

Asatour

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BLOG VALUE



My blog is worth
\$1,693.62.
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TORRE DEL TARTUFO

My friends,

Greetings from Torre del Tartufo! I have safely arrived at the place I will spend the next week. I do not know when you will get this missive (for some reason I pictured this blog entry as a letter between friends, rather than in the usual format, whatever that may be), as I am far away from such things as internet connections. Know that I will post it to you as soon as possible, and that it was posted to you sometime before now, when you are beholding it.

I took a 3:20 train out of Florence to Arezzo. I had waited at the train station for the right time, as I could not check in at Torre del Tartufo before 4 PM. I met a nurse from Denver who was staying in Florence and waiting for a friend. I gave her directions to her hotel (after only two days here I'm giving people directions. Feel free to laugh) and my map of Florence in case my directions proved faulty (which is unlikely; she said her hotel is right by the Duomo, and the Duomo can be seen for miles). I had lunch at an Italian McDonald's, and discovered that things that sound tasty aren't necessarily so. Exhibit A: The McCrispy Bacon. Around 2:45 I snacked on a slice of pizza, since dinner at Torre del Tartufo would not be until 8 PM.

At last the time came to board. Our train soldiered on mightily through the rain, and one of the passengers in my car got unfortunately wet as the roof began to leak over her head. She did move to another seat, so there will be no ongoing health issues for her.

Upon arriving in Arezzo, I was surprised -- it was a much larger and nicer city than I had expected. There were, however, no taxis at the train station; I was told they were all out already, and I was welcome to wait for one. I thanked the man kindly for allowing me to wait outside a public train station (as you probably know, though, I'm generally only a smart-ass in retrospect, so fear not for an international incident) and proceeded to wait. I met a drama teacher from a small liberal arts college in North Carolina, reporting to an Academy of the Arts to teach for a summer session, who was likewise waiting for a taxi, or for someone from the academy to show up for him.

Anyway, blah blah blah a taxi came and I waved it down and jumped in with no thought for my fellow travelers. By the time we reached our destination, I have no doubt my driver wished he had picked up someone else. I understood his Italian on the radio well enough to figure out he was asking for directions, and I did feel some pity for him after we had to turn off the paved road. Alas, it was no longer possible for him to drive at unhealthy speeds, risking life and limb by tailgating other cars on wet roads at 100 km/hour. It was very sad.

When I arrived here at the villa, I was met by Barbara the property manager, who took me right away to my room.... much sooner than I expected. Let me back up. She took me across the patio and through a door, and we passed through a sitting area and down a hallway. About halfway down the hallway was when she mentioned "And all of this is yours..." and I realized that we were already IN my room, not still in transit there. It's huge, and there will be photos posted with this letter. I can't wait for you to see them.

After dropping off my things, Barbara took me and a couple of other guests on a tour of the property -- the kitchen, bar and dining room, as well as the pool, hot tub, exercise room and sauna, the small patio with the pizza oven, the breakfast area, etc. It's amazing here. Again, look at the photos.

It's 6:45, and I have about an hour before pre-dinner drinks. I will write more when I can. Until then I remain

Sincerely yours,

Ash

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