

cold one in 4b

So, the other day, there was all of this old furniture out on the street in front of my apartment building. I gave it a glance, but for some reason, the vibe wasn't right and I just went inside.

Later that evening, my roommate blurts out, "Hey, did you know that the old lady upstairs died?" Although I still have no idea to which old lady she is referring, I do know that dead old ladies do not give one warm, cozy feelings at all.

I connected the dots...dead old lady...upstairs...my apartment building...nice old wood furniture on the street...*dead old lady furniture*. I do believe that is why, subconsciously, I didn't bring anything inside with me. I don't need dead old lady ju ju in my house, *thankyouverymuch*.

The next day, I was standing in the living room and something was different...*something was off*...What was it? Oh my god...it was...

...*a piece of dead old lady furniture*. Sitting right there next to my grandma's wicker chair. My mind raced. *There is only room for one piece of dead old lady furniture in this room*.

A few days have passed and I'm a little more settled on it, but that's probably because I don't use the living room a whole lot and because we've been a bit preoccupied with Mouse Hunt in my apartment. But still...I may have to move my chair. It's like my grandma's probably having a battle royale with the dead old lady from 4b *right now*. Like a spirit world turf war.

--Shawnté Salabert, October 2006