

24th April, 2009

MUM, I NEED A JOB!

DEAR DIARY, does this statement mean that 18 hours in labour is about to pay off? Instead of my 15 year old saying to me "mother I need your purse; there's a tenner in there with my name on it" he asked me if I could help him to find a job!

My first words were no, my mum and dad didn't help me to get a job, they just made it clear that I was 15 now so it was about time I thought about how I was going to survive the rest of my life without the bank of mum & dad. My father made it clear that I had plenty of "stuff" but if I wanted more "stuff", I'd have to earn my own money in order to get it.

I decided against NO CAN DO on this occasion. I guess I had no choice but to help. When a person reaches out and asks for it, especially my own spawn, it's a heavy burden to say the word "no" for no good reason! I mean... any sensible human being would help, especially if it means that the person asking for help no longer wants to rely on handouts – MY handouts. So I got the internet up and running, the newspapers spread across the living room table and the phone in my hand because if this means that I'm going to be £25 a week better off, I'll sell my soul do the devil so that this boy can earn his own money and not ask me for any more of mine.

Dean has always been an enterprising sort of boy. When I was dating a man called George, George introduced my sons to the art of making money. So they would go to the wholesalers and get canned drinks and sweets and Dean would sell them at school. Dean puffed out his chest like P Diddy when he was making more money than he knew what to do with.

When George decided that he wasn't cut out for girlfriends and family life (that's a long and painful story and I've had counselling for all that) Dean decided that he'd use his sweets and drinks earnings to buy cookies and doughnuts and sell them at school instead. Again, money was turning over faster than you can say Junior Entrepreneur.

Well now Dean wants to earn enough money to not only buy clothes, trainers and games, he wants to save up to buy a car and a house big enough for a granny flat (me... granny?) and a motor bike! So I guess that means when I had the talk about LIFE GIVING TO THE GIVER AND TAKING FROM THE TAKER, some of it sunk in.

The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

I also like the granny flat idea but I have a feeling that this would mean I'd be doing more washing, more ironing and still cooking and I'm kinda getting a bit tired of scullery-maid chores. I want my own cleaning/washing/ironing home-help much less doing it all in the darkest corner of my granny flat. I'm already two steps away right now from saying to house-wife duties "I resign. Gimme my P45 and my wages before I turn this place out".

But I'm very happy to help my son find work. It means two things:

- 1) He understands that you have to work hard and not cut corners to make money; and
- 2) He's actually listened to my ramblings about a good boy turning into a good man.

I can only thank the Universe for blessing me with sons who want to make their mother happy and I apologise universe for sometimes acting as if my glass is half empty when in fact it's very full indeed.

August Mayfield

P.S. Diary & Universe: I know being a mum is NOT being a scullery-maid; I said that for comic effect. Having said that, can I have a sauna in the granny flat please?