

29th May, 2008

I DO HEARTBREAK LIKE A PART-TIME JOB

DEAR DIARY, my friend Lorna told me today that her relationship of five years is over. I can't tell you how shocked I was. Lorna and her boyfriend seemed so happy, visually and on paper. I mean they both seemed to be working in the right direction and doing the right thing in the right order.

When she told me the bad news, she seemed quite matter of fact about the whole thing. In fact, I was more upset than she was. She said she felt relieved and didn't feel the need to cry or go into mourning because she was happy it was over. I just couldn't believe my ears! On New Year's Day, Lorna and Michael threw a fabulous dinner party and you could never ever have thought they were in trouble. In fact they were all lovey-dovey and calling each other cute pet names. By the time I got home, I felt like a dried up old spinster as I cuddled my pillow, pretending it was OK to say goodnight to the pillow while hugging it.

Lorna said they both realised they were not singing from the same hymn sheet and they thought it best to separate instead of going further into the future doing nothing but comprising. I thought living together or marriage was compromise with a capital C but what do I know, I'm the spinster who talks to her pillow.

In a weird way, I think Lorna's lucky that she's come out of the relationship with her mentality in tact. She's fortunate that she's walked away without a chip on her shoulder and without hitting rock bottom. I've never come out of a relationship relieved. It always seems to be an awful shock. Something really dreadful normally happens when my relationships end and then it's Armageddon for a little while.

There's a lot of crying. I'm normally on the phone crying to my friend Eve, I remember one year saying all men are wankers. Eve said oh come on August, they're not *all* wankers, you're just being silly. I said ok, name me one man who's not a wanker then. Eve said mmmmm... you're right you know!

I feel nothing but loathing for the person who pushed me head-on in this state of hell. I delete telephone numbers, I rip photographs to shreds, I smash smashables and I pour perfume down the sink. Once, I had a handful of cards from one guy in particular and I put them in a heap and set light to it. Well I burnt my hand and was beside myself with rage

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because not only was I hurt but I got burnt by the very thing that was supposed to make me feel better!

I hold onto NOTHING and 50% of the time I regret it when I regain consciousness. The last time I was terribly heartbroken, it was by someone who was the most generous gift giver in the whole wide world. I ended up throwing away watches, clothes, handbags, paintings, mirrors, a DVD player, CDs, photographs, shoes and furniture! I felt so much better afterwards. It was like purging. A vomiting of the emotions!! When my children came home from school, they said where is everything? I said don't worry dears, mummy had a clear-out. There were things sitting in the front garden and as I sat watching TV near the window, I could see people, stopping, looking and taking. So I was also serving the community. My friend Jade came to see me and said what's all this in the front garden? She ended up going home with a flourishing pot plant and a painting.

Funnily enough, a few years later, I came across a photograph of me and this particular villain. I was stood there smiling next to a man who had his head cut away! I have no recollection of his beheading.

I've become so terrified of being emotionally mauled by what I once was in love with that I can't even be bothered to date anymore. I try to have loads of different social experiences but if anyone tries to plant a man on me or if a man tries to plant himself on me, I'll be the mad woman running out the door like a bullet with her hand in the air shouting TAXI.

The last date I went out on with someone who seemed like he had potential was eight months ago and this is how it all ended. He said to me after three weeks "I thought you would complete my life or at least make it better but I feel exactly the same as I did before I met you... which is slightly depressed". See what I mean!

August Mayfield