

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country  
Fashionista

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The Bandera Prophet

Now that we're vaccinated and have been out to eat more than once, I've begun to notice that pesky voice inside my head that keeps saying, "I DEMAND new clothes! A pair of yoga pants. A frilly sundress. A lightly used moo-moo. Something! Anything!" Yes. The pandemic has left my closet full of worn-out lounge wear.

To that end, I went through my closet the other day and had a good talking to with my clothing.

"Favorite shirt with a hole in it? It looks like your days are coming to an end. Just as soon as I lose this Pandemic 15, I'm heading to the store and buying an entire new wardrobe! One that's fit for a queen."

My shirt just laughed and laughed because she knew she'd probably survive another year.

Seriously, I took some clothes to the Goodwill as a donation, and they refused them. The lady who took my box of "gently used garments" looked down at them and up at me and started laughing. She said, "Nobody in their right mind would pay for any these fashion items from 20 seasons ago. When did you buy all this? On that honeymoon cruise in 1982?"

No lady, if I'd brought in my really old clothes, I'd have been arrested and sent directly to Hoarders Anonymous School for a serious cleansing.

My Future Husband's wardrobe mostly resides in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. His warm coat is his Navy aviator jacket that's, let's see, 54 years old. I think it has taken on a life of its own because sometimes I hear it laughing in the closet. "Ha ha! Your high school prom dress is no match for me!"

He has shirts with holes in them, but they are only small holes, you see. I wonder how many inches the holes need to enlarge before they are no longer useful to him. But wait! There are iron-on patches and, horror of horrors, he knows how to iron!

But back to me. The last time I was in town I heard the sMall calling.

Note: sMall is what we call our very tiny mall right here in the hills because, well, because it is. Very sMall. Yes, the sMall called out, “The Sirens are calling to you...Shopping Spree! Shopping Spree!” I managed to ignore these vixens but now I find I’m dreaming about the shoe department who keeps crying, “Don’t be a heel! You know the love of shoes goes deep down into your soul. And we’re all on sale...”

Remember those days when you could whip around a giant Mall? You knew the most hidden, yet closest parking spot to your favorite store. You bounded through the stores with glee because clothes still fit you! You were pre-menopause meaning you could still shop in the Petite department.

Come to think of it, I just might have a great shopping experience at the sMall. Trying on 37 shirts to find one that fits is good exercise. Slipping on just one shoe to see if it doesn’t smash your big toe is good for balance. And a new bra is always helpful for your posture.

Yes, I believe I’m ready to shop until I drop and find some clothes that even the lady at Goodwill would be proud to take. I just hope the latest style is very becoming yoga pants sans holes.