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<http://www.fuckk.com/p/18yearold.htm>

Amazing week with b on pearlacude. She was trying so hard. She was rarely cross but when she was she actually apologized! I was v impressed with her and told her so lots. The only problem was that I constantly plagued by the empty packet of condoms I had found at the start and the huge argument. I was pushed to ask her about the dartmore rock and she denied that to, saying it was a present who went. Que one shower of suger shards. And as per usaual rather than standing my ground I tyded it up for her before tha carpet was ruined. Could I really believe her claim? In the end I couldn't resist and checked her texts. She had not saved any of my nice ones but had saved a nice one from Nick saying how much he had benefited from bs company.

Still, lovely memories of walking down deserted beaches and exploring duck island. Brooke realty appreciated the calm and quite a swell. Part of us being so happy as we had loads of sex, just like old times. When ever I got frisky she would pull aside her knickers. We smelled of each other. Scary thought though. Whilst making love in the tiny front cabin, whilst on our mooring, just off the peer, I had the strangest feeling, as I came I wanted her to conceive, have my baby. It's the only time this has ever happened and is profound, or at the very least rather scary. It was good sex and as she shuddered in orgasm I knew her cervix would dip into my cum.

On a similar vein, I remember being in her bed a few months ago whilst she was being very open (telling me about how her father is a drug user), and telling me that she wasn't the marrying-baby kind. I felt a real pang in my heart.

Was finally back in the gym, nick always around so v cautious. (I later heard that people were very complimentary of my self and patriks phseck, I found out later again that nick had started going to the gym again after years of letting the belly build up. Brooke has been really complimentary of my body recently; stroke my arms whilst we make love. Would like to think this is all related. Sadly this means she is seeing him naked to. Oxford.

Were very touristy and went on the London eye. Brooke actually paid for my ticket. It was a lovely gesture and she said that it could be the payback for taking her to Alton towers. It's nice that she can remember things that far back. I rather thought that she forgot all my acts of kindness. The only problem was that over the next few hours she dropped hints that she had paid for the ticket, it was really awkward and a real indication that she doesn't do it very often. It was like she was smugly showing off.

Said goodbye to Patrick at oxford station. She had just expected me to drive her there and back and hadn't even asked or thanked me. Brooke left her bag unattended, I was too nervous to ask for it, she had her race head on and was very grumpy. It's a shame because it would have been nice if pips had said good bye aswell. When we got back we went to

The garage to buy food she was acted very odd. Her last 20 was missing! She was v grumpy and I could tell she was suspicious of something. I turned into a grumpy Sunday, I was randy hungry and v tired. B had slept everywhere I had driven and I was well behind.

Monday, drove her to work and all hell broke loose. The worst argument in ages. I was still touchy about the box of condoms and how much money I had spent on her, or rather the fact she hadn't appreciated it at all and she went into some huge rant about how I had slept with other girls, was a lyer and that I had stolen the 20 pounds! It was the worst thing she could of said. She then went on to say how I had made her late for a meeting. In a huge effort o be nice I said that I would absorb the loss of the her 20 by not asking for petrol money to oxford and back, and it really was my last 20 to. I really do think this was a hugly generous offer but instead she blazed on, saying how I should be gratefull she had spent all her money on me, she began to list her meal at Edinburgh and her present of the course fee, I waited to see if there was anything I had missed but she petered out at well less than 400, (to my 1000) for a moment I thought she would grasp my frustration but after a pause "and then theres my 700 a month in rent"! honestly-how stupid! That doesn't count, what about my rent, the fact that my car just cost 300 to service etc! I was so exasperated I shouted, and she reall had just said the most stupid ungratefull things!

29th aug

Friday night I went down almost off the cuff, not sure what I was going to do, bs invite yesterday was rather loes and said whilst cross.

Was leaving sheff when she phoned, completlly flipped that I was going already, saying I could only see her late sat. She said that it was a huge favour for me to see her at all! I was so cross I v almost sent her a really stinging txt, but after much thought, relnted and didn't.

Was at the M25 before she phoned and we really spoke about it, hoping she would relent I turned down the M4 and got as far as Heathrow. As per usual she was iratable and upset that I was imposing. I finally gave up and turned back round to the M25. Ironicaly it was then I got a text saying I could come- with a huge list of things I couldn't do and a firm stipulation to be unabtrosive.

I was planning on turning round again but she phoned and shouted at me. For some reason she thought I was lying about progress on the M25, sayng that I couldn't have travelled that far I the time, ecspecialy as id stopped to help a lorry.

We were arguing about the usual nigggle, her inability to be gratefull for my effort, especially driving on a bank holaday, for about the fith time in the last 2 weeks. I gently asked if she could perhaps be more enthusiastic.

She told me to fuck off and hung up. I gave up and phoned tracey instead, as expected she was v excited by the offer to see her and I drove to hers in stead. This is the first time I have carried out my threat to leave b whilst she is being rude and unappreciative.

Sat night, turned up late and rather cautious, b had a lot to get off her chest and was obviously v keen to share her worries. She told me all about her family's drug problems and mentioned several times how stressed and unhappy she was. Her father hadn't spoken to her in ages. I later found out that she had also been seeing book people on Friday. No wonder she was stressed. We went to bed still rather cold and awkward, having not come on Friday was a bit odd for both of us.

She woke up and meowed, all was well with the world! I thanked her and we had great sex, she came quickly and eagerly. Continuing the honesty of last night she said how much she loved having sex with me "I have never cum as often or as easily with anyone else"! but tempered this by saying that she had often used this as the last reason to stay with me when she had given up with everything else several times! Oh well. I dec

lovely day in Richmond park, b was so happy and v girly, meowing and laughing all the way back. Gave a good hand job on the sofa after a lovely squiddy nap. Watched dvds 24 hour party people and the void. Got slightly drunk.

Monday b woke up in a grump after bad night's sleep grumpy again. Had rather bad-quick sex.

