

20th July, 2009

THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE HEARTBREAK

DEAR DIARY, my mate Heather's off work. Sick to her stomach. Her heart's broken. She found out that her husband's been doing the nasty with another woman.

Heather can't get out of bed and everyone at work understands her absence. There's not one woman and maybe a couple of men at the office who hasn't got their own very personal tale of their heart being ripped out of their chest while it was still beating with the news of infidelity.

There's nothing quite like heartbreak... and cheating will break you every time. The realisation of it sits deep down in the pit of your stomach and tears a strip of your soul away. The betrayal of it robs you of any sensibilities you thought you had. It changes your world as you know it. How you felt the day before you found out makes you realise that that day was a lie and the day before and the day before that and months to infinity because you're never quite given a date on which the betrayal started.

Whatever your cheating partner says to you from this day forward, you will never quite believe them again. Whatever story he or she tells you from now on will be met with a degree of "I wonder if she's lying"?



If your cheating partner could actively take part in being intimate with someone else while being in an intimate, loving relationship with you, then he or she is capable of **anything**. Like lying again and again and covering that lie with another lie and then adding a bigger lie for good measure until the day they die – and in some instances, blaming their betrayal on poor innocent you.

So you're then left thinking, did his car really break down? Was that girl really his cousin? Were those scratch marks on his back really from the gym? Was he at the gym? Did he really work late? Did he really have flu the weekend he cancelled? Was that really his brother's girlfriend's jacket in his car? Was it just an innocent bruise or a love bite? Who else knows about this? Unfortunately, not one of these answers matter one little bit because in the back of your mind, you don't believe anything anymore. You want to believe and you pretend to believe, but we all know that you'll hope it's the truth but never quite feel safe in the knowledge that what you hear from that lying mouth is ever going to be the truth.

What do you do? You can't cry on your partners' shoulder and say someone told me lies and broke my heart and made me cry and I'm dying inside saying I don't know what to do because the shoulder you'd normally cry on is the shoulder responsible for murdering your heart.



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And then it starts. Those son-of-a-bitch-bastard EMOTIONS. They come in waves. Taking you by surprise because you never quite know when you're going to burst into tears. You never quite know when you're going to tell everyone to shut-the-f***-up. You never quite know when you're not going to be able to get out of bed. You never quite know when you're going to

drink all the liquor in the drinks cabinet and smoke 60 cigarettes in one day; one after the other. Those emotions just drag you this way and that, without any thought of the consequences, even making stupid phone calls and sending embarrassing text messages. Emotions!! You just have to ride it out until you're back to some kind of normality in your new warped universe.

But as day follows night, the pain goes away but the act of betrayal never leaves your side. It's the unseen guest at the dinner table. It's the unspoken conversation you know you need to have. It's the rank smell of 'death of a relationship'. Your heart eventually mends, but whether you kiss and make-up or dump them forever; you'll NEVER EVER see that person in the same light ever again.



August Mayfield