

Perka the Coyote and the Road Runner

From the series: A Good Zodiac Sign

The phone rings.

Dead of night.

“Helloooo...” the Road Runner answers sleepily.

“Who’s this?”

“It’s me, Road Runner... your Perka...” — something resembling the creaking of rusty wires could be heard.

“You’re not my Perka, don’t get carried away. So, what escaped your mind at this hour?”

“Well... I wanted to ask you something... I’m reading something...” Perka began shyly.

“They say my zodiac sign is excellent. A true humanitarian.”

“Every sign is a humanitarian, a romantic, stupid, fake-smart, and arrogant. Depends on who’s wearing it.”

“Well fiiiiine... but my sign?” she chirped tiredly.

A short silence.

“Your sign is good... but you haven’t been a good catch in a long time.”

Silence.

From the other side of the line came the sound of breaking things.

Not just plates.

It sounded like sheet metal had gone to pieces too.