

## Missing Things

“Hey, Bernie, have you seen that weird part for the mag lock?”

“Which one?”

“The nut that goes in the door to hold the latch plate. I thought it was in the box with everything else.”

The red-furred man looked down from where he stood on a ladder, bundle of telephone cables in his paw. “Haven’t seen it. Did you drop it somewhere?”

“Guess so.” Grumbling Deored retraced his steps back to his work truck looking for the reflective, mushroom shaped nut he needed. It wasn’t on the ground anywhere and several minutes of digging didn’t turn it up in the truck.

“Did you find it?”

“No, I’m gonna stop at the hardware store on the way home, maybe they have one.” There was enough to do, the door could wait for now.

Deo hated trying to find things in stores, he’d given up trying to find it on the shelf and was slowly turning pages in the parts catalog at the end of the aisle. He knew the name of it but couldn’t remember it to save his life.

“Can I help you find anything, sir?” The gray-furred man in an orange apron asked as he approached.

“Maybe. I can’t remember what its called, but its a threaded socket about this long,” he held up a paw, fingers two inches apart, “kinda shaped like a mushroom.”

The employee thought for a moment, “The only thing like that we have is a three quarter pan head bolt.”

“It’s a bit like that, but its got threads like a nut instead of on the outside.” Deo turned another page in the catalog.

“We don’t have anything like that here. Have you tried Alda Bolt Store? They may have one. It sounds like a specialty part.”

“Guess I’ll go see them tomorrow. Thanks.”

“Sorry I couldn’t be more help.”

On his way out a sign by the counter caught his attention. “There’s a recall on Forster ammunition?” He asked the attendant at the ammo counter.

“Oh, yeah. They found a manufacturing defect on .35 caliber rifle ammo: inconsistent powder loads. If you have any you can bring it here and trade it for a new box.”

Deo chewed the inside of his cheek before replying, “I’ll be back in a few days.”

He arrived home some time later, changed out of his work clothes, and flopped on the couch. He laid back wallowing in frustration for twenty minutes or so until he heard the door open.

“Hey, Mink,” he called without opening his eyes.

“Hey, you,” she answered back as he heard her move to stand next to him.

He then let out a quiet “oof” when a small, weighty object was dropped on his stomach. He grabbed it before it could roll off and looked up at his wife. “Where did you find this?”

“I saw it in the driveway when I got home.”

Looking at the part the name finally came back to him, sex bolt.