

An excerpt from *At Her Feet* by Nadia Davids

OK, so you want to be sad about this girl. You've been talking about her for twenty minutes now. And I have only this to say to you: there are always two sides. Barbaric? What's so barbaric? You telling me that this girl had no idea she was breaking the rules, running off to see that boy? So she breaks the rules and she must get away with it? Is that what you are saying? Let me see what you doing, ha-ah ... less ginger. That girl grewed up her whole life in that village - whole life probably very happy, and must I tell you what happened?

Must I? Yes or no? OK. I'll tell you. (*Long pause.*) Radio.

Don't look at me with that blank stare. You don't believe me? I am telling you - that village gets a radio from somewhere, next thing you know, Madonna's blaring out "Justify My Love" and "Like a Virgin", and this girl thinks she can do what she damn well pleases.

What do you mean, the lyrics are in English? So? Oh, because they speak Arabic? Yes, well- don't *you* speak about Arabic with your head uncovered - you act like it's any other language. And anyway, with those *jintoes* like Madonna and Kylie and J. Lo, you don't need to understand their words, you can ... can *soema* just *sense* their sexy nonsense with the way they sing. And that other one - Shakira! That one who moves her hips so, and says it's Latin, so she can - and you trying to tell me now that girl's not Moslem? Shakira? How many Christian girls do you know called Shakira?