

12th April, 2006

DOCTOR DEATH

DEAR DIARY, I have a lump in my breast. The last time I had it checked out at the hospital it was a cyst thank God. But here it is again making me feel sad, confused and paranoid. So today I went to the surgery; the doctor's going to have a feel, rest me assured that it may be nothing to worry about and then tell me that there'll be an appointment made for me at the hospital. Yes I'm scared but I can't predict what the outcome will be so until such time, I'll do the right thing and get it checked out. But while I was sitting in the waiting room, I allowed my mind to wonder in day-dream fashion. I didn't have my own magazine and didn't really want to read the Christmas edition of Good Housekeeping or a two month old Sunday supplement so off I went into my own world of over-imagination.

I thought about going in and telling the doctor that I had a lump and this is how my mind ran away with me....

August: ...hello Doctor.

Doctor: Yes?

Doctor looking at me through half spectacles with an impatient glare.

August: I have a lump in my... in my...

Doctor: ...come on girl, spit it out...

August: ...a lump in my breast.

Doctor: Oh?

August: I've had one before but it turned out to be a cyst but it's here again. I think you should take a look.

Doctor: No. You've been here before, the last time it wasn't anything to worry about but this time, it's cancer.

August: Don't you think you should have a look at it.

The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

Doctor: No! No need for that unless you really want me to go rummaging around under your blouse. Is that what you want Miss... erm... Mayfair?

August: Mayfield.

Doctor: Yes, yes, Mayfield. Yes, Miss Mayfield, you should know by now that if you've got a lump in your breast, it's hardly going to be a cyst twice is it? It's cancer dear. I suggest you sort out your affairs because you're going to die! So be a good girl. Prepare yourself, prepare your family, prepare for your deceasion, prepare for your funeral, you know, stuff like that. These days it's fashionable to do a video diary. Get one of those done. That might be enjoyable but all the same you're going to die. Well that's the worst case, if you're lucky, we'll chop off your breast.

He smiled with his lips but his eyes were like dead red snapper.

August: Doctor Death, you're being very cold about this, you've not looked. I think it's up to the hospital to take a look and examine me properly don't you think so? They're the one to give me my diagnosis. Not you.

Doctor: Are you telling me how to do my job?

August: No, but...

Doctor: ...no but, no but, bah, bah black sheep, I haven't got any wool nor have I got time to waste, do you? Pardon? No, I didn't think so.

August: Well do you know how long I've got to live considering you're so sure I'm going to die?

Doctor: Miss Mayfair...

August: Mayfield, it's Mayfield.

Doctor: Mayfair... Mayfield... How long's a piece of string? Do you think I'm **Derren Brown** who can give you magical answers? Don't be silly, go home, have a large brandy... do whatever you people do...

The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

August: What? What are you talking about, what people? You people do? What is my people? Black people? Women? People with breast cancer? It might be a cyst anyway.

I then heard August Mayfield, room three, Dr Matessian. I got up out of my chair, took my notes from the receptionist and went into the doctor's office and saw the friendly face of the lovely Dr Matessian. She said hello August, what can I do for you?

I think I ought to bring a magazine the next time I go to the surgery. This mind running away with me thing isn't good.

August Mayfield