Two things that are good examples for the wider relationship whilst making some good coffee to have with some fresh croustards she told me to warm some milk. It was in the new silver saucepan she had "acquired" from our pearluced trip. I had chosen this one specifically because I had tired of her scratching non-stick ones. She crossly grabbed the whisk off me and told me how I should use it. She really doesn't think I can cook! As in last week's attack on my cooking on her log. How many times have I had to silently eat her burnt custard! I haven't burnt a custard since I was 12! I have given her this bastion to feel superior and useful in our relationship, but as with all things, this isn't enough, she needs to feel that it's crap and enjoys belittling me. I have to pretend that I didn't know and appreciate her snappish lessons. It's like when she told me how to use a washing machine the month before, after all my time working with P and G! after all the times I have done her washing. And she packs the drum full, so nothing cleans. Sigh.

The next thing is she told me the first time she knew there was a problem between us was the argument at the rowing ball, admittedly a bad night, but a perfect example of me being in the right and her being unreasonable. I gently went through the night again, stressing that I was only helping her crying friend, I didn't know her reputation etc. She agreed with all of this but still didn't see the intrinsic fact that I had done nothing wrong. A small clue though, she mentioned that she was upset that I was cross at her, thinking that I thought she was being uncaring towards Claire. Interesting, but does being worried I thought less of her really merit the way she treated me? Of course not, but it's a tiny and long overdue peek into her mind.

She was talking about how once her parents accused her of stealing, "can you imagine anything so insulting?! And how was I supposed to get away with that?" how could she be so hypocritical!! Only a week after she had accused me of stealing from her! And still no apology. I just smiled.

She has a long monolog of how her life is rubbish. everything is against her. People hate her on site, its instinctive, almost at the pheromoon level. She will always be excluded from any group. After a hour of this I finally snap, knowing it wil upset her I dare o say something I think will genuenly help. I say its none of the above, she just says the wrong things. It's a risk and she takes it as expected, " are you saying I fuck everything up!!" its something I know she worries about but I go on to explanr that its better to know you have control than its hard wired in. she could start again tomorrow with a new bunch of people or work mates and never have another enemy ever again. she can control her temper when she tries. I genuenly stand by this by the way.

Wednesday night 1010 pm. As I wright this, bee txts to say I can phone. I apologise for being cross earlier but finaly pluck up the corage to ask about lastnight. Ther is a long silance. "I was asleep" I reply, "from 9 Oclock onwards?" its such a dum thing to say. She gets defencive and cross instantly and hangs up. I cant resist sendinh one txt. " I wish you would tell the truth no matter how unpalatable, it would be better for me in the long run, im left feeing cold and alone" she replys quickly " what are you on about, talking with you is mine field! If this is what you think of as love, I suggest you rethink" As ever I suddenly think sh might atully be innocent and am glad I didn't allude to anything more obvious.

She phones back later, We both know she has been lying and eventually she admits she went to a resterant, although says its with ben. I can feel her pausing every now and again to see how much more information she has to offer, or rather when I will know she is lying. It feels v odd, she is obviously despret to know how I know, and yet it really was easy to tell hat she was lying, I didn't need any bugs or even the web log. Simply, its obvious she didn't go to bed before 9! It was a lazy lie, anyone would have raised an eyebrow. I get quite brave and can tell im in control, I go so far as to tell her she is playing a dangerous game. she is obviously nervers and goes so far as to ask if I have bugged the house or got anyone following her. She calls me a scary freak! It's a strange, tense conversation.

And yet, when she breaks down and sobs that her life is not worth living I genuinely feel sorry for her, I want her to understand that I can be everything she wants if she will just stop treting me so badly.

Wed 2nd sep web log

As expected, its all about me, and as expected, totally one sideded. Surely sh an see how she contradicts her self and gets tangled in her lies. The previous log mentions how she was eating bt her self and went back with nick, now she says she was with friends. To find an argument to hit me with she has had to stress om nick and I don't mind sharing her.sigh.

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Brooke seems you have shut me out. that is-as ever-entirely up to you. I got upset because you were persistently lying to me about Nick, and rather than apologizing you called me a liar and accused me of awful things. please put yourself in my shoes. taking a deep breath I am thinking of you as you were on Sunday, and as such miss you lots. Hope our week improves. Txt me whenever you want-if you want. If not, take care little lass. x x x

Unnecessary
Apologizing
Lying
Immediately

Herd her rummaging through my room, looking at old photos etc. and then accused me of spying on her

Took all my money (1000 pounds) didn't pay me back for things she said she would and acquired all my stuff from that fortnight expected me to drive her to Oxford and back without asking or even saying thank you and then accused me of stealing 20 pounds! The id spent 30 just getting her to Oxford and back! She never apologized for this, only screamed at me.

(she silently took all the things I bought at Ikea and Findhorn. Did she ever pay for her monolian coat? Or did she just pay for even half the petrol. She paid a slightly less as a ticket to Scotland on petrol.

She is doomed to think that others think of her as she thinks of them, with suspicion and spite, ironic for someone with no empathy!

Am almost glad to see all my suspicions confirmed, stops me feeling paranoid, she really was with all the people I suspected of her, such as the workmate, whom I don't hate by the way, he-unlike Nick- refused to cheat on his girlfriend. He at least escapes this nightmare with some dignity.

Two years worth of bottled resentment, this diary is my only outlet for my frustrations. B Refuses to confront any of her issues, accept responsibility for her actions.

She complains that I have no job when she herself lost me my previous two, when I supported her through her own wilderness and tried to keep her confident up.

There is no middle ground for Brooke, you can not both be right, she had to see you completely capitulate, if she is a good cook-I have to be shit- I'm not allowed to speak Latin or quote Shakespeare because she feels I'm rubbing her nose in her ignorance yet she loves to go on in depth about obscure American literature. I am not allowed to know any science, and must smile and nod as she explains something I already know. When I tell her anything I'm mocking her!?

And as for politics! I haven't dared express an opinion in front of her since the beginning. I'm always wrong, unable to understand-simplistic or ignorant. As I see her fulfil the American quest and support the IRA and the "struggle for liberation in Ireland" I got as far as politely mentioning it was called Northern Ireland but the look of blank confrontation made me stop.

I actually leave brookes company feeling starved of conversation, I have to find someone else to talk to, me snippets from the news scientist go uncommanded on.

mardi 7 septembre

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Was waiting for N outside an overground station. I had just come from meeting a client out of town, N had just finished work nearby. A young man next to me was looking up and down the road for buses, headphones plugged in to his ears, the music far too loud for the relatively quiet street. I tapped him on the shoulder.

