

The Bandera PROPHECY

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Gone Country

What a difference a day makes...

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

Years ago, I had a coworker who came in first thing every morning with stories to tell about all the wild adventures she supposedly had between 5 p.m. and 8 a.m. the next day. Before too long, I decided that no human could have that many tall tales happen in less than 24 hours. But after the day I've just had, maybe I was wrong.

My day started out normal enough. I headed to work and got plenty done before lunch. Then I headed out to pick up a to-go order. As I walked up to my car, I heard the cry of a tiny baby kitten. I dropped my purse and keys and went searching and found a small black kitten who was all alone and scared. I scooped him up, ran back into the office and proceeded to get him some food and water. I closed him up in my office and headed back out to get my lunch.

The day progressed with everyone in the office coming by to check on the tiny kitten with a meow the size of Manhattan. He ate and cuddled up for a nap while I pondered needing another cat in my life. The problem was that he was black and since I was born on Halloween, black cats have always been lucky for me. I'm pretty sure it took me about 10 seconds to determine that he had chosen me. I sent a quick text to My Future Husband asking if it was alright to bring one more critter home to the menagerie because I didn't want him to divorce me before we'd even gotten married. Luckily, he's a big softie.

A coworker came to my rescue with a cat carrier so I could take Rod (yes, named after Stewart because of that meow) with me to pick up the Teenage Eating Machine who is now called the Adult Eating Machine and his four-and-a-half-year-old daughter whom I shall call the Talking Texas Twister because, frankly, she never shuts up. Not even for a

nanosecond. And most of her talking is very dramatic, kind of like Rainbow Randy.

I had not seen my family in over a year, so I was really looking forward to the visit. We got home and had a nice evening playing with the new kitten, though both the dogs didn't quite know what to make of him. Sammy the Siamese Terrorist knew, though. He slunk off to the patio couch never to be heard of again until this morning. Terrorists are always such spoil sports.

Everybody went to bed early just so we wouldn't have to listen to another word from the Talking Texas Twister, but at 3 a.m., Rod decided it was time to wake up and cry. Being the good mother, I took him to the kitchen to feed him while trying not to trip over the dogs who wanted to know who needed protecting.

When I came back into the bedroom, My Future Husband, was up in the bathroom, mumbling. I came around the corner to see what his problem was only to be encountered by the Elephant Man. The left side of his face was all swollen up as were his lips. Unfortunately, I've already moved all my furniture to his ranch, so I decided I was just going to have to live with the Elephant Man. I gave him a Benadryl and we all went back to bed.

Today, I'm hiding in my office writing, hoping I can finish before TTT wakes up and starts in again. At least I'm beginning to understand a four-year old's lingo. Looks like I'm going to spend the day with a Talker, A Crier and a Big Baby. And yes, all that can happen in less than 24 hours!