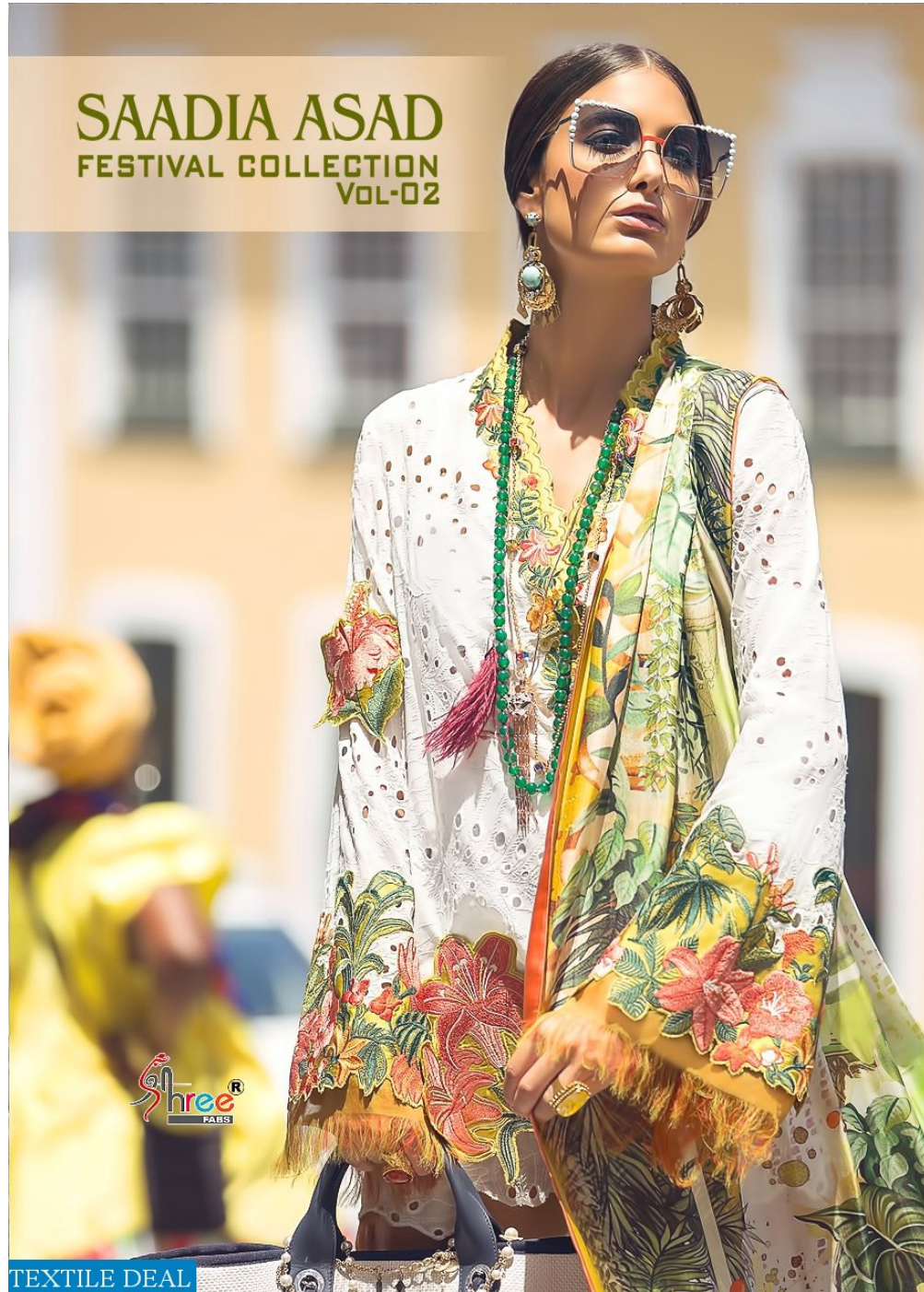


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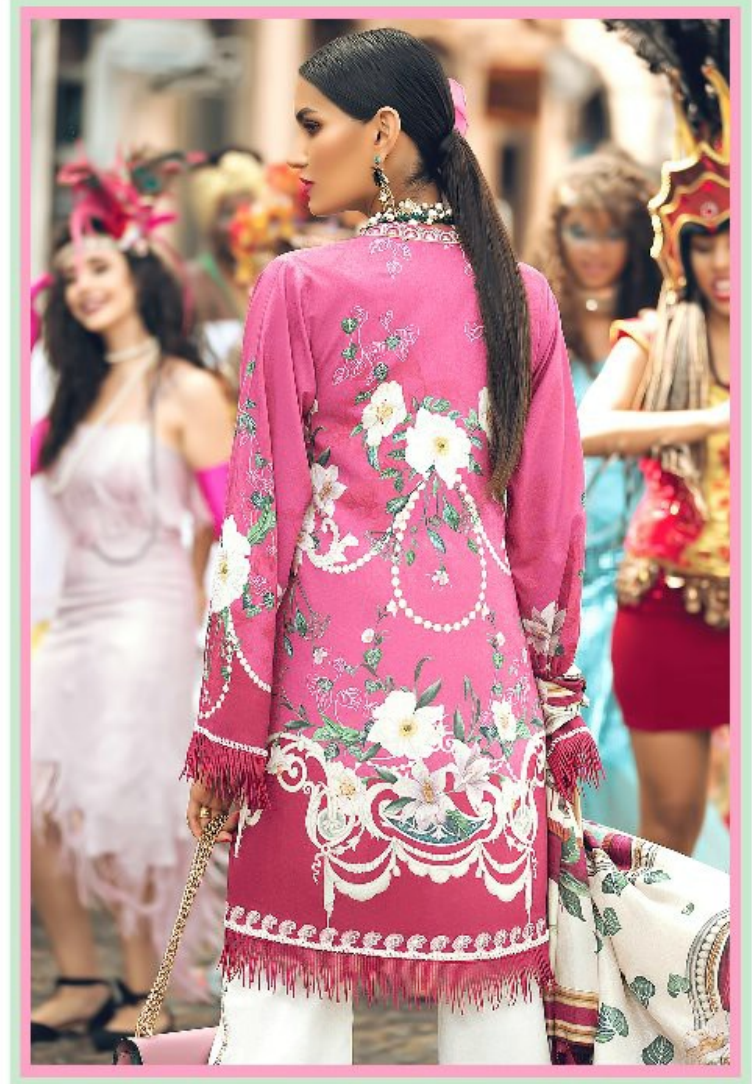
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