

DIARY

It was so cold tonight I couldn't be asked to go round to Doofer's, even. Mom'd been on a crusade of one kind or another all day, moving stuff around the parlour to suit the new puppy and pestering me to give her a hand to lift stuff up or put things down. I tried to call Doof and arrange another meet, but got no joy there at all. Come midnight I was despo for a rock or something.

Once the oldies were in bed around midnight I slipped out for a while and caught Angelo Roncelli in his car by the Metro. He was almost empty, just got an eighth of skunk and some acid. I took half a tab to get the wheels turning and came home the back way, across the gardens. Baby Middleton was hanging around on the landing again when I got in; she listens for the sound of their bonking, I'm certain. When her own time comes she'll be at it like a rabbit, just like her bitch of a sister!

There's a new roster in the bathroom Mom's taped on the back of the cabinet mirror. This week, I'm down to un-gunge the shower mat and yank curlies out of the drain. I'm pissed off with the whole, tiresome business of rotas and that's a fact. Four of us in one household earning a wage and we're still doing chores like fucking army cadets. I've asked them time and again, why they can't find a cleaner or an Au Pair or someone to manage the cooking and cleaning, or just get Baby M to do it while she's here on her backside all day doing sweet FA. Fuckssake, it's her pubes in the plughole, mostly.

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