

Title: Rashomon Calendar

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Prompt: Cues. "Human error" in 45 minutes (9-14-05).

Notes: WC-316. Post-"life @ 23" and very Sophie/Daniel. It's basically the timeline I've sketched out. I can't recall it all now, so I'm fudging some of the dates, I think. And, seriously, I've no clue whether the first paragraph has anything to do with the rest of it. Also, rashomon has something to do with how different POVs give you a different story.

They sit opposite each other on the train, her feet straddling his knees on the seat. They've sat like this for as long as she can remember, either on the train or at their dinner table. It's like she's afraid he'll move away. It's like he wants her to always be touching him in some form or fashion. She tucks her toes in under his thighs with a grin and turns to look out the window as the doors close behind them and they are on their way.

"How long," he asks, as the scenery whizzes past their window. "How long have I had you here with me?"

She wiggles her toes, pressing up against the firm underside of his thigh. "It depends on the date, I think."

"There's more than one date?" He smiles. He stretches out his left hand, the gold band on his finger glinting in the light. "I thought there was just the one."

She snags his hand off the table with her own, matching bands clinking as she laces their fingers together. "Well, there's the most important date, of course." She grins. "That gives you 4 years. But you've had me here longer than that."

"Have I, then? Do tell." He pulls their linked hands up and presses a soft kiss to her knuckles. "How long before that, then?"

"Since you proposed, which is five years." She started counting off the dates on her free hand, gesturing each date. "Since I visited last, which is 7 years. Since we met, which is 9 years." She wiggled her fingers at him. "Plus marriage," she raised another finger, "plus now," she waved them all at him.

"Feels like a lifetime."

"Amen."

He smiled broadly. "Forgive me for not remembering the important dates?"

She grinned widely and squeezed his hand consolingly. "Of course. You're a boy. I never expected you to know all that."