

I Shouldn't Have Bought That Sofa

Jason lived on a council estate in Hackney deep in the East end of London. He didn't live in a house; he was too poor for that, he didn't live in a flat either, neither did he stay in a hotel room. Technically, he lived in a bed-sit, but really Jason lived on a sofa. You could, he reasoned, do everything from the sofa; eat, sleep, watch TV, play on his X-box, some of the best business minds made billions of pounds by talking on the phone all day.

Jason's sofa was disgusting. Ignoring the many food stains that looked like the result of Friday night's curry for the past 6 months, the sofa was so old it didn't have a colour anymore. There was one cushion with a cover of faded blue patchy velvet; the stuffing was falling out everywhere else and there was a festering colony of home grown mould. But for what it lacked in charm and character it more than made up for by exuding a vile smell. The combined smell of aforementioned food and stale sweat had encouraged a family of rats to use the sofa as their meal for the next few decades. Examining the mess from beneath him, Jason decided the time was right for him to invest in a new sofa.

That weekend he checked his building society account and decided how much he could allow himself to spend. Maybe he could make some money by selling the old one. He lifted up the cushion and rested his foot on it while considering what price to ask for. Next minute his foot and his bottom came in contact with the bare floorboards. There was a large hole now decorating the centre of the seat. He extracted himself from the rapidly disintegrating sofa, and the latter gave an audible sigh and crumpled in front of him. Woodworm had long since worn out the legs holding it up.

He had no choice, he needed a new sofa now and soon Jason found himself imagining a lovely two seated white leather sofa filling the space in his now slightly bare room. It was almost too good to be true when he found a very similar piece in the department store, complete with all four cushions. "I'll take it!" he told the saleswoman, a young attractive girl who looked thoroughly bored with her job. She seemed especially slow at ringing up the transaction and with nothing better to do, they started talking. He took her up on the offer of free home delivery service, and soon she was helping him to settle it against the wall, where conveniently it hid a large damp spot on the wall.

He studied her as she stood at the top of the stairs and fiddled with some papers on a clipboard. He had found out that she was called Molly and she had a beautiful voice with an Irish lilt, fortunately she didn't have the matching red hair, but rather a fake blonde bob that complimented her round face. He found her bubbly personality contagious and found himself trying to please her all day. He was still stood there watching as she took a step backwards and tumbled helplessly like a rag doll down two flights of stairs.

Six months, four days and seven hours since that day, Jason was stood in the same spot remembering the events that had followed as a consequence of

the accident. She had sued him, claiming he had viciously attacked her. The bruises that covered her body after the fall were enough to make this story plausible. He had no money to pay her overwhelming demands, so the bailiffs came and took all his belongings. Turning his head to the left, he saw the one item he had been left with. The white leather sofa, complete with all four cushions, and utterly stain free, stood pristine in the centre of the room, like he had not touched it since it was placed there. Jason sighed as he thought of the events of the past months, and came to a firm conclusion 'I shouldn't have bought that sofa.'

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