

## THE PHYSICAL ME

From the current perspective of December 2023, I think that my 77-year old body has held up quite well. If I were to ask myself how I feel most of the time, I would say good to excellent. And almost always it would be at least "OK".

I have developed a habit of eating what I consider healthful food. It is all stuff that is enjoyable to eat, so I have no impulse to deviate from that which is good for me.

My breakfast is invariably sliced banana with yogurt (the fruit-on-bottom variety), sometimes with an added handful of berries. And coffee of course. I brew 6 cups, which is actually 3 large cups.

My standard snack is what are best known as Fig Newtons, but seldom the name brand, which I consider too expensive for the value. I buy the generic ones, including varieties with strawberry, blueberry, and apple fillings.

Dinner is a variety on a formula I have developed, consisting of cooked canned or frozen vegetables, boiled thoroughly with spices. I never discard the liquid I cook them in, since that contains many of the nutrients that might have been dissolved out of them. I often add fresh chopped onions or celery to the pot. When available, I add an avocado

The meat is most often salmon or sardines, sometimes chicken, occasionally liverwurst. There is always a bagel, buttered and toasted in my toaster oven. Sometimes good substantial bread can be substituted, but not the light fluffy pseudo-bread that some buy.

This diet contrasts with much I ate as a cab driver-- fast food burgers from the drive-through and fried pies from the circle-K. Phoenix cabdrivers were making too little to waste on-the-road time to have regular meals. I seem to have survived that era.

One of my defects (which is mostly not blatantly noticeable, I think) stemmed from an incident many years ago behind Frankie's bar. A member of the local motorcycle club decided to attack my friend and roommate Terry Curry, and I tried to intervene in his defense. That resulted in me getting punched in the mouth, causing me to lose 3 teeth.

A dentist created a 3-tooth partial plate for me, which I still use about 30 years later. Over the years I have had to repair its steel wire clips using sturdy stainless-steel wire, secured through Dremel-drilled holes. It doesn't stay secured as well as it once did, so I have to frequently add adhesive, a brand called Secure which works MUCH better than any of the water-based kind sold in drugstores.

## PISS

The only other annoyance I have had is the common enlarged prostate that causes more frequent pissing. I have found that Beta Sisosterol and Pygeum extract, along with regular masturbation, helps alleviate this, though it doesn't eliminate it entirely.

An interesting factor is that there is a great deal of psychology to pissing. It might be called pisspsychology.

Listening to running water (or liquids like gasoline being pumped, increases the desire to piss. That is well known, but more noticeable when the need is oftener. The need also becomes stronger when approaching a place with a bathroom, or other safe place to piss.

I have learned to find safe places, and use techniques for places that might not be considered entirely safe. One secret is to appear to be doing something else, or nothing at all, while actually pissing.

Stopping beside the road, usually but not always a highway, one can open both right-side doors as if looking for something inside, and the doors conceal the pissing from cars passing.

When pissing on a wall or a building, it is best to aim high, not toward the ground. Usually on porous brick or concrete, the piss won't immediately form a telltale puddle on the sidewalk. In warm weather it may evaporate before running all the way down.

Around home, I often choose to piss in the yard, fenced from view. It feels more natural than pissing into a toilet bowl of water, watching it turn yellow, then flushing the mix. And, with future shortages of water being predicted, it seems wasteful to use clean water to flush a small amount of added liquid. Piss is much easier to filter out of water before returning it for use, and ideally would be collected separately from shit, which requires much more processing for safety.

It has been conceived that shit might be collected with little or no water, conveyed perhaps with a moving belt to be compressed for transport. Piss could then be piped without dilution to its destination.

The piss process varies from time to time. Sometimes I will feel the need, yet find that I can emit no more than a dribble. Other times I will piss quite normally, though in general more often than in my younger days. My ability to quickly piss out a fire in a wastebasket before it ignites the curtains is reduced. Fortunately, having switched from cigarettes to vaping, there is little danger of starting said fire.

Nevertheless, I have found that during quite long periods of time when peeing would be inconvenient, I will have no urge to do so. Psychology works both ways.

I have also discovered the piss button, an area around the bottom of the spine where medium pressure will induce piss flow at times when it is being reluctant. Leaning forward also helps-- a sort of teapot effect.

## SCORPIO

*November, 2023*

For the first time in my 77 years, I was recently stung by a scorpion. The devious little creature did not let me see him, but I have deduced what he was. I had picked up a piece of particle board when suddenly came an intense pain in my right thumb. There was no mark or visible puncture, yet the entire thumb kept hurting for 20 to 30 minutes. I washed it, alcohol and peroxide doused it. There was no redness or swelling-- just pain. As the pain subsided, I started to notice a slight tingling extending from the thumb to the middle of my forearm. A bit later, there was a stronger tingle in all my right fingers. It was not numbness, as I could feel sensation, but any touch felt oddly electric. I also felt it in my left fingers, though I was not sure if that might have been psychological. That continued until the following morning, though it was gradually subsiding by then. I could still feel a sensation in the thumb, not painful, for a day or two longer.

I heard information that the scorpion may not actually penetrate, but the venom may absorb through the skin. It might have struck just under the thumbnail, too, which could explain the lack of a mark.

## Sleeping and Walking

Several years ago I discovered that a hammock is better than a mattress. The webbing conforms to the body quite comfortably, and a well-made

hammock lasts for years. Of course one should have a spare bed for sex, and for guests used to more conventional sleeping.

Daily walking, on a treadmill or otherwise, is a good habit I have adopted. It helps to have a TV I can watch while treading, which compensates for going nowhere in my journey.

Years ago I discovered vaping and quit smoking, which was an excellent choice for my health. I breathe as easily as if I never smoked, yet still enjoy some nicotine and the activity-satisfaction that cigarettes formerly provided.