

Boxes lay atop one another like a giant game of Jenga, bubble wrap and ripped plastic hanging over the sides. The walls were beige and bare, with tiny holes where former memories used hang. The owner of said memories had the courtesy to clean the walls before they moved out, so the memories had taken their shadows with them.

It was a small, one bedroom flat. The fridge in the kitchen could only hold necessities, the oven clearly not suitable for Christmas turkeys. You could do all your bathroom activities at once, since the toilet, sink and claustrophobic shower were practically conjoined. The Boy had tried it for the laugh; he could sit on the toilet, stick his feet in the shower and rinse his toothbrush simultaneously. The bedroom was modest, not too big or too small, and, thank Christ, the bed wasn't one of those creaky chastity beds. The wardrobe, however, was only a few inches bigger than the shower – no fear of the Girl overdoing it on the clothes shopping, not that she would, anyway.

There was no wall separating the kitchen from what was now christened the sitting room, the only object separating the two "rooms" being a leatherette couch just big enough for two. There was a table, before you ask – again, room for two. The plastic box in which the Girl nostalgically kept her favourite soft toys was the improvised coffee-foot-resting-table. Naturally, the telly had been the first thing set up, if only for the comfort of a familiar element. Of course the Couple were familiar with each other, but this whole being in the big bad world scenario was scary – it made them euphoric and exuberant one moment and exhausted and terrified the next. Sharing your living space with someone isn't easy, and it's even more difficult when you love someone dearly, which is another ironic element of love.

The Couple had been in the apartment for a short while, and were gradually adjusting. The pair was used to seeing each other regularly before moving in with each other, but the fact that they not only shared a bed, but everything in the household – including their personal space – was alien for them both. It's one thing living with your parents and siblings, but with your significant other? There's this aura of hope, wonder and fear – will this work out? Little things that bothered you only slightly seem new again, as does your partner. The Boy, for instance, always forgets to put the cap back on the milk, and never rinses his toothpaste spittle from the sink. He uses tea bags willy nilly, and puts frying pans in the dishwasher – and sieves! The Girl wasn't an angel, by any means; she had started nagging the Boy for his sloppiness, for never focusing on one tv programme or movie, or for snoring like a dragon with bronchitis. They fought over little things; who moved the car keys? Who took the last tenner from the kitty? Please ring out the face cloths or they'll stink! For the love of sweet black baby Jesus PLEASE remove thine hairs from the plug hole! Stop wiggling your leg, stop flicking the channel, please don't scrub the saucepans with steel wool!

There were slammed doors, long silences and venom spat. But the anger never lasted long. The Boy's eyes would crinkle around the edges as he laughed at a stupid joke, or hold the Girl during one of her breakdowns, letting her dampen his hoodie with her tears. The Girl would make the Boy's eyes roll at her puns, and melt the ice in his heart with her bright smile. They would trough sarcastic words at one other, a head would rest on one's shoulder, a hug last longer than usual. The Boy would always apologise for being a jackass, the Girl for being a bitch. They'd talk about something topical and get lost in the conversation like two old friends, then get lost in one other's eyes again. It was a constant roller coaster of emotions and moments, pitfalls and wonders.

This wasn't fairy tale love. They'd been together on and off from the age of fifteen until nineteen, and since then they'd been inseparable. They were both different and the same; both lazy with quick tempers, but with good hearts and open minds. Both stubborn but loving, clueless but caring. She loved to read, He saw books as the spawn of Satan. He'd watch telly for hours, while She'd sit and wonder why. He loved horror movies and hated animated films, She was the exact opposite. They were both gawky, awkward, socially inept and always looked a bit lost. They helped each other do things they would never do, without realizing it themselves. The shy girl started to suggest outings more, the dopey boy learned to say "yes" rather than "nah".

They were twenty-five now, and still as awkward and weird as they were at fifteen. At times they clashed, others not. This evening the pair flopped on the couch with cups of hot tea, and, for once, didn't turn on the television. He put his arms around her, stroking her arms gently as he did so. She rested her head on his chest, listening to his heart beat. The Girl buzzed with anxiety, as always, but she relaxed as she lay there. Content with one another, happy just being together. The Pair sat intertwined as the sun set, the twilight sky poring through the small window and bathing the room in a purple glow, slowly falling asleep and falling deeper into the unpredictable chasm of love, knowing how far they'd come, and how far they'd go – together.