

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

More Random Thoughts

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

It's time to clear out the bats in the belfry, so here we go.

Legal Warnings

You know that really small print that lawyers make companies put on their products like, "Don't put this plastic bag on your head and tie it around your neck. You could possibly die or ruin your makeup." Well, I demand one of those warnings on all hair conditioners. "If you hate the smell of coconut, don't buy this product. It can ruin your shower and you'll probably smell like a macaroon cookie all day." What is it with coconut smell for conditioners? I mean, is it supposed to make you drift off to a tropical island? Frankly, I'm afraid some "do it yourselfer" is going to attack me with a hammer just to crack my coconut head.

Spell Check

Otto Correct is my enemy. I'm a writer so I tend to have long texts to people. It's certain that if I don't proofread my "brilliant" text, there will be bizarre mistakes like this: "This Dallas Cowboy toothbrush you gave me for Christmas is flaccid." What I really said was this toothbrush is a real classic. I didn't even know Otto Correct understood the word flaccid. And, obviously, he has never used a toothbrush.

Artificial Intelligence

If Otto can't figure out my typing, how is some Bot going to help me in any way at all? They said there are "Chat Bots" on social media who

will respond to your posts. Well, I post my columns on the internet and I'm pretty sure my Chat Bots say things like, "My, you are pretty, and I love how well written your musings are. Friend me and we can go dancing as long as you pay for everything."

Texas Cold Fronts

One of my favorite activities is to go to the grocery store the day before we have a cold front blow in. There's a buying frenzy of chili meat, milk, and bread because it's going to be cold, and the world is coming to an end. Immediately. But even more fun is to see what one jacket we Texans own that we've been wearing for the last 30 years. I have winter clothes that haven't seen the light of day in years, but you just never know when another three-day cold front will come barreling through. We are cold wimps in Texas.

I Must Be High

No, not me. It's Rockin' Rod the crazy black cat. His need to be on stage is beginning to wear on us. He demands top billing on top of the pantry, front and center on the refrigerator and climbs every door jam in his "purrview." I think he's got flying squirrel DNA from some funky family history. Or maybe he was a Flying Wallenda in a former life.

New Technology

I saw a story on TV about the latest Mega Electronic Convention from Las Vegas where all the crazy inventors come out to show their stuff. There are some terrifying new electronic toys that light up like strobe lights and make sounds that are sure to drive any parent out of their mind. But that's nothing compared to the face mussel you can now buy so that when you are playing electronic games with another idiot who is afraid of going outside in the sunshine, you won't disturb his concentration with all your weird noises that evidently come out of your mouth when you play electronic games. A mussel. And it's adjustable. I better not get one for Christmas, just sayin'.