

I went to an exclusive school, a school dedicated to the creation of the leaders of the country, of capitalism, of good society. My path were mapped out by my doting and rich parents who believed that their son would go on to take over the empire that my father had so carefully constructed. I was quite happy to do so, I understood, actually was made to understand that my comfortable life and that of my children depended on the dynasty being carefully conserved and if possible added to. At this exclusive private school I met a number of other boys and we slowly coalesced into a club, a gang being far too vulgar for the sons of the capitalist captains of industry.

The club did almost everything together, and that which we did not do together, such as losing our virginity we repented on after the fact. We lied, we embellished and we believed each other. There was however one exception to this fairly common rule, and his name was Jed. Jed was not much different from the rest of us; wealthy family, great expectations, except. Except that he didn't lie, didn't embellish. Not that he did not have stories to tell, exploits to share. The difference was that unlike the rest of us, he actually did those things, dived off cliffs, hung from pitons on Atlantic Crags and to our complete disgust, dated the most beautiful, the most daring, the most exciting woman from our sister school, Caro Smythe. Caro was to quote the song, "A school boys dream" except she didn't follow the rest of the song, she was genuine, solid gold. We were unanimously jealous, envious and petrified that she might latch onto one of us, mainly because she was as crazy, brave, mad, edge of death as was Jed. Our club met out of school with partners once a month and sometimes Jed and Caro would be there, sometimes not, when they did arrive, they came bearing stories, backed up with photos, injuries, souvenirs of their last adventure.

We despised them, we hated them, but mostly we envied them. They bought the complete set of "Lonely Planet" tourist books and swore that they would only stop travelling and experiencing once they had ticked off all the really interesting places in each of the books. Being rich, all of us had travelled, to New York, London, Paris, Shanghai. We or our parents could afford to "broaden our minds". Jed and Caro did the family approved tours, but somehow managed to slip the tight rein and do something completely mad, crazy, unthinkable.

By the time we finished school the books had been used and bore the marks of use. Dog eared, coffee stained, bent, they arrived at club meetings to be pored over and the next adventure discussed and planned. While we dreamed, they did.

After school the club continued, once a month at a restaurant, or at one of our homes we met and bragged, and told stories and continued to lie about the dangerous life we led. Being the sons of rich influential men we rose through the corporate echelons, money flowing in and we slowly became rich, influential and conservative. The only exception being Jed and Caro. Somehow they passed university, at the same time managing to report on a stay in an opal mine in Australia, surfing in Bali and diving the black sands of the Philippines. Their story of looking for pigs in the Philippine mountains remains one of the legendary stories of club. A picture of Jed after falling face first into a mud pool being supported by an immaculate Caro still resides on my computer. I suspect that most of the men in the club lusted after Caro, but didn't have the stomach to live the life she had chosen with Jed. They were soon married. A technicality as Jed put it. Some countries could become a "sticky" about illicit sex.

As time went on, we settled, and the children started to arrive. I was one of the first and seem to have started a trend, soon all had at least one child, Except Caro and Jed. They explained very clearly that they could not inflict their lifestyle on innocent children. Too dangerous. They "always" used condoms, they kept "morning after" pills in their first aid box. All carefully planned.

On being challenged by one of the members to prove that they actually did have sex, Jed and Caro returned to the next meeting with a video of them copulating on the edge of a volcano in the

Camaroons. The short, funny but erotic movie prompted a request for more, and so they became a feature of the "Caro and Jed Report". They had videos of them doing it in the most amazing places, a hammock suspended 500 m above the Cape Town suburb of Camps Bay, a brief and hilarious lesson in ballistics taken underwater off Mafia Island in Tanzania and of course the official "Mile High" video taken somewhere out over the Pacific in bound to LAX. The video was of course titled "Cumming into Los Angeles".

They remained carefully childless, nearly into their forties, the women started to shake their heads and mutter about the "Biological Clock" but Caro seemed to be completely oblivious. I had teen aged children and was seriously wishing I had adhered to Caro and Jeds rule.

Jed and Caro announced that they were heading out to South America to the biggest salt pan in the world, they would be away for "at least 3 months" but would be back with a report and videos to back up their stories. Some wag suggested that care should be taken lest the reproductive organs turn to bilton or jerky, or whatever dried meat was called in that region of the world.

The club met monthly as usual, and we thought no more of Caro and Jed in South America and the salt pans. Well, maybe the rest didn't, I did. Then the three months turned into four, then five, then six and finally they contacted us and we agreed on a members house who had a really great place to view videos as Jed assured us that he had some "awesome videos".

