

"Dominate You..."

"Dominate You..."

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Psychology- The study of the mind... Just for to remind...



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"The Story of the Estranged Sofa"

This is the story of a sofa...

Not a big huge "...Take up the whole room & get in the way..." kind of sofa, not the old, broken-down, uncomfortable, and unwanted kind of sofa, not even a "...I'm so beautiful & perfect a sofa, that I'm covered with plastic so that I never have to touch your back-side, or worry about you getting me dirty..." kind of sofa. Nor was it one of those "Prissy, prim, tea-cup finger stuck out just so", little dainty kinds of sofa. This was just one of those, "Come home at the end of the day; look & see an angelic, beautiful, all comforts provided here, relax on me & release your worries" kind of a sofa...

^ ^ ^ You know, the kind that everybody always wants... "Very comfortable, jump up & down on, relax on, cry into, live with, & rely upon" kind of pleasant to be around sofa...None-the-less, it was a very, very, special kind of sofa, it had holes... one of them housed a specially equipped, "Top-of-the-line" polisher that left things shiny, wet, & wanting to have the polishing done again, & again, it also had a hole that was a built-in ash-tray, one that could swallow whole cigars, even the biggest, fattest ones, & take the discharges of the best of them disappearing the stink, the spendings & drippings, as well as the best vacuum & still be able to take more the next time with ease.

^ ^ ^ It also had a hole that contained an automatic massager/cup holder that could compete with the best of them... The best part, was that it was self cleaning, had additional attachments to contribute to the safety, cleanliness, & the well being of the entirety of the house as a whole... All-in-all, one of the "Top-of-the-line" best sofas that existed anywhere...

...

^ ^ ^ Before he ever brought it home he bounced up & down quite a bit on it, tested all of it's holes, found that it was exactly the sofa that he wanted to decorate & enhance his home, then he made the purchase and brought it home. For the sofa's part, it was happy; very happy, because it had had other men bouncing on it, testing it's holes, pretending to love it, & truly care about it, & then after they'd gotten their fill of bouncing & using the holes, they'd just go away, not really even thinking much about the feelings of the sofa.

^ ^ ^ Because he seemed to be a good buyer, since he seemed to be very well acquainted with all of it's holes, even finding a few new, & creative ways to use the holes that the sofa hadn't experienced before, so it had no problem with joining the man in his home, & doing it's best to make that house into the best home it could be...

^ ^ ^ For many years, all seemed to be working out very well for the man and his sofa, so well that he decided, & it was agreed that they even bring a little "Love-seat" miniature of the sofa into the home, it happened that the love-seat was made by taking some of the best parts of both the man & the sofa, working very hard, being very patient, suffering much, long, & hard to have their love-seat become the absolute best little addition that anyone could have... Well, of coarse that's easily the beginning of a lot longer story, & one that we don't have enough time to completely tell here, but it's always worth the telling, as the "Love-seat" has it's own little life to live too...

^ ^ ^ Anyway, to continue with my tale...

^ ^ ^ After awhile of having this wonderful sofa, & with the addition of other things to do, a job to work, bills to pay, & a small, but growing little love-seat in his life to occupy his time, as well as the addition on one

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day of a shiny new box called a TV, in the life of the man, after awhile, the sofa began to notice that the man just didn't seem to want to utilize it's holes in as many creative ways anymore... It wasn't a very jealous kind of sofa, but it began to notice things... He didn't come home & bounce on his special sofa very often, he didn't, it really hurt the sofa that this was true. He also didn't continue to make the sofa feel that it was really needed. The poor sofa needed it's holes used... It wasn't made to be a simple "Look-good" kind of sofa that you only used occasionally when your best guests arrived... No, this was a sofa that needed daily attention to perform at it's best...

As the sofa began to notice that it was being neglected, it tried to tell the man, in it's own way, that it needed it's holes to be used. It creaked, it groaned, it grabbed at the man when he sat on it... It thought, long & hard about how to encourage the man to use it the way he had before, it even found "Substitute" ways to try to keep the holes occupied, & figured out how to function even when it was somewhat broken from normal wear & tear, it was able to find ways to adapt & not show it so that it could stay happy, & contented, but as time went by, it got harder & harder to make those things work...

It resorted to finding other things to plug into the holes so that they weren't completely ignored... They just didn't measure up to the real-live man & the feelings, as well as the touch of his hands on the sensitive places that the sofa so craved to have touched & filled... It tried even harder to perform it's best functions as the times got fewer and fewer over time that he properly used the holes for all they were worth... It seemed that even though the holes were better for him, & the sofa tried so hard, that the man became more & more distant from the poor sofa until the sofa began to see that it just wasn't being used at all for any of what it felt were the ways in which it was special & unique... So then, finally one day the sofa thought sadly; "It's been over a year since my man has bounced on me & shown me love..." Then it found a way to notify the neighborhood that it needed more than just to be a decoration in the room, it wanted to be bounced on & loved again...

