

The Selfie

By Arthur Shapiro

On the 4th day of the 10-day selfie challenge, I wished I'd never bought a smartphone. The photo of me was innocent enough, but what I accidentally captured in the background opened up a whole world of trouble.

I had been walking through Sunnyland Gardens, which I usually do at least once a week. I enjoy sitting on a bench, thinking about things, reading, and occasionally meditating. Sometimes, I stop at the café for a cup of coffee, but what I enjoy most is strolling around the gardens.



On this particular day, while contemplating nature and the beautiful surroundings, I remembered the challenge and thought this would be a suitable venue for one of those stupid selfies.

Every time I think about it, I get angry at myself. Why the hell am I taking selfies? The height of narcissism, self-indulgence, and, well, childishness. But that was only half of my self-loathing. The other half was agreeing to take part in the challenge. Whatever possessed me?

Oh well, one day, I'll learn to turn Herman down on his ridiculous challenges. It only leads to problems, but my competitive streak makes me continue the charade.

So, I set my annoyance aside and took a selfie in the meditating area at the back of the gardens. I positioned myself in this partly hidden area and selfied away. I kind of enjoyed it.

When I was finished, I walked over to one of the benches, sat down, and reviewed my shots.

I couldn't believe it! In the shaded background, there was a couple in a passionate embrace. They were really going at it, all over each other. At first, I laughed at it and wanted to shout, "Go get a hotel room!" But, of course, I didn't.

But there was something about the man that seemed familiar. I enlarged the image and got the shock of my life. My daughter's brother-in-law was on the bench, George, passionately kissing this woman and had his hand on her breast. I checked the other shots, and there was no question that it was him. A married man with two kids on a park bench, publicly cheating on his wife. Since they live in LA, I suppose he felt it safe to fool around in Rancho Mirage.

"Oh shit," I thought. "What should I do... ignore it and walk away... confront him (I always hated that bastard, and the thought of blowing the whistle on him produced a strange but joyful thought) ... or should I tell my daughter what I witnessed?"

Thank you, George, I thought. You piece of shit! I can now spend the rest of this day and probably many sleepless nights thinking about what to do about what I saw, with the pictures to back me up.

Crap. Now I have a Dear Abby dilemma.