

12th June, 1996

## DINNER AT UNCLES

DEAR DIARY, I have to get this off my chest. I can't stomach my uncle's wife. The family don't even call her by her given name, which so happens to be Evelynette, when making reference to her. We call her The Trog. We call their house Trogsville. We call the way she dresses Trogear and we call her awful children Trog Spawn.

My uncle went to bury his first wife in Jamaica in 1993 and came back with The Trog. The dirt hadn't even settled on auntie's grave when The Trog made a move on him. She decided to be the black widow to the poor grieving widower.

Apparently, while my uncle was tying up loose ends and sorting out the estate in Jamaica, she swooped on him like the vulture she is and did his washing for him, cleaned the house, cooked his meals, ironed his clothes, overdosed him with Irish Moss and Guinness and treated him like a king. At 31 to his 63, she claimed that she was a born again Christian and God told her in one of her dreams that she must devote her life to serving a lonely older gentleman. He had no choice but to fall in love with her and her seven Trog Spawn.

Uncle Harry took her back home to Streatham with him. When we met him at the airport, she was in tow (without her children), dressed in a white skirt suit and a big church hat and no luggage. She was pleasant enough, but no pleasantries could mask the fact that the man was coming home from his wife's funeral with a new woman, half his age.

In the beginning, she continued to cook, clean and go to church. Within six months, she acquired silicone implants, a gold tooth, a blond weave, two inch nails, a glitterous and glamorous wardrobe and is now using the bible under the dining table leg to stop it from wobbling. They got married just before her transformation.

At the "More Fire For You!" wedding bashment, she danced like a dancehall queen and carried on like her new husband was an irritant, but he was happy and as his new saying goes, if she's happy, I'm happy. So you understand that the family hate her like a dose of poison.

Anyway, last Sunday, my uncle celebrated his 66th birthday and invited his sister and family (mum, dad, six children and 11 grandchildren) for dinner. He told everyone to be

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gentle with Evelynette as she was a little bit depressed at the moment and wasn't sure if she would be high or low. Which means with or without a spliff. Considering she used to be an excellent cook, she must have been WITHOUT her "medication" that day by the looks of the food. We had oven chips and chicken wings. The chicken wings could only stretch to one wing each and salad was a cherry tomato each. The red wine was Ribena and the champagne was Appletiser. Dessert was individual Mr Kiplin apple pies; cold, in their foil containers and without custard.

When dinner was over at around 7pm, she told my uncle that he had to take her for a driving lesson at 7.30pm as she was going out at 10 and to get a move on and stop complaining about high blood pressure. With that, my mum got out of her chair with her two fists clenched heading straight for The Trog, my niece said kill it grandma, my dad jumped out of his seat, arms outstretched in between them like a wrestling match referee. The Trog pointed her claw at my mother and had the nerve to say to the woman who gave me life "...and what?" Who told Trog to talk that way? I don't know who broke up the fight in Trogsville, all I know is when the police came the dining table was over-turned, my uncle was crying on the stairs holding a blood- stained hanky, the Trog's hair was on the floor and my mum was blouse-less with my dad attempting to cover up her modesty with his cardigan over her beige Playtex cross-your-heart bra!

*August Mayfield*