

21st April, 1998

DIDN'T YOUR MAMMA TELL YOU NEVER BRING A KNIFE TO A GUN FIGHT!

DEAR DIARY, I saw something this evening that I doubt I will ever forget – only because it was surreal. It was shocking, fascinating and funny all at the same time! Well this is what happened; I got off the bus after an evening out with my sister and her work colleagues. We were at Paige's wine bar in Westminster. Anyway, the bus-stop where I get off is situated across the road from two takeaways; the chip shop and the Chinese takeaway. I'd already made my mind up on the bus to have a saveloy, chips and a Tango.

As I stood on the pavement waiting to cross the road, I saw a man enter the Chinese takeaway. I saw him waiting to be served and the man who works in the Chinese came to the counter. All of a sudden, the customer leapt over the counter and I saw him holding a massive knife. I was rooted to the spot, my breath was held and my heart was banging like crazy. I felt like the only person in the street, I looked to the right side of the Chinese takeaway and I saw the bright light illuminating the chip shop, everybody in there was none the wiser to the fracas next door. On the left was Ken's Barbers. Ken's light was dim, but again, the guys in there were oblivious to next door's commotion. Suddenly, I realised the fight had taken a turn. The man who worked in the Chinese takeaway was now on the customer side of the counter. The knife was no longer visible, but what I could see was that the robber was getting thrown around like a rag doll. The man in the Chinese takeaway had some martial arts skills that the robber didn't account for. He had the man by the lapels, he threw him up against the wall and then he ran at him and kicked him down, picked him up again and then slammed him into the floor. The people in the kitchen had come out by now and I could hear the police (or ambulance) siren down the road.

The thief got the beating off his life. He walked in there not to get beef in black bean sauce and egg fried rice, he walked in there to take something that didn't belong to him and he ended up getting the beating of his life.

I enjoyed that display of the wronged beating up the wrong-doer! It's not every day you get to actually see with your own eyes someone getting their comeuppance.

August Mayfield

The
AUGUST
MAYFIELD
Diaries