## Just another knee-jerk reaction

In my never-ending attempt at proving this plus-40 year-old body can still do Lthe things it did when it was 20, I recently began playing tennis again.

This, after a break of roughly 18 years.

I was something of a tennis junkie in my teens and early 20s when the likes of Jimmy Connors, John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg were ruling the courts. But, when the robotlike Jim Couriers, Pete Sampras' and Mats Wilanders of the tennis world began taking over, my interest plummeted.

Until last month.

After talking with three co-workers (including my boss), I discovered they too, used to play tennis, but gave it up for other pursuits. Naturally, we decided to play doubles and although none of us would be mistaken for Andre Agassi, we surprisingly managed to connect more often than we missed.

This past Friday (while the boss was away) my co-hort in crime, Steve, and I decided to take an extended lunch and play a couple sets.

Late in the second set, however, I stretched for a shot, skidded on a leaf... and saw my life flash before my eyes as my left knee went snap, crackle, pop, pop, pop.

We're talking pain with a capital P.

When you're as clumsy as I am you get used to every day bumps and bruises, but I realized right away that knees should never, ever make that kind of noise.

After flailing about the court for half an hour I dragged my sorry butt back to work and took the advice of co-workers to go to the hospital.

Dubbed patient G084703, I was given a brief examination and told the swelling would have to subside before the extent of the damage could be determined, but at first



glance it appeared that if anything was torn, it was likely a small tear. Oh, goody.

I spent this past weekend hobbling about the house with a cane when I wasn't sitting down with an ice pack.

Wifey, being the kind soul that she is, took over my regular weekend chores and even baked me a get-well cake. But, I could tell that something was bothering her... something other than the fact I was taking a huge liking to being waited on hand and

"It's your upcoming birthday, stupid," she said.

"What about it?" I asked.

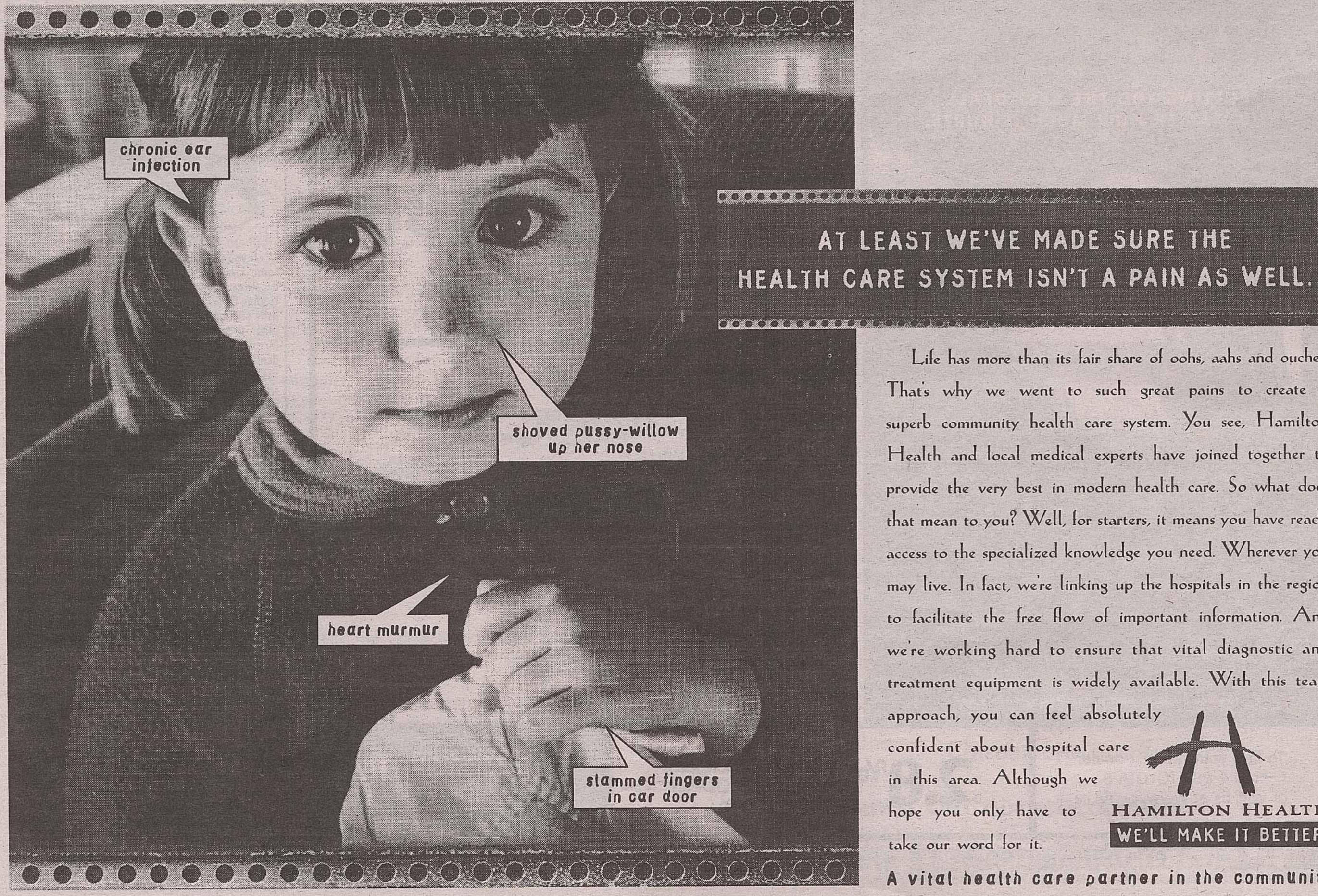
"It's the damn birthday present I bought you," she said. "Now I don't know what to do with it."

"What did you buy?" I asked. "Roller-blades."

## Dis'n Data

Question: What is more annoying in this world than a 10-year-old learning to play the trumpet? Answer: Nothing. Someone please tell my neighbor this....Who's a bigger leech? Hockey holdout Alexei Yashin or his agent Mark Gandler?...After seeing who the big winners were at Sunday's Emmy Awards I came to the conclusion I just don't watch enough crappy TV.





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