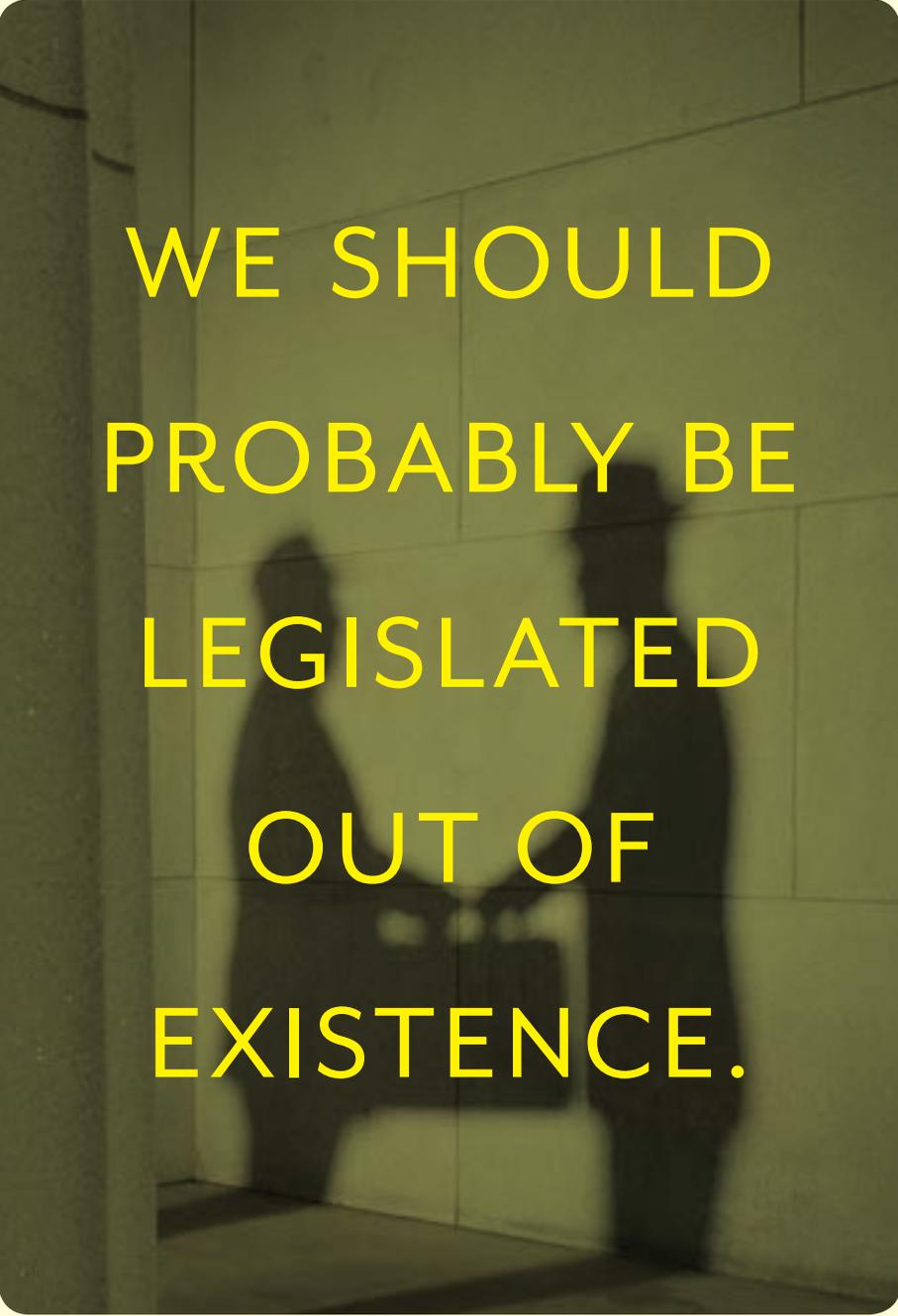


THE
INSIDER'S
GUIDE TO
VEGAS





WE SHOULD
PROBABLY BE
LEGISLATED
OUT OF
EXISTENCE.

