The background is a solid light pink color, decorated with various white line-art illustrations of flowers and leaves. The flowers include tulips, lilies, and orchids, scattered across the page.

A Letter to my Ex

By Mouthy Magazine ©

Please Read

Editor's Note

The euphoric feeling of falling in love is largely unmatched, except for the absolute agony of having your heart broken.

It is in heartbreak that we realise how relationships can be complex and painful, and not always the fairytale romance we expected. We then realise that recovering from a broken heart isn't as simple as switching off your feelings and moving on. In fact, the reality for most of us is being left with unanswered questions, shattered expectations and with parts of us we may never get back. In the same breathe, it can also bring the humbling realisation that our own toxic traits and insecurities are impacting our success in love.

When reaching out to all of you about this idea, I was both comforted and saddened by the realisation that we all have our own heartbreak story. Through writing these letters, I hoped that you would all have a safe space to share your feelings and gain a sense of closure towards those people and situations that were still draining you of your energy.

Thank you so much to everyone who submitted a letter and trusted us with the creation of this series. It takes a lot to be so vulnerable and confront such raw feelings, let alone putting them on paper and sharing them with the world.

I hope now, either after writing your letter or from reading others', that you have a greater sense of clarity about what you are deserving of in the future. Despite what you might have learned, there is someone in your path who is destined to change your mind about love. That person will be the one to view and treat you like the treasure you are.

Until then, I hope we can all go forward with a true understanding of our worth and never settle for anything less.

"One of the most courageous decisions you'll ever make is to finally let go of what is hurting your heart and soul" - Brigitte Nicole

Disclaimer

Content includes references to emotional, physical and sexual abuse. As these topics could be traumatic for some readers, please be mindful of your mental health and boundaries before continuing.

YOU WERE MY
CUP OF TEA
BUT NOW I DRINK
Champagne

Dear Dave

I know it's been a really long time since we last spoke and maybe not on good terms either but I needed to reach out!

I re-watched a movie recently and it had a quote which really struck a cord. It made me think of you, of me and of us...

"What and if are two words as non-threatening as words can be but put them together side by side and they have the power to haunt you for the rest of your life."

What.....If? What If? What if?"

Well...

What if we had stayed together?

What if you trusted me more?

What if I actually moved to Belfast?

What if I don't another?

What if you are the love of my life?

And after 4 years I've realised that even-though I still love you very much, it should have been these questions I was asking.

What if I put myself out there more?

What if I allowed myself to feel?

What if I do find another?

What if I loved myself as much as I love you?

Because all I have done is love you, love us but I always disliked me and that, that's the reason I've held on for so long.

Lots of Love Sandi

Dear Chris

Of all the people who have asked me out over the years, yours caught me the most off-guard. I was even more taken aback when I found myself saying yes, mostly because the day I met you, I was terrified. I was 9 when we met and you were 10, you were already almost 6 feet tall, towering over me with your dark intensity. You said you'd always had a crush on me and wondered why I never played with you, the truth is, you scared me. Having hung out with you now, I'm upset I didn't spend more time with you as a kid. Oh Chris, I've never dated someone as fun as you. It was always exciting, some bizarre conversation and surprisingly natural. I never thought you and I would feel so comfortable around each other.

I know our relationship was short lived, I wish I could've felt about you the way you felt about me. I'm sorry I couldn't love you. Chris, I know it might sound weird, but I miss hanging out with you. We had a lot of fun together and you got me hooked on country music and Black Mirror, which are things I never thought I'd dip into. I want to be able to FaceTime you and talk about this crazy thing that happened the other day, and hear your stories about the kids at work, I want to be updated on that weird girl that was in love with your roommate and what happened with the whole cake thing. I respect the time you needed, but I miss my friend. I miss you.

I love you man
Your Cowgirl



Hi C.

Hindsight is a wonderful thing. I can sit here now and say I should've realised from the start, that I shouldn't have ignored the red flags - the fact you read the daily mail religiously; the threats of suicide and violence; 'believe what you want'; ripping up things and binning gifts when we argued. But I always believed things would get better and go back to how they were at the start, when we were great and everything was amazing. We deteriorated so quickly yet kept holding and on reflection it was a trauma bond with a huge amount of gas lighting. We should've pulled the plug months earlier than we did because none of it was healthy - it was so toxic.

I don't think it's fair to put the blame on either one of us for that but I think it is fair to say that we were simply not compatible or made for each other in any way at all, and that's what hurts to admit. Although I know the feelings and good times were genuine, we didn't make each other happy or bring out the best in one another. I may wish things hadn't happened this way, but they happened for the best.

The day I finally left for good I was so over it and us and you. I realised I was so much stronger on my own. I didn't have to worry or believe I was driving myself insane. I was free. I'm happy now, so much happier - and I feel like this happiness is sustainable and can last, unlike when I was with you. I hope you've found the same, I really do.

It breaks me sometimes that our favourite songs were happy by oh wonder and circles by post Malone, because both of them are so apt when it comes to our situation and what we've become. Going round and round in circles to eventually become happier on our own.

Our relationship taught me a few things - to recognise abuse in myself and others; to trust my gut but also have the confidence not to doubt things; not to dwell on the past; not to use breaking up as a threat.

A part of me will always miss you but now I know how to move on and get stronger, to become more in tune with myself. I've realised I need to be serious with someone who can do the basics and big things - you tried to do this, you really did but fundamentally you couldn't provide emotional support or basic love, care and reassurance. It was all physical and gestures and when you hurt me, you really hurt me, and with no explanation. I think you clung to me for fear of being lonely and you projected your insecurities onto me, at the end of the day I could support you but it wasn't my responsibility to fix you.

Lastly, I want to apologise for my stupid and horrid actions at points. I'm not proud of what I did or what I became and I'm sorry that you had to bear the brunt of it. Sadly, the damage is done now but there's no harm in reflecting and closing this chapter for good, it's time to look forward. Thank you for the time we spent together and for those valuable lessons - as I've always said I genuinely hope you're OK and that you're happy.



Dear C.

I hope you're doing better now. I genuinely do because I did really care about you but I had to care about myself more.

I remember when we first started dating. It was good. You would give me advice on what to wear and would ring me if I was out on my own to make sure I got home okay. I thought you were the most caring person I had been with. But then it changed. And you told me what to wear. And made me turn on my location so you could see my every move. You started arguments about trivial things, like me locking the door when I showered. You stopped me from seeing my friends when I was alone. You made yourself my only contact. You made it so I couldn't talk to anyone about it because they all loved you. They thought you were perfect and that we were happy. You didn't tell them about the nights I spent in tears because I wore a short skirt and you thought I looked "slutty". you argued with me because I didn't want to have sex with you. You argued with me when we had sex and I wasn't "into it" enough.

