

**I wanted a bed. You gave me air quotes.**

Written by Greg "Buns" Mills

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Irony is sublime. It can be anyway. In film, in visual art, in fiction – in all those places, irony deftly applied can't be beat. I EAT that shit up.

But in a hotel, at 10:00, when you're checking in after six hours sitting in coach next to a chatty three year old, Irony is a big fat asshole maneuver.

Upon reaching my room, I am not looking for an opportunity to begrudgingly say "Ah, hotel. You win. Well done. Yes, ha, the room is mismatched and wittily uncomfortable. I see what you did there. I get it, funny hotel. The price per night itself is ever so jolly, but the crappy mismatched bullshit you are peddling really brings it home. Wasn't expecting jejune, you scoundrel. I get it. Heh. You magnificent self-indulgent bastard of a hotel. And I can tell that it's just going to get funnier every time I walk in."

It's not even irony, though. That's more like mean-spirited, hair trigger sarcasm.

I am staying at a sarcastic hotel.

(I'm also really, really tired today.)

I'm in LA today. I'm in LA, and not at home, where I should be.

I mean, I should be in LA, because me being in LA is directly related to me bringing home some money every two week.

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But I don't like it, none the less. It's been a long trip. And at home, contractors have started: they've ripped out the water heater, torn up the back yard (dug a pit actually) start tearing things up and chopping things down. Cleverly, I'm sure.

And I'm in LA while Paula deals with all this. This makes me anxious.

I am **ESPECIALLY** anxious, my beloved reader, **ESPECIALLY** anxious because of **the phone call**.

The phone rings, and I waddle out the studio and it's Paula.

PAULA: "Um, I need to talk to someone RIGHT now because I am going to explode if I don't. I just talked to the contractor, and he found... he found out that...."

ME: "...."

PAULA: "He said that the surveyor said **OUR LOT HANGS THREE FEET OVER INTO THE NEIGHBOR'S THE ENTIRE LENGTH**"

This is math and money. This a work stoppage, with a starting from scratch sort of vibe to it. Like new plans, new money, new ways of acquiring money, woe, pain, suffering and no hot water for a long time.

PAULA: "We going to have get new drawing, new permits, we're going to have to pay for the work done, we're going to have to live under a tarp. We're not going to get a new bathroom. We're going to lose our side garden. We're...." (YOU SEE WHAT I WAS UP AGAINST YES? YES?)

ME (LAMELY): "Could we get... a new surveyor? Like a second opinion?"

PAULA: "Maybe. Maybe we do that. That could be something we do."

We're doing something. So, good. We are affecting our destiny.

We aren't doing shit.

I wander the hallway of the [production company](#) stunned at the instantaneous total claim on my life this data had (okay, I'm being a baby. But it had just happened, okay?)

FUCKFUCKFUCK

I looked at a fake lizard attached to the wall (for whatever reason this production company has a Mexican village interior design scheme) for a minute to gather myself and get back to work, when my phone rang:

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PAULA: "Nevermind. The Contractor misunderstood. We're fine."

Oh, what the fuck????

That's a bad magic trick, Mr. Contractor Man.