooo low ... Want to know what JP's ex is up to now? She's with some tosser who played for Belvo when we were at school and he's already boned two of her friends behind her back. Wears nice shoes, though. And birds think *I'm* focked up? You see, the whole goy-girl thing, roysh, is basically simple. It's birds who choose to complicate things. You meet a bird. If you're attracted to her, you bail in. If she's good, you give her your mobile number the next morning. If she's not, you give her the first ten digits that come into your head. And you don't get married, not this side of forty anyway.

So just as I'm thinking this, roysh, I pull up in traffic outside the church in Donnybrook, and everyone's, like, craning their necks out of their windows to see this bird in a long white dress getting out of a wedding cor, and of course I'm thinking, 'What a dope!' She's only, like, my age, we're talking twenty-two or twenty-three, roysh, a ringer for Abie Titmus, and she's about to walk into that building and swear that she's only going to knob one man for the rest of her days. HELLO? So the bridesmaids are fixing the veil on her, roysh, and fussing around her when all of a sudden, for absolutely no reason – and I did *not* imagine this – she looks over her shoulder, towards my cor, and basically our eyes just, like, lock together. And I can tell, roysh, that in her mind she's wondering if she's doing the right thing. She's wondering why she's settling for the muppet at the altar when there's still people like me in the game. She's basically going to herself, 'I'd love to jump in that cor. Escape. Go wherever the Stillorgan dualler takes us. Make a new life with that incredibly handsome goy.' I wink at her and she just, like, smiles at me, but then the goy behind me beeps me because the traffic has started moving again, so I give the accelerator some and she's left there thinking

**Ross O'Carroll-Kelly. The one that got away ...**