

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

APRIL 27, 2020 BY MIKE T

Non Sequiturs, Rationing, and The Bunny Diaries...

Lizards.... Why? And by extension, herpetologists?

Birds fly too much....

Do fish hold their breath whey they jump out of the water and exactly what are they after? Can you now add the suffix “ery” to any noun? Fishery, too easy but Toggery? It is a billboard advertising a clothing store and the name of the store is not toggery, it is rather a description of what they are??

Exercise sucks... but feels good when you are done (that last is so my intrepid editor, Mrs. T, will not kill me in my sleep or, far worse, add even more reps to our pushup schedule.

Hearing someone sneeze is now like hearing a firecracker go off too close to you ear.

Does every single wide in Florida come with a bright yellow Mustang?

When I win three games of cribbage in a row can I call it a hat trick? Not really a question, just had to slip in my current standings...

We are down to the dregs of our food supply and not wanting to once again brave the infamous Winn Dixie, we are creating some interesting meals. Tomorrow's breakfast is red beans and fried bananas that should have been thrown out two days ago, but I think I can fry them to an acceptable consistency. The next day will be apple compote with honey and cinnamon over cornbread. See what I mean? And we still have our last dinner to look forward to: tuna salad sandwiches!

Thankfully, the vodka and wine have held up and we leave with a strong supply. This due to the intrepid Mrs. T volunteering to don her mask for the ABC liquor store before our two quarentina time was up. Somehow I think this was inspired by her quick calculation that the wine would not last. But more on the wind up to Savannah in the next post.

Ah, the bunny. As some of you may know, I have been the Easter Bunny on the Capitola beach for many years. I have often said it was the best job I have ever been offered. It came with some drawbacks, such as losing no less than five pounds of body weight from being in the costume for over three hours on the always sunny day in Capitola. Never in the 10 or 12 years I have done this has there been the least bit of overcast ... what's up with that? Also, the fear associated with a new mom handing me what looked like a just born infant to hold onto, while she first tried to figure out her camera phone and then take multiple pictures. Have you ever held the most fragile and precious package, with mittens and a bunny mask making it impossible to see what you were holding properly? Was I supporting the head? Was I causing permanent spinal damage by letting the post fetal package bend in the wrong direction? Was I unconsciously traumatizing said infant by looming over it with a two foot bunny face, only to have the trauma surface years later in the form of an uncontrollable desire to become a furby? We will never know. The positives? Coaxing a child from being the screaming accessory for their parents perfect Easter photo to hugging me with all their might and never wanting to let go. Walking down the street to have countless children run to me from the beach, completely forgetting their parents to gleefully go live in the magic world of the Easter Bunny. Yes, and, full disclosure, the unabashed hugs from the day drinking ladies in the bars as they screamed with glee seeing a real life six foot rabbit they could wrap their arms around instead of the imaginary ones they inevitably had become accustomed.

This year, due to the great travel adventure I was forced to surrender the precious bunny suit. Yes, I kept this suit in my posession for my entire tenure as the mythical creature. I was able to have the future bunny shadow me the last year so they would see what it took. Did I mention I never uttered a word once I put on the bunny head? Hey, it's all about staying in character, yes? Well, as it turned out my understudy/successor decided the job was not for her. Luckily, I had a back up in the form of that great, beautiful and powerful Amazon Princess Esther, my friend and neighbor. Alas, the virus but the kibosh on the Easter egg hunt this year. It caused three nights of Easter egg dreams. They ranged from waking up on the Saturday before Easter, the traditional Capitola egg hunt day, happily reading and enjoying coffee until I received a call that I had forgotten about the hunt and 2000 children were awaiting my arrival, all the way to my greatest nightmare, having a cardiac event on the beach so that the paramedics would have to cut me out of the suit to the horror of all the children watching. There is another note here... my insistence on always being fully clothed inside the suit. Many bunny helpers have wondered about this since the temperature was always too high and I was woozy for the entire three hours. The reason? Should the dreaded cardiac event take place, not only would there be the trauma

of seeing the bunny eviscerated on the beach but should it reveal a semi naked man inside, my obituary would inevitably take a nasty turn!

Sorry no pictures today friends.... more news on Wednesday's post...

 **UNCATEGORIZED**