

Pink Elephant

by Monique La Terra

Suffused in a clinical blue, a single white tennis shoe lies on its side misplaced on the laminate floor. The apartment reeks of bleach, the bottle proudly claiming “all-purpose”.

‘Hide the phone,’ he orders from across the apartment.

I scan the room; my eyes lock onto the mobile phone. The device belongs to neither one of us. But where to stash it? On the couch, a beacon of neon pink polyester cuts through the blue shadows. Won earlier at the carnival by the pier, the pink elephant sits seemingly unaware of the crisis. I knife the tusker, pull out the white bating, and with a gloved hand stuff the phone in. I think of Julia Childs. *Bon Appétit!*

‘Hurry,’ he yells, impatience thick in his voice.

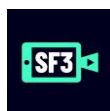
There’s an urgent knock at the door. ‘Police, open up.’

My heart races.

‘Smile, or it’s over,’ he says through gritted teeth, but there’s blood in my mouth, like the first floss in a while. I run my tongue across my teeth.

The pounding on the door grows louder. ‘Open up.’

The pink elephant shuffles across the bench top. Inside, the phone hums incessantly.



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