

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

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More Food, Tattoos , and Straight Outta Jersey...



the Amazing Mrs T

Yes, there she is in all her body building glory. I do complain continually, as you might have noticed, about the slave driving efforts of Mrs. T to keep us fit. In truth, I have her to thank for our health and fitness. I have, with much diplomacy and foot rubs, had the exercise routine reduced to only six days a week once a day. By the way, have I mentioned the bowl, yes I said bowl, of vitamins, supplements, potions and voodoo hocus pocus pills and capsules placed before me every day at breakfast? No, well it is a fact... back to exercise six days a week. This may sound like a lot but we started with twice a day every day and it is true that this might be compared to dropping something on your foot so you no longer are concerned with a migraine. It is in fact a pleasure only gearing up once a day. She has, and this was part of the fierce negotiations, extended our once a day workout to include new and exciting ways to unnaturally move the human body. Alas, I did say it was crucial to our good health, so let's leave it at that!

On to tattoos... after having chosen our designs, having made our appointment at the shop, we arrived to find that as suspected I had the cool artist and she had the surly, on the spectrum, heavy handed artist. For the skin art uninitiated, allow me to explain. Getting tattooed is like having a bad blind date that lasts three hours and your date is wielding sharp weapons. Got the picture? Yes, it can go many different ways. You can, during the procedure, chat up the artist to develop some rapport so as not to make them think you are hostile (is the blind date analogy getting clearer?). You can compliment them on their soft touch and delicate line work unless you think that will make them go harder because you are obviously not in enough pain. In Mrs. T's case, nothing seemed to work. He had the delicate touch of Genghis Khan, he never spoke, and he obviously did not enjoy the sweet little finch Mrs. T had chosen for her delicate thigh. Skulls and bleeding women and children being his go to art, he carried on trying to push the gun through the thigh into the couch she was lying on. Below, the results. I think it is grand, the bad experience continues to cloud Mrs. T's opinion...



Now on to my choice. Birds and flowers not being my style, I chose something that would speak to my soul. A piece that would represent how I viewed the world and related to my

fellow human.... Behold,



Having completed our quest for the quintessential New Jersey skin art, it was back to my appointed rounds of every Italian restaurant in north Jersey.



Jinx Proof Tattoo Montclair New Jersey. Mrs T masked up patiently waiting for her artist.

I wish I had the presence of mind to have taken pictures of all the fabulous food we ate during our last few weeks in the garden state but it seems I was just too excited with my pasta, Taylor ham and eggs, potato onion and pepper sandwiches and multiple Italian pastries to take out my camera and shoot a few pics. I did have a friendly New Jersey hornet swing in during lunch and sting my eyelid. Ahh, the joys of coming home. Did it slow down my inhaling of a caprese panini? Not a bit.



keeping my game face on

A half day of shopping for our departure brought us to our usual spots, Costco, Trader Joe's, and in NJ Shoprite, the equivalent of Safeway for my California friends.



Mrs. T delighted with a sign we came upon... she is my favorite nurse... perhaps a costume is in order!

As we prepare to take off to Maine and I am made aware of my dramatic change in driving and general demeanor by Mrs. T, I must reflect on my early years. I was told today that my driving has become, well, aggressive. I explained that Jersey Mike lies dormant until placed back into his natural environment to “thrive.” Now I am not just speaking of going a bit faster or changing lanes in a quick and, if I may say so myself, skillful way. It includes letting other drivers know via your open window, exactly how you feel about their skills behind the wheel. Let’s just say I have never seen Mrs. T’s eyes go quite that wide when she looks upon her true love.

Unless I leave you with the idea that there is no true beauty in my home state, I give you a Jersey shore sunset...



I have also had the time to finish my knife project with the help of some wood finish I mooched from my nephew. Again I must thank Mrs. T for having enough faith in me to

allow the fabrication of a dangerous weapon while on our journey together.



As we leave Jersey I am once again relieved that border guards have not stopped me as I entered the New York turnpike telling me I must turn around because my visa issued in 1973 to leave New Jersey had expired and I must live out the rest of my days in downtown Newark.



first rest stop in NY



nine months side by side and still in love... what in the world does she see in me???

📁 **UNCATEGORIZED**