

ASSTR 48ii African Antics Concluded: Trinity Term 2027 at St. Philomena's

by Big Billie

Sally Westland writes:

The Republic of Atrabia in Central Southern Africa has a number of problems. The government is corrupt; year after year Transparency International's Corruption Perception Index lists it as not much better than the notoriously corrupt regimes of nearby Zimbabwe, Zambia and Angola. Then the country is ruled, dictatorially and badly, by a military junta.

The President is General Isaac Mabosi, and in the academic year 2026-7 three of his daughters were in attendance at St. Philomena's Ladies' Academy: 12 year old Nicola in Year 1, 14 year old Caroline in Year 3, and 18 year old Ruth in 6i (the Lower Sixth). The two younger girls were no trouble, but Ruth Mabosi caused me grief.

Sister Mary Immaculate, the Headmistress, briefed me on this soon after I arrived at the school in the Autumn of 2026. She said that it was vital for the Catholic Church in general, and St. Philomena's in particular, to stay on the right side of the army leadership.

"It could be a lot worse, Sally. No country in Africa has an honest, transparent parliamentary democracy; and as dictatorships go Atrabia's is not too bad. There are no bitter tribal rivalries. There have been no mass slaughters such as culminated in the 1990s in Rwanda. Here the dominant ethnic group is the Baswana people, and they are fairly tolerant of other groups. The two main religions, animist and Christian, coexist quite amicably; and as yet Islam has no real presence this far south."

"So what are the difficulties, Headmistress?"

"Well as far as you are concerned your main, and perhaps your only, problem, is likely to be Ruth Mabosi."

Sister Mary went on to explain that there were quite a few girls at St. Philomena's who were daughters or nieces of the generals, or who had other military links. This on the whole was a good thing since it gave the institution prestige and kudos. There was no girls' school in the country, she added with pride, that held a higher status. However, keeping sweet with the government was a delicate balancing act. For example, there was a strong culture at St. Philomena's that all girls were treated the same: they lived together, they ate together, they slept in the same dormitories, and they were taught together in the same classrooms. But sometimes rich, powerful men demanded special privileges for their girls and the culture of equality was threatened.

"Sally, do you know what a 'throffer' is?"

"Yes. I seem to remember that from my Advanced level Politics studies. It is an offer that carries with it an underlying threat, isn't it?"

"Exactly. And, as Headmistress of this school, 'throffers' are the bane of my life."

Sister Mary then went on to give an example that featured Ruth Mabosi. A year ago her father, the President, suddenly objected to his daughters being forced to use the communal showers after games. He offered to pay for an individual shower unit for their exclusive use. In the end a compromise was reached. The General funded an extension of the showers that included six individual cubicles. The equality principle was maintained, however, in that none of the cubicles were specifically allocated to his daughters, or to anybody else.

"Actually, Sally, most girls seem to prefer the camaraderie of the communal showers. Hilda Modise, the gymnastics and games mistress, tells me that the cubicles are rarely occupied, and that Ruth herself uses the communal showers. She is, as you will have noticed, a beautiful girl, and she seems to enjoy showing off her body. The President's money was largely wasted. It would have been better spent on computers, books and teaching resources. But Isaac Mabosi is a powerful man. He could do us a lot of damage and we have to humour him."

"So what problems does Ruth pose for me, Headmistress?"

"As Head of State Ruth's father, President Mabosi, has need of a first lady. Ruth's mother performed this role for many years but she has tired of it and the President now employs Ruth in her stead. We have managed to persuade him not to take her out of school from Mondays to Fridays but, as you will have noticed, there have been quite a few weekends lately when Ruth has travelled to Atropolis by rail on Friday afternoon to spend the weekend attending official functions. Isaac Mabosi clearly has political plans for his daughter. After her sixth form studies he wants her to proceed to the London School of Economics to complete a degree in Government."

"So OK. What is the problem with that?"

"Well, if Ruth is to enrol on the regular B.Sc. Government degree she will need to get good Advanced level marks in her assessments. If she falls short, LSE will still accept her, but for a lower level qualification for foreign students. Well, the President does not want that. He has given the clearest indication that he expects Ruth to get the grades to matriculate, and that if she does not he will hold us responsible. "

"OK Sister Mary. I will do my best to see that Ruth gets the grades she needs."

