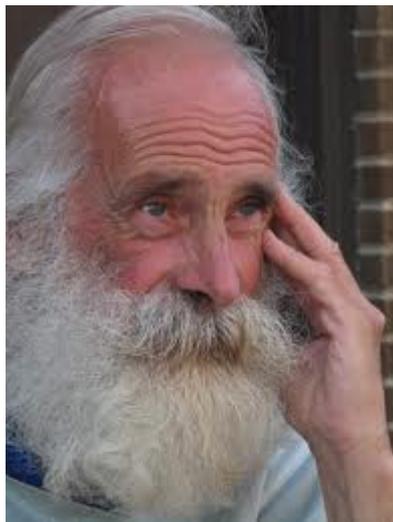


# A senior moment



Every year for the past 20 years, I have usually grown a beard for the winter, shaving it off roughly six months later on my birthday. This generally coincides with being bearded for Thanksgiving.

The last couple years, I forswore the beard and went fuzz-free through all the seasons. I was bored with the baby-fresh look and decided to go back to the beard this winter, having an unfortunate scruff when I went to the Boynton Reads kick-off (see yesterday's post). Bad timing for photo ops.

This weekend, I was supposed to go out with some friends and see Skyfall, the new James Bond movie. I've known these friends for more than 20 years and they have a unique superpower to be late on almost all things. It's odd because his father and her mother don't show any of the signs, but their daughter has clearly inherited the "late" gene.

For example, late in the evening Friday, I got a call from them and expected it would be about when to see the movie, but it was actually an offer to play golf. I was teetering on heading off to the tennis courts the next morning, but it's rare that both of them go on the course together, so I thought it would be novel. Of course, my friend said he had been thinking about it all week, but only called the evening before.

It was a long day on the course and we skipped lunch to get back earlier, but we were tired and hungry by that time.

After I left and we all had time to shower and eat, we decided on a theater and a time for the movie. I was nervous at the small window they were leaving (picking me up at 6:30 for a 7:10 movie), irrespective of the traditional tardiness, because it was Saturday night and a peak viewing time for a first-run movie.

Of course, they were about 10 minutes late and we were literally the next group in line when they announced the movie had been sold out. I don't think any of us wanted to wait for the next movie, even if it was only an hour later, because we were plumb wore out and at least one of us would probably have their head nodding.

By lack of compelling desire, we ended up deciding to watch Lincoln, the Spielberg movie about you-know-who (it was okay, but better served by a less tired group). I had already told my friends that I was going to buy the tickets, since they had paid for golf. I got the three tickets and joined them as we headed for the door.

Glancing at the tickets, I broke out laughing, motioning to my friends to enter the lobby so I could tell them. The tickets were priced well below the regular price and clearly stated just below the cost "Senior". I knew my beard has a lot of white hair in it, but good grief!

My sense of ethics argued that I go back to the cashier and pay the correct price, but it lost out to my sense of justice, which made the convincing counter-argument that the reduced cost is fair payment for the insult of being called a senior before my time.

Although, after a full day of golf and two and half hours of Spielberg, I think I did feel like a senior for a moment.