

15th May, 2009

## VERMILION RED

DEAR DIARY, his name is 'Vermilion Red', why? Because he was just like my new can of Vermilion red paint. A fabulous idea at the time. Both him and the paint. A change of colour to liven up a room and my life. I'd have to add some new art-work, a new rug, maybe a new sofa and some expensive curtains. I'll throw out some of the old bits and pieces that would no longer suit the room. I couldn't wait to add some va-va-voom into my magnolia coloured life.

Everything was fine, that was until I accidentally knocked the paint off the table. Not only did the paint tip over, it hit the floor and splashed EVERYWHERE.

It went up the walls, on the blinds, on the skirting board, the light fitting, the windows, the laminate flooring, my hair, my clothes, my bare feet – there wasn't a place in the room where there wasn't either big pools or little flecks of Vermilion.

I saw the accident happen in real time, but my mind processed it in slow motion. While I was thinking about how devastating this was all going to turn out, something came forth in my mind. It was Raymond A.K.A. Vermilion Red!

Raymond was the embodiment of my splattered red paint. He was a good idea at the time. At first glance, he was as delicious as a double chocolate chip cookie. I couldn't believe my luck when I met him. He was funny, charming, generous, warm and fit. But I discovered he was cheating on me so I dropped him, just like the red paint. Well from that moment on, I couldn't get Raymond out of my hair. He would turn up at my house day and night, he called constantly, he would appear outside my office, he'd leave notes on my car. He bombarded my parents with phone calls and would sometimes go to their house crying on their shoulder, saying how sorry he was. Raymond was everywhere. With his flowers. His cards. His gifts. He was relentless. Everytime I thought I'd got rid of him, he would appear somewhere else. For months afterwards I could see him, taste him and smell him.

As the paint hit the floor, I thought to myself "this vision of red paint is Raymond". What initially was a good idea, quickly turned into nothing but trouble.

I knew from that point onwards, remnants of red paint, just like remnants of Raymond would be in my life for some time to come.



August Mayfield