You completely ruined my mental health and my self esteem. You made me feel like I was creating problems out of nowhere. You gas-lit me and I'm not saying I was perfect, but I reacted to you. You made me toxic and I hate myself for it because its taken almost two years to get out of those thought patterns.

I hope you know I'm better now. I'm with someone who tells me I look sexy when I'm in a short skirt and who gives me space when I need it. He grounds me, and is helping me work on myself.

I hated you for so long, but now I just hope you find happiness. Real happiness, so you don't put another person what you put me through.

NEVER
YOURS

B.

I wake up with my phone flashing at me ,
Anxiety fills my body ,
As you tell me we shouldn't be together ,
Raging my body full of fear of what love should
feel like ,

Arguing because I don't know anymore ,
What it feels like to like someone ,
Not after your hand ,
Slipped out of mine ,
With all the lies you told me ,

You said you'd only be with one girl ,
As I scrolled through your contacts ,
5 girls glowed at me with a heart emoji next to
them ,

I continued to pretend to like you,
As we kissed ,
Not feeling anything ,
Bodies touching like lifeless souls ,

You told me on the second date you loved me ,
Red warning signs flashed at me ,

How could you love me after two dates ,
When I couldn't even love myself ,
If I met me twice ,
I wouldn't accept her for who she was ,
So why you as a complete stranger ,
Do you think you can love me ,
For everything that I am ,
Without knowing my flaws ,
My insecurities ,

And I felt like a cardboard just being written on
,
And constantly erased
Because I knew ,
What being played felt like ,
I was a football on endless pitches ,
Emotions tugging at me from behind ,
Replaying every date ,
Rechecking every message ,
Over and over ,
In my mind ,

LETTER 5

Which thinks I was in the wrong ,
My mind ticking ,
Not being able to sleep,
Constantly worrying ,
What the next message would say,

Questioning his sanity ,
One moment everything was fine ,
The next I was bowled out ,
Blocked on devices which I couldn't even
name ,
You blocked me on Instagram ,
Without even following me ,

Questions peered into my head ,
Realising that something is wrong with ,
What we call this relationship ,

I knew it had to be over ,
With the pilot who knew how to fly plane but
not how to fly a girl ,

He knew how to charm ,
With words he never meant ,
I love you babe tugging at my heart strings ,
Then he would tell me he hated me ,
Breaking the heart into shreds of doubt ,
I'd fight with every inch of my soul for him,
As if there was no one else ,
It had to be him ,

My heart only wanted to be with him,
No other guy I could love ,

Because I was trapped ,
Pretending to love him ,
Pretending to think ,
That one day in a years ,
When winds are calm and so am I ,
That we'd still be looking into each other's eyes
,
Anxiety wouldn't fill my heart every time I was
with him ,
And that we'd be in a state we call a relation-
ship ,

Holding hands ,
Happily pouncing around like in the movies ,
Helplessly in love ,

Not realising life can peer up at you ,
Crashing down expectations ,

I forgot a long time ago ,
That I don't need to follow in the shadows
Of a manipulative relationship ,

I was scared to lose him ,
But in reality I was more scared of losing myself
,
My self worth ,
And everything I knew about myself ,
Through someone who could control.
'My emotions , feelings and thoughts ,

The day I let him go ,
I got rid of the negativity ,
Realisation crept within me ,
That I don't need to tug an emotional rope ,
Along with me ,
Through different stages of my life ,

Letting others to wrap me around my own
doubts ,
Tightly like caterpillar ,
Untangling to see at which points in my life
this rope has been cut ,

I can never heal the broken parts of me ,
Cut ropes can't be tied back ,
One day ropes won't be cut any longer ,
But instead joined with another rope .
So I feel that I deserved to be loved
Instead of constantly hurt .

- Rebecca Dion



Dear M

It's been 1075 days since you first saw me from across the bar and asked what my name was, 994 days since we decided to slap a title on us, 670 days since we broke up and 487 days since we last spoke. I thought I'd feel empowered writing you this, but somehow, I don't. It's been so long but there's still a weight hanging over me with your name on it and sometimes, I hope it falls and crushes me.

When I first met you, I was dating someone else, someone I'd been committed to for a long time and I was growing bored. You were charming and made me laugh and I knew I wanted you. You smelled of new adventures and excitement and I was hooked. Him and I broke up shortly after and I almost immediately jumped into your bed. Everything with you was new and different – you were bigger, stronger, hypnotic and dangerous. You had your own car and every time you kissed me, my knees got weak. You were a new drug, and I was addicted.

As time passed, your charm wore off and things weren't as happy as I thought they would be. You'd yell at me for small things and blame me for speaking my mind. You hated when we'd discuss politics, negative effects of society or crime because you thought I was trying to tell you I was smarter than you. I tried so hard to tiptoe around your ego, held so many words back, tried to keep you happy. I compromised a lot of myself to love you and in hindsight, it wasn't worth it. Listening to your bigotry and hatred and biting my tongue disgusted me, but not as disgusted as I was with myself for not standing my ground.

Remember the day you sat me down and told me a girl you went to high school with called the police and accused you of sexual assault? And you told me you were innocent, and she was lying? I believed you because I wanted to believe you were innocent. I couldn't imagine being in love with a sex offender, but here you were, telling me she was lying while pretending not to hear me say “no” or “stop”. While picking me up and raping me, leaving me covered in your mess, pushing my head so far I couldn't breathe, smacking me so hard I couldn't walk for days and you laughing, thinking it was funny how hard you gave it to me.

You always joked that I was too political to make a good girlfriend, I wasn't fun. You brought out the worst in me though, I was never like that with anyone else. I'll never forget when you started talking about me behind my back right beside me and made me so angry I smacked the back of your head. You were angry understandably, and I take full accountability for the smack, but you should've had more respect. You should've had more respect when you punched the wall beside my face so hard your knuckles bled, and then whispered that I shouldn't worry, you'd never hit me because you know I'd call 911 and you don't want to go to jail.

I sacrificed everything in my life for you – I no longer spoke about feminism, the environment, capitalism, I stopped hanging out with my friends because you didn't like them, I lost almost all of my friends because of you, I separated from my family for you and easily poured \$10,000 into your pocket. I endured sexual, emotional and verbal abuse on a daily basis and it still wasn't enough for you. You still had to cheat. You cheated because I finally told you you'd raped me and you didn't care. You wanted more from me, more than I was willing to give, so you cheated. You frequented Tinder and my friend's house. You robbed me of everything, it took months to rebuild my self-esteem, my relationships. I still haven't healed properly.

