

Moving up

Some resorts are just too good to be missed. Unfortunately these places are very expensive too. Booking the cheapest room may open the doors for you.

We had booked a week in a simple Beach Bungalow on our dream island. Nothing special: bed, bathroom, ceiling fan, the public beach only a stone throw away. Upon arrival the room was not available for no given reason. They gave us a Deluxe Beach Villa instead at no extra cost. A little bigger, closer to the beach, air condition. We didn't mind at all.



On the next day we found the place was infested with ants and other unknown little insects we did not care to make friends with. We called the reception. The tourist manager dropped by, making a thoughtful face.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "You can't stay here. The exterminator will need a day to smoke that out."

As no other room was available that day, we moved to a Superior Beach Villa. Huge external bath, CD-Player, separate living room, beachfront, no extra charge. We were delighted when we sipped the complementary bottle of Champagne.

Unfortunately the villa was very close to the diving centre. All day they unloaded, refilled and loaded the bottles for the divers. I called the tourist manager.

"I'm very sorry, the room you gave us is so beautiful, but we just can't stand the noise anymore!"

He understood. Because of the unusual strong winds from the wrong direction, he pointed out, all the noise travelled more far than it should have. He promised he would see, what he could do for us. We didn't unpack.

The next morning we were moved to a Deluxe Safari Suite. Bigger rooms, minibar, TV, Stereo in the bathroom, sunset viewing sofa on the porch and a little pool. Obviously the room had been prepared for new guests, therefore we clinched another complementary bottle of Champagne. All we ever dreamed of for no extra charge. Just when we walked through our private garden to the beach, we saw what our neighbours got. Theirs was much bigger.



We went back to the room and kept pondering all day, why they hadn't given us a Superior Beach Palace Suite in the first place. Then I came up with a brilliant idea. Early next morning, we blocked the toilet and flooded the whole place. Fortunately we could save all our belongings in time. Our friend, the tourist manager looked at the mess, nodded with a sigh and we were moved again.

The Overwater Ballroom Suite was the ultimate dream. It was so big, we needed a map to find our ways. Two bedrooms, living room with a fully equipped bar, study, kitchen, sundeck, TV with DVD-Player, direct access to the ocean and even our own little boat. We even managed to grab the complementary bottle of Champagne before the tourist manager could save it. And the view was overwhelming. We could see all of the lagoon, including the nearby Presidential Palace Lagoon Suite.

Jealousy was driving us mad. There still was something bigger and it was not ours. When our next door neighbours went to lunch, their Overwater Suite burned down. They swore later, they had put out that candle, but these idiots had left their backdoor unlocked. The only thing we could save from the blast was their complementary bottle of Champagne, but somehow we forgot to tell them.



After our close friend, the tourist manager, had inspected the smoking debris he came over to our place. Everything was covered with ashes and the smell was pretty bad. Fortunately we hadn't unpacked. The rest was just routine.

We walked into the Presidential Palace Lagoon Suite like kings. Everything was huge, stylish and made from the finest materials. Tropical woods, marble columns, inside and outside pool, a butler and a yacht waiting for us. While the manager excused himself to answer his mobile phone we went to explore our huge new realm. What we ever dreamed of was crap. This was the real thing. We could not believe our luck.

When the manager returned we bluntly asked him:

"This is all ours, for free?"

"No," he answered. "Just for ten minutes! I've just been informed, that your Beach Bungalow is now ready for you!"

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