

TRAVELLING WITH TARGET:
KEMPINSKI HOTEL BRISTOL:
IF YOU REQUIRE LUXURY, CROSS THIS HOTEL OFF YOUR LIST

**It, Certainly,
Could Not Be The Worst Hotel In Europe,
But It Is Fast Approaching This Level**

The first glance that this reviewer obtained of Kempinski Hotel Bristol from the chauffeured limousine that carried **TARGET** (泰達財經) from the main train station of Berlin was certainly a surprise since the hotel was much larger than this peripatetic traveller had expected.

Having travelled from Munich, Germany, by train in order to take in the German countryside, which went by the train's window at about 228 kilometres per hour, the six-and-a-half hour journey had left this international traveller somewhat tired and not able to suffer fools gladly.

But the worst was yet to come.

And it came from **TARGET**'s two-night stay in this rather large, very pretentious edifice that makes the claim of having the distinction of being a five-star hotel in the Capital City of Germany.

Well, it is not a five-star hotel by any stretch of the imagination, but it could, perhaps, pass as a one-star hostelry, the type of lodging house that one finds in hamlets, dotted round the Japanese countryside.

TARGET's first shocking experience on entering the hotel came at the hotel's reception where, after waiting in a queue of other travellers, numbering some 20 families, the young, male receptionist attempted to sell **TARGET** the Presidential Suite, at an additional charge of €500 per night, claiming that it was an upgrade from Kudamm Suite that had been reserved.

The Kudamm Suite, on the sixth floor of the hotel, measured about 947square feet and comprised a bedroom and a sitting room where a couch doubled as a bed when fully extended, one bathroom, and one toilet.

On close examination of the furniture, it was discovered that, for the most part, it was, in a word, junk.

No doubt, any discerning American would not hesitate to state that the furniture had long seen its best days.

In the bathroom, there were no toothbrushes provided and the three bath towels – one for each person – had clearly been left-overs from the last century, having been worn out and frayed at the edges.

TARGET has noted that the carpet in the hallway, leading to Suite 606, was, also, frayed in part, especially where two pieces of carpet had been roughly joined and, at other places, the carpet was in desperate need of repair.

And so it went on.

When an elderly female hotel employee, carrying a pad of paper and some other odds and ends, came down the hallway on the first morning of **TARGET**'s stay, this reviewer enquired as to whether or not Kempinski Hotel

Bristol was, indeed, a five-star hotel.

On being told that it, certainly, was a five-star hotel, **TARGET** asked as to the reason that no toothbrushes were in the bathroom.

The answer came back: *'You did not ask for them!'*

On the morning of December 31, 2015 – **TARGET** had decided to visit Berlin on New Year's Eve because, among other things, Munich had little to offer by way of gaiety on the final day of the 2015-Year – came another horrid shock.

The restaurant, where breakfast is served, comprised two storeys, all of the tables, being fully occupied when **TARGET** arrived at about 8:30 a.m.

It was, initially, impossible to find any of the serving staff that was willing to assist **TARGET**'s trio, but, as luck would have it, after about 15 minutes, a table became vacant on the upper level.

Then, having been seated, it was suddenly apparent that there was no service, at all: This was the American-type of breakfast buffet: Go to get your own food.

Hot food on the buffet table comprised warm, hard-boiled eggs, sausages and strips of bacon.

And that was that.

There was some cold cuts and an assortment of breads, all of which – Shock! Shock! – was freshly baked, obviously that morning.

The cold cuts, just like the hotel, looked very tired and some of the slices were turning up at the sides – in their death throes?

As for tea, one was supposed to help oneself from an assortment of tea leaves in little sachets and, by the side of the tea leaves, there was a large, electric kettle from which one could obtain boiling water.

As for coffee, this could be obtained from another counter where a dumpling of a woman, from time to time, refilled stainless steel containers with a blackish liquid that passed as coffee.

When one left this restaurant, rather than feeling refreshed, one could not help but ponder as to the reason that, at more than \$HK8,000 per night, one had to endure the indignity of staying in this hotel.

Many of the people, who came and went from this breakfast buffet, were dressed in the garb that best befitted street cleaners rather than guests of a supposed five-star hotel: Some only wearing white-cloth, room slippers as they went to the counters, collecting bread rolls and hard-boiled eggs.

Further, it was quite clear that these hotel guests had never been told by mom and dad about acceptable table manners; and, they thought nothing of sitting on their heels atop chairs.

One young lady, dressed elegantly, befitting that which one would expect of such a lady upon her entry into a luxury hotel, was completely out of place, compared with other hotel guests.

In short, this restaurant, as with most parts of the entire hotel, was an absolute disgrace to any establishment that made the claim of being part of a luxury group of hotels.

What was even more shocking to this medium was that Kempinski is, also, the management company of the world-famous, Adlon Hotel, a swank establishment within a short walk from the famous Brandenburg Gate.

Obviously, if Kempinski Hotel Bristol is the norm of Kempinski's management ability, it no longer can be trusted to operate top-of-the-line luxury hotels, at least, not in Germany.

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