

IN THE MIRROR

It's six pm & he's preparing dinner: barbequed chicken breast, bean salad, watermellon & artichoke. But right now he's going crazy. He can't find his drink. He searches the house, holding off dinner. It's nowhere to be found. He looks at their three dogs. They appear sympathetic. If it isn't his drink, it's his glasses or pickup keys. The last time he lost his glasses he found them when he went to brush his teeth. He saw them in the mirror.

YOU GUESSED IT

Over the years I've seen individuals do odd things while driving their cars. Combing hair, applying lipstick, shaving, reading newspaper, book. This morning driving behind guy in blue pickup noticed every time we stopped at a red light he'd open his door and spit white liquid into the street. You guessed it. He was brushing his teeth.

THERE'S A LIMIT

I've pushed alcohol out of my life & shaved a beard I've worn for 20 years, but I'm not willing to substitute Pat's computer for the old Royal portable. I've pounded the Royal for 34 years & we've grown comfortable with each other. Working the computer is like entering a foreign country without knowing the language. All my insecurities surface.

NO THANKS

Got propositioned today. Nine ten this morning. Thin little gal with glasses came up to my truck while I was waiting to get onto Auburn Blvd. Couldn't understand her at first then realized she was asking if I wanted a date. Would like to think it's my mature good looks that attracted her, but she had to be a pro, probably hurting for a fix. No thanks I said.