

Top five things you don't want to miss:

1. The north Wicklow–D4 paradox

Everyone from Blessington wants to be from Donnybrook, while everyone from Bray wants to be from Cabra. Apparently when you put Greystones into Google Maps it says *Did you mean south Dublin?*

2. Visiting Simon Harris

Even though he used to be the minister for health, his office is still above a Chinese takeaway in Wicklow town. Which is totally ironic. No one from Wicklow town is healthy.

3. Picking mushrooms in the Wicklow mountains

You'll come across interesting characters on the mountains during mushroom season. Usually lads from Sligo who get all of their information about the world from a podcast.

4. Observing the walker-swimmer-surfer dichotomy

In Wicklow, you're only allowed be three things. A walker, a swimmer or a surfer. You can be each of these things at different stages in your life, but you're not allowed be more than one at a time.

5. Waiting for the bus in west Wicklow

Just make sure you have a long movie downloaded onto your phone and carry a bottle of water with you in case you die of dehydration while waiting for your bus-shaped beacon of hope out of this godforsaken place, which most likely, will never arrive.

Redcross

Redcross is a small village situated in the low, slowly rolling hills of Wicklow. Despite its name, Redcross is not the arbiter of safe conduct. It's the exact opposite of a hospital. If you were to fall and break your leg on one of these country roads, so few people live here that by the time someone found you, you'd be two birthdays older and incredibly accustomed to lying on the ground, wriggling and writhing in pain.

Urban myths and legends

Like many other random villages in Ireland, there was a movie shot here for some weird reason. It was a film by J.B. Keane called *Durango*. I refuse to believe it's real. *Durango* sounds like the name of a knock-off designer perfume that got smuggled into the country and sold in one of the market stalls in town. Due to this film being shot here, the local Redcrossians act as if their lives are being recorded. They don't think they are, but they believe it's best to act that way, just in case. That's why there are only two shops and one pub in Redcross. Less choice, less chances to ruin everything. Plus, nobody ever complained about a lack of consumer choices on a film set. So the locals are just going with the flow, afraid to speak out.

The main source of tourism holding up the economy of Redcross is the River Valley Holiday Park. This is a scenic camping area in the hills that sees swarms of families come to force their children to enjoy nature. The tourists usually come from places in south Dublin, places where camping is but a distant, alien concept. To cater to their demographic, the River Valley Park socially constructs nature to make it palatable to people who are used to living in first-class comfort. Right beside the tents you'll find state of the art showers along with the best (and only) BBQ food in all of Redcross. There's even a magician there to entertain your kids so you don't have to. This was another experience the River Valley Park socially designed. Because if you found a magician in the wilderness who tried to entertain your children, it would be absolutely terrifying. It's believed if you stay up in the River Valley Park past the curfew Bigfoot will appear and when he takes off his Bigfoot mask it's actually Eamon Dunphy on stilts. He will never tell you what he's doing in the bigfoot suit, never mind explain why he's in Redcross in the middle of the night.

NIGHTLIFE

Sometimes parents will accidentally wander out of the River Valley Park and stumble into Mickey Finn's; one of the only pubs in Redcross. The Southsiders who wander into this fine establishment see themselves as sociologists conducting ethnographical research, capturing the lives of the country people, while they watch on from a distance without talking to them. Allegedly there's a giant red button under the bar in this pub that shoots tourists back into the camping park; the button is only used for non-locals. The technology is pretty simple, all they have to do is ask for a cocktail. The nightlife here consists of locals drinking in this pub until Mickey decides to shut down the bar. It's at this point Mickey Finn's becomes Mickey Finished. The remainder of the night in Redcross is usually spent walking home in the dark.

Namaste.

Bray

Bray is a seaside town that likes to socially distance itself from the rest of Wicklow, while remaining on the outside looking into the promised land of South County Dublin. So, for now, Bray will have to remain in Bray. Statistics show that Bray is what you get if you bought Greystones on Wish.com. The God of Bray, Hozier, invented a mountain and named it Bray Head, because he recognised that everyone in Bray has a massive head. It was then that the people of Bray began calling themselves Bray heads.

