

Until I could find an affordable place, I did my best to keep out of Gladys' way.



On the third day of the blizzard, the alternate side parking suspension was lifted, and all of the money we made on our tour went towards a parking ticket.



Jordan worked thirteen hour shifts every day, and was always in a bad mood.



He did get us invited to some work parties.

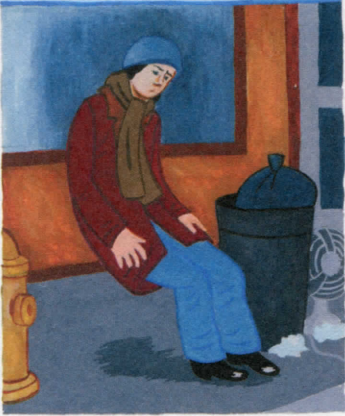


I didn't have proper footwear for the snow, so I bought some new boots, which gave me such bad blisters that it hurt to walk.

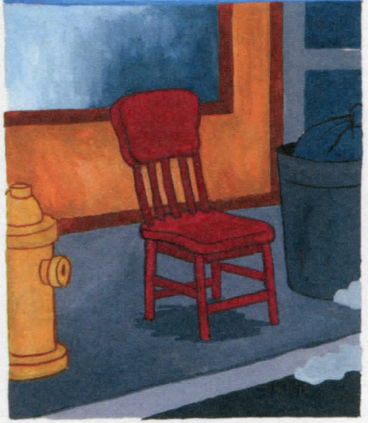


But it wasn't like I had anywhere to go.

And that is why I transformed myself into a chair.



I stood on the sidewalk and waited.



Soon a man came and took me home.



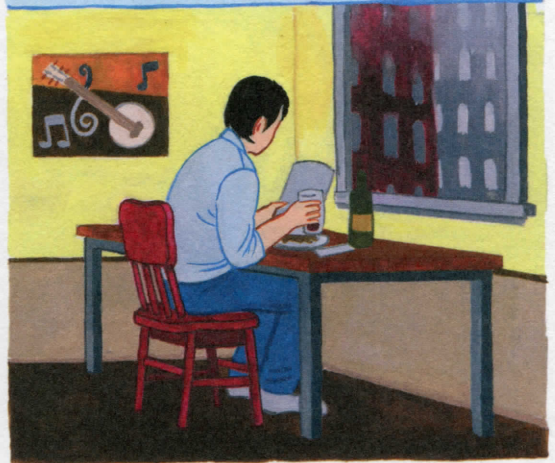
He showed me off to his friends.



When he was away, I'd turn myself back into a girl, and lounge around his house.



When he came home I became a chair again.



I wondered how Jordan was doing.



I wondered how the car was.



I decided I wouldn't be missed much.



But the days slip by so pleasantly that such thoughts don't linger long in my mind.



Sometimes, there are close calls.



But then, I've never felt so useful.



The End