I can now recognize that you felt threatened by me. You knew I was smarter than you, had more ambition and I could do better and it only hit you after the breakup when you called me so much I had to block your number. When you stopped by my work so much I had to tell security about you. When you parked in front of my house for hours and I had to ask my dad to get rid of you. I'm gone, I'm not coming back.

Sincerely, Bella

P.S. Thank you. I have no regrets.



I NOW KNOW WHAT I DESERVE

Playing
**FUCK
MARRY
KILL**
honey, we're
All Three



Well where to start? It's been 5 months and 28 days since you called time on our relationship, but who's counting. The "dumping" as I've come to call it came out of the blue, how snow would feel if it fell in July. It ripped through me, crushed me and left with the weird feeling of well that's that then. I was sad at first, angry for letting you make all the decisions and then just empty. It's weird being your ex. I'll admit when it happened I did think you were joking or it wouldn't last very long but as you can see it has.

I'm ok now, I can confidently say that nearly six months since the day. This letter probably sounds like I'm still angry, furious even but I'm ok. We're friends and I like that but I've accepted that for my own sake I can't let that line be crossed. You've tried to which is what made me the angriest but I've found my voice and you know I'm not gonna let that happen.

For the first time in a long time I feel like myself. When it happened I didn't know who I was without you. We were always refereed to as a pair but we're not. I'm me and you're you - separate people. I've learnt who I am. From this letter it's pretty clear that I'm all over the place and to be honest I am. I like that though, I like who I am as just me and I'm finally allowing myself to enjoy life on my own.

It's hard to know how to end this letter off.

Good Luck and Goodbye



IF YOU DON'T LOVE
YOURSELF

HOW IN THE HELL YOU GONNA LOVE
SOMEBODY ELSE?

Dear Martin

We spent 4 years together, shared so much love and growth. Overall, I look back on our relationship. I remember the way we'd tease each other on the ice and try to figure out who skated faster. The way I'd put your hair in a million ponytails and how we'd spend the whole day lying on your basement floor eating your mom's homemade cookies. The way you laughed when I almost got on the ice and yelled at the guy who knocked you during your hockey game, the way we'd joke about how I cried on roller coasters and immediately got back in line to ride it again.

Remember when I used to talk to you on FaceTime and I'd tell you about how we met, and you'd tell me about our future? And it sounded a lot like "what do you wanna do tomorrow?" and "I dunno, what do you wanna do?" and we'd decide on eating at our favourite restaurant, you called it "Old Faithful" because we were there at least once a week. We were so comfortable together, we fit perfectly. Every now and then I think about the first time we got into the same car after we broke up and our hands immediately reached for each other. When you pulled away first, that's when I knew it was really over.

I know I'm the one who ended things after so long and I guess you could say it's my fault although I hope you don't blame me for what happened. Martin, I have so much respect for you and I hope the person you end up with knows how lucky they are, because you will make an excellent husband. You are loyal and respectful, and I have nothing bad to say about you, although I do feel as though I owe you an explanation. I know I sprung our breakup on you out of the blue, we were giggling and holding hands lips glued to each other only hours before, but that's it. That was the final straw for me and I'm sorry. I loved you and I was comfortable and happy with you, but I wanted more. Martin, you're a great guy, but you are not for me. You used to joke about how I was too much and even your mom was surprised we were together, and after 4 years, it got to me. I got bored. I'm sorry.

In hindsight, maybe I made the wrong decision. Maybe 19-year-old me made a mistake. I know I could've been happy with you and we would've had the picket fence with the barbecue and the smiles, but I wanted something less guaranteed, crazier. I wanted to be wild. I guess I needed that for myself, and perhaps it was the best thing for me, but perhaps not. Honestly Martin, I don't know. I have no idea if I'm making the right decisions even now. You grounded me for so long, sometimes I want to call you and update you on everything, ask you what I should do, talk about how I could make things work and tell you that I'm scared, but it's been 2 years. Would you even answer? I don't want you to think I miss you or want to get back together, because that's not entirely true, I guess I just miss how simple things were when we were together, not just us, but life.

My dear sweet Martin, you will always be my Puppy. Thank you for teaching me how to love and accept love, how to grow with another person and being the first one to brush tears off my cheek and kiss my forehead. I will always hold a place for you in my heart.

Love Harley

HEY YOU

How are you? I sometimes wonder what you're up to but other times I think about how little I want to hear from you. Either way, I hope you're well and doing okay, that your family and your friends are all doing well, sometimes I see stuff they post and it makes me think of time we spent together. I did want to clear something up quickly, the unfollow on Instagram was because at the time every time I saw your name pop up as a liker on a post it hurt, and I lived in fear of seeing something you posted, not knowing how it would make me feel. If I had the choice now, I would probably follow you but I think the time has passed now.

I wonder if you're working, or struggling to make ends meet, whether you're going to go into the army or not, with your sights still on the sword (I know you can do it). I just hope whatever you choose it makes you happy,

I thought about what I would write in this and I could spend a paragraph talking about the upset I felt or the way that I've been thinking about you more recently and how it's making me feel. Instead, I think the best use of my time would be to say thank you. We had so much fun, you did so much for me, and it was sad that it had to end, but we both know it was for the best because we were tearing each other apart.

As for me? I'm back enjoying the gym, eating what I want because I've learned my body cues, I'm excited for the next chapter in my life even if it does mean a full time job! I think 2021 is going to be a good year for me, I really feel like I'm on a journey to loving myself and I think you definitely contributed to that, bigging me up when I felt at my lowest, loving me when I thought no-one would or could. You really set me up for learning love and understanding that the first step is loving myself, so again I thank you.

I really hope you are on a good path; I know you will do great no matter what you do. I will never forget you, although our relationship was rocky, we had our good times.

I hope you make someone as happy as you did me in those moments of pure joy.

LOVE ME

BRAVE

If I would of known what I knew now, I would of run.. I would of held on to the small bit of strength I had when you found me, clung for life and got away. I'd met idiots before, but you took that to a different level.. You would think growing up without a dad would leave you with little expectation in the respect of men, however by some miracle my mother resisted that and succeeded. I didn't join teenage years and adulthood with caution because my heart is free and always was for anybody in the world who needed it.

I was already drained from difficulties I experienced, things you knew. The 7th May 2018 we arrived abroad, I'd never been on a "boyfriend, girlfriend holiday" before.. Yet I'd had children, run a house and this was amazing and so well deserved and I had worked so hard.. You didn't want me to go out in Magaluf at 2am.. I only knew what my mum and nan had shown me.. Be you, no matter what. I told you I was a fully grown woman, I took my passport and my money I found a bar.. Ordered a vodka and some fags out the vending machine.... I lit the cigarette and two men walked towards me talking Spanish.. It's as if my face was burning I turn my head to the left and your storming down the hill.. Seeing me talk to two men I beg them to go, scared you'll hurt them.. You tell me to get back to the hotel, I didn't see the iPad in your hand, I thought it was a drunken joke.. I said I wanted to finish my drink, you took it and threw it. You grabbed me round the neck in a headlock and I still thought it was a joke, I laughed as you dragged me up the hill back to our hotel thinking you was actually over reacting and joking..

