



THE MANSION ON TURTLE CREEK

Dallas, Texas

The place is empty, except for the bartender and myself. Probably just as well. The Bar at The Mansion on Turtle Creek is refined. It's like a law school library. That's not to say it's not comfortable. I like the cozy seating. I dig the grand piano in the corner. I love the Scotch selection. The gazelles and the English fox hunting prints on the walls? Eh.

Maybe I'm not even supposed to be in here, at least not this early. The place definitely has a club-like atmosphere, and maybe it's too early for any of the club-members to appear. I suspect they're all still relaxing in their five-star suites or checking their stock quotes poolside. I feel like the first guy to show up at a party I wasn't invited to.

I order a Glenmorangie ten-year "with an added whisper of water." That bartender just keeps eyeing me. Maybe it's my tank-top and flip-flops. I need to remember to bring a collared shirt with me the next time I come to Dallas.

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