

Post



Scott Farnsworth

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# Under House Arrest - March 22, 2023

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## ***SUMMARY***

We're on lockdown today. Nothing can legally happen. No summary needed - Karen

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## ***DETAIL***

By law (in theory) today's blog post should be short and boring. In the past, the government turned off electricity, phone, and internet service to every house. This was from 6am today until 6am tomorrow. Now, of course, people (some of them) have refrigerators and/or freezers, so that's impractical. Now everyone is on the honor system to keep their lights off and all sounds quiet for 24 hours.

There are authorities patrolling the streets. They're wandering around making sure no one is driving, or walking, or making noise. When it's dark they're looking for lights on in any houses. If they see a light they go and rap on the window, sternly one imagines. If they catch you out walking, they escort you either back home or to jail. If you're driving, you're stopped and similarly sent back home.

At our hotel, of course, that won't work. We're Americans, we must get our daily dose of The Oprah Show. We allowed to wander around the hotel (during the daylight hours). And we can eat and have (interior) lights and watch TV. When we checked in (yesterday) we were required to sign a document that detailed all of the things that would and would not (and could and could not) happen. Our signature was to ensure that we wouldn't complain and say "But this is wrong, we should be able to do XYZ!!" If we do, they pull out our signed document and say "Hey, look, you signed that you knew this was going to happen!!"

When we awake this morning we do wander around our prison yard to see what it is going to be like. What they did, what we didn't realize they were going to do, was cordon off the entire hotel. This cordon, by the way, is thick cloth, two meters tall that extends the dozens of meters across the entirety of the front of the hotel. You think you're leaving the premises and walking around town? Think again!

They do have food. First meal, of course, is breakfast, which is included with our room. What's different is that we're at a dining room much further from the street than our usual location. (We don't want to flaunt our freedoms to the poor locals). The hours and menu are more limited. And everyone who wants breakfast will be eating here... now... rather than, say, going to some other restaurant in town.

The result? It's a madhouse. We show up later in the prescribed time window and it's hard to find certain foods and a place to sit. Will lunch and dinner be similarly crowded and chaotic? (Spoiler alert: yes).

The other thing we notice (but expected) is that by the time we stirred in the morning, every darn last chaise lounge beside the two pools was taken. The skeleton staff put out cushions that guests could lay on the grass to make more lounging spots. There are bodies everywhere. We don't mind, we have our back porch overlooking the pool in the distance. We hadn't requested it, but we're happy to have it.

Karen, being smart, had planned in advance for this day of nothing/craziness. She'd booked a massage. One of those short 90 minute massages. It costs close to a cool million in local currency, but who cares. (Truth be told it was only about \$60). Karen came back with mussed hair and a smile that lasted long into the evening.

What didn't last was the sun. It was blue sky and sunshine most of the day. Around 3 pm the sky turned dark grey and with claps of thunder the rain started coming down. Gently at first and then with more and more ferocity. Karen listened to the pitter-patter while getting her massage. It was an impressive show but it thankfully ended before dinner and the resulting air was cooler for the rains.

As happens every day, around 6:35pm, the sun set and it quickly got dark. The phone in our room rings. It is the front desk. Someone has reported that we have the lights on our back porch turned on. Tsk, tsk. We apologize and go to turn them off (only to find they were already off, hm).

We have dinner, with all the other resort patrons, and request a 'to-go box breakfast' for our 6 am departure to the airport. Time for lights out (for reals this time) and off to bed!

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## Photos



Breakfast time and the normal breakfast hall is empty and quiet.



At the far end, where it normally looks out on the busy street, is a tall, thick cloth to keep us (and our noise?) in



Reaching my camera over the cloth I can photograph the empty street, where not that many hour prior there were throngs of revelers!



What to do, what to do? (Hang on the  
back porch with coffee!)

FARNSNIENTE



Dinner in this new dining facility, unfamiliar  
to us. Behind Karen, beyond the wall,  
they've set up extra tables and chairs for  
the overflow crowds.

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