Schizophrenia by Jim Stevens

It was the house that suffered most.

It had begun with slamming doors, angry feet scuffing the carpets, dishes slammed onto the table, greasy stains spreading on the cloth.

Certain doors were locked at night, feet stood for hours outside them, dishes were left unwashed, the cloth disappeared under a hardened crust.

The house came to miss the shouting voices, the threats, the half-apologies, noisy reconciliations, the sobbing that followed.

Then lines were drawn, borders established, some rooms declared their loyalties, keeping to themselves, keeping out the other. The house divided against itself.

Seeing cracking paint, broken windows, the front door banging in the wind, the roof tiles flying off, one by one, the neighbors said it was a madhouse.

It was the house that suffered most.