

The Fight

First he punched me in the mouth and then he threw a left hook into my stomach. It winded me but not enough to knock me back. I bent my arm and fisted my hand and took a swing at him. I missed his head and slammed into the television which wobbled and hummed. I tried to kick him but he grabbed my ankle and tipped me up so that I fell against the sofa and banged my left boob against his copy of *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*. I haven't read it but he told me it was violent which gave me this idea.

He told me lots of things. He promised me the summer. Then he told me he'd made a mistake. That we should move on. I thought we already had, to the next phase. To the good bit.

"So," I said. "How shall we resolve this?" He offered to take me out for a drink, but I had a better idea. "Let's have a fight," I said. "Let's battle it out."

So we agreed to meet up at his place and slug it out. I'm up for it. I can get him. I've got him now, my knee on his windpipe. He's gone red.

"I've moved on," I shout at him and his eyes bulge so I stand up and tower over him.

"Do you feel better for that?" he asks as he rubs his neck.

I feel great.