





5th January, 2009

DON'T CALL ME, I'LL CALL YOU?

DEAR DIARY, one of the gifts I received as a Christmas present last month was a new mobile phone. I was very happy to receive a new phone because it meant more to me than just a prettier looking, funkier, modern gadget. It meant a new phone number – I've decided to abandon the old one. Out with the old and in with the new. A new number gives me the opportunity to sweep out some of the cobwebs of my life. I no longer have the need or hunger to entertain anyone or anything that means me no good. Raj Crown Indian Restaurant included. They gave me the food poisoning of my life back in June.

I had numbers in my phone which mean... well not very much to me now. Just long lost memories and long lost people, some of which can't stomach me anymore and wouldn't ever dream of giving me a ring away so , ,  !!

There are people whose names exist in my phone that I don't even remember and I'm sure as hell they no longer remember me so .

There's David the Christian. He's not your "ordinary" Christian. He's a holy-roller. Everyone and anyone who doesn't admit to the world that Jesus is Lord will burn in hell according to David. He claims that all unblest souls that are unclean are surely damned to burn in hell for eternity. He said to me once that he's 100% certain that Beyoncé will burn in hell because she's nothing but a luscious, dangerous sex pot who stands for nothing other than stirring up a man's sexual interest even if he doesn't want to be stirred. David the Christian became a holy irritant so be gone David - .

David and I met up at our primary school friend's funeral and he sat there as bold as brass and said to me where do you think Charmaine's soul's going to go? I said I don't think now's the time. I didn't like the direction in which David was going with that conversation right there at the funeral but he carried on regardless saying well Charmaine's going to HELL. As far as he was concerned, she lived an unclean life and it eventually killed her and he said to me if you don't get saved, you're going to go to hell too. Unless of course you come to church with me! David gave me the creeps. He's a scary kind of Christian who remains a bad advertisement for the church. He must think I don't know about his love child.

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Then there's Miguel-Sanchez who hates me like a dose of poison. We were close friends for many years but he stopped talking to me; he announced that I was too complicated one Christmas day and promptly hung up the phone on me and I never heard from him again! Me... complicated? I personally thought I was as transparent as a window. Oh well, if he can't stomach me... [Delete](#)

Maria the beautician – she was the queen of nails and waxing. She was done for credit card fraud. I don't know where the devil she is these days and I don't think it's a good idea to be friends with a business woman who steals her clients' money. No, not a good idea at all.

[Delete](#)

Rogue tradesmen [Delete](#)

Frienemies [Delete](#)

Hairdressers who fried my hair [Delete](#)

George who still doesn't realise than an ex is an ex because he's an ex who can no longer survive on today's oxygen [Delete](#)

Dates from hell [Delete](#)

That peeping Tom window cleaner [Delete](#)

Charlie Big Balls who sold me champagne that tasted like shampoo [Delete](#)

Lisa who asked me if I was pregnant when I actually was as trim as a dolly bird [Delete](#)

Geoff who owes me an apology since 2005 [Delete](#)

Marlene who spread lies about me, *let it go August; in with anger – out with love* [Delete](#)

My new address book is what it is – a NEW address book. I'm ready for 2009. Happy and ready without attachments to anything negative that doesn't belong in the present and future. [Delete](#) [Delete](#) [Delete](#)

August Mayfield