

# **The Bolstra**

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# The Bolstra

In Carraig Comhsarse there is a strange beast called the Bolstra.

Once upon a time there lived a man in Carrowkerribla who was very wicked. When he died he went before God to be judged. God said that he was too wicket to be let into Heaven so he sent him to, when he reached hell the devil would not let him in so he sent him to the earth again. The Lord then gave that man power to change himself into any form he wished but he ordered him not to change himself into an ass.

One frosty night as Patrick Garrett of Carrowkerribla was sitting beside the fire with his father they heard a pony trotting up and down the road outside their house. The pony was about two hours trotting up and down the road so they hunted the dog on him. In about ten minutes the dog came in and lay down at the fire and died. They all went out and began to hunt away the pony but it disappeared so they came into their house and in about a half an hour the two doors of their house was put into the middle of the floor so they then knew that it was the Bolstra.

One day as a woman from Carrowkerribla named Bidney Carrowkerribla she saw one blade which was longer than the rest of the oats so she left her foot on it and it ran away in the form of a turkey cock towards the river Moy so she knew it was the Bolstra.

One night a lot of boys from Carrowkerribla were at a dance in Curradrish, when they were coming home it was late in the night. On their way they had to pass by the Carrowkerribla bridge, when they were passing by it they heard a sheep bleating inside and began to imitate the sheep and no sooner did they bleat than they got a spray of water which wet them to the skin they then got some stones to throw at the sheep but it had disappeared and they knew it was the Bolstra.

One night Patrick Garrett of Carrowkerribla was coming home from work when he was a young boy and he heard the Bolstra screeching. On his way he had to cross a bridge and when he was crossing it he looked into the river and all the water was dried up.

The bolstra and Dick Timlin of Bonnifinglass were very good friends. One night Dick Timlin was lay down on Flemings hill which is beside the Bonnifinglass School and fell fast asleep. When he awoke he saw a hound over him and it was crying and moaning. The hound began to lick his face and when he did the sickness went away so then he knew that it was the bolstra.

One evening Edward Hallinan of Bonnifinglas was out shooting rabbits. He saw a pidgeon on a bush and he aimed the gun at it. The bullet hit the bird but it was not killed, he fired three more bullets and they hit the bird but it did not fall so she knew it was the bolster so he went away satisfied.

One evening Bridget Garrett told her niece to go out and to put in the chickens. Her niece went out and put in all the chickens and after a while her aunt went out and she was very scared when she saw one of the chickens out. She caught hold of the chicken and when she did it disappeared and she could hear it screeching like the bolstra.