

account (more about that below). It's that most business travel is perpetrated by weary, harassed, desperately lonely executive types, while it's much more likely that you'll be vacationing on your own dime with your children and/or significant other. This isn't to make some grand statement about the crushing burden inflicted by modern corporations on family life; it's simply to note that you're much more likely to crack that minibar if you're stranded in Des Moines on a rainy Tuesday, rather than partying it up with your wife on the Playa del Sol.

More than the lack of an expense account (and remember, your company probably won't reimburse you for those incidental expenses, anyway), it's the presence of other people that inhibits the average guy from whipping himself up a \$50 minibar Mai-Tai (see page 158). Imagine the look on the face of your sad-eyed seven-year-old as it slowly dawns on him that daddy's impromptu cocktail means one day less at Disneyland. Even worse, imagine embarking on the four-hour drive home with your wife when she finds out the reason you wouldn't take her to that fancy French restaurant is that you loaded up that afternoon on \$110 worth of minibar snack bags.

While it's true that not having a faceless corporation on which to foist your unreasonable expenses can make the hotel minibar a dicey proposition, remember that there's another type of faceless corporation on which people foist their unreasonable expenses all the time: credit-card companies. In the fullness of time, it won't matter to you whether that \$900 hotel charge on your Visa bill covered five nights at the Marriott with your wife and kids, or two nights at the Marriot with your wife and kids and \$600 worth of minibar and room-service charges. When it's mixed up with all the other stuff you charge on a regular basis (movies, bowling matches, figurines from all those shop-at-home television networks), it's easier just to pay what you can and get on with your life.