"I am sure that you will, Sally. But thus far, the girl has not been performing well. Her results in her GCSEs the summer before last were so mediocre that we had no choice but to hold her down in the 5th form for a second try. She did better last summer, but she is still way off course to get the grades that her father is demanding from us."

"Well, Ruth is in the Lower Sixth at the moment, Sister Mary, so I will not be around at the end of next academic year when she attempts her A levels; but, while I am here, I will do my best to set her on the right course."

"But the problem is, Sally, that her prominent political role has gone to Ruth's head. It is clearly distracting her from serious study. Even worse, she seems to think that, as the President's daughter, she has some sort of God given right to study whatever she wants wherever she wants. Well that might work in Atrabia, but at LSE it won't. There the academics are keen to get the revenue from foreign students, but they are even keener to safeguard their reputations as honest and incorruptible upholders of academic standards."

"OK, Headmistress. Leave it with me. I will do what I can."

For the next few days I mulled over the problem of Ruth Mabosi. Her A level subjects were English Literature, History and Geography. I taught her English.

Ruth's History tutor was Pearl Maloy Standish. Pearl was an alumna of the school. She was a local African girl from a humble background who had gained entry into St. Philomena's on a scholarship funded, back in the 1890s, by the school's founder and benefactor, Seamus O'Flynn, the gold and diamonds tycoon. The scholarship paid for school fees and carried over to graduate and postgraduate studies. It funded Pearl to study Modern History at St. Clare's College, Oxford, and to complete her teacher training at the Education Faculty of the same university. She was now in her mid-twenties, and making a name for

herself as a scholar; already she had contributed several articles on African history to prestigious refereed journals.

Ruth was taught Geography by Pearl's young husband, George Standish, an Englishman. The couple had met at Oxford University's Catholic Chaplaincy. George was a Geography graduate but he lacked formal teaching qualifications. He followed his young wife out to Africa, and Sister Mary invited him to teach Geography, a subject which, until he arrived, the school did not offer.

George and John Grey, the physics teacher, were the only two men on the teaching staff. Both of them were embarrassed to be caught up in the school's predominantly feminine ethos. They both declined to strike young females with cane or slipper, and their disciplinary duties were delegated to Sister Mary and me.

The following week I asked Sister Mary to call a meeting of Ruth's tutors at which Pearl, George and I were appointed as a Working Party. Our brief was to get Ruth Mabosi through her Advanced Level examinations, and onto the Government degree at the London School of Economics.

"Good luck with that," commented the Headmistress. "Rather you than me!"

I was the Convenor of the Working Party. It was agreed that the three of us would meet in my study, after dinner, at 8.30 p.m. every Friday night. It was further resolved that Ruth Mabosi would report to my study every Friday at 8.45 p.m., and would be summoned in, when we had finished our deliberations, to discuss with us her progress.

Well to start with things went quite well. Pearl, George and I reviewed the learning materials posted onto the Academy's Moodle site, and we made additions and improvements that both supported Ruth and benefited her fellow students. With regard to Ruth, I appealed to her patriotism and sense of duty.

"You are Atrabia's First Lady, Ruth, and your father has big political plans for you. Do not let him down. Do not let your people down. Think of the national shame if Atrabia's leading female politician were too weak a candidate to matriculate onto a Government degree."

And so on. Such appeals had some effect, and up until the end of the Michaelmas Term 2026 Ruth performed reasonably competently. However, she did not like the hard graft of meticulous scholarship, and, unless chivvied along, she produced anecdotal and inadequately researched essays.

"Ruth, your bibliography, endnotes and scholarly apparatus are sadly lacking. Be sure to reference your quotations and your sources in accordance with the instructions in the style sheet."

Well, Ruth could do that if she tried, but all too often she couldn't be arsed.

I discussed the Ruth Mabosi case with Auntie Sarah after the end of the Michaelmas term, during the four days that I spent with her between Christmas and New Year.

"Ruth is exactly the kind of girl who infuriates me," commented my godmother. "I have no doubt, from what you tell me, that she is more than good enough to matriculate to the LSE; but unless she gets her motivation right she will foul up badly."

"So what is to be done, Auntie Sarah?"

"Well you are not doing badly at present. These regular tutorials are the way to go. But you need the stick as well as the carrot. If I were you I would slipper her."

