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Sent: 9/3/2014 8:44:40 AM
To: Zafar, Marzia (marzia.zafar@cpuc.ca.gov)
Cc: Redacted
Bcc:
Subject: Mykonos, Greece

Hello Again,

We are now in the resort town of Mykonos, Greece. The key word in the first sentence is “resort”. I (Marzia) am not a total fan of resort towns, because I (Marzia) don’t appreciate relaxation. I (Marzia) like to relax in chaos. Mykonos is a beautiful island with tiny little churches and tiny little houses and tiny roads with tiny cars. All cars are stick shift. Stop signs are a mere suggestion for the driver to consider and then ignore. I (Marzia) enjoy driving here, but only in the day time!

The best thing about Mykonos is the absolutely beautiful and calm waters. The water invites to jump in unafraid. The beaches are probably second to none that I have seen so far. The best is saved for all the gay men. It is called Super Paradise and it has the Jackie O restaurant. The paradise beach is also a gay men’s heaven, but some super gay probably decided to top the other gay and call the new beach, Super Paradise and said, “take that!!!” At 7pm they have a drag show and we shall visit it in the next two days.

The baklava is by far better in Istanbul. The yogurt is by far better in Greece, well actually, the first yogurt we had here was out of this world delicious, but the second time it was just okay. The food is incredibly fresh and I (Marzia) will appreciate the freshness of the food, but nobody gets hurt if they add a tiny bit MCG on top to make it mouth-watering. Again, the freshness should be admired, but not sure all desired.

Okay, I would send pictures, but my email/IT people are not letting me attach them; probably some new security thing...

It is no Istanbul, but it is better than Hawaii. Lastly, if you do decide to come to Mykonos please note that the airport is still stuck in communist 1970s, and the ladies serving you in the plane and at the airport are very intense and will scare you away – their hair are tightly wound in a bun and the overall look is as severe as the tight bun that makes their head hurt which is probably why they are not nice. The ones in Mykonos are much friendlier and nicer... Lastly, there are an unusual amount of pharmacies and doctor’s offices around – they’re like bars in a college town. I wonder why they need so much medication...

Redacted

I agree that this is not Istanbul. But a few highlights for me...

Our private Jacuzzi outside of our room overlooking the ocean.

The fact that we have intermittent wifi which is obliging us to enjoy the room and *gasp* books and the constant mellow trance music from the speakers.

I Redacted appreciate that we have been able to hold hands here and frolic and wear shorts with ease and kiss and relax. I would always take Istanbul in a heartbeat over Mykonos, and eat kaymak and feel the intensity and chaos and culture shock...but it’s also nice to exhale and eat in my opinion, superior yogurt and fall asleep on a private cove after eating oh-so-fresh octopus.

PS – We Redacted don’t need the internet... in fact we were supposed to take 48 hours off of internet. But we had to make a 1 hour pit stop at a Starbucks on the way to the gym because the internet wasn’t working here and the hotel gym was insufficient. But at least I got to “like” a few pictures on Instagram and confirm impossible directions. Highlights: Kiki’s tavern, our amazing hotel (where we were told to “just relax” when we arrived I think because the first question “we” asked was “where is the gym can we see it”, the water, and gay Jackie O’s at SUPER paradise beach.

See you guys next week. Redacted and Marzia