

Cody Ray

## Things Between Us

“Do you know, what you did?” I asked him. His sad droopy eyes looking every ware but at me.

“Look at me. Do you know what you did?” I repeated. Still refusing to look at me, He turned his head in fake ignorance.

*Yeah, he knows what he did.*

“Look at what you did,” I said again, waving my hand toward the heap of complete and utter destruction that was once my living room. The anger in me quickly swelling up, surpassing my previous emotions of shock and sadness of what I had come home to.

James’ sixty-two-inch flat screen was smashed and is hanging inches from the ground by it’s cord that somehow managed to be still plugged into the wall. My lamp is now on the floor, its bulb busted. The corner table it was on, now fallen over on its side. James’ couch was flipped over on its back and its polyester innards were scattered throughout the room. Finally, my coffee table. My most prized coffee table. The coffee table that I had to fight an old lady with a cane to get, now lies surrounded by the shattered glass remains of what was once its counter top.

Noise from the front door drew my attention away from the disaster zone. After closing the door behind him James quickly noticed the destruction.

“What the hell happened here?” he asked.

“What do you think happened?” I stated, crossing my arms over my chest. “Your dog destroyed my living room. Look what he did to my coffee table!”

“Roofus,” he said, his gaze falling onto the big dog.

“You said this wouldn’t happen. You said nothing would happen if you moved in with him.”

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“Hey, don’t put all the blame of Roofus,” he said. “Your cat probably instigated him.”

“Don’t bring Lily into this. This is all your dog.” I scolded.

“What? Just look at her,” he said, gesturing to my cat who was watching us from the kitchen. “She even looks guilty.”

Taking a moment to observe the cat sitting on the countertop, swaying her tail back and forth.

*I admit, she does look guilty.*

Seeing me looking at her, she leaps off the counter and trots over to my legs, flicking her tail in Roofus’ face as she passes him. Inciting a growl from the big dog.

“See,” he said, pointing at her. “She does it on purpose!”

“She’s a cat!” I said, picking her up before the dog starts after her again. “Physical contact is how they show their affection.”

“Look, James, maybe...maybe this was too soon after all,” I said, surveying the destruction again. A new emotion quickly overcoming me.

“Come on babe, don’t be like that,” he said brushing his fingers across my cheek. “Give it some time. They just have to get used to each other. That’s all.” Bringing his fingers under my chin he lifted my face to look at me in the eye.

“Hey, we’ll get through this,” he said bringing me and Lily into his embrace. “We’ll get through this,” he repeated.

Tears streaming down my cheeks, “okay” I muttered as he hushed me like a baby, rocking me back and forth in his arms.