

The Bandera PROPHE'T

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Gone Country
Funny Looking

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The Bandera Prophet

My New Year's Resolution is to make you laugh at me. Wait. That doesn't sound right. Maybe it's this: My New Year's Resolution is to make you laugh with me. Yeah, that's the ticket.

It's just not easy to be funny all the time. At this age, there's more difficulties in life. There's a non-ending pandemic, there's all those pains in my body that never stop and there's the heartbreak of psoriasis. Oh, wait. I don't even have that.

Let's go back to the beginning, shall we? I started writing a humorous column to keep from going insane. There I was at the Dancing Dog Ranch sequestered with Dearly Demented Mom and the Teenage Eating Machine. DDM did so many ridiculous things, I felt if I didn't tell the world, I'd burst. It was just too much funny to hold inside.

And the Teenage Eating Machine? What part of raising a teenager isn't humorous in some way? If nothing else, the clothes were always a riot. So, I wrote for the local newspaper that I loved. They published a newspaper once a week (yes Virginia, there once was newsprint) and my column was in the second section as you only got in the front section if you'd been in a gunfight on Main Street.

The nice thing about writing for a newspaper was that there was no feedback. Absolutely none. No likes. No hugs. But more importantly, no laughs. Occasionally, I'd be somewhere in town, and someone would ask, "Say aren't you that Gone Country gal? I read your column every week and you're hysterical!" I'd feel so good after that, I'd give DDM

an extra Stouffer's Macaroni & Cheese, if you know what I mean. Heck, I don't even know what I mean.

Unfortunately, several things then happened. The Teenage Eating Machine grew up and moved out, Dearly Demented Mom went to heaven to solve mysteries with Angela Lansbury and the newspaper folded.

I stopped writing. And being funny.

But then technology happened, and I jumped at the chance to be part of the "new thing" – an online newspaper for all of us iPad crazed individuals to get our news. And our laughs.

Problem is, now there's a scorecard. And I'm not a 10.

On Facebook, you people have your choice of emotion. Like, Love, Care, Laugh, Wow, Cry, Angry. That's what the world of emotions boils down to, Facebook style. I certainly wasn't prepared for instant feedback. Why? You people don't laugh enough.

I need you to laugh with me more. Stop hugging me. Laugh with me. What's even worse is my homegrown picture-perfect cauliflower post got 123 likes, loves and I had over 50 comments on my gardening prowess. My column gets about 35 hits, a few emotions and lots of random heckling. Heckling is just fine, by the way. It shows you care. I wonder if telling jokes to cauliflower does make it grow better?

So, this year, let's laugh more! I'll even try and be funny. And make sure when you hit that laugh button, hit the share button, too. Let's spread laughter all over this crazy world until everybody's happy again. And it all starts with a single first step: a laugh emoji.

If nothing else, I'll always be funny...looking.