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I go swimming. I have a back problem and am convinced it keeps it in check, and, as exercise goes, it's quick. I
do exactly half an hour, up and down the lanes like a ferry, musing on what I am going to eat as a reward afterwards, and whether the man who keeps submerging his head under the water as I approach is a pervert. Usually there are only a couple of other people swimming in the lane at the same time; slowcoaches, housewifes trying to get their figure back, or elderly men swinmming like antique crabs. I shoot past, indifferent to what they think, imagining I am Mark Spitz. But today I left the pool purple with embarrassment. I got to the end of one of my lengths and was standing in the shallow end contemplating the rather attractive French-looking man at the other end of the pool and wondering whether he was married to the fat, frizzy-haired blob bobbing next to him or whether she was just his sister, when some other woman standing next to me broke my reverie with: "I can see your nipples." What? I said, instantly plunging down into the water and covering
myself as if I was Eve. Apparently my rather snazzy emerland green costume, bought for 20 p from the local Marie Curie charity shop, was completely transparent. I'm going to take up riding.

Tartufi hunting
Paolo

truffling with brenda x valentino

Hunter'ress