**The School Prize Giving**

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I'm running a little late for the school prize giving ceremony. My nephew is singing in the school choir as part of the entertainment. The event is to be held in the school grounds on a glorious summer's day with blue skies and just a gentle breeze to keep the temperature to a bearable level.   
  
As I approach the seating area with a minute or so to spare I notice that the only available space is in the front row. We British have a thing about always sitting near the back.  
  
I sit down and immediately notice that the raised platform is about two feet higher than the audience seats and only a few feet away. Presumably so that everyone can get a good view!!  
  
The Headmaster announces that the proceedings are about to commence and welcomes on to the platform the group of dignitaries including the Chairman of the Governors, Sir Henry Cameron-Brown, escorted by his daughter, Juliet.  
  
I am instantly attracted to Juliet. She is in her late twenties, I'd guess, with long blond hair and wearing a beautiful cream lightweight summer dress which was about two inches above her knees, a wide brimmed hat, black court shoes and nude hose. Her legs are long and perfect and her body is beautifully slim. She is stunningly attractive in that slightly superior way. She is real class and, no doubt, a proper daddies little girl. Clearly she is the result of a very expensive education.  
  
I did, however, notice a slight look of uncertainty as Juliet approached the seat with her name on. She looked at the front row seats and then back at her own. I realised that she anticipated a problem when sitting down. There she was two feet higher than the audience and no modesty board.   
  
She sat down very gracefully with knees close together and pulled her dress into a safe position with hands on her knees. She was clearly very nervous of her vulnerability. She would have received many lessons at her posh school on preventing anyone looking up her skirt but this was not a good situation...for her. She fiddled around and kept adjusting her dress but the more restless she became the more the dress misbehaved.  
  
She was sat next to the Headmaster who began chatting to her and this seemed to distract her from her modesty issues. The gentle breeze was playing with the edge of her dress but she seemed blissfully unaware of this. Was it my imagination or could I make out a stocking top as the gentle breeze did its job.   
  
A lull in the conversation resulted in Juliet remembering her potential exposure problems and she immediately grabbed at her dress and tucked it under her leg. She looked around in a slightly embarrassed manner clearly wondering if anyone in the audience had seen up her skirt.  
  
The ceremony started and I was completely adsorbed by Juliet's dress problem. The more she wriggled uneasily the more leg she exposed and the more she became embarrassed.   
  
The Headmaster announces that a special prize is to be presented by the lovely Juliet Cameron-Brown. The headmaster hands her a scroll to present to a spotty little swot.   
  
Juliet stands to make the presentation. She shakes hands with the swot at the precise moment that a gentle gust of wind crosses the platform. Juliet has one hand holding the scroll and one shaking the swot. To his eternal credit the swot holds on firmly to her hand.   
  
Juliet feels the breeze through her hat but seemed to have no awareness of what was happening behind her. She pushes the scroll into the boy's hand and then reaches for her hat. Sadly for Juliet the breeze swirls around and gently raises the hem of her dress. For a second she is more concerned with her hat (bizarrely) and then senses that the back of her dress may be billowing up and exposing areas not intended for public viewing. She is right to be concerned.   
  
As the dress rises I am treated to a view of her long hose covered legs before getting a quick glimpse of the tops of her hold-ups and a flash of bare leg above. Juliet immediately reaches behind her in an attempt to smooth down her dress, but rather than feel her dress she only touches her exposed legs realising that her dress is not where it should be. The look on her face is of sheer panic at the prospect that somebody may have seen up her skirt. She doesn't scream out but just about retains her dignity by pulling her dress back down in a very dignified and demure manner.   
  
She does, however, look somewhat embarrassed. I'm not a mind reader but my guess would be that she was thinking "Oh my God, the back of my dress just blew up in the wind. Did anyone see my hold ups or, worse still, my knickers. How long had my dress been up before I realised what was happening."  
  
The spotty boy disappears and Juliet returns to her seat and pays even more attention to her dress and making sure that she is sat correctly. She doesn't want to present an opportunity for another view up her dress.  
  
The remainder of the ceremony is fairly incident free other than Juliet's nervous wriggling around and tugging at the hem of her dress.  
  
Fortunately the breeze had not weakened, if anything it had stiffened!!  
  
The final act is for the Headmaster to present a bunch of flowers to Juliet as a thank you gesture to her.  
  
Clearly Juliet was not expecting this presentation and once she realised what potential dangers lay ahead her face returned to the near panic stricken expression I had seen earlier.   
  
She stood up to face the Headmaster with one hand by her side checking that the breeze was not blowing her dress.  
  
Needless to say the next movement was desperately worrying for her. The Headmaster leaned forward and shook her hand and presented her with an enormous bouquet of flowers. In fact, for Juliet a two handed bunch. Juliet was now smiling sweetly at the Headmaster but also having real concerns that she would have little defence if the breeze did its job.   
  
Juliet's worst nightmare began. A swirling wind passed across the stage immediately taking Juliet's dress higher than before. She realised what was happening but could do little to protect her modesty. Her dress went higher and higher exposing the tops of her hold ups, her bare legs above and finally to the most beautiful pair of pink frilly French knickers. The Headmaster, realising Juliet's predicament grabbed the flowers from her. Again she reached behind her. The first item she felt was not, as she hoped, her dress, which had disappeared skyward, but the soft silk fabric of her French knickers.  
  
This time there was no demure smoothing down of her dress, but I full blown embarrassed shriek as she realised beyond all possible doubt that the wind had blown her dress up and that she exposed her knickers.  
  
She fumbled with her dress and unfortunately got it under control. Juliet made a very hasty retreat from the stage.  
  
As I was leaving I bumped into an old friend who was a teacher at the school. He invited me into a post ceremony reception in the school. He gave me a drink and said he would introduce me to a few people (as you do).  
  
Walking towards us was the beautiful Juliet. She had now recovered her composure and looked as elegant as ever. I'll introduce you to Juliet, he said. And he did.  
  
I commented to her that I had really enjoyed the prize giving and that I had a really good view from the front row. I had been able to see everything perfectly and that pink was my favourite colour.   
  
Juliet's face went bright pink, matching her knickers, and all her composure evaporated.