

The Bandera PROPHE'T

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Gone Country
Down Stream

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The Bandera Prophet

I'm getting tired of technology. There's too much of it just like there's too many Liberty Mutual commercials. And nobody thinks an emu is funny. Especially one who doesn't even talk. Mr. Ed should be mortified.

But back to technology. My TV is smart, so why am I not? It all started about six months ago when that large satellite cable company whose name is a synonym of PLATE, decided not to carry CBS anymore. I can only assume it was a nasty breakup because they still haven't gotten back together.

So, there we were with a Smart TV and no CBS. I was missing football, Tom Selleck, NCIS and all the FBI's. I always watch all the FBI's to make sure they're not coming to this house. You just never know.

I am not totally dumb, so I decided to jump right into the land of streaming and download the CBS app onto my Smart TV. Then I discovered there are three CBS apps – one for news, one for sports and one for everything else. Sigh. Ok, did it anyway. Got all three of them. It was so easy until I tried to sign in.

I hit the brick wall. My Smartass TV wanted to know who my TV provider was. When I put in the synonym of PLATE, it just laughed at me and said, "Sorry you can't trick me like that. You aren't allowed to watch CBS ever again. Good Luck with the FBI."

I pouted and kept looking out my windows every time the dogs barked.

And then I found out that the Cowboy playoff game was on CBS, though in hindsight, it might have been better to miss that game all together.

So, I went to my friendly iPad and Googled how to watch the Cowboy game via streaming. I know, I know. Streaming? Frankly there's nothing streamlined about it. But my smart little iPad told me that if I downloaded Paramount Plus, I could in fact, watch the Cowboys do 'one and done' once again. Bitter? You bet.

And guess what – miracle of miracles I could actually stream! I felt all powerful and that I was in charge of my life once again – take that the synonym for PLATE! There they were – my boys: the Cowboys, Mark Harmon, Tom Selleck and all those hotties at the FBI. I was safe once more.

With all this power, I began pondering life in the Stream and if we could handle it. I really don't care much about most of the channels offered – I am not ever going to watch prison romances or look at Kim Kardashian's overworked freak of a body. I have only one problem with cutting the cable – all gardeners must know at a moment's notice what the weather is going to be. Even though the weathermen/women lie about 50% of the time (i.e., rain, what rain?) I still like to look at the pretty colorful radars. It's a sickness, I know.

I guess what I really want is a Streaming God who will come to this ranch and make magic – give me all channels by voice command, a wall full of JBLs, a movie screen and hook it all up to that woman robot that listens to everything I need and gives it to me. Then maybe I won't feel like my parents must have felt when I had to keep teaching them how to work the VCR.

Of course, if I get too much technology, the FBI might just show up at my door – with an illegal streaming warrant and a cease-and-desist notice – for watching anymore Cowboy games.