

«Farewell to Doha»

In Doha it is possible...

To go and sit on any lawns and forbidding inscriptions are not present anywhere...

For six dollars to fill your tank for the whole week to go to work on driving 100 km per day or... for the same six dollars to drink a glass of wine at a restaurant at the end of a week...

In the middle of February to enjoy fine weather, to bathe in the sea, to drink tea on an open terrace...

In a dirty Pilipino bakery in the old city to buy very tasty rolls.....

To go on foot on a sidewalk along a road and everyone would stare at you, because nobody walks here, and women especially...

To drive through the city at an average speed of 80 km...

Without having been shown where to turn, do a bit of dizzy driving around a roundabout in order to find a direction...

To come at midday to a smart restaurant for brunch and until 3 o'clock to eat everything that only your stomach would wish... All it for ridiculously small amount of money...

To receive such a level of service at restaurants that after this in any other country all waiters will seem rude fellows...

To arrive in the morning to a shopping centre and to leave it after a sunset with the huge cart, full, tired, having visited a cafe, a restaurant, a movie, boutiques and a supermarket...

At the shopping centre to watch local matrons in elegant black attires, wearing magnificent make-up and inhaling delightful aromas of the Arabian scents, to buy madly expensive slice of a fragrant tree, at home to burn ~~down~~ it in a special aroma-lamp and to fill a room with pleasant smells...

On your day off to go to the sea, to spend few hours there and to take pleasure in resort which is in 20 minutes driving distance from your house...

To rent a car in 15 minute time...

To wait 2 months of the work visa that would make possible to rent the car in 15 minutes...

To attend a concert and to meet there all acquaintances, since it is only a cultural event in the city...

To rent a sailing boat and to rush into waves...

To relax and to sip beer at an expensive restaurant on the seacoast, watching a boat gliding on waves...

Every morning having drawn aside curtains from windows to see the blue sky and the sun...

Not to believe to that it is raining...in April...

To come to the shopping centre with expensive shops and to see a flood after a usual ten-minute rain because during the construction of the buildings nobody here had considered such an event as a rain and water comes from everywhere, from above, from below...

To be as astonished by seeing a street cat as by meeting an alien...

To learn what time it is by the songs of a muezzin, which is audible in any part of the city...

To be surprised at the extremely pure white clothes of local men, well-groomed beards and pleasant smells of perfumes...

To feel safe in any crowd, in any place, at any time...

Infinitely to rejoice in the absence on city streets of drunks, fights, and noisy unpleasant companies...

To be invited to expensive and magnificent villas and then to compare which one was more pleasant and where owners treated you better, in which ones were the more valuable knickknacks from different countries and which owner has taste which one just has money...

To leave for work, in haste and to forget a key in the doorway on the outside, whether to come home and not to strain at all to check that all is in place...

To leave the car with unlocked doors and documents inside...

To lose in a sports complex a mobile and to receive a call from the one who found it...

Seven days to wait for the document, which is done then in a rush of 15 minutes...

To call an ambulance and to wait for it for an hour because the driver does not know the arrangement of streets though you are 15 minutes away...

To call an ambulance the second time and to wait for 45 minutes because other driver also is not familiar with an arrangement of streets...

By the third time of a call to explain meticulously how to reach and rejoice that you are still able to explain...

While outside it is 45-degree heat it is freezing on the inside...

Still forget to take with a sweater because every morning you have drawn aside curtains or your windows you see the blue sky and the sun...

To fill the car with high quality gasoline at any petrol station and to be limited just by two possibilities: Super and Premium...

Choosing fish at the shop thinking long and hard about what you prefer...

To have regular invitations for free buffets with good meal...

To get used to the idea that shopping is an entertainment...

To carry out the dream of the childhood: « I wished that the summer would never come to an end »...

...and to get used to so quiet and measured a life in which nothing occurs that if not to put out any effort and to open eyes, not to get up, and not to pull yourself out from these aromas, from this warm, quicksand, it is possible to oversleep a hundred years and once to find out that you have grown old, and during your life having nothing occurred, and the Arabian world is still friendly, but everyone is the same stranger, and the villa is not yours, but rented and only while you are here, and the Toyota is cheap but only while you are here, and that Qatari do not happen to become friends, but simply entertain themselves with friendly relations with you. That money all the same always should be saved up more and more, and the land of Nod will proceed and nothing will occur in another hundred years except moneymaking, expensive knickknacks and regular trips on a vacation, and if not to understand this at once and not to put yourself out from this infinite-deserted comfort...

It is better such not to imagine... And better to say: «Thanks, Doha, for interesting impressions, for tasty meal, the kindest service, unusual surroundings, the good apartments, the convenient car, the perfect weather, and... It is time to me to move further. Good Bye, Doha. Good Bye!»