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I now refer to my most recent trip as that mad adventure. The Arabian Stallion I rode across the desert had 2 speeds. Fast and faster. Oh, did I mention his name was Obama? My hands are still clamped shut from trying to hold him! I didn't see a lick of water or a loo for a week and sand, even after 12 showers, is still coming out of places I did not know existed! The food...well what can one say about a piece of flat bread and some warm goats milk? The sleeping arrangements were deeply dodgy - shared a three sided Bedouin tent with a host of strangers, with not so much as a lamp for light, whilst freezing to death in the night air and simultaneously choking whilst inhaling swirls of sand from the nightly storms. The nadir was being propositioned by a toothless Arab who lit the fire and helped feed the horses to a tumble around the bushes during a bedouin night story telling moment...Does that give you a picture?