

From the Sheriff's Calls Section in the *Point Reyes Light*, Nov. 3, 2011

BOLINAS: At 3:35 p.m. a woman who had called several times in the last few days reported that someone had broken into her home, stolen \$120 from her purse and returned a missing set of keys.

Missing Keys

“Why I don’t understand, Fred, is why anyone would want to return the keys.” Mildred snipped her diseased roses in her yard on Dream Farm Road. “Isn’t that weird?”

“Isn’t what weird?” Fred was having his own time of it adjusting his patio recliner. Every time he set the back up, the bottom of the chair, where he was about to put his legs, fell to the ground. Two times already, it had folded itself in thirds, as if it was eager to get back in the box. He opened it up and, bracing his arms and legs, looked back at his wife. “Mildred, someone broke into a house and returned keys?”

“My cousin Bertha had a tenant problem, too. But she changed the locks when she threw old Mr. Thompson out. He smelled.” She snipped off the buds of five coral roses. She didn’t like the color.

“But why didn’t this gal change the locks?” Fred asked. “Did the woman have a girlfriend?” After he realized what he said, he stopped talking.

“Girlfriend, for a woman? What is the world coming to? Why can’t girls marry boys the way they’re supposed to?”

“I don’t know,” Fred said. He had no idea what she was talking about.

“But if you’re going to take money, why return the keys, or vice versa?” Mildred continued. “Doesn’t make any sense to me.”