

# Miranda thinks about her wattles

AS Miranda walked down Emerson Street towards Whole Foods (or as Jeremy liked to call it, “Whole Paycheck”), she saw a woman sitting in a car holding an ice balloon to her face.

“She must have been at Skin Spirit,” thought Miranda. “I could use some Botox myself. Or maybe just some Perlane for my lips.”

Miranda sat down outside of Whole Foods, with her pumpkin pasta tartlet.

The woman was still in the car across the street, holding her yellow ice balloon to her face.

Miranda got out a mirror and looked at herself. The issue was tricky. There were wattles under her chin that had developed over the years. From gaining and losing weight many times, she guessed.

“If I had stayed the same weight all the time,” Miranda thought, “I probably wouldn’t have these wattles.” She wasn’t sure about the biology of facial aging; but thought that might be true; though she wasn’t sure.

She looked at her Fitbit wrist tracker. After lunch she would walk some more.

Miranda set herself a goal of 11,000 steps a day. That came to five



or six miles, the best she could tell, according to her tracker.

She wasn’t exactly certain sure how the tracker made its calculations. For a while she had two different trackers, a Fitbit and a Nike, and when she wore them at the same time, they were about 25% different in the calculations they made of steps she took and calories burned.

So Miranda decided to keep the tracker that told her she was exercising more, and she stuck with the Fitbit.

“If one tracker tells you that you have walked four miles today, and the other tells you that you walked five miles on the same day, when you wear them at the same time; then the one that says five miles seems preferable,” she thought.

She suspected the device’s marketing people knew this also.

Eddie the street person came sauntering down Emerson.

“Tell me about aging, Eddie,” said

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Miranda, “Should I be worried about it, oh wise one.”

“Waves in the ocean,” said, Eddie. “That’s all we are. We crest for a few moments then disappear.”

“The Rockies are on the same course as the waves in the oceans,” he continued. “They just move a little slower. We’re somewhere in between.”

Then Eddie said, “I’m going to be in a movie. Jeremy has cast me.”

“Fantastic,” said Miranda. “What’s your character?”

“I’m kind of a cultural vigilante super hero,” said Eddie. “Like Alex Guinness in Star Wars.”

“Do you have super powers,” asked Miranda?

“Just my regular ones that I normally have,” said Eddie, swirling his arms in the air as he disappeared into Whole Paycheck.

**More tomorrow.**