

26th August 2009

## STOP BEING A BITCH!

DEAR DIARY, I've had quite a good friendship with my mate Charlie for many years. He's a good bloke. My group of friends met his group of friends at a barbecue and initially, he wanted a leg over, but I pushed him into the glass case that says **EMERGENCY F\*\*\* BUDDY IN CABINET, BREAK GLASS TO RELEASE**. Many years have gone by and I've never had the need to use the axe swinging on a chain to break the glass and never will. Charlie strictly belongs in the friend zone but he still insists that he might be in there with a chance one of these days. Well not while I'm conscious and breathing. I just don't see him that way.



In 2004, Charlie started rolling with the big boys and opened a chain of bars and clubs. He became relatively well known and very well off from his investments. But at the same time, his personality changed and he decided that he was Charlie-Big-Bollocks. He became aloof, cocky, heartless, a show-off and a womaniser. During this spate of womanising, he decided to claim ownership of my friend Louise who fell head over heels with him. I was completely opposed to this union, but Louise thought I was being over protective and Charlie thought I was jealous and obstructive. So I decided in order to keep both of my friends, I'd back off into neutral territory.

At the beginning of Louise and Charlie's union, he made Louise feel like the best idea since electricity. At the end of their relationship, Louise was heart broken because Charlie clearly didn't want her in his life anymore. She spent the last six months of their relationship crying, losing weight, depressed, drinking heavily, behaving erratically, chain smoking and asking God "why me"! Charlie eventually dumped her for someone who wasn't depressed, smoked less, cried less and drank less.

This is when me and Charlie-Big-Bollocks fell out. He told me that Louise is a big girl and his relationship with her was none of my business. I didn't like what Charlie had turned into and I didn't appreciate the way he was talking to me. He was right, Louise can date whoever she likes; it's just that I had a feeling that he'd break her heart and I wanted to prevent that but I haven't got the power to keep grown people apart.

Anyway, this episode changed the nature of my friendship with Charlie. Eventually, he soon settled into his life of making more money but his Charlie-Big-Bollocks persona soon fell by the wayside when he realised that he'd collected a whole stash of freeloaders and fraudulent fakers and not real friends. Most of the new-comers were only there for the limelight and what he could do for them.

# The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries



The women he had around him were simply there for the champagne, expensive gifts, a ride in a fast car, free entry into nightclubs and Charlie was beginning to realise that he was being used.

When he was rushed to hospital after a car crash, he realised that the people who visited him in hospital were not the people he surrounded himself with over the last couple of years but his real friends.

When Charlie got back on his feet, he called me to apologise for his bastard behaviour. He also said he was sorry for hurting Louise and sorry for acting as if I were inferior because I wasn't a high-roller like of his new rich "friends". After a very long talk which lasted a couple of days, I said apology accepted, but was it?

NO! I was still carrying bad feelings towards Charlie and although he said sorry, I just couldn't let it go.

For about three years, I've been a bitch to Charlie – not consistently, but it's an underlying theme of our friendship. I've made snide remarks, taken cheap shots and belittled him. We've been "friends" but I've not been as warm or as kind as I once was with him. In fact, I've been cruel and heartless sometimes. I've constantly dragged up the past and I've found it very difficult to treat Charlie like the man he is today. Instead, I've been treating Charlie like the Charlie-Big-Bollocks he used to be years ago.



Charlie's been nothing but kind, helpful and thoughtful towards me. He never puts me down like I've done to him and I've got faults all over the place. He treats me very well and every year since I've known him, he's bought me a lovely birthday and Christmas present, even when I was spitting his name in acid and blood.

I met Charlie for lunch a couple of weeks ago – he took me to lunch for my birthday. He was talking about wanting to get into Public Relations, but he didn't know where to begin. He said he was apprehensive because of his lack of vocational qualifications and his age. I was saying to him you're confident and clever and you've had your own businesses for years and you're successful and well connected and stop being a big baby and just get on with it. He was also saying he'd appreciate my help and support and I just went off into one about him being selfish and using people and everything I was saying was completely nothing to do with now. I was sitting on this great big high horse pointing the finger and acting all high and mighty. Bear in mind that I was sitting in front of a man who's been my friend for almost 10 years and he was kind enough to take me to a very expensive restaurant for lunch for a belated birthday treat; and then Charlie said:

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“August, there are times when you’re justified in your put downs, but I’m tired. I’m tired of your constant character assassinations, I’m tired of your lack of support and I’m tired of you being negative towards me because of some of the mistakes I made in the past. Sometimes I can take it, but it’s tiring and today, I’m just not in the mood”.

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## SILENCE!

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Yes, there was a long silence and it was almost as if myself and Charlie stepped from one world into another.

I said to Charlie:

I apologise. I’ve been aware for a long time now that my behaviour towards you has been a bad habit. I also thought that it was time for me to address it but I didn’t actually do anything about it. It was just a thought stuck in my head. I said to Charlie, you’ve done me a massive favour by holding up a mirror to me so that I could see myself for what I was. I said to Charlie thank you because it’s taken a lot of effort to remain angry with you especially as you’re nothing but nice to me. It’s been difficult being mean and bitchy and self-righteous and I appreciate you being a real friend by telling me to my face that enough was enough. I’m sorry that I hurt you.

When I got home later on that evening, I sat in the living room in ‘more’ silence. Only last week was I defending some woman I don’t even know because someone at work was making bitchy comments about her. My work colleague said that Amber Rose, Kanye West’s girlfriend was OBNOXIOUS. She called her a dirty stripper, a bisexual gold digger and said that her arse was as fat as her big head! I was incredulous and defended Amber Rose saying that she didn’t know Amber Rose to be calling her something as strong as obnoxious; so what if she’s a stripper or bisexual. I said the woman at work was just being a bitch. Well I guess I conveniently forgot about the bitch in me!

What Charlie said to me set me free from negative behaviour. Thank God I don’t have to be a bitch anymore. It was hard work. In fact, I think I’ve been a bit jealous of Charlie’s success and his “concrete balls<sup>(1)</sup>”. He’s built himself up from an ordinary boy to a very successful man and he also had the decency to say sorry when he did wrong.

Charlie’s taught me a lesson in humility that I’ll never forget and I thanked him for it.



August Mayfield