

15th February, 2000

DID SHE SAY HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY?

DEAR DIARY, my show off friend Brenda called me this morning to find out what I did on Valentine's day. She was the only friend and I use the term loosely, who called to find out if I had a nice Valentine's day? What sort of dumb-arse question is that? She didn't ask me if I had a nice Christmas with as much enthusiasm. I'm single, so she knows it couldn't have been that great. Did she want to find out if I sent myself a Valentine's card? Did I buy myself flowers? How was my candle lit dinner for one? Did my hands reach far enough down my back for my sensual back rub?

She told me that her married boyfriend - his wife's in a psychiatric unit, probably driven around the bend by him - spent the entire day with her and lavished her with flowers and chocolates and jewellery and rampant sex. Dirty bitch! My guess is he normally crawls on top of Brenda after crawling around on his belly like the snake he is, or maybe he crawls on top of Brenda just after he crawls from on top of his other girlfriend without washing his meat & two veg. He's a nasty man who gives me the creeps with his watery eyes and his chapped lips, caked up with gunk in the corners.

Anyway, I'm normally quite depressed on Valentine's day - I can't tell you when last I had a decent date. I'd go as far as saying that I actually hate Valentine's day because it highlights how alone you really are if you're not happy being single. It makes you feel like shit when you're in a shit relationship and it makes you feel like shit when you're alone. I think it should be banned. The last time I got a Valentine's card was when I was 14 from my first love, Marcus Mitchell. He handed it to me at a party in full view of all of our friends. He had reputation of being a hard-nut so I was chuffed that he did something as cute as signing his name to a soppy card. I was glowing for days. Oh to be young again!

August Mayfield