

12th February, 2009

WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE? ACTUALLY MAYBE NOT!



DEAR DIARY, as Valentine's Day is quickly approaching, I made a conscious decision not to be sad about it. I use the word sad because I'm single and single people are supposed to be bitter and close to suicide when Valentine's Day appears. All this love and romance and flowers and chocolate and love being in the air and cupid and all sorts can be a bit trying; but this year, I'm single and cool about it!!

The last Valentine's Day I had the misfortune to share with someone, he said he didn't have any money so we had an evening in at his house watching TV and sharing a takeaway. He didn't buy me a card. He didn't buy me chocolates. He didn't buy me flowers. He didn't buy me a bottle of champagne. He bought me nothing. I mean, not even a box of Ferrero Rocher from the petrol station. The man in question actually answered his door wearing his pyjamas, fluffy dressing gown and carpet slippers! I think he was ready for bed, not with me though because there was nothing about him that made me think about swinging from the chandeliers. He was a complete turn off. In fact, I spent all evening saying to myself I want to go home, I want to go home, I can't wait to go home. Well as soon as he started yawning and stretching, I was off like a shot. I was sitting at home by half past 11, praising God, Allah and Vishnu for getting me in doors safely and out of the clutches of a weirdo.



But I promised myself this year that on the 14th February, I won't wish for a swarm of locusts and a weeping and a wailing and a gnashing of teeth and God to come for his world simply because I'm a) dateless and b) single. I'd rather be dateless and single than share my time with another weirdo.

I'm sure a lovely young man will show up one of these days. In the meantime, I'll have fun doing other things.

August Mayfield