We got to the gates, I looked up at you and laughed I asked what you was doing.. You screamed and that's when I realised.. This was no joke. Your left arm raised in the air with the iPad and you smashed my face 4 times and dragged me in the door of the hotel. I could carry that one memory on for a book, but two days later on the same holiday you kicked me down the stairs. I remember laying in the bed in Spain, thinking.. "This is one of them moments women remember forever or is it?" I had never been hit or hurt before.. My Dad struggles with addiction, yet no matter what stage he's at never did he hurt me or raise a hand.. I remember feeling so confused wondering if I exaggerated in my head though my face told me otherwise. It's that one moment I wish I could go back to, it would of saved my path.. Saved mine and my daughters lives. But somehow, you made me forget it for months until it happened again, in front of people or not.. When drunk the story can be distorted but the marks cannot. I was always a fiery fun loving red head, but you started coming home fuming at my pale skin, making me sign up for sun beds, telling me I was ugly if I dare shop with you make up free.. Why would I want to embarrass you. I would try and drive off and home 150 miles home, with the deepest regret in my heart there have been times when my girls were in my car.. Trying to get down the motorway while I'm being chased in your van with your

STRONG

beautiful son sat next to you. If I just would of known your criminal record, you would come to rob me of every single thing I once liked of myself. Yet now I can't leave the house without a remanence of your memory. You broke into my home drunk, snapped my phone and beat me.. As if it wasn't enough you came back and kidnapped me a month later, I remember telling the police you don't care. You don't care about the law, only one other person believed me and knew. I validated her as much as she me.

When you met me, I had been growing my auburn hair for 3 years.. First time I had natural hair since age 11 through bullying. How did I not see what you was doing, every time I cried in front of my girls, something they never experienced until YOU. Every time we get on a train there's a stop with your name, we call you the monster. I have to allow the flow of conversation if you come up because although the girls don't know what you did they know you did something to me. They went abroad and you gave me 74 injuries.

I have to take Valium to sleep just to make sure I won't have nightmares about you, just for peace.. I stood and will always stand by the mother of the child you never deserved. I faced you in a trial, I could never do it for me.. But for my kids and for the one you never deserved I could. The angels walked me into the court room to be brave. I never knew a life where I didn't want to walk out the door, where I didn't want to be touched.. I can't be intimate because of all the things you said about my body, for all the times you took without permission.. You can carry on but I can't sometimes then I think about my daughters getting married and I know my pain I'll live with I will never leave them the pain of not having me there because you did something.

I'm taking my life back day by day, I don't know where this letter got me or will get me.. There we're a thousand million more days and memories I could of wrote about for every woman in lockdown without a national lockdown you are brave you are strong you are worth it. You are the life!

WORTH IT



I'M FINALLY ABLE TO MOVE ON

Dear George

There was a point I imagined a whole life with you. I imagined our wedding, our kids, our life together and I feel like I've lost it. You were and always will be my first love. I was so in love with you. I wanted to be close to you, take pictures with you. I cried all day when you went away because I couldn't handle being without you. You'd always do things for me and I took advantage of that. I loved whenever you'd buy me sparkling water, or find a rock you thought I'd like. You'd go buy me sweets when I was too lazy, you'd massage my fucked up body and go all the way to my house when I'd forget things and I loved it all.

I wish you would have posted more pictures of us. I know it sounds petty, but I wanted you to show me off to the world. I think I need to be adored, and that's not healthy for anyone, let alone a relationship. I know I could get lost in my imagination, but I wanted you to treat me.

It really upset me that you would get angry with me for taking photos of you. I wanted memories of you. I tried to understand your reasons for not wanting me to, but honestly, I couldn't understand because you were gorgeous to me.

Looking back, I think I didn't appreciate some of the things you'd do, as they didn't show love in my way. I wanted you to cook me dinner, surprise me with a date or take me to watch the sunset. Your love language didn't match the one I craved most. You were my dream boy but somewhere along the road the lines got blurred and we fell out of sync. I was craving something new. I wanted excitement where we had fallen into domesticity. It wasn't enough for me. I needed you to push back at me, get angry, call me out for being a flirt, because I was. I needed the push to my pull, but you were along for the ride. You made me feel guilty for going out and for working too much and that wasn't okay.

I don't think we were meant to be forever, but I felt hurt that you changed so much so we broke up. You became assured, confident, loved being in photos and I asked myself why you couldn't have been like that when we were together. It hurt me that you didn't defend me when your friends were horrible. I understand that they were protective, but you should have told them to stop. I would have. I did. I made sure people knew we broke up amicably, and shut down invasive, gossipy questions.

I know I hurt you with James* but I am not responsible for your anger. I definitely shouldn't have flirted with him like I did, and I realise I wasn't the most faithful in the end, but I never cheated. I had every right to sleep with someone new, as did you, but you really hurt me that you went and did the one thing that we had always wanted to do together. What felt like something for us, you took as soon as you weren't with me and in the way you knew I wanted but you were insistent would never happen. You took that from me in a way I can't get back. You became a different person around them. They dragged out the negative traits. I avoided your favourite bar as I knew you would be there. I know you did the same with mine.

Would you believe me if I told you I was heartbroken too when we broke up? Even though I was the one to end it, I went home and cried in bed all day.

Where did it go wrong? I know one point was the night you took advantage of me. I was drunk. So drunk that I still don't remember everything. I fell asleep for a moment when you left the room. I remember enjoying some of it, but I don't know what "it" was. Do you see the problem? How could you not think I was that drunk? I felt, and still feel, very taken advantage of and I hate it. I know you would've never done it on purpose, but the fact that I woke up and had to google if you could drunkenly give consent, is not okay. The fact that when I confronted you, I ended up coddling you and comforting you through your tears, is not okay. I think that was the point of no return for us.

I don't know how I feel about you anymore. I can't look at your Instagram or see photos of you without feeling like my heart has been cleaved out my chest. I feel sad, then angry, then totally numb. I look back at all the photos of us and cry, because we were so in love, and so happy, and I miss that time. I'm happy you are finding yourself, but I think I'm angry and sad that it's without me. And I'm going to have to learn to be okay with that. (It has been 5 months since I wrote this letter, and I think I'm finally able to move on.)



Trying to write my feelings down and out of my head feels like an impossible challenge to say the least.

