

Building Furniture Houses

by Lisa Lim

Our living room was crowded with brown sofas covered in golden plastic. When you sat down it squeaked and when you got up the plastic tried to tear half your skin off like the suction cups of octopus hands. Adam always got first dibs on furniture since he was older and stronger. Actually he was a skinny Asian boy made of chopstick arms and chopstick legs, but every chopstick part of him was a flexing muscle. He used the couches to form a fortress. Placed nails to form a dangerous moat trespassers would suffer. To ward me off, he used a hairdryer gun.

“Let me in,” I begged.

“No. Get back stinky feet.”

“I washed them.”

“I still smell them. Get back or I will blow your brains out,” he warned with a Vidal Sassoon hairdryer in his hand.

So, I retreated and made my paradise using a dirty menstruation spotted blanket hung over two broken wicker chairs and pouted.

