I’m in the Souk. Walking leisurely, soaking in Marrakesh’s one of a kind atmosphere.

I’m passing by some street food stand, breathing in a mix of spice and roasted meat. A friend of mine warned me some vendors put rat meat instead of beef to cut some corners. I don’t know if it’s true, but as I’m not hungry, I won’t take the risk.

Continuing down the narrow street, a guy stops just in front of me and starts arguing he makes the best leather shoes in the city. He then leads an unwilling me inside his modest shop. We’re only two inside, but it feels cramped already. I’m instantly caught in a colorful patchwork of all kinds of shoes, for all kinds of feet, with only one thing in common: the strong leather smell permeating every corner of the store. After regaining my composure, I’m watching the vendor trying to burn one shoe with a lighter, assuring me “if it doesn’t burn, then it’s the real deal and not some crappy plastic imitation.” I have to say I’m convinced by the demonstration, and after some bargaining, I find myself with a new pair of some good-looking slippers.

Convincing myself I made a bargain; I'm resuming my walk. I turn right. I turn left. I lose myself inside the maze of lanes, shopping streets, and public squares. I did so many circles that I walked in front of a restaurant for the third time already.

I want to go to the Dyers’ street. I heard they make the best Kashmir scarfs out there. But it seems I can’t extricate myself from the souk.

I think the fact I’m not familiar with the neighborhood is written on my face because my distress attracted some kind-hearted autochthone. He proposes me to lead the way. I gladly follow him. I have to admit he walks pretty fast. It’s hard for me to keep up with his pace without bumping into everyone I come across.

It took five minutes to go to the Dyers’ street. I feel dumb for being this close to my destination, but not managing to find it.

What a gorgeous street. I can see a plethora of stores displaying all the colors of the visible spectrum, from deep red to light purple, passing by green, yellow, pink, all fifty shades of Grey, and the characteristic blue Majorelle, a deep blue, nearly purple color stated as the specialty of Marrakesh. As I’m preparing to dive into this magnificent rainbow, I feel a tug on my sleeve. My guide is demanding my attention. As I fully focus on him, I realize he doesn’t plan to show me the way for free. As I reluctantly fork out some dirham form my inner pocket, he starts to brazenly ask for banknotes instead of coins. I don’t want to make a scene here, so I cough up as much as 50 dirhams.

The feeling of being cheated ruined my mood, so I marked the place on Google Map, promising myself to go back here tomorrow. As for now, I’m regaining my hotel. I remember there’s a thermal bath near it I didn’t try yet.