

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

LAGUNITAS: *At 5:48 p.m. a woman discovered a man asleep in a sleeping bag in her back shed. The man told the woman he was cold.*

It's Your Lucky Day

Cold? Beth wondered. What do I care about him being cold?

She hurried inside to get a lantern and a gun. Anyone sleeping in her shed, cold or not, had to go. Taking her blue point hound and her .22, she marched back outside.

She jammed the shed door open with her foot.

"This ain't no hotel, Mister." Beth raised her rifle, racked the slide, and rested her finger on the trigger guard.

The guy eyed the rifle.

"Sorry to bother you, ma'am." His rheumy eyes were bloodshot. "I was riding, horse saw something, and bucked me. I know it's not public property, ma'am."

Again that pleading through bloodshot eyes.

Beth frowned. "This is my house. My land."

"Sure enough." He licked his lips. "Can I stay the night? Ain't no bother. If you like, I can sleep with the horses? The lambs? The pigs?"

"Fat chance of that."