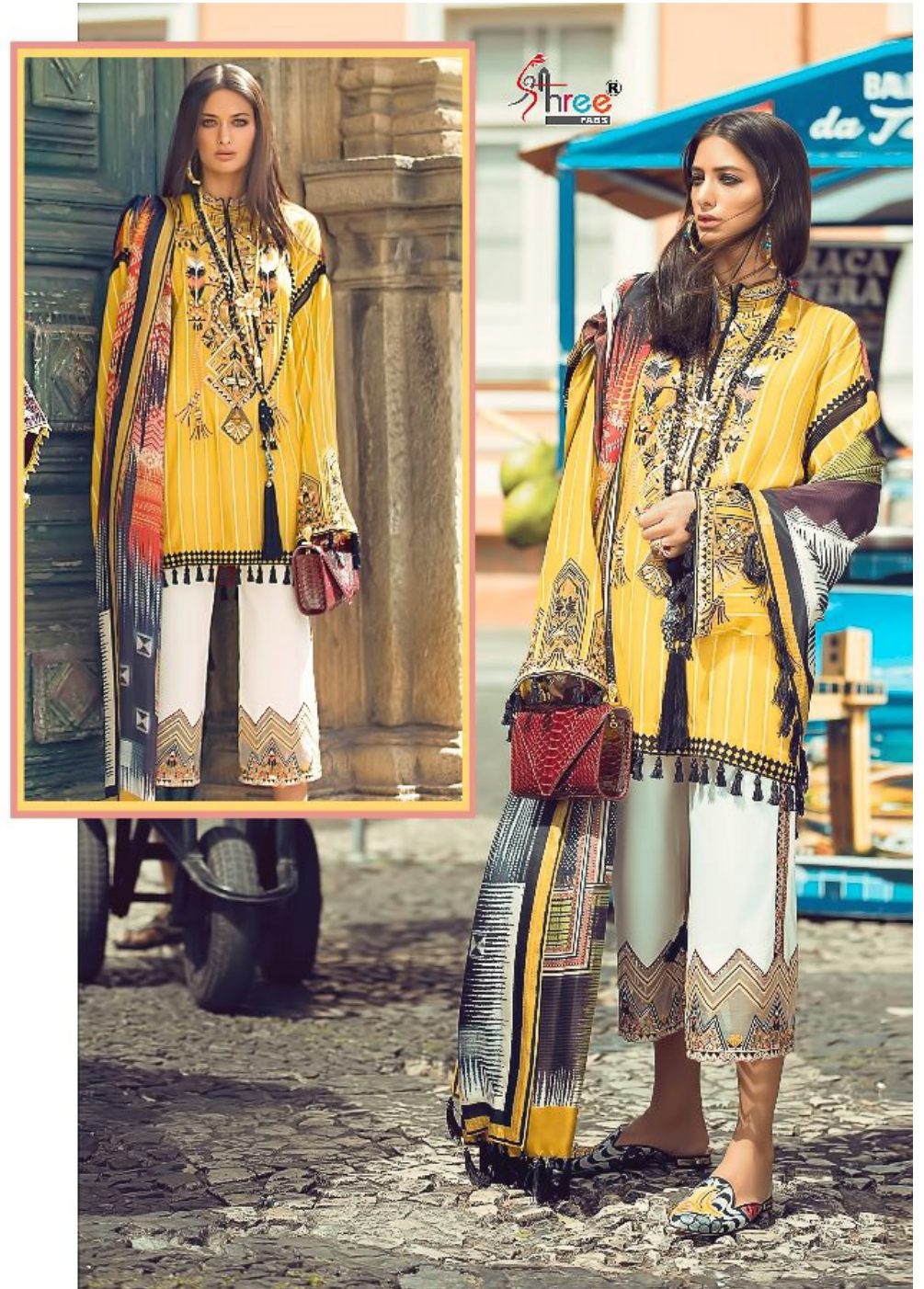
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*Moving to the rhythm of the drum beats that musicians play.*