'I like that song,' I said.

'Oh?' He looked surprised. 'You like [name of band]?'

Oh, okay, I'll come clean. About the song I mean.

Alice in Chains. *Man In the Box*.

I know, I know. Whatever shreds of respect you may have had for me have just vanished. Yoof of today can keep their Fred Durst and their Linkin Park and their Avril-bloody-Lavigne. Back in my salad days, disaffected middle class teenagers shuffled their ill-fitting jeans to the likes of The Mission and Sisters of Mercy. Because, frankly, baggy was just too cheerful for the pain in our souls. Sit down, sit down, sit down next to me? Begone.

The young man smiled. 'When was the last time someone told you you're gorgeous?'

'About forty minutes ago.'

N's car came up to the kerb. 'Nice dress,' he said as I got in. 'When I drove up I thought, well, she can't be the cute one in the dress.'

'You've seen me in this before.'

'Have I?' I reminded him when. 'That was months ago. You look sweet, anyway.'

We went back to mine for a cup of tea. He leafed through my magazines. I took off my shoes and rested my legs over his lap. We started fooling around, but his touch felt strange, almost ticklish. I was very premenstrual and slight touches were uncomfortable. But I didn't want to be treated roughly, either.

We grappled on the sofa for a bit before he gave up. 'Not in the mood, are you?'

N asked. 'That's okay.'

I felt bad. After all, I'd just come from fucking someone. But work sex feels different, is not tied to interest or desire. And while it takes me a little while to come out of the work mindset, it usually doesn't take too long.

But I knew why I wasn't especially interested. 'You know what this month is to me?'

'I know what it is.' N folded his arm around my head. 'You're not over him, are you?' He didn't mean SH, he didn't mean the Boy. He meant the one before that.

'I don't miss him.' N gave me a doubtful look. 'I barely remember what he was like now. I miss the idea of him.' The idea that there is one person you fall in love with, one right person, and you will spend the rest of your lives - or a sizeable portion of them - together.

'You want me to stay or go?'

'I'll feel bad for kicking you out this late.'

'Don't,' N said. He dressed, picked up his bag and left quietly.

// posted by belle @ 11:47 AM

Very odd, I had proof that b didn't sleep with nick but found out something much much worse. I believe the story about her not being in the mood, which really implies that they are sleeping together normally. Bad. But I have just found out something far worse and more profound. As long as I thought b loved me, that is I was the one she referred to when she "fell in love in her mid twenties" I almost didn't mind about n. That's a lie, of course I did, but some how it kept me going when I was alone at three in the morning. I now realize that it was Paul. This does tie in with so much she has alluded to, only 2 weekends ago she got very serious and said "do you know what month this is" it was when she dumped me and went back out with him?

Iv read it again and again trying to find some comfort- if it's the thought of being with some one for ever and not Paul per-say, that has to be good!? Surely? She has said she loves me, has told her parents so. She said that whilst on perucide she thought she could spend the rest of her life with me. Days like the Sunday in Richmond park cant be fake. She was all over me, loving and cuddling and meowing.

But the bad side, despite what she said last time "your not out of site out of mind you know, I am deeper than that" (plus the highly dubious "love and relationships are like religion, its all about faith" well I found y Jesus.) she was clearly lying, when im not there she effortlessly turns to nick.

This week end I climbed huge hills to get reception, rang again and again, alluded to her in txts all the huge things going on in my life and she simply wont call me, even to see how I am after a huge fell race, not even simple curiosity let alone a goodluck. She really doesn't care; she's just so selfish. I am busting a gut to rebuild a life and career she has done her best to destroy and she is totally dispassionate. I don't like the screaming and shouting but I prefer passion to apathy. A week after spending the best part of a month with or around her and its all gone, its not even on the bloody web log, what does this mean? Its too nice to share or it means nothing?

Back to the blog. Nick comes across as so mature. But I know from my own descriprion that her descriptions can be very inacuret. I am not a serious heavy crap cook. (she told me that I was only the second guy n her life that she laughs out load with) But does this matter if what is down is what she actually thinks?

The big thing is, how much can I believe.

Nick is such huge compertition he comes across as everything b wants, calm, understanding and mature. Shit. I cant win, the more I ge upset wih the situation, the more I push her away. It takes a huge effort by me to keep this going. Nick just seems to glide in.

How the hell am I meant to do anything else with my life when this is going on, it takes all my attention and energy, let alone time and money. I wish id moved in at christmass, or do I? Surely being there just to make sure she doesn't shag anyone else is wrong. Who am I kidding, temptation is so powerfull. Andy should have gone snowboarding with his lass, romance is one thing and indeed some people will wait, but youv got to be practical and reasonable.

Brooke is such a dycotomy, that's a polite way of saing the worlds biggest hypocrite. That's a poiet way of saing the worlds biggest lyier. I think she really cares about me, but only when im in her arms.

God I am unhappy and confussed.

'Don't,' N said. He dressed, picked up his bad and left quietly.=
He was naked. Its lovely when brooke complements me on my body, but is that just because she has forgotton, has she got use to looking at nicks old beely in the interium? That Is why she is always surprised. Shit, im going from paranoid to mad here.

I have to confront her about this long before she goes at nhristmass, I need to come up this weekend and (very strangely) find definitive evidense that she has been sleeping with nick. I would like to talk to lucy about the posability of writing a leter to nicks boss.

4.32: totally out of the blue brooke sends me a meow. Im so happy I star to cry with relief. I hadn't realized how stressed id got. It didn't last. I phone-j' didn't mention her absenceust wanting her to be nice and reassuring "would love to see you this weekend etc Straight away she was n edge and the more I bked down to avoid the conversation the worse it got. I was so trapped. Getting shouted at because brooke had shouted at me in the past. What a shit visious circle. Why cant she apologise for anything? She than complained that I had mad her make a scene at work and every one was looking at her (I resisted the temation to say "yes, that's how o lost my job too") it got so silly, she is so parioned. In the end even my breathing or me saying ok was taken as insulting, and when I stopped she didn't know if I was on the line and got cross for that as well. She said we argue all he time, and of course, by trying to point out cherishd days when we hadent, she acussed me of arguing! She began to offer me ob advice and everything she suggested I had already done, when I mentioned this she got cross. Even apologizing got her cross. In the end I took it and became the lightning rod she needed.

