

6th May, 2009

OH GOOD LORD, I THINK THERE'S BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING!

DEAR DIARY, I've been shopping at our local Caribbean market for about 15 years. Occasionally, I see the shop and stall-owner; he's not seen very often because he's got other businesses in the area to oversee. For this reason, when I do actually see him, we never say more than pleasantries like please, thank you, hello and goodbye but he seems friendly enough.

I do remember several years ago, I saw him and two other guys at a club in Brixton in South London. Nudging my friend, I said to her that guy owns a stall where I get my West Indian food! She looked at me as if I'd said the most unimpressive thing in the world and I quickly ended that topic, but not before I said to her I had no idea he was gay. I formed this opinion solely based on visual evidence. He was so shiny like he'd just been packaged. I remember thinking he's shining from his shiny-shiny head to his pointy-shiny shoes. His hair was heavily sheened, his face was glowing with moisturiser and his arms and chest were covered in what could have been baby-lotion. He was also wearing the tightest whitest jeans I've ever seen and he was wearing a matching



white denim waistcoat without a shirt – how the sheen or the shine weren't covering his clothes with oil is something that's still beyond me to this day. His waistcoat was unbuttoned and I saw his hard, shiny, chiselled six pack. His six pack was so chiselled you could have climbed it like a staircase. He was wearing a little bum-bag and way too many accessories as if he'd done a frantic Supermarket Sweep through *Accessorize*. Him and his friends were drinking champagne with strawberries in their glasses all night long and they were dancing provocatively; you know the way women dance when they want a man to notice them sexually. These men were gyrating and rolling their waists around like they were using an invisible hula hoop and at no point during the night did they attempt to flirt with women... and yes, I admit, I was watching them like a plasma TV! Anyway, my people-watching was the one and only reason I formed the opinion that Caribbean market guy was a gay.

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Well I saw him last week and we managed to have a little chat, you know... a bit more than hi and bye. We got to talking and he suggested we do lunch. I was cool with that, I need a new GBF because my original GBF Paul has emigrated to Australia so when Michael asked me out to lunch I said yes please.

Michael called and we arranged to meet. During the phone call, he said I've been thinking about you. You've been on my mind a lot lately so I look forward to meeting up – hopefully we'll get along and can spend lots of time together. I was like fab... lots of girlie chats and gossip, cool!

I mentioned our conversation to my sister and said to her I'm a bit thrown though. The way Michael was talking on the phone, you would have thought he was straight, especially when he said I've been thinking about you. My sister said maybe he sounds straight because he IS straight and just because you saw him in tight jeans, your narrow mind accused him of being something he's not. I said but he's effeminate. She said oh pul-lease! Has it ever occurred to you that Mrs Right is wrong? I said well if he's straight, I'm in trouble because I have no intention of going on a date with my local green grocer. In my mind, this was a friendly lunch with a potential new GBF.

Well I met with Michael and I let him do a lot of the talking because I wanted to see if he was in fact gay or straight without me actually saying those words out loud. So I asked him loads of questions and then said him, have you got any children. This surely would give me some indication as to whether or not he was gay. He said yes, eight! I thought "oh frig, this geezer's a straight rampant rabbit". Shortly after telling me he had eight children, he then told me how much he loves sex and he's a breast man. He also told me he had a very high sex drive, that he's been thinking about me lustfully for years and thought we could make "sweet music" together. He said I had nice tits and he's watched me walking and couldn't help notice my ripe **bumper!** Even now when I think about it, I'm still horrified. What a crude philistine he turned out to be. Worst still, my potential GBF is a heterosexual!

There were times when I sat in front of this character and realised that I was zoning out. I would see his mouth moving but all I could hear was the voice in my head saying "but I thought you were gay". But this revelation wasn't what made me almost fall off my chair, I think that moment came when Michael said, have you done coke before? You have the best orgasms on coke... you should try it babe!

After about 2 hours of experiencing what I thought was the Twilight Zone, we left the restaurant. He invited me back to his house to open a bottle of champagne but I declined.

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I'll be avoiding the purchase of West Indian food at Michael's shop... just until the shame of my assumption dies down. Knowing me, I'll never step foot in his shop again.

August Mayfield