Ever since you told me it was over; I haven't been able to think straight. My head is a mess; full of confusion and so many questions, and so this letter may seem like the exact same. A whole load of words strung together by pain.

I want to start by saying I'm not angry at you (even though I wish I was) and I still have so much love for you (even though you have broken my heart). It's still so fresh and the pain and hurt that I'm carrying around everyday feels so heavy. You mean the world to me and I can't seem to get you out of my thoughts. I go to sleep in the hope to escape how I feel, but even then, you somehow make your way into my dreams.

I wish things could have been different because I genuinely think you're amazing. All I want is the best for you and for you to be okay. If what you told me was true and you ended things because you aren't in the right place, then I really hope things figure out for you. I worry so much about you.

From our first date it felt like I had known you forever and you can't deny just how right it felt. I thought we had a great relationship and I didn't think it would come to an end now and for this reason. I wanted us to figure things out, but I wasn't going to beg for you when you don't want us anymore. I'm struggling to process it all and the fact you left me when you promised you wouldn't. What do I do now? I don't want anyone else; I just want you. You say you will always love me, but why would you do this to someone you love? Everyone keeps telling me it will get better with time, but what does that even mean? I want to believe them, but right now it doesn't feel like that.

I think what hurts the most is that I thought you would come back and try fix things or tell me that you miss me, but you haven't. I have to remind myself that there were bad things about you and maybe I am better off, even though it really doesn't feel like it. I have to move on and learn to accept that you left and you're not coming back. I've deleted you off everything, yet I still think about you every minute of the day. My friends and family are trying to keep me busy, but the distractions don't last for long.

I still can't believe you walked away and left what we had. I wish I could hate you but I can't. I trusted you with my heart and you dropped it.



I'LL ALWAYS

LOVE
YOU

How can I believe that?



I FAKED EVERY SINGLE ORGASM

To the one who taught me to never lose myself in someone else again.

I catch myself being in two minds about how I feel about you now, almost 3 years after walking away. In saying that, I mean that I often get confused about whether I want to be the bigger person and wish you happiness or whether I want you to feel the consequences of the pain you put me through for so long. I'd like to say that, for the most part, I hope you grow and mature in your mindset of how you treat women. But I'd be lying if I didn't say that my main fear is that you're still inflicting your toxic behaviour onto another helpless woman in love.

At the age of 16, most girls are a sucker for a fantasy, and I was sold on the one you promised me. As my first love, I trusted you to always be the boyfriend you displayed to me in the beginning. After winning me over with that level of romance and love, there was no way I could have expected you to turn out to be the monster that you were.

I used to always think when I was younger that I was kind of heartless, as I was never able to cry at anything- even the heart-breaking things that I knew I should tear up over. Now I know that the 16 years of tearless living were just preparing me for the fucking flood you were about to cause. If I'd had time to prepare, I'd have renamed myself Noah and built a fucking Arc.

Years of my youth were spent watching your façade unravel and gaining glimpses of the person you could be. I always used to think it was cute that your mom would tell me to 'control my monster' when referring to you in one of your episodes. If only there hadn't been a language barrier, maybe then she could have just told me that you were a fucking psychopath and to get on the first flight home.

Constant suspicion, degradation, aggression and emotional abuse. That was my first introduction to the world of relationships. You taught me that it was normal to stay home and avoid friends, all to make you happy and content that I wasn't speaking to any other boys. You taught me it was normal to be constantly reshaping myself to fit your ideal of a woman who bowed down to your demands.

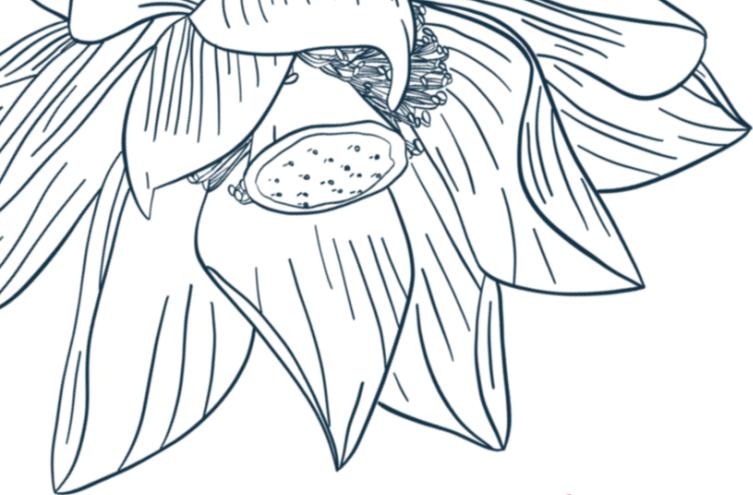
It doesn't hurt me to think of what you did to me. Those were your actions and that's on you. What hurts me is to think of how I lost my entire self being bonded to you for three years. Sometimes I go back to our facebook messages, as they're the only ones I kept. There are thousands of messages that remind me of the constant arguments, back and forth blocking each other and me responding to your vile words with love and adoration in a desperate attempt to keep you.

There were countless times I should have walked away from you. Countless times I should have listened to my friends and family and left before I lost even more of myself. But in hindsight, I'm glad I waited. That trauma bond I had with you finally evaporated and I saw you for what you truly were. No airs and graces, no making excuses for you or using the reason of love. I saw you as the manipulator you were. In leaving when I did, I could finally begin to breathe again. I was severed from you.

I know you got some karma for what you did, and I know it hit you hard to come crawling back two months later and hear I'd moved on. I needed that.

While I could sit here and write a book on all the reasons you were bad for me, I'll leave it at this:

Thank you for teaching me all the ways a man ought not to be.



To the special one.

I think it's safe to say that I've written a lot of these- the confessionals, the paragraphs, the one's you've never seen and the one's you unfortunately have.

With you it's always been 'what could have been', 'what if' and 'maybe one day'. And before you say it, I know it's my fault that our destiny too often falls into these categories.

It saddens me that we couldn't divide the friendship and the feelings or make a go of being involved in whatever capacity possible. I guess the lines have always been blurred in that way.

Maybe that was the thrill? Or maybe the thrill was, and is, just us.

