

Week 9

A part of her knew that this should form part of a funny story. That was usually the case, right? Weird, sometimes awful things happen, and the passage of time helps to soften that memory. And then you find yourself laughing about the whole thing with your friends over drinks.

Ha. Ha. Ha.

'Didn't expect that to happen.' He said as the doors to the lift opened, and they found themselves facing a brick wall.

She wasn't sure what he had been expecting when he had decided that it would be funny to joke around in the lift, you know, to jump up and down. She needed to laugh more, he had been saying, why couldn't she be more fun? And then the lift and the laughing stopped.

They had been bickering on the drive over to the hotel about something from a few days before, picking at scabs. Eventually, he called her crazy and they drove the rest of the way in silence. Later, she would remember that wall with a vivid intensity, but she would not recall what they had been arguing about.

She had her first panic attack in that lift in that hotel that would cause her to drop to the ground gripping her chest. Her second was much later and outside of the confines of a 6 by 8-foot box, but still within that same relationship.

She was still waiting for the story to become funny.