



Shit on you Anllóns' Devil

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Maybe I'm some kind of Diogenes; I'm not going to deny it. They say it's owed to the lack of affection, I'm not saying it isn't; although I believe it's more owed to the lack of money or, in my case, to the lack of willing to waste it. I didn't take so many things either: two chairs, no, three chairs, two wooden and one metal, this last one was more outdoors furniture but I have it at the hall to leave the purse; a TV table from the 70's of those which had a plywood, that I had changed by one pine piece and that, in the end, I turned into a computer table; one forge mirror frame, and if I hadn't thought it twice I would have a matching side table; an armchair with big flowery upholstery; one side table with glass

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shelves, which I also exchanged by two pieces of pine because I put on airs covering the shame with false indifference; a standing bird's cage and a rocking chair.

It's not necessary to have a especial talent, a bit of sharpness to distinguish an item placed next to the dumpster because there is not room inside, from an item placed next to dumpster because the double-parking close to a dumpster looks less double-parking. This is really important.

The truth is that I became overconfident; I thought I was an expert and I put my

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foot in it. It's what happens when one becomes overconfident.

That was a BEAUTIFUL armchair, with that certain charm of the abandonment, which almost matched the other I had taken some months before. Its seat was a bit tore, completely tore really, I could see two springs drilling the bottom upholstery. I turned it upside down, checked it hadn't woodworm and took it. The usual procedure.

Afterwards, at home, I proceeded to make a more detailed assessment of the damages. Woodworm no. Upholstery good, a bit grimy but good. Upside down, bottom fabric frayed. Of course it was, couldn't they think of anything better? The springs were

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as thick as the ones Dick Dastardly uses to overtake and the engineer that had designed the bottom of the armchair expected to hold them back with a piece of flowery fabric.

Patiently I took off all the staples that sewed the fabric to the wood, I removed the upholstery, undid the strings that tied up the springs and took them off. I vacuumed it, cleaned it with a damp cloth, with the upholstery cleaning, with the wood cleaning, I rinsed the wood cleaning, rinsed the upholstery cleaning, I let it air to get dry and tidied all the leftovers because I may be very tight-fisted but very clean. The staples went fast through the vacuum pipe, but the

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piece of upholstery got stuck, the vacuum pulled eagerly but the damned fabric was so strong... maybe the wretched upholsterer was right.

And it didn't passed, switched the vacuum off, pulled the piece of fabric out, and pulled, and get out once and for all, and it didn't come out, and I pulled again. And it came out at last, and my bum hit the ground. Ruts of sweat run down my face and I had to dry my face, and I did it with the first thing I had to hand, the piece of fabric, of course. Disgusting, I know it. I realized too late, when I smelt that mixture of close up, damp and rust. It made me retch, and what if that smell didn't come exactly from the things I

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deduced? And what if that brown colour didn't come from a dye? And what if I caught the scabies?

All my body began to itch; I felt the urgency of going to wash myself, although I didn't do it because when I was looking at the fabric with disgusted face I saw it had something written. Curiosity beats disgust. I extended the canvas and rebuilt the wild threads to be able to read clearly what it said:

NOT IN THE POT, NOT IN THE SAUCEPAN

THE DEVIL IS IN YOUR HAND

"Not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand" I repeated aloud;

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it was catchy. I supposed it was a kind of saying of those they embroidered at cross-stitch classes like "when it rains and it shines the devil walks around Ferrol" or "well-being and bum force" or refined things like that. I worked out it was there because the upholsterer was as stingy as me or because that wasn't the original fabric of the armchair's bottom, just one they put there to ward the witches off.

But it was catchy; I couldn't take it out of my mind in the whole week. I told it to Xan at work when he pushed in at the copy machine and put a good kid face "not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand". I dropped it to the rat

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bastard that took away the parking space I had waited for patiently for five minutes "not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand". To the neighbour's dog that got into the habit of doing a poo on my doormat, right, it's a piece of artificial grass, but that doesn't justify her "not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand". And I also told it to the baker who likes the sayings, and to the idiot that swapped The Mentalist for the soccer "not in the pot, not in the saucepan, the devil is in your hand". I said it six times, six.

It's not that I want to give the six a bad reputation; it's that I said it six times

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aloud and from then on things started to happen. Weird things. The chairs moved, all of them, not only the ones I had taken from the street; the telly switched on and off on its own, without I doing it, I mean; and the DVD burnt the wrong programmes, the swine burnt the documentaries instead of the gossip shows!

The spoons upside down, the pots in the frying pan's place, it wasn't that I didn't remember where I had put them, no, the things had moved. The truth is that I didn't see them changing places, or flying away or so; but the telly switched on by itself and the DVD burnt the documentaries instead of the gossip shows. And I was almost completely sure that I had put the

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macaronis in the pot, I mean, almost completely and absolutely sure. Plus, at night, the blankets didn't do more than fall out of the bed; previously too, I use to dream passionately, but then they fell, I don't know, in a different way.

- You went crazy - Bego said looking at me over her glasses - you really are crazy, you are the Don Quixote of the gossip columns, I had already told you so.

No, it wasn't that, I didn't see the traffic lights turning into paparazzi in front of me. No, I noticed things were moving from their places.

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I explained clearly to her all the tapestry with the mysterious message thing.

- Oh! Well! It wasn't Don Quixote, it was the Tapestry Code - Bego exclaimed with a sarcastic smile.

I had to get serious, I invited her to have lunch, I would cost me a pizza, but it would be worthwhile if I could prove it was real, because her sarcasm was starting to annoy me.

In the way home I began to think that maybe it all was the result of my imagination; that I was going to make the

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B-I-G-E-S-T ridiculous ever. I used several times the "if you can't, it doesn't matter", but Bego, that knows me for long, thought I was doing it to avoid spending the 10 euros of the pizzeria's day offer and far from offering to pay herself or even to pay half, she repeated several times that she could and that she was looking forward to arriving at my place to "wet herself", she said it just like that, of my paranoia.

But if the repentant thing went wrong for me, the wet herself thing went wrong for her. We hardly put our feet inside the door when we saw crossing in front of our eyes two slippers and a little towelling toad. Bego looked at me surprised,

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surprised I was too, I had never seen such a thing; I was almost completely sure that things moved from their places, but I had never seen them moving.

- Oh my god! - Bego shouted.

She should think it better afterwards and decided it was some of my dodges to make fun of her and went in so confident, with that bravery one gets when she thinks she knows all. I took it more cautious, I actually knew that was for real.

There was an awkward calm in the inside that sure was an ordinary calm but that, expecting the worst, seemed awkward.

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