Chapter 14: Sunrise Orgasm

People always ask what I do for fun. One of my favorite hobbies is watching sunrises. I love them because they're peaceful, and the ones in Rio are exceptionally beautiful. Most people come to Rio and never manage to see one, which I find mind-blowing. It takes real commitment, because during the Rio summers I usually wake up at 4 a.m. to catch all the colors in the sky before the sun rises over the horizon. I've had two sunrises that always shock people when I tell the story.

The first was at Praia do Diabo in Arpoador, where I like to go in the summer months. It's a very special place to watch the sunrise. There's an outdoor gym, a tiny private beach, and a short hike to a view from the rocks.

One morning I noticed a group already in the water. It's rare for anyone to beat me to the beach. Most people are still out drinking. Occasionally other enthusiasts join me, or drunk people who haven't slept because they've been partying. After a longer look, I realized they were all naked.

It's Rio. Nothing really surprises me anymore. I set up my canga (beach towel) and prepared to do yoga, intentionally facing away from the group. Naked people gallivanting in the water was sure to disturb my flow. A few minutes into my practice, I noticed a woman walking toward me. I figured she was just walking, but she was coming directly at me. Why is this naked woman coming to talk to me? By the time I was mid-mountain pose, she was standing right in front of me.

She began talking to me in Spanish. I was trying my best not to look at her breasts, but as a man, it was simply impossible. I understand some Spanish. She explained that she and her friends were enjoying skinny-dipping, as if that wasn't obvious. I smiled and said, "No hablo espanhol." She went on for another minute or two. I understood she was asking for my number, but I pretended not to. Not sure what it is about nudists, but they normally have bodies that should be hidden under clothes.

Eventually she went back to her friends, and I went back to my yoga.

The second time my sunrise was interrupted was in Morro de São Paulo. A friend and I had a long night and decided to catch the sunrise before going to bed. I went off alone to find a better viewpoint.

While taking in the view from the rocks, I noticed a man below me. I didn't pay him any attention. From my peripheral vision, I could tell he was homeless, and it was obvious he wasn't mentally stable. The sunrise was beautiful, with amazing purples and oranges streaked across the sky. There was also some nice cloud cover, which always makes for spectacular views.

After a while, I started to hear a rhythmic skin slapping sound coming from his direction. I glanced over, and this man was full-on cranking it to the sunrise. I thought, wow, I love sunrises, but this is a bit much. I quickly went somewhere else and told my friends what had happened.

I'm still waiting to get an erection from a sunrise. Maybe a cloud shaped like a peach would do it.