

2020 as told by one of my nine pillows

Sarah Davis

2020 was the busiest year of my goddamn life.

Everything was normal up until about mid-March. I was a behind-pillow — you know, the pillow that goes behind the one you sleep on. Second in command. I didn't have the sole responsibility of cradling the head of the sleeper but might have to step in to comfort an arm flung during slumber.

I should have known things were beginning to change for good when my fleet was moved to the living room in early April. Suddenly my team was responsible for pillowing during daily after-work tv time AND sleep time, with occasional day work as well. It only increased from there. I started being used as a lap desk during the day for hours at a time. They warn you about the heat from those laptops, but you never really know it until you experience it firsthand. Naps were being taken on both weekend days. Sometimes weekday naps would happen, as well.

I was exhausted. I'd never had to serve so much in my life. I also had to absorb more tears per capita than ever before, perhaps one of the hardest parts of serving as a pillow. May and November saw record precipitation.

One perk of the changes was a slight increase in pillow fights. That's really what I live for. There's nothing better than letting loose the tension of working 10-12 hours a night, seven nights a week, than getting flung wildly and forcefully into your coworkers.

Martha was brought on the team at the beginning of the year. She came with a mate, but they were purely platonic. Feather pillows from IKEA, an honorable and humble race. To be quite honest, I hardly noticed her at the beginning of the year; she was onboarded for a spare bed that was later sold. So it wasn't until that bed was sold that I really got to know her. Soft, moldable yet still rectangular, amazing stitching. She looked stunning in her Threshold™ pastel pink pillowcase. I'm a firm pillow, with synthetic filling, so I guess opposites attract.

The most gleeful part of the year was the move. Downsizing to a smaller apartment meant spending a few blissful days in a storage crate with Martha stacked neatly on top of me. Yes, we were surrounded by our colleagues, but that was a small price to pay for fabric-to-fabric contact with your one true love.

Interpersonal relationships are an inevitable consequence of serving on a pillow fleet, but I haven't let Martha's intoxicating aura compromise my commitment to duty. As time goes on, though, my money will get spent, dust mites will inhabit my stuffing, and holes may form across my body. I have no idea what is going on in the world, and I never will, because I am a pillow. But do you know what won't change? My love for Martha.