

From the Sheriff's Calls Section in the *Point Reyes Light*, August 11, 2011

INVERNESS PARK: *At 11:52 a.m. someone thought they heard gunshots. Deputies found that it was just a domestic argument.*

Just a Domestic Argument

"Just a domestic argument?" Mildred Rhinehart drew a bead on the little door of the cuckoo clock over her mantel. "Watch this, Fred."

Precisely at 12 p.m., the door on the clock burst open and a little yellow bird let out a song. Mildred's blast blew the bird to smithereens, along with the cuckoo clock and some photos nearby.

"You didn't have to shoot Dad!" Fred sprang to the mantel and tried to find all the pieces of his father's photo. "Take it outside, Mildred. This house isn't big enough for the two of us."

"That's what the deputy said and what does he know." She took sight of the red and white gingham curtains in the kitchen window, the ones her sister put there, the ones she'd always hated.

"Mildred, no! You'll break the window."

"You think?" Mildred's shot shattered the glass.

"Second time this week. I'm taking you to your sister's." Fred slipped closer to his wife of fifty years and tried to get behind her. She spun, aimed her weapon at him, and he fled out the door into his burgundy Buick. He would've been at the fire station in Point Reyes Station in five minutes if he'd kept his foot on it. Instead he slowed, stopped, and turned around on Levee Road. Mildred needed him and he'd missed her terribly the last time she'd been gone. As far as going to her sister's, that would take \$1,000 and a flight to Kansas. He wasn't ready for either.