

The move

"Don't you love this part of town?" Walking down the trail, Bob looked over at the bridge with crystal clear water running beneath.

"Sure. It's alright." Sandra was looking at the rough pavement beneath their feet.

"What's wrong?" putting a hand on her shoulder, Bob smiled her way.

"Nothing." She shrugged off the hand with a sharpened face and continued to stare into the sidewalk like she was looking for something in the monotone colours of concrete.

"I can tell. Something is wrong." Prying, Bob's voice started to rise.

"I told you, I'm fine." Sandra pronounced every syllable, and Bob scoffed under his breath.

"What was that?" She was now staring directly into Bob's bright green eyes, contrasting against the dark blue sky of the evening.

"Well something is obviously wrong!" Bob was the one now looking at the sidewalk.

"Well maybe there is. I hate this part of town and I hate where we live. I want to move."

"What?" Bob stopped walking and stood staring at Sandra.

"Yes. You chose this apartment, and yes the views are nice, but we are so isolated! All we ever do is go on walks. I want to move to the city where all my friends are, and be able to do what they do."

"But the apartments here are so cheap, and it's crowded and gross in the city."

"Well I want to move." Sandra's voice was getting louder, drawing the attention those passing by.

Bob looked around nervously.

"Let's talk about this later"

"No! You just want to avoid it!" Sandra was now screaming at Bob, and people were stopping to stare.

Bob looked off to the side at the playground nearby, wishing that he was anywhere but here.

"But why do we have to move? I like it here." The sound was but a whisper, floating across the dimly lit field.

"You know why because I just told you! You never listen." Sandra looked at him with darts for eyes, and he shifted his weight. "We are in a small apartment, and renting no less."

"Well I'm staying," he said affirmatively. Sandra was shocked.

"Well if you are staying then I am leaving."

The two stared into each other's eyes for an uncomfortable amount of time, neither one wanting to back off.

"Then I guess you are leaving." Bob spoke loudly, his voice shaking slightly.

Without another word, Sandra turned and walked away, leaving Bob alone near the park.