

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

AUGUST 2, 2020 BY MIKE T

Veal Parm, Pizza, and a Return to the Motherland...

VEAL... let's talk about it... and why on earth is it grounds for a felony if not a misdemeanor to possess veal in Santa Cruz. Ok, they are young, so is spring lamb. They are most likely mistreated, so were we as children when left to the care of the nuns in Catholic school.... Ok, they didn't slaughter us after we graduated but then again veal does not have to undergo psychotherapy in their later years. On the plus side, I submit the following: veal parmesan, veal piccata, veal scallopini, veal saltimbocca. Well, you get the idea, the list goes on and on. In conclusion I would say veal has brought much more happiness into the world than all the sisters of charity combined. OK, within an hour of landing in New Jersey I was stuffing my face with a veal parm sub. We are done here, nothing more to see, move along.

It was quite uneventful traveling across beautiful Pennsylvania and I must admit we were a bit nervous crossing into NJ, since we had been reading of their strict rules governing travel across state lines. We were sporting California tags and were fully prepared to show our reservations from exciting Salem Ohio as well as, thanks to Mrs. T, a handful of receipts from various stores during our stay there. No traffic stops or guards at the border. Travel on, my brothers and sisters, the US continues to be wide open, especially evidenced by the dramatic increase in virus cases!

We then bundled up my dear 81 year old sister and carried her to the infamous Jersey Shore. Yes, it has all the sights and smells. The endless pizza stands, cheese steaks on every block, teased hair, loud Italian women giving unsolicited advice on the beach, people talking about the following: what they are eating, what they will eat later, what they ate last

time they were here, how the food in (fill in the blank) is so much better or worse. Well, you get the idea. There are many, many friendly people here. Not what I remember but I came up with an answer. The “hey how you doin’” is sort of a first test of the friendliness of who they are addressing and second, the level of aggression they can expect to encounter. Very diplomatic strategy. Mrs. T was alarmed when the first large Jersey Joey boy called out to her as we walked by “hey, how you doin’” She then exclaimed “I thought that was just in the movies.” I rolled my eyes and said, “Where do you think the stereotype came from?”

My fellow inmates (as I sometimes refer to Mrs. T and my lovely sister) were nervous for the first few days due to the shock of incarceration here in this sparsely appointed Airbnb, but after the application of copious amounts of food and alcohol it soon settled down. I was given a slight reprieve from the death march walks of 15 or 20 thousand steps due to a minor injury to Mrs. T’s knee. And no, I did not inflict this wound to save myself. In the words of my Jersey brothers... fugetaboutit...

I must admit, I have been glorying in the memories the food and smells of the shore have caused to come flooding back. I also have vowed to have a slice a day while here in the motherland. For those of you who need an explanation, a slice refers to pizza. It is also referred to as “a pie” as in pizza pie. “I’m goin’ out for a pie, wudya want on it”... you get the idea. ... and now to the pictures...



the inmates on the beach



layin on the sand at the shore



My sisters sleek beach ride. Quite the determined look on her face. uphill was a struggle and down the other side of the sand dune was pure panic.



first slice of the trip



stumbled upon the home of the mammoth slice. BTW, still only \$5. normal slice \$2.50



still managed to drive while negotiating the mammoth slice into my mouth...



Barnegat lighthouse at the end of Long Beach Island



a quick and wonderful visit to my coucin Gina's home near the shore. she gifted me with mass quantities of basil and rosmary

Bad Man		Good girl
9	0	<u>17</u> 13
8	0	<u>30</u>
7	23	30
6	33 34	<u>30</u>
5	57	32
4	84 11	32
3	95	<u>32</u> 17
2	95 30	<u>49</u>
1	125	<u>49</u> 40
0	125	<u>89</u> 32
0	125 28	<u>121</u>
1	153	<u>121</u> 9
2	153	<u>130</u> 19
3	153	<u>149</u> 29
4	153 19	<u>178</u>
5	172 14	<u>178</u> 35
6	186 36	<u>213</u> 22
7	222 9	<u>235</u>
8	226	<u>235</u> 25
9	226	<u>260</u>

yes, the game abuse remains a constant in my life

Mrs. T's idea for her NJ tattoo

my tattoo thought. First pass was for it to say FU, sort of the NJ go to slogan but Mrs. T vetoed that one so I am going with NJ-BOY

And lastly, I have the word “Romanoff’s” in my journal... god only knows what that was supposed to mean. I am guessing it was so terribly clever and erudite an observation... sure, let’s go with that. Next stop, three weeks in Caldwell, NJ complete with new and interesting food choices and several tearful visits with my dozens of cousins....

UNCATEGORIZED

One Reply to “Veal Parm, Pizza, and a Return to the Motherland...”



Gloria Williams

AUGUST 15, 2020 AT 11:44 PM

- 1) NJ – the Motherland ...alrightythen
- 2) I move we adopt that Jersey shore beach ride here in Santa Cruz/Capitola [can I get a second?];
- 3) Until your pic of the Barnegat, never thought about the phallic structure of a lighthouse. annnd ...
- 4) Moving along – your dazzling Termini smiles in the beach pic with sis requires shades. Beautiful.

Comments are closed.