She finished however with a tiny cry for help, she said again how ckose she was to enddinh it all, how every thing in her life was hard and unravelling. The more I tried to say that I cared the worse she got, I know she as pmt but is she exhibiting signs of full on neuroses? I am worried about her and have decided to buy the proms tickets anyway.

I sent her I soothing text taking her "im a dangerous basket to put all your eggs in" metiphore

(this funnily enough is something I said or her and paul, she does rermber some things I say- she said this several times and it really implys she is off at christmass and wil leave me I think)

I said that I am trying to weave in a few extra reeds to stop her faling apart.

Spending Wednesday haow I seem to spend every day, loging on brookes web lof obsesevly, my heart in my throught and my stomach churning in real, palpupal dread.

I have so much on my plate,so much to plan and worry about, and all I can do is orry about brooke.

Some mutual aquantences told me recently that there had been a bet running on us. In essence it was qute simple, one person even said not to take it personally, it was a wider issue of the type discussed between docters dealing or specializing in mentle helth.

Would my cheerful optimism, forgiving nature and patience win over Brooke or would her bitter spitefulness and self-destructive character traits absorb me. Over the last two years it has swung either way. And in all honesty even my stubbornness has been worn down. She has won. I have become paranoid and bitterly disillusioned. Brooke was well worth the risk I thought she played every card I had, gave every thing I had to offer. And who's to say it was all in vain, I suspect I kept from the final solution-suicide- over the winter when Paul had dumped her. And I believe my money and my lightning rod role has allowed her to run her life far better than would otherwise have been possible. For two years have kept her fed. I have carried her round the country helped pay her bills, lent her money she promptly forgot I had given her (for train tickets). Especially as her work mates had noticed and she was upset at their comments.

I have given up everything to help her complete this book she has not even dared to tell me she is writing, I have been so keen to make her independent, to free her from the instant tension she generates with most workmates or bosses. But I had no idea it was this. I thought it would help her find confidence in her self and quality, but instead it ballooned into a dangerous game, aggravating her schizophrenia and autism. She has almost no understanding or memory of how I am and the day after I have a lovely conversation with her, signed off with a happy goodnight kiss- she will say the next day, I hate talking to you, it always ends in tears, like last night when you wouldn't stop sulking. This is said less than 12 hours after the actual conversation.

9th of sep

was at RAF Honington seeing Mathew, after a day of beating around the bush and not being invited down I finally broke and texted her, after a bit of pleading she texted an ok, but added a smiley face! Such a silly simple thing but so much better than the usual grudging ok. Zoomed down and met her as she was coming back tiddly from a rowing girls party. New - v short hair cut!!! Wasn't sure if I liked it, but was v sweet that she kept asking to see if I did or not. She took me to bed and we had amazing sex, she came for a minute and when I started to move for my turn she almost came again! A first! She woke me up in the morning by climbing on top of me and slipping me inside, wow, just like Lora had done before?! Took her to work and came back to do the horrible check, still really surprised to feel so nervous and sick. The two (one opened one not, both double snipped) condoms from the handbag were back in the box, I was so happy! But I checked again and found that three of the ones that were in the box were gone. Went to the rubbish and found one unopened one!?? What does this mean. Missing condoms surely mean she is having johns but not if they are turning up opened. On her table I found a bank slip dated the 28th. It showed that a Jason dad met her paid her 400 pounds. Was subdued that evening, especially when she noticed the receipt she left it and rather clumsily tried to hide it. Also all those drugs and pills, is she on anti-depressants? Couldn't help but rummage around. Why is my name not on her phone!? But to counter that she has kept some of my recent nice texts. And those two missing condom wrappers, they were not in the house, she had taken them and gone to meet some one. I read her web log at the cafe and it had got rude again.

Had a bad night.

Sat the 11th.

B went rowing, I picked her up, watched the big non sliding seat boat race and had a lovely day. Went to the proms in the park and brooke's tiredness caught up with her, she hated the crowd and began to show cracks. As we left she got really upset that I had got upset she didn't know the words to the national anthem. By her own admission she was not the person to take. Ho-hum, and because I was sober I felt a bit dumb in the kilt. It got really out of hand and she walked down and floundered in the serpentine!! Just like before in Loch Morlich. But this time we were in the middle of London at midnight. She was being open and I asked her about the receipt etc. She swore she had never gone to Dartmore etc and had never fancied any work mates. I was feeling surprisingly calm and said, look, if you prefer Nick, just say so and I'll go.

Got her home and had an isolate eve, this went on all the next day until she began really flipping out, screaming „just be nice to me!.. again and again, dragging me back everytime I tried to leave. She had one of her schizofrenic mood swings and began to stroke me and comfort me. I couldn't stop crying, she must see that even by her standards she has gone to far. We began to talk and suddenly asked if I promised not to tell anyone about it would I like to know what the big secret was? Wow! But I said no, she then relented further and said that she would tell me anyway, I had to plead for her not to, what a change from the norm!! but the point was that she was finally going to tell me all about the book. I was glad I had been so bold and told her I thought all last night's talks were lies. Perhaps she thought she couldn't keep hiding all this stuff, after all it's in the papers?? she said she could tell it secretly upset me. hmmm

She said again, do you know what month it is, oh according to her web log this is a Paul thing but I said no.

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I cheered up loads and calmed her down, told her not to tell me, finally genuinely me being nice which she must of begged for hundreds of times, sigh. I really worry sometimes. She also said that she is not happy with the ..thing she is doing..

Had a lovely night, dropped her off at work and drove home. Didn't have the big final head to head as I was going to but feel that something was achieved. Am wondering now if it was right to stop her spilling the beans but at a practical level it probably leaves me more options, especially if it all goes wrong. For all her beleighted honesty there was still two missing condoms! Also, when we were sitting on the bench B said that she wasn't seeing

nick, and added the oddly reassuring insult that its also a case of nick not wanting to be with her!? That's good and bad, it probably helps me think she has been faithful but like her work collage, its only because he said no, not her.

