

### Social Distancing- Day 3

These are scary times, especially for an old guy whose immune system is willing to make some compromises. My gym has closed, my piano lessons have been cancelled and I've been advised by the President to stay away from my kids and grandkids. Over the past two years since retirement I've resigned myself to doing very little and now, I've been asked to cut back.

The one job I take very seriously is keeping the old ticker going. With three out of four main arteries blocked off, I need lots of cardio work to keep things working at least half-assed. I've decided until we are in a total lock-down, if the weather is nice, I'd find a quiet track to do some walking. Besides, getting out in the fresh air for an hour a day seemed like a good move for my sanity.

The email said that my gym (a YMCA) had a nice half-mile paved track. Being a non-jogger, I never noticed but decided to give it a try. I've been itching to take my pride and joy, tricked-out, 4.4 second-zero-to-sixty trophy car for a ride anyway and had nowhere to go. So, in two minutes I was at the Y, which is only three miles from home (I caught a red light).

There were two other cars in the whole parking lot completely silent except for a slight breeze. They were vintage sixty's muscle cars- very cool. Not a soul to be seen. It seemed kind of spooky. On my recent trip to Florida I perfected a walk/jog/wheeze routine where every few minutes I would break into the old-man-jog for 100 steps and then try to catch my breath for the next few minutes. We've all seen the old-man-jog. You know, it's the one that makes you wonder if you should pull your car over and call 911. Uneven shuffle-steps and body bent too far forward. The poor bastard isn't even looking ahead-head swaying and tilted towards the heavens, as if looking for departed friends and family. It's not easy but with practice I've mastered it.

After a few wheezes, I passed an interesting turn-off with an arrow sign pointing to the archery area. I decided to pass on that. A quarter way around the track I noticed a "challenge stop". I've seen these before in parks. Usually it's a chin-up bar or a push-up station. This one had a hula-hoop and half-empty bottle of water. Even though the place was vacant, I couldn't bring myself to use the hoop. I didn't remember all ten of the President's rules, but I was pretty sure not drinking from that bottle was one of them.

On I went. The next challenge, I think was a trick. A dog turd and a face mask. At first I thought that must be an extraordinary turd and wondered if the mask could be sprayed with bleach and re-used. If it weren't for the yellow stain, I might have given it a try.

On I went, wondering how those other two cars got there. The sun was setting and still no one else to be seen. At the three-quarter mark I saw a dead bird that reminded me I should get home soon for my nap.

Shortly into my second lap, I decided to be adventurous and check out the archery side trail. My wheezes were getting deeper and louder, but I thought I heard some sixty's music in the distance. As I got to the archery range, I saw a group of six teenagers gathered around a campfire. There were less than ten of them, so I guessed it was OK. I decided to get just within six feet of them and see what was going on. I knew them all from my old street corner days! The problem was, I knew none of them were still of this world- mostly 'Nam or O.D.'s.

I tried calling out to them. It was like I wasn't even there. My voice was just carried off into the breeze. They laughed smoked, tugged on their beers and were having a great time. Against my better judgement and President's orders, I went closer to put my hand on Sulky's shoulder. Nothing was there. Very creeped out, I turned and walked back to the main track. This was my last lap.

I cheated at the end and cut across the parking lot. Going for a big finish, I broke into a run and hurtled over three speed bumps. The other two cars were gone. I slowly drove home with a lot on my mind.