

ABOUT ME

File Not Found

There is nothing to tell you that you haven't heard someone else say before.

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THIS WEEK'S ACTIVITIES

Buying cold weather clothes..brr (where did August go?)

Planning my End of the Summer party for Saturday.

Getting caught up on stuff I didn't get done last week.

VISITED DAILY

[Slog](#)

[Greencine Daily](#)

[A Month of Sundays](#)

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BLOGGING FRIENDS

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BLOG ARCHIVE

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[Wow, I feel violated and threatened...](#)

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[um...am I being ignored?...](#)

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 2007

If I could throw up, I would...

Well, I got the soon-to-be-ex husband's response to my declaration. Wow.

I don't think you can put the fact that he sexually assaulted me up there with the fact that I don't have a well-paying job. But, apparently, he is going to try.

Oh, and I love the fact that he was concerned about my drinking - paint me as an alcoholic. Nice touch. I wonder if he thought of that all by himself. Smooth.

I also had no idea that it was my fault that he never graduated high school or went to college. I always thought it was his fear of not being the smartest person in the room. (Uh, he's not, by the way.)

We'll see what the courts say.

What an asshole.

Posted by File Not Found at [12:44 PM](#)

[0 comments](#)

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 2007

AAAAAAHGH FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!

Can I not catch a fucking break?!!! So I find out from my son's teacher via email TODAY that LAST FRIDAY my son threatened to blow up the fucking school. What the FUCK? Now, O.K. I remember school. I remember wanting to blow the school up. But did I ever announce it to the entire class? NO. Oh my god. Now I'm the mother of the kid that threatened to blow up the school. I give up.

Posted by File Not Found at [12:08 AM](#)

[0 comments](#)

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 2007

anxiety prone...

I had an anxiety attack last night at work. I thought I was going to pass out. This shit has got to end. I just want that proverbial other shoe to drop. I just want to know what he is going to do.

Wow, I never thought it would effect me this dramatically. I thought I had

[Intolerance much?...](#)

[So tired...must sleep...](#)

[Shooting myself in the
foot after I have
already i...](#)

[New Job...](#)

[Is it me?...](#)

[Lost...](#)

[Random conversation at
the Pink Door last
night.....](#)

[Why are the big things
always so
anticlimactic?.....](#)

► July (26)

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already gone through most of the required emotions. I just want to know what is going to happen. What is he going to do? What is he going to do? Am I going to have to move out of my home? Will he get the kids? What is going to happen? I am terrified. I can't fucking do this shit.

Well, certain people think that I should just relax, that I am making myself nuts. Uh...easier said than done there, sport.

I just wish I could get out of town for a few days.

Posted by File Not Found at [10:32 AM](#)

[0 comments](#)

.....
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 2007

Ever get the feeling you are being watched?...

I wonder if I will always be paranoid to a certain extent. I am afraid I am being watched. I am afraid he is reading this right now. I am terrified that he hired someone, or installed cameras, or did something utterly intrusive. Of course, he didn't. But the fact that these things go through my mind just shows what a mind-fuck these 17 years was. Will I ever trust anyone again? Probably not, at least, not completely. That makes me sad. I was a very trusting person. I loved completely and without limits. I don't think I can do that again. I am changed forever. That makes me sad.

There are people out there that deserve my love, but what if I am not able to give it? What if I miss out on love because I am now too fucked up to function?

Ah, who cares...

Posted by File Not Found at [10:25 AM](#)

[0 comments](#)

.....
MONDAY, JUNE 25, 2007

Too many reasons...

I had a hard time getting out of bed today. Perhaps it is because I knew that when I got out of bed I had a list of things that I should be doing, most of which I have little desire to do.

The court date is set for the sixth of July. I am not sure what is going to happen. I just hope that the courts will impede him from extending his controlling ways towards me in the future. I needed that protection order for my own sanity. It is doubtful that it will be made permanent, however, one can always hope.

I am feeling much more confident in my ability to support myself. The week after we go to court, I intend to hit the job search with gusto. I should be doing it now, but I am way too emotionally fragile to be going on interviews and such right now. This has been a difficult transition, mainly because I was always terrified of making him angry and would

waste so much time trying to smooth over difficult situations for him. Now I know he is really angry at me and it freaks me out. I could not have done this without a lawyer. I would have never filed, I would still be stuck in this fucked-up relationship. I would still be miserable, dreaming of a life that I would never have the guts to reach for.

O.K. So this was an incredibly sappy post, but I am entitled to at least a few of these on occasion...right?

