

13th February 2010

## CUPID, PUT YOUR BOW DOWN!

DEAR DIARY, an old flame has asked me if I'd like to go out on a date tomorrow to celebrate Valentine's Day. As far as I'm concerned, an ex is an ex for a reason! This particular ex is an ex because we don't get along on any level whatsoever.



He wasn't a bad person at all and we actually had a reasonable relationship but we have nowt in common. He likes it cold, I like it hot. He likes the moon, I like the stars. He likes hiking and activity holidays. I like to sit by the pool with a cocktail in one hand and a Walter Mosley book in the other. He likes white, I like black. He's a tee-totaller and thinks smoking is the devil's handiwork. I like red wine and if you have a vice, it means you're a human being. He likes day, I like night. He likes pineapple smoothies, I like piña colada's. He likes clean living; I like to live on the edge. He's sensible and in control. I'm too giddy for all that nonsense.



We were no yin & yang which is supposed to be complimentary opposites. We didn't compliment one another at all. We just irritated the hell out of one another with our complete differences. It was one long *why are you doing it like that; why are you wearing it like that; why are you saying it like that; why are you looking like that; why are you living like that; why are you thinking like that; why are you breathing like that???* And another thing... I know that star signs can be hocus pocus bullsh\*t to some people but me being a Leo and him being a Capricorn was a match made in hell for sure!

So I was as surprised as you might be when he called me up to ask me out on a date. I remember saying to him when we broke up that the problem is we agree on NOTHING. We even shook hands on it. I believe on the very day we shook hands and walked away from each other, he said I was way too romantic for him anyway! And now this man's asking me out on the most romantic day of the year. What a nutter.

I asked him several times why he was picking on me right now and he said that he couldn't think of anyone else he'd like to spend the day with. I must admit, I was momentarily chuffed by this statement but not for long. You see, I plan to do a spot of overtime on Sunday and when I weigh up the odds, I'd much prefer to see a stack of cash in my account than sit across the table listening to him talk about... HIM!



It's all coming back to me now. He'll talk about himself and then he'll talk about his job and his family and his dog and his car and his money and his sister and his brother and his

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mother and his father and his three holidays a year and his this and his that and I'll be sitting there thinking a) I'm going to stab him in the neck with my fork in a minute; or b) God, please take me away from this, even if you have to block my artery and give me a heart attack or c) I could be at home watching *Glee*!

So up yours Mr Ex. Mr Old Flame. Mr Opposite. We didn't get along in 2007 and we're sure not going to get along now.

I must be getting old or insane to be turning down dates on Valentine's Day in favour of going to work. Maybe I'm just being self-righteous... and rightfully so!!.

*August Mayfield*