Most of the time, “having someone on the inside” isn’t real popular with the law. Insider trading. Bank heists. Corporate espionage. All felonies. Which is understandable, because those things give people an unfair advantage. But let’s be honest, when you’re the person who has one, an unfair advantage is freaking awesome. Sure, Vegas.com is just another booking site for one of the planet’s most visited cities. But here’s the thing. We live here. And we know things. All kinds of things. Like how to wring every ounce of fun out of a town with lots of secrets, and how to save a bunch of money doing it. This is all perfectly legal. At least, it was when we went to press. But it probably shouldn’t be. Because it’s anything but fair.



WE'RE FROM HERE.

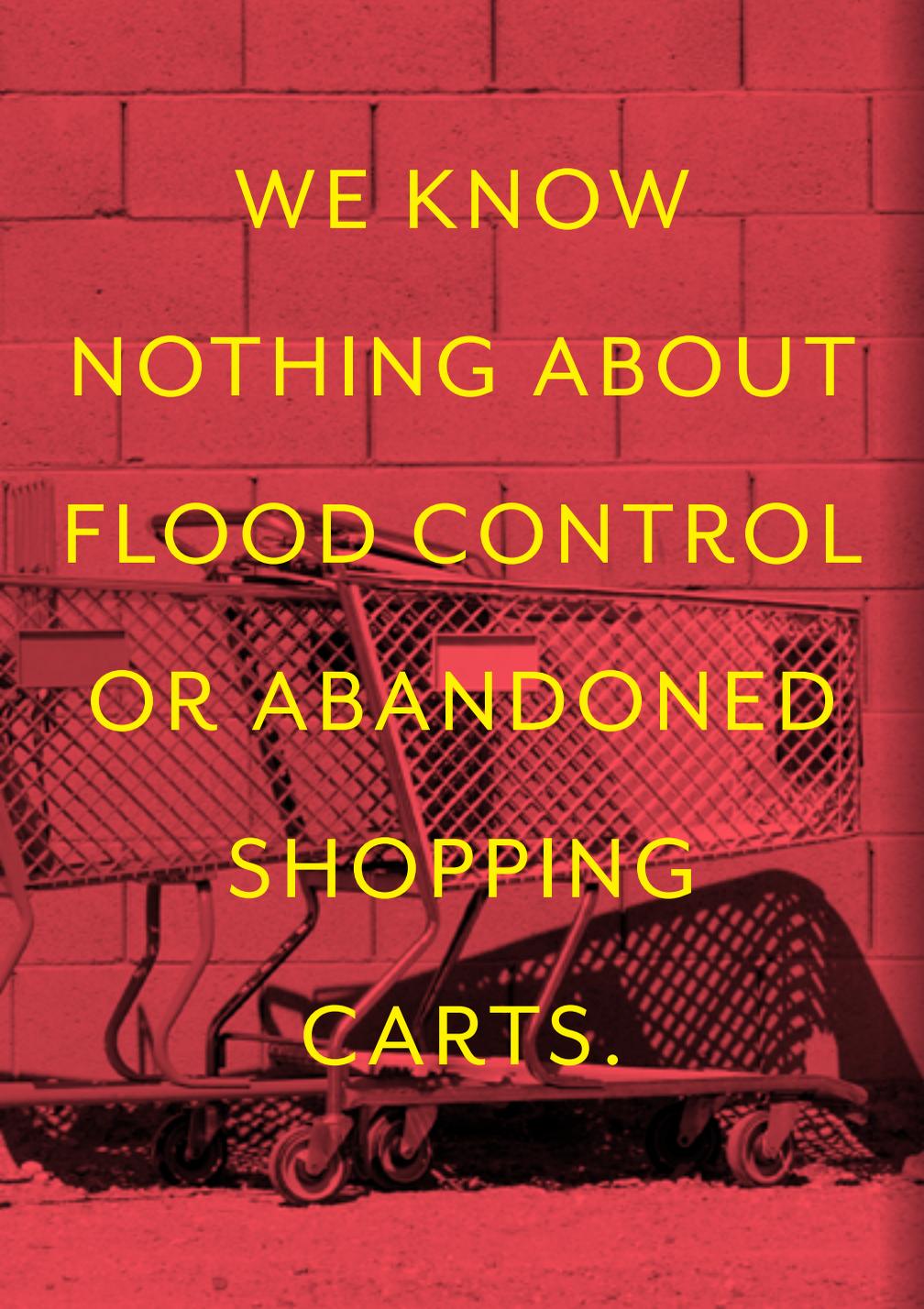
The companies you book travel through are never located in the cities where you're headed—unless you're planning to sling your hammock between two potted ficus trees in a corporate office in Bolingbrook, Illinois. Nothing against Bolingbrook, but why talk to someone in a cubicle there, when you're looking for the inside line on a good time here? Everyone at Vegas.com lives in Vegas, works in Vegas, parties in Vegas, and knows this city cold. How to find the best off-Strip martini? BOOM! How to kill a hangover Vegas-style? BAAAM! How to charm your way into a free room upgrade? UUUNHH! Ask our competitors those questions and you'll get crickets. Which can be cool if you're camping. But we're guessing that's not why you're here.