"I agree, Auntie. But to smack the bare bottom of Atrabia's First Lady? To spank her as you would spank a naughty little girl, only harder? It's a big ask. Where might it end?"

Auntie Sarah gazed at me resignedly and shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes. I see what you mean."

During the Hilary Term I did not slipper Ruth Mabosi. Instead we intensified the tutorial work with the Working Party and, in addition, I held one to one individual tutorials with Ruth. Intermittently she co-operated. Some of the assignments she turned in, and some of her timed essays under examination conditions, were good. But progress was brittle. In my view there was ground to make up; so for the Easter vacation I arranged for Ruth to be set some private study assignments.

I flew back to Atrabia for the Trinity Term to discover that Ruth had completed none of her assignments. Also, St. Philomena's has a system, as at some Oxbridge colleges, of "Collections," or internal mock examinations. at the start of term, and Ruth Mabosi's performances in these unofficial assessments was dire. Ruth, I concluded, was on the road to Hell in a handcart; and I was angry with her.

On the evening of the day that the students' grades in their Collections became known I sat, relaxing in an armchair in my living room, mulling over the case of Ruth Mabosi; and the more I mulled the angrier I got. In general the girls of the Upper School were pleasant and cooperative. They were well behaved, they were deferential to their teachers, and they studied hard. I thought back to the case of Margaret Nkombo. She was the first girl that I ever spanked. As you may recall, dear reader, I slipped her at the request of my friend and colleague Emma Jansen. Emma was the Languages teacher and she booked Margaret for lack of effort in French grammar. Margaret obediently cooperated when I slipped her, and thanked me for the discipline. Afterwards she took my advice and admonishments to heart and tried her very best at French.

Then I turned my attention back to Ruth Mabosi. In contrast to Margaret, Ruth was not pleasant nor cooperative, nor particularly well behaved, nor assiduous in her studies. Worst of all, she was casual, blasé and off-hand with her teachers, and she flippantly disregarded our advice and admonishments. Ruth's role as Atrabia's First Lady had gone to her head. With her I felt as if I were banging my head against a brick wall. Ruth, I concluded, was taking the piss; and that infuriated me.

So, madam, I thought to myself. It's all about you, is it? You are the girl, are you? You teachers' exhortations, the study requirements, the rules and regulations of the Academy—they all mean nothing to you? Oh no, young lady, I think not! However and wherever this ends I am going to take you down. I will bring you to heel. I will make you very, very sorry for the contempt in which you have held St. Philomena's Academy. Prepare to get yourself slapped down good and hard! I will sizzle your backside for you! I make you sting! I will make you tingle!

But then I thought through the likely repercussions if I crossed the President's daughter. I could imagine the news headlines in both Africa and the United Kingdom. ENGLISH TEACHER HELD FOR ASSAULTING ATRABIA'S FIRST LADY and so on. But then, No, I thought. That was not the way it was likely be reported, at least not in the UK. A more probable headline was ATRABIA'S FIRST LADY (18) SPANKED ON HER BARE BOTTOM. And I concluded that, whatever I did to her, Ruth would keep schtum rather than face that kind of coverage. There was a risk, but, hey, that all added to the excitement.

I did not refer the Ruth Mabosi case to the Working Party. I was Ruth's personal tutor. I was her form mistress. It was my job to discipline her and to slap her

into line. So I did not tell my colleagues, not even Sister Mary. If things went bad ways I did not want anyone else implicated. I resolved, however, to discipline Ruth in private. I concluded that a public chastisement for Atrabia's First Lady was a bridge too far.

Ruth Mabosi had no official engagements in Atropolis on the following Saturday, so I instructed her to see me at 6.00 a.m. on that morning. I did not tell her why she had been summoned and she entered my study with a quizzical, enquiring expression on her face.

"Good morning, Ruth. Would you please take a seat." And I motioned my young student to sit on the chair at the other side of my desk.

My manner was affable but formal as I explained to Ruth that she had been summoned before me for discipline. I had prepared beforehand a list of offences of both commission and omission that Ruth had committed since the beginning of the academic year. I talked my pupil through these in detail and at length and explained that, if she had not been the President's daughter, she would by now have been punished several times for her various infractions. She had been cut a lot of slack, I continued, but it had not worked. Thus I, as her personal tutor and form mistress, would now inflict the standard punishment for a girl of her age and year group, namely twelve slaps from the slipper across her bare bottom.

