

# Johannes de Silentio

## *The Revolt of David Luggard's Furniture*



DRAWINGS © Cody Sevedge

Sperm flew out of David Luggard faster than he could mop it up. He spent his days filling discarded socks, wads of toilet paper, and the napkins that came delivered with his pizza. He'd stained every piece of his furniture, including the lamp.

Twenty-nine, David occupied a one-bedroom apartment on the top floor of a building zoned for the infirm and unemployed. Dark pillows encircled his

eyes, making him resemble a former boxer, or a drunk. He'd never been anything that dramatic. For a while he'd worked as a bicycle messenger, but he'd been let go for running into too many pedestrians. Now he spent his unemployment checks on junk food and porn magazines. The television across the room stayed on day and night.

Today was no different than most. David sat on his sofa with his shorts around his ankles, masturbating to a C-list actress on Home Shopping Network, demonstrating a lemon peeler. His concentration broke when a hand slapped something to the outside of his door.

David pulled up his shorts and shambled out into the hall. There was a notice on his door in bold italics, underlined twice. In seven days a Los Angeles Sheriff's would enter by force, the notice said. He was being evicted. He came back inside and dropped the eviction notice on a pile of unopened mail on the coffee table. Stepping out of his shorts once more, he returned his attention to the actress with the lemon peeler. Soon, the television turned to static.

David switched channels. He turned the power off and on. He tried adjusting the settings with his remote, but it was no use—the cable company had disconnected him. He turned off the TV and sat half naked in the silence. With only his mind to occupy him, he began confronting the nagging demands of reality.

The plastic vertical blinds clacked in the afternoon breeze. With the TV off, the living room seemed intolerably bright. There was nothing in it really, just the sofa, coffee table, and television set. A six-foot halogen floor lamp stood unplugged in the corner, burned out since the day he'd bought it at a garage sale for a buck. A sliding glass door led to a balcony, but the ledge was too narrow for anything other than David's bicycle, its rims rusty, both tires flat.

David flopped glumly on his stomach and found a hollow pocket between the sofa cushions. He imagined the actress with the lemon peeler beneath him. Then the actress drifted away and it was just the sofa, protecting him in its fabric arms. A few minutes later, he'd managed to ejaculate. The experience left David even more deflated. He lay motionless on the sofa with something approaching shame. When he reached for some napkins to clean up, the coffee table seemed to jump away.

He'd become edgy—probably the eviction, together with the apartment's sudden silence. David used one of the sofa cushions to wipe himself off. Then he got up and headed to the balcony for air. He pulled the blinds and opened the