A man in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and bow tie is holding a woman in a red dress with white trim. The woman is lying back, her eyes closed, as if in a state of unconsciousness or being levitated. The man is looking down at her with a serious expression. The background is a dark, solid color.

“WE HAVE
THE BEST PRICE”
IS THE BIGGEST
MAGIC TRICK
IN VEGAS.

You want some inside information? Here you go. Every site has the same deals. Every one. If a website claims it has the best price on a room at the Bellagio, it actually does have the best price on a room at the Bellagio. But so does every other site too.

Vegas.com is right here where the deals are set. We know the people who set them. And the nanosecond prices drop, we drop them on the site, in real time. And we do a bunch more for free. Like give you crazy specific information on shows, food and other fun stuff. If it's worth knowing, we know it – from where to park to what comedian tells the dirtiest jokes. And how do you put a price on that?



WE KNOW
NOTHING ABOUT
FLOOD CONTROL
OR ABANDONED
SHOPPING
CARTS.

We live, eat and breathe Las Vegas. But are we the same people who are bringing you more convenient parking meters? No. Vegas.com is a private enterprise hell-bent on saving you a bunch of money during the best trip of your life. Yes, our name is Vegas.com. But we are not affiliated with the city. Unless you count jury duty as affiliation. Hey, don't get us wrong. The municipal workers are good people. And when it comes to writing the ordinance code on protecting a feral cat colony within city limits, they are the best. But planning a good time is a little outside their wheelhouse, which is where we come in.

