

Perka the Coyote and the Road Runner

Let's Change the Famous Duel

:D ? vs Gemini

Perka calls Gemini.

From the doorway, excited:

"Johnny (Bane)! I just got this bouquet of flowers from a real gentleman. Look — isn't it beautiful? Come on, check our synastry, I brought the data!"

A friend happens to be there too, laughing and clapping her hands the whole time.

"Oh wow, what a lovely bouquet! I don't know what I'd give to get flowers from someone courting me..."

"There you go, Johnny — you could learn a little from the masters," Perka adds.

"I should probably own a flower plantation and a delivery service at this point," I say.

"You wouldn't give anything, don't be silly," I continue.

"By the way, Petra, are you ever going to replace those pies you bake with 100 euros when I interpret your aspects? At this rate I'm eating the most expensive pies in the world. And I prefer fast-food gibanica with regular beer."

"Oh, Johnny, I don't have it, you know..."

"Fine. Then we'll do the reading without astrology."

"How without?"

"Listen. I'll guess.

The guy isn't from here, right?"

"He isn't! How do you know?"

"I know. He sent you flowers because he's a Leo — wants to impress you."

Perka is stunned.

"Yes, he is a Leo!"

"And he's broke. He invested all his money in the bouquet and is buying time until he can afford to come. Right?"

"Well... he doesn't live nearby. He did suggest coming... but why do you think he's broke? He has a house!" she says proudly, as if waiting for my mistake.

"He does, no argument there. The house is run-down, nothing worth photographing. And you haven't seen it, right?"

She starts fidgeting nervously.

"Why are you jealous? You really surprised me," she says spitefully.

"I'm not. Anyway — he doesn't have a car, does he?"

"He doesn't! How do you know?"

"If he did, what's 200–300 kilometers for love?"

I pause.

"And finally — give me one of those pies. At least some benefit from coming here before you throw me out."

"I won't, go ahead, tell me," Perka says sweetly.

"He complimented your house. He plans to move in. And he's about two years older than you. Or the

same age.”

“He is... how do you know?”

“I can’t think of a single normal man who would send you flowers.”

A frying pan takes flight.

Like an angry snake.

Its contents fly out.

“Cutlets again? You know I don’t like thigh — only neck!”

The Road Runner is already halfway through the gate.