

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country  
*Hide and Go Seek*

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The Bandera Prophet

Remember when you were a kid and you'd hide so your friends could try to find you? I haven't played that game in over 50 years. Know why? The man I live with would never be able to find me. Frankly hiding in a closet all day can get pretty boring.

When I was a teenager, I can remember my mom calling me into the kitchen pleading for help. I'd dash in to see her staring aimlessly into the pantry and I'd hear something like this, "I swore I had a can of pickled beets in here but I can't find them anywhere!" I'd look in the pantry, grab the can of beets and hand it to her. "Here Mom. It was right in front of your face. If that aluminum can had arms it could have reached out and tweaked your nose."

I always thought she was losing her mind. Unfortunately, she really was.

I think I remember that I'm still pretty good at finding things around me. Not so much with My Future Husband. Just the other day, I got a call from him while I was at work.

ME: Hi honey!

MFH: Have you seen my satchel? (That's his man purse.) I can't find it anywhere!

ME: Did you look in your truck?

MFH: Yes. And in all the normal places that I put it. It's nowhere to be found and I need it because my wallet is in there.

ME: Until you take your wallet out and leave it someplace else.

MFH: Well I didn't do that this time. But I still can't find it!

ME: Okay, well where's the last place you remember putting it?

MFH: I can't remember!

ME: I get that. The last place I recall you having it was when you parked your truck in front of Headquarters and you came in and brought me the mail. Have you looked out there in the office?

MFH: Okay, hold on; I'll look.

ME: Try and make it quick. I'm at work.

MFH: Oh here it is up against the wall on the floor!

ME: No wonder you couldn't find it. Talk to you later. Bye bye.

Why is it that from 35 miles away, I can still find everything he loses? I must have X-ray vision.

As I pondered how I can be so stealth, and he can be so clueless I decided to call Very Best Friend to check and see if Perfectly Engineered Husband had the same disease.

ME: Does Perfectly Engineered Husband ever call you from work and ask where he put his favorite pencil?

VBF: No. He's an engineer and he's always organized. He never loses anything.

ME: Thanks. You're no help. You people don't have near enough clutter in your lives.

Undeterred, I asked around the office. Yes, it seems many a man has this disease. In fact, one of my cohorts talked about her dad, who was a farmer. He'd head into the house on the farm and ask his wife where he had put down his screwdriver that he was using to fix his tractor in the barn. I guess she had X-ray vision, too.

At least I don't forget my wallet when I go to the grocery store, like MFH. Or my hearing aids when I go to the audiologist. I guess I should consider myself lucky because he still remembers who I am. Or maybe not.

I suppose the only thing left to do is to head over to Amazon to buy vitamins and chains. I can pump him full of Prevagen and chain all his important things to his belt loops. But first, I'm going to have to remember my Amazon password.