

Freedom: Anna Ceguerra

The couch was dumped by my housemate in the park across the street. It was just a normal fabric couch and was still serviceable, only it needed a deep clean from life's dirt.

After sitting there 3 weeks later, the council still hadn't picked it up. With no rain in the past 3 weeks, I wondered if the two were connected?

One night, as I was looking across at it from my balcony, a group of teenagers were sitting on and around it. They were making lots of noise, having a generally good time.

A homeless woman approached them, and shooed them away. She inspected the couch, then looked in her shopping trolley full of bags and took out a sleeping bag, settling herself for the evening. The teenagers came back, and tried to push her off, but they couldn't. She had physically turned into a bronze statue, as had the couch she was sleeping on. The youths muttered amongst themselves before leaving.

The next morning, she turned back into a human. She rummaged through her trolley again, found a small, crumpled bag which must have been stretchy because it was big enough to wrap the couch into. She poked the bagged couch, and the couch sprang up into the air and shrank. She caught it in one hand, and put it into one of her bags in the trolley.

I dropped my yoghurt on the floor. 'I guess that's one way to get rid of that couch,' I muttered.