

18th November, 2008

## NOT EVERYONE APPRECIATES THE SIGHT OF MY PEARLY WHITES

DEAR DIARY, I work unsociable hours which means I'm often at work when the cleaners come and go. I always try to make a point of saying hello to them all. I think it's just common courtesy really. We all work in the same place. In fact, I say hello to everyone at work because I find that people are generally receptive when you make the effort to say hello, good morning, good afternoon or good evening and have a little chat to pass the time.



Unfortunately, there's one cleaner in particular who has no desire to return my good-morning/good-evening smile. She looks like a pug in an overall. I've given her the nickname Pugly.

When I just started working for the company, I made the mistake of saying hello to her. She looked at me as if she caught me eating a booger. The following week when I saw her, I attempted to say hello again and she completely ignored me. OK, so that's twice - message received loud and clear. When I see her now, we practically give each other dirty looks. I don't know this woman from Adam so I doubt I've ever done anything personal to bring on this hatred. But we work in the same building, we're both women around the same age, I'm not trying to be her friend, I'm just being polite but she can't stand the sight of me and I've now been drawn into this unhealthy ignorant, dismissive behaviour. She's made it clear that she's not the friendly type so I'll save my smile for someone who appreciates it.

Although having said that, the Car Park Attendant at work has taken my smile for something salacious. He's become a bit of a stalker and I'm one stalk away from reporting him. If he tries it on one more time, he's going to find himself job-less sitting at home in his dressing gown watching Loose Women. He tried the full-on chat up to begin with and when he wasn't getting very far he asked if I was married or did I prefer women! He thinks he's so fantastic that the only possible thing standing between us is my imaginary husband or my lesbian girlfriend.

He's now taken to turning up in my department on non-existent errands and he's been asking my colleagues personal questions about where I live, if I have a "man" and what

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does it take to get a job in my department! I guess I can't win really. Pugly wants to spray bleach in my face and Mr NCP wants to jump my bones.

*August Mayfield*