

a fast growing number of men in a slow rebellion revolution whom are fed up with the perfect young girl without the brains and experience that prefer the older women, whom are much more fun to be around, not so boring as their younger sisters and are more healthy conscious and looking after themselves, better company and influence for what a man's aging bodies need. Great! I have something to look forward to. I am appalled that it is the magazine editors, and moguls, such as an example represented by meryl streep in The Devil Wears Prada, and the likes of Anna Wintour, Emanuelle Alt, whom are much older themselves, although fearfully good at their jobs and brilliant but cannot have the power to put fourth their vision because she dreads that the men financing everything will make her loose her job and replace her to someone who will jump at their request. Hence we still live in a man's world.

Anyway, back to the dream job that could have launched the beginning of a career for me. I was with models. I was sent to a casting in NewYork, but organized through someone from my agency in Milano. I was to see the man who owned and was the financier of Victoria's Secret, La Senza, Pink, etc, of the Limited brands. Best mate with the CEO and founder, Mr Wexner.



I was met by a very sweet and kind Ghislaine Maxwell, that I later came to know was the daughter of the mysteriously deceased media titan, whom looked at my photo portfolio and confirmed the casting with the LTD people.

I saw two people and the meeting went very well. Subsequently I came back to South Africa where season in Cape Town was about to start and awaited me. I was chosen to be the next Victoria Secret model. I was flown back to New York, no strings attached and put in my very own apartment for a few days in Manhattan and flown on a private jet to Palm Beach where I was going to meet the photographer.