

A Descriptive Essay by Alex Boyne

“There will be light to heavy showers in the East, West, and South of Ireland for the weekend, with a ten percent chance of sun.”

Mind-blowing. I’ve never seen rain in my life before. It’s as if a shower head covers the whole sky, yet the controller of the apparatus is left up to who? In the 22nd Century, there is no such thing as rain. In my history book, I believe the name ‘global warming’ rings a bell, but I can’t be positive about that. Large swimming pools that fill the tarmac-plastered paths named “roads.” It is as if Ireland in 2015 is a different planet. The cars run along their so-called roads with friction between the tyres. The rain smashes against the roof tops of houses, which are only a maximum of twenty metres up in the open air. Fascinating!

People pick up items with thousands of words inside them. The hard-cover on the outside is bound by hundreds of pages, through beautiful handcrafted weaving. There is information within these rectangular 3D shaped objects, from which people love to inhale knowledge. I personally don’t understand how this can be done? No noise is emitted from the object, and it seems to lack any sort of touch sensitivity. I have been observing this for numerous days now, and no charge has been connected to the items. Revolutionary!

The use of technology is mind-blowing. Phones are able to fit in people’s pockets, and can be easily transported into the user’s hand. In my mind, it is impossible for this device to be functional. People stare at this item for hours, yet nothing is projected outwards. It is as if everything they need is on the screen of their phone. The most odd situation I’m encountering in this environment is the interaction between people. It has come to my attention that people enjoy the company of other human beings. People contact each other, and as they encounter one another, eye contact is kept. Two separate hands are joined and shaken upwards and downwards, and some sort of emotion is formed from this. Their interactions can lead up to an hour or two at a time.

Hundreds of children dress the same flood into colourful, lively-looking buildings where they learn about subjects. An older adult stands at the front of the room, and preaches information about a whole array of topics, including numbers, poetry and languages. After this institution, there is ongoing movement on these large pieces of land. People move at a faster pace than a walk, and seem to make a circular or oval object travel from person to person. The level of movement each person partakes in is monumental, as one leg shifts forwards, the trailing one overtakes it. People seem to be able to control their bodies, and wheelchairs

are only items for the elderly. To try and wrap my head around this would be foolish.

In the west of Ireland, people seem to speak some sort of made-up language, which combines the worst parts of German and Latin. It is as if they understand what they are saying, yet it just sounds like a groan being emitted from their mouths. The signs on the street consist of this ludicrousness also, which I can only believe to be part of some sort of joke.

Teenagers wear these rugged, coarse material trousers, which often seem to have some sort of rip in the knees. Large, bulky, soft looking clothes are worn on the upper half of human beings, which seem to consist of pouches on the back. I thought they would be used for some sort of storage space while travelling, but it seems to be a common theme that it is placed over a person's head, where it acts as shelter from the water which excretes from the sky.

The fact that people leave their homes to dine is something that I will never be able to fathom. Families and friends transport to buildings where people cook for them. Food is presented in a fantastic manner with decorative edges filled with spiralling sauces. Everything that people may want to consume, involves the parting of their own homes. There are buildings filled with rails of actual, physical clothes where you can feel the material, and try them on for sizing. Life is evidently tough in this society, but people do not seem to show this.

The countryside is beautiful, with luscious green hills combined with electric blue with snowflake tipped water washing the coast. There are countless coastal areas where thousands of soft grains have been built up over thousands of years, from the erosion of rocks. As the sun hits, their soft infrastructures, the warm land named "sand" is like lying on a blanket of heaven.

Although, it seems as if Jesus maybe lived around this time, the happiness people experience in their society is something I could only strive for. Life is certainly not as easy as it is for me, but the pure beauty of the environment and the little things are what makes Ireland so great. It is true to say, that with age, Ireland has hit its downfall. The 21st Century was its peak, and for their sake, I'm glad they don't know it.