

I have to tug the fridge door a couple of times before it opens. Handle rattling in my hand. There is a bottle of vodka in the freezer, some pieces of meat and a couple of plastic bags with bread; one new loaf and three or four bags with left-over slices.

The loaf is a brown, full-grain bread bought at the local supermarket. I take four slices from it, lay them out on a cutting board lying on the counter and then put the rest of the loaf back in the freezer.

From the fridge I take out a piece of Gouda cheese. From the cutlery drawer I take out a cheese slicer and a potato knife. The centre of the cheese is carved out, so I use the potato knife to cut away the coating on the corners, then cut off the two outer edges and eat them up straight away.

*I look at my wrist. There is a wristwatch around my arm. Nice thing, I like it, although I don't wear it that often. A bit too much like jewellery, superfluous also, when you can use your phone to check the time. But I guess a watch is handy sometimes. You look more easily at your watch than at your phone to check the time, no? Sometimes a watch goes well with the rest of your clothes as well, makes you look more neat perhaps.*

*Although I don't wear it often, whenever I put it on I automatically start wearing it for several days in a row.*

*It's surprising how easily routine seeps in.*

I use the slicer to cut off some cheese which I spread out more or less equally over two pieces of bread and then cover these up with two other bread slices. From a magnet strip on the wall I take a small serrated knife, with which I cut the sandwiches down the middle.

*The minute and hour hand look the same, exactly the same design. Straight corners, slightly tapered toward the ends. Sharp splinters. Nice shiny metal. I think they have the same weight, just different proportions. The second hand has a different design. Even thinner,*

*and just above the point where it is attached to the watch there is a small circle with a hole in it. All pointers extend beyond the point where they pivot, so they are not attached with their ends to the centre but more on, let's say eighty percent of their length. Maybe even ninety. They look quite fragile. But they seem well protected behind the glass. Probably even waterproof, but I am not sure; should you try these things out?*

Next I open a white overhead cupboard on my left and take out a small cardboard box from between some dusty soup bowls and unopened packs of coffee. Holding the box in my left hand I unroll a plastic bag and rip it off from the roll with my right hand. Grasping the bag with my left hand, I wet my thumb, index- and ring finger of my right hand

and then rub the two sides of the plastic bag together in between my fingers until it opens up.

*The face of the watch is black and has no numbers, all hours are marked by stripes, the ones for the three, six, nine and twelve are a bit longer, and the minutes in between those are, again, a bit smaller. The second hand doesn't really tick, but seems to just spin around smoothly, although when you look at it closely it trembles slightly, seeming to doubt each new second. It looks a bit funny, as if the time isn't sure about itself.*

With the bag open in my left hand I take the pile of bread with my right hand and put these carefully in the bag, making sure the sandwiches don't start sliding past each other.

*The hands are actually just some small arrows, which are turning around their own axis. The second hand is on top, then below, the minute hand, and then at the bottom the hour hand.*

When the bread is neatly in the bag, I hold it up by the top corners between my fingers: then tie them together into a knot.

*It's interesting that the clock is ticking right above your wrist, no? That it's right above the place where you can put two fingers across your wrist to measure your heartbeat.*

I tie another knot on top of the first one and put the closed bag on the dining table next to the other things I will take along today.

*It's one of those watches without batteries, so you have to wave your hand around for a bit to get it moving. So sometimes when I don't move around much on one day or sleep late, I wake up and see that it has stopped.*

*I kind of like that it's time which only exists when you are doing something yourself.*

In the kitchen I turn on the hot water tap and clean the cheese slicer and the knives with a dishwashing brush and put them in the drying rack on the left side of the sink. The cutting board I hold upside down above the bin to let most of the crumbs fall off, the rest of them I brush off with the back of my hand.