



NEVER LET A DOG DO THE HOUSEWORK



One dog. One note with thirty things on it. And thirty appliances
that did not survive it.

Aurel vs World

as told to Yvonne Heinzelmänn

BOOK ONE

*For my parents.
You were gone all day.
Somebody had to do it.*

MY LIST



- ☐ BED LINEN
- ☐ LAUNDRY
- ☐ CLOTHES
- ☐ SOCKS
- ☐ CUSHIONS
- ☐ THE GLASSES
- ☐ FRYING PANS
- ☐ BROKEN PLATES
- ☐ BAKING TRAY
- ☐ THE CAKE
- ☐ SPAGHETTI
- ☐ THE CHEESE
- ☐ DECORATIONS
- ☐ THE PUMPKIN
- ☐ HOTDOGS
- ☐ THE PLANTS
- ☐ THE WEEDS
- ☐ FIREWOOD
- ☐ THE CAR
- ☐ WINTER TYRES
- ☐ BLANKETS
- ☐ THE PHONES
- ☐ CABLES
- ☐ CAT
- ☐ UMBRELLAS
- ☐ BRUSHES
- ☐ SHIRTS
- ☐ SHOES
- ☐ THE BILLS
- ☐ POPCORN
- ☐ THE FLOWERS

This is me

This is me. Aurel.

I have taken it upon myself to support my parents – before they get the glorious idea of letting a stranger into this house who tells me to sit, and to lie down, and treats me as if I were a dog.

On Sunday they talked about it. I was lying under the table, as always. I was not listening, I was only hearing. There is a difference, and I ask that this be taken into account.

It was about the house being too much. It was about somebody possibly coming in. Three days a week. With her own key.

With her own key.

On Monday they left at seven. There was a note on the fridge with thirty things on it.

I can read a note. That is one of many things nobody here knows.

So I started.





ONE DAY, FROM THE INSIDE

MONDAY



07:00 They left. Both of them.

07:02 I started.

19:45 I was finished.

Thirty things. One dog. No key.





MORNING

Nobody is watching. That is the best time of the day.



Bottom left

7:02

I start with the bed linen, because my mother is always the first one up and I want her to come home tonight to a dry bed. That is the whole reason. A reason does not always have to be complicated.

Dry, not clean. Clean is done by the machine, nobody needs me for that. Dry is the part that fails in this house every single time. Last Thursday the bedding hung over the door frame until half past nine at night, and there was a discussion during which I held back a great deal.

You have to understand: I sleep bottom left. Always bottom left. A damp bed smells of bed and not of me, and then in the morning nobody knows where my place is any more. Last Friday somebody else was lying on bottom left.

Somebody else. On bottom left.

The washing machine says two hours. I do not have two hours. I have twenty-nine more things and a bowl that has been empty since yesterday, but more about that later.

So I did it differently. Faster. There is a reason I am the only one here who gets up in the morning without being told.

It is dry now. It is warm. It smells a little like a Sunday.

Part of it has become somewhat smaller, yes. But a bed does not have to be big. A bed has to be dry and it has to have a place at bottom left, and I had both of those done before anybody was awake.







What gets checked

7:20

I do the laundry second, because the laundry is the thing that gets checked. Nobody checks the floor. The floor is done by the Round One, and the Round One has a photograph on the fridge.

A photograph. On the fridge. Because he once drove in a circle while somebody stood next to him and said look at that.

There is no photograph of me up there. What there is of me is a note with thirty things on it.

So today I am doing the things you can see afterwards.

In one trouser pocket there was a banknote. It was in a pair of trousers, which were in a basket, which was in a room that only I have tidied since Sunday. Nobody took it out. So it went through the wash with everything else, and now it is hanging on the line, held by a single peg, drying like the rest.

When it is dry it will be worth exactly the same as before. I would like that noted too.

I am only stating the situation.

My mother always says: "You stay away from that machine."

And I was not at the machine. I was at the door of the machine. There is a difference, and I ask that this be taken into account.

