



Roomies

Looney Tunes | Merrie Melodies · Not Rated · 1044 words

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An expected storm leads to two adversaries being stuck living together until the flooding stops. A depressed coyote and a cheerful roadrunner are about to discover more about each other, and themselves, than they could've imagined.

Note: unfinished and may never be. Sorry.

Chapter 1: Outrunning The Inevitable

Wiley <Canis Latrans Toon> trudges through the desert, dragging the ruin of his latest acquisition from ACME behind him. One of his ears is smoking and his torso is barely held together by a series of half-burnt bandages.

Dear ACME, He thinks, mentally planning his report, Beta Test 99938 has revealed a few kinks in the Flying Blender. Perhaps if you stopped hiring simple-minded buffoons for your R&D department and started listening to the brilliant suggestions of certain genius (and handsome) coyotes, you wouldn't keep producing waste-of-space garbage, you plebi-an-

His internal ranting is cut off by a most peculiar feeling; a drop of water, hitting his nose. He looks up, blinking at the large black clouds that have suddenly started to gather, green energy crackling between them.

He growls, rubbing a paw down his face and snout. That stupid witch must have set off a storm curse... When did his life reach the point that magic was a more likely explanation than natural rain?

But to think otherwise would be to assume that the Tooniverse was giving him free access to water outside Melody Desert's rainy season. He shudders at the thought. If that happened, it would probably mean a draught during the actual rain season, where he'd have to survive off of whatever residual moisture he could find in half-shriveled cactus until it finally crossed the line from 'funny' to just plain pathetic.

For the sake of his sanity, he'll assume Hazel's unlucky or stupid enough to be fighting the rabbit again, and try not to wish he could store water without it becoming home to piranhas or something equally ridiculous and tormenting.

A crack of thunder signals a pick up in the rain, heavy drops streaking down his fur. Wiley shakes his head like a wet dog (which he is not, canid though he may be, thank you very much), then sets off at a brisk pace. He still hasn't fully rejoined from being sliced up, and he knows better than to get his bandages wet.

Besides, trying to dry his fur always carries the risk of hot things meeting flammable things (usually him), and he's been blown up a few times too many for today. So he'll just hurry home to his den before the rain gets too bad, then hunker down until the storm passes.

He could do with some quiet time, finish his beta test report, work on the sketches for some of his inventions... Or maybe he'll just read, he hasn't done that in a while. If the storm hasn't messed with the signals too badly, he could hack into a TV station and watch something; surely there's a basketball game being broadcast somewhere in the world?

Wiley smiles, thinking that this rainy day in might be just what he needs. When the water starts coming down about ten times harder, making it nearly impossible to see and ripping what remains of the ACME™ Flying Blender from his paws, he curses himself for not knowing better after all these years; don't look forward to something too much, it will always go badly.

As he haphazardly runs through the downpour, paws ineffectively thrown up in lieu of an umbrella, he decides to curse the Tooniverse instead. He's allowed to look forward to things, allowed to hope and wish and dream, just like everyone else.

And he'll be damned thrice over before he lets anyone, even the bloody cosmos, make him think otherwise. If he obeyed the will of such things, he'd be living a regular Toon life, far away from the forbidden *Roadrunner*. But every explosion, every fall, every landslide is worth it to prove that *nothing* gets to make him give up.

A ground-shaking rumble prefaces a giant wall of water, large enough to be easily spotted despite the heavy rain. Wiley screeches to a halt, staring up at it.

Not even common sense. He thinks miserably, ears drooping in resigned fright, before turning on his heel to attempt to outrun the inevitable.

Chapter 2: A Lucky Friend

You know how ACME is run by The Roadrunner Corporation? Well, I've decided that the person who owns it is Roadie's cousin Crestfeather, who is rather dismissive of the suggestions of a certain supergenius Coyote. Roadie thinks anyone would be lucky to have Wiley beta testing for them, and doesn't particularly understand that anyone thinks otherwise.

Roadie <Geococcyx Toon> is having a great day. First he found another plate of free birdseed (he really must figure out who leaves them one of these days), then Wiley played with him all morning, and now it's raining! Rain means cactus flowers, pretty and delicious. He swipes his tongue over his beak, already almost able to taste them.

He runs between the raindrops until they get too thick to do so, then stops at the top of a cliff, watching as the rain begins to gather into a flood below. He tilts his head as the water rushes, unlike anything he's ever seen in Melody Desert. They get rain, during the rainy season, but never anywhere near enough for a flash flood.

It doesn't particularly look like a normal rain, either, even with quantity aside. The clouds are too dark, with green energy crackling through them... Oh! Ms Hazel must be having a playdate with Bugs again! How fun. He absently wonders if magic rain will change the way the cactus flowers taste, before being shocked out of his thoughts by a loud burst of thunder.

Lightning shatters the sky, wind howls past, and the rain is soon heavy enough to plaster his headfeathers to his skin. The thought of cactus fruit is no longer enough keep him distracted, he can't withstand this sort of weather anymore; it's about time he heads home, before even he finds it too difficult to navigate.

He's halfway down the cliff path when he spots something glinting in the water; a mangled blade from the Flying Blender! Oh, that was a fun one to outrun. It didn't work near as well as his cousin probably hoped, but at least now he'll get plenty of Wiley's brilliant notes to improve it. Cousin Crestfeather is so lucky, having a supergenius for a beta tester.

And Roadie's lucky, he knows, that someone as smart and amazing as Wiley keeps finding time to play with him despite such a taxing job. He really is a spectacular friend, Roadie should do something nice for him...

— end of "Roomies" —