

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country  
*Can't Touch This*

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The Bandera Prophet

Last Friday, My Future Husband and I spent way too much time in a CVS drive thru lane for my liking. I mean, isn't Friday afternoon the moment you crack open a cold one and begin to enjoy the weekend? You see, I was exposed to Covid last week and as soon as I was sure, I started feeling weird and began to drag a leg. Okay well, maybe not drag a leg, but I did feel more odd than normal. We were supposed to pour beer at Oktoberfest on Saturday morning, but since I'd been exposed, we decided to find out if we were okay rather than spreading something to half of south Texas.

The process made me feel like I had leprosy. First, I had to register online with CVS for a test for me and then do the whole process all over again for MFH because he and forms don't get along too well. I think he does it on purpose just so he can have a personal secretary.

Anyway, the online process demanded that we showed up at the appointed time with our paperwork, IDs and insurance cards in hand. Check. I think it said something about wiping down my keyboard with Clorox wipes afterwards because I might have infected my computer. But as mean as my computer treats me, I wasn't too concerned for its health.

We drove an hour to get up to the closest testing CVS, but got there about 20 minutes before our appointments. We were instructed to wear masks, have our paperwork and IDs ready and prepare for the test. But we had to stay in the car because nobody wants a bunch of sick people running around in their stores.

So, we pulled up in the drive-thru lane only to wait another 20 minutes for our lucky shot at talking to a real human. And this real human was

behind a giant glass window. We held up our paperwork and she screamed, “Keep your paperwork! I just need your magic number. And I don’t need those IDs. I will not touch you or them!”

See, told you I felt like I had leprosy.

She then gave us two brown paper sacks, each of which had our name on it. Inside the lunch sack was everything we needed to figure out how the heck to do the tests on ourselves. She told us to quit holding up the line and to please leave, go test, then drive back around, get in line again and finally deposit our tests in their magic metal canister firmly affixed to the side of the CVS.

Knowing how long we had waited in line before, I suggested to MFH that we simply go back around the building and get back in the line. I thought we could figure out how to do our tests in the next long wait. We stuck the cotton swabs in the appropriate orifice, sealed them up in tubes and put them in our well-marked brown paper sacks. Then we proceeded through the line until it was our turn to hit the magic box.

Once all the hullabaloo was over, the only thing left to do was to head to Whataburger for a #1, hold the tomato and then a dash to Dairy Queen for a small cone. Every kid who goes to the doctor, whether a drive-up doc or not, deserves a small cone, after all.

By the way, we were both negative so it’s back to the real world once again. But somehow, I feel like wearing my leopard lounging pants for the next week.