



On the loose

with MURRAY TOWNSEND

Decision, decisions...

I had to make a decision, and I had to make it quickly.

It wasn't life and death, but it was a decision just the same, and usually I make the wrong one.

If I were smarter I'd make a decision and then do the opposite. But, then I'd have to make a decision to make the opposite decision, so it would be wrong anyway.

In any event, it was getting close to 4 last Friday afternoon. My nephew was playing in a hockey tournament and his next game was at 5:35. It wasn't that far, Westwood Arena at Hwy. 27. I'd made it there in under a half hour before.

I made the monumental decision to go to the game, and hope for the best with the traffic, leaving early enough to give me extra time. I got my coffee and got on the highway, and then couldn't help but notice the cars were barely moving. Half an hour later they were still barely moving. I listened to the traffic on the radio, and it took them a long time to detail all the problems. There was no point in listening after a while because what difference would it make?

Then suddenly there was another problem. I quite enjoyed the coffee, but now it was asking for pay-back. I tried not to think about it, but the more I tried not to think about it the more I thought about it. I started squirming in my seat and considered the option of darting in and out of traffic openings much more appealing. I was in agony.

But, then like on a rainy day when the sun suddenly shines through the clouds, the traffic broke and I was moving. Then I was moving quickly. Woohoo!

I was happy that I would soon be able to go, if you know what I mean.

But my ecstasy didn't last long. The 427 was almost completely stopped. I was already late for the game at this point.

I got off the 427 as soon as I could, worked my way through the area — all the roads of course were jam-packed — and finally two hours after I left home I reached my destination.

I half-ran to the entrance and was perturbed when the gate people didn't even look at my wristband. Oh no you don't, you're going to look at my \$10 wristband and acknowledge it. I shoved it close to one of their faces and the person nodded. Thank you.

I rushed to the bathroom and then to the game, which fortunately had started late. I enjoyed the game tremendously, got a large popcorn between periods, and congratulated myself on making yet another fine decision.

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