

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country
The Tube

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The Bandera Prophet

Like most of you, I was weaned on television. We had plenty to watch on only three national television stations. Today with 567 channels, 20 million streaming services, and videos on demand, you can always find something to watch, right? Right?

When Dearly Demented Mom was living with me, I would pre-program the TV to play *Murder She Wrote*, *Matlock* and *Monk* over and over all day long. She couldn't have been happier. I find I'm turning into my mother, which is a bit scary, because I now have my "favorite shows." *NCIS*, every episode ever made of any *Law & Order* series and *Blue Bloods* because Tom Selleck is still the biggest hunk on television. Sadly, they are mostly reruns.

Both My Future Husband and I often look for something new to watch because it seems that those three television stations don't have much to offer anymore. I don't care to see Ellen dunking people in a big vat of purple slime. Or a TV reality show which we refer to as Tacky Trash TV. Then there's the never-ending plethora of cereal killers leaving battered Lucky Charms boxes bleeding and broken. Well, you know what I mean.

In fact, when I lived alone, I had to quit watching *Criminal Minds*. Anytime there was a knock at my door, I turned on all the lights and grabbed a garden hoe for protection before I dared cracked open the front door. I was sure whoever was on the other side, was going to tie me up in a chair and play "I Shot the Sherriff" over and over, until I went mad.

When I officially moved in with My Future Husband, he was interested in my cop/murder mystery shows. In fact, he'd watch them with me. Sure, we've all seen the episodes before, but the more we age, the more likely we think this is a brand-new show.

Finally, one day MFH announced, "I'm sick of everyone shooting and murdering each other!" Wimp. I told him to, "Buck up!" And that's when his new romance began.

It started out innocently enough with him trying to figure out why his 1957 Ford Tractor wouldn't start. A friend told him to try YouTube because there were lots of random videos of bored men who were happy to take apart a 1957 Ford Tractor carburetor and put it back together again. Sigh. And none of these men looked like Tom Selleck.

But then he discovered the history videos on exciting topics like, "The Crisis of Mesopotamia." Though I love this man so, I've had to overlook his love of history. I don't care about history. I want to make history.

Frankly, we all know how World War II ended anyway.

Then one day he found the History Guy. This guy is like that mad professor you had in college that would talk for an hour on, "How the Curds destroyed the Roman Empire." Sometimes a history teacher on steroids makes one beg for a serial killer knocking on the back door.

I've made it clear in no uncertain terms that I don't care how the Tyrannosaurus Rex became extinct so when I arrive home from the office, I'd like to watch something from the present time era. You know, like the news and weather.

But lately I've noticed that he turns off that History Guy as soon as I come into the room. I'm afraid their bromance is beginning to blossom into a full-blown historic event. No matter. I'm planning on marrying Tom Selleck anyway.