

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

APRIL 22, 2020 BY MIKE T

TP, Journals, and a Dubious Bath Scale

Ok people, can we talk? Exactly how much toilet paper does a person really need? We started hearing about the great toilet paper shortage at the end of February and now it is almost May and it is still news. By my calculations every man, woman and child in the country now has 40 rolls each and there are still lines at Costco and they run out every day before noon. Costco, you know, the place where the toilet paper comes in dump truck loads and the packages are 96 roll put ups. Ah, the mysteries of life.

Life on the bayou remains idyllic (gee, I still love saying that word, always with a slight drawl, suppose I am getting ready to fit in in Savannah). A real rhythm with eating, walking, exercising, and sleeping just fills up my busy schedule. We have spiced things up with a new pastime, geocaching. Sort of like grown up treasure hunts but instead of finding treasure you leave you name and a date on a little rolled up paper in the cache. We dutifully follow the GPS coordinates which, unlike the great and powerful Google, do not give you turn by turn directions but rather a straight line to the cache, which goes through homes, schools and across uncrossable bodies of water. The cache is usually a little canister of sorts tucked away behind a sign or nestled in the crook of a tree. So far we have found five, the most interesting being in the parking lot of a shuttered (for the moment) “gentlemen’s club.” You may take any inference from this title you like but all in all just another Florida strip club with watered down drinks, chicken wings, and a \$1.99 lunch buffet... at least that is what I am told! Something to note should you find yourself here, we have seen three within walking distance of our home. Just surprised they have not been deemed an essential service and allowed to stay open.

I have mentioned on occasion that we do not seem to be gaining any weight in spite of our fine meals and relaxed lifestyle. I have also mentioned that in my humble opinion this was

due to Mrs. T's vigorous exercise and walking regimen. In an ill advised offhand comment yesterday I posited that perhaps our bath scale was weighing incorrectly and we were really several pounds heavier. I also suggested that when we next visited the store we purchase a five pound sack of flour and test it... much to my surprise, this was not met with the usual loving, "hmm, yes dear very interesting," which I have become accustomed to from Mrs. T when I go off on one of my tangents. "OH NO THAT IS TERRIBLE" not only shouted with panic but followed by a mad dash to the car where our undisturbed luggage is kept to retrieve several articles of clothing whereby she could determine much more accurately the status of her weight. Fortunately for me it was a false alarm because the clothes all fit perfectly, eliminating any scientific testing of our bath scale.

I am starting to think that I should take my pocket journal with me to record the priceless pearls of wit I utter during our long walks... Mrs. T does not agree!

Finally, our meals, not all of them, just one I was inspired to photograph as well as a particularly lovely sunset.



seven layer lasagna, no you cannot see all the layers but trust me...



sunset on the bayou, there's that word again...

See you all in a couple of days when I reveal the intricacies of shopping for one solid month's worth of food and making it last!

 **UNCATEGORIZED**