

Life is not ALL bad

by Rev. Joe Dirt - Wednesday, April 24, 2024

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The whole 16 years of our relationship, including the last 11 years of wedded bliss, *Señora* and I have slept in a queen size bed. It was plenty of room for the two of us as we both like to touch at least a square centimeter or two of the other person's skin as we sleep.

However, we both have back problems. *Señora*'s are logarithmically worse than mine. We have swapped our three queen size mattresses around trying to find one that worked for our issues. We even bought a new queen inner spring mattress shortly after I moved back to St. Louis from Memphis. A year or so ago I bought a three inch mattress topper made of memory foam that was touted as being wonderful for back issues. It worked superbly for me, not so much for *Señora*. Plus it had the additional detriment of making it hard to turn over during the night.

So we started looking around again. The [Leesa Hybrid Legend](#) is rated as one the best mattresses for folks with back issues, and [Costco](#) had an extraordinary sale on this normally very expensive mattress. I had the wild idea of changing to a king size bed thinking that maybe if we were not bumping into each other during the night it might help a bit. The mattress is brilliant. *Señora* has said that it is most comfortable mattress she has ever slept on. I needed a little adjusting from the memory foam, but have grown to appreciate it also. It does, however, have the drawback of leaving much acreage between the two of us, as habitually, in the queen beds, we each hugged our edge of the bed.

The other morning I found myself the meat in a [*ménage à chienne*](#) sandwich. I am not sure when she did so, but Princess Lily – or as I have been calling her of late, Prancess Lily, from the way she acts when she realizes I am about to take her for a walk – had left her bed and climbed into ours, snuggling up to my chest. On *Señora*’s part, sometime in the night she had called an Uber and made the trip from her side of the bed to mine, snuggling up to my backside.

They both were so far on my side that there was enough room on the left side of our new king size bed for another person... or a good size dog.

Life is not ALL bad. Or as my daughter has the habit of saying when she is chilling,”this does not suck”, or when something was good, “that did not suck.”

And so it goes.

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