

Planks' Prank on Me blog



Beds are supposed to be simple, right? Single, double, queen, king—soft, hard, spring, memory foam, even tiny ones for pets. All of them have just one job: to give you a comfortable sleep.

Mine? Well... mine had other plans.

I recently moved into a new place. After a long day of hauling my stuff, with a backyard view straight out of a Disney movie (birds chirping, sunshine, the whole deal), I just threw my mattress on the floor and slept. Honestly, building my bed frame was not on my list after all that work.

Three days went by, my bed parts were still in the corner, and I was too lazy to assemble them. That's when my neighbor, who also moved in, told me she didn't need her bed because it took up too much space. Lucky me, right? No building, no fuss. She even gave me her bed planks.

Except... they weren't exactly bed planks. They looked more like shelf boards—thin but hard. "Good enough," I thought. I set them up, placed my mattress on top, and sat down, ready to finally enjoy a "real" bed.

And then... CRACK.

I—and the mattress—went straight to the floor.

I decided to risk it anyway. For the next two nights, I slept like I was playing some survival game—moving slowly, staying still, carefully spreading my weight like a gymnast so I wouldn't break another plank.

But at 1 AM on the third night, it happened again. I was dreaming about running down a hill when—BAM—I woke up halfway on the floor. Another plank had sacrificed itself. My heart raced, and I didn't know whether to cry or laugh.

So, I called my mom (different country, afternoon there). I imagined myself as a little kid with tears in my eyes, expecting sympathy. She just calmly said, "Put the mattress on the floor and sleep." I smiled, even with tears in my eyes, because she was right.

It wasn't just about the bed, though. Moving to a new place, not knowing many people, feeling like I'm floating in a strange world—it was exhausting. And now my own bed felt like it was bullying me every day. Just three days ago, it was supposed to be my cozy little comfort zone. Now it looked like a monster. That morning at 5 AM, after googling every "DIY bed plank solution" possible, I messaged my landlord asking for proper planks or at least where to buy some. She said she'd send someone to take measurements.

For now, I'm still using the broken bed frame—well, what's left of it. The only surviving plank is now my makeshift lap table. Honestly, it feels like I'm sitting in a baby crib, but it gave me a good laugh. Sometimes, you need those little ridiculous moments to keep you going.