

16th September 2009

THE SOURCE OF MY PAIN IS THE SOURCE OF MY PLEASURE

DEAR DIARY, When I was about 17 or maybe even 18, I fell in love. I fell in love hard, with a no good son of a b*tch but I had no idea that he was going to dish out cruel and unusual punishment. But when we first met, I was naive... I adored him! I thought he adored me.



He was handsome, funny and a very bad boy which I found fabulously exciting. I loved the element of danger but obviously, I wasn't dynamic enough for him. He left me for a vision of beauty!

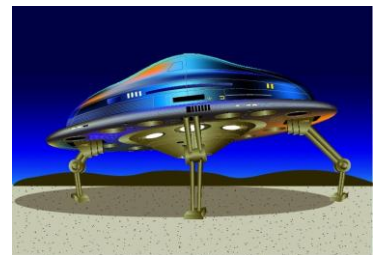
This vision of beauty was Stella. I'll never forget her. Stella was stunning. She had exotic looks where you couldn't place her origin. She had thick black shiny hair that was wavy and long, caramel coloured skin and piercing green eyes. I'd never seen anything like it in my life.

The love of my life mentioned Stella's name in "passing" one day and this sewed the seed in my mind that a storm was brewing.

Before I could guard myself against the storm, like get out my rain Mac and umbrella, I was dumped! I was dumped for Stella. Boy Ex (I will never say that boy's name) didn't even tell me I was dumped. He just stopped talking to me. In fact he simply pretended that I didn't exist.

Our whole clique knew about Boy Ex and Stella's blossoming relationship and I was so humiliated and sick to my stomach.

I was too immature to realise back then that Stella didn't steal Boy Ex. Boy Ex left on his own accord. But as far as I was concerned, she was the reason why my heart was broken. She was the reason why I cried myself to sleep. She was the reason why I was lonely. I wished that she was captured by aliens and zoomed off on a defective spaceship to planet WHORE, never to return!



No sooner had Boy Ex dumped me, he was duly dumped. Serves him right; that son-of-a-b*tch. The beautiful Stella decided that Boy Ex was too young for what she had in mind and dumped him for a guy who was in his 20s who had a day job at **Halfords** and a night job selling illegal pharmaceuticals. Stella's new Beau had a Red Ford Fiesta XR2i and a one bedroom flat in **Peckham**.



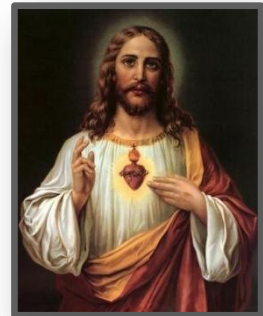
So what did Boy Ex do next? Come crawling back to me. Telling me he was sorry and would I forgive him and he would never hurt me again or make me cry ever again. Well I told Boy Ex that it was true, he would never hurt me again, nor would he ever make me cry again

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because from that day forward, I would NEVER, EVER, EVER, EVER, EVER speak to Boy Ex EVER again! Not one word. I was deaf, dumb and blind where he was concerned. I had his funeral service and I buried him in the cemetery of my mind. Boy Ex was ashes and dust to me.

So who did I see today? Stella! The years haven't been kind to her at all. Stella's beautiful caramel coloured skin was dull and creased. She had dark circles under her eyes and lips like a cat's bum. In fact she had a cigarette hanging off her wrinkled lips which made her look like an old washer woman. Her once silky hair was streaked with grey and her piercing green eyes looked watery and sad. On top of that, she had her seven children surrounding her. Two pre-schoolers, three young ones and two teenagers. They were entering the Kodak Photographic Studio.

Look, I know that it's ungracious to gloat at other people's misfortunes and maybe I'm being out of order by assuming that Stella's life has become unfortunate. She could be incredibly happy for all I know. Happier than me! But she looked rough and I can't say I was sorry. I can say this out loud because Jesus already knows what I was thinking considering he's all seeing and all knowing. So if I'm going to be punished, I'll be punished for thinking it, saying it and feeling it and I can't hide how I feel, not even from Jesus!



When Stella used to see me back in the day, when she was arm-in-arm with Boy Ex, she would smile at me like the cat that got the cream, so today, I gave Stella my biggest Kitty the Cat smile.

I know it's all petty but who said I wasn't petty? Not me! Hopefully, I can make it up by buying two **Big Issues** instead of one this week.

August Mayfield

I forgot to mention, Boy Ex is now Man Ex and he's in prison. Jesus already knows what I'm thinking!