The Bandera Prophet

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Gone Country
Face Off

By Mikie Baker
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One of my goals is to never look in the mirror again. It scares me because I see my mother. But after a new haircut, I was forced to stare at my face while checking my new do. Shocked, I said to myself, "Self, you need a facial. Your skin is as dull as watching the Nathan's Hotdog Eating Contest." And since I don't want to terrify young children, I made an appointment.

I went to a fancy salon with low lights, cucumber water and soft pillows. I felt like the Queen of Sheeba. The facialist took one look at me and said, "No worries, dear. When I'm done with you, you'll look 10 years younger and feel like a spry million bucks." I thought her goals were a little lofty, but what the heck? Game on.

She led me to the room which had low lighting and music that sounded like some woo-woo spa music that plays on the only radio station in Heaven. There are no wrinkles in Heaven.

Once I was situated in the facial chair thingy, she turned on the mister to "open my pores." I thought, "Lady, my pores are already giant and open, that's why I'm here." Then came the eucalyptus oil in the mister which calms you down and makes you shut up.

Next, she slapped a couple of cucumbers on my eyes. Make that cucumber slices. Now I couldn't see what she was doing.

Suddenly there was the Light of the Thousand Suns surrounding my face. I sunburn very easily, so I spoke up and said, "Ma'am the cucumbers on my face are starting to curl. If you don't turn that light off, I'm going to turn into cucumber soup only it won't be served cold." She

shut off the light and said, “Well, that was a treatment to get the fine lines off your face.” I don’t have any fine lines; they are more like giant grooves.

Then she went on to the very unpleasant task of attacking my skin with a mean little needle thingy. Evidently, blackheads are the enemy, and this gal was a Major General in the War on Pimples. As she explained, “Oh this is my favorite part! I love the attack! You know, one of my customers couldn’t take it and finally asked me to stop hurting her so badly. Glad you’re such a trooper.”

I asked if they served wine.

After that second torture, I was really looking forward to lotions and potions being rubbed all over my face, so I felt soft as a baby’s butt. But alas, that’s when she went for the jugular.

“Now I’m going to work on your neck. I have a special tool that will smooth the skin and help firm it up!” I wondered if turkey neck removal was part of the service or if I’d just end up with a smooth turkey neck. The massaging thingy felt nice on my neck and luckily, she had put up her needle, so I wasn’t worried about her going for the jugular. She told me this was a “special add-on treatment” (read costs lots extra) and they sold this treatment in a kit. It was only $355. I might pay that for turkey neck removal, but she was barking up the wrong wrinkle.

Finally done, she announced I was glowing and looked 15 years younger! I looked in the mirror and saw the same old face, wrinkles plus all the red marks from the evil needle.

I guess I’ll just have to face the fact that at least I still feel spry.