

5th September, 2008

I WANT MY TOY BOY TO LOOK LIKE A TOY BOY

DEAR DIARY, I met my friend Shona for cocktails and spicy food at the **Satay Bar** in South London for a very belated celebration of my birthday. We couldn't meet earlier because Shona was in hospital having a bum operation. Yes, poor thing had to have the surgeon's knife on her batty. She had a complaint like piles or something I normally associate with old people. Knowing the very up-market Shona, she was probably having cosmetic surgery to make her *what's it* look pretty! Anyway, we met to celebrate; catch up; do the taste-test on several cocktails and fill our bellies with some of the finest Far Eastern cuisine in Brixton.

Shona showed me her Barbados holiday photo's and also gave me a blow-by-blow account of her batty operation (ouch)! By the time we started our main course, we got onto the topic of he who comes from Mars, yes you've guessed it; men! On this occasion; the younger and uninitiated of the species.

Earlier that evening on the train, Shona ran into a guy we vaguely knew by the name of Ben. Ben's a DJ at a club that we've been to several times over the last few years. As it turns out, he's got a day job as an IT Technician. He seems to be financially secure and emotionally sound with a razor-sharp sense of humour. Shona got it out of him that he's a Sagittarian and they're normally great fun to have around according to the hocus-pocus zodiac business.

Before they both reached their destination, Ben asked Shona if she wanted to go out for a drink and a bite to eat with him one day during the week. From where I was sitting, this seemed like a fabulous idea. As far as Shona was concerned, she thought the cheek of it! I couldn't believe my ears. What the hell was she thinking? To be asked out by a young man in his 20s when you're in your 30s sounds like a whole lot of fun to me but then I've never been asked out by a man 10 years my junior so I'm just assuming I'd jump at the chance. Shona threw a cold glass of Long Island Ice Tea on my excitement with a simple explanation. She said that if she were robbing the cradle, she wanted her toy boy to look like a toy boy.



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Shona went on to say that when she's living it up with her toy boy, she wanted to create drama, horror, ecstasy, ridicule, salacious gossip, disgust, jubilation, hysteria, jealousy, excitement, tragedy, suicide and mourning! Regrettably, as far as Shona's concerned, Ben doesn't even attract a tut-tut or a batting eyelid. When I asked her why, she shouted **Ben looks as old as my Uncle Moses!**

Unfortunately for all Ben's good qualities, he doesn't physically qualify as a toy boy. He's got a pot belly. Also, his hair-line's running away from his forehead. He has a "lived in" face with a bulbous nose and the final complaint is his eyes; the window to his soul. Well they're small, watery and red, almost identical to rummy old men who are used to long hard nights with *Wray & his Nephew*.

I guess if Shona's going to have a bit of fun with a younger man, she insists that the packaging matches the gift inside. I mean... who wants to get a name as a cradle snatcher with an Uncle Mo lookalike? Better off creating a scandal with something along the lines of *Chris Brown* I reckon.

August Mayfield