

OUCH! That's Life



by Reg Green

It was an uplifting drive home after a joint 94th birthday party for my son's mother-in-law and me.

First, all California (personal pronoun: it) was bursting with spring. Second, I hadn't fallen over or drunkenly insulted some revered guest. And, third, when we arrived, the three pairs of compression socks my wife had ordered for me had been delivered suggesting that, just as I had moved from extreme to very extreme old age, I might after all collect from those who had bet I would never reach unbearably extreme.

I opened my first email. It read: "Welcome to Burial Insurance."