I observed Ruth closely as I delivered this statement. She did not interrupt me, but expressions of increasing disbelief, and then of anger, flickered across her face.

"Very well, Ruth. This is an unfortunate business, so let us get it over with. Please stand on the small red mat behind you, lower your knickers to your knees, bend over and raise your skirt and slip up over your back."

For what seemed like a very long time, but was probably no longer than about 10 or 15 seconds, there was a silence in which you could have heard a pin drop.

Ruth's response, when it came, was no great surprise to me.

"I will do no such thing," she blurted out hotly.

Then she rose from her seat as if to leave.

Now, to understand what happened next, dear reader, you need to know two things.

Firstly, I am of a different build to Auntie Sarah. As she has told you (see Caribbean Capers) she stands at about 5'3." In her youth she was fit and sporty, but, even so, she would have been no physical match for a big, strapping girl like Ruth Mabosi who must have been all of 6' tall and very meaty and muscular to boot. Well I am not that tall, but I am only a couple of inches shy of 6'. I am of a trimmer, more svelte shape than Ruth. I was at that time a keen and fit amateur sportswoman (a county netball player). More significantly, I had studied, and was well practised in, the arts of self defence.

Secondly, a few years previously St. Philomena's had recruited a student who was mentally unstable and prone to bouts of uncontrolled violence and aggression; as part of the management and containment plan for this unfortunate young female the school had acquired a pair of industry standard police handcuffs. I had gained possession of these, and had secreted them in the right hand pocket of the loose fitting trousers I was wearing.

I leapt to my feet and stood between Ruth Mabosi and the door.

"Hold it there, madam! Young lady..."

Before I could get out any more Ruth pushed me aside and moved to go past me.

Then the women's safety and anti-rape training that I had received at Cambridge University, both as an undergraduate and then, afterwards, as part of my teacher training in these violent times, kicked in. I pulled Ruth's wrists together behind her back and clicked on the police handcuffs. Then I pushed Ruth back into the chair she had been sitting in, locked the study door and dropped the key into my desk drawer.

Well, that seemed good for openers. Ruth was stunned into temporary silence.

"Now, young lady, you can have this either the hard way or the easy way. The easy way is for you to cooperate, take your slaps, leave this office, and get on with your life. The hard way... well, that does not bear thinking about."

Ruth glared at me angrily, but made no answer. So I rose from my seat, moved to her side of the table, put my face close to hers, and eyeballed her at close quarters.

"Well, madam. What is it to be?"

In reply, Ruth spat in my face.

Well, up until that point I was enjoying this interesting clash of wills; and the fact that the game was, for me, slightly dangerous only added to the excitement. Ruth Mabosi is indeed a beautiful girl, and she stirred up in me strong Sapphic passions. Like Auntie Sarah I enjoy playing the bitch and the dominatrix, and the prospect of baring the bottom of this stunning young female and then slipping it hard was already stiffening my clitoris and wetting the gusset of my knickers.

But everything changed the moment Ruth's spittle hit my face. I would never spit at anyone, and I was shocked and appalled that Ruth had spat at me. I glared into her eyes and slapped her left cheek, hard, with the flat of my right hand.

"How dare you, young lady! You will pay for that!"

In my desk drawer there was a short length of strong, thin rope. I picked up a large pillow from an armchair, placed it over the edge of the desk on Ruth's side, bent Ruth over the pillow, strung the rope between the tops of her arms and her upper back and tied it tight around the strong, sturdy handle of the central drawer on the other side of the table. Thus, when I walked around the table and sat in my chair Ruth was spread-eagled in front of me with her face just above the table top.

In the academic year 2026-7 I was empowered to inflict corporal punishment. It is virtually certain that I will never again have that power. When I did have it I thoroughly enjoyed wielding it. It is, I think, OK for the bottom smacker to enjoy the work as long as the smacking is fairly light-hearted, not too serious, and, for everyone except the victim, amusing and a bit of a giggle. For me, vicious, severe disciplinary floggings are not appropriate for the present age.

