

The Bandera PROPHEET

April 2, 2020

Corona Crazy

By Mikie Baker

Special to the Prophet

Just a few laughs to get you through this difficult time and a reminder to stay at home so we can beat this virus together. Be safe and healthy, dear readers.

Though 24 and Me informed me that on my mother's side of the family I have plenty of German DNA, I didn't inherit the Scrub the Cement Clean Gene. You know how you Germans are, don't you?

Nope I think I inherited the Sorta Clean Gene, which isn't bad considering Dearly Demented Mom was a classic hoarder. It wasn't very apparent when I was growing up because my ultra-organized father was there to keep the abode in check, but after he passed away, her Hoarder Gene came right out into full view.

For most of my childhood we had a maid. DDM's excuse was that she worked so she couldn't clean house. Frankly, she really did need a maid after she retired, but instead she had me – her personal Clean It Up Slave. When I finally convinced her to move out of her house it took me, seven friends and a construction size dumpster to get rid of all her "treasures." With what she still had left, I was able to have garage sales for years.

My point is, I'm not the neatest gal around, but I'm certainly no hoarder. Ok, well there is my collection of oddities from the dump, but those were free, so they don't count. I can clean my house and do, though I've never been able to mop, and I've decided that I don't even need to try anymore. I'm hoping for a Mop Robot for Christmas.

In the last few years, I've had double house duty with the East Wing and West Wing as I'm still not moved in with My Last Husband, though

that's another column. Somehow, I manage to keep his house cleaner than mine, but I think that's just because women have the Pick-Up Gene. But now with the whole Coronavirus scare, I'm hunkered down at his place. After seeing days of terrifying Facebook posts on how we must wipe our homes down continually, wash our hands continuously and drink wine to de-stress constantly, I decided to whip into Operating Room Mode and keep this place the Crystal Clean Palace that it was never meant to be. I mean, it's a ranch. Ever seen a clean cowboy? I now am armed with a supply of Disinfecting Wipes that never leave my side. Daily, I wipe down all light switches, door handles, and every inch of the bathrooms. It's gotten so bad; I've started wiping down Sammy the Siamese Terrorist's tail.

The laundry isn't safe either. Daily, I wash everything on "sanitize." Now most of my black pants are grey. I think I've convinced myself that the Evil Corona Spores won't land on faded clothing. Excuse me, I need to go wash my hands.

I put a sign out in the front yard that says, "The only Corona we have here is beer!" to hopefully ward off those evil spores. And I go outside and wipe that sign down with Disinfecting Wipes daily. No sick deer on my watch.

I'm pretty sure my paranoia is a bit off the charts as I have come to the realization that we are totally self-quarantined here in the hills. Like we say, when you're that remote to begin with, why not just stay remote? And the closest coughing neighbor is at least 10 acres away. Now that's my kind of social distancing.