Read a good account of my self in the log but am worried that im being portrade as so moody.hmmm. its now Tuesday eve and the log says she is out with a client. Worryingly I cant get hold of her. Sigh. Will write the following e-mail to set some things down.

Tuesday night.

Hiya lass, hope all is well, I tried to phone to chat about fun stuff but you seem to be out and about, this probably answers one of my questions though, which is "hope you haven't caught a cold or tummy bug after your midnight dip in that slimy water!". Didn't really seem right to mention at the time, but looking back on it im struck how peaceful and beautiful you looked gliding past with the swans as escorts, very "lady of shallot" (Tennyson?). im very glad you got out before you reached "many towered Camelot" though, id be truly lost if I lost you.

Also, the long, long drive up yesterday gave me plenty of time to think about things, which is some times necessary when IV seen you. We seem to pack what would be for most people two weeks worth of emotion into a weekend. Ups, and downs. The important thing though is despite a really bad down Sunday day, it started and finished on an up.

Firstly, I didn't thank you at the time, but thank you for inviting me down with an "okay" followed by a " :-)" its only silly and a very little thing really, but it adds such wings to my heart to know your happy and genuinely want to see me, especially when long drives are concerned. It was a great start to the weekend. (But perhaps not as much as you then eagerly meowing me to bed, hungrily ramming my cock up your wet pussy and almost Cumming twice! - it may be o-so-simple but it does a chap good to have his love/lass squirming and shuddering in orgasm on his cock, for almost a minute!!)

Also, when I now think of you, you've got short hair! After much mulling I have concluded it's very cute and makes you look both younger and more like the sexy minx you are. Probably because my strongest memory of it is it exposing your long kissable neck and soft warm skin as I brushed my lips against you (as you sat curled up in my arms on the sofa in your uber cute huge white fluffy dressing gown.)

I'm sorry you didn't like the proms in the park; it certainly wasn't worth the ticket price. But as these things so often work out, they were perhaps worth it if for no other reason than to allow serendipity to put us in place to enjoy the earlier, free, boat race. My father and pips both are very jealous and have asked me loads of questions on the types of boats seen. I however will think mostly of chips happily shared, free figs and pie-bold conkers polished happily with little proud paws.

On that note, please ask me if you need any more pennies for bus fares etc. I did infact try to surreptitiously put more money into your account, but I wasn't sure if your bank details were still the same (acc. No. 64562557, sort code 515001?) and I didn't want to accidentally give some complete stranger an early Christmas present!! I spend about 200 pounds plus every time I pop down for a few days for a visit. The moneys spent on you anyway and If it helps you, I will simply visit you one less time and trust you to put the money to sensible use. My cuddles can wait (and yes, so can my cock if it has to!). Either way, you are far too busy to spend hours on a train trying to collect money, it's a matter of mere moments to "wire it over" (and far cooler!).

Any way, I hope you are fit, happy and well lass. If you want that camel-back you must tell me tomorrow, and if you want help with the marathon id love to!
Lots of love Brooke, for ever yours, Owen xxx

p.s. the kitten generator website is lovely!!! Awww

p.p.s. I really do care for you so much, every minute not spent holding you is indeed a minute wasted.

Friday (8th?) oct

The quadrangle, 180 wardour street. London. W1f 8lb tel: 020 7734 2244
Brebner Allen Trapp chartered accountants

Haven't written ages, mostly because I haven't seen bee for about three weeks and have been concentrating on my RAF interview. Also, she has stopped her log, totally out of the blue!! It's a shame not to know what she's up to but has stopped most of my stress. Picked her up from Tibetan place near Glasgow. Was going well but when she got to my house it sadly all kicked off.

We were having an argument, she was so stressed about being here and so was I. every time I left the room, even for just a few moments, she would rush around looking for evidence of anything. I could see things moved and her fighting her shame when I came back. I would come in, pretending everything was fine, and she would sit on the edge of the bed, fighting the urge to admit hat she was doing. Eventually I did release her and ask if she was ok. She would then suddenly gush out her evidence of infidelity. I never asked how she had found this. Perhaps because I could relate to her paranoia. It surprise me though that she can't empathize with me, surely she must know I go through her stuff. But I know she thinks I don't because she makes no effort to hide all the things in her house. I suppose I should be grateful that she lets me in to stay, especially by my self. In her shoes id be terrified about what I would find every time I left for work, especially after the time I confronted her with the condoms before the sailing holiday. I suppose I should be happy that she is not better at this type of thing, especially as she is such a paranoid creature.

Anyway, back to the argument, she was lying stiff in bed, obviously stewing on something, so I came over and tried to smooth her, just to receive a snap. I tried again and

again to the same result, finally with her asking me never to call her kitty again. "I hate it when people recycle pet names" this really hurt me, she was right and yet so wrong, in ways I couldn't explain. Brooke is so much my kitty, especially as she sends me texted meows and meows to me around the house. It quite melts my heart. I gave up and pulled away. She stayed stiff. I was beginning to nod off when I wished her sweet dreams. She instantly exploded, saying that I always say that when I'm cross. (This is not actually always true.) Obviously glad that I had given in first. I explained why I had given up, that I had tried four times. She replied, if you give up how will you manage to calm me when we're living together in the future? It is only now, as I write this weeks later, that I realize the importance of this. I really do think she has been trying to think of me as the real deal recently. She has been trying extra hard and hinting about marriage. For example, when we drove down through Gretna Green she gave a light hearted tease about stopping off to get married. I just smiled weakly.

She was convinced I had been sleeping with Tracey and sadly shredded the nice calligraphy present I was sent as a present from Mongolia.

All a bit odd really. I got the feeling that she really wanted to forgive me; she mentioned again how she was worried about turning into Sasha or her super thin rowing friend Anna.

We finally made up and I gave her a sincere, much deserved apology. I drove her down and we had a lovely day. As we approached the M25 she gave me a blow job. Not only was it amazing but the first time in ages. Every now and again she gives him a kiss or quick suck to weten him before sex but not really what you might call oral sex. And there she was sucking for about 15 mins and then swallow=ing me down. Wow. Almost crashed but well worth it, especially as she was as chatty and chilled about it as me afterwards. Its much better to know it was happily given.

