

Dublin 2013 – A short but impressive excursion to the country of sheep, green fields and Guinness

The journey began on the 8th of July by switching to local time and then we were introduced to the customs of “Ourland” – as they say.

Dublin is the capital of the green island, the city counting as many inhabitants as the German city Frankfurt (Main), and the whole country being home to four million Guinness- drinking people. Of course, we thought before travelling that the importance of this beer was completely overestimated and just another cliché (such as that we would see plenty of sheep while there were only cows) but we discovered that it was the truth. We expected a lot of typical English weather but found a country where palm trees grow outside. Some students even got sunburned. So far about the English weather.

Thanks to a very well planned timetable, we were able to walk around the city of Dublin on our own, go shopping, hear some Irish English and even read some aloud, as well. We did guided-walks through the city centre and through Trinity College and afterwards were rewarded as we could sit down in “The Long Room” – a very old, famous and impressive library. The last day was either spent on a never ending hike in the Wicklow Mountains or in Galway. Students who had gone into the Wicklow Mountains said that they had seen the unique Irish transition of green landscape very close to the Ocean – an unforgettable impression.

We arrived in the pretty city on the coast, Galway, after a journey through endless fields. Ten volunteers did an interesting tour with yet another Irish guide through the city centre and learned why “th” in Irish English pronunciation is mostly missing and had a glance at the very old stones of St. Nicolas church. Most of us took the chance to go swimming in the Atlantic Ocean and even collected shells at the beach.

We experienced how to do a proper pub crawl, got in touch with typical Irish literature such as Beckett or Joyce and had a lot of Irish food for example hamburgers or French fries (or was this American?;-)

The most important thing we learned and perhaps also reflects the Irish way of living was: “Never let the truth get in the way of a good story.”

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