

That was not a very constructive thought. In fact, I should try to think less. In the corner, I see a woman resting her hand on a table. She's looking away from me. She has a long black ball gown with a plunging neckline. Her hair is swept right up, just to be extra sure nobody misses those jewel-encrusted shoulder straps. It's quite a display. I suppose display is the theme of the evening. And now, ladies and otherwise, here is what you have all come to see. Ah, but what is that? The lady, or the paper tiger?

