

Hobo or Not to Hobo

The following tale is a true story of two days in my life. Enjoy.

October 11, 2001

Tomorrow I plan to push a shopping cart home from the mall, just like a hobo. You know there are certain things you figure you will never do in life, but often in the end many of these things occur. For me, I never thought I would push a shopping cart around city streets, but it has unfortunately come to this.

I am not a hobo however, not yet at least. My situation is as such: there is a transit strike, I do not have automobile transportation, I want to save money, but I very much need to get some food and various other items from the mall, a couple of kilometers away. So as I see it, pushing a shopping cart full of my stuff home is undoubtedly the top solution. And anyway, if you don't do things like this you never really get an appreciation for what life can really be like.

October 12, 2001

Well ok, the hobo thing never happened. During the walk *to* the mall I had thought I would take a cab home instead of the shopping cart. I mean it was only about a \$5 ride so no worries right? Well, upon collecting up all my stuff and finding I had a backpack full of clothes and a one-liter juice box, plus two full shopping bags of groceries, I had the sudden wave of something that said "hey I can just walk home. No problemo." I'm not sure if it was cheapness talking (quite likely, now that I think about it) or a little blast of testosterone that made me think it would be a breeze, but either way I made my way home on foot, without even a shopping cart. (I saved a dollar by not taking the shopping cart, and maybe saved a little pride, or so I thought, at the time)

The walk was not easy at all. It was supposed to take just over half an hour. Supposed to, being the key point. Much to my displeasure, the winds had shifted. When I walked to the mall, they blowing slightly against me, but when I walked home, they were blowing DIRECTLY against me. Dust and sand and wind gusts blasted my face. The terrible part was they were significantly stronger than they had been earlier in the day. I found out when I got home, that a wind warning was in effect! I agreed with the forecasters, a wind warning was certainly in order! There were gusts of up around 70km/hr reported. Well, I can tell you now shopping bags are a wind barrier, this of course making the walk home all that more difficult. Several times I found myself exhausted and so sitting on the side of the road, shopping bags beside me, getting plenty of attention from passing motorists, the pride I thought I had saved dropping quickly.

All around the walk home was highly unpleasant. My body hurt for days from the strain of the walk, it took almost twice as long to walk home, and I was so hungry I ate a huge pile of my food. So what I am getting at is maybe the hobo thing is the way to go next time, maybe, just maybe it is the way to go.