

From the Sheriff's Calls Section in the *Point Reyes Light*, September 29, 2011

LUCAS VALLEY: *At 12:23 a.m. inmates at juvenile hall were caught making love in the locker room.*

Love in the Locker Room

“Oh my.” Mildred caught her breath. “Oh my.” She got up from her flowered couch and paced the house nervously. “Fred! Fred!” she called. He was sprawled on the other end of the couch, deeply offended about the end of the Giants’ season.

“Hunh? What is it?” He sat up, dumbfounded.

“Animals, Fred, that’s what they’re like. Those teenagers. At Juvenile Hall.” She poked at the paper as if it held a disease. “Those kids.”

“Having another bad day, Mildred?” Fred shifted his weight and took his stockinged feet off the coffee table. “You were upset last week with your sister. Now this.”

“This is different. In the locker room. Fred, we were never like that.”

Fred, reaching into his eighties, wished he’d been like that. Meeting Mildred when she’d been a teen, with her beautiful little rosebud mouth, her clear blue eyes, her vivacious spirit, if they’d had the chance, maybe he could’ve had fun with her in a locker room, but times were different then. Smitten, he had taken her out like a gentleman, driving his father’s truck carefully from MM Ranch, getting her home on time, nervously asking her father for her hand.

With a bow tie on, too; Fred hadn’t looked as sharp since. He looked down on his worn-out plaid shirt and brushed crumbs off his collar. He had promised Mildred’s dad he would take care of her, and he had, hadn’t he? The house he’d built in Inverness Park hadn’t come down yet. It sagged in the middle like he did. Big deal. He shuffled to the kitchen for another Bud.