

# STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

**MAY 13, 2020 BY MIKE T**

## Exercise Free Day, Dentists, and Personality Entropy...

Walking conversation today;

Me: where are we?

Mrs. T: we are exactly where we think we should be...

Me:

And so it goes on our day. I have, through marital detente, negotiated an exercise free day to “rest our muscles.” Well, at least that was my rationale. It seems this is very much against Mrs. T’s very fiber because it was tough. She then proceeds to state that Thursday is too random a day to skip so let’s make it Sundays. I agree immediately, since Sunday was only three days away and felt I had really made inroads.... Oh no, NEXT Sunday, like ten days away... and speaking of exercise, when she says, “I have a new form for our balance exercises and it turns out looking like a Janet Jackson video routine... can you feel my pain?

Our cribbage games are improving, well, take that to mean I am actually winning some. After an astonishing three game streak I finally lost, but before I could do my traditional whining (hey, I need something) I hear “just give me the pen.” Yes, Mrs. T was ready to log her long overdue, in her eyes, win.

But the really exciting news was that we went to the dentist! I know, it sounds like I am doing Bill Murray from Little Shop of Horrors, but seriously, I have been nursing a broken crown for over a month and found a dentist recommended by my home dental professional whom I love.

The good news? Amazing office, was offered wine or beer (should have tipped me off) and

freshly baked brownies, although I cannot imagine getting a teeth cleaning after eating one. I am usually embarrassed if I am unable to brush right before I get a cleaning, really anal about my teeth (gee that doesn't sound right).

Anyway, I am given a thorough exam with the latest technology, well, for Georgia, after which I am informed my entire mouth needs reconstruction. Not true, but I am certain they had sound diagnostic reasons to suggest months of pain and tens of thousands of dollars... yea, there we go. I then told them, once again, that I was only here for a few weeks and would they please refer me to someone who does general dentistry to replace the crown. They did and were pleasant about it. The referral is my new dental crush (in Savannah), because he has just purchased a Cerac machine. For those of you not familiar, this piece of magic scans the tooth, scans the mating teeth and scans the ground down stub to within an hour, manufacturing a bright shiny new crown out of some space age material stronger than your real teeth! So strong in fact that the teeth coming in contact with them are no match, so over a period of a few years they will decimate the mating tooth above or below them. Oh well, I am certain this has nothing to do with generating another office visit for another high tech dental experience. By the way, this new piece of dental magic has been in California for twenty years! Anxiously awaiting my next appointment in two weeks... NOW I feel like Bill Murray.

We are scouting for our next tattoo, yeah tattoo, yes, middle of pandemic, and yes, I know. Might just get a magnolia. Or a Peach. Wanted to get my brainstorm for the Florida time, a flamingo with a surgical mask on. Thought that was brilliant, Mrs. T did not. Surprised?



A bit of baking this week, biscotti. We are energetically nibbling away on this plate daily...



And how can I forget my entry in the leftover challenge posed by Max, my son. My entry being leftover red beans and rice made into hillbilly benedict, complete with cornbread,

poached egg and fried bananas.



Finally, personality entropy.... Has anyone else been seeing this creeping malady in their everyday life? Symptoms being excessive daydreaming, strange phrases being blurted out seeming to make perfect sense only to you, making odd observations, like the ability of our anuses to be mad sculptures manufacturing recognizable shapes at every bowel movement? Ok, that was weird even for me. Well, I have noticed all of these telltale signs over the last two months, and yet when I brought this subject up to Mrs. T she replied with, “what else is new.” And there you are dear reader, till later, stay sane or at least saner than I...

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