

## Whore's Ghost on hols in Tramore

REMEMBER the whore's ghost who was reportedly encountered by different taxi drivers on the Quay in Waterford on two separate occasions? Well, according to reports, she appears to have gone to Tramore on her holidays.

Several males, walking on the Prom just before darkness, said they were approached by an oddly dressed and strange looking young woman babbling in a language that was clearly English but which they couldn't understand.

One man who thought she was begging for money actually tried to give her some coins but, when he touched her hand, she screamed and disappeared into thin air.

"I got some shock, I nearly fainted," he said, adding that touching her hand was like touching a block of ice.

Another man told The Munster Express: "I knew straight away she was a ghost. I've never seen a ghost before and I never thought that I would. Thinking back on it, I wasn't frightened at all and I said a little prayer for her when she disappeared."

However, the experience wasn't so pleasant for a 'courting' couple who were canoodling on the rocks underneath the old Lifeguard Hut.

Said the man: "My girlfriend shot bolt upright and screamed. She couldn't speak, she just pointed and, when I turned around, this scary woman was standing over us. She had an evil leer on her face and she was drooling big blobs of spit from the mouth. I shouted to my girlfriend to 'Run' but she was already halfway up the slip. I tell you, our hearts didn't stop pounding for about an hour afterwards and there's no way I'm ever going down on that beach again after dark."

It is the strange garb and the unusual language that suggests the apparition may well be the same ghost of the 19th century prostitute who is said to haunt the Quay in Waterford.

She speaks in a dialect known as 'Newgate Cant' and while none of the Tramore people could recall her words, she was quoted by her Waterford city 'clients' as saying things like: "Allo darlin', blister me limbs if I lie, but let me moisten your sweet gob to joy with me flowery kisses."

On one occasion, when the man she approached recoiled in horror, she became angry. "So I'm not good enough for you, me brave boyo, well I'll be back some dark night and I'll scuttle your nob with me daddle," she declared in a loud, menacing voice before vanishing.

What can I say only 'Cripes!'"