

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

JULY 5, 2020 BY MIKE T

Ohio, Sharp object, and Three Drink Mike...

Must be fast here since the lovely Mrs. T had forbidden three drink mike from posting... Ok, here we are in Ohio, let me save you the time and gas money, go to the rock and roll museum and then just keep driving. That is not to say this place is not charming with its farm stands, rolling hills and endless campaign signs proclaiming the inevitability of the reelection of our “flawless” president. Other than the novelty of many many many farms with the requisite silos and barns this place is the essence of peace and quiet... AKA boring as hell. Now I am doing this post under the protest of my loving wife who will not be editing it so, be kind to my grammatical and spelling errors. As for sharp objects, let's begin the story with a belated birthday gift from the Mrs. T. Since she knows my love of knife making she bought me a knife making kit online. It takes away all the ease and functionality of power tools and replaces them with the endless joy of hand filing and sanding for hours on end. Now, one might mistake the last statement for a complaint but nay nay. It has filled many many days for me out on the deck painstakingly shaping brass and wood to produce a desirable blade. If I had the wits about me now I would post a progress picture but... alas that power left me after the second drink.

A close friend has informed me that her love is strong to have given me a sharp pointed object while we were in quarantine together. Now that I give it some thought... they are correct!

But seriously, it has been a joy. As had watching Hamilton tonight with my love. (she is now looking over my shoulder so forgive me if I am uncharacteristically kind)

Well, All I can say is I am actually counting the days, god help me, until we go to New Jersey. Never thought I would speak those words but, here we are. It has far less to do with my deep and abiding love for my home state than my nerve numbing feelings about Ohio. I had been actually singing the praises of this state if only to invoke the local gods to help me win a cribbage and it seemed to be working until yesterday when the evil Mrs. T

started making a comeback. I was, get this, seven games ahead. Would it last? Could my loud vocalization as to the beauty, tranquility and comeliness of this state help? Naturally you would think so and yet here I am only a mere three games ahead with inevitable further backsliding to come...

Well, here I am, three drink mike telling you that although charming the prospect of checking the regulation for going state to state had gotten old. I think sneaking over state line under the cover of darkness seems to be our new fate. Perhaps it will give us practice for when we have to cross the international border with Canada which is in our future. Off I go, Mrs T is hot on my heels and she has finally finished taking out here stubborn contact lenses, applying countless emollients to her already flawless face and brushing her teeth to perfection (two minuets every time? really? who exactly has that kind of time)

good night faithful reader... until tomorrow...

 **UNCATEGORIZED**