

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

On the Road Again

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

On our second date, I found out My Future Husband was born on Halloween just like my humble self. I didn't quite know how to deal with this joke played on us by the Universe, but I decided rather quickly that the best way for us to celebrate our twin birthdays was to travel for our special day. At least it sounded like a good idea at the time.

Now I'm not so sure.

We are about to embark on our latest vacation adventure which Very Best Friend and I schemed up over a weekend without adult supervision. It's a nine-day travel extravaganza that meanders through three different states. I brought our plan home and presented it to MFH, hoping he could embrace being gone that long from the ranch. Neither of us are big travelers. The longest we've been gone before is four days. This extended vacation will give us the opportunity to see whether or not we both should find good divorce lawyers. Oh wait, we survived the quarantine, so we ought to be good.

But no worries. My Future Husband said, "Let's go for it!" and we were on to our next big adventure. At this point, we're almost too tired to go. First, we had to plan food – we're staying in a couple of Airbnbs plus some hotels. VBF suggested we eat in a few nights and hit the town the others. But since not having to cook is part of a vacation, I really didn't want to have to grocery shop and cook. At all.

My Future Husband is in the kitchen right now making his famous Truck Stop Chili and whipping up 20 sausage biscuits. I figure any Texan can survive with these two staples, though stirring up a bit of sausage gravy to go with those biscuits is always an option. And, lucky me, somehow, I've talked him into making the two things he can cook. Imagine that.

We've meticulously cleaned out the truck, arranged a sitter for the critters, tried on every single thing we owned and then washed most of that. There is old luggage, ice chests, maps, travel-sized everything and more. I think we're packing half the house. We've even got Halloween costumes in there for the Witch Walk I found online where we are staying one night. I'm pretty sure that evening will be a column on our return.

This vacation is so fancy and has so many moving parts that I've typed up a four-page itinerary. It includes all the places we are staying, all the fun things we are doing and what days we eat sausage biscuits and chili. Like I said, I think I'm worn out from all the pre-prep shenanigans. And just to make it a bit trickier, when we leave it will be sunny in the 70s but by the next night the high will be a balmy 57 with a low in the 20s. Sounds like a January cold front in south Texas. I heard MFH mutter something about layers and did I have any pantyhose? I could feel a runner just hearing him say the "P" word. I think I need a nap. So, wish these Halloween Baby Adventurers safe travels on their heavily loaded brooms. I'll pop photos on Facebook next week and give you a classic column (think rerun) from another funny adventure while we work our vacation spells on each other.

And have a very Happy Halloween!

Knock, knock!

Who's there?

Boo!

Boo who?

Well, you don't have to cry about it...