Posted by File Not Found at [2:24 PM](#)

[0 comments](#)

SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 2007

Thank You...

I never knew how good things could actually be. I never realized how truly miserable I was. I am so thankful that I have the opportunity to be happy now.

Never Again will I give over my whole life to someone...

I have breathed in fresh air for the first time in years...

Posted by File Not Found at [9:59 PM](#)

[0 comments](#)

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 2007

Home Alone.

Well, I just returned home...to an empty house, no less. I am kind of scared but also kind of intoxicated.

I know that certain people think that they might have an advantage with me right now (alone, vulnerable and with snacks.) But that is not going to happen.

OOPs, Dizzy...Time for bed

Posted by File Not Found at [12:09 AM](#)

[0 comments](#)

FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 2007

Alone again...unnaturally...

My parents just left with my kids and my dog. They are heading to Spokane for a family function of some sort. It was nice of my parents to take my kids because there is A LOT of stress right now (especially with the soon-to-be-ex text messaging my daughter.)

So I will basically be all alone until Wednesday. WEDNESDAY?!! WTF...

Maybe it will be good for me. Maybe I will be able to connect with a deeper part of myself...

NAH. I will probably sit around, watch movies, stay up too late, hang out with friends and drink too much (not necessarily in that order.)

I am nervous that the soon-to-be-ex knows that I will be alone for the weekend.

On a good note, I moved all his shit to the garage. Yay! This house is beginning to feel homey. I might even go buy some flowers.

Posted by File Not Found at [1:35 PM](#)

[0 comments](#)

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 2007

Curious...

I work in the Fremont neighborhood of Seattle. This is a neighborhood in flux. It used to be a hang-out for hippies, burn-outs and biker-types who frequent the [Buckaroo](#). Now, it seems that nerdy tech types and their ilk are taking over. And, they are breeding.

Perhaps it is because I work in one of the only "family-friendly" eateries in the neighborhood, but it seems there are a lot of kids living in Fremont now. They come in, followed by their frazzled parents, and proceed to act like animals. The parents blissfully sip on house wine and leisurely pick at their food, while we (myself and my colleagues) have to wipe fingerprints and face prints off of windows, reset messed up tables, refill spilled salt and pepper shakers, and worst of all, unclog toilets.

Parenting to these people is simply corralling their child when it seems that the restaurant staff is becoming irritated, and then allowing them (the child) to return to their destructive activities five minutes later.

So my question to these parents is: "Do you really want to be a parent, or are you just doing it because of peer pressure." Did you look around one day and notice that a child was the one thing that you did not have? Also, does being a parent for you mean you forgo all sense of, well, style? I see these mothers walk in with their wash-and-wear haircuts and loose fitting clothing (denim jumper anyone?) I think, "Wow, their husband is a lucky man...NOT." But of course, the husband is no prize either. It seems to me that they have children, and then become these sexless automatons who have about three subjects to engage in conversation in.

I can say this, not just because I am a bitch, but because I have two kids of my own and have NEVER owned a denim jumper.

Posted by File Not Found at [11:47 PM](#)

[0 comments](#)

Clarification on stagnation and frustration...

Well, the sofa finally kicked me off it and I did end up accomplishing all but one of the things on my list before I have to head off to work. The cryptic email was explained, and it wasn't all that cryptic. I should have known, he isn't deep enough to be cryptic. Anyway, as far as my search

for excitement, I figured that out. It isn't as though I'm bored. It is that I desire for things to go one way, yet allow them to continue on their course towards another direction. Who am I to rock the boat. Besides, I was right on a few points...

Side note: As soon as I know for sure that a certain someone with a nosy streak and a penchant for stalking isn't reading this blog, I can stop being so cryptic. Cryptic is boring.

Posted by File Not Found at [5:02 PM](#)

[0 comments](#)

Stagnation and Disappointment...

Can't get off the sofa. Can't. Too much stuff to get done and I have no inclination or motivation. Phone calls and cryptic emails have kept me, well, spinning. "What does THAT mean?" Am I reading too much into things - "all signs point to yes" says my imaginary Magic 8 Ball. Funny, I didn't imagine that person could be deep. Like, at all. Ever. Frankly I don't know why I'm still interested.

The weekend was disappointing and frustrating and well, boring. Was it boring because deep down I'm boring? Or was it boring because I chose not to plan things and go with the proverbial flow? I say the latter, mainly because I crack myself up sometimes - I can be a laugh-riot and sometimes prefer the pleasure of my own company to those of the complainers that tend to gravitate towards me.

