

# STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

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## A Souffle, Sightseeing, and Herd Immunity...

Ok, let's get this out of the way now, there is no sightseeing unless you count the unending parade of lizards who visit us every day during coffee and breakfast. They come separately by the way, since God forbid we eat before we exercise or have counted 16 hours since our last food. Now do not get me wrong, I do not harbor any anger at these semi rigid rules, it is just the way it is. We have even gone so far as to look up the type of lizards who populate our home. They are the Carolina anole, I think. They have some chameleon attributes going from bright green to dark brown, depending on where they have spent their free time recently. They're territorial, which account for them bobbing up and down and flashing their red dewlap at me whenever near. I have tried to reassure them that I am not in competition for any of their potential mates but to no avail. We also have become adept at bird watching. No, not that kind of bird watcher, you know the ones: carrying a bird book, a bird journal and the required pair of binoculars bouncing off their chest as they scamper around in search of the red bellied something or other. We just say every now and then "hey, look at that one." Such is the extent of our expertise.

Now sadly, the souffle, it was one in name only and only because of the ingredients. No, there are no pictures of this abomination. It was more suited to being a ships anchor than a food item. Make no mistake, I have my share of failures in the kitchen. This one was monumental only in that it wasted seven, count them, seven eggs! Normally not the end of the world, just grab another dozen from whatever egg purveyor is my favorite at the time. Either farmer's market, Safeway, or my favorite, dear Doreene Listner on Old San Jose Road. Absolutely the finest chicken and duck eggs anywhere. And so, into the bin went the failure. A note on the word "bin" for the trash. We have been faithfully watching The Great British Baking Show, which accounts for the little British bits creeping into my day to day speech, such as "totty by" "brilliant" and "cracking." Give it a try, far more rewarding than

the Tiger King thing. Below you will find some of the less disastrous foods I have prepared for the lovely Mrs. T such as, meatballs and macaroni, lasagna, caprese salad, pasta bolognese, rigatoni with broccoli and sausage, and a salvation from the last baking mess, a fine tray of focaccia.



*lasagna*



*macaroni and meatballs*





*focaccia**caprese**rigatoni with sausage and broccoli**bolognese*

Things I do in quarantine:

Actually brush my teeth for the full two minutes the electric toothbrush demands and am rewarded by the beeps that signal I am in fact a good oral hygiene soldier. I should mention that my dentist, the magnificent Arianna Eberhemien, has confessed to me that she brushes for that same two minutes but does it twice. I suppose this is to set the most superb example for her patients, or perhaps to just make me feel inadequate... who knows.

Watch birds (see above)

Watch lizards (also, see above)

Wear the same shorts and shirt for days at a time, changing only when it is laundry day which is Mrs. T's new hobby, laundry day coming every third or fourth day for some reason. Workout at Mrs. T's direction. A quick note now, I have found my intrepid personal trainer's kryptonite. Doesn't "my personal trainer" sound grand? Like "Well, I ALWAYS travel with my personal trainer," which it seems I can now claim!

Ah, right, the kryptonite, while she is always increasing the number of reps in any certain exercise by 2 or 5 on any given day, today I suggested we do three sets of 30 pushups and not two. Her response? "F\*\*\* NO" (she made me put in the asterisks but you know what she said. Listen up those of you who have been regularly trained / tortured by my one true love, just suggest some ridiculous acceleration to the current program. Trust me, contrary

to her reputation as the great and powerful amazon warrior princess, she has her limits.

Things I cannot do in quarantine;  
meet new people and exchange ideas  
go to a new restaurant  
go hear live music  
have friends over for dinner  
sit at Gayle's bakery and have multiple three minute conversations with friends

Speaking of quarantine, this is now one full quarentina since we visited the grocery store or have interacted with any other human whatsoever. Now this was supposed to go on for a full two quarentinas but alas, milk and vodka were miscalculated, so Mrs. T has volunteered to make a run into the dreaded Winn Dixie... wish her luck. She may very well be the only customer wearing a mask here in troublingly laid back Florida.

Our self imposed four week isolation coupled with four weeks out of New Orleans also in isolation was meant to give us a sense of relief that we had not, as of yet, contracted any nasty virus. Then there was mention of possible "herd immunity" coming out of California, posing the hypothesis that we had all been exposed to this in the golden state during December and January past. All of a sudden our minds were slightly at ease. This naturally does not stop us from staying isolated, gelling our hands at an alarming frequency (my skin is four layers thinner thank you) and wiping down everything in sight periodically just in case some terrorist has snuck into the house and spit on our lovely can of beans.

Ah well, little joys do take place, like making fresh pastas for the lasagna, which was six layers tall with semi transparent lacy layers of pasta. All is well friends. Next time I will curse mightily about the really important issues like why the hell are there three pieces of bread in a club sandwich? Who needs that extra piece anyway?





*the start of a glorious batch of pasta, soufflettes be damned...*

 **UNCATEGORIZED**