

From the Sheriff's Calls Section in the *Point Reyes Light*, November 27, 2011

FOLLOWING ORDERS: *At 10:42 a.m. deputies called for back-up for a "pedestrian who was not following orders."*

Following Orders

"There's no crosswalk so I can cross anywhere," Fred Rhinehart told the officer. There was no traffic, it was a sunny day; what were they hassling him for?

"Sir, make up your mind," Officer Anderson requested.

"But nobody's here," Fred complained. He needed to buy a steak for Mildred, but every time he headed across the street, he couldn't remember which kind or if it was a head of lettuce she wanted. He didn't want to go home empty-handed.

"Sir, you're slowing up traffic."

Fred was in the middle of the road and a hay truck and Cheda's tow truck were stopped, waiting for him to cross. Mildred had been in the kitchen clucking her tongue and threatening to write down a list and pinning it to Fred's shirt. Now Fred sort of wished she had. "Okay, okay, officers," for now there were two of them. He walked back to the relative comfort of the sidewalk and sat down on the bench in front of the Bovine.

He went through a list in his mind. Milk, check; bread, check; he remembered a big cheese loaf on the counter; coffee? He'd seen Mildred's five-pound bag in the pantry. That left, that left, he sighed, everything.

Five minutes later the officers were gone and he started across again. The sun was in his eyes. It bounced off a windshield coming up the street and Fred wasn't in Point Reyes Station at all. He was in a field, courting Mildred, pressing a dozen fresh-picked daffodils into her hand,