

J'accuse!

I recently started hanging out with girls. They wear dresses, get excited about the idea of redecorating and cleaning and drink tea in a coffee shop at 2 in the after noon. It's great, absolutely great. They even gave me some of their old clothes so I could wear something else than zipless jeans and a big baggy sweater. They've redone me a bit, which is good considering I've been losing weight at the gym (not that I'll be looking for it ...)

So there I am, tights, a dress, a belt around my slimming waist and accessoires hanging in my (now) organised cupboard. At first it felt strange, like I was cheating on me (and Dan a little) but a good kind of cheating; like with a younger hot secretary...

But with a bit of glamour comes a bit of emotion, a bit of hysteria, a bit of oestrogen. I'm still living with the guys and no amount dresses and slimming underpants I put on can build a wall of the ever increasing stress the mess brings me. Don't misunderstand me; I love them, but I absolutely HATE living with them. Not Dan, he's great. But sometimes I'm just impressed with the amount of mess that can build up and live undisturbed for weeks without ANY of them complaining. So I do the complaining and I'm the bitch... I guess the dresses help.

I don't want to complain without an example, so I'll give you an example of how I'm dealing with the situation (at least this is how I remember it; Dan disagrees).

For you to understand the following story, you must know that one of the guys has recently discovered baking. I love baking, I love other people's baking and I like the fact that he's trying to improve his cooking (in the beginning he was putting pans in microwaves). So one day he decides to make cookies. When I think of

cookies I think lovely round bits of tasty chewy heaven and not ~~one big~~ tray 3 big trays of half cooked cookie dough. So he made those about a week ago.

And please don't assume he threw away empty butter packs, M&M bags, etc. No no, I guess it was part of the atmosphere he was trying to create in the kitchen. And the smell of course.

I must admit that though their looks were not appetizing, their taste was very agreeable. Nonetheless, that is no reason to leave the pans, spoons, mixer, whatever covered in cookie dough mix to form some kind of cementy substance.

“Did HE take my spoon???”

Everytime something like this happens, I'm not allowed to say anything. Even though they could easily clean it, even though I haven't been in the kitchen for 2 weeks and I desperately crave some vegetables, I'm not allowed to say anything "because it's not my place to complain about it". I used quotation marks there because it is a quote.

It's been like this from the beginning: something wrong- don't talk or complain about it because it will go away eventually and we wouldn't want anyone to get hurt now would we? All the food you bought gone? Just don't mention it. The living room you so carefully redecorated in a mess? Just wait a couple weeks and someone might pick up some beer bottles and it'll all be fine. Just don't mention it.

So this time, I shush: I don't say anything about the cookies for a week, I don't complain about the fact that the fat from the George Forman grill has been knocked over by the massive trays of cookies, I just, sit and let it be.

Until last night.

I came home from work, a long and tiring shift and I hadn't eaten all day because I didn't want to go into the kitchen. But I was hungry and decided to get a box of mac and cheese: the fastest and most filling meal I could think of, just before I was off to the gym again. I spent about 10 minutes cleaning one cookie dough encrusted spoon, one bowl with what I think used to be some sort of soupy substance and a pan, also encrusted with dried-up cookie brick. I look for some butter- no, of course all the butter is gone. Any milk? Don't be silly. So back to the shop it is.

Yet, at my return, the spoon seemed to have disappeared. And so I break down. I look for it everywhere, tears welling up in my eyes. "Why can't we just have one fucking clean spoon!?" Of course I thought someone else took it. Either that or we have rats again. Spoon-stealing rats. I run into the living room, out of the living room, half crying and hysterical. Donald was eating soup just before I left the shop to buy milk. Did HE take my spoon?? 10 minutes later Dan finds me on the kitchen floor crying and shouting about spoons and hating everyone and just wanting some food. He calms me down, we make my mac and cheese and go through to the living room. I realize Donald had been eating soup with a fork, which is very depressing in multiple ways. I sit down, get up to move a beer bottle from under my pillow (tears are welling up again- I spent AGES on this living room) sit down again and find my spoon; in my jacket pocket.

I think they are driving me crazy, not on purpose but crazy nonetheless. The other day I thought I saw a UFO.