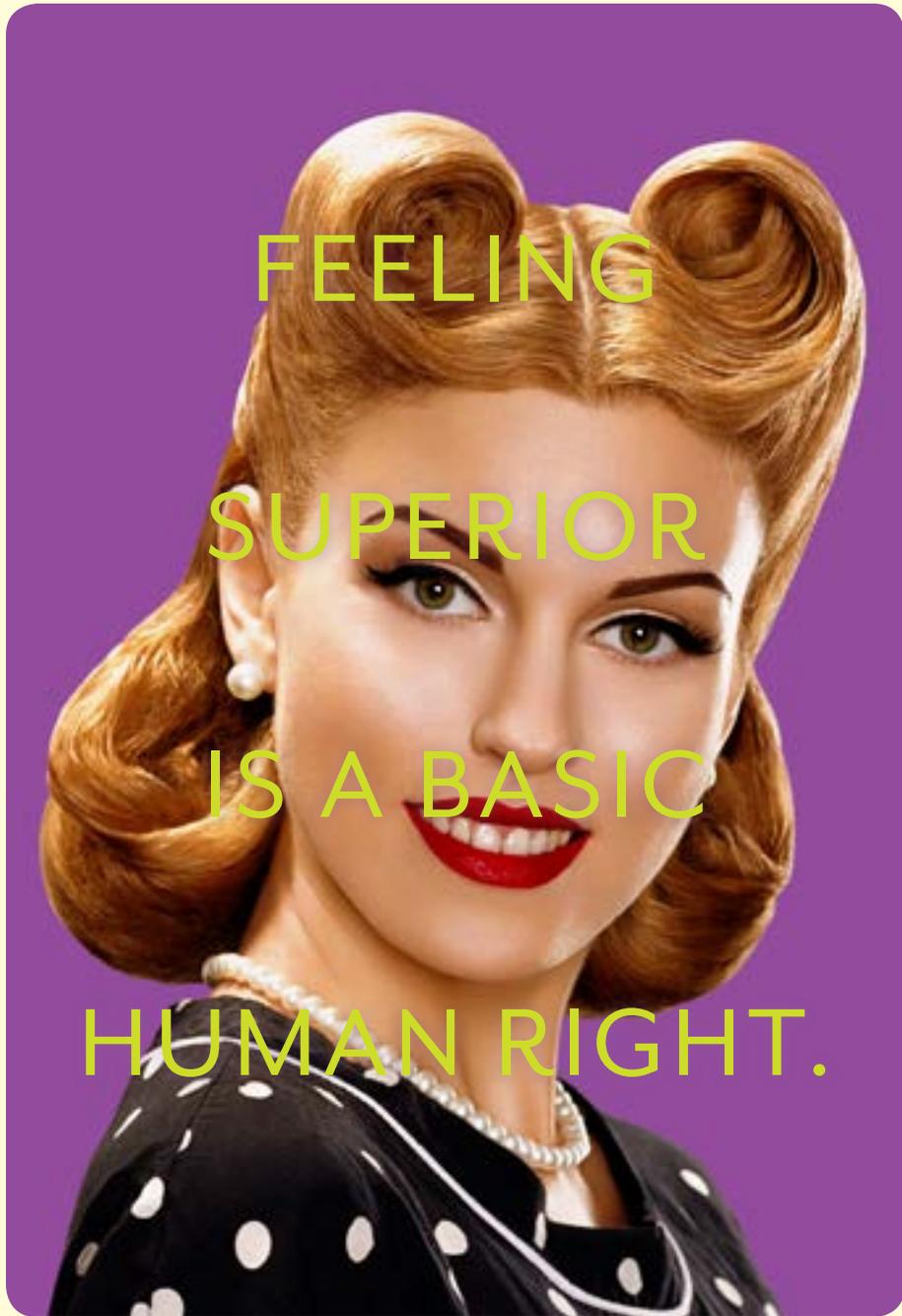
(ELVIS INTERLUDE)



A DJ is seen from behind, silhouetted against a vibrant, colorful light show. The scene is dominated by purple and blue hues, with a bright yellow light source at the top left. The DJ is positioned behind a DJ booth, with their hands on the equipment. The background shows the structural elements of a stage or club, illuminated by the same colorful lights.

WHAT NOW?

So you catch a cheap flight. Check into a great room. See an amazing show. Does your vacation end when the curtain drops? Are you supposed to turn in early, maybe slip into one of those 19th century pajama hats and call it a night? This city is lit up by over 15,000 miles of neon tubing, and it wasn't installed as a sleep aid. Things happen 24/7. And while lots of sites can get you to the first thing, it's the things after that thing where the real magic happens. Leaving a concert at The Cosmo? Catch Hardwell's set at Hakkasan. Hungry after bar-hopping downtown? Duck into Du-par's for pancakes so good it's a crime to eat them impaired. Having the most fun isn't just about what you're doing now. It's about what you're doing next.



Inside is not just for people who ride fixed gear bicycles or dress like old-timey lumberjacks or blog about thinking about making artisanal cheese. It's a universally awesome condition that can be enjoyed not only by the sound engineer from Silver Lake, or the bicycle messenger from Brooklyn, but also by the family of four from Florissant, Missouri. Because in the end, there's nothing cooler than doing things you love, and paying less to do them. Will you feel superior to others who either didn't know about the thing you're doing, or paid too much to be there? Yes, you will. And you will like it.



“COME HERE”

BEATS

“GO THERE”

EVERY TIME.

When you book a trip to the South Pacific island of Rarotonga, you're not being invited to participate in Rarotongan culture by indigenous tribespeople. You're being dispatched to a faraway place by a person who's never been there. Which is fine, because until the Rarotongans install huge stacks of servers and a few hundred miles of Ethernet cable, it will be hard to book with them. But Vegas is a different story. There are lots of sites that want to send you to Las Vegas, but there's only one site qualified to invite you in. We look forward to having you, and making our town yours. Don't see Vegas from the back of a line. Or the wrong side of a velvet rope. Or from discount seats with a "partially obstructed view." See it from the inside.

