

6th March, 1998

ANONYMOUS RENK NOTES

DEAR DIARY, I work in a 24 hour department where people bring their meals in from home because the restaurant's closed. Unfortunately, staff steal other members of staffs' meals from the kitchen. It doesn't matter what it is, it gets lifted and no one knows if it's a lone thief or a collective but the perpetrator(s) have yet to be caught.

It's weird because you would have thought that you'd spot someone eating your home made quiche which is in your distinctive white Pyrex dish with the orange flowers and bright green leaves, but you never do.

Favourite items to go missing are milk, yoghurt and M&S ready meals so now people wrap their food in all sorts of things like newspaper, discarded paper from the printer, bubble wrap, dish cloths, internal envelopes, you name it, it'll get wrapped in it. I'm thinking my next form of wrapping ought to be day old knickers.

Well on Tuesday, I brought in a chocolate cheesecake from M&S and wrapped it in an internal envelope and cellotaped the whole thing and someone stole it! What a son of a b*tch. The thief couldn't even see what was inside the package. It could have been vinegar soaked pigs trotters for all they knew. I was furious; it felt like someone stole my purse. I got my mouth ready for the dessert of the century. I could almost taste it. I even made Earl Grey tea in readiness to accompany it. I couldn't even drink the tea after that. Just the thought of someone eating MY cheesecake... I was vex, I was vex, I was vex!

I started daydreaming about catching someone in the act with the fork just inches away from their mouth. It would be a dream come true to snatch the fork out of the hand of some flashy Vice President and shouting at him what the hell are you doing with my cheesecake? You could buy the whole cheesecake factory with your Christmas bonus you mean son of a b*tch.

Anyway, I couldn't help myself, I decided to put a notice on the fridge and it said:

The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

To the person(s) stealing food from our shared refridgerator, would you please stop! Some of us work throughout the night and there is no other means of us getting food. We obviously bring our food and drink items in for ourselves, not to share with unknown people.

Please refrain from helping yourself to food that obviously doesn't belong to you.

August Mayfield - Graveyard Shift

When I came in to work the next evening, this is the reply that was left on the fridge.

Maybe you should learn to spell the word refrigerator and then people wouldn't steal your food!

As you can imagine, I was more furious than before. The coward didn't leave their name or anything so I couldn't even ask them what was the point of that! I was so angry that someone in my own department would stoop so low and I was also a little bit ashamed that I made a spelling mistake and got dissed for it. My whole attempt at stop, thief now looked ridiculous. So the message I was actually trying to make got lost when they took the p*ss out of my intelligence – or lack of; depends how you look at it.

From that day forward, I coughed and coughed and coughed all over everything I brought into that department and whosoever wanted to share my spittle; it was entirely up to them...

...and I'm still furious. Is FURIOUS spelt correctly??

August Mayfield