

To become part of this mosaic, you only need to leave your room. Go outside and watch the people strolling past, wearing only *pareos* and swimming costumes, ready for the beach. Families, friends, tourists and regulars pause to buy snacks from stalls selling *pipocas* or *milho verde*, the crunchiest of all corncobs, to drink a chilled *agua de coco* or beer. They do business, laugh and chat, in that direct, unaffected way that lends the place a perpetual holiday feel. It would be impossible to reproduce this unique atmosphere, created afresh every day, anywhere else. The entire world is to be found here, as fabulous as Burt Marx's Portuguese pavement.

