

“Holy shit!” The petite, brunette woman exclaimed loudly, nearly spilling the foam coffee cups she carried.

“Sarina?” A voice called from behind the semi-truck Sarina had been walking toward. A man, 10 years older than Sarina's 28 years, came around the front of the bright red truck, a look of concern on his face, “Are you alright?”

Sarina blushed, “Oh, Lonnie, I'm sorry. It was a big lizard, it came running out from under the truck out of nowhere!”

Lonnie rubbed his hands on an oily handkerchief before pointing, “That one?”

Sarina looked back and saw the large lizard looking back at her for a brief moment before scurrying off at incredible speed into the harsh desert brush, eager to find food and a mate.

“Chuckwalla, female by the looks of it. Pretty common around here. Harmless, eat plants mostly and a bug now and then,” Lonnie explained, “That black coffee?”

“Black as sin', you said,” Sarina pulled the large cup from the tray and gave it to Lonnie, “and Hostess crumb donuts.”

Lonnie smiled and took the coffee and snacks, “Ah, that's a good girl. Ready to roll out? Big Red's topped up on fuel.”

“Let's roll,” Sarina skipped to the passenger side of the truck and Lonnie went to the driver's door. Sarina glanced down near the rear tires as she pulled the door open.

“Eww,” she grimaced where she stood on the running board.

“What?” Lonnie asked as he slid into the driver's seat.

“Somebody left a pile of clothes here!”

“Oh! Ah, well, you know those lot lizards. They're always falling out of their clothes,” Lonnie turned the key and the diesel engine roared to life.

Sarina still didn't get in.

“They left everything! Skirt and a tube top, and there's panties! I think there's a shoe under the tire!”

"Get in, Sarina, you don't need to be around their sort," Lonnie spoke firmly.

Sarina plopped into the driver's seat and pulled the door shut. She spoke as Lonnie put the truck into gear and Big Red began rolling.

“Their sort?” Sarina said, “Who?”

Lonnie seemed to have calmed as he smiled, “The lot lizards.”

“Lot lizards? Like the chucka- chucka”

"Chuckwalla but I mean truck stop prostitutes, honey. A lot of truckers get pretty lonely. It's just a nickname, some of them are... quite lizard-like."

“Huh, fitting, I guess. Lot lizards and we saw a lizard in the lot,” Sarina laughed, “How could you tell she was female?”

"How about that? Haha, ah, the males have more color... the females have more black spots."

Sarina took a sip of her truck-stop cappuccino, “How'd you learn so much about animals?”

“Oh... I've spent a lot of time with animals. You get to like them better than a lot of people. A lot of people would be better off as animals... like lot lizards...”

Sarina scrunched her eyebrows as she sipped, thinking it was an odd thing to say, but Lonnie often said odd things. But that was part of why she loved him.