

We were caught in a limbo. Neither one of us wanting to be the first one to break the silence. But neither one of us wanting to be first one to give in.

I watched you leave the room, stomping. You thought stomping made me feel worse but really I just wanted to laugh at how silly you looked.

Neither of us could remember what we were arguing about. Or, more accurately, not arguing.

Then something happened and it was all over. No more fighting. Not today.

I heard a thump. And a shout. I heard several more thumps. So I ran into the hallway to see what had happened. And there you were. in a heap after falling down the stairs. You looked at me, trying to be angry. But it was over.

It took me three minutes to help you up. I was laughing too hard. And soon, so were you.