

Car in teen death crash 'bought online for €400'

A 15-YEAR-OLD boy died in a high-speed crash just before Christmas in a car bought online for €400, an inquest has heard.

Front-seat passenger Dayne Cody, from Barnville Park, Ballyfermot, Dublin 10, was pronounced dead at the scene.

The transition year student was one of five young males travelling in the 2.5l Kia Magentis, which spun out of control and hit a tree on Station Road, Clondalkin, Dublin, on December 20, 2014.

Dublin Coroner's Court heard the car was advertised for €500. It was heard that the registered owner had given a real name but a false address and engaged a seller who was paid €50 to sell it.

'The owner got €350,' Detective Inspector Richard McDonnell told the court, adding that the unreg-

By Louise Roseingrave

ulated sale of cars on websites such as DoneDeal is a 'major, major issue'. Coroner Dr Brian Farrell said that it is an area 'in great need of regulation'.

Giving evidence, the driver told the inquest he was 16 when he saw the car for sale online and travelled by bus to Swords, Co. Dublin, to buy it.

He paid the seller €400 for the car. Later, with friends, he was driving to get petrol when he saw a Garda van and picked up speed at Station Road.

'I thought they were coming after us,' he said in his deposition. 'I woke up screaming for help.'

The driver, who had no licence, was convicted on November 19, 2015, following a court trial, of

dangerous driving causing death.

The rear tyres on the car were well worn, one excessively, forensic collision investigator Garda Edward Davin said.

Dayne Cody was pronounced dead at the scene. He died of multiple injuries consistent with a road traffic accident and toxicology reports showed neither he nor the driver had taken drugs or alcohol.

The inquest jury returned a verdict of dangerous driving causing death in accordance with the Circuit Criminal Court finding.

The coroner said he would contact the Department of Transport to convey the jury's recommendations, which include measures to prevent the selling of cars to underage drivers.

Dr Mark Dooley



MORAL MATTERS

I was meek as a lamb for this family meal...

THE art of cooking is an extraordinary feature of human life. From among many items of food, we select one and take it home. It is raw and unappetising, an alien object that must be cooked in order to satisfy our desires.

It may be a vegetable, a piece of meat or some fish. Either way, we are dealing with something that is distinct from me. I cannot identify with the fish as it stares blankly at me from the counter.

Not until we draw things into the family circle do they become edible. This involves chopping, oiling, seasoning, decorating and, finally, cooking. It is similar to when, after buying a new house, we say: 'I must make it my own.'

Preparing a dish for the oven is to make it your own. It is, quite literally, a process whereby you mould the food in your own image. Making something tasty means transforming something raw into something that smiles back at you from the plate.

Imagine the panic if you placed on the table an uncooked joint. The revulsion would be palpable and the horror of that moment would last a lifetime. However, when cooked, seasoned and surrounded by a selection of vegetables, that same piece of meat binds the family together in a way which few things can.

The Sunday roast is something that draws us together to celebrate our common identity. In feasting from the same dish, we experience the power of true communion. What was once an alien is now the very thing through which we reinforce our love, friendship and belonging.

In cooking, we pour ourselves into the food until we recognise it as one of us. It is a process that distinguishes human beings from all other creatures, one that signifies our transition from savagery to civility. By placing something in the oven we cancel the difference between nature and culture.

Very good, you might say, but where is all this leading? It is leading back to my kitchen where, the other day, I was preparing the evening meal. Usually, we come in from school and, while the boys are letting off some steam, I chop, season and spice.

On this occasion, however, I made the fatal mistake of doing two things at once: homework and cooking. This meant the boys were in and around the kitchen while I was trying to humanise the raw food. Even worse, the menu included a half leg of lamb.

By sheer coincidence, our middle son is going through a phase of not eating. He finds everything, except his lunch, utterly disagreeable. So, when I caught sight of him standing beside me as I unpacked the lamb, I just knew I was in trouble.

'Yuck! What is that?' he exclaimed in sheer disgust. 'That,' I said meekly,

'is lamb.' 'Lamb! Lamb! You mean they kill little newborn lambs?' I had anticipated the worst, but this surpassed every expectation.

'You mean to say they don't just shave off their wool?' It didn't help that he had noticed some blood on the packaging, something I discreetly tried to conceal in vain. 'You mean to say we eat the little lambs that have just come out of their mummy's tummy?'

I blundered about saying that if we didn't eat meat, the farmer would have no incentive to breed sheep and cattle and that they would eventually become extinct. It didn't wash and, before I knew it, he was in tears. I don't mean crocodile tears but large fat tears that slowly fell to the floor.

It was a complete disaster. Through his swollen eyes, my little boy was now looking at me in the same light as the person who had dispatched the lamb. Somehow, I had become complicit in the whole horrific drama.

'You have eaten lamb so many times and you have always loved it,' I said in a frantic attempt to calm him down. 'Yes, but I thought when you said we were having lamb for dinner, that you meant ham! Lamb sounds like ham!' By now, even I was looking at the raw lamb with a sense of disgust.

ITHREW it into the oven and sat my son on my knee. I quickly learned that lambs are not in the same moral category as pigs. I also learned that no matter how you dress it up and no matter how much refining you do, for children of this age a lamb is simply a lamb.

That night, as we sat eating, I could see that our son was scrupulously avoiding the meat in favour of his veg and potato. 'Please eat your meat,' his mother gently pleaded. 'I can't,' he said, 'I just can't eat this lamb.'

It was no longer raw, but had been transformed into something which the rest of the family found delicious.

When Mrs Dooley arrived home, she said excitedly: 'Oh, you are cooking lamb!' No words could adequately explain why I did not share her excitement.

Later on, as the house settled down to sleep, I found myself suffering from acute indigestion. I took some antacids, but it was no use. I had eaten something which had caused such sorrow for one kind little boy and now I seemed to be enduring the consequences.

Life goes on in the Dooley household, except now it is even harder to get our son to eat. He now knows that what separates the raw from the cooked is work and imagination.

That, however, will never be enough to block the sad thought that they were shaved for something more than their wool.

■ Mark Dooley's new book *Conversations With Roger Scruton* is published tomorrow by Bloomsbury

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