As our plane starts descending towards Salvador, we see the shimmering turquoise ocean that seems to stretch endlessly; the excitement creeps up. Brazil was always on our bucket list and to finally be here, right as the Carnival begins, seems surreal.

The drive to our hotel shows a multitude of landscapes, the tropical greenery, the hustle bustle of a burgeoning city, the winding roads up and down the blossoming topography and oh those colorful whimsical buildings, which we had only dreamt of in our imaginations.

Our hotel is on Rue de Chile, right in the middle of Pelourinho, the centerpiece of Cidade Alta. We spend the day at the rooftop pool, taking in the breathless views of the city and soaking in the sun. We indulge in exotic mocktails, Maracujás and Caju doused in coconut water, a local favourite.

We decide to stroll down to Mercado Modelo, the open market renowned throughout the city for its unique finds; if you're lucky, you can find the most priceless treasures at the Mercado's what our local friends tell us. What we actually end up finding is the city itself; we lose our way down these narrow cobblestone streets, incredibly overwhelmed by the vibrant colonial buildings, the wrought iron finishes and flashes of bougainvillea creeping up at the most unexpected of places. What astounds us is the brilliance of the overarching, magnificent churches; each seemingly more ornate than the last, with the most unusual colors for facades; a lilac here, a cheerful yellow there.