The one exception to this, during my time in Africa, was the case of Ruth Mabosi. I like feisty girls and I could have taken with equanimity Ruth's initial refusal to bow to my will. In response to her attempted flounce out I would merely have smacked her bum with a bit more vigour. But when she spat in my face it really got to me. I was furious, and I resolved that I would exact from her my pound of flesh. First, however, I strove to regain control of my temper, and of my equilibrium. I recalled a gobbet of doggerel verse adapted from a poem by Kipling and taught to me by Auntie Sarah:

They will rag you low and dirty
With cunning tricks from Hades
So learn to sweat your temper

And learn to sweat your ladies.

So OK, Miss Mabosi, I thought. Under the heat of the African sun it should not be too difficult to sweat you. Let's give it a whirl.

First I reached into my desk draw and pulled a wet wipe from its packet. With this I carefully wiped Ruth's spittle from my face. I then threw the wet wipe into the waste bin, pulled out another wet wipe, and cleansed my face with that. I did all of this slowly to allow a bit more time to get my brain into gear and to gird up my loins for the infliction of what I was determined would be a condign chastening.

"Miss Mabosi, as well as your initial punishment you will take additional chastisement for the filthy and disgusting indignity that you have today inflicted upon me. You will take 12 of the best from the slipper followed by 12 of the best from the junior cane."

I then walked around the table, pulled Ruth's skirt and slip up over her handcuffed wrists and affixed them to the back of her tunic with a large safety pin that I had previously put into my trouser pocket for this very purpose. I then pulled her knickers down to her knees, noting as I did so that they were not regulation school issue but white, frilly, lacy, sexy and expensive.

You saucy, precocious, promiscuous young madam, I thought. I'll cane your bum a bit sharper for that, my girl.

I stepped backwards to get a good view of the bare black bottom that I was about to chastise. By now I had spanked several Upper School girls and on each occasion I had taken the opportunity to eye up their naked nether regions. Oh wow! Ouch! To a lady of my Sapphic proclivities the titillation on each and every occasion was almost unbearable. And there, before my very eyes, was the same stimulating vista again, this time displayed to my enraptured gaze by the beauteous Ruth Mabosi, Atrabia's First Lady: the two dimples of Venus, one above each buttock; the shapely calves; the soft, tempting, dusky thighs; the four taut tendons encasing two rippling, dimpling hollows where the inner thighs met the vulva; the vulva's two meaty labial lips, separated by the serrated gash that opened up into the tunnel of love; the thick, brazen clump of wiry, jet black pubic hair that sprouted from between the lower buttocks, untamed, indelicate, wild; and, finally, the protuberant, meaty buttocks themselves, moons of delight for the delectation of their admirers.

Long did I gaze at Ruth Mabosi's nether beauties. But then duty called. I took my spanking slipper and gently pressed it against the chunky buttock meat, the sweet spot, the undercarriage of her rump just above her thighs. I gently tapped Ruth's bum a few times like a golfer addressing the ball. When I had got my bearings, I pulled back the slipper to get a good swing at the target. Then round came my right arm, fast and hard.

Crack!

A high pitched report rang out loud as the slipper slapped home flush across the bum cheeks at the back of the victim's perineum. Ruth's dusky buttock meat wobbled and quivered deliciously and the hairs of her thick pubic motte were rudely scattered.

Ouch, I mused. I bet that stung! My only disappointment was the one I felt throughout my time in Africa, namely that Ruth's dark skin did not clearly display red marks on her buttock cheeks. Oh that Miss Mabosi had the lily white skin of an English girl, I thought. Then I could clearly observe the reddening of her rump.

I applied all 12 of my slaps with the slipper to the meaty undercarriage of Ruth's bum. The first three I laid on very sharply, and the last three more

sharply still. In contrast, slaps 4 to 9 were firm and effective but delivered with slightly less venom. Even so, to take a dozen of the best to exactly the same plump, meaty target—the incremental effect must have really sizzled Ruth's backside.

The 12 cuts from the junior cane I also bunched tightly together, placing them just above the welts from the slipper, across the middle of the buttocks. It was the only occasion that I have ever wielded the rattan. The junior cane is very thin and light. No matter how hard it is applied it does no serious or permanent damage. But my goodness it stings! And it stings much more than that when, as with Ruth, its cuts are tightly bunched together, inflicted on top of each other.

Ruth had taken her slipping in silence. Now, the first three cuts with the rattan were laid on very sharply; the cane whistled through the air with an audible swish, and three sharp cracks rang out as it hit home. Even so, Ruth took the cuts in silence.

