

The stuff under the couch cushion

Written by Deb Egenberger
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There's a treasure trove hidden in my living room.

Evidently, it's been there awhile just waiting for me to find it.

When I pack away the Christmas tree and other holiday decorations each January, I take the opportunity to deep clean all the nooks and crannies that have filled with crud since spring.

Not only do I dig the cat hair out from between the carpet and the baseboard where Miss Kitty lounges behind the presents all Christmas season but I also clean the bulbs in the ceiling fixtures and wipe the dust off the philodendron leaves.

One of my least favorite tasks—next to scrubbing toilets with a pumice stone—is vacuuming under the couch and chair cushions.

Maybe that wouldn't be such a daunting job if I did it every time I vacuum the floor. But I don't, mostly because it irritates me.

There were times during my college years when cash was slim and I would scrounge through the couch cushions to find enough change for a Super Big Gulp from 7-Eleven.

Now, I rarely locate money. Instead it's mostly food.

I know crumbs happen. I'm never surprised to find Doritos or Cocoa Puffs or even a chunk of pizza crust. I can also understand how a ball-point pen or a gum wrapper finds its way to the

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dark side.

What I don't get is how crazy stuff like an entire unopened Pop Tart or a paperback book or the remote to the television that quit working months ago can disappear into oblivion. Wouldn't a person feel those things under his backside? Evidently not in my house.

And I wonder if anyone ever notices when half a box of Nerds spills in the crack or a DVD case gets sucked in.

The best I've ever heard was when a friend found a neatly folded piece of sliced cheese tucked away as if someone was saving the snack for a rainy day.

I often feel like my house is the only place this happens.

I know better, though. Everyone has gunk under their cushions. Some is just more interesting than others.