

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country  
Sneak Attack

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Special to the Prophet

For the last four years, I've been living a double life and sleeping around. Seriously. I've been spending my time at both the East Wing and the West Wing which is how I refer to my house and The Last Husband's ranch. Sounds pretty fancy doesn't it?

Sure, until you realize that you now have twice as much to dust, vacuum and mop. Oh, right. I don't mop. Anyway, there's also the commute. Stay with me here – sure, I'm not sitting in some Big City eternal traffic jam, but I do have to travel about 45 minutes to get to the West Wing. I get to travel the most beautiful road in Texas to get there, but there's still the deer, floods and motorcycles to deal with. Guess I'm a country commuter.

When this whole pandemic thing kicked in, I decided I was going to stay with him for a few days at the West Wing. About that time, I came down with the one hellacious sinus infection. That's when My Last Husband announced, "You cannot leave. You are sick and I am going to take care of you. I will make Chicken Noodle Soup." I thought that was pretty sweet, so I demurely agreed that he could, in fact, be my Knight in Shining Armor.

The next day we headed to the East Wing to snag Sammy the Siamese Terrorist, my wayward Siamese cat, because you never leave a man behind. When we were driving back over the mountain to the West Wing it occurred to me that you might take your dog back and forth between two houses, but with a cat, you've only got the one shot. Here or there. Not both. That's when it hit me – I was officially moving into the West

Wing. I pondered this out loud and MLH replied, “Oh, you finally figured out my evil plot.” Hmmm. Why yes, yes I had.

I worried about Sammy and me the whole way over the mountains. This had been a sneak attack I never saw coming!

Sammy the Siamese Terrorist, on the other hand, couldn't be happier which is surprising because he's been a mostly outdoor cat his entire life. It wasn't my decision, it was his. He just didn't come inside much. I was prepared to stand guard at every door in the new abode so he wouldn't make a mad dash for freedom. For the first three days he hid under the bed, so he wasn't much of a worry except I had to keep lying on the floor to see if he was still under there and that's pretty rough on an old woman's knees.

But since he decided to come out from hiding, Sammy has sauntered about acting like this was his house and he was always an indoor cat anyway. Sure he likes it. He's not worried about a place to put 37 pairs of shoes like I am.

We definitely are working our way very slowly into this new living arrangement. Both of us have had pretty nasty sinus infections and I've been working out of the house for my job, so there hasn't been any crazy running back and forth moving things. I did manage to bring over all my hanging baskets, some clothes and I snuck in a few pairs of shoes – my own kind of sneak attack.

I guess being quarantined will let us know pretty quickly if this really going to work. Wish me and my shoes luck.