I was once a proud chair you know. I used to be soft and shiny, nothing like this sad state you see me in now. Oh if only you’d have seen me when I first came out of my box. For nine days I sat waiting in the dark-cold-box, never moving or being sat in. The longest nine days of my life. Then one fateful day I was brought back here. At first it was lovely, only the Man would sit on me, with the exception of his friends from time to time. I would lean back in ease with him and listen to his satisfying sighs of relaxation. Those were the best of days. Then, a woman began to take seat in me, more and more often. Oh it was not too bad at first, she was kind and respectful, as the Man and his friends had been, and she too enjoyed my comforting abilities. It was not long though, until she became complacent in her respect, bringing dishes of ever-burning-soup and staining-red-pasta with her and getting bits here and there on me, burning and marking me. But oh that was not the worst, not by far—it was only a matter of time before a smaller creature became known to me. As if the woman were not careless enough with me, this…thing was outright disrespectful, lathering me with everything from honey-circles to bright-red-juice-berries. And that wasn’t even the worst of it! It was as if I had seized to exist to the Man. No more were the days when I would be used, I was becoming an…*ornament*. It was no surprise then, when after a spectacular catastrophe from the small creature (something erupted from its eating-hole), the Man decided finally that my days of use and even ornamentary were to come to an end. I much prefer it here to those last days in the Man’s house, even if my occupants are a little less clean. At least here they know me for what I am, and respect and use me as such. Even if this is a—what did you call it?—dump. I think perhaps this shouldn’t be too bad. What else could I want, other than a relaxed back leaning on me?