

29th September, 2008

NO ONE'S GOING TO SEE ME DRESSED LIKE A TRAMP – I'M JUST GOING TO THE SHOP!

DEAR DIARY, what the hell kinda day am I having when I see the man of my dreams on a "dress-down" day... and what am I wearing? Horror No. 1: Manky, unkempt ballet pumps that Amy Winehouse would be so proud of. Horror No. 2: No lip-gloss. Horror No. 3: Grey jogging bottoms; not my colour, not my size. Horror No. 4: A crumpled Mac.

So there's me in a dishevelled Mac Columbo wouldn't spit on; it's crushed and slightly soiled. My hair's bed-head, my barely there make up consisted of Astral. I look down at my t-shirt and whisper to myself *I hope no one sees me*. Let's explain the t-shirt. It was white once upon a time; Gap it said in Navy blue but that was back in 2003 but this t-shirt happened to be old now and off-white, with red wine stains on it.

Anyway... the man of my dreams swaggered into the Tesco metro like Shaft. The Samuel L. Jackson Shaft, not the Richard Rowntree version. He slowly, almost deliberately brushed past me and said excuse me. He put his hand on my arm when he said excuse me and I could feel the bass in my chest from the tone of his voice. By touching my arm when he spoke to me, he was being very clever. In psychology terms, he was making his mark. A paw print. Something for me to remember him by...



and then the Samuel L. Shaft Man Type Character asked the cashier for a bottle of Courvoisier Brandy and a box of fire lighters (he could light my fire any day!) and swaggered off, leaving a trail of Jean Paul Gaultier aftershave behind him. Corrr... did I feel like floating off behind him in his essence of pure unadulterated M.F. cool - and there's me staring at him in my crumpled Mac, smelling of Astral and desperation! Not so cool.

I wanted to tell the Shaft type man that I've got Mui Mui sling backs, cherry flavoured lip-gloss and a Karen Millen dress in doors but what was the point?

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