As with the slipper, I inflicted cane cuts 4 to 9 less severely; even so, by the fifth cut Ruth was broken. "Agh!" she cried out; and then she burst into tears.

Ruth's sobs turned my anger to sympathy and concern. But I had told her that she was getting 12 cuts and I inflicted the full dozen; even worse for the victim, as I had originally intended I made cuts 10, 11 and 12 the hardest cuts of all. By the end of her ordeal my pupil was weeping helplessly.

Ruth sobbed for ten minutes or more. I sat at my desk and gazed into her eyes with pity and sympathy. I then pulled up her knickers, unpinned her skirt from her tunic, untied the rope that had secured her across my office table, and removed her handcuffs.

"OK, Ruth. Compose yourself and go get your breakfast. Come back to see me at 2.30 this afternoon and we will talk about this some more."

That afternoon, at our meeting, I was pleasant and amiable but Ruth was subdued and resentful.

I explained again that her teachers were all of the opinion that Ruth was behind in her studies, and that she was not trying hard enough to catch up. Our advice to her had gone unheeded, so future advice would be backed up with sanctions. She would get no further special treatment as the President's daughter. If she was booked for discipline she would be slippered. As a concession any slipperings would be hushed up and concealed from her fellow students.

"You are Atrabia's First Lady, Ruth, and you must be protected from public embarrassment."

Ruth took all of this in silence but she glared at me resentfully. She clearly did not like the prospect at all.

I kept no record of all of this, and I told Pearl and George Standish not to enter Ruth's name in the "Record of Discipline" book but to let me know, in confidence, if they wanted her disciplined.

I slippered Ruth 3 more times during Trinity term, a total of 3 x 12 slaps on the bare bottom. Ruth's demeanour was truculent and rebellious but her effort and work rate did improve to some extent. Was this in response to my discipline? I knew not then, and I know not now.

I was sexually stimulated when I slapped Ruth's bottom, and I enjoyed it far more than was professionally appropriate. I was particularly turned on by her sense of grievance and her anger towards me. It gave me a sexual frisson to bend her to my will. I forced her to touch her toes, to present her naked rump to me,

and stay in position while I smacked her bottom. I knew she hated it and I loved that. I also enjoyed tormenting her with merry digs and quips.

After her slipperings Ruth was not allowed to rub her bum. She had to stand with her hands clasped above her head for ten minutes while I teased and mocked her with saucy put downs and sly innuendoes. If I did it right I could often lather her into a furious, impotent rage. I tried to kid myself that such ridicule added to the deterrent effects of my slipperings; but that I knew was not so. In truth I was a kinky lesbian bitch and I enjoyed it.

In the Autumn of 2027, when I was back in England, Sister Mary Immaculate retained me as a distance learning tutor. In that capacity I had a number of individual video tutorials with Ruth Mabosi on WhatsApp, and I did my best to assist her in her studies. I had forgiven and forgotten our past differences. But Ruth was still aloof, edgy and standoffish. I could feel the iciness coming at me through cyberspace all the way from Africa.

In the summer of 2028 Ruth achieved the grades required for matriculation onto LSE's prestigious B.Sc. (Hons) degree in Politics and International Relations and I emailed her my congratulations. In October, shortly after I took up my teaching post at a girls' school in Ealing, West London, I was surprised to receive a reply. Ruth was now a student at LSE, and she was isolated, bemused and unnerved by the big city. Could she meet up with me?

Well, what lady of Sapphic proclivities would decline an assignation with a stunningly beautiful young girl? I met up with Ruth shortly afterwards, and thus began our long and continuing romantic entanglement.

But relax, dear reader! I will not burden you with a lengthy account of that. In brief, Ruth and I are currently living together in a flat in Putney. My partner is a feisty girl and our relationship is lively and confrontational; it might or might not last, but while it does I am in ecstasy as I enjoy the bodily delights of my beautiful, dusky partner.

Ruth has still not forgiven me for slippering and caning her back in Atrabia, and our mutual badinage on this enlivens our relationship. Ruth is still very angry about it and when she explodes I get very horny. Then, I tease and torment her to distraction and she gets even angrier. Next I ask her what she is going to do about it, she launches herself at me, and we have violent, passionate sex. It's sublime.