

The Bandera PROPHECT

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Gone Country

This is the End, My Friend

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

Still stuck in front of the liquor store, I found a nice Uber driver willing to drive us an hour north to my office where they assured me, I could borrow a Jeep to at least get us home. Luckily, the Uber driver had an empty trunk, so we managed to get a wheelchair, walker and two large bags stuffed into the trunk. Oh, and My Future Husband. We were nice and put him in the car.

Then I took my car key into the liquor store and told the agreeable man about my situation and asked if he could hold my car key there until the tow truck came, I'd sure appreciate it. He said, "Ma'am, you've got bigger problems than how much you drink. Happy to help."

Off we went and arrived at the office with time to spare where we reloaded into another car once again. All the helpful people at the office came out to chat, but I was on a mission – to get him to our voting precinct, which was another hour away. I floored it while trying to figure out how to use the radio, put it in drive and turn on the blinkers.

I was still freaking out and wished I'd bought half the liquor store. We pressed on. I managed to get to our voting place with at least half an hour to spare. A nice man donning white nail polish checked us in. Trust me, I didn't ask.

We voted and then headed home, with me calming down for the first time all day. After I got MFH back to the house and unloaded all his equipment, I sat down and slammed down a large glass of wine. About that time, I got an automatic text from my insurance company asking if the towing company had picked up my car. I told them I had no idea

because I was no longer in the area, but no one ever responded to my calls or texts.

Then an insurance man called me and said he'd get right on it. Within a few minutes, I got a text from the towing company saying they'd be there in two minutes. Really? So evidently, Buck finally got towed because then I got a call from Pep Boys saying, "Ma'am, I've got a 2009 White Ford Edge here." To which I replied, "That'd be mine."

They replaced the battery but said it's got much bigger problems like it doesn't run right and it probably needs a new engine which is only \$10,000 or more. That's when I decided that maybe Buck is really dead after all. It's still sitting down there in the Big City because I haven't quite figured out how to get it back north without costing me several arms and legs.

I guess there is no ending to this story at this point, but I'll keep you updated. I see all those ads about bringing in your car and, "We'll pay top dollar!" I wonder if they do that for old cars that don't quite work right anymore, kinda like how I feel about right now. I fear a new car payment in my future which means I won't be able to afford wine for a very long time, and I could really use some right now.

Happy Thanksgiving, dear readers. I am thankful for all of you.