

Mr. Boxy: My Life

I was born in a box factory near Wichita, Kansas, and sent by train to Seattle. My first owner filled me with heavy books, and I went to New York in a moving van.

When we unpacked he gave me to a friend who filled me with painting supplies, put me in the trunk of her car and drove to Montana. One of the tubes leaked and I got an orange stain. Then I sat on a basement shelf for 6 months and got a little droopy.

One day she packed me with glasses wrapped in newspaper and sent me by UPS, back to New York. Along the way a heavy box fell on me, and one of my glasses cracked.

On the 11th floor of a tall building in NY, a young man unpacked the glasses, took me out in the hall and left me by the service elevator, empty.

Another man took me to the basement, and tied me up with other boxes. We worried that we might get thrown into a dump, where we would rot.

But the next morning, a young man came by looking for free cardboard boxes. He took us in his van to his workshop in Brooklyn, where we were given an amazing new life. Now I'm a couch!