Urban myths and legends

Inside Bray is Little Bray, which is the part of Bray that borders south Dublin but secretly wishes it was from the northside. Contrary to popular belief, eighteen million people live in Little Bray but you can't see most of them because they're so small that they're invisible to the naked eye. Little Bray is just Bray with a Napoleon complex. Just outside Little Bray is Big Tesco, which kind of sounds like the name of a rapper. Big Tesco

is the ancient protector of Bray and is often where Bray heads will congregate for safety purposes.

Bray is home to the Bray Wanderers, the football club famous for being one of the lowest-ranked teams on FIFA. FIFA have been conspiring against Bray Wanderers for years by giving them harsh ratings because they know if Bray Wanderers had self-confidence, they would stop wandering around Bray and would actually start playing football.

The males of Bray only have two possible names, Larry or Chap, there are no other names in Bray. If you walk onto the seafront and shout either of these names every man on the seafront will turn around. There was one guy there a while ago called Bernard but he got suffocated.

The McDonald's in Bray is a multi-purpose unit. It also doubles as a town hall. Using touch screens to order your Euro saver meal in this ancient castle means this is the only McDonald's in the world you can be in both the future and the past at the same time.

Bray is home to some of the best fighters in the world. Actually no, Katie Taylor is the only fighter in the world who's from Bray. Now everyone else here thinks they can fight just because they know her. It's believed that if you walk along the seafront at 3.45 a.m. and stand two metres away from the kiosk and say Katie Taylor's name three times and then spin around, Katie Taylor will appear behind the counter and hand you a Nutella crêpe.

Over the last few years Bray has undergone a drastic cultural shift, and the catalyst for this change was the Catalyst coffee. Before this gourmet café, Bray was trapped in a perpetual state of 2006, powered by DJ Cammy illegal raves, and full of Fred Perry-wearing teenagers with earrings from Topman, drinking Druids and fighting each other on back beach. Once Catalyst appeared on the seafront, these very same people started drinking kombucha and posting pictures of their salads on Insta with #blessed, which is absolutely terrifying.

People in Bray are very sensitive about their takeaways. If you don't profess your love for the food in Capri's or you so much as hint that Teddy's ice cream would melt if it were left out in the sun for too long, the Bray heads will actually kill you.

The economy of Bray is propelled by the power of Peter's Pizza. Peter is the spiritual leader of Bray, renowned for his courageous activities during Storm Ophelia when the country was on red alert and he filmed himself throwing pizza boxes into the blistering wind and offered a two-for-one Storm Ophelia special.

NIGHTLIFE

The social fabric that has glued the people of Bray together is Koo. This is the only nightclub in Bray and is a multicultural universe in itself. The term 'Koo' is short for 'kangaroo' because this club is the only place in Bray that you'll find people who come home after not being able to hack Australia, bouncing up and down like a marsupial while talking at you about Sydney after a few pints. Like somehow wearing a fake shark tooth necklace and a few too many open buttons on your sweat-patched dress shirt makes you think you're better than everyone else just because you spent a few months as a plumber in a different hemisphere.

Namaste.

Enniskerry

Enniskerry is a small village in Wicklow. The ancient paradox of this cosy enclave is that although no one has ever been to Enniskerry, everyone assumes that there are three or four Enniskerries in Ireland. Each one less interesting than the next. Stuffed at the foothills of the Wicklow Mountains, the magnificent wonder of nature is lost on them. No one in Enniskerry has ever climbed a hill. They all agree that it's far too dangerous. It would shake their strongly held belief that the world is flat.

Urban myths and legends

It's well documented that Enniskerry is, randomly, a village where movies are made. Some scenes from *P.S. I Love You* were shot here back in 2007, along with the less famous movie entitled *Piss, I Love You*, shot using one camera live from the mouth of a famous politician that we can't mention because we don't want him to get the recognition he deserves for his sterling performance. In more recent years, Disney decided no one really lives in Enniskerry and decided to turn it into a Hollywood movie set for a children's movie called *Disenchanted*, much to the disenchantment of the locals who had very little say in the matter.

