Tears will bedew, if wigs do not bestrew.

Abstract: She is thirty feet ahead of me, dangling a couple of metres above the ground. Four or five pairs of male hands are rummaging in the air around her body, seeking a grip on her limbs and torso so that they can haul her atop the fifteen-foot timber wall on which they lie stomach-flat. I’d guess her age at maybe 28 or 29, although this is difficult to pinpoint because she’s covered head to toe in crusting...
mud. What is immediately and palpably obvious to me and to the crowd of a few hundred mostly men squashed around me is that this woman is very sexually attractive. Terribly so. Fit, tall, lithe, tanned. Very, very fit. Wearing nada but a black crop top, black lycra shorts and running shoes. Sheeny chestnut hair in a tight ponytail. A selfaware suppleness of limbs. Some guys whistle. Some shout. A few clap, a few paw the ground.