

Bunnies Murmur

By

Venita V. Johnson

Flash Fiction

I've been sitting in Mr. Calabosas' driveway for over an hour. Delilah comes out and has on the prettiest smile. She throws the bag with \$6500 in it in the back seat. That smile never leaves her face. She wraps her arms around me and kisses my cheek.

"How was it this time?" I ask.

"Fine, I'm just happy to see you."

All I see is how happy she looks after leaving him. We start arguing about everything like always. I say sex work isn't work. She says that I wouldn't have a divorce lawyer if it wasn't for the money Mr. Calabosas gives her every week. She hugs her stomach. I yell nasty things at her and pull the car over.

"Well, that's fine," she begins, "I mean, any man that lets his former boss ram his woman for— "

I slap her. "I'll take \$3000. You take \$3500. I'm gone." I open the door for her, and she punches me in the shoulder.

"The thanks I get for giving everything to a dumb man!" Delilah puts on the backpack and sits underneath a tree. I pull out into traffic.

My eyes blur. All I can see is that smile on her face after leaving him. My car swerves left. I find myself in a field. A gate goes around the entire property. While my tires spin, bunnies jump above the gate. There are dozens of bunnies of varying color and size. They swarm out like they are late for an appointment. Adrenaline pumps through my veins. Five brown bunnies get on their hind legs and look straight at me. They look like a family.

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