

29th June 2011

FRIENDS WITH THE EX? I DON'T THINK SO!



DEAR DIARY, my friend Dayna has just been dumped, ditched, sacked and kicked to the curb by her boyfriend.

She had a feeling it was on the cards because he started to act a bit peculiar. Dayna said out of nowhere recently, her boyfriend kept on putting himself down for no apparent reason. He would just come out and say she was too good for him or that he wished he

was a better man. He would also express that he felt like something was missing in his life or he wished he had a better job or better qualifications. As a couple, he would call them Beauty and the Beast or Lady and the Tramp and what did she see in him and she deserved



someone better. She said she was peeling the potatoes in the kitchen on Monday and all of a sudden, Thomas came in and said, you're such a good cook; I don't deserve someone as wonderful as you. Dayna said within 20 minutes, she went through his phone, his pockets and his wallet! He was acting so suspiciously.

As for the other odd behaviour she noticed, she said she can only describe it as Thomas had been abducted and replaced by alien-Thomas from Mars who was doing a very bad impression of Earth-Thomas. Emotions were missing and he had become morose. She also mentioned that he had become very *indifferent*. Where once upon a time he might be interested as to whether or not she wore her hair up or down, recently, he would say '...either way, it's up to you'. Or 'Thomas, should we get full-fat milk or semi-skimmed'? Thomas's reply was 'makes no difference to me'. She even said that on Saturday night, she said 'Thomas, I'm going up to bed now, should I strip naked or wear my pyjama's with the pink teddy-bears' and he replied 'whatever, you'll probably be sleeping by the time I come up to bed anyway'!



Dayna also mentioned the new and recurrent facial expression. This I can relate to because I noticed "*the expression*" on an ex of mine about five years ago and it's etched in my brain. You ask the question 'are you alright?' and they say yes and give "*the face*". It's the face of painful stomach gases but you're trying to keep a smile on your face at the same time. It results in a face looking like "I'm as miserable as sin and our situation has become unbearable but let's pretend to be happy, happy, happy".

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Dayna said by the time Thomas got around to telling her **it's over**, it sounded like a load of old trollocks. Words like 'it's not you it's me' and 'I'll always love you' and 'there's no one else involved' and 'even if I was walking down the aisle with my new bride, I'd take your phone call because I'll always be there for you' and 'Dayna, one day you'll make some man a good wife' and 'look after yourself, when the dust has settled, I see us becoming good friends'!

And with that, Dayna said 'f*** you, you f*****g b*****d. You dead-beat trick! You worthless prick. You short, balding mother*****. You were sh** in bed anyway!'

I said to her 'that was a bit harsh'. She said 'August, that was the edited version; we'd have to go straight to church to cleanse our souls if I told you what happened verbatim. Let's just say it was the first time since his Nan died that I've seen him cry and after he finished crying, I lunged at him with a pair of scissors. He had to run in to the bathroom and lock the door'.



She wasn't quite finished yet. Dayna also said to me 'why would I want to be friends with a snake who switched on me like that? Frigging friends August, what the f***? I'm hurt; in fact heartbroken. I've been crying all day, every day. I feel like I'm suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder because of him. I can just about eat, I can't sleep. I hate seeing happy, loved-up couples, holding hands, kissing and cuddling, just walking side-by-side. I just want to go up to them and punch them in the face'.

Dayna went on to say 'words can't describe how much I hate Thomas right now! This is the same man I loved and would have spent the rest of my life with and all I keep thinking about these days is six different ways to murder him'.

'I even Googled "Hit Men" yesterday'. 'Do you know how many thousands of entries came up for that? So for him to say he wants to be friends, he can go f*** himself'.



I told Dayna that my dead Aunty Mary taught me a spell many years ago that she used to practice at times like this which involved burning hair, a miniature doll with pins, Wray &

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Nephew dark rum and chicken bones. I told Dayna that I would email her the verse and instructions. My Aunt Mary told me to repeat the process at 7pm for 7 days and after 7 days; I told Dayna that she must never speak to or about Thomas ever, ever again. With that, I said to her, you should feel better in a week and if you're not, then you might have to Google that Hit Man thing.

August Mayfield

Aunt Mary's Verse – She was a mean old bitch... God Rest her Soul!

