

Or best offer



“Single bed with deluxe hinged canopy. Includes mattress, linen duvet, pillow, faux stainless steel base. Custom built-in handles. Like new condition. \$200 O.B.O.” The bed was off to the side of the rest of the garage sale items and Larry didn’t see it at first. But when he did, he was instantly drawn to it. He was rereading the description on the tag taped to the bed frame when an attendant approached. “It’s a beauty, ain’t it? Only been used a couple times. It’s real comfortable, too. Go on, try it on for size.” There was something creepy about the attendant. For one thing, he was dressed all in black – black leather boots, black woolen suit, black tie, even a black top hat – and it was already 80 degrees in the shade here! Still, Larry did as he was told, and, after removing his shoes, he climbed into the bed. The mattress was recessed inside the frame and it was a bit awkward to get in, but once there, he felt oddly at peace. “For the full effect,” the attendant said, hovering over Larry with a creepy gleam in his one eye, “I have to close the canopy lid.” Before Larry could protest, he found himself in utter darkness, completely cut off from the outside world. Hmm, it *was* rather tranquil in here after all, a nice change from his noisy apartment. He’d offer the guy a hundred and a half, see if he’d take it. Larry pressed against the hinged canopy lid but it wouldn’t budge. He pushed again, harder. Still nothing. He tried to rap on the lid but the linen padding muffled the sound. Suddenly Larry no longer felt so tranquil. Even less so when he sniffed an odor he hadn’t smelled since those awful days in high school chemistry class: formaldehyde! All right all right, he’d give him the two hundred. (*cough*) Two hundred and fifty? (*cough cough*) Make that *three* hundred!