

Found Out

by David James

The other day my friend, Donald, said Shirley always tells him she loves him and she probably does in her way, but it didn't comport with what he walked in and found her doing again last night. She was back at it, hunched over her computer, having chat sex with the same guy, Seamus, who she met when she was the hostess at an online, Saint Patrick's Day thing: Erin No Bra. He'd won the limerick writing prize.

Donald said the first time he brought the chat thing up, things got really tense with her trying to deny it, telling him he'd lost his marbles. But he said he gave her a hard smile, telling her facts are pesky things as he raised the flap of his briefcase and slid out a printout, pointing to the chat conversation documented there. She had forgotten to log off it seems. Of course, she couldn't deny it and didn't try. He said she sighed and said vaguely that maybe she had a problem.

He said from what Shirley told him about the fellow, Seamus, he hardly met the profile of a chat sex guy he'd always imagined. He always pictured these types as heavy set men with beards who pumped iron when not sitting in the shade, dreaming of raising pigeons. She told Donald no, that he lived somewhere in the tropics and what got her interested was his description of the palm trees, white sands and mangoes. Things like that.

--

