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**DUBLIN STAGE**

Sunday, 07-02-2016

It is the last day in Dublin for me and the alarm of my phone is ringing annoyingly. Immediately I try to put it off stretching my arm out of the bed. Luckily my roommate gets up first and goes to take a shower, so quietly I can go back under the covers and go back to sleep immediately. Unlike me, my roommate is quick to get washed, so shortly after I get up and, still a little dazed, take the necessary and I go to take a shower. The bathroom of my host house is very little and not very clean, but there is another problem now: it is too cold in the room and so I quickly switch on the heater. I try to manage as best I can in this cramped space, and above all to make things fast. Usually I stay in the shower for a long time and when I finally return to my room I realize that half an hour has gone. I get dressed quickly while my roommate keeps complaining because we are late; when I am ready we can go out. Like every day it is windy and very cold outside, so we walk briskly for 10 minutes towards the bus stop and then we wait for the next bus. We have to take number 43 at 10:00 together with the others guys in the group to reach the city centre. Since it is the last day we spend in this beautiful city, we decide to take the opportunity to give Dublin a last look. Once there, we go to have breakfast in a café. While eating, we begin to reflect on the past week; each of us is happy to have lived this experience and expresses his opinion on the time spent in Ireland. The conversation is nice but we have no time and then we start to walk around Dublin’s streets again. While walking, we continue the conversation we began earlier and we look at the shop windows to see if there are some interesting souvenirs to take home for our families and for us. We have spent really nice days in the city and now we have to leave and are a bit displeased. Unfortunately, we have no more time and we have to return at the bus stop to go home and pack our suitcases. At 13:30 we get home and start tidying the room up, so we close our bags and get ready to leave. It goes without saying that as always we are late, so we have to be quick because we still have to greet the family and take the bus to get to the meeting point with the whole class. Fortunately, the family offers to drive us there by car and luckily we save a lot of time and we arrive at Clare Hall (the hangout point) early. We greet the family and thank them for the hospitality. Now we have to wait twenty minutes for the other members to come, so we decide to enter the mall and buy something to eat during the journey back. We buy everything we need and then we return to the parkin and wait. Everybody arrives and we get ready to get on the bus that will take us to the airport. In the faces of many of my mates I seem to read my same thoughts. I am happy to go home and see my family again but I am sorry to leave. We arrive at the airport and when we get off the bus the wind is even stronger than in the morning.

We enter the airport and proceed in a queue to the check in desk where our backpacks and the objects we carried are checked. Our flight leaves at 17:50 so we have more or less three hours to wait. We try to spend the time talking and making a walk around the airport shops. At some point, looking at the screen we notice that the flight has 40 minutes delays. Now some doubts arise. With such a delay there is little time to catch the flight from Frankfurt to Venice. We begin to feel worried, Frankfurt Airport is enormous and to succeed with the transfer we should have the fastest run possible. The situation gets worse and worse and the flight is delayed again to 19:00. Now it really is impossible and most likely we will have to sleep at the airport. The worry considered some students ironically propose to remain in Dublin. To be honest at first the city had not made us a good impression, mostly for the weather, the food and other things, but now we love it and I would remain a week longer willingly. At 19:00 we begin to embark, hoping to reach Frankfurt in time. The plane takes off and the wait begins, we don’t know yet whether we will get the transfer flight and what will happen. We are flying really fast and when we arrive, the flight attendants communicate us that the other plane is waiting for us. We get off and run through the airport with bated breath to the gate; fortunately we can get on and leave. On the way to Venice I experience a feeling of relief. We did it, we returned to Venice, but the bags will arrive? We go to the baggage claim and surprisingly we see that not only we managed to take the plane but the company was also able to transfer the bags.

When I left I first expected to improve my English and learn about interesting aspects of Irish culture. As for the city I had no particular expectations because I didn’t know Dublin. I consider it a very useful experience, I was able to learn and deepen my knowledge of the English language and to come into contact with the local culture, as well as of visiting one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in Europe.