

The Chinese Dog

The last story in our trilogy remembering the great Ian Beirne is tinged with great sadness as it reminds us of his untimely death.

A few weeks before Ian passed away he arrived home from town after a few drinks. Ian had bought himself a chinese take-away and carried it up home to enjoy it. He was famished and realised that if he brought the food through to the kitchen he would have to offer everyone a taste. Ian though was very clever and hatched a plan in the blink of an eye. He would leave the chinese on the stairs as he went in the front door. He'd go through to the kitchen, have a quick word with his Mam and Dad, pretend he was really tired and then head up to bed accompanied by his feast. The plan had one flaw! Max the dog was not in on it.

As Ian entered the kitchen and acknowledged everyone he failed to notice Max exiting under the radar. Thinking he had everything under control, Ian sat in beside his Mam and chatted away. The news was on and he asked Mark a few questions about it. "I'm really tired" he said "I think I'll hit the sack." He went out into the hall and suddenly the earth shook with the roars from Ian. Mark reckons it was like a bomb going off. They thought they'd have to get the house blessed, such was the language being hurled at poor Max.

A few short weeks later, Saturday 17th July 2004 to be exact, the Beirnes got a chinese takeaway again, this time together. For whatever reason, it wasn't nice, and all including Ian gave the food, this time without a problem to Max the dog. Ian went off to bed as normal but the next morning Sunday 18th, we all lost a dear friend. He is sadly missed by all who knew him.

**For all those who will play in our annual IAN BEIRNE TOURNAMENT and spectators, please remember that Ian Beirne was someone who brought a smile to the faces of all those he came into contact with.
Enjoy the football because that is what Ian would want.....**