The evening arrived and we were all there. No sign of Jed and Caro but eventually they did arrive. They arrived with a flourish, looking as polished and as suave as possible. My wife standing next to me suddenly stiffened, took a deep breath, "She is pregnant". Normally I need to have the evidence rammed down my throat, but this time, this time it was obvious; Caro was pregnant, and at least three months gone and looking radiant on it, not as if she had made a mistake and was in any doubt. She smiled gently at all and we sat for dinner. They carefully blocked any queries with "Wait for the video."

We waited, not with much patience I must say, but we waited. Then it was time, the video and the presentation started. The Atacama desert, flamingos frozen into the ice of the pans that froze over in mid winter. The land where rain last happened 50 years ago. Inca Temples, Peruvian musicians, a month volunteering to help rebuild a school damaged in an earthquake. Pregnancy was not mentioned. The end of the trip and tearful farewell to South America. The crowd, especially the women were close to rioting and then Jed said, "As usual we have our short porn slot." And they started the video. A battered ancient Landrover stands in the pristine white of the salt desert, they are, they assure us "about 50 km" from the hotel, no one in sight, just perfect for a bit of fun that they are willing to share with us but they say, they have they say a wonderful twist to the occasion. A short technical section shows them rigging the Landrover with bungy cords on the steering wheel, a hiking pole and more bungy cord holding the acceleration peddle down. The Landy in low range, first gear. They start it and sit hands off. The Landy starts to circle at a steady pace, no more than 5 km an hour round and round and round. After 10 minutes they are happy that nothing unexpected will happen, "For safety sake" and then climb out of the moving vehicle. leaving the vehicle to its own devices.

The wait for the tail gate to appear and clamber onto the tail gate, where a nice comfortable bed has been arranged. A video camera is mounted on the cab so they can be seen on the tailgate. Slowly the action hots up and soon their clothes are gone and they are into full porn mode. Then it happens, the vidoe tilts, fast left, fast right, up and down. Jed and Caro are thrown clear of the vehicle. There is much laughter, both on the video and in the viewing room. Some quite vindictive it sounded to me. Suddenly Caro and Jed are being left behind, they start to walk forward to catch up, but the Landy has other ideas and speeds up. Soon they are running and it becomes apparent that the Landy is no long going round in circles, it is going straight and picking up speed. Caro runs faster than Jed, but

not as fast as a Landy and she starts to get left behind, Jed falls, Caro looks back and then decides to race the Landy. She keeps up for a while but the lady starts to draw away. It is the despair on Caro's face and the bleak, barrenness of the land around us suddenly brings home to us that we are actually watching a life and death race, and Caro is losing. Jed is way behind, nowhere to be seen.

Caro pauses the video at this moment, "It is is 40 degrees outside, the salt dehydrates you like you will not believe, at this I have used all my internal water and my energy and I do not have the energy to get back to Jed, so that we can at least die together. The room is dead still. She starts the video, the Landy continues for another minute, slowly pulling away. Then almost the same thing as previously happens, the video tilts violently, but only one way, the view from the tail gate swings and Caro disappears to one side, the Landy is turning right. The empty salt pan is all that can be seen drifting past, there is deathly hush in the room, "This isn't funny." says a female voice.

"No, not funny at all." Jed responds. "Caro was lucky and her geometry classes paid off dividends. The Landy had hit the ruts of a large salt transporter truck, the wheels just followed the nice curve that the truck had followed, Caro drew an arc across the turning circle, sprinted along that arc, the Landy took longer to cover that distance than she did to run the arc and she met the Landy at the end of its ninety degree turn. If that had not happened, we would undoubtedly have died apart on that barren salt pan.

The video suddenly jerks, the salt pan stops unrolling. Caro's voice suddenly cuts across the dead silent room. Seconds pass, then Caro: "I drove back to find Jed."

Jed: "She came back to fetch me. Fear and especially fear of death are the ultimate aphrodisiacs and so when she came back to me, nude, crying, relieved, laughing, choking, all I could think of doing was holding her in my arms and making love to her."

The video starts again, Caro and Jed are visible standing in the sun and it is obvious that both are aroused and that Jed is still wearing the original condom. Caro reaches down, and wrenches the condom off Jed, "No, I want your child!" He nods and the video stops with the words, "Censored." The crowd is too shattered to object. Caro once again. "While I was running after the Landy I realised that if I survived and Jed died I would have nothing left of our life together and by the time I got back to Jed, I had made a decision whose results you can see here. It is a boy and we are calling him James, James Salty Gibson."

They have not stopped travelling, there are now three children. Salty is now doing home schooling, when it becomes time, they will stop travelling, till then they will continue to entertain us. Probably after that as well. I do hope so.