



Ominous Omens

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Fortune tellers are bullshit.

Those four simple words have been a repetitive mantra inside my skull for the past fourteen days. And boy, have they been the longest, most treacherous fourteen days of my life.

I'm in my bedroom, on the phone to Sierra. She mutters something completely unintelligible.

"Sierra, focus."

"Babe, it's been two weeks. If your boyfriend was cheating on you, you'd know by now. Just because some 60-year-old hunchback of a woman told you there's gonna be devastating changes in your love life, does not mean sweet ol' Callum is cheating on you."

"I know, but he's been acting so much weirder, lately."

"Define weird."

"Like— okay..." I sit down on my bed, cross my legs and rack my brain to make sure I don't get labelled a psycho. Sierra will probably go there anyway. That's just her job as my best friend. "So, you know after we got home?"

"Yep."

"I suggested we meet for brunch when he has at break, 'cause he's working at the office tomorrow. He was like, *oh smashing let's do it*, and I saw him add it to his calendar on his phone, right?"

"Doesn't sound like him to use the word *smashing*. You're right, he's definitely cheating."

"Shut up, focus. You know how strict he is with the things he adds to his calendar."

"Yeah, doesn't ever miss a thing that's on there, I know."

"Yeah, well, he was late."

"Okay? Maybe there was traffic. He still showed up."

"See, that's the thing, he blamed it on traffic. The kicker? I came the same way from home that he would have to take from the office, and I wasn't late. In fact, I was early. We came the same way, and he was over a half hour late."

“Okay...”

“And then, two days after that he tells me he needs to work late.”

“Isn’t he a trainee?”

“He is. Who the hell keeps a trainee ‘till like 7 at night? Fuck that, his days finish at four.”

“Okay, that’s shady.”

“Right? It’s giving me like those rom-com vibes, you know? Dude says he has to work late all the time and then before you know it, he’s divorcing you and having a kid with some hooker bitch that works across his desk.”

“Bit dramatic, but okay.”

“That’s not even the worst of it, he hid his phone from me the other day.”

Sierra gasps dramatically and I start to regret calling her in the first place. “No, he did not! How rude of him to want to keep his property and privacy to himself.”

“No, but you know how we are. We literally don’t care, we share phones. You remember that time I accidentally grabbed his in a rush to get to work?”

“Oh yeah, that was hilarious. I wonder if he read our chats when you swapped them back.”

“He did, he said we’re absolutely bonkers.”

“Fair play.”

“But see, that’s what I mean, it’s not the whole thing of not letting me have his phone, it’s the sudden change in the dynamic.”

“God, you can tell you teach English for a living.”

“He left the room earlier today when his mum rang him, too. There never been a time where she rang him, and he didn’t let me take the phone and just chat shit with her for a good half hour.”

“Wow. He’s really gonna deny you and Tracy your quality time? Just like that?”

“I know.”

I sit back. I panic a little bit, but I still have to pick a dress for the date Callum’s taking me on, (how chivalrous), where he’ll break my heart.

“Boo, you whore,” Sierra complains through the phone, and I hear the TV show in the background.

I stand back up again and open my wardrobe. “I’ll leave you to it. I need to get dressed.

“Alright, babe. I have tubs of Ben & Jerry’s if we need it.”

Perfect. I’ll message you later.”

“Alright. Love you, bye.”

“Love you too”

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“You okay?”

“I’m fine.” Actually I’m trying to pretend I’m not wording and rewording the question. ‘Are you cheating on me?’. It’s a lot more difficult than it seems.

“You sure?” Callum nods at the two full glasses of wine in front of me. He knows me so well, and I hate it. I only ever order two drinks at the same time when I’m stressed.

“I’m sure. Just thirsty.”

“Well whatever you’re overwhelmed about, I am unfortunately going to make your head spin even more.”

Oh shit.

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

I swallow what feels like barbed wire down my throat, and then give him a weary smile. “How so?”

He doesn’t say a word. Why isn’t he saying anything?

He stands up. Oh god, is he leaving?

He walks to my side of the table. Is this really it?

He smiles at me. Is he enjoying this?

He gets down on one knee.

Wait, he gets down on one knee?

Oh shit.

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

He pulls out a box. I think I’m about to faint.

He opens the box. Am I dreaming?

“Will you make me the happiest man alive and marry me?”

My gut does a backflip.

I want to scream. I want to run into the kitchen of the restaurant and bathe in the same vats they cook their fries in.

“I’m such an idiot.” I’m laughing when I say it, though.

“That’s a weird yes.”

“Obviously fucking yes.”

“That’s more like it.”

When the ring is on my finger, and I’ve kissed him close to a thousand times, he sits back down in front of me.

“So, are you gonna tell me what was stressing you out?”

“That’s a story for when we get home drunk. It’ll be way funnier, then.”

I can’t even look at him. The emerald on my finger, (my favourite colour and gemstone, by the way), has absorbed every bit of vocabulary I ever knew.

At the back of my mind, I want to laugh. That 60-year-old hunchback of a woman was right about 'changes'.
However, these changes are not devastating in the slightest.

Always listen to your gut, I suppose.

Fortune tellers *are* bullshit.