

**From:** [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Tue 6/29/2010 2:25:52 PM  
**Subject:** Report #128: still roughing it at Dar Al Masyaf

Hey from Paradise!

Ok, I'm at the pool and where is my lemon scented towel guy? I never realized how crucial it is w/ lemon scented towels and cucumbers for the eyes at the pool...

Goodie, a lemon ice cream guy just came. I didn't know the hotel had those too...

The buggies should have seatbelts because the drivers dash around pretty fast. I hang on for dear life and try to keep fingers and toes inside the vehicle at all times.

I've finally figured out what this ultra-luxurious resort can not provide me with: chocolate. If I want it I have to take an abra (Arabic dingy) to the souk where they only sell Patchi, the Lebanese version of Godiva. I was just looking for a Snickers bar...

How can I go back to a non-lemon scented reality?

The best way to describe this ultra-luxury resort is to say, this is the desert with no natural greenery. However, within this fantasy-land it looks like the Caribbean - but greener...

I had another cheap-guy experience. An investment banking CEO I met 3.5 yrs ago. Needless to say, he's no longer a CEO...

He came to Al Qasr for drinks. He very quickly stuffed his face with 6 bowls of free nuts and chips and didn't let me have a piece! It was embarrassing. He made sure to get his valet ticket stamped so he could get his unpaid Maserati back. Without stamp it's AED 50. I'm sure he didn't have AED 50 in cash.

Link to new pictures to follow.

Keep well,

[REDACTED]

Sent from my BlackBerry