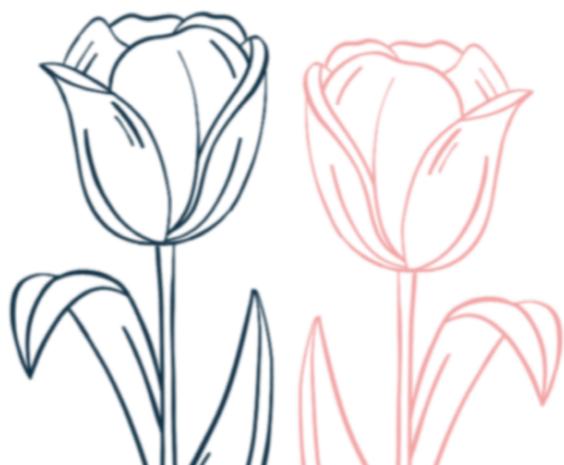
I can't quite bring myself to write all of the ways I feel about you, because there's been enough pain on both sides from this back-and-forth love affair we've been entangled in for 7 years.

Although we can't be in each other's lives, there will never be a time where my memory of you fades. Unless, of course, I never hear a Coldplay or Oasis song ever again. Only then would I have a fighting chance.

T, you are the best thing that never happened to me. I know I've never said it before, but I know I've loved you from the very start.

To have always loved you has been an amazing adventure and is one I know I will enjoy forever.

Sincerely, your most dangerous someone x



*When you love someone but it goes to waste.
Could it be worse?*





**YOU DON'T NEED
A GIRLFRIEND,
YOU JUST NEED
A THERAPIST**

Dear you know who you are.

Finding the best place to start with all of this has been difficult.

Difficult because there were so many things wrong with what you did to me it's hard to pick the first.

But I have to try, because I have to get past this. Despite all of your abuse, I loved you and it's still a horrible experience to move on from you – but I'm getting there. And each day it gets easier, and as it gets easier my vision of you is clearing and I'm beginning to truly appreciate just the sort of person you were – a despicable one.

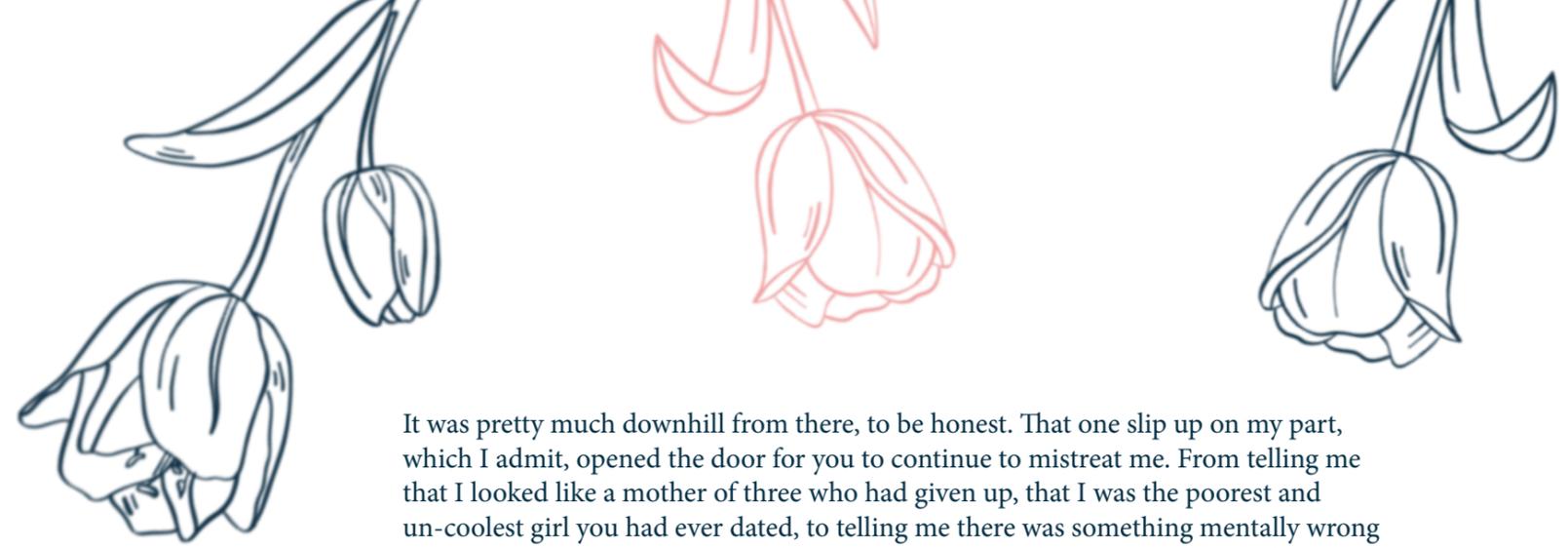
For two years I gave you absolutely everything. I didn't realise until you ended things just how much that cost me. You left me physically and emotionally exhausted, with nothing left to give. I gave so much to you, that I neglected myself and completely lost sight of my own worth in the last year of our relationship.

The first three months were incredible, as many honeymoon phases in relationships are. You did so well in drawing me in, and making me fall in love with you, treating me like a queen. A proper gent, you were careful not to put a foot wrong so that you could lay the groundwork for what was to come.

I should have run when you told me that you'd used me as your home STD test kit. I asked you to get tested (which, by the way, is just basic courtesy), just like I was doing. After my repeat test 3 months in came back clear you told me you hadn't taken one, like I asked and like you said you would, and you had decided to just wait to hear back from mine – because if I was clear, you must be too. That was my body you played with, not just my trust and my worth. But by that time, I was too deeply in love with you and laughed it off with you.

BIG

MISTAKE



It was pretty much downhill from there, to be honest. That one slip up on my part, which I admit, opened the door for you to continue to mistreat me. From telling me that I looked like a mother of three who had given up, that I was the poorest and un-coolest girl you had ever dated, to telling me there was something mentally wrong with me and I needed to go to a doctor, the emotional abuse was endless and a constant shadow over our relationship.

You were vile, you were toxic. From the beginning you said if I ever had an issue with something you had done that I should just tell you instead of bottling it up and we would sort it out together. But every-time you felt attacked or questioned you would turn on me. It got to the stage that I felt like I couldn't stick up for myself at all because I was so scared about how you would react.

