Albioneers Abroad

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As I’m writing this, I’m listening to the legendary ‘Als ik bovenop de Dom sta’ and trying to think of things that make me feel homesick. I’ve been cruising around Dublin and most of western and Northern Ireland for a few months now and I have to say I haven’t really gotten homesick yet. Of course it’s weird not seeing my family, the Utrecht squad, or those sexy beasts that made up the XXVIth board of Albion for such a long time, but time goes by so fast here and I’m doing so many fun things that I almost never have enough unused brain flaps to actively miss anything that much.

So far in Ireland I kayak surfed (and nearly drowned) in the Atlantic ocean, climbed ruins while humming Game of Thrones tunes in film locations for Dragonstone in Northern Ireland, had a about a barrel of free wine at Google’s European headquarters, played around on some cliffs, I’ve joined a juggling society, I’m studying economics (I know, wtf), and I’ve made friends from all over the world (I may be learning more about Italy and Australia at the moment than about Ireland actually). I found myself a nice little Dutch bicycle shop in the city centre so I’m touring all around Dublin on my sturdy *omafiets*. The whole cycling on the left side on the road in a city that has about three cycle lanes in total is going surprisingly well. I’ve survived about an hour cycle journey a day and only been shouted at by impatient cab drivers twice so so far so good.

Even though I’m massively enjoying my time here and just keep pushing the bullet point ‘book flight home’ further down my to-do list, there are some things here that make me notice just how comfortable living in the Netherlands is compared to here. For instance, I used to think Ireland was a party country but rolling out of a pub at closing time (about 1 am) and considering whether I’m prepared to pay €5 to €10 to spend another couple of hours in some club until it closes at half 2, even this Flevolander thinks of Brabant sometimes. Or at least the K-sjot. And when I actually do join a line for a nightclub, it’s a bit disappointing not to be able to do that fundamentally Dutch ‘90’s kids activity of singing ‘Het is een nacht’ en masse.

Apart from those minor inconveniences though, the country of Guiness, leprechauns, James Joyce, and the only slightly less famous Barack O’Bama Plaza is a nice home away from home. And judging by this last paragraph the only Dutch thing I seem to miss enough to write about is Guus Meeuwis ¯\\_(ツ)\_/¯. However, I do look forward to my next Albion monthly drinks, meeting the new firsties, and shouting along to the top2000 number one on new year’s eve (hopefully O-Zone’s Dragostea Din Tei this year, plz plz vote).

See you in 2018!