

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

*Don't Be Still, My Heart*

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

In their military wisdom, the VA decided to mend My Future Husband's broken heart the week before Valentine's Day. He has the type of ticker that either wants to go boogie dancing or stand in quicksand. I've seen him dance and evidently, his heart has no rhythm either.

For the procedure, we were sent to the Heart Hospital in the Big City. I was all excited because I figured they'd certainly be decorated up for Valentine's Day. You know, big red hearts everywhere, halls awash with red, white & pink, and a Cupid suspended from the lobby ceiling firing the occasional arrow hoping he could drum up more business.

But alas, it was just another nice hospital. I guess all hospitals are nice now because they charge so much. We were ushered into the "When Will I EVER Get Surgery?" ward with "privacy" bed curtains, extra-large gowns that open in the back, and anesthesiologists who pass gas. One of the people in charge came in and asked MFH if he'd like the regular pacemaker or the brand-new wireless variety. He opted for the latest technology. As they explained it, there were two little battery sized things they corkscrew into each ventricle and then this dynamic duo talks to the heart via Bluetooth.

My mind raced. Would MFH now interfere with our Wi-Fi at home? Or could he hack my bank account? If so, could I get AI to reprogram My Future Husband, so he'd cook all the meals and clean the house, too?

About three hours later, they wheeled him away to a two-plus hour surgery. Because it was going to take a while and the waiting room had no Valentine's decorations, I decided to go shopping with Very Best

Friend. Don't hate me. All we did was go to Ross and that's not real shopping because nothing is over \$12.99. And, if you didn't know, shopping can cure a broken heart.

When I got back to the heartless hospital, he was still in surgery, but came out soon after. Guess that gas passer got tired. Then I had to wait another hour to see him in the recovery room so I could kiss him and make sure his Bluetooth wasn't broadcasting Super Bowl Sunday.

That night I had a nightmare. I dreamed that while we were sleeping, MFH suddenly blared out the sound of a cell phone Silver Alert. It was a warning for him as he had strolled off into the Hills and was speaking Babble Lessons in French. Looks like the dynamic duo was playing a joke on me.

Armed with his instruction manual, the next morning I headed back at the hospital to whisk him away. Evidently, there's more to this pacemaker than we thought. There are rules with these little Bluetooth wonders. Don't put yourself in the microwave. Well, maybe what they said was don't stand really close to one. Anyway, magnets can be a problem too, and you probably don't need to look at the next eclipse. Everyone knows what an eclipse can do to your eyes so imagine what it can do to your heart.

The next night, I had another nightmare. I dreamed MFH ran off with the toaster oven. Since I'm now awake, I'm going to head to Etsy and see if I can find a real pretty magnet necklace for those times when My Future Husband refuses any demand I might have. He must always be wary because I have such a magnetic personality.

Happy Valentine's Week. If it falls on a Wednesday, it's a week, right?