The August Mayfield Diaries

2nd June 2011

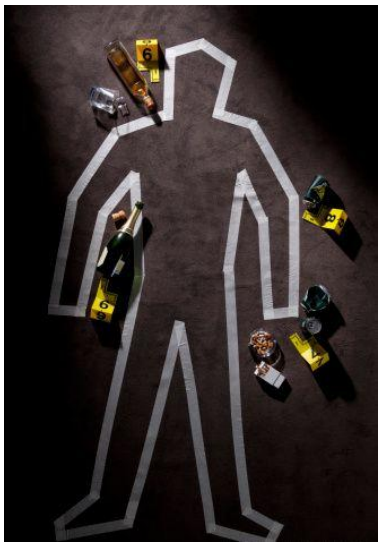
LYING ON THE SOUTH LONDON PAVEMENT … SMASHED!

DEAR DIARY, Me and my sister Shebah decided to visit our Godfather, Uncle Henry, at his flat in Stockwell in South London today. He's had a major back operation and is recuperating at home. He's a fabulous man and very much like a parent to us, so we always like to keep an eye on him to make sure he's doing OK by bringing him presents and our presence. He's one of those people who always says "you didn't need to bring me anything; your company is good enough" and what person doesn't like to hear that?

Uncle Henry is also a constant 'stand-up comedian' who needs a stage and today, we decided to be his audience. Even if he was holding court from his sick-bed.

He lives on a big estate and as we were weaving our way through the walkway, we noticed that there was a heap on the floor. When myself and Sheba got closer, we realised the heap on the floor was a person. The first thing Sheba said was this must be a hidden camera show. So I said to her no way. Where's the cameras? Sheba said they're hidden silly!

I surveyed my surroundings and I couldn't believe what I was seeing because there was a group of about five people standing around like they couldn't see what we could see. They were not within touching distance, but they could definitely see the heap on the floor. What I couldn't understand was the fact that they didn't seem alarmed by the situation.



Me and Sheba stood inches away from the girl laying on the floor. She was young looking. No more than 20 years old. She was dressed fashionably too. She was wearing flat leopard print ballerina pumps, three quarter length skinny jeans, a pink t-shirt and a tan coloured leather jacket. I noticed that her face looked young but dirty and she was out cold. Her finger-nails were dirty too and she was holding on to a packet of Malboro cigarettes. We stood there long enough to take this all in because we were discussing what to do about her. I said is she hurt, is there blood or maybe she had a fit. My sister said call the ambulance but I said let's go to those people over there to find out if they know what's

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going on. After all, they were there before us and they seemed to be unperturbed by what we could all clearly see.

So I approached a young woman in the group and she said she was also concerned but the other people who were residents on the estate said she's a drunk and always on the floor; almost every day and just to ignore her.

Me and my sister were "out-of-towners" and this walking-away thing didn't sit right with us. It didn't sit right with the girl we spoke to either but it turned out that she too was an "out-of-towner" and the out-of-towners were out-numbered.

The guy we spoke to who lived on the estate was very friendly and accommodating but he was adamant that the girl on the floor lived just across the way and she's drunk all the time and in the past, when the ambulance is called for her, she spits, scratches, kicks, cusses and refuses to get in it. He also said that her family could see her from their window and if they were not concerned, then why should they be, especially as her laying on the floor, drunk at 3pm in the afternoon is a regular occurrence.

Sheba and myself then walked away but we were not happy. In fact, Sheba was less happy than I was and she said I don't care what they say, she needs help and I can't walk away from this situation without some kind of intervention. She then turned around to me and said "August, call the ambulance"! I said OK. She's my big sister and I never say no to her so I called the ambulance and Sheba went to the parking meter to get a ticket for her car.

I stood in front of the drunk girl and made the call. While I was speaking to the emergency service, one of the guys we were talking to said I understand you're concerned but it's not worth it. She won't go. You're wasting your time and you're calling the Ambulance away from something that could be more serious. He went on to say she's local and she's p*ssed every day and her mum and dad don't bother to rescue her anymore either.

What a dilemma. I was already connected to the emergency service and I didn't want to hang up the phone on the strength of what this guy was saying. What if I went home and then saw the drunk girl on the news. Headline "DRUNK GIRL DIES IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, CHOKING ON HER OWN OMIT AND NO ONE DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT. So I stayed on the line.

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I gave the man on the other line the address and then all of a sudden the drunk girl opened her eyes and said to me "I'm not going in no f***** ambulance". "I mean it". "The last time I went to hospital they made me feel worse and I ended up coming home with stitches".

Well I couldn't believe it. She went from out cold to telling me that she's not going in no f***** ambulance. I said to the man on the other line, it looks as if she's come round.

She then shouted at me, "cut the f***** call b*tch". "I told you already, I ain't going in no ambulance man... f** them".

Well you don't need to tell me twice. I cut the call the minute I heard the word b*tch directed at ME. How I didn't kick her while she was down, I don't know, because I'm not used to helping people and they in turn call me a b*tch. WTF?

The guy in crowd who was unsympathetic from the very beginning said see sis, it's not worth it! I tried to tell you but you wouldn't listen.

At this point, Sheba returned and said are the ambulance coming? I said no, she called me a b*tch and told me she wasn't getting in a f***** ambulance. Sheba looked at me, looked at the guy standing next to me and then looked at the girl on the floor and then said OK and then bent over the drunk girl and said "don't ever call my sister a b*tch again" and then said let's go and see Uncle Henry!

We left Angry Winehead to sleep it off and resumed our intended visit with our Godfather. When he offered myself and Sheba a glass of brandy, we both said **NO THANKS** at the same time, harmoniously.

August Mayfield

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