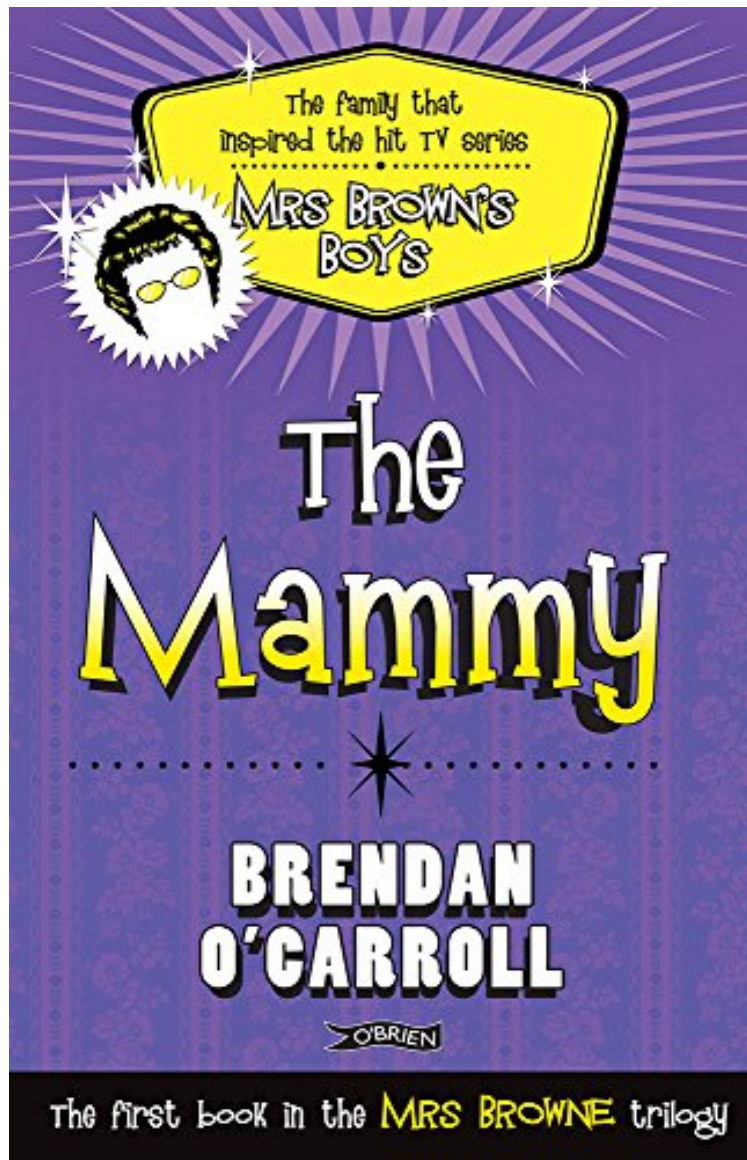


[Mobile book] The Mammy (The 'Mrs Browne' Trilogy)

## The Mammy (The 'Mrs Browne' Trilogy)

Von Brendan O'Carroll

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**Von Brendan O'Carroll : The Mammy (The 'Mrs Browne' Trilogy)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Mammy (The 'Mrs Browne' Trilogy):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Can't believe this book gets a 5-star rating. It's awful!Von Ein KundeThis is not Angela's Ashes, or anything by Roddy Doyle (and I can't believe the latter wrote a blurb for it; for shame). This book is so bad, ai! It's like Gay Byrne trying to do Roddy Doyle: the humor is so corny and obvious, you're "scarlet" for the author. One example is the stupid

thread at the start about the son having problems with his willy, and the mother going through contortions thinking willy is a friend. I felt like I was six years old again at a pantomime, where the whole audience is in on the joke, and Twink is standing up there like a moron, going Willy Who? I bought this in Dublin Airport when I had to kill a few hours, and after the first forty minutes reading it, seriously contemplated spending the remaining two hours studying the menu at the snack bar. It was so bad, I tried to hide the cover so no one else could see I was reading this crap. And I ditched it in the waste basket in the loo when I left. It's annoying (but I suppose inevitable) that all these knockoffs of the Doyle books keep on coming. But that's the last one I waste my money on.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A mixed comic bag from Ireland

Von Pretty Sinister

At first I couldn't get even a smile from this often overly cute (sometimes annoying) comic fictionalized memoir of life in 1960s Dublin. O'Carroll's love of his characters is evident, but his penchant for malapropisms was often irritating. How can Agnes not know how to pronounce orgasm (let alone not know what one is) and be fully aware of a male child's biological changes in puberty? Why is she ignorant about certain adolescent slang terms for body parts and yet completely clued into every other word? It bothered me that he contrived these elements for cheap boyish body part jokes and it made Agnes seem stupid instead of naive (which I guess is what he tried for, but naivete certainly doesn't suit her). But when Agnes defended the nun's attack on her daughter's hair I finally laughed out loud. Any character who belts a nun with a cucumber earns major points with me since I wanted to do so years ago when I was attending a Catholic school. Maybe I didn't envision a cucumber as my weapon of choice, but I still longed to give a real sock to several of the nasty tempered nuns who often pulled hair and slapped students when screaming didn't suffice. From this point on (about one-third through) the novel finally comes alive. But for all the rest of the bothersome gags and pseudo-clever antics I did enjoy this book. It's not literature, for sure, but for anyone with a little of the Irish or Catholic in him it's worth a breeze through. It'll make a good airline book - you can speed through this light reading in a day easily.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Talk from the heart

