AI-Driven Scavenger Hunt: Doors of South Dublin’s Georgian Architecture

If you're looking for a fun and creative way to spend an afternoon with your friends, why not try a scavenger hunt party with a twist?

The challenge is to find and photograph as many of the famous Doors of Dublin as you can. These colorful and elegant doors are part of the city's Georgian heritage, and they have become a popular attraction for locals and tourists alike. You can find them all over the city, but especially in the areas of Merrion Square, Fitzwilliam Square, and Baggot Street. Each door has its own story and personality, and they make for great Instagram posts.

Merrion Square

**Q1.**

Sure, here’s a limerick about Oscar Wilde:

There once was a man named Wilde,

Whose wit was both sharp and beguiled.

With a pen in his hand,

He took a grandstand,

And the world with his words he styled.

Answer - **Oscar Wilde**

**Q2.**

I am a man of many parts,

In literature and arts, I've made my starts.

A pseudonym I've used, so well,

Under its guise, my ideas swell.

Born in Lurgan town, to the east,

In Dublin, my influence increased.

A poet, a painter, and a mystic too,

In the Irish Revival, I'm not a few.

Who am I, with a pen so versatile?

Hint: My pseudonym has a celestial style.

Answer: **George William Russell**

**Q3.**

Sure, here’s a riddle for you:

I am a man of words, not of deeds,

A Nobel laureate who sows literary seeds.

Born in Dublin, but Sligo was my heart's delight,

My pen danced with fairies in the moonlight.

Who am I?

Answer: **William Butler Yeats**

**Q4.**

Sure, here’s a riddle for you:

I'm born of hands skilled and fine,

In museums around the world, I shine.

From Manhattan to Dublin, I stand tall,

Crafted by O'Connor, admired by all.

From doors of Vanderbilt to Lincoln seated,

My forms are many, none defeated.

In bronze and stone, I'm forever cast,

A testament to a sculptor's past.

Who am I?

Answer: **Andrew O’Connor Sculptor**

**Q5.**

I am an author, born in Dublin's heart,

Gothic tales and mysteries, my art.

"Uncle Silas" and "Carmilla" are my fame,

Can you guess my name?

Answer: **Sheridan Le Fanu**

**Q6.**

Sure, here’s a longer haiku sequence:

In the quantum realm,

Schrödinger's cat does dwell,

Alive and dead, a paradox to tell.

A box hides the truth,

Reality is aloof,

In this mystery, we find our youth.

Quantum mechanics, strange,

Yet, it's within this range,

Our understanding of the universe, we rearrange.

Answer: **Erwin Schrödinger**

**Q7.**

I am a man known as The Liberator,

In Ireland, I'm a significant creator.

I fought for Catholic rights,

With peaceful fights,

Who am I, can you cater?

Answer - **Daniel O’Connell**

Fitzwilliam Street Lower

**Q8.**

Once a place of faith, now a place of games,

In Dublin's heart, it proudly remains.

Art Deco style, with red brick appeal,

Three blocks of beauty, its secret I reveal.

Echoing the past, in a Georgian street,

A famous Irishman (former Taoiseach Éamon De Valera), here lived.

Who am I?

Answer: **Convent of Marie Reparatrice**

**Q9.**

I'm not a man, but bear the name of three,

In the 18th century, I came to be.

Scottish roots, but not a kilt I wear,

Instead, neoclassical flair I bear.

Who or what am I?

Answer: **Adamesque style of architecture**

**Q10.**

Born in London, but Ireland's my home,

In the world of art, I freely roam.

From black and white to colors bright,

My canvas tells tales of day and night.

I've walked the halls of South Kensington's art,

And found my love, she stole my heart.

In Devon's life, my brush did sway,

But it's in Dublin's heart I chose to stay.

Who am I, this painter bold,

Answer: **Jack B. Yeats**

**Q11.**

Yo, I was born in '65, in the Crescent, Holywood,

My family's in linen, but nature was my hood.

Dutch roots, Irish shoots, in Belfast we stood,

My bro went to the States, made plant life understood.

I'm a naturalist, author, librarian, that's right,

Exploring glens, woods, streams in the moonlight.

My uncle, a president, with a natural history appetite,

Published about birds, fishes, and Cetacea in sight.

So here's the riddle, in this rap delight,

Who am I, with the natural world in my sight?

Answer: **Robert Lloyd Praeger**

**Q12.**

In the emerald isle's verdant sweep,

There lived a man, his resolve so deep.

A knight, a sir, with a noble feat,

Home Rule, his cause, no small feat.

His voice rang out, both day and night,

For Ireland's freedom, he would fight.

A supporter true, in word and deed,

To Ireland's call, he paid heed.

So tell me now, who could this be?

A man of courage, strong and free.

His name's a river, flowing sweet,

Can you guess, who is he?

Answer: **Sir Andrew Beattie**