

From: A.D. Dirkzwager [<mailto:djatirot@me.com>]

Sent: Monday, January 22, 2018 2:01 PM

To: Faysal El Khalil

Subject: From Amsterdam with love

My dear Faysal & May,

Firstly permit me to query whether Faysal made any progress in his negotiations with the investors of 7up in Lagos to withdraw the company from the stock exchange? I surmise that these are tough negotiations.

Other topic'

I hope that you both are doing well. You are at a stage in your life to permit yourselves an enjoyable 'dolce far niente'.

Why do I bother you with this unsolicited advice ? Well, let me share with you what happend to me.

At the end of October 2017 we were asked whether we wanted to play bridge on new years eve at friends in Amsterdam-South with 12 persons in total (3 tables).

Vera and I accepted the invitation on the condition that I can offer oysters (the flat ones: *Ostrea edulis*) to those who cherish oysters. The tally was 60 oysters.

Two days before new year I got a soar throat which developed in an outright bronchitis. I had to cancel (with Vera in my slipstream) the bridge event. However the sixty oyster shells still had to be openend.

Well, I gather the stamina for going to the house of the host in the afternoon to open all the oysters and went back home with lots of self-pity.

My friends had their enjoyable evening with bridge and oysters. They hold in their hands the small antique silver oyster-forks on loan for the evening from Vera & Aadje.



On 2nd January I went to see the general practitioner He administered a penicillin cure.

As a routine he checked the oxygen level in my veins. Apparently he was not at ease with the outcome and required an ECG. The result worried him.

My heart rhythm was far too high and I suffered from atrial fibrillation and from failure of my left ventricle. He made immediately an appointment with a cardiologist. The queer thing is that I didn't feel any physical heart disorders.

I have been twice to the cardiologist. Nothing to worry, but you remain under my control, is the verdict of the cardiologist. Additionally she prescribes no alcohol: not a drop. Even when a glass of Montrachet, the very best white wine in the world, would be offered, I have, damned, to