

Flash Fiction Third Place

Anniversary

By Peter Stavros

Elvis in the parking lot of that sad motel in Pigeon Forge draped a pink nylon scarf over your neck and kissed you on the lips when we told him it was our anniversary, which I thought was bull shit but you motioned not to say anything, as if that old fart in the bedazzled polyester pant suit and oversized rhinestone-rimmed sunglasses and dyed black pompadour that probably wasn't even his real hair, this dime store wig pulled out of a cellophane package, would do something, but you were always "you don't know for some people sometimes" and you were right. All I said was "c'mon buddy, ease up there with the lips" and he flipped like a switch to enraged and deranged and tried to go all Chuck Norris on my ass, those goddamn kicks and chops and slaps, and where'd he get that knife. Crazy fuck. Who knew? You. And you were right, as usual, as we ran for our lives, not really for our lives because there was no chance in hell he would ever catch us, that old fart, platform shoes, yet white knuckles nonetheless, until we got a few blocks away, blended in amongst the meandering extended families with their mall walking and gargantuan dripping ice creams, cracking up and breathing heavy, hands on hips, my hands on your hips, my lips on yours, that after ten years together, ten years in all, I should have learned by now to trust you. Ah, memories.