

Gasp and Dash

by Mathew Paust

I took a deep breath and turned the key. I pushed the door open just far enough to see. I backed out, closed the door and turned the key again. I walked to my car, knelt down and placed in front of the right front tire the little box with the holes in it that held the parakeet I was bringing to her as an anniversary gift. I got into the car, slammed the door, started the engine, drove over the little box with the holes in it, hearing the nasty *crunch* whilst fighting to suppress an overly excited imagination that thought it heard a tiny soprano *squawk*, as well, looked in the mirror to make sure the little box was squashed flat, snorted through a flash of conflicted satisfaction, and headed downtown to find a divorce lawyer.