Bit of a shame, after shredding traceys stuff she took back her fluffy lion toy. I admit her mother gave her that so it is a bit personal but can you imagine if I took back any of her presents!

She took all my food as we headed down south. She must be broke again.

I am writing this on Friday and she has not shouted at me since Sheffield on Wednesday. A bit of a record for her. She has been on the edge of grumping several times though but is trying to apologize.

The bad thing though is that I counted the condoms again and theres one less. Also, I found one of a whole new batch in her black sports bag! What is going on? I think it could be quite simple. She is having her fun, or at least is unable to resist temptation; she is so insecure I bet she jumps on anyone showing an interest. But by the same token, that same insecurity means that she doesn't want to leave me. (is that really so different from me? The difference being though that it is her that is stopping us living together, I really do think its in her power to stop it all) And how much does the desire for a passport influence her? It's hard to know.

We wer lying in bed in the morning and she felt my hard cock against my leg. She sleeply asked if I wanted my morning milking, a gentle smile made this less cold and mechanical than it couls have seemed. I replied that it was ok, the whole point of being

with someone you love is that a cuddle is as good as sex. She looked me straight in the eye, slightly shocked (its true I never turn down sex but I was trying to make a point) she said that's rubbish and in one deft movement grabed my cock and spun her bum toward my lap, slipping my throbbing, mutinous cock into her pussy. She was already wet.

Yesterday she slipped out that my number isn't on her phone; I knew that, but as quick as a flash she added that it was never on there. Once again I must remind myself that she can and does lie to avoid discovery. It is so easy to be reassured by her promises but they just aren't worth anything. Also, I have just found a final draft of the book. I couldn't help but take a peek. I fear it is going to be far worse than I thought I would. There was a rehash of the time I caught her with nick, but mingled with the web log entry of the time I came down for Henley recently and found Nick in the house the week after she "dumped" me. It really is a tangled web of lies, arranged to make sense or to justify her actions in the book. It is upsetting but has left her wide open for me to justifiably explode with the injustice of it when I finally let myself have the bizarre poisonous pleasure of reading it.

I see that she has dedicated the book to the help of three people, one of which is Nick. If nick were to have her , as a girlfriend, not a lover (and she once admitted that he didn't want her), is there any doubt she would dump me and go out with him instantly? I am surprisingly calm about all this, still upset, but a long way from tears. Am I losing my going through o phase of needing me. How fickle I am. Sigh. Wrong, she has done this to me, she has screwed me up. It is going to be horrible when this finally blows up.

I realize that from those few pages I read she probably sees nick as experienced and a dispenser of wisdom. This could be what she finds attractive? Is it like me and Tracy, she has no respect for me because she sees me as stupid or ignorant? And all because I don't dare talk to her about the vast majority of my opinions and observations. All I am left with is baby talk. I can see it is a vicious circle. I was distant, or rather normal for anyone else, last night after I found the missing condom and she didn't like it.

I realize now what a gift it is when I tell her what's on my mind, and how Brooke doesn't take it in. The long talk in the park as b dripped after the proms was an example. "Please don't lie" "if you go out with someone else just tell me" I know IV got competition, just don't make me share you". Whilst talking about Tracy I said more truths, to be taken or ignored. "I don't want a lover or simple sex, I really do want a girl friend, I want someone to take into the rest of my life" "I understand that you can be unfaithful in more ways than infidelity, sharing your heart with a third party but not your boyfriend, although infidelity means more to me the older I get" Be is so obviously doing all of the above. But what to do with Nick?

On that park bench I told her what a dangerous game she was playing between me and nick. On Sunday night I asked her to please listen to the things I said, they were amazingly usefull hints to my state of mind. I even stressed again how important faidelety is to me. Can she not take a hint!? Why am I still washing up his wine glasses in the sink?!

I realize that I only type when im upset. I dislike writing and have never kept a diary (apart from a week in Canada as a 12 year old!). but it now allows me to unload all my fears, by putting it on paper it allows me to try and forget. It quite therapeutic really. Of course a lot of this is because im not allowed to talk to Brooke about these things. It always gets her upset and she's banned me from "making her feel guilty all the time!" any one else would merely stop the things that cause the upset, but not Brooke. So im left in a situation that means I can't get this stuff of my chest or hope that Brooke stops it. And whenever I do sit down and do the opposite, telling her what's on my mind and upsetting me, she just ignores it after much shouting and crying, leaving me feeling that I shouldn't have bothered.

Monday night though, that was when it went wrong, a girlfriend would have sought sympathy from her boyfriend, especially as the news brought about imminent separation, and may be you did? You and nick shared the evening and a fond goodnight as I sat in the car had

On Sunday night I asked Brooke not to do five things, one of which was to please listen and take in what I was in fact saying both then and the time I spoke to her after the proms. She spent the whole next day saying how all of the things I said were rubbish, but by Tuesday morning she had done all of them.

One of her digs was that I always apologized for getting cross or said I would forgive her for something and "then 4 hours later you've gone back on it and are talking about it again" she rather missed the very damning point, which is that in both cases she has infact done whatever my point was. I get cross again because these things become doubly annoying.

I also added that I hated it when I thought others were whispering about me, that I was left out of the loop, I meant it because earlier in the day a rowing friend had not known how to introduce me to her flat mates, didn't know if I was her boyfriend or not. But it came back in a bang when on Monday night and Tuesday morning I caught her with nick, I guess it could also mean when the book comes out to. On a similar vein I asked to take a chance and trust me, to let me into her life.

I also asked if she could tell that anything was different, hoping that she would notice that I had, as promised, dropped all pride and self respect. Not defending my self despite some very strong provocation. She replied that she had noticed that I had comforted her after she had kicked off about something or other, I was furious; it was obvious that she hadn't noticed anything at all; she takes my subservience for granted. The insult to injury was that I always calm her down, my apology wasn't unusual at all, the fact that she thought that it was just made me think that she has forgotten all the times I have swolled my pride and bites and approached her to calm her.

