

## Snapchat

Due to my age, my aching back, and keeping control of my weight, I have to follow a fitness program whether I liked it or not. Sometimes exercise is tedious, but sometimes being on a treadmill or cross training machine gives you room for day-dreaming and meditation. The treadmill at my gym faces the swimming pool of a hotel which is frequented by both expats and holiday-makers from around the Gulf. On one sunny day with burning temperatures exceeding fifty degrees, the pool was filled with both old and young people alike. It was a public holiday and the place was full, but it usually isn't too crowded. Time stopped for one moment as I took a picture in my mind of what I saw. In front of me were foreign children playing with their parents. In the corner, a group of young people, boys and girls, were splashing in the pool and teenage laughter; they looked Arab. In the other corner, Kuwaiti youths were holding their cigarettes in the water, laughing loudly and flirting with any girl that would pay attention to them. There was a Gulf man with his veiled wife who seemed newly married, he was swimming and having fun while she watched. A group of Filipina and Indian maids sat next to the pool keeping an eye on their employers' children. Just off to the side of the pool, there were three Kuwaiti guys, their bodies soaked in oil under the burning sun. Like narcissistic sunflowers, they stood around showing off their muscles, but for who I couldn't tell. To complete the scene, four fully-covered ladies were sitting at the opposite side of the pool holding their iPhones and iPads taking "selfies." Suddenly, voices rose as a Gulf man with his five children entered. The bearded man was wearing an Islamic swimming suit and his kids wore some kind of cotton underclothes. They all dove into the water making a lot of noise.