

The Bandera PROPHEET

June 20, 2024

Gone Country

Heading to the Really Big Show

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The Bandera Prophet

After two years of surgeries and rehabs for My Future Husband, we are finally back to normal, or as normal as we ever get. Enter a road trip to visit MFH's Crazy Cousins, who I totally adore except for one small, make that large, problem: they live in Houston.

Being raised a North Dallas Girl, I was taught to hate Houston at an early age by the city of Dallas. Sure, Houston was bigger, but it was humid down there and no North Dallas Girl in her right mind wanted frizzy hair. I mean, really.

Admittedly, I've been forced to visit before and nothing I saw or did change my opinion. If I was going to enjoy this trip, I needed to find out more about the fourth largest city in the country, hoping I could discover some funny things about the Big H. The best I could come up with is the National Museum of Funeral History is located there, and I hear people are just dying to get in.

I scoured the internet until I got really bored. It's really hard to impress a North Dallas Girl. There were a few interesting facts I gleaned including the statistic that some stretches of I-10 in Houston are 26 lanes wide.

Haven't these people ever heard of tollways?

Amazingly, Houston has more haunted destinations than any other city in the country. I sure hope the hotel we're staying in isn't haunted.

Though I like Ghosts, I'm not sure I want one hopping out of my mini bar. That'd be some spooky spirits.

On the other hand, the Houston Zoo has more than 6,000 animals so I'm not going to go visit. With that many critters, what are the chances that

there's at least one marsupial that's trying to make a break for it, on any given day. Nah, my days of dating animals are over. And so are zoos. We could head to NASA, but I've been there before and if you've seen one spaceship, you've seen them all. Except for those that fly around Roswell, New Mexico. Even they won't fly over Houston. Interestingly enough, Houstonians eat out more times a week than any other city in America. They claim they came up with fajitas, but everyone knows that San Antonio came up with breakfast tacos, chili, and fajitas right about the time Houstonians were still riding horses to town. But they did come up with this: Viet-Cajun Food which sounds like a Beignet with Rice Noodle Soup inside.

It does have the largest Medical Center in the World, so if the Viet-Cajun food does you in, there are plenty of doctors there to help you out. Once you're well, you can head to the Houston Galleria which is the largest shopping mall in Texas. That doesn't sound like any fun as I gave up malls in my 40s when I could no longer make the long trek around the mall in four-inch heels. Heck, I only wear flats now, so maybe I should give the mall another go.

Most perplexing of all is the fact there are 145 different languages spoken there. Frankly, I didn't know there were even 145 different languages in the world. I imagine some of those dialects were made up on the spot while some poor foreigner was having a Houston heat stroke.

My Future Husband's only mission is to eat seafood and Cajun food so he can pretend he's in New Orleans because, let's face it, nobody really wants to go to Houston.

My apologies to you Houstonites. Ok, not really.