

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

APRIL 19, 2020 BY MIKE T

McMansions, Single Wides, and Funny Boat Names...

OK, first order of business... getting some chatter online about the infrequent posts... don't you people have anything to do... oh wait, no you do not. OK sorry, never mind.

And so, as we walk along the various bayous we have noticed the number of exceedingly large houses along the shore. I am not talking a bit large I am talking three stories 10,000 square feet large. Does anyone have that big of a family anymore? And I might also mention that we never see anyone at these places! As we get a mere one block from the waters it seems all the homes are either single wides (no not double wides, which seems to be a technology that has yet to catch on here in Florida) or bunker type block or brick places with the ubiquitous blue plastic roof, a style which has persisted since the great hurricane 19 months ago. As we take these daily walks, Mrs. T keeping diligent track of our progress, not happy until the 10,000 mark is reached, I often guide her onto the grassy side of the road so as to avoid oncoming traffic. Yesterday, as I did this the following took place:

Mrs. T “hey be careful, I think this is a cash and carry state”

Me. “?”

Mrs. T. “you know where they can shoot you if you wander onto their property”

Me. “you mean stand your ground”

Mrs. T. “yes, that's it”

Me. “sigh... #alwaysin love”

It may not surprise most of you to find out that we went kayaking and managed to get lost... or have I mentioned that? Oh well, happened again...

I should make mention of our host Chuck. He is a retired LA contractor who landed here some years ago and decided never to go back. He talked of a nasty divorce, a subject of which I know NOTHING, as keeping him here. He is stoned deaf, and not sign language deaf, which would actually be easier. I carried on my first few conversations with him while he laughed and nodded before I realized he had no idea what I was saying. Still a great guy and I am enjoying our conversations more each day.

Wish I had some sweeping views to show you but, as with everyone, my opportunities are limited. Here is the last few food porn shots I took, which will just have to do.



asparagus risotto



scungilli

The above picture is, as captioned, scungilli. This, to the non Italians, is conch marinated in lemon, garlic and olive oil. Imagine large rubber bands left in the ocean for a year and then cut up... sort of like that.

While we are on the subject of food, we had week old tuna salad for lunch and it made me think “strange time when salmonella is the least of our worries!”

Well, I will close now, for it is time for our daily cribbage game or as I call it “I didn’t need all that self esteem anyway.”

Mrs. T has bested me thirteen games to four. She is a savant at this game and it is even more frustrating knowing we had both just learned it. Hey, wait a minute, perhaps I am being hustled? Nah, she would never do that, she does love me after all...

She does have her moments though,

Mrs. T after laying down a 7 on my 23 saying “thats 31”

Me; “actually it is 30”

Mrs. T; “well it should be 31”

Oh yes, funny boat names. Why do boat owners insist on being clever with the names of their boats? What about old “belle” or “The Christine” or “Queen Mary?”

The one across the bayou from us is the “Reel Deal” fishing boat, naturally. We have also seen:

“seas the Day”

“The Godfather”

and of course, “X’s Revenge.” Sure hope the divorce was final before he flaunted this one!

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