

MICHELLE (Speaking of an old couch)

It wasn't old, but it was ugly. (*Silence*) Ken didn't see the need to replace it, because it was still, as he put it, "serviceable."

I figured that I needed to make it unserviceable, so every time I sat on the couch to watch tv or whatever, I dug my fingernail into the fabric on the arm of the couch.

Eventually I made a little hole, but it took time. I kept working in secret, making the hole a little bigger each day. Then finally you could really see it. I waited for Ken to notice it. He didn't. Finally, I put on a bracelet with a lot of little hangy-things on it—one that I always snag on sweaters, and sat on the couch while Ken was watching some game. While he was totally engrossed in the tv, I hooked the bracelet inside the hole. At a commercial, I asked him if he wanted some water. He said yes, I stood up, the couch pulled my arm back, I pulled it forward and ripped a nice clean "L" shape in the fabric.

Who would ever do something like that on purpose? (*Silence*) I meant with the bracelet getting stuck. (*Silence*) What it really shows is how creative I am.