

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

DECEMBER 5, 2020 BY MIKE T

A GOOD "PACK," A "QUICK" STOP," AND FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE CROSS COUNTRY TRAIL...

First off, a quick side note, I know, it has been two month since I blogged. Guilty as charged. In my defense, I have been upended with the unplanned trip back to California. Yes, we had to return for several reasons, not the least of which was to visit my dear sister-in-law and her family, who has been going through some serious medical issues... enough said.

In addition, and a far lighter note, Triad Electric required a quick, well, one month, personal appearance by yours truly, Mr Triad... not a moniker I gave myself, but after 45 years it is what it is. But I get ahead of myself. New resolution: blogging each and every week! Let's see how that goes!

We embarked on an eight-day car trip from Connecticut straight across to California. There were several reasons for this, the first being that stepping on a plane right now is far more dangerous than the usual reason of fear of flying: being at 35,000 feet going 600 miles an hour! The other was not appearing to friends and associates that we were taking right off after a month and heading back to the mean streets of America, virus be damned. The quick stop? Well, our niece Dana decided to move back to Chico from New York. I might mention here that she did, in my eyes, actually make it in NY, just like the song. Does that mean she can make it anywhere, again like the song? This lady can! Being the good guy that I am I offered to pick up as many of her belongings I could fit into the extra space

of the vagabond mobile. We did, in fact fit, quite a bit. Now the quick stop on our way into Brooklyn was perhaps not as easy as I thought. It did, by my map reckoning, lay right in our path from New England to our goal of picking up interstate 70. Alas, I had forgotten everything I know of growing up on the East Coast. When the GPS stated we were a mere five miles from her home and yet showed over an hour of travel time, we figured that it must be some sort of computer glitch. I could walk that distance in the same time! Well, it seems I could have actually walked that distance, but driving? Oh no. After what amounted to a three-hour side trip if we take into account waiting in line for the Holland Tunnel, finding parking, and a panic run into Dana's apartment (thankfully first floor) to relieve myself after the deadly drive into the city.

The remainder of the trip? Well, while there were bright moments like finding fabulous soul food complete with hot water corn bread and greens in Kansas of all places. For the most part it was screens like below. endless trips up to our room in various hotels with our necessities.



Here we are, Mrs. T in charge of one carry on, more about this later, and me cradling a two

liter bottle of Vodka like the Academy just presented to me with the award for the real life documentary, "Leaving Las Vegas." Our MO? Well, one carry on held all of our clothes. She having everything she needed for eight days and me, characteristically (according to Mrs. T), falling tragically short on underwear and T-shirts. The other carry on? Well, that is our breakfast bag complete with all breakfast staples as well as our all important espresso machine. Yes, fearless reader, we travel with an espresso machine, doesn't everyone? Our rationale was no contact with other humans if possible. We even became adept at checking in remotely so we could walk in and just pick up a key. Also, it required us to work out inside the room each night when we arrived. Heaven forbid I made it across this great land without doing the appropriate number of leg lifts!



Texas panhandle

If you have the chance to drive coast to coast you will be shown exciting vistas like that above. It's Kansas, or Oklahoma or some other such flatness our country seems to be full on. Beautiful? Yes. but oh my, eight days?

But off we went as I had visions of wading back into my "former" business. Below sums up the daily hilarity I have been fortunate to be a part of for so long.



Slap the boss day and Nude Friday have been a staple of Triad Electric for years! See you all next week when we plumb the depths of the exciting life of an international jewel thief! Just kidding, an electrical contractor... almost the same, no?

📁 UNCATEGORIZED

One Reply to "A GOOD "PACK," A "QUICK" STOP," AND FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE CROSS COUNTRY TRAIL..."



Linda Smith

DECEMBER 19, 2020 AT 4:31 PM

Thank you, Mr. T, for the chuckle this morning. Glad to see your blogs are back – they are a highlight! Travel safe, and know that we LOVED seeing you both while you were here. BTW – I spent 12 years of my youth in Kansas, and the only things beautiful about that landscape are the wheat fields just before harvest (hay fever be damned) and the sky in late Spring/Summer (just before the tornados pop out). Glad you made it safely through!

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