

18th July, 2005

## I WROTE TO HER IN A FONT CALLED FEISTY

DEAR DIARY, I stooped to a level I'm not proud of, but I was provoked.

I had to write to Alison next door because she's gotten on my last nerve. Since she moved in at the beginning of the year, all she's done is moan. If it crosses her path, she moans about it. She complained that our trees hang over her fence. She complained that our satellite dish is interfering with hers. She moaned about some of our cherries falling onto her side of the fence. She said that the pond in the back garden is making her garden over-run with frogs. I haven't even got a pond! She says we make too much noise with our music. She said the kids are too loud. I bet she curses the birds because they sing too loud. I bet she shouts at the traffic because it doesn't creep quietly enough past her door. I bet she tip-toes around her house just in case her own size nine Sasquatch feet make too much noise on the parquet floor.

Anyway, her list of complaints are as long as your arm. She said our food smells waft into her house and the stinky – yes, she said stinky – spices make her feel sick. She said the people next door on the other side smoke pot and it makes her high. The man next door is actually an electrician and I think she smells the soldering iron giving off fumes! If we have a barbecue, by 5pm, she's knocking on the door asking for us to take it inside. If only she knew that one of these days, someone will take *her* inside and pull her towards the cellar and throw her down the stairs and lock the door. I've heard of far worse things people want to do to her but I'm afraid that Jesus won't offer me any more blessings if I put such words on paper.

She also drops letters of complaints through people's doors and she blatantly sits at the window with binoculars just making people feel uneasy. She needs a hobby, but she's making her neighbours her hobby and we don't like it.

None of the above is the reason why I had to stoop to her level though. It's something completely different. We share the same initials and sometimes the postman drops her mail through my door and my mail through hers. What she does is she opens my mail and then scrawls on the envelope, I THOUGHT THIS WAS MINE. The first time this happened, I believed her but this has now been going on for months. Not only does she open my mail

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and check out the contents, she holds back some of my mail too. I have no idea what happens to the missing mail. I don't know if she keeps it or throws it away. She could be stealing my identity for all I know.

Anyway, on Monday, I decided enough was enough and I was going to give her a little jolt and let her know I'm onto her, that renk old cow.

I decided to write her a letter, but address it to me. I thought if the postman makes a mistake and drops it in her letter box, either way she'll get it. On this occasion, the letter came to the correct address. It arrived at my house on Tuesday afternoon. I then took the letter to her house and put it through the letter box. I hope and pray that on this occasion, she opens the letter... I wonder if once she reads the contents if she will drop it through my letter box or discard it. Who knows!

Well, I've kept a photocopy of the letter and stapled it to the following page. Hopefully, after reading the contents, she'll learn to behave her miserable self.

*August Mayfield*

# The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

To Alison Mayfair

If you're reading this letter... you've done it again and opened mail addressed to me - YOU'RE BUSTED AND I WISH I COULD SEE THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE RIGHT NOW!!!

We both know that the postman sometimes mixes up our mail, but we've known this since you moved onto this road and it's been over five months now; but you still insist on not checking before opening and if I can check, then I'm sure you can too.

You're a mail thief and a dishonest, wicked, spiteful woman. It's not just the mail you tamper with but you've made yourself so unpopular on this street that people actually talk about hating you and say all the awful things they wish to do to you "accidently-on-purpose"!

I don't know what's happened to you in your life for you to be such a horrible woman, but we're tired of it around here.

You need to go and get counselling because you're obviously carrying baggage. You're incredibly angry and very unhappy and it seems like your aim in life is to make everyone as unhappy as you are.

You moan about the mix up with the mail and it's not my fault. You moan about people's children either side of the fence making too much noise in the back garden. You moan about people's cars being parked outside your house when you have no car or drive. You moan about dogs barking. You moan about foxes rummaging through the rubbish. Your net curtains are always twitching about something! Every single solitary day you're either verbally moaning or your pinched face is glaring at someone. If you hate life around here so much then MOVE.

The day you bring me one more open letter or if I find out that you're discarding them, there's going to be a weeping and a wailing and some smoke in the city.

## August Mayfield

Ps. If you think I'm threatening you, by all means, take this letter to the police. At the same time, you can tell them what you've done with all my missing mail you nosey, miserable witch.

PPS. If you have a problem with the tone of this letter, I have no problem discussing the contents with you.