The Bandera Prophet

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Gone Country
My Funny Bone Broke

By Mikie Baker
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You probably haven't noticed, but I haven't written a column in three weeks. Was I on some tropical island? Nope. Was I on strike? As far as I know, I'm not a member of any union. Was I just very grumpy? Oh yes, that, and much more.

My Future Husband started it, but then I jumped right on board. Evidently, we contracted the one virus we're not vaccinated for – RSV. Just like a couple of little AARP babies, we fell down hard and just couldn't get back up.

Let me explain RSV to the uninitiated. (My brain hasn't thought of a word that big in weeks.) It's like the ultimate sinus/pneumonia infection that laughs at antibiotics, steroids, and heavy drinking. Enough said.

Now I understand that no one really wants to hear about your sickness, unless, of course, you were turned into a Newt and then you got better. But this dang virus also broke my funny bone.

We were innocent. We assumed we had a couple of Cedar Fever Sinus Infections from Hell, so we started by demanding antibiotics and steroids from any Doc in the Box who would listen. MFH scored antibiotics first – in fact two rounds – and when his doctor finally suggested he might have pneumonia, I hauled him off to the Emergency Room while I hit the local Urgent Care to get my first round of drugs and steroids. I am a fan of steroids. They make me clean my house.

But nothing worked. And we're stuck way out here in the hills without a delivery service or groceries or any fancy things you people in the Big

City have. I could have survived by demanding food and drugs delivered from my position on the couch. But no such luck.

Because My Future Husband went down first, I sprang into action and whipped up some homemade Chicken Noodle Soup which cures everything, right? Luckily, I didn't have to pluck a chicken first. Magic Soup didn't work.

Then I joined the couch party and refused to move. But you know men. They must be fed. I managed to run through every frozen warm up thing in the freezer for a week before My Future Husband turned on me. It was very ugly.

The MAN demanded a full Pot Roast Dinner. I would have left him if I hadn't felt so bad. I rallied and cooked for hours before I hit the couch for another nap. I believe I referred to him as, "Yes Sire" for the rest of the day. Whatever happened to women's rights, anyway?

I wish I had learned how to be a woman who never cooks. That's one great con I never figured out. At one point, I thought of calling EMS to deliver me to Very Best Friend's house in the Big City, just to escape. But there's no escaping "sick."

We aren't married yet, but I was still considering divorce. Instead, I opted for two naps a day and told him he was on his own for lunch. And while I slept, I didn't get to hear the whining.

After a couple of very long weeks, we are slowly getting back to normal, though I've never been quite normal since the day I was born. Just a couple of days ago, my Funny Bone decided to return so look out for next week – I should actually have found a sense of humor again.

Until then, I'll just keep on cooking for My Possibly Future Husband.