

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country
A Night on the Town

By Mikie Baker

As of last Friday, I was fully vaccinated and had waited the obligatory additional two weeks, so I started negotiations with My Future Husband about going out to dinner after a whole year of abstinence. I was pretty sure I wanted something very fancy and expensive. So, I asked MFH what he thought, and he replied, “To hell with that! I need enchiladas!” So much for negotiations. No Texas woman can refuse her man a big old plate of enchiladas.

I decided that I should still dress up, white table clothes or not. I mean, we hadn’t been out on the town in over a year. I didn’t have even one high-powered business meeting where I actually had to look decent since we sheltered in place. I was ready to shine like the Queen of Sheba.

So off to the shower I went. Unfortunately, My Almost Future Husband followed along to the bedroom. Now ladies, I don’t know about you, but I always thought men got ready first, it took them 10 minutes, and then their duty as men was to wait on the women to get ready.

Not in this household. The old boy takes much longer than I do to get gussied up. Now granted, it used to take 30 minutes to apply the perfect makeup, and now it only takes me about two minutes on a bad day. I mean who wants to spend all that time looking at wrinkles and gray hair in the mirror?

But I digress. This time, I took a whole 10 minutes to put on my makeup and another 15 to fix my hair. Then I donned my best cowgirl ware and most expensive pair of boots. MFH gussied up too and we were off for the 30-minute drive to the closest Mexican Restaurant. It was new, so we had big anticipation for a delicious enchilada fix.

Actually, all I really cared about was that someone else was finally going to cook for ME!

We headed to an early dinner and found the restaurant nearly full. I had to keep reminding myself I was 96.5 percent safe in this environment. As we were escorted to our table, I took a look to see who was admiring me and my fancy outfit. Funny, but not one of the little league softball players even noticed. Neither did the Girl Scouts or families on Spring Break. It wasn't quite the coming out party I had imagined.

My Future Husband order the largest plate of enchiladas on the menu and I went with the most expensive item just to prove that I really did want to go out to somewhere fancy. The food was great and the service was superior because someone actually brought me a delicious dinner that I didn't have to cook. I couldn't have been happier. Maybe the new normal is ok, after all.

After we ate, we decided to head home because, well, because we're old and just don't stay out much after dark anymore. In fact, on the way home, the sun was blasting us in the eyes, so we hung out in a roadway park until the sun set. We might have made out, but the center console in the truck made that impossible. And I was afraid if we got in the back seat to neck, the police would show up.

When it was safe to see again, off we went back to the house with full bellies and our first night on the town under our belt. Hopefully somewhere out there is a little leaguer who thinks grandmas should always dress up when they go out to eat enchiladas.