

## A Senior Date

By Pete Clark

I had been hanging loose for six years after Norma passed away and decided it was time to look for companionship to supplement Cheetah Cat's felicity. My social life consisted of trips to the post office and grocery store, so I needed to find a way to mix in with the rest of humanity. I was clueless about online dating, but decided to give it a try anyway. I looked at the dating web sites I could find and chose one called *Old Farts Meet*. I created a profile on the site, stressing all of my absolutely loveable aspects, added a photograph of me with a parrot sitting on my head, assigned it a pseudonym and waited to see what happened.

I soon received photographs and profiles sent by several women. I looked at the pictures and read the profiles and selected five for response. I read the women's answers with interest. We all corresponded back and forth for a while, but the pool was soon down to one. I then contacted the last person on my list. We met at my favorite Mexican restaurant, had dinner and went to a movie, November 5, 2010. Her name was Judie.

In January, 2011, Judie and I went to see the remake of *True Grit* starring Jeff Bridges. It was dark when we left the theater, on our way to lasagna, spaghetti and wine. I drove west on Exposition Avenue and came to the intersection with Abilene Street. With the distraction of headlights on I-225, the reflections of the lighting at the intersection and the upheaval of light rail construction, I could determine neither the location of the lanes on Abilene nor the exact location of the street itself. I went completely across Abilene and nosed into what should have been the borrow pit. Instead, it was a river of mud, deep, slimy mud. I had managed to complete the left turn and we were headed south, but going nowhere. The car was buried up to its frame and the drive wheels were spinning uselessly. Like a fly on gooey paper hanging from the ceiling, we were stuck in mud, in the middle of a major metropolitan area, not out in the tullies.

Only I could get into a situation like that and have to call a tow truck to get me out. What a way to impress a woman!

The tow truck arrived while a policeman was a couple of hundred yards down the street writing a ticket and probably wondering what was happening with us. The driver got us back onto the pavement before the cop had time to finish his business and check us out. The driver never cracked a smile, but he probably laughed all the way to his next job and later told his friends and family about the grey haired couple stranded in the mud. This was exciting senior dating at its best, powered by fading night vision and the onset of glaucoma.