

19th August 2009

HE HATE ME

DEAR DIARY, I met Kevin a couple of years ago. He was a friend of my friend Claudia and he seemed like a nice enough friendly guy. Definitely not dating material or anything of the sort. He had about 100 children for 100 different partners, but fairly personable on our first meeting all the same.

Our first meeting was the last time I ever used the word personable when referring to Kevin. Kevin turned out to be a complete wanker.

He was a Capricorn. I've never yet met a Capricorn that I get along with! I know I sound like a flake talking hocus-pocus horoscope bullsh*t, but it happens to be true – in my world anyway. I think that Leo's and Capricorn's are like cats and dogs. Able to co-exist in the same universe, but the two should never attempt to be friends.



As it turned out, Kevin and myself DID NOT GET ALONG. I found him to be really hard work, cold, demanding, mean and moody.

He relished in 60 minute conversations – usually long drawn out monologues about how depressed he was and how rubbish life was and how hard done by he was. He wanted to moan and moan and moan and moan and he'd get the hump if I tried to end the conversation too soon. I couldn't take the 60 minute phone calls because I HAVE A LIFE.



God forbid if I didn't answer the phone at all! He'd question me like I was in an interview room at New Scotland Yard. Where were you? Didn't you hear the phone? Didn't you listen to my message? Did you choose to ignore me? Were you really in the bath? Didn't you think to bring your mobile into the garden? If I can drive and talk on the mobile, so can you! Suppose it was an important call like someone calling to say something happened to me. I didn't like Kevin. It turns out he was hard work and I rued the day that I gave him my telephone number.

So one day, I just stopped taking his calls. We had no crossed words or anything of the sort, I just found Kevin draining. He got on my very last nerves and I couldn't take anymore.

A little after my choice to ignore him, Kevin sent me a text to ask why I was ignoring him and I simply text back you bring me down Kev. You make me feel drained and depressed. I think that we just don't get along.

He replied by saying oh well, sorry you feel that way, have a nice life; I thought you were a good friend but se la vie! I didn't know what se la vie meant and when I looked it up, it

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meant “such is life”. Cool, Kevin’s giving me knowledge as opposed to headache. I almost felt like saying OK, lets be friends then, but I didn’t relent.

This was 2 years ago.

Two weeks ago, Kevin saw my friend Claudia and asked how I was. He told Claudia that he really enjoyed talking to me and he missed me and would she pass on his greetings and asked Claudia for my new telephone number. Claudia said she’d ask me if it was OK first and would get back to Kevin. When Claudia asked me, I said I’d rather run around a kennel of starving rabid dogs covered in sausages than give Kevin my telephone number. Claudia called Kevin and told him verbatim what I said and Kevin said to Claudia “f** her. She’s a f*****g stuck up b****. The last time I spoke to that ****, she thought she was too nice! August can **** on my ****! I couldn’t care less if I never saw her again that f**** stuck up, uptight b*****”.

I knew he was a nutter!

August Mayfield

IMPORTANT NOTICE!
August Mayfield,
I hate you so
much right now