Don't get me wrong; The sofa really didn't want a new man... It had become accustomed to this one, had given of itself to make the successful love-seat, had done everything it could think of to show it's comfort with the room, the house, the neighborhood, & almost everything it could... (Even though those things weren't the best, & it knew that it wouldn't have a hard time at all, if it were to seriously decide to do so, of finding a new owner...) So, it was very sad to even consider the idea that eventually popped in to it's head, & threatened to drive it up the wall!

But then, ever so slowly the idea took greater & greater hold on the sofa's mind until that was the all-consuming thought that it had... Day, Night, Weekends, Weekdays, Afternoons, Evenings... They all flowed together on a daily basis into a pattern of thoughts about an owner who would use it as it had once been used... A new, less preoccupied owner that would have eyes for the sofa only, (Or even that might want to share it, if it had to be shared, but, at least to give it the kind of use that the sofa needed to have in such a bad way)...

One day a stranger to the sofa walked by the home. He saw a very comfortable, very beautiful, very special, sofa that he could tell was the very one he'd been watching, get ignored... The same one which had sent out the message in it's own way that it was needing a new owner, (Or at least a visitor who'd come by frequently & bounce on it vigorously so that it'd feel like it was whole again)... So, with just a little bit of convincing, the sofa let this new man get comfortable, using all of it's holes... It felt like it was brand new again...

It felt important, lovely, alive, renewed, used, and even almost abused, but it seemed that it was so in a good way... It had been so long... Some of the holes even hurt because of the long period of neglect, that they'd had, that it took awhile for them to get re-acquainted to that kind of use again, but it was more happy than it'd been in a very long time... It was like having wings... And like relearning to fly... It felt young again...

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^ ^ ^ The only sad part was that when the real owner came home, he (Of course) had some difficulty seeing the lonely sofa looking so happy again, knowing that someone else had used the holes, had enjoyed touching & bouncing on his sofa... Yes, someone else^ had found new, (Or the same ways) of using all of the holes in the sofa that he had once so willingly used... That wasn't the worst of it, which was that he still felt broken, unable to properly bounce, unable to fill the holes as the sofa needed them to be filled... At some point the sofa will go to a new address with a new man, or it will break-down & cease to function at all, or else, worst case scenario, it'll turn into a rental sofa which serves all the neighborhood's hole-bouncers & tries to fulfill it's innate needs as an individual through the rental market... "Who knows what lies in wait...Only the Shadow knows..."^

^ ^ ^ I guess that's the thought that went through the man's head, so he actually tried, it seemed, for a while, he really seemed to try hard to find ways for the sofa to feel his love... He even moved it into a new environment, a new house, with new surroundings...

What we do know is the infinite worth of this extremely valuable sofa... Please world, don't let it get ruined by the touch of a tainted hand or the neglect of an unused life...

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Here follows some of the comments recieved from over 2000 reads at the other spot:

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cgirl001:^^^ I love the weirdness, are you taking a page from my book? :.D^^^ Posted: Mar 20, 2014

Author Comment:^^^ Your book exactly; do you see why & how? You are the first next contestant on "This is your Life" the newest game-show in town. The show where all of the contestants are Angels incognitos... Glad I could put a smile on your face... It's the best looking thing that ever resides there... And the world needs to be benefited by it's brilliance...

^ Alyson Williams



^^^ The sofa is life itself. Loved in the most comfortable way but then becomes boring and neglected. Trying other ways to spice things up - even the most absurd! Then one realizes that it may be best to move on or risk total destruction by just existing. Maybe there is a more exciting life waiting out there for that sofa but who will recognize it's value. A life long question we all face in time. Supremely written, my friend.^^^ Posted: Apr 24, 2014

Author Comment:^^^ It's interesting that you comment on this one today, since I had almost decided to take it down... It had already received over 1400 reads, w/only 1 comment, so I figured that people just didn't get it, or didn't like it... I had about decided to pull it off of here... Thanks for taking the time to read & comment...

^ Megalanthropus;

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Â Â Â Â This was a very richly done piece. For me it made me think both of petty jealousies on one extreme, and of what is ultimately important in life on the other. A very quirky tale by any standards, but very rich and imaginative. Kudos to you for choosing such a topic! The readability may be improved if you make the paragraphs shorter, btw. Also, the way you've used conversational sentences as adjectives is neat, and I do it myself, but it can get confusing while reading it.:)Â Â Â Â Posted: Apr 24, 2014

Author Comment:Â Â Â Â Thank you so much for the constructive criticism... I'll go back & have another read at it on my first opportunity, & try to improve the readability of it, & see if there's ways of shortening, without detracting, those sentences... Mostly I thank you for deciding to share your time with me in both reading & commenting upon my works...

G- A spot:Â Â Â Â My lack of good English makes this hard to understand but my great friend saw more. I trust her to know this good. Don't take away as many other's like too.Â Â Â Â Posted: Apr 26, 2014

Author Comment:Â Â Â Â I thank you for this comment, since it confirms the decision I had made to continue to leave this as a post, since it may be able to help at least someone to improve their quality of life, & if it does, then it would be very worth it...

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