

Exposure

It seems like just about everyone has a cell phone these days and so it's no surprise they've caused a few problems. Take "sexting," where some weirdo sends a photo of himself to a girl who'd rather get flowers. My neighbor Willard, aged 82, owned up to doing it and told me he had "sexted" Mrs. Granelli down the road. The elderly woman grows the best tomatoes in the neighborhood, but I had never thought of her as someone Willard might be interested in for anything other than her Big Girls. He sheepishly swore me to secrecy, and he got my promise, but with one hand behind my back and fingers crossed.

"Mrs. Granelli?" I said. "Damn, Willard, that's awful! Did she call the cops?"
"Well, I was lucky," said Willard. "You know, I was only fooling around. I didn't think she ever used her cell phone, and I forgot about Caller ID."

"But she got the picture," I said, smirking.
"She got the picture and my name and address and my telephone number. I'm surprised she didn't get my birthday."
""But she got your 'birthday suit,'" I said, still smirking.

"Not exactly," he said. "I was wearing my Wild Banana Party shorts.

I've seen those shorts at the beach, and I can tell you that on Willard they are not very sexy.

"Willard," I said, "maybe you're making a mountain out of a bad joke.

"She called me up and threatened me," he said.
"Oh, No!"
"Yup, said she knew it was me and didn't appreciate getting a picture of a mostly naked old man on her Life Support phone."

"Damn, Willard, this is terrible!"

"Said she had half a mind to call Deputy Waldon and turn me in!"

"Holy crap, Willard!"

"Unless ..." he said.

"Unless?" I asked.

"Unless, I took another picture of myself in the mirror, but this time without the shorts."

"What? Willard, don't tell me you did it!"

Willard looked down at the ground.

"You have to realize that I was under great pressure," he said.

"Oh, no," I moaned.

"She would have exposed me," he said, "and my wife would have found out. I would be kicked out of the Toastmasters and the Deputy would be carting my butt off to jail."

Shifting from one leg to another, his look told me I was dealing with a desperate man.

"Willard," I said, "please tell me you didn't take those ridiculous shorts off, take a picture and"

"No, I didn't," he said, "I sent her a picture of *your* naked body."

"How the hell did you get that?"

Willard now had a great big grin on his face.

"Don't worry," he said, "It wasn't *really* your picture. It was a shot of some old guy from the chest down. I got it off the Internet and sent it to her."

"Thank God," I said, breathing easier.

"But," he said, "I told her it was you and that it would have to do! She likes you, you know. Told me this morning to have you come around for some of her tomatoes this summer."

I haven't walked down to that end of the road since.

David Griffin

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