

4th March, 2009

## WHICH ONE DOES HE FANCY THEN?

DEAR DIARY, I guess it's true that I have a few single female friends. Apparently it's modern and kitsch to do the "Freemale" thing these days... you know, when a woman's a happy singleton. I've heard them say a Freemale is a woman who's *RELIEVED* to be single and not **disgruntled** at all. She doesn't feel like a shrivelled up old spinster, she's not lonely, used up, worn out, bitter, tired, or needy. Just happy... content... and wouldn't have it any other way! In fact she'd rather stick needles in her eyes than have a man come into her well organised life and complicate it beyond recognition and give her something else to think about other than getting her hair did, her nails did and her Margarita down her throat and an occasional "rabbit hunt". There are loads and loads of Freemales around. They're as fashionable as Lipstick Lesbians and Metrosexual dudes.



Anyway, I went out to dinner with a hand full of Freemales and another hand full of "ordinary" females on Saturday evening for a birthday celebration. My friend Mandy decided to bring a man into the mix. A man! To a Freemale's birthday dinner? Well after frantic discussions last week with the birthday girl and the birthday girl's sister it was agreed that he could tag along. I mean; it was his funeral because we were not going to edit the conversation with lies and punctuate it with apologies.

The guy in question is a work colleague of Mandy's; she's a lesbian so there's no funny business between them as far as I know.

Eight out of the ten women who were going to be in attendance said it was OK for him to come along, the other two were absolutely and totally against the idea. I wasn't against it because I thought he'd soon get bored and feel outnumbered and never make that mistake again. Also, I saw this as a fabulous match-making exercise – down with Freemales I said to myself; **THEY'RE LYING!!** I personally don't like the idea of all these single girlies hanging around encouraging each other to be alone and live a solitary life, wallowing in their bedrooms in pink furry slippers with empty wine bottles under the bed. I keep telling my

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friends “you’re not getting any younger or any prettier, so get hitched, have babies, settle down”.

So off we went and around a table we sat to celebrate Patricia’s 38<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Mandy’s male friend was called Spike. Big mistake! You don’t want to sit around a table with a bunch of women drinking cocktails every colour of the rainbow and your name’s Spike. By the time we all finished with him, he was Ike, dike, bike, light, night, fright, Sprite and Dwight. Poor Spike.



I have no idea why a mother and father would call their son Spike; it sounds like the name you’d give to a Chihuahua! All the same, I needed to know if Spike was single & looking and Mandy said yes very much so. So I asked him all the questions I could so that I’d be able to line him up with someone who might be as lonely as he is.

Out of 10 girls, 8 were single. One’s a lesbian. So that left 7. Marsha was also a no-no because she only likes Puerto Ricans and Spike’s no Benicio del Toro. I’ve spoken to Spike once before about a month ago and he seemed a bit exhausted after 20 minutes with me. He said I had too much fizz! “Too much fizz?” Jesus, I’ve never heard that one before. So that left 5 candidates for the position of dating Spike. Good.

Halfway through dinner, I went into the ladies toilets with Mandy and said OK did you point out to Spike which girlies were on the market and she said yes. I said who’s he going for then, she said well... he said he fancies you! I said that damn idiot, I’m not on the menu, did you point out the right women, I mean - the last time he met me, he came over all funny. What the hell?? Mandy just shook her head and put her hands under the dryer – drowning out my hysteria.

You see, this is why people shouldn’t meddle and just let nature take its course. Who the hell did I think I was... intervening like that?

Well that match-making exercise was fruitless. Unfortunately, Spike put his money on the wrong horse.

*August Mayfield*