I know why I am disappointed. But, when it comes to that...I'm always disappointed. But when it comes to that, I set myself up for disappointment. Perhaps it is because I have a bit of a masochistic streak (a BIT!!? Yes, I said a bit, I'm not THAT freaky...right? Oh never mind.) But sometimes it is that glimmer of possibility that peaks my interest in otherwise uninteresting encounters. Or maybe it is because I have the drive and personality of a goldfish (and apparently the constitution.) Maybe it is because deep down I don't really want to be loved or understood. Maybe deep down I want to be ignored and misunderstood. Maybe I don't believe I can ever be loved or understood. Maybe that is my "thing." I mean some people have foot fetishes, maybe I get off on disappointment.

So I move on, it is a new day. Time to finish my spring cleaning. Spring cleaning on the first day of summer. Got to love it!

Posted by File Not Found at [11:32 AM](#)

[0 comments](#)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 2007

Solstice Resolutions...

Because it is the last day of spring, I feel compelled to take stock of lessons learned during these three months.

First lesson: **Don't ever work for free**

I was excited to intern for the event planner for the [Seattle International Film Festival](#). My first day should have been an indication of things to come. Now, one would think that an event planner would be adept at *planning* events, meaning that they are organized and able to qualify each event through some sort of system so that the event not only runs smoothly but that there is plenty of food and drink for everyone (without having to stand in line for twenty or thirty minutes.) Also, an event planner would be someone who would know how to diffuse stressful situations and be able to stay calm under pressure (because they would have *planned* for any unforeseen circumstances.) Well. That was not the case. I was constantly being told to run off for more of this and more of that. I was yelled at. I was treated like a moron. So I quit, after the third week. Best thing I could have done.

Second Lesson: **Don't open your heart to someone with a closed one.**

I am a fairly open and honest person. My emotions are pretty close to the surface. Unfortunately, I seem to choose men who are emotionally reserved, or worse - closed off. I have decided to hold out for someone who can be open and honest and treats me the way I deserve to be treated. Besides, maybe a relationship is not the best thing for me right now anyway.

Third Lesson: **Never give over control of your life to anyone, ever.** That one is fairly self-explanatory.

So let's see if my new-found knowledge sticks, or if I am taken up by the moment again (as always happens.)

Posted by File Not Found at [9:01 AM](#)

[0 comments](#)

Pharmacology is not helpful

I took an anxiety pill last night, well actually half the prescribed dose. Suffice it to say I was asleep by 9:30 and am still groggy this morning.

Still anxious though...

Posted by File Not Found at [7:52 AM](#)

[0 comments](#)

TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 2007

There's no place like home...

I'm back in my house after spending five "fun-filled" days in a hotel (yes, of course I am being sarcastic.) I think I experienced all five stages of loss this weekend, simultaneously. Today I feel much better. It is great to be back in the house, and yet I look at the mess that I need to clean up and all I want to do is take a nap. Can't. Too much to do.

Posted by File Not Found at [10:07 AM](#)

[0 comments](#)

MONDAY, JUNE 18, 2007

Again, this time from the top...

Well, this is a nice little space here. I think I will set up shop again, as my blog endeavors rarely last longer than six months to a year before I delete them entirely, this should do for a spell.

It isn't as though I actually want to delete my blogs, it is more out of necessity. My soon-to-be-ex husband liked to read them and read things into them and...oh the whole thing is just so tired. Suffice it to say, I didn't like him reading my blogs.

But, with a looming July 6th hearing all should be over and done with on that particular subject.

So a bit about me. I have been married to an emotionally abusive man for fifteen years. I have two kids and a beagle. I recently (last Thursday) served my husband with divorce papers and am currently residing in a hotel, thanks to my local domestic violence advocacy group. I am a waitress by trade, but a writer in my heart. I recently got my B.A. in Creative Writing from the UW. I am looking to find a job that doesn't require me to touch people's food.

More random bits about me: I've only been in love once. I like pie, not cake. I prefer daisies to roses. I am a cynical optimist. I like to contradict myself. I like to be organized. I don't like to waste my time and abhor it when others indulge in wasting my time. I'm only truly happy when it is sunny outside, yet I don't spend a lot of time outdoors. Oh, and I have serious issues regarding: men, children, relationships, food, sex, politics, religion, and authority.

So come with me, in the following weeks and months as I : get divorced, sell a house, find a place to live, find a job, navigate "single" life, potentially fall in and out of love, figure out my own finances, get depressed, drink to much, and oh, live my life as the world's oldest twelve year old.

Posted by File Not Found at [1:14 PM](#)

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