

Harriet Report #16 – Robbed! Finally – 3/28/01

Guess what! I got pick pocketed at home and Peter and I heard the robber enter the house. We thought it was Alex. What a rotten deal.

I thwarted the pick pocket attempt in the Paris metro by those two professionals. I made it through Naples! I made it through Rome train station, Paris, the Amsterdam airport train ride many, many times, and now I get “pick pocketed” in my own home on quiet old Oude Delft.

The robber used a credit card to open the glass door to our hall, opened my purse hanging with my coat, and removed my wallet, at 3:20pm yesterday, Wednesday, March 28, 2001. I realized I'd been robbed, or something, at 4pm when I went downstairs to go out for a walk and noticed my purse was unsnapped. Alex and the boys were there because they were going out too. My purse was too light when I picked it up and when I shoved my hand in I felt immediately that my wallet was gone!

I quizzed the boys and Alex about the door, had anyone noticed it open. The boy's friends have often left the glass door open because to them it seems like the outer wooden door to the street is enough. But when the dentist is open for business she latches the wooden street door open so her patients can get into her waiting room. That leaves only our glass door between our home and the public. But the door had been shut!

Then I wondered if it had fallen out riding my bike, but that seemed pretty impossible since that had never happened yet in seven months of riding my bike and I was 95% sure my wallet was in my purse when I had to reach around it for my keys at 12:15 when I came home.

When I called to cancel my credit cards it turned out someone had just tried 20 minutes earlier to remove US\$ 308 from an ATM on my credit card and been rejected because they didn't know the pin! So there was a robber! Later on Peter realized that we heard the robber come in when we were watching TV together and I said at 3:20, “Daddy's home” when I heard the door. Peter said that Dad didn't come up for 10 more minutes, which is correct, and that he heard the door again just before Dad came up. So the door 10 minutes before Alex came up was the robber opening it and shutting it again right away.

The dentist said, “Maybe it was one of my patients”. No shit, sherlock. The police said “Robbers often open doors with credit cards, it's not surprising”. The landlord said “Ah, yes, this happens. The neighbor next door was robbed a year and half ago while he was sleeping”.

So, I wasn't imagining it, someone came in and opened my purse and took my wallet, two credit cards, an ATM card, a train discount card, \$150 german marks

and \$100 guilders, the receipt for sending the taxes registered mail to the accountant, three strippencartes for the tram, and my video card. It wasn't too hard so far to cancel and request new of everything, the video store being fastest, handing me a new card right then. The cash is gone obviously, about US\$120 worth.

What a weird feeling to be cozy at home in quiet, safe, Delft and get robbed compared to those days of wearing my purse completely concealed in my coat, especially that one night walking the crowded shopping alley in Naples with the boys and all those suspicious looking characters giving me the appraising-where-your-money's-hidden look. I made it past all those tests, only to be taken while sitting on my bed watching a Dick Van Dyck mystery. Hey, he has a Dutch name! Humm, I'm not watching that show anymore!