

It was a bright and sunny morning on the beach. The ocean gently lapped at the shoreline as waves of warm air blew off it. Sitting on a towel, with her long straight blonde hair cascading down her back, Sandra was wearing a blue bikini that matched her eyes perfectly. She had been on this island for about two weeks now and she felt the best she had ever felt in her life. She had been cooking out by herself everyday since she got here—this time especially—and nobody interrupted and said “Hey, let’s all go to my place!” She was totally free of men for once. Her eyes swept along the beach, past all the women in their expensive bikinis, tanning themselves under the hot Caribbean sun. Sandra always chose light colours when she went on vacation because it showed off her body to maximum effect. She also chose them because darker colours reflect heat back at you and make you sweat more. Sandra hated sweating, it ruined your hair and your make-up—and even worse, it ruined your mood. That’s why today she chose a white bikini that covered her perfectly muscled stomach but left her arms free to show off each bicep curling into a hard peak. Sandra stretched her neck to look over the water. She could see her friend Margie down there, sunbathing by herself. Sandra felt a pang of jealousy as she thought about all the time they used to spend together. But recently things had gone sour between them and Sandra hadn’t seen Margie in weeks. Margie was an attractive woman—but that wasn’t why Sandra didn’t like her. Sandra didn’t like Margie because she was the kind of girl who always wanted to dominate, control and manipulate her friends. Sandra couldn’t stand it when people changed their behaviour to make other people happy—that wasn’t what life was all about. She got up off her towel and walked out into the warm sand to cool her feet in the water. A strong breeze came in off the water that lifted her hair up off her shoulders. She looked around at all the women on the beach—some of them making sand sculptures or playing volleyball with their friends, others just soaking up the sun—and she felt so proud of herself for standing out so clearly from them. Sandra had a philosophy that you were only as good as the things you didn’t do. And she was practically perfect in that respect. One of her favourite exercises was to survey her environment and then figure out what wasn’t there.

The beach was large and sandy but the water seemed a little murky—Sandra liked sandy beaches with clear water. Many of the women surrounding her were wearing bikinis but Sandra refused to wear any because she felt it objectified women, reducing them to mere pieces of meat for men to ogle.

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