

OUR NEW
WISH LIST
FOR 2014

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NO. 1 VALUE CRUISE

For \$63 a day (bring the family) P. 52

**WORLD'S
FASTEST
FOOD** P. 20

Islands®

10 dream trips

ZANZIBAR
Land Back
in Time

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KAUAI
The Most
Amazing Trail

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ITALY
Where the
Water Glows

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FIJI
Loneliest
Resort

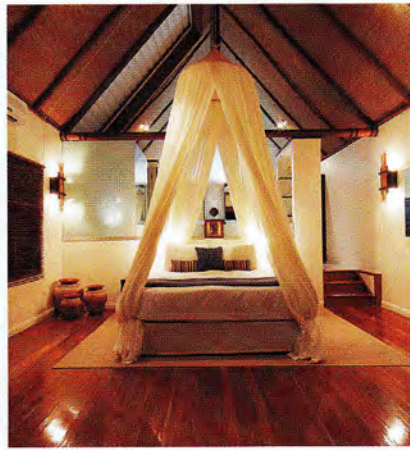
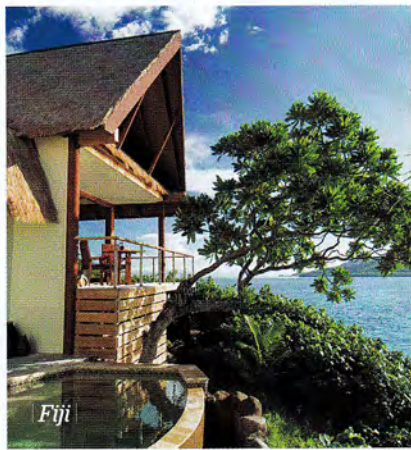
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DISPLAY UNTIL 12/31/13



DECEMBER 2013 U.S. \$4.99

PLUS
TAIWAN'S TEA MONK P. 16
SRI LANKA'S WILD FESTIVAL P. 36



FIND AN ISLAND FOR ONE ... All I really want is to be alone for a while. So I go to Davui, which is perhaps the smallest **Fiji island** with a resort on it. But even that isn't enough. So I take the resort's skiff to a barely visible speck of sand in the middle of the ocean. An ivory circle of sugar-fine sand the size of a big backyard swimming pool, ringed by cerulean water. And on the white patch, out here in the middle of the ocean, courtesy of the resort, are one straw mat, one teak deck chair and one blue umbrella. This is it: an island for one. — DAVID LANSING

Dine on Pies

Greece A one-dish wish: spanakopita. Yes, spinach pie. But in Greece the pie has become a test for everyone who cooks. Greeks. Food competition. Napkin, please.

Quaff Beer

U.K. In rural areas, the words "bar" and "tavern" are unknown. Pub? Maybe. You drink draft in a parlor, where the owner tells stories before drifting off into a nap.

Strike Gold

Abu Dhabi Vending machines here do not dispense 100 Grand candy bars. Try real gold bars and gold coins, for \$325. Better wish for a bigger expense account.

Sleep (It's OK)

Japan On the Amami Islands, you sit like kids, drink booze made from brown sugar and sleep for two days. Crazy? Tell the 110-year-old who invited you inside.

| Vanuatu |

Pass the Tribal Test

A wiry tribesman is asking me to take off my clothes. Here in the middle of the jungle. We're standing under a thatch roof on the lost-in-time island of Malekula, Vanuatu. I'm about to get a firsthand education on what it's like to wear a nambas, the traditional garb worn by the two tribes here. It's commonly called a penis sheath.

Normally, I wouldn't disrobe with guys I barely know, but a moment like this may never come again. "Let's do it," I say. And I drop my drawers.

With tribespeople looking over his shoulder, my new friend grabs my manhood with a (very) firm grip and begins to wrap me up with a coconut husk. His hands are calloused. After a few minutes, I look down to see what appears to be a penis tamale. The tamale is folded up toward my belly and run under the thin rope that serves as a belt. Maraca-like shell anklets are attached to my legs, which really, at this point, make no difference whatsoever. That's it ... I'm fully dressed but practically naked. I step into a clearing, white as a ghost and rattling with every step. I'm greeted with cheers. For a moment, I'm part of the tribe. — JON WHITTLE



FROM TOP: COURTESY ROYAL DAVUI (3); JON WHITTLE; OPPOSITE: SIEPHOTO/MASTERFILE