

15th December, 2007

THE DAY I KILLED MY DAD

DEAR DIARY, for the first time in my life I was offered cocaine yesterday at an exclusive nightclub. It was after the sit-down part of my work Christmas party and I can't tell you how shocked I was. Firstly, I didn't know Charlie was a druggie and secondly, he's in a senior position at work and I thought a move like that to the wrong person would jeopardise his job. It also made me think why me? But the whys and wherefores are not all that important. I just made sure I said nope and kept my distance for the remainder of the night.

By the looks of things, Charlie was able to entice a couple of other people to join him in his par-taking of the star dust. I'm not too sure if these people have dabbled before, but I sure wasn't going to make this the beginning of a horribly bumpy, life changing road for me. I'm too busy. Addictions can be quite time-consuming and often expensive and I can just about keep my head above water these days without attaching an expensive addiction that doesn't involve a tangible product that I can wear or put on my mantle-piece or in my ottoman!

I stared at the melting ice in my long island ice tea and my mind went on walk-about. I started to think about what my life would be like if I became a drug addict. What would happen to my children, my job, my skin, my bank balance and relationships with my friends. Plus my parents would die of shame.

I've heard that people take drugs recreationally, but I'm already addicted to Earl Grey tea and Maltesers so I know that I'd probably be one of those people who would be crawling around on their hands and knees vacuuming the floor with my nose in front of a crowd of disgusted people. Being a Leo, I could only be a dramatic druggie. I'd take it to such thespian proportions I'd be an archetypal junkie with knobs on.

I'd be she who steals from family members. I would tell lies to my pusher by the name of Powder House and I'd end up running and hiding, fearing for my life and only coming out at night in dark glasses and a Mary J Blige wig until I made enough money to keep him off my back. I'd be sacked from work and forced to go on the game and kept in line by my violent pimp Mr Gold Finger who'd slap me in my face and say gimme my money b*tch.

Some nosey busy-body would tell a friend of a friend of my mum & dad that they've heard some bad news about August. Apparently they'd tell Mr & Mrs Mayfield in hushed tones,

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your daughter was seen in an alley. I heard that she was on her knees doing... well... doing stuff no self respecting girl would do in public, especially in broad daylight! Alright, alright my mum would say, she gets the picture and she's heard enough. Then all you hear is the loud deafening bang. That would be my dad. I don't know where he got it from, but he's just taken a shot gun out of his waist band, put it to his head and shot himself. No goodbyes, no questions, no long talking, plain suicide. Just like that. My mother didn't even know he left the house with his rusty hand gun.



So fast-forward to the funeral; I'd turn up in a three sizes too big fur coat that has less fur than a mangy dog. My fingers are yellow with nicotine stains which match the colour of my teeth. My Mary J Blige wig looks like someone threw it at my head from a great height and it landed by mistake, slightly askew. I'm as high as a kite and stink of booze and unwashed vajayjay.

My brothers are holding my sisters back because they want to fight me. My mother starts audibly whimpering at the sight of me. Her sounds are not human, more like a feral cat.

Everyone's talking about me. I don't give a sh*t. I'm only there to grab money from the offering tray and the refreshments afterwards.

I hear my Aunt Betsy say how could that little tramp show her face? I turn around to Aunt Betsy with my index finger one inch away from her nose and say ugly old crab louse, don't think for one minute I don't know why you went to prison in 1968 and by the way, your husband's a freak... he's one of my best clients.

I'm startled by a firm hand on my shoulder. It's Helena from work. She's standing next to me wearing a bright orange paper hat with a tall red, blue and green drink in her hand. She wants to know if I want to join them on the dance floor. They're playing Valerie by Amy Winehouse. The cat's got my tongue and I just stare at Helena. I'm sitting next to Paul from IT who says to me August, don't dance if you don't want to; just say no!

August Mayfield