

The Bandera PROPHEET

June 8, 2023

Gone Country
Earth Wobbles

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You know when you're in your 40s, and while walking along you just stumble over nothing? I call that an Earth Wobble. It's like someone from Heaven just pushed you over on purpose. Well, when you get to retirement age, unfortunately, Earth Wobbles can have you calling an Orthopedist. Let's discuss my latest.

I refer to it as the "Eggroll Incident" because it was definitely an incident, and it involved an eggroll. There was no fortune cookie in the mix, though it might have predicted, "Be cautious. Earth Wobble ahead."

Recently, on a night when I was making a stand about, "not cooking dinner," I opted for heating up some eggrolls in the convection oven. Simple really. Grab some sauces, paper plates, and you are good to go. But this particular evening, I was confronted by an Earth Wobble. As I was transferring the last eggroll onto a lovely paper plate with my trusty tongs, my trusty tongs lost all the trust I had in them. This means that the last eggroll dropped directly on the floor in between the stove and the counter. No problem, I grabbed my handy yardstick (which is basically used for nothing but measuring and getting kitty toys out from under the couch) and sat on the floor to retrieve the eggroll from under the stove. Simple, right? Nope. Earth Wobble.

I was having no luck and we were both hungry, plus I knew this eggroll was way past the five-second rule, so I decided to give up. And that's when the Eggroll Incident happened. As I was starting to get up off the floor (which is a little more difficult when you are old), I just simply fell

over and smashed the side of my head on the floor. As in some goon on NCIS just slapped me harder than anyone should ever experience because he was a bad guy. You know what I'm talking about.

I hit the side of my skull so hard, it knocked my gas permeable (meaning hard) contact lens out of my eye and up three feet away onto the counter. Luckily, I found it, but I figured I now had a war injury. And I was right. It scratched my eye so badly; I went directly to the eye doctor the next day. I wasn't even worried about the knot on my head. At this point in my life, I'm used to knots on my head. That's why I'm this way.

And, sure enough, my eye doc looked at it and went, "Wow! How did you manage this?" All I could say was, "Earth Wobble."

He told me to not wear my contact for at least a week and basically come back every other day for him to check it out, plus put magic drops in my eye four times a day. Sigh. My Earth Wobble had made me blind. Couldn't drive, couldn't work, just couldn't. I'd have taken a sling, a cast, or anything else over being blind, which I have been since third grade. "Look at the chart and tell me what you can see." All I ever said was, "Where's the wall?"

After two weeks, and many trips to the eye doctor, my eye has finally healed, and I can wear my contact and live out there in the world just like the rest of you. I've also sworn off eggrolls for a while and understand it's my duty to cook meals because, evidently, someone is not happy with my life choices, hence Earth Wobble.

Be careful, friends. Just be careful. You never know when your next Earth Wobble is coming.