

From the Sheriff's Calls Section in the *Point Reyes Light*, December 22, 2011

SAN GERONIMO: *At 7:54 p.m., a Red Boy Pizza delivery man drove into the creek and suffered a head injury.*

The Pizza Man

“Can’t you see I’m fine?” Thomas Freed clutched his head. He’d been late from doing his deliveries and pizza boxes had spilled all over the inside of the van.

Officer Linda Kettleman listened to the perpetrator complain. Blood was running down his nose, but not forcefully, so maybe she didn’t need to call 911. She lifted her thumb off the call-back button on her radio.

“And how fast do you think you were going, sir?” She prepared for her report. First, assess personnel damage, then review the scene of the accident. Assess, report, make calls. She could do that.

Thomas blinked from blood running into his eye. He wiped it away with the back of his hand. The officer was – what, blond? He could barely make out her face with the goddamn flashlight she was shining in his eyes. “Do you mind?”

Linda sniffed for liquor on the young man’s breath. All she could smell was garlic and pizza. She reached for her mother’s handkerchief from the front pocket of her standard-issue blue pants. No. Use gloves. Whatever goop they have on them, don’t get that goop on yourself.

“The light, please?” Thomas asked.

She flicked it on low. What should she do next? Call Cheda’s for a tow? The white delivery van was head into a ditch, front wheels dropped into a bank of San Geronimo Creek.