

From the Sheriff's Calls Section in the *Point Reyes Light*, August 25, 2011

NICASIO: *At 9:12 a.m. a man reported finding 30 to 40 marijuana plants on his property.*

Predictable as an Old Goat

“Fred – come on, it can't be possible. No one would be so slow that they wouldn't notice all those plants on their property.” Mildred put down her paper and let her reading glasses slide off her nose. “Honestly, what were they thinking? Waiting for the plants to be six feet high, then call the cops?”

Fred was accustomed to his wife reading things in the *Point Reyes Light* and getting agitated. It seemed to be part of her Thursday routine. Go to the post office, get the paper, get all worked up, get her hair done. All in the space of an hour or two. Predictable as an old goat.

He readjusted his weight in the sky-blue recliner – a new chair for him, since he'd broken the couch. This one had no duct tape. He felt a thrill. He eased his hands along the ridges of his wide-wale corduroy pants. Things could be better. Mildred's cooking for one thing. His eyesight, his hearing, and he didn't want to think it aloud, but the most important thing, his, well, you know. He hobbled into the kitchen for a drink.

Except for the occasional beer. He didn't drink much, but since things hadn't been working well in *that* area, he'd taken to having a nip now and again. Something had to make it work again and the doc had said no Viagra on account of his heart.

He nuzzled up to his wife, his warm breath adjacent to her ear. Her white hairs tickled his nose. “Hi, sweetheart.” What the heck, anytime was worth a go.