

FLYING PIGS AND OTHER EXASPERATIONS by D.Davis {Rated G}

July 2012 Challenge: A 500 word dialogue and body-English piece starting with this sentence: *“His or her crossed arms answered her or his question before he or she spoke.”*

This story features same characters as “Female Troubles.”

[All X-men characters belong to Marvel/20thCenturyFox]

Her crossed arms answer the question before I utter a syllable. Funny, she doesn’t even know the question yet. I crack my neck bones just to watch her face pinch up like she’s constipated.

Eyes narrowed, Marla hisses, “You are the most exasperating human being I’ve ever had the misfortune to know.”

“Just exasperating? Must be losin’ my edge.”

Drumming her fingers against her biceps, she snips, “What do you want?”

My turn to cross arms. “I promised Wendy I’d talk to ya about...” Sucking in a breath, I keep eyes locked on hers. “...Her spending some time with me.”

She blinks. She inhales, bites her lower lip. Her mouth forms a grimace. She shakes her head and chuckles—all in a few seconds.

She answers, “When pigs fly,” with steel and vinegar.

“Yeah.” Straightening my arms, I lace my fingers and crack my knuckles. “Figured ya’d say somethin’ like that.”

“Then don’t waste--“

Checking my anger, I cut her off. “Waste what? Time? Effort? It’s time you start thinkin’ ‘bout what’s best for our kid instead o’ your own baggage, eh, Marla.”

“Baggage? Do you really want to go there, Logan?”

“Anytime, darlin’.”

Hand poised to slap, she lunges. “Ohhhh you!”

I snag her wrist and we engage in a frigid stare down.

“Get your hands off me.”

“Not til you throttle back.”

She gives, I let go and we put distance between us.

“Marla, I’m not trying to take the kid away from ya. But ya gotta see the big picture. Ya tell the kid one thing, but she knows what’s goin’ on in your head. Keep it up and you’re gonna push her away. Trust me, that isn’t the way I want it to go.”

Eyes gone misty, she nods. “I...I suppose I anticipated a conversation like this. And I suppose I owe it to you.”

“Not me. Wendy. We both owe her and I don’t want her goin’ through anything like when I was a kid.”

“You’ve recovered your memories?” She sounds concerned, tender even.

“Some.” I shake my head steering the conversation back on track. “All I’m aiming to do is keep my promise to Wendy raising the possibility of what’s it called? Shared custody? Visitation?”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Not real sure ‘bout it. I guess we gotta work it out. I promise ya this, though. I don’t aim to stir it up legally or anything like that.”

Relieved, she sinks into the couch fiddling with a loose thread on her shirt sleeve. “I need time to think about this, talk with Wendy myself.”

“Take all the time you need. I’m thinkin’ let Wendy set the pace, eh?”

Her smile is guarded but real. “Maybe you’re not always exasperating.”

I can’t resist a cocky wink. “Whoa, darlin’! Was that a winged pig that just flew past the window?”

“Oohh, you!” She tosses a sofa pillow at me. Her grin tells me it’s friendly fire this time.

The End