

## Perka the Coyote and the Road Runner

From the series: Murder on the Astro-Express

"Heeeeeey, Perka!" the Road Runner shouted from the gate.

"Is she deaf... sounds like she spent her whole life inside an airplane engine," he thought, while the neighbors were already gathering around the house, convinced something terrible had happened.

Just then Perka came out, delighted, awkwardly running toward the gate.

"She's old, and she's about to attempt suicide right before natural death," crossed the Road Runner's mind as he watched her approach.

"Hey, Perka, you know that song — Just One More Liter...?" the Road Runner laughed.

"You're gonna break something, and I won't even be close to tasting your culinary specialties," he added, remembering countless half-burnt meals he had been forced to praise, while secretly planning his escape to the nearest store for pâté and beer.

"Oh, I won't, I won't, I'm still quite agile!" Perka replied through laughter.

"Of course, no doubt about it. That's typical for your rather advanced years — just like a car engine."

"How like an engine?" Perka suddenly turned serious.

"Well... when they've done a lot of miles, most engines actually run their best... you know."

He paused.

"But usually, after that, they fall apart very quickly."

"Oh, Road Runner, you always have such witty and encouraging comparisons," Perka replied sarcastically, already imagining the oven.

"Anyway, tell me before I serve you — how can I get into astrology? Do I even have that in my natal chart?"

"How could you not? Indicators everywhere!" the Road Runner exclaimed.

"But first, let me grab a bite before I start explaining."

"I have gibanica, but no beer, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," the Road Runner said quickly, while knowing in his head she was doing this on purpose.

Gibanica without beer? Fine — her interpretation would be just like that.

"Your gibanica is good, Perka... really."

"Oh, that's my specialty," Perka concluded proudly, lowering her head.

"So, what would you recommend I read?"

"You know... with your extraordinary Sun-Saturn trine, you'll extract the essence from every book," the Road Runner said mockingly.

"Wait, didn't you say that aspect doesn't give me stability in acquiring knowledge?" Perka asked seriously.

"Oh no... nothing like that... depends on what I'm interpreting," the Road Runner justified himself.

"I'd recommend you start with Liz Greene, then move on to Tolstoy, continue with Dostoevsky... and finally finish with Disney characters."

"Disney characters? "

"Well, that's because of the planet names. You'll understand... eventually."

He paused.

"By the way... you really don't have any beer?"

"No, I honestly didn't buy any."

“Alright. First — of course you don’t have it if you didn’t buy it. What a silly answer.

Second — you could’ve gone and bought some already.

Third — gibanica without beer is like an astrologer without Mercury.”

Perka cut him off with a stare.

“And with that aspect of yours, it honestly doesn’t matter what you read. You wouldn’t understand any of it anyway, and your attention span lasts about as long as a lawnmower without a cable. You’re the kind of person who’d drive a lawnmower into the house and cut the power cord. That’s your trine right there.”

“I’m leaving. And next time, if you buy beer, maybe a transit for learning astrology will show up. If you’re still alive.”

A frying pan flew.

Sinisterly slicing through the air.

This time it came very close to the oven.

But just as no aspect becomes an event until the degrees align, this near-journey of the Road Runner into the oven wasn’t written in the stars.

Yet.

The saga continues...