

1st November, 2008

I'VE BEEN ROBBED BY THE AVON LADY (SORT OF)

DEAR DIARY, Tracey who lives up the road has been selling Avon products for about 13 years but she gave up about a year ago.

She wanted to give me two boxes of products that she no longer needed and I was a very happy recipient. She had nail polish, lipstick, body lotion, bubble bath, shower gels and mini samples.

It's really nice when you've been given loads of freebies, especially when it's something that you actually use and appreciate. When I got to Tracey's, I saw our other neighbour Felicity there. I don't like Felicity. For some unknown reason Felicity thinks she's a Princess. When I just moved to the area, she said to me that she's a Princess where her parents come from in Nigeria. *Whatever!* She's always wearing fur; fur hats, fur lined boots, fur jackets, fur coats. All bloody fur coat and no knickers if you ask me. She's always happy to see me because I do dress-down very well and this makes her feel even more superior. I can't be arsed to put out the rubbish in a fur coat like some people. Felicity always looks like she's getting ready to audition for America's Next Top Model. Her hair's always sleek, she's always been a size 8 despite three kids and her skin's always glowing. I just hate her, she makes me sick. So when I see her sitting there, head to toe in Gucci and bling, drinking Cava, I just want to spit. I'm already feeling bad because I've got a cold, I look busted and poorly and I'm wearing a Pineapple Dance Studio two piece that used to fit me back in 1992, but it's a bit tight now. Princess Felicity smiles at me with her 100 watt tombstones! Did I mention that I hate her?



So Tracey says to me oh thank God you've come to take this stuff off my hands. The boxes are in the kitchen. Felicity says oh, what boxes. I give Tracey the "shut up" look but she says to Felicity oh, boxes of Avon products that I don't want any more. You can help yourself if you want to. I wanted to say no she frigging can't. You told me about this stuff so all this stuff belongs to me. Well no sooner could I grab a box when Felicity rushed in and put her long painted claws into the box of goodies. She was oooing and aahing at nail varnish and Skin So Soft. What's worse is she asked Tracey for a carrier bag. A fricking

The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

carrier bag! So I said to Tracey well can I just help myself and Tracey said yes, take what you need. Felicity then says we can share. SHARE. Who f***** asked YOU?

I was so upset but I didn't want to make a scene. Firstly nothing was mine... yet. It was up to Tracey to say to Felicity, I told August that she could come and take this stuff, not you. But Tracey was silent. In fact, Felicity was throwing products in bags like she was at the last sale on earth. This upset me no end, so much that I said to Tracey, I'll just take a bubble bath; I always use Dove these days anyway. I added it looks like Felicity needs these things more than I do and I left.

I was so angry with both Tracey and Felicity and myself because I know I was being selfish and childish. I went to Tracey's with visions of coming home with years worth of goodies and I ended up with a bubble bath and a bad attitude!

August Mayfield