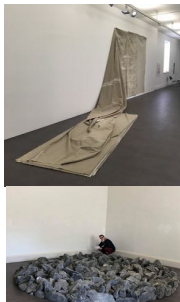


## IRELAND'S TRIP, DAY 5 DUBLIN

On this fifth day's trip, It's between Plastic Bertrand, folded carpets, and a improvised hiking in Dublin, that our trip in Ireland keeps on going

It's 9:00a.m in Malahide, *each one of us gets ready to spend a fantastic day rocked by the soft noise of waves still close of the bus and seeing a brightful sky, when suddenly, David, Mathis, Yann et Marin switch on their music speaker and start their playlist while engaging themselves in a discipline which is unknown for them : singing. David-“ [...] Ca plane pour moi..”, mathis who takes over with- “[...] pour moi moi moi moi moi”, all in unison: “ouhhouhh ouuh...”. It's then that the bus kept on going to Dublin,in time with the the music of “ca plane pour moi ; Les Corons, Le lac du Connemara, and many others 80's musical masterpieces.*

we enjoyed the maneuvers all finer than the others made by Celine, our bus driver, and arrived half an hour later at the Dublin's museum of modern arts, where for hours we could have walks between the folded carpet, abstract paintings and stones



Once out of this museum, we walked towards the St-Patrick's cathedral,we were impatient to discover this building and its extraordinary architecture. Unfortunately, for the sake of money ,we only admired its facade and its park where we had our picnic composed of irish sandwiches among the pigeons.



Three quarters of an hour later, we were taking the direction of Dublin Castle. This castle ,mixing all the styles and all the times, housed an exhibition about the Great Famine, which touched the country between

1845 and 1852. These striking works allowed us to understand better and more about this awful period during which more than one million of Irish died.



It's after leaving this last exhibition that our marathon started, now guided by the extraordinary sense of orientation of our teachers, assisted by a Dublin city's plan. We walked through Dublin, enjoying the streets of Dublin and their monuments.



Although our feets started to run out, we kept on going long minutes to, finally, reach the most famous university of Ireland : Trinity College. From here, we could discover its huge yard surrounded by old buildings which once lodged many great names like Oscar Wilde, Samuel Beckett or Jonathan Swift.

Back in the Dublin's streets, 2 hours of free time were given to us to allow us to enjoy shops and, for some, enjoy the happy hour.



Back on the bus at 6:30pm, we had the mind full of paintings and the feet full of blisters and went back to Malahide, for our last night in Ireland.