02/03/2009

Mon, 02/03/2009 - 12:00

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Girls Aloud
"I left the Cave last week and headed off to the city.". On the way there I settled down to read my book on the train, only to find myself far more diverted by a gaggle of public school girls sitting behind me heading back to Chelsea from school in Dorset for half term. The cocktail of bitching, coupled with envy, self-loathing and showing off was far more riveting than any Cormac McCarthy novel. "I love being topless having a massage with the window open," one snickered along with her dorm-mate, the masseuse sitting beside her. "Our house-mistress is so anti-lesbian it drives her crazy, particularly when she comes into the room and I just ooh and aah and say it makes me feel so goood." More titters.
Fifteen year old girls are far more terrifying that any other class of human being, except for boys of the same age.. They judge without compassion; insinuate meanings into innocent comments and gauge everything on its form rather than content: "I don't like Amy's figure at all. She's quite a weird person," said one about a classmate, who, it turned out, was training to be a jockey and clearly inhabited a world of agas and smelly riding boots far removed from the couture lifestyle of these cunning urban vixens. Next came a tirade against a classmate who had "grown" her tits with padded bras. "She's disgusting," they agreed, only to simper three seconds later: "But Anna is so flexy; so pretty." A roller-coaster of damnation and redemption, the conversation echoed the rhythm of the train.
But by far the most unnerving passage was when the group started discussing what they were doing in the holidays, traditionally a period of unremitting boredom, punctuated with a little light reading. "We are going to Florida on our silver Virgin club cards and BA gold cards," said the queen of the troupe. "And Daddy says that if I pass by GCSE's I can take twelve friends out to Harbour Island.It's A-mazing and our cleaning lady never wakes us up before twelve."
There was a short silence, while the others thought of ways to top this. "Can we get some Vespers like we have in Porto Fino?" one tried."Oh no, we'll use the yacht," trounced the tycoon's daughter.

Tartufi hunting
Paolo

truffling with brenda x valentino

Hunter'ress