

the house you came from

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the house you came from

by [lady__romanov](#)

Summary

Sansa and Arya get into a fight.

(For Flufftober Day 10 - Pillow Fight)

Notes

i imagine this would take place about two years before canon, so Sansa's about 9, Arya about 7. also, friendly reminder that Sansa and Arya both have some good memories of each other as children playing in the snow and that it wasn't *all* bad for them, all the time.

Title from Matthew and the Atlas' "Come Out of the Woods"

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Arya wakes up when Sansa bounces the bed and throws her around, sitting up with a startled yelp as she fights not to roll right off the mattress. She looks over and finds Sansa standing at her bedside with a lit candle guttering on the table next to her, her skinny arms crossed over her chest and her face red with anger. “Give it *back*,” Sansa hisses.

Arya squints. She’s not entirely sure this isn’t a dream. Or a nightmare, mayhaps. “Did you *wake me up?*” she asks, disbelieving. It’s so *unladylike* of her.

“Yes!” Sansa cries, throwing her hands up in the air. Arya sometimes wonders how no one else ever manages to notice how *dramatic* her older sister is. “I woke you up, now *give it back!*”

Arya crosses her arms over her own chest. “Give *what* back?”

Sansa glares at her furiously. “My *doll*, Arya! The one Uncle Edmure sent for my nameday! I left it on my pillow when I woke up and it *isn’t there anymore!* I *know* you took it, so give it back!”

Arya sniffs. “What makes you think *I* took it?”

“Because you always take my things! Who else would steal from me? No one, that’s who!”

That’s probably true, actually. Sansa’s the eldest daughter of Lord Stark - it would be pretty stupid to steal from her. Unless you’re her younger sister, of course.

Not that Arya’s going to incriminate herself.

She lifts her chin stubbornly. “I didn’t take your stupid doll, Sansa.”

Sansa growls. “*Liar!*”

“I am *not!*”

“Are too!”

“*Am not!*”

“Are - *Arya!*” Sansa shrieks, when the pillow collides with her face. Arya snickers, falling back against the headboard as Sansa blinks at her in astonishment, which only makes her guffaw harder until she’s wheezing.

“Your *face*,” she chokes. “*Sansa -*” It’s Arya’s turn to yelp when Sansa scoops up her own pillow and smashes it into Arya’s face hard enough to knock her back. She splutters, pushing the pillow away from her face to find Sansa smirking at her. “That wasn’t very ladylike!” she says.

Sansa shrugs. “You started it!”

Arya narrows her eyes. “*Did I?*” she says, and doesn’t wait for a reply, just lifts her pillow and aims for her sister’s face, but Sansa darts backwards, squealing, taking her pillow with her and fending off Arya’s attack with her free hand. Arya, never one to be deterred, jumps out of bed and follows, ambushing Sansa when she gets pinned between the windowsill and the wardrobe.

“*Arya!*” Sansa says, and Arya stops, out of breath, only to squeal when Sansa starts hitting back with her own pillow, and suddenly they’re both giggling and swinging away, the argument utterly forgotten in the wake of discovering a brand new game, and they are completely and wonderful unladylike as they each attempt to gain the upper hand. Sansa even crawls on the bed to get higher ground, but Arya crawls after her, aiming for her stomach, and Sansa *oofs* and lands a hit squarely on Arya’s face.

Eventually, they run out of stamina and both collapse onto the bed, both of their pillows now reduced to nothing but feathers and sheep down, and they’re still laughing uncontrollably as they lay on their sides facing each other.

Arya can’t remember the last time she actually had fun with her sister. All Sansa wants to do these days is play with her dumb dolls.

The memory makes Arya sober. “Sorry I took your doll,” she mumbles.

Sansa scowls a little, but there’s no anger this time. “It’s alright,” she says begrudgingly. “As long as you give it back.”

Arya sighs. “It’s in the wardrobe, behind that ugly dress Mother made me wear when Lady Mormont visited.”

Sansa smiles a little. “Why did you take it, anyway? You hate dolls.”

Arya shrugs. “You never want to play with me. All you want to do now is play with stupid Jeyne Poole and practice your stitches and your harp.”

“Don’t call Jeyne stupid,” Sansa says sternly. Then she softens. “...I didn’t know that you wanted to play with me.”

Arya’s face burns. “No one *else* wants to play with me.”

“Oh,” Sansa says.

“And you’re not so bad *all* the time.”

Sansa rolls her eyes, but she’s smiling. “If you promise not to steal my dolls again, we can play more.”

“Promise?”

Sansa nods. “We can make the boys play Come Into My Castle tomorrow. Father says it shouldn’t snow again for a fortnight, so Mother will probably let us go out for a while before our lessons.”

Arya grins. “Deal. As long as Jon can come.”

“... Fine, but Jeyne gets to come, too.”

Arya sighs. “*Fine.*”

Sansa grins. “Deal it is. Now budge over, you’re stealing all the covers.”

Arya huffs, but moves over, hiding her smile as she curls up on her side of the bed and blows out the candle.

End Notes

i imagine this peace lasted about two days before they started fighting again, because hey, siblings

i don't really like how this turned out but eh

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