

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country
Did I Die?

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The Bandera Prophet

Though I moved in with My Future Husband at the beginning of Covid, I haven't even attempted to sell my house. But time is a wastin', so a couple of months ago, I sprang into action. I'd heard about Estate Sales, but I was pretty sure none of my knickknacks came from the Ming Dynasty. Still, someone might just pay for something funny, like my bluebonnet hand-painted fake horse hoof. I mean, those babies are rare. I called Very Best Friend to discuss the situation.

ME: So, do you think my junk is good enough for an Estate Sale? Isn't that what they have for old rich women who have gone to the Neiman Marcus in the sky?

VBF: Well, from what I hear, it's all about "staging" the house.

ME: They're going to build a stage so an auctioneer can hawk my collection of plastic containers?

VBF: No, silly. They're going to take all your bits and pieces and pull them into a cohesive look, so people don't notice the chips and stains. But the coolest thing of all is, while you're moving your things out, you simply leave the rest, and they make it disappear!

ME: Do they do windows, too?

All she had to tell me was to leave what I didn't want, and I was hooked. How fun! I never wore this dress, in fact, the tags are still on it so maybe it will go retail! This dumb wedding present I've been dragging around for years is outta here! How about the pictures of all my old boyfriends? I immediately Googled Estate Sale Legends in my area and, sure enough, I found a reputable company. I set up an appointment and got to work with VBF on packing up everything I wanted before the sale. I'm still working on that, but that's another column.

And my Estate Sales Goddess sure knew her Estate stuff. It's embarrassing when you show someone all your abandoned wares because you know, deep down, they are judging you. Anybody up for a slightly uninflated Mavericks Basketball signed by the team probably in 1982?

But not my Estate Sales Goddess. When her gaze landed on the basketball, she said, "Oh good! It's a collector's item!" No wonder I like her. I got down to the nitty-gritty.

ME: So, you've seen the house, the garage plus all my and MFH's stuff and I haven't scared you off?"

ESG: Heaven's no! People buy anything! Even cracked or not-so gently used stuff. They love a good bargain!

ME: Does it help that I have three sizes of clothes in my closet?

ESG: Absolutely! I'll just put this in my ad: "Country western shirts available in three sizes because she is a woman, after all." I've got over 1,000 Facebook followers and they come running when I announce an Estate Sale.

ME: Well, I've got 43 Facebook followers, most are out-of-towners, but I know my nosy neighbors will show up to check out all my funny stuff. I'll make sure and toss the things that could ruin my reputation in this town.

So, I'm having an Estate Sale that you don't want to miss. Think of all the silly and funny things that will be staged throughout the house so you can continually laugh on your tour. If nothing else, the Mavericks Basketball (that no one in south Texas wants) ought to give you a giggle or two.

You out of towners, make your reservations now. The sale will be Nov. 17 – 19, and you don't really want to miss all the fun. Or the fake horse hoof.