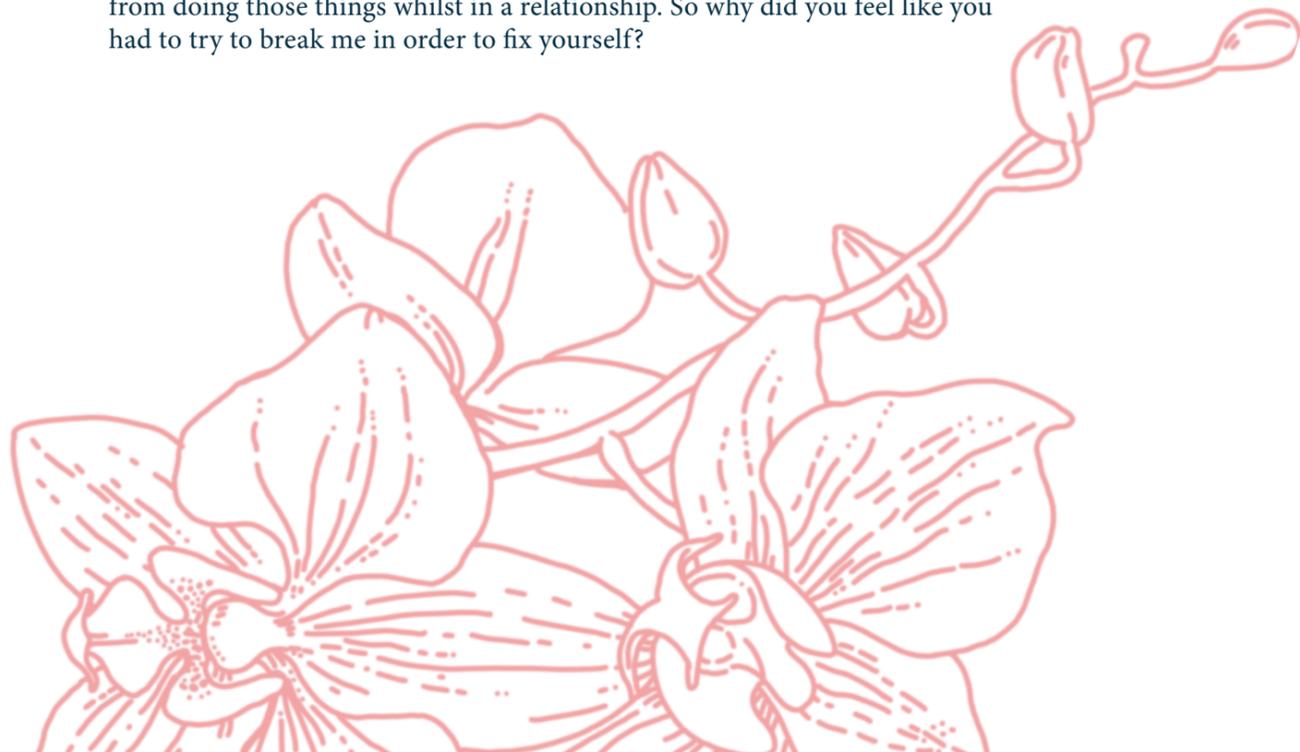
I was your slave. We had sex when you wanted to, we saw your friends (never mine – you met a grand total of three of mine over the whole relationship and only two family members, whereas I literally met all of yours), we ate what you wanted when you wanted, we travelled to where you wanted to go. I did your laundry, your essay writing, your job applications, your emails, your cleaning, your organising. I travelled to see you 99% of the time in our long distance relationship, yet you stated one of the reasons for breaking up was barely seeing each other (you could have travelled to me as often as I travelled to you and the amount we saw each other would have instantly doubled). I was your support that was constantly at your beck and call, I talked you through panic attacks and mental health crises and hid my own from you – yet you still rolled your eyes and stormed out if you saw me wobble, and used being my rock as exhausting as one of the reasons to break up with me.

I bent over backwards to ensure your happiness at the cost of my own. I grew to see myself as you obviously saw me and I hated myself for it. So I shut down. I blocked out the world and I tried to carry on because, for some reason, you still were the love of my life. I wanted to marry you, have kids, live a life together, like you said you did too. God, how blinded I was. When you called me draining, neurotic, exhausting, I put in more effort and you put in less.

One example that comes to mind is the difference in how we treated each other when we were sick. I came to visit you in London and you had a cold. I had a huge day the next day – it was an all day assessment centre for my dream job, so it was incredibly important. I went shopping for you as soon as I got off the train so that I could get everything you wanted. I cooked your dinner, did the dishes, cleaned the kitchen, gave you your medicine at the right time, then slept on the hard floor so that you could have the single bed to yourself. I say ‘slept’, but you kept me awake the whole night. I didn’t complain once and I went to my assessment centre in the morning after making sure that you were well catered for the day. Compare that to when I had what I now realise to have been corona-virus at the start of the year – you thought I was disgusting and sighed every-time I blew my nose or coughed in the night. You left me to look after myself and showed no compassion. How unequal our relationship was.

You were a lying, manipulative scumbag up to 24 hours before you broke up with me. 24 hours before it happened, you told me that you loved me lots and lots and called me your angel. You’d called me during the day and we’d had a laugh. 3 days before you broke up with me you asked to join in on my next family quiz and created a couple name for us and told me that you would always love me. 8 days before you broke up with me, you told me that you wanted the garage in our future house to mend bikes in. Congratulations, you succeeded in making me look like a fool.

The only thing I can even remotely believe in your break up reasons was that you felt you couldn’t be with someone if you couldn’t even be with yourself. But even then that’s a stretch – two weeks before breaking up we had a long chat because you were scared that you were going to have a mental breakdown and break up with me because you thought I deserved someone better. Two weeks later you did, and said those exact words. For two years I’ve offered to pay for therapy, encouraged you to stop drinking and start to live a healthier lifestyle – all these things you said you would do immediately after breaking up with me. Nothing, and I mean nothing, prevented you from doing those things whilst in a relationship. So why did you feel like you had to try to break me in order to fix yourself?



But you didn’t succeed this time. Even though you broke up with me over a phone call (not even FaceTime – phone call) that lasted 20 minutes and through which I could hear you vaping the entire time, which was so incredibly disrespectful that even I was shocked – and I’d been dealing with you for two years. It just goes to show that you never respected me, and now I doubt ever even loved me. I don’t think you know what love is. But no, even after all of that, I’m not broken.

In fact, I’m stronger than ever. I can look at myself in the mirror again. I’ve already lost two stone, my old spark and personality is coming back, and I have other men clamouring for me. I’ve found a bit of the old self respect and dignity that I used to have. I know what I’m worth. I’m an incredible woman. I’m strong, intelligent, funny, talented, gorgeous, caring, empathetic, compassionate....I could go on. And I’m not going to apologise anymore for saying that yes, I am proud of myself. Incredibly so. And I’m worth a hundred of you, at least.

I no longer want to get back together with you. I never want to see or speak to you again. You’re part of my life that I am well rid of.

WANT SOME ADVICE? **GROW THE FUCK UP**

You’re 24, so act like it. Learn the basic workings of respect, compassion, tolerance and love. And if you can’t be someone’s rock, don’t be in a mature, adult relationship until you can be. Until then, I wish all the luck in the world to the next poor woman that you end up with, because she’s going to need it – unless she’s like you, in which case you deserve each other. But know this – you will never, ever, find someone like me again. You have no idea yet of what you have lost. But trust me – you haven’t got a hope in hell of ever getting it back.

