

From the Sheriff's Calls Section in the *Point Reyes Light*, October 20, 2011

WOODACRE: *At 11:46 a.m., a caller said, "Yeah, my husband ..." before hanging up.*

An Open Road, a Blue Sky

Mildred was angry. Fred hadn't taken out the trash, cleaned the refrigerator, or started her car. She paced the kitchen nervously. He was being lazy, still staring at the TV long after the last game of the World Series ended, his head in his hands, muttering continuously.

So she called the cops.

"So? Anyone can call the police, any old time," she said to her friend Beverly, who had come over for some freshly baked chocolate cookies. Mildred stirred the batter. "They call about cows in the road. Why can't I call about Fred? He hasn't left his chair all day."

"You didn't have to call the cops." Fred sat up with a frown.

"You have a husband. He does stuff, Beverly." Mildred greased up a cookie sheet. "Fred, do something. Be useful."

"Hey." Fred stood up, all six foot two of him. Tall and heavy, he towered over both women. "Don't you think you're being a little unfair?"

"After all these years of being married to you, I have a right to be unfair." Mildred shoved the cookies into the oven.

Beverly reached for the back door and left, making the doorbell jingle.

"You didn't have to scare her," Mildred sniffed.

"Me? I don't scare anyone," Fred said with a sigh. "'Cept on Halloween."