

29th May, 2009

## I'M SORRY

DEAR DIARY, the worst thing my dad ever did was spoil me. I'm the runt of the litter so it was easy for him to justify me being treated like a fairy princess. He's ruined me and made me unmanageable and not cut out for the real world.

I don't understand the word; NO. You may as well be speaking to me in Russian. Also, I hate being told what to do and I dislike unsolicited advice like a dose of poison. Yes... me the queen of advice can't take advice myself. The worst sentence in the world for me is "if I were you...". Well you're not me so STFU!

I hate people who are control freaks and the worst kind of relationships I've endured is when a man bullishly tells me what to do – that sort of relationship leaves me liable to explode like a dropped can of Coke.

Also, I dislike Employers and raise my eyes to the sky when I get emails from Management. I can't stand bosses or bossy people. Considering I don't run my own business, I've left myself open to management all of my working life. You'd have thought by now that I would have gotten the message and started my own business but because I'm spoiled, I'm waiting for someone to come and start it for me.

Obviously, this sort of attitude hasn't done me any good at all. I've walked out of jobs for silly reasons. I've ended relationships because the man in question had the cheek to ask me to drive us somewhere. Me! Drive? You're obviously new around these parts!

I'm not completely stupid; I'm trying to give myself the tools to become "normal" even though being a complete pain in the arse can be fun.

But I realize that it's also getting in the way of life, including parenting. Now that my children are older, I've even started being a Prima Donna with them! I throw tantrums, stop speaking to them and have been told quite regularly over the past two or three years that I should grow up and stop being childish. My children are calling me childish! And do you know what I say to that? Leave me alone and don't speak to me for the rest of the day. Make your own dinner and don't ask me for nothing! One of them had the cheek to say it's anything... "don't ask me for ANYTHING"! Obviously I said \*\*\*\* you under my breath.

I've even threatened my brother recently. I've worked for his company on and off for several months and the company has suffered recently because of the current economic downturn. I said to him don't even think about making me redundant; you need to cut corners, pull your belt in, take a pay cut, do something but don't even dream about getting rid of me!

He got rid of me.

# The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

About five years ago, I used to work for a small company of engineers. I was in my element because I was the only female there. This was Spoiltville to the extreme. I could get away with blue bloody murder if I simply wore perfume and nail polish. My lunch went on expenses, including my magazines and weekly trips to The Body Shop. I managed to get my hours down from 37.5 hours a week to 28! I even negotiated every Wednesday off without having to actually sleep with the Boss. How fab is that?



It was all too good to be true. In fact, it ended very abruptly for me because I decided to book a three week trip to Thailand with my friend Cora. I booked the holiday and then told my boss I was off for three weeks. He said sorry, I can't let you go for three weeks, but you can go for two.

Obviously, I thought to myself, who's he telling? Certainly not me! I didn't even plead or beg. I decided I was going and there wasn't a thing he could do about it so go I did. When I left the office on the Friday before the trip, I said to everyone "have a nice weekend, see you next week"; what I really meant was Mr Boss-Man, stick your job, you can't tell me what to do so UP\_YOURS.CO.UK and off I went.

Two days into the holiday while in an internet café in Koh Samui, I emailed my boss and said that I was travelling and didn't really mean to hurt him or the company but I wasn't coming back.

When I returned home from Thailand, my P45 was on the doormat stapled to a complimentary slip with nothing written on it. I thought *oh be like that then!*

Shock-Horror - I do have a conscience, because for years, I've always regretted the way I left the company and the way I treated my boss – with no respect whatsoever. That man was so nice to me. We were on very friendly terms. We spoke about everything; love, life, family, politics, money, the lot. He was really kind to me and very thoughtful when it was my birthday and when I asked for my hours to be decreased because my children were going from primary to secondary school he was really helpful. They even paid for my Web Design course which was absolutely nothing to do with my job. My boss said that it would be good for the company in the future! So I've always felt terrible about just upping and leaving like a spoilt brat who thinks the word NO is a slap in the face when in my heart, I know that just because I'm asking, doesn't mean I'm getting.



# The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

So yesterday afternoon, I decided to call my old boss to apologise. I knew a large part of my apology was to release my soul from the guilt I was feeling – a totally selfish move but I still felt a need to acknowledge his warmth and kindness and I wanted to let him know that I thought he was a good boss, one of the best I've ever had and to validate him by saying he did mean something to me and I was very SORRY.

I made the call and he made me feel even worse by saying that he was initially incredibly angry and the whole company felt betrayed but over time, the disappointment and hurt lessened and that my apology was accepted and I was replaced by a voluptuous Brazilian woman called Giselle so it was win-win. He also expressed the fact that he knew I was an unpredictable fire-cracker and that was one of the reasons why he employed me in the first place because the company was in need of a bit of fizz and **gaiety!**

So what am I doing this evening? Going for a meal with my old boss and one of the other engineers who I got on well with. I hope they don't bundle me into a car, strip me, beat me and leave me in the woods to die!

Yes... I know. I'm a drama queen. But at least I'm a drama queen who knows how to say sorry.

*August Mayfield*