

Dressed to thrill: Sandra Faase

It was a clear, mid-winter evening. She stepped onto the gang plank to disembark. The plank lurched unexpectedly. She gripped the thin metal railing, struggling to balance in her impossibly high patent leather platform boots which had until now, not yet been road tested.

She clattered on to the concrete dock regaining her composure. She looked up and felt the eyes of those penned in behind the metal fencing to get on the boat, upon her.

It struck her then; she was hard to ignore. Girl, you're either going to feel self-conscious in this get-up and have a crap evening, or you're going to savour it. Although naturally shy, she chose the latter. No use squandering an opportunity to feel like someone else for a night.

She'd planned her costume meticulously. The boots were a bargain from a local op shop – no doubt ditched for their impracticality. She'd found a pair of red and black houndstooth hot pants at a liquidation sale. She added a purple, clingy sweater to the ensemble and fishnet stockings. A sassy 1970s brass ring belt clung low on her hips. She painted her nails purple and applied lipstick to match. She struggled with the long, feathery, fake lashes but finally placed them correctly. They felt like butterflies had landed on her eyelids. To top it off: a brown rabbit fur jacket and red beret. The mirror said: Yes, you jaunty little vamp!

She was beginning to enjoy the attention as she made her way to the taxi rank mastering the impossible heels. She hopped into a taxi and gave the driver the destination address. He was an African man who kept looking at her in his rear-view mirror and the distraction caused him to run a few red lights.

It was just past ten when she arrived at the party. The place throbbed with light and sound. It was a night to remember. She was prone to embellishing the stories of her wild nights out on the other side of town. However, this one needed no embellishment.