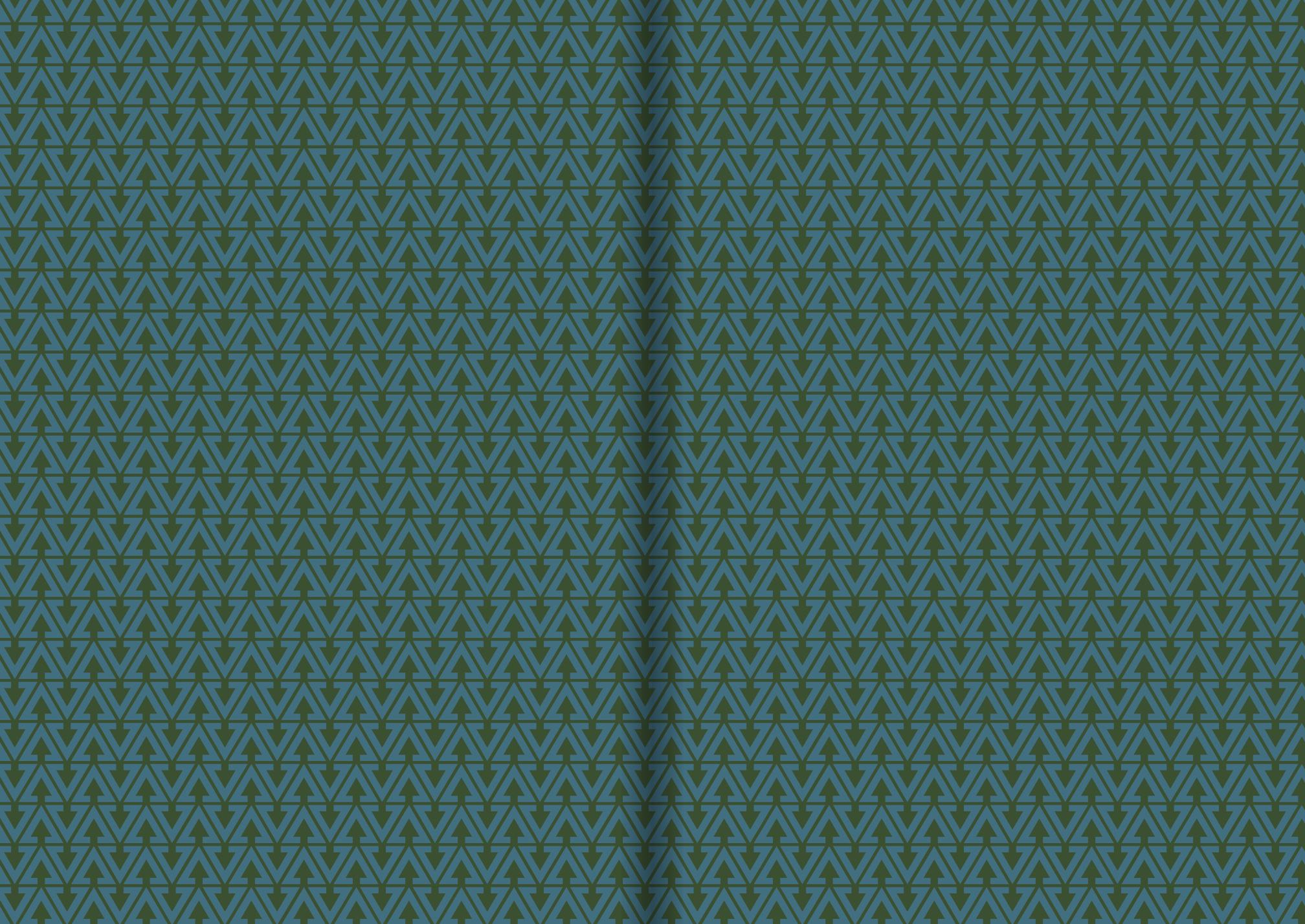


VEGAS

FROM THE

INSIDE







VEGAS.COM
Vegas from the inside