

That age thing and women

Yesterday before work I'm at Peet's, getting what I needed to get before a busy day at the bike shop, and there's Karen, whom I've known for quite a few years but not seen in a while. She's a bit younger than me but not much, and wearing her age very well. With her is a friend, name not recalled, but I'd leave out particular anyways in this case. Karen thinks I look good, lost weight, whatever, doesn't mention that shiny area on the upper back of my head (aka bald spot). She and her friend are into running, and it's obviously kept them in very very good shape. This isn't a mutual admiration society, because looking at me, there's not that much to admire. But her friend, who's looking a lot more like 38 than anything close to mine, thinks maybe she remembers me, or someone with my last name, from high school (San Carlos). So I ask the obvious question. "What year did you graduate?" And it's like no, no chance whatsoever of going down that road, that's not a question she would ever answer.

??? I don't get it. This is three happily-married people (we'll make that assumption because it's the safe thing to do), and nobody's hitting on anybody (which I wouldn't encourage but is it so bad to wonder if it could ever happen or that you're so over-the-hill that you don't catch your wife's eye much less anyone else's?). So why is someone who might be 50-something and looks 38 worried about clues to her age? The mysteries of women & men. It's not so bothersome that I'll never understand. It's that it appears I'm not meant to understand.