

“I Know How You Love to Play Games”

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[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 22: “I know how you love to play games.”

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Ian took a second to make sure Mim couldn't see. Her eyes were closed and her hands were over her eyes, but that didn't mean she was trying to peek. He waved a hand in front of her face, but she flinched back slightly when the air hit her face. She started to uncover her eyes.

“No, no. It's okay. Just checking.” His chuckle was quiet, hand going to her wrist to stop her. “Keep them covered. Okay?”

Mim nodded and Ian withdrew, making a final check that she was sufficiently covered again, before he turned and picked up the bag. To him, it wasn't much. And there really was no real reason for it—it wasn't a birthday or a holiday. He'd just seen it and thought ‘what the hell?’.

She pressed her lips together and fought back a smile when she heard the rustle of plastic and paper.

“Okay. You can open them now.”

When she opened her eyes and saw the bright pink gift bag, a wide grin split her face. If she'd had a voice, she might've even squealed excitedly. Instead, she expressed her excitement by bouncing on the balls of her feet, grabbing for the gift.

Ian handed it over, pleased by her enthusiasm—but he hadn't been worried. She always got excited over the little things.

It was a big package, which meant a big, important gift. She pulled it open, reached in, and brought out the square box. She immediately recognized it as a board game—one she had seen on television. She hugged it against her chest.

“I know how you love to play games,” he began. “When I saw it, I thought you might like it.”

An explanation wasn't necessary. She loved it. Ian got a hug too—a great big one, arm thrown around his neck.

“Ah, you're welcome,” he said, and hugged back.