

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country
Seedy Doings

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The Bandera Prophet

Over the holiday weekend, I headed to the Big City to hang with my Very Best Friend for a couple of days. We hadn't gotten together, just the two of us, in way too long. Sometimes you simply need to stop and enjoy some door-delivered food, copious amounts of adult beverages and marathon-watching *Marvelous Ms. Maisel* to maintain sanity.

Unfortunately, I am still nuts.

But now the plot thickens. After retirement, my VBF has gone and found herself another friend. The weird part is her new friend is also born on Halloween, loves to garden and is rather funny. Obviously, my Very Best Friend has a girlfriend "type." Me? I feel like I'm living in the *Twilight Zone* of Halloween birthdays; My Future Husband, his best friend of 45 years, me and now VBF's friend are all born on Halloween. I'd call that spooky.

I just wasn't prepared for how really spooky her new friend is.

Saturday morning, we headed over to this Halloween-born friend's house for a nice walk around the neighborhood. We thought we could walk off some of the copious amounts of adult beverages from the night before. The walk started out at a good pace. About three houses down from hers, this new friend stopped and started grabbing seed pods off an innocent *Esperanza* bush. All I could think of was that I was walking with a Plant Kleptomaniac. I jumped back in horror.

ME: What on earth are you doing?

PK: I'm liberating them!

ME: From what?

PK: From being ignored. I only steal seeds or small plants that no one will notice. I figure if people have extra little baby plants in their yard, they really don't need them. I think of it as just weeding. All good gardeners weed.

ME: Yeah, but not usually other people's yards.

I really didn't know what to think. I mean, she's a plant klepto and I'm not sure if that's something you should call the police about. Have you ever seen Plant Police armed with hoes running across front yards?

By the time we got done with our walk, she had an armful of plants and seeds. She disappeared into her garage and came out with several packets of seeds for me. The Plant Kleptomaniac handed them to me and demanded, "Liberate them! Plant them and let them grow!"

I'm pretty sure I heard her make a Halloween witch cackle after that.

Funny, but there wasn't a pumpkin seed in the bunch. Every good witch should grow her own pumpkins, you know.

The Plant Kleptomaniac claims that if she has any doubt about what she's "lifting," she rings the homeowner's doorbell to ask if it's all right. That sounds good in theory, but since she's retired and they walk during the week, there's really nobody at home to ask because they're all at work. Pretty convenient, isn't it? Wonder if they have a door cam for aiming at your plants so you can catch all the plant kleptos out there with your iPhone.

I left armed with plants and seeds because TPK is running out of room at her house. She gives her ill gotten gains away as presents. I can only surmise it's because she doesn't want to appear on the gardener's version of *The Hoarders*. They'd probably find hundreds of large man-eating sunflowers growing all over the inside of her house.

Other than that, even though she's a bit seedy, The Plant Kleptomaniac is really starting to grow on me. Sorry. I'll show myself out now.