

## The Girlfriend's Encyclopedia of Common Knowledge

Day twenty five. There's so much I didn't know.

I mean there I was...sleepless hours counting the things wrong with my life. Then I was able to afford Direct TV, and I didn't care about anything wrong in my life. Then I got a girlfriend. But a real girlfriend. And suddenly I became aware...of all the things I'd never even remotely dreamed that I do wrong.

### Thoughts and Theories:

Given the amount I have yet to learn—in the amount of time I have to learn it—the chances of me learning anywhere near what I should...are zero.

I've begun a Cliff's Notes, if you will, of a book I have of late discovered. When I say book, I mean a very heavy, extravagantly detailed tomb of instructions you may one day encounter...The Girlfriend's Encyclopedia of Common Knowledge.

1. A bed is a mirage, it is the bowl on the table filled with plastic fruit.
2. If you do wish to sleep in the day, please see vol III, page 74 item 6...or an item otherwise known as—couch.
3. Laying on the couch is permitted, but in no way should you trespass on a chair.  
Chairs are solely designated as temporary storage of couch pillows—which is really just arbitrary name for a “room object” that is (apparently) extraordinarily fragile in spite of its deceptively luxurious and cushiony exoskeleton.
4. Your mind can play tricks on you. You see a towel in the bathroom. You may think that it is a towel. Incorrect. It is not a towel. Towels are in a cupboard or closet as far from the shower as possible.

5. Hand soap is hand soap. Toilet paper is toilet paper. Though they should not be used in that order. And after you have washed your hands, you must dry them...on a paper towel in the kitchen, because a hand towel, while looking similar to a towel for drying hands, is not.
6. Never attempt to make a bed...nor ever leave a bed unmade. Instead (whatever you do) it must appear as though you very much wished to make the bed.
7. A person can need an armoire for their television. Someone can need that. You need that. I need that. Apparently.
8. The word need is its own religion: it is not something you can prove. But you sense it. It connects us all. There is no mind on this Earth that can define or comprehend it. It is a matter of faith. A faith you must accept. You must accept it on blind faith. Like Moses.
9. You need a rug for each area of the apartment. If you have carpets, you must rip them up to get to that wood floor. Then you must cover exactly 75% of all wood flooring in each room with rug...which is better than and different from a carpet. The difference, from what I understand, is that a carpet is a thing that gathers evil from the soles of the world and must be expunged...while a rug, on the other hand, is a matter of faith.
10. Books on a shelf need not be organized alphabetically, they should instead be arranged by height, big to small like a ramp or as a plateau meeting in the center.
11. Light fixtures are expendable, and therefore, I believe misnamed.
12. Sconces? Sconces are like...are like the opera.
13. It is top a secret matter—that anything electrical need an electrical cord in order to

acquire electricity.

14. Nothing light enough to hang on a wall without damaging it should hang on a wall.

15. Pottery Barn is a nice place. And you can live there, if you want, or just about. And

you will love it. You will learn to love it. You will learn to love chocolate brown.

And if you cannot find the perfect age-worn, chocolate-brown piece of furniture...

Pottery Barn (for some additional money) will destroy you a brand new one. Service.

16. If someday you make enough money, you should start a charity foundation that can

finally do something about the endless and abominable tragedy...called dust.

I lived on a famous street with a partial view of the OLLYWOOD sign in a one bedroom, one thousand square foot apartment. With a garage.

Now I live in the Marina, within eyeshot (if you get tight against the wall and hunch down) of the Golden Gate Bridge (well, the tip of it), in a one bedroom, fifteen hundred square foot apartment—four hundred of it livable (divided by two people), for twice the money. And no parking. And a bunch of stuff I need—that costs as much as a car, but I can't lease it.

NOW...I have a girlfriend. I mean, it's nice, our place. Don't get me wrong. It's really nice. You should check it out. Our fall line of slightly-faded chocolate-brown is going on sale this Sunday—come on by.