

21st June, 2000

## PROVERBS ...

DEAR DIARY, my friend Victor said to me today, August, life is too short. I said no Victor, life is too long. It's a bitch and then you die. It's long and it can go on for a very long time. It can go on and on and on until you're ninety-seven, you've taken leave of your senses, you're deaf in one ear, your spine is so curved that you can't see the sky anymore and you're so blind, you can't tell whether it's day or night. You constantly have trapped wind, your dentures slip and you can't eat solids, you have crippling arthritis, all your friends are dead, your grandchildren don't visit anymore because you smell and talk to yourself and THEN you die. You die intestate. The government take all your money and sell your possessions and spend the money on street lamps and pavements!

Life's not too short. Life is too long. It's so long that every year without fail, you bump into your ex. The best boyfriend you ever had and when you bump into him, you look like something the cat dragged in. He looks his best and his wife looks ten times better than you and their twins look like models. Whereas the twins you had with him have run away from home and they're dead ringers for Kenan & Kel.

You learn a valuable lesson from every bad situation. No you don't. Not if your bad situation is the upstairs neighbour's faulty washing machine which floods your daughter's bedroom. There's water dripping through the light fitting. Running down the walls. Soaking the carpet. The next day, the smell of damp is enough to make you sick. Her mattress is soaked. In fact, everything's ruined. There's about £1,000 worth of damage. And now your daughter, who wets the bed, has to sleep in the same bed as you and you're both sticking to the plastic mattress protector and smelling of urine.

Life isn't what you make it. Life makes it up as it goes along and you just have to go along with it.

You make your own luck. Well no. Either you're lucky or you're not. I can play the lottery until there's not enough money in my account to buy a pint of milk. It doesn't mean I'm going to win a single penny. Isn't that my attempt at making my own luck, right? Wrong! There's always that good-luck story of a man who never gambles. No lottery, no scratch card no bookies, no nothing. He gets into a cab, on the back seat there's a brief case. He

# The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

opens it. There's five million pounds in it. Bob's your uncle; he's rich and didn't even attempt to make his own luck. He was just trying to get from Tooting to Shepherd's Bush.

The grass is always greener on the other side. Well it is, sort of. No matter what side you're on, the grass is greener on the other side. So you're on the right side of the fence, the left side looks greener, but of course if you then jump the fence and go on the left side, the right side automatically becomes greener. I don't know why, but that's always the case.

If you lie down with dogs, you get fleas. Well yeah, you do. In so much as, I went out with an unsavoury character many moons ago. We were driving down the Kings Road. He was pulled over by the police for a minor traffic offence. It turns out there was an outstanding warrant for his arrest. He was also carrying a concealed weapon and white powder. The police roughed **me** up, searched **me** and read **me** my rights. I'd call that fleas, wouldn't you?

*August Mayfield*