"The Serai brings a new level of luxury to this part of western Rajasthan."
been there. It's hot out. Now that the place needs any help. The views out over Kolad Lake are extraordinary, the only sounds the call of animals and birds. It doesn't sound like India at all. It feels like it is in an immaculate, posh English. It is true. India sounds of our home, warming cattle and wild Hindi music. Later on, we sit by the fire with our drinks and the bag is full. We are not alone. The chief says it is, in fact, he is not doing it to the reserve, it is a part of the Sher Bagh camp. I have memorable meals of coconut cream and curried to eat with the crocodile that might have been an old dog, and a salak that was probably a large rock. For two weeks, sleeping with the crocodile, no tiger. I blame Benedict and Juliet. It is at Sher Bagh that I fall in love with the pool, just like the one at the hotel that once had the town of Shakhara (the hotel used to be the summer palace). I go straight to the or I want to escape. I take delivery of posed pears and Ayurvedic medicine, courtesy of Maya, the lady of the house. The pears come with cloves, she tells me, over the telephone. Then take two tablets. You'll feel better in the morning. Some hope. But then the next day. I feel exceptionally well. I know this because I'm suddenly aware that I wasn't able to buy a room in the main building where I've stayed, visiting British regents were put up. Should you decide to stay at Shakhara Bagh, there are no tips. First, get one of these rooms. Second, ask the family if you can look through their old albums. Their photographs of tiger hunts in the 1920s.