On Tuesday, after several false starts and much pleading on her door step she finally let me in she told me that she had not made the short list for the second lecturing job either, I was again, genuienly upset.

sat on the sofa and talked. It was really tense. I had just seen her laughing with nick in the café that morning and neither of us had slept much the night before. I finally shocked her by saying we had run out of time, that it all seemed to be up. That I wished I could

talk to her and explain it all. She quickly replied that I could do all this tomorrow, that I was sounding silly. That wouldn't I rather talk to her than scribble it down (obviously my mentioning a diary has sunk in) She looked taken aback, realizing that I was giving her the good bye speech. She said what if she admitted that every thing she had done on Sunday night was an over reaction, that she apologized for everything, its what I needed to hear but I pushed it a tiny bit too far, I said that she would only do it again , she was really upset and asked me to leave. I went and bought the boat and came back. I stood by her door and apologized, said that her apology was very brave abd wanted to repay the honor. She looked tired and empty, I think I had woken her up. This time I was not allowed up and she just closed the door. I drove back up in the rain feeling hollow.

She went quite, not answering my texts or calls. I knew she was ignoring me but pretended that I thought she was hurt or some how unable to reply. Adding that I was thinking the best of her (in her last row she had said that I always thought the worst of her). I realized how important it was to "make up" before she went away and reorganized her life. I wanted to be there "in the pack" when she re shuffled the cards, not forgotten. I think this is only fair, I have put up with the grumpy Brooke for so long, and I deserve the happy and chilled Brooke.

Finally it got to Thursday. I took a huge risk and texted her a "if you don't want me to call just text me a bugger off, I just want to know you are ok" im very glad she didn't reply because it gave me the moral high ground. I set off south to "see if your ok" I knew that she was. Although I justified this to myself by saying that I had noticed vomit on her toilet again. Something not seen in ages and I sign she is under stress again. It was from before she went north to Glasgow. I had just got to the M25 when I got a simple "No" I couldn't help myself, I phoned her back and told her were I was. She sounded so angry and cold. I'm not sure if this was for the benefit of nick, who I suspect was in the room with her. I say this because when I turned up shortly afterwards his car was outside. I couldn't help my self looking through the bin bags. Once again I was disgusted at myself but once again relived that I found nothing, and once again I later found out that I some condoms might have gone missing, so what does this all prove? (the next dsay I helped wash her things and tidy, I noticed my wine crisps and cheese were gone, so much for her missing me, that basterd nick is always there as soon as iv gone) I was so close to climbing onto the roof and spying on them. I was acutely aware of how I probably looked to various passing people. But then suddenly, as I drove away to fill up with petrol (I was really low on cash and had thrown everything into this last gasp chance to make things up with Brooke) I noticed that I car was gone. I was so relived. But of course I can't know if nick would have stayed the night if I hadn't phoned. But this evening wasn't about "catching them at it", it was about making up with Brooke. At the garage I took a huge breath and texted her that would she like to share some chips if I promised to not say a word but meow my shame for getting angry. That it was soon to be the hitch hikers guide to the galaxy on the radio, which I had brung.

It was such a climb down, but I repeat, this evening was all about making up, that was my main aim. On the way down I had, even in the face of her awful coldness, expressed my happiness that she was ok, I didn't mention that I knew that she had been avoiding me. I got a reply. Saying yes, but I mustn't say a word, she added that she didn't want

1/2

much, she wasn't hungry. It was the slow creeping normality of usual happy routine, I was so happy. I came round and knocked on her door. I was nervous. She opened it and I mutely held up two chip forks. She couldn't help but smile. We sat on the sofa and I turned on the promised radio. She said that she had only said yes to stop me hasseling her all night qith texts etc, she had to focus before her trip. I was true to my word and she was, obviously, rather awkward too, but the news came on and she couldn't help but get cross at some story. She started chatting about it, as we always do. It was just too similar to all the times we had sat there before. Several times she stopped her self, saying that she hadn't meant to talk to me, but within five mins she was off again. It was very nice. And bit by bit she relaxed more and more until she went beyond even "normal". She really opened up and told me about university societies she had been in and her time at university, her hopes and aspirations and the problems she had encountered. It was fascinating, and then she stopped herself, saying how she shouldn't prattle on so (not, "i shouldn't be talking to you", but, "sorry, I don't want to bore you") I replied what I had said many time recently, to reassure her, that I liked it when she talked about both herself and things that interested her. And it is true!

I'm not sure how but she then became cute and girl like, almost shy. She showed me her jewelry, most of which she had made herself and I had noticed years ago. I can't stress enough how pleasant and unexpected this was, and im sure it wasn't forced. I obviously helped it along by complimenting her and carefully underlining our past and all we shared by adding points about how certain set of ear rings matched her eyes or that I knew a certain color or rock was her favorite. I was so close to her and our hands touched again and again. I didn't risk I kiss or cuddle though, despite sitting on the edge of her bed, so close, staring into her eyes as I spoke about the color match etc. eventually, of course, it came to an end, it was late and the radio had wound down. I was dreading this, she asked were I was staying tonight and I replied the car. I really would have slept in it. I had already achieved more than I had dared hope. From turning up after days of cold hatred and nick in her house, to shared chips and her opening her heart and being so sweet. She replied that I should stay on the sofa. I protested once, I had said that I would only stay for an hour or so, but I gratefully buckled quickly. She made the sofa and got me some blankets. It was odd, it was almost as if the week hadn't happened, we were still a bit shy round each other but there was no anger, it was as if we were sheepish. She said goodnight and said I could call if I needed anything. After all the times of threatening to do so, I finally did sleep on the sofa, im not sure if I could have pushed the charm and got into bed with her, I was just so worried that I would go that step to far, as I had on Tuesday. I had a good nights sleep.

In the morning I quickly took my t shirt off and when she came into the kitchen I risked all and asked for a cuddle. She looked hesitant but gave in and snuggled down beside me. After a while I even rubbed her feet. The only upsetting thing was she said that she was still thinking about me, that is, how she felt about me, so I should put my t shirt back on and not get overly close. She added the probably real but still uncomfortable explanation that she didn't want to spend the first week out there just thinking about relationships. I understand but think that those are one of the things that she needs to think about the most!

This is obviously upsetting for many reasons but I also felt a flash of anger. I wasn't aware we had broken up, just had an argument? Also, I felt that perhaps I missed the opportunity I felt we had the night before.

