

Last Tuesday, the day started normally until later in the day

I started my day at 7am, as usual took my first med of the day. Made the bed and took a shower then I cooked my breakfast and half an hour after my first tablet, took the second one following the GP's instructions. It was a lovely sunny day, the birds were chirping and a lovely zephyr wind drying my clothes. Everything seemed right with Tawa but not necessarily with the rest of the world. I pottered around in my flower garden congratulating myself on how colourful it looked but then I used a foul word or two when I found the smelly deposit a cat had left. By that time I found I was running late.

I wanted to be at the community centre by 1.00 for the Write It group. It usually takes me 20 to 25 minutes steady walking. If the weather is a bit iffy I catch an on demand bus which is a great service. I got there just in time. The group certainly has some great writers, something I aspire to be.

This particular Tuesday after the group dispersed and some of us had gone for coffee I was walking home with Trish. We had almost reached the main gate of the Redwood Estate when I became aware of someone running very fast. I turned around to see a young lady apparently running as fast as she could. She had a determined look on her face, maybe even a little frightened. I turned back to carry on my way home. Before I realised what was happening this same young lady pushed into me quite roughly nearly knocking me off my feet. I was not amused. It was only when I arrived at home and was taking off my jacket I found a small package in my pocket. I removed it cautiously not knowing what I might find. It was four small stones, not like the ones in my bird bath but they did look interesting. One was yellow, one a dark colour (almost black) and two a sort of dirty gray. I asked google what uncut diamonds look like and the match was amazing. I felt a bit awkward about phoning the police but did so anyway. It took no time before a police car was parked outside my villa. The two police introduced themselves Chief Inspector Tracy Jones and Inspector Lucy Smith. It seemed that there had been a recent theft from a manufacturing jeweller from up the coast. I explained how they were in my possession but not a very feasible explanation. I could not describe the young woman and would not be able to identify anyone in a line up. I told the police I had four stones in my possession but they were adamant that there were only three stones taken. So what would you do in my place?

I had this ring made but I must admit I don't wear it in public very often as it makes me nervous because only that young woman knows the truth. Believe it or not but I am sure I can count on your discretion.