

12th March, 2005

IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME

DEAR DIARY, I saw Andy Armstrong today. He dumped me when we were teenagers. It wasn't so much the fact that he dumped me that was awful, it was the fact that his friend James was in the background laughing his head off. I couldn't even cry to my mum and dad because they didn't know Andy existed.

I was happy in a back-handed way that our relationship was over because he had an ex girlfriend, the omnipresent Colleen who always made an appearance with her masculine looking best friend and side-kick Audleigh. Colleen reminded me of a bad tempered Rottweiler; she was always snarling, barking and permanently appeared to be vexed. An ex should mean gone, forgotten, never to be seen or heard from again. She even took to just appearing where I was as if she bugged me with a tracking device. She made it clear to everyone who could hear her that she wanted us to fight. I wasn't afraid of Colleen. When you grow up with older brothers, you learn to use your fists; I was just p*ssed off at the fact that if I actually did get into a fight with her, it would be over Andy and one thing I learned from my dad is that no boy is worth getting into a fight over. Better off walking away than getting into a fight with a bitch over a dog. So with Andy's demise was the demise of his Rottweiler and that was all good.

I vowed that I'd never ever speak to him ever again for the rest of my life after he unceremoniously dumped me in front of James though. I've seen Andy many times over the years. He's even had the nerve to say hello to me but I could never forgive him for humiliating me so I never replied.

Today, Andy plucked up the courage to talk to me, but it wasn't a sheepish hi, how are you, long time no see sort of thing. It was loud and bold. He now works at Victoria train station. I was standing near the doors on a train that had one minute and 49 seconds to pull away from platform 11. He stepped right up to the doors and I had nowhere to go. He said August-August-August while shaking his head from side to side! He looked down at his shoes and said I'm really sorry about what I said to you all those years ago. He then looked straight into my eyes and said I'm sorry. I see you from time to time and I've always wanted to say that I really regret acting like such a prick. I know we were both young but what I said to you haunts me. It turns out that you were the best girlfriend I ever had.

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When he said that, I smiled. I was feeling a bit warm and embarrassed because I know the packed train carriage was a silent audience. I heard the whistle, the doors began to close and he shouted at the top of his voice I LOVE YOU and the doors closed and the train pulled off. If only the ground could have opened up and swallowed me. I stared at Andy disappearing into the distance and he was smiling and I started smiling and then he waved and I returned a tiny wave and then I was left to deal with the stares from my fellow commuters. I felt as if I was stood in the middle of the carriage stark naked. I must say, there are massive benefits when it's time to blush and you're black like me! Somehow, I forgive Andy for hurting my feelings all those years ago. If only I could forgive some of the sons of bitches who've dumped me in the past. I'd have a lot less baggage!

I've been dumped in a psychiatric unit. Yes. My ex boyfriend had a nervous breakdown and was sectioned. On one of my visits, he had the clarity to tell me it was over and I was convinced he wasn't influenced by his condition nor his surroundings. There I was ready to roll up my sleeves and get stuck in and be there for him and support him on his road to recovery and he dumped me! But that's a whole different wheel for a whole different bicycle.

I've been told it's not you, it's me! But after doing a little survey amongst my friends, the most common dump of all is the dump you get when he goes back to the girl he was seeing just before you.

I prefer that than to be with someone who's so afraid of being honest that when it's over, instead of telling you, they two-time you. Nothing apart from real fire burns more than cheating.

A few years ago, my work colleague Alex was dumped by our manager. They only dated for a short period and my manager decided that dating Alex would eventually cause a conflict of interests. Alex was bitter and wanted revenge. My manager carried on like normal and he seemed unfazed by the break-up which made Alex angrier. Well thank God Alex didn't tell me what he was going to do before he did it because I don't think my heart could have taken it, but he spiked our manager's coffee with an E. It was terrible. My manager was off his head. He was talking ten to the dozen, dancing to the music on the radio and singing around the office. To put it bluntly, he was as high as a kite. In the end, he had to go home because he was coming over all strange – he said he felt out of control! No one was more relieved than Alex when our manager decided to call a cab and he went off

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quite noisily in a taxi. It wasn't until two weeks later that Alex confessed to me that he'd drugged Paul's drink! Alex said at one point he thought Paul was going to say "he's drugged me", pointing right at Alex!

August Mayfield