

# HEALTHY LIVING

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Volume 18 June 2014

## PARIS HILTON

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IN REAL LIFE





*Up on the shore they work all day  
Out in the sun they slave away  
While we devotin'  
Full time to floatin'  
Under the sea*

*Crab Sebastian, The Little Mermaid*

# BONAIRE

## IN 3D



*Racing turtles, laughing crabs, rookie mermaids and a carnival*

BY AIDA POULSEN

Off the overcrowded Caribbean path and deeming itself quite elite, the secluded drop on the map is surrounded by deep waters right after a strip of white sand wide enough to serve as a family pool. With coral reefs at 20 yards from the

beach, deep diving is like a never stopping live amusement park anywhere on the island.

An island of the ABC Dutch Antilles, Bonaire, as with any three brothers, has its own personality. I would call it the deepest and the most serious one. Anyone taking the business of diving to one's heart deserves a deep

*The Harbor Village beach*







*Smooth Trunkfish*

diver in me had no fear as to how far could I go off that peaceful paradise. Diving instructor Mark, a seasalted large bearded man much rather resembling a boat captain than a diving tale, looked at me squeamishly as I was introduced as a first-time diving press. Little did I know what I am about.

Descending or rather clumsily clinging to the ladder down the



introduction into its clear waters. The diving world of the modest and thoughtful brother is as it should be in your dreams. The 3D animation under the sea surface of Bonaire is an intimidation to Disney and Pixar combined and if The Little Mermaid lived in Bonaire her world would have kept

the beauty well “under tha sea,” turning her handsome prince into a handsome dolphin instead.

The tranquil beach of the most lavish Bonaire resort—The Harbour Village—picturesque and sleepy under the frying sun, did not provoke any qualm and a 1st time



*The Harbour Village*

rock ornamenting serene Village’s beach, hemmed into the gear twice my weight, I had a feeling there is not much choice as to let it drag me down to hit the winsome water as I couldn’t possibly make a step up anyway. Instantly weightless in the water, the gear still managed to produce a philosophical impetus on the subject







*If there were powers behind the scene to move the most perverse, colorful and wretched, dainty, ethereal and ghostly critters to my sight, it was most elaborately wrought, right 20-30 yards off the coast, 60 feet down*



French Angelfish

of poor unfortunate human species' thrall to the humongous machinery when attempting to invade the fishes' turf, three times the humans'. Until crab Sebastian timely popped up in my head with "Darling it's better down where it's wetter Take it from meee."

Once I ceased fighting equip and learned to breathe anew, the movie theater began the show. If there were powers behind the scene to move the most perverse, colorful and wretched, dainty, ethereal and ghostly critters to my sight, it was most elaborately wrought, right 20-30 yards off the coast, 60 feet down. Mark was diligently scribbling names of celestial species on the small white board chained to his hand and showing me to touch some until I was tempted to pet the fish Brooke Shields got sick from in the *Blue Lagoon*, after which he had to put me on a short leash and would not allow me to go down to the shipwreck on the sea bottom. When at last my head surfaced I was astounded

to know that I am still in front of the Harbour Village beach while I felt like reemerging from another planet.

Otherworldly surreality haunted long after, evincing the surface senseless, hollow and vain. A recollection of hearing the recurring story: "I came for a vacation from Holland (England,



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Tiger Grouper



*With coral reefs at 20 yards from the beach, deep diving is like a never stopping live amusement park anywhere on the island*



*Fairy Basslet*

Australia, France, Venezuela) and decided to move here” followed by the unyielding crab songy: “We got no troubles Life is the bubbles Under the sea...”

Sequentially Mark was soon taxed with taking me for a more serious adventure—diving off the boat at Klein Bonaire—an even smaller island enclaved with coral reefs, a versed divers’ reverie, and with a promise of diving with turtles. Despite many deft divers from the boat the bounteous 3D wilderness appeared not a jolt perplexed by the



*Spotted Moray Eel*

attention and only fast and furious in water, yes, turtles, raced us.

Mark demanded to take an exam under the water on the essential 10 words of sign language—well, you know—short in air, SOS, etc, concluding it with the 11th, waving his hand and pointing at me, upon which I stumbled, so he drew a mermaid. The crab down there laughed out of his wits, I bet.

The many Bonaire attractions—another video game or Star Wars’ surreality—the-kingdom-of-pink-flamingos-lake between the mountains, the salt plantation with attached slave cabins- a shrilling historical relic, the squad of blond tanned kite boarders on the southern cape, peachy windsurfers’ sails, the yearly, along with the Brazilian, 2-weeks long carnival— all fade in imposition of the immense underwater reality which pains to know about while cramped into the office, the city, the continent... ■



*Eye of Peacock Flounder*