While Enniskerry made the transition from being a village nobody ever heard of to becoming a hotbed of aging millennials desperately trying to recapture their unhappy childhood under the guise of a Mickey Mouse hat and a failure to become an adult, Enniskerrians were gaslighted into believing that their beloved village was always sponsored by Disney. The Enniskerrians were taught that they lacked the inherent free will necessary to break free from the iron grip of Mickey Mouse. Slaves to the relentless rhythm of the *Frozen* soundtrack. This conspiracy was allegedly backed up by RTÉ, who have reportedly been in cahoots with Disney for millennia. RTÉ created a piece on the 6 o'clock news showing supposedly happy Enniskerry locals in vehement support of Disney turning their village into a movie set. Many are unaware that the editors of RTÉ are so skilled at what they do that they can chop and change a camera reel to artificially manufacture genuine happiness.

All in all, there's not much else to say about Enniskerry. There's a roundabout here and the legend goes that if you rip enough wheelies on a bike while wearing bootcut jeans, you'll get so dizzy that you'll transport yourself into Spar, which is the only other place in Enniskerry you'll find actual signs of human life.

NIGHTLIFE

No.

Namaste.

Greystones

Greystones is an upper-class coastal town in County Wicklow. Greystones is divided into two categories, people who pretend to be from Bray to sound less posh and people who think Greystones is an honorary member of the region of Dublin 4.

Urban myths and legends

Greystones used to be a barren wasteland but now it's a barren wasteland that has become overgrown with trendy cafes, specialist food stores and three ice-cream shops on the main street. Greystones is a harbinger of the post-industrial apocalypse. A safe haven for chain stores and franchises

that blunt the character of the area, eventually turning it into a gigantic Starbucks.

Aunty Nellie's sweet shop is one of the most iconic spots in Greystones. No one has ever seen Aunty Nellie in the flesh. It's rumoured that the shop is secretly run by the lads who own the Happy Pear. At this point, the allegations can not be confirmed or denied.

Meridian Point shopping centre was unveiled to the Greystonians in 2004. A meridian point is a point on the compass. In this case, it points towards Donnybrook. There used to be a Carphone Warehouse shop here and a homeware store, so people would only ever come here if they smashed their smartphone or broke a chair. Now it's basically just a hairdressers. No one ever goes there because people from Greystones all have bowl cuts that don't grow. There's a nice Indian restaurant that overlooks the shopping centre. Giving the Greystonians a dinner and a view. They usually say something like 'They should really replace that shopping centre with a Croke Park-sized Fallon & Byrne's.' Although they'd probably say Lansdowne Road, because Croke Park is on the Northside.

There are more coffee shops in Greystones than there are women out walking their white fluffy dogs on the local beach every morning. Thousands. They say if flat whites were abolished tomorrow morning, everyone in Greystones would fall asleep and never wake up. Their levels of privilege are so exhausting that they wouldn't be able to support the weight of their wallets and would keel over on the cobblestones.

Greystones is ruled by the Happy Pear. The twins set up shop in the town thousands of years ago, handing out kale smoothies and superiority complexes. The Happy Pear used to be called The Sad Bananas but changed their name because it made everyone think they were rotten.

Greystones beach is a sociological study that has been puzzling astrologists for centuries. But that's only because astrologists don't know anything about sociology. On a sunny day at the beach, you'll find a wide range of human beings. You'll find the Greystones natives, easy to spot because they're the ones sea-swimming and taking pictures of it. Then you'll find the lads from Bray. You'll know who they are because they'll be the ones drinking cans while staring out at the sea and starting on each other. They never take their clothes off to go for a swim because they're ashamed of their lack of tattoos. The ancient rule states one can not look into the eyes of a Bray head for more than 2.3 seconds without them asking 'What the fuck you lookin at Larry?'

NIGHTLIFE

Mrs Robinson's is the pub where successful people over thirty go to network with each other and pretend to get drunk. If you come in here under the age of twenty-six and don't know anything about cryptocurrency they will send you off in a cab. The Burnaby Pub is home to all the older Greystones residents. The farmers who lived here before Greystones gentrification all drink here. The only place for the younger Greystonians to drink and socialise with each other is in Bray. No one ever ends up there due to their fear of public transport. And Bray.

Namaste.