

6th July, 2009

**WHATEVER YOU DO AND I MEAN WHAT EVER THE FRIG YOU DO
SOMEBODY OUT THERE HATES YOU FOR IT**

DEAR DIARY, I'm beginning to understand that if somebody out there doesn't hate your guts, then you're not doing anything worthwhile!

I put some new summery flowers in my flower box on my window sill and my neighbour hates me. She must think I didn't understand the look on her face which said "who the frig does she think she is... that overblown show off bitch. With her damn flowery flowers. Making everyone sneeze and bringing the neighbourhood a whole swarm of bees. Stupid show off bitch"!

I thought I was doing our little community a good service when I decided to brighten up the front of my house, pretty up my window box and make myself smile when I come home from work. But oh no. 'Pole up her arse' hates my flowers. Sneezing and crying every time she walks past. What a drama queen! I'd be very happy to clock her on her head with a gold "best performance" statue.



Another hater scenario: Can you imagine I was ridiculed for laughing? My act of laughter got on someone's nerves! I don't mean laughing at somebody tripping over in the street or laughing at a bald man's toupee blowing in the wind, I mean laughing while at A COMEDY SHOW! I was out with a boyfriend – now ex and we were at a comedy show. One of the acts made me laugh from the bottom of my belly right up. Do you know what the miserable son-of-a-bitch said to me? "Jesus August, can't you put a muffler on that ghetto laugh of yours"? I couldn't believe it. I looked at him with furrowed brows and said to him "no I can't put a muffler on it. Maybe you need to put an extra shot of brandy in your coke to get over it". What a prick!

And there's me thinking that I had a happy infectious laugh, but oh no. He hates me for laughing... AT A COMEDY SHOW!!



I like wearing high heeled shoes. But Oh No, they're a problem to Sadie, my son's friend's mother. She said to me "I don't know how you stand to walk in those high heels. I can't stomach them. They hurt, they look painful and you can't run or do anything in them. Heels do absolutely nothing for me". Can I just say here, WE WERE AT A WEDDING, it's not like I was at the school

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sports day getting ready for the egg and spoon race! Sadie said to me, “you’re going to break your neck or get bunions”. She was probably rubbing witchcraft oil on a balled up piece of paper in her fist, with my name written in capital letters while she was putting a hex on me, saying “snap her ankles like twigs dear Satan”. Well I guess someone’s been sipping on their juice of hater-ade. I hope she chokes on it. Anyway, forget her, she’s an over-sized mampie and probably just jealous that I haven’t got size 10 feet like she has. I also notice that there’s always a big mound of flesh pouring out of her shoes like lava from an erupted volcano.

Here’s a list I’ve compiled from some of the hate-offenders:

- ♥ My mum hates me because I cut my hair and now she says “I look like a boy and I’ll never get married”. *Whatever!*
- ♥ My son hates me because I’ve turned our dog into a sissy! Just because the dog’s sensitive and cries when I shut him out of the living room. Little does my son know that I’ve taught the dog to wrestle you down to the ground when he hears the words “lip-gloss”! He’ll know who the sissy is when he finds himself dazed and confused on the floor, face-to-face with Snoop dog, shaking his doggy head side-to-side with ripped jeans between his snarling teeth.
- ♥ My dad hates me because I crashed his car in 1993. *Get over it Mr Mayfield! The steering was like driving a tank if you ask me.*
- ♥ My sister-in-law hates me because I live and breathe.
- ♥ My manager hates me because I’ve made friends in high places at work which makes him nervous and suspicious, but he’s got nothing on me... yet!
- ♥ The car park attendant at work hates me because I had the audacity to ask him why he was chatting me up when he had on a big, thick, shiny, gold wedding ring. I’m just waiting for him to clamp my car if I park it anywhere near a double yellow line, or a double red line or anywhere near whatever line he decides is an offence.
- ♥ I must say I laughed when my friend said to me last week “what the hell are you wearing and where are you going with all those accessories? You’ve got on earrings, a necklace, bracelets, a big buckled belt, three rings, Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz shoes, an ankle chain and a fake Carnation as big as a dinner plate pinned to your jacket. You look like you ran through the accessory department in Topshop wearing double-sided sticky tape”!

But DEAR DIARY, I’m not going to let these transgressions get to me. I’m going to smile my way through this hate-fest! After all, one should never take life too seriously. Nobody gets out alive anyway.

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I guess someone some where's going to hate me for inhaling and exhaling too!

August Mayfield