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## NOBODY LIKES REJECTION

DEAR DIARY, I hate interviews, the chances are someone is going to tell you no, that's if they can be bothered to get back to you at all. Most of the interviews I've been invited to, I've not been offered the job. The worst thing is not being given a reason why you've not been selected because you're then left thinking about all the reasons why you've been turned down.

Was I not qualified enough? Was it my hair? Did my breath smell? Did I not ask enough questions? Did I ask too many questions? Was it the colour of my skin? Is it because I'm a woman? Did I put them off because I have children? Was it my style of dress? Did I put them off because I just got married and I'm childless and they think I'm going to go off on maternity leave? Did I ask for too much money? Did I under-sell myself? Was it because my train was late and I turned up five minutes late and they think I'm tardy? Did I fail their two hour Krypton Factor test? Did I not come up to scratch when they asked me awkward questions? Did my face not fit? Is it because I'm overweight? Questions, questions, questions. Sometimes despite doing your best, the answer will always be no. Maybe within the first five minutes the answer was already no!

I've been told I'm too young, too old, over qualified, not enough experience, I failed the test, I'm too concerned about the salary, I didn't answer their "scenario" questions sufficiently, I live too far and travelling would be a problem! But most of all, I've never been given the reason.

It's not just interviews though, rejection covers everything. We hate being turned down for a date. We hate when the bus driver purposely drives straight past us even though we're standing at the bus-stop wearing a bright red coat and a yellow hat. We hate our marriage proposal being turned down. We hate asking a person to dance because the word NO can ruin your whole night. We hate when our little embryo decides to stop growing and says you know what, I'm not doing this anymore and I'm terminating this pregnancy. It's not exactly a no, but it's still a form of rejection.

# The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

In early childhood, if you're the last one to be asked to join the rounder's team and you just end up having to be taken because you're last, you know that everyone thinks you're rubbish and after a while, even if you're not rubbish, you start to believe you are and sometimes the "rubbish" tag becomes a part of you even outside the game.

My latest refusal was last week at a major publishing company and they said; "we've offered the position internally". I wonder if they forgot that they told me the exact same thing last year or is that their bog-standard response. On both occasions, I didn't really want the job; I wanted the large salary – I was willing to be a slave to the wage. They're one of the harshest publishing companies to work for.

I doubt I will give them the opportunity to tell me no again anyway. Being turned down twice by the same company is enough thanks. I already knew before hand that they're known for the large amount of hiring and firing they do. They also do random tests and checks; drugs, knowledge, personal belongings, computer sweeps, background checks, you have to fill in a Disclosure form and you have a management appraisal once a month. It would have destroyed my soul just turning up for work in such an abrasive environment, much less putting the work in and toeing the very fine line. So b\*ll\*cks to them!

Regardless of whether you want something with a passion or never really wanted it in the first place, it still hurts being turned down, that's why when you're in an industry where you're being told "no" all of the time you need to have a Teflon exterior – I'm especially talking about models and actors. When I'm told no regarding work, it's normally over the phone and I've not got some jack-arse telling me my nose is too big, my forehead too high, my eyes too wide apart, my teeth look like tic-tacs, my eyes are too small, I'm too short, my butt's too wide, I'm too fat or skinny and loose the accent!

Many years ago, when I was about 16, I was out with my two cousins. We bumped into an older boy who was a friend of my cousin's brother. He said to Carol, wow, you're stunning, you should be a model. He then turned to Marie and said wow, are you two sisters, cos you could be a model too, you're gorgeous and then he looked at me and said your hair looks nice! I have no idea to this day why I wasn't crushed. I should have been deeply hurt by him not saying I was beautiful, especially as a self conscious teenager. I wonder a lot why I was not affected. Was it because I agreed with his statement, was it because he looked like a crack head and his opinion didn't mean jack? I don't know but something made his comment not hurt. Maybe that day, I was wearing my Teflon overcoat.

# The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

For the most part though, everyone wants to be #1. No one likes second place or the bronze medal. I'm sure it's part of human nature to want to be numero uno.

*August Mayfield*