

F  CK

HIM

BREAK UP  
RECOVERY GUIDE

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# PROLOGUE

*“Letting go means to come to the realization that some people are a part of your history, but not a part of your destiny.”*

*- Steve Maraboli*

The key to trust is openness so let me begin by sharing one moment from my life, which I am not very happy about. Maybe your break up was similar and this will be a bonding experience.

It was a day like any other. A nice, some might even say beautiful, Saturday evening. A day just like any other. Nothing gave me any warning about what was about to happen.

I was looking up news on my iPad while my partner was reading a magazine. Suddenly sentence broke the blissful silence.

- We need to talk.

Like a cow going to the slaughterhouse, I was calm and clueless.

I raised my eyes from the screen without any anticipation of what was about to happen. Little did I know that my life was about to be turned upside down.

- I think we should take a break.

My brain took its sweet time to understand what just happened.

In case of a car crash or any other sudden shocking event my brain was at least capable of giving me a bit of relief in a form of a tirade of swear words.

This time - dead silence.

I was like a deer in the headlights. The only word that came to my mind was “What?”

Maybe I misheard.

Unfortunately the only response was repeating of the same dreadful words.

What happened next was not pretty. I started crying. He joined me.

We both sobbed, we both felt broken.

I felt as if the ground was torn away from underneath my feet. The only thing that helped me was that I had yet to actually understand what really happened.

I went through that day what felt like half conscious.

I hastily found a cheap hotel and spent some quality time staring at the wall. I just could not be in that house for another moment. It was tainted with all our pictures and all our memories.

Finally thoughts started creeping in. Same thoughts anyone who had to break up or who was broken up with thought. Same “why’s” kept me up all night. I just could not believe that this was happening to me and I could not understand why.

Everything seemed to be okay. I kept thinking about that day. What was so special about it? Why did this happen today? I could not think of anything because the truth was that nothing was special about that day.

Slowly and painfully Sunday passed and on Monday I found myself sitting at work, completely lost to find out that the World had not stopped. My coworkers were busy working and I was mad at them.

What a bunch of insensitive assholes... How can they work right now? Can not they

feel my pain? How come none of them noticed that something is wrong with me?

I was lucky enough not to have anything important planned for that day. I must admit that I was not the busiest bee and although the efficiency had suffered, I did manage to do at least some work and that was the first time I felt some sort of relief.

This is a lesson that we keep forgetting - distraction is a very powerful thing. Somehow it always feels like it would be insulting to the seriousness of my pain to even try doing anything but once you start doing something relief will come. It might be temporal but it is a sure and quick way to get some relief.

For the next two weeks my life was an emotional roller coaster. I was still hoping that we will work everything out. These years we spent together must mean something.

My mental state was a bit shaky to say the least. I was going from the ecstatic “we will make it” to complete hopelessness. My state

would change multiple times a day so by the second week I was a wreck.

We met after work. Although the logical part of my mind said “it is over” I was still clinging on hope, no matter how miserable, that it was not.

We had to meet in a restaurant but we both arrived at the door at the same time.

His face said it all.

Shivering like a leaf I staggered to the table as gracefully as my legs allowed me. Luckily we sat down before they gave way.

Probably I did not look very fetching. One look at me and our waiter understood right away what was about to happen.

We film and photo happy moments, maybe we should start doing that with sad ones. It is not something I would like to relive but it would be interesting to see how did I look.

One after another his words hit me like punches. Like after a gut punch I sat and with my mind racing mile a minute I was taking in the information.

- I am sorry.

Those were the first words to break the silence between us.

All I wanted to do was to scream out my pain: “No! You’re not sorry! You would not do this to me if you really felt anything!”

For better or worse - that was left unsaid.

- I will always cherish the memory of our time together. - he continued.

It was like a storm of emotions inside me. Misery, anger and anguish were all fighting and replacing each other. Even a bit of relief got mixed in as my empty hope was finally dashed and I was certain what was going to happen.

All I could stammer was a plea to give us a chance. This plea fell on deaf ears as fate of our relationship was sealed a long time ago.

He stood and left. I stayed behind.

I was inside a dark bubble. It was just me, a menu and a very uncomfortable waiter. I was in a void all alone with a million things to do and no will to do anything.

After every break up you end up picking up pieces and putting your life back together.

With the help of this book we will get out of this state and use this traumatic experience as an opportunity to grow, improve ourselves and lay foundation to a happier and better relationship in the future.

This relationship is over. Right now this might feel like a stone under your neck but this is not a stone to drag you down. This is a stone that gives you stability. It is a stepping stone to bigger and better things.

It is a common knowledge that grief has five stages. Breakup is a very similar experience.

You lost someone who was part of you, who you imagined yourself spending the rest of your life with. You were building your life around this idea. Now they are gone and you are left with a daunting task of rebuilding your life.

Grief might have five stages but there are three things you have to do, to be able to truly be free from the toxic residue of a break up.

You have to understand that this person was not “my soul mate.”

It is an extremely hard thing to do. This was the person you would have given anything to protect and to be with. Even in a relationship with both partners not very keen of each other they still have that “us.”

He are gone. Now you have to quit viewing your ex-partner as a part of “us.”

This is the second thing you need to do - to rediscover yourself.

Once we accept that another person is not a part of you any longer, we can try to salvage anything of value from this shipwreck. This is the third thing that we need to do.

You might have been together for years or even decades. It is not a loss if you gain something from it and besides, it would be sad to have spent all those years and have nothing to show for it.

When tragedy strikes one thing is positive - it is an opportunity to improve by learning. Unfortunately learning from others mistakes rarely works.

Experience is the best teacher. It might be cruel but things we learn through experience are the things that we learn the best.

Recovery process starts the moment you decide it is time to start it. If you spend more

time on this - the only difference will be that you will lose more time.

So, it is a good time to start your new life and move on in a healthy way.

## WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

*“Believe with all your heart that you will do what you were made to do.”*

— *Orison Swett Marden*

It might be hard right now but the first step in moving on is to actually understand what you are moving on from.

That might sound stupid but just hear me out.

Even when break up seems inevitable and it is more about who and when will pull the trigger, break ups are still a shock.

It is like eating questionable sea food. You know what is going to happen later but that does not make it any less shocking...and any less painful.

You became once again a solo person. This is what has happened.

Nothing has been destroyed but the effect is devastating. Break ups rarely happen out of the blue. It is something that takes time to build up to.

Initial shock has passed and now you can see all the signs you missed. You might even start search for the truth. A very unproductive search for “who is to blame.”

No, no one is to blame.

Thank you for reading.

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