



WHAT'S IN A NAME (Part 2)



MISKELLY

And don't think the problems suddenly fade away when you pass the school gates for the last time. What you lose on the school roundabouts you gain on the jobs swings.

At first you'll find writing off for jobs a bit disheartening. It's all to do with the replies. Most of them start off 'Dear Miss Miskelly, I'm sorry to tell you...'

You could always take it to the Equal Opportunities Commission but with a name like yours I doubt if you'd get past reception.

And I wouldn't bother shortening the Kieron to Kie, like your dad. Then you'll end up with half a dozen names from Kai to Kye to Kee to Kei .. then someone will inevitably say 'oh you're Swedish then...'

There's another drawback to Kie too. You'll have to stay away from Dumfries and Galloway because in that neck of the woods Kies are cows or cattle. And after everyone has called you a 'silly old moo' you'll wish you'd stuck with Kieron.

You'll just have to take the rough with the smooth. From dear old ladies who say 'how nice' or 'what an unusual name' to the rest of the world who'll say 'Eh? Can you say that again in English??'

As you get older you'll build up a book full of aliases. Everything from Myron Kiskelly to Miss K Skelly and the ever predictable Miss Kelly. But there's the odd masterpiece on the way, like the letter I got addressed to Keeron Micekelly.

Like me, you'll probably get fed-up with correcting people when they get your name wrong. To this day I have a photographer friend who calls me Callum, another pal thinks I'm called Kiemus and quite a few others know me as Guy. You get your own back by calling Bob 'Harry' and Fred 'John' and so on.

Before you start throttling teddy because he has such a simple name I'll tell you where that surname originated...

It all starts in the 1600s when the peace-loving Kellys in southern Ireland had just about had their fill of the O'Shaunesseys. It was time for a showdown and so a date was set for a battle when blood, guts and Guinness bottles - empty of course - would be hurled around the village green.

The big day came fearless Paddy Kelly stood on a beer crate to survey his 'army'. It was then he discovered one of the Kelly families was missing.

Yes, you've guessed it it was ours. Time was of the essence - that means the pubs were about to open - and so the battle started with the missing Kelly family.

Then over the years the missing Kellys became known as the Miskellys. Rumour has it we were unavoidably detained at the Dog & Gun public house.

Anyway son, when you get older and the bills start coming in addressed to Miss K Kelly or Miss Misskelly Miss Kiemus Kelly, don't waste your time writing angry letters.. the replies will be just as bad. Once it's on their computers you're lumbered for life.

Now don't fall asleep son. Here's the best bit... there's a crate of Guinness for you if you ever get a better Miskelly misnomer than the one I received from a newspaper editor.

'Congratulations,' he said on hearing of my promotion... and addressed the letter to Mr Kai Miscellay. Still he'd only known me for three years..

Kie Miskelly Snr.