Von Bob(flagrad@yahoo.com)

The characters of Agnes and Marion are quickly developed thru their dialog. Their side-splitting conversations are very earthy though never lurid. I was delightfully suprised how the tender and touching scenes O'Carroll portrayed cut across class distinctions. This small book covered an amazing gamit of human characteristics: the close loving relationship between Agnes and Marion which I thought was the backbone of the book, how Agnes' family loved one another and looked after each others wants and needs with an almost idealistic lack of selfishness. Mark was more of a player later in the book when he was 14. His industry, motivation and openness serves well as a role model (notwithstanding his little acts of chicanery) and I would hope this aspect is brought out in Anjelica Houston's forthcoming movie. One would have to be a real grump not to howl at some of scenes such as when Agnes bludgeoned Sister Magdalene with a cucumer and at the same time one would have to be pretty hard-hearted not to have a lump in their throat when Agnes' beloved friend Marion dies in her arms. The fairy tale ending brought the story to an apt stopping point. This is a great story, very fluent, easy reading and charged with humaness. I look forward to Brendan O'Carroll's next two parts of the trilogy.

Kurzbeschreibung

The first book in the Agnes Browne trilogy

Agnes Browne is a widow of only a few hours when she goes to the Social Welfare Office. Living in James Larkin Flats, with Redser's legacy - seven little Brownes - to support on the income from her Moore Street stall, she can't afford to miss a day's pension. Life is like that for Agnes and her best pal Marion. But they still have time for a laugh and a jar, and Agnes even has a dream - that one day she will dance with Cliff Richard.

The Mammy describes the life and times, the joys and sorrows of Agnes, mother of the famous Mrs. Browne's Boys from the daily radio soap. A book of hilarious incidents, glorious characters, and a passion for life, it is written with a sure touch and great ear for dialogue.

'Hilarious and irreverent. A must-read.'

Gabriel Byrne.de

It seems like there's no end to Irish tales depicting unhappy, squalid childhoods in crowded, working-class flats. While Brendan O'Carroll's *The Mammy* maintains many elements of the traditional genre--the saintly, overworked mother, the Catholic family with an enormous posse of children and any number of abusive alcoholic fathers--it's a somewhat cheerier vision of Irish youth than we've come to expect. The mammy in question, one Agnes Browne, has enough spunk to look after her brood of seven, run a fruit stand at the local open market, gossip viciously with her best friend Marion, and still daydream about dancing with a famous singer. This is in large part due to the fact that her husband, Redser, who falls squarely into the above-mentioned category, has died--thanks to a careless driver--just before the novel's opening pages. Our first glimpse of the pragmatic, lovable Agnes comes as she's waiting in the social services office on the afternoon of his death, determined not to lose a penny of her widow's benefits as a result of dilly-dallying. She doesn't even have the necessary death certificate yet, but that's not nearly enough to slow down Agnes Brown: "No, love, he's definitely dead. Definitely," she says to the clerk, then, turning to her friend for backup, "Isn't he, Marion?" Marion, made from the same tough stock, agrees solemnly: "Absolutely. I know him years, and I've never seen him look so bad. Dead, definitely dead!" The scene is emblematic: Agnes knows how to fight, and she isn't afraid to do it. Her deadpan humor becomes a hallmark. As for her children, they get into the usual trouble--fights,

girl problems, and the like. But there are also some charming, unexpected episodes in the book. For example, Agnes's oldest child meets a Jewish man and performs small tasks for him on the Sabbath, which eventually leads to greater goods. Among other things, Mark learns about the Jewish faith, new knowledge he accepts with bemusement and some of his mother's innocence and good humor. Upon hearing that the man doesn't celebrate Christmas, he exclaims: "Will yeh go on outta that! How can yeh not believe in something when it's real?" The book is not without its share of tragedy, but Agnes takes it all with aplomb. She's clearly the glue that binds her pack of youngsters together: "The rule in the Browne family was: 'You hit one, you hit seven.' Since March twenty-ninth and Redser's demise, little had changed in the Browne house. If anything, the house was less tense." The Mammy is a slight book--it tells the simple, fairly conventional tale of a single Irish family--but it makes up for its gaps with humanity, in the same way Agnes Browne makes up for what she and her children lack. --Melanie Rehak.com

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