Yours. Never E xoxo

I thought long and hard about what I would've wanted to have said, and truth be told, it is a lot trickier than I had first anticipated. I thought I would have a huge tick list of all of the things that I would run through, I thought I would throw my arms up in the air and scream 'I am a free single woman, and I can do whatever the hell I want', and I thought I would sigh a huge sigh of relief after all the pain and anguish that we have shared over the years, could finally at long last be put to rest. That is not the case. There would be a long host of trials and tribulations that would have to encounter before that.

I would like to start this off by saying, thank you for giving me that time. You gave me time that I never thought one person would be able to give. You gave me time to grow as a person, even though we have gone our separate ways.

The growth I have seen in my confidence has been immense. You may not be the most lovable and warming person at a first glance, but I saw the vulnerable side to you that I am certain many wouldn't be able to see at all.

You gave me an insight into what a relationship was going to be like. It is not all rainbows and sunflowers. But I didn't care. That is exactly what I liked about us- everything wasn't sugar coated. This was the real tough world.

I BEGAN TO ENVISION A FUTURE WITH YOU, AND WITH THAT CAME THE NORMAL DAY TO DAY STRUGGLES.

As soon as we moved to university, I knew that we were going to hit a few hurdles somewhere, but maybe not to the same extent as we had. We made that tough decision at the tender age of eighteen, to pursue our romance across the country. That was bloody difficult. I became so used to your own comfort and affection, so immediately as we began to fall apart, I was the first to think, how the hell am I going to have to go through this again.

And that was where I realised, you gave me strength. Your mental health was incredibly painful to experience, and oh my god, do I still think about it to this day. I was so in love with you, I felt those wounds plaster themselves and engrained into my own skin. It was like we shared those traumas, even though they were all experienced from your own behalf.

You gave me a reason to believe I could go on. I know that our love had at this point, grown cold, and I know to this day, you have blocked me on a couple of social media accounts. But I needed that.

I couldn't go long without feeling the urge to text you. My phone was never more than an arm's reach away, so as long as I had that constant feeling and connection towards you.

Sometimes it is so necessary just to lose that contact, even for a day, just to breathe. I was sinking into a pit of misery, of constant replying and late nights worrying just for a simple yes or no. That should never be the way of the world.

But when you are young and 'in love', it is a bit tricky to get out of that mindset. The days trying to imitate what a normal relationship would be like. This relationship was normal, in most parts.

However, the obsession to constantly have your approval, the nights where I wanted to go out partying and your refusal to let me wear that skirt, or to take that shot just in case you ended up having a bad night, reached its tether. I was not enjoying myself anymore.

It was a game of who can annoy each other the most. It was a long old route to actually 'finding myself' at university, and even to this day, who is she?



What would she be like if I didn't have to suffer the pains of a break up?

How would I have been taught those life lessons, if I didn't suffer? But, the months of prolonged confusion and turmoil could never fully show the depths of pure hate I felt towards myself after.

Was I not pretty anymore? Was the sex bad? Did I somehow become one of those girls we would sit and gossip about, because of how annoying they would be in *blank* restaurant we were having date night in?

The most burning of all questions you would also want to ask your ex after an immediate break up: Who will be your next? Was it better?

I didn't want to have to end the way we had. I felt my vulnerability heighten just like the moment you entered into my life, but worse. You were leaving my life completely shielded and completely on your terms.

You did not have the capabilities of dealing with a relationship, so you left me after all that time you had spent with me, and those times where I would desperately put your needs over my own, to then have you walk away. Easy.

A split second of a decision, which has indefinitely affected the future of what could've been 'us'.

I am actually really glad that we managed to make the most of the time together. As much as you can grumble and grouch over those prolonged periods of time with that person, who then has left your life, for you to regret maybe not spending a little more time with the girls, or with the family on a Saturday evening.



We needed this. We needed this as an opportunity to be exactly what we wanted to be, and not have to fill this expectation of being that amazing partner, who could never be left (unless through cheating or whatever).

I thank you for causing not only pain, but pure joy. You have encompassed a varying degree of emotions that I have found even on my best days, the hardest to compute.

You taught me how to preserve even when the world doesn't make sense.

You made me fall in love with another human, a human that is more complicated than figuring out a terribly hard math question, that requires a significant amount more brain power than usual.

You guided me through the art of self discovery and self awareness of my likes and dislikes, inside and outside the bedroom.

You became a part of my family, a topic for discussion at family gatherings, and work chat with my colleagues.

You taught me skills about your hobbies that I would not have the faintest idea about.

You prepared me for the worst. The worst had happened, and as much as I want to hate you for it, the decision was probably one of the best made.

I truly believe that things happened for a reason. I had a tough journey of a relationship, most likely harder than a lot of relationships out there, but instead of openly comparing my life against someone else's, I will sit back. And breathe.

Life is what you make of it. If you want to let your previous relationship crumble you, so let it. It will take time to get over a past love, but I can assure you, you can really put your mind to whatever you desire, as long as you allow it. Don't torture yourself for all of the times you did wrong, or could've resolved conflict.

This relationship loss has allowed me the time I needed to fall back in love with myself on my own. And then keep a firm eye out for the next person, who unexpectedly falls onto my path, and wants to become the centre point for the next chapter to the story.



To M.

It's been 3 years since I cut us off officially. I hope you're doing well and know that I only stopped being friends with you for your mental well-being. You weren't in a good mindset and so I felt if we were friends after everything we went through it wouldn't be easy for you.

You kept saying I wasn't there for you through your darkest times but I was there before all of that. I was your safe-comfort zone and you took me for granted.

When you started to become bipolar, I'll raise my hand and say I should have been a better friend for you and shouldn't have cut things off. But life had other things in store.

As horrible as this may sound, when I finally had the courage to say we were done I felt like a weight being lifted off my shoulders. You depended your happiness on me and it was too much. I needed to depend my happiness on you but the late replies, the random blocking, the on and off being flirty and cold, the "I miss you" texts,

I didn't know where your head was at and I didn't know if you really wanted me. Our relationship had already ended, but we lingered around for a few years after holding onto something which gave me hope we would get back one day but you just wanted to keep me wrapped around your finger. I've been happier since.

I've learnt not to settle for less and not be treated like shit. I've learnt if someone really wants you their actions will prove it. And most importantly, as selfish as it seems I've learnt to put my own happiness first before someone else's. From the recent notification I got on LinkedIn of you viewing my profile kinda makes me wish one day we would bump into one another and see if you'd say hello or just stare in complete silence. But till that day comes,

I hope you are happy and feeling loved by someone.



**HE TRIES TO
PACIFY HER
BUT WHAT'S INSIDE HER
NEVER DIES**

