

From the Sheriff's Calls Section in the *Point Reyes Light*, January 12, 2012

INVERNESS PARK: *At 1:37 p.m. a woman said the father of her son or daughter was threatening to take the child.*

A Bad Day for Doris

“What I don’t understand,” Mildred took a sip of chamomile tea from the Bovine and put down the paper, “is this simple question. Doesn’t the woman know if the child is a boy or a girl?”

“Of course she does, Mrs. Rhinehart.” Doris’ hands danced around the elderly woman’s head. It had only been a week since her last do, but her hair had lost all of its life. She’d used almost every product they had, and still Mrs. R.’s hair lay loose and lifeless in her hands. More spray – everything worked better with more spray. “Close your eyes.”

Mildred tightened her eyes until she saw stars. “But that mom!” she cried, agitated, worried about her own daughter Janet. She’d not called in a week. “For heaven’s sake, Doris, quit spraying, I’ve got to open my eyes, I need to think.”

Doris put away her spray and her scissors and held up her biggest blow dryer. One way or the other, she was going to get the older woman’s hair to behave. “They don’t say what gender the kid is in the paper for security reasons, Mrs. Rhinehart.” And, she supposed, to keep people out of everyone else’s business. But this father worried her. He was threatening to take the child. How old was the kid? Was the mother beside herself with worry? What about Barry? What if he came and tried to take Joshua?