

18th January, 2008

MR & MRS SMITH

DEAR DIARY, there are some men out there who complain about their women. She's too fat, she moans too much, she's stupid, she's always on the phone, she doesn't talk dirty to me anymore, she wears too much makeup, she's a gossip, she puts her friends and the kids before me, she's always running to her mother, she makes me sick, I wish she looked like my brother's girlfriend, she can't cook, she never wants to make love to me, we don't talk, I hate her hair, I hate when she inhales/exhales, I hate her! This is the same man who used to suck your toes. In the complex game of relationship chess, you were once his best friend and now you're a repulsive sight to behold.

For instance, take the Smiths. It doesn't occur to Mr Smith that deep down inside, Mrs Smith's effervescent spirit is dying; Mr Smith unfortunately chased Mrs Smith's spirit away with his change of heart.

Mrs Smith can see it in her husband's eyes that he thinks that the grass is greener on the other side. It's not as if he can hide his true feelings. He wears that constant look of disdain like a pair of Dollond & Aitchison glasses.

You see, Mr Smith went out with his friends one night and a woman, just an ordinary woman showed her interest in him. She gave him her phone number even though Mr Smith told her he was a married man. For the woman, Mr Smith was a challenge, for Mr Smith, the woman was an exciting opportunity he couldn't resist.

His ego made him believe that he really was hot stuff. He could have Wifey at home and Miss Thing on the side and no one needs to know except some of his friends, a few family members and a handful of his colleagues at work. After all, what's ego without an audience?

Mr Smith can't help but treat his wife badly because she's a reminder of his lack of freedom. He has no freedom to come and go as he pleases, he has no freedom to stay out late, in fact what he'd really like to do is stay out all night every night but the only thing standing in the way of his freedom is Mrs Smith.

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Because Mrs Smith is now the enemy, Mr Smith starts telling her that she's paranoid, she's miserable and she's ugly. He also tells her that her cooking tastes like Styrofoam and her new haircut makes her look like a drag-queen. Mrs Smith in her head says drag-queen like your mamma but this would cause another argument.

All of a sudden Mr Smith needs to do "over-time" at work and these days, before coming home, he tells Mrs Smith that he's going out with his friends, or he's running late or his car broke down or the trains were delayed. He even told Mrs Smith that he had a business meeting and needed to travel 100 miles away for an overnight stay in a hotel. He'll tell her anything. She knows he's lying and he knows she knows he's lying but he couldn't care less?

Mr Smith used to think the world of Mrs Smith, but she's just boring and predictable now and there's no fun in that, Miss Hot Lips is fun, different, dynamic and full of life!

Mrs Smith stopped believing in herself and now comfort eats and she drinks to get drunk because she no longer cares about who she is. She no longer wears fashionable clothes and lacy underwear because she feels dowdy and Mr Smith wouldn't notice anyway. Off come the heels and she's wearing flats because she doesn't feel sexy anymore. Poor Mrs Smith; she's starting to wither because of his evident boredom and lack of kindness and the two of them are now a product of infidelity. But she doesn't hate him (not yet anyway). Oh no, she still loves him, the one person she hates is herself.

Meanwhile, Hot Lips is his number one priority but Mr Smith is just a play thing as far as she's concerned because Hot Lips has got several men on the go. According to Hot Lips, Smithy's nothing special, he's just your run of the mill man who wants to have his cake and eat a piece of everyone else's!

Mr Smith is fed up now and a bit confused. He doesn't like the fact that Hot Lips dates other men and he's tired of the competition. Hot Lips has men on speed-dial and it makes him sick to his stomach, but Hot Lips reminds Mr Smith that he's married and tells him to shut his hypocritical mouth.

When Hot Lips' mobile phone isn't on vibrate, Hot Lips takes phone calls in locked bathrooms and at the far end of hallways; Mr Smith recognises this behaviour. He does the same thing around Mrs Smith so he knows the game. Hot lips is often unavailable and not forthcoming about where she's been. You can't just turn up at Hot Lips' house either; you

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have to give her plenty of notice; and another thing, Hot Lips is becoming a handful and her demands are expensive too as she likes loads of “surprises” gift wrapped. She also expects to be wined and dined and it’s not what Mr Smith expected at all. She’s also started risky behaviour like calling the house phone, turning up on doorsteps unannounced and accidently-on-purpose turning up where Mrs Smith works at the bank. All this is beginning to make Mr Smith act like a cat on a hot tinned roof. Hot Lips?? More like Cold Bitch!

When Mr Smith looks at his wife now, the same wife he called a frump last week, she looks like she’s on the verge of tears. Something inside her has died. That twinkle in her eye has disappeared. It’s been missing for ages now. Where’s her sparkle? Where’s the melody in her voice? Mr Smith’s conscience speaks up loud enough for him to hear, it says I am partly responsible for this.

It takes a long time for Mr Smith to realise he once had something as rare and as precious as a diamond and then with selfishness and negligence, that beautiful and rare diamond turns into a lump of coal.

When you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change⁽¹⁾.

August Mayfield

Source: (1) Dr Wayne Dyer