(It also transpired that it was this cuddle that made me completely forget about my car parked outside. After all this time I finally got a parking ticket. Still, that was an important cuddle. Amazingly Brooke instantly offered to pay. My mind knew that I had spent the same on her over the last few days, but my heart was very chuffed. I bought her a "week" to read on the plane and secretly wrote cute things in it to keep her thinking of me. The only awkward thing was of course, how was she getting to the airport? Was Nick driving her there? She was very evasive about when it was taking off but I let myself believe her cover story that she needed to "do this by her self". I had to really fight the urge to secretly watch round the corner. But what would that have achieved? It would only have upset me again and ran the risk of undoing all my good work if she saw me. Much later though, as I was going to take a taxi back in Sheffield, I got a lovely phone call from her as she was waiting in the departure lounge. She thanked me for the week and we joked how far she was going away, even the little punto shouldn't get to her now. I said that I was shocked how far she was going, and she agreed. She seemed calm and kind again. It was exactly what I had wanted when I had driven down the night before, I wasn't even sure that Nick had taken her there, she had said that she had got lost trying to find the right gate. I almost blew it though by adding right at the end that I looked forward to her coming back but would try to understand if she didn't call for a few days as she needed to mull over what she had just learnt. She gave a slightly worried "mmm". I do hope that's not the last thing I hear from her, it will go alongside the last time we had sex, bad, uncomfortable and a shadow of what normally is.

Notes scribbled as I drove back up the M1 to my taxi night.

Angry Monday night text she said "you enjoy playing the victim" I replied "I will reclaim what I have lost, it started and finished with you" all a bit heavy in hindsight. No wonder she double locked the door. "You are worse than James.

Being without Brooke on Wednesday, truly feeling that she was gone brought back forgotten feelings of hopelessness and loneliness. A different more dangerous pain than the normal anger and frustration. Thursday night a real example of humility doing more than anger. Of keeping calm and "counting to ten" and I know the parking ticket is worth that cuddle.

Rants and mullings#

Once we were talking about how I often stay a bit too long and ruin a spell of Brooke being nice. I was able to nip south and see her at the time, just before I should have gone to Sandhurst, so I was able to be brave and leave when she got angry, to drive off if she through me out. A level of power I rarely exercise. I mentioned all the times it had happened and she told me of all the time she had resented me hanging around getting in the way. This was obviously hurtful but the times she mentioned were times I had been working hard to help her, like the day of her graduation when I drove her around a rainy Sheffield. She can be so ungrateful.

What is love? Love is powerful; it makes the gentle angry and the clever stupid. Love is like Mars, but orbited by jealousy and sadness.

Should I talk to nick? We have spiraled round Brooke for so long.

I told her at the park (proms) that I couldn't be two timed (be cuckolded) that it was "a dangerous game to play me off against nick, people would get hurt" it was true, fairly and calmly. It shocked her. I rarely lay it on the line so.

The big talk on Sunday night. "take a chance on me" trust me, confide in me (I was cross that it appeared she confided in nick) don't think im stupid just because I don't say anything, especially when with a bit of thought you should relies that I probably do know about that subject (every thing from not knowing how a TV Arial worked to making custard). The very next day she lectured me on the bible! On what "a roads to Damascus experience actually means" IV told her about my northern island protestant back ground many times, that's why I use the expression in the first place! This is one of the five things asked her not to do that she did within 20 hours of me asking her not to do them (one of the others being "please listen to what I have to say when I ask you to do something, it makes me upset when you don't listen or respect my wishes) sigh.

The funny thing is I can see that she cares. She has to feel so upset about finding Tracey's stuff in my room, and I can't be a hypercritic, I do know that horrible deep down pain. Also, on Sunday night when she was shouting at me she listed all the things that I had done wrong, from finding Lora in my bed to Tracey's stuff in my room. This may have been awful hypocrisy (she hates me" accounting" and reeling off lists of past faults) but I could understand the feeling she was feeling. The look of hurt was genuine. This realization shamed me and I apologized fully.

Letter.

Part of my desperate indecision is really wanting you to tell me what your big secret is. But what would happen if you didn't tell me what I im so desperately wanting you to tell me about, (and all my grumpiness and fear does pretty much boil down to one thing). I find it is better to put my faith in you and trust you would tell me about it. Than run the crushing risk of disappointment.

It's why I hesitated when you offered it again on your sofa on Tuesday morning.

And as a weak compromise I ask you to "be true to me".

Silly things, I now don't like my new boat. I got it with a silly romantic image of us exploring the other side of findhorn bay, your picnic hamper bungeed to the bow. I am now mocked by this once happy image.

Several factors, forcing

I think the truth is of course both.

Tuesday night. And the pillow still smells of you.

Hello lass, as before, I am struck by how much can happen with you in such a short time. I know people who seem to potter along in a relationship on automatic, almost as a

convenience to help with the bills. The highlight of their week being watching the TV on the sofa together. I don't feel that I have the answers, in fact im sure I haven't, but I have always thought that was rather a waste of a relatively young life, the more so if your time with your loved one is limited as ours so sadly is. Tracing your life along a grey line surely can't compare the wildly oscillating sign wave of passion. "It's better to have loved and lost..etc". But of course that's easy to say whilst you're on a high, what about how things look from the perspective of the low? In other words, the majority of our last week to were I am now.

Right now im struck that I must be getting too old to cry myself to sleep on a pillow that smells of you, and some of my happiest memories of you do actually consist of us on the sofa watching M.o.t.glen or a DVD.

Two nights ago I was cuddling you on the sofa as, giggling, you nibbled my ear. Now, two days later, I feel genuinely sick with loss. I have been unable to think about anything else, trying to pick through what actually happened. Regretting in leisure what was done in such haste (as so often happens with us). My thoughts and emotions oscillate wildly, A third party would see me deep in thought, damp eyed, convinced that the way you act and treat me can only mean one thing. But should they ask for my exhaustively reasoned conclusion, I could reply with bitter disappointment or blissful happiness, alternately, every 30 mins. It really is getting serious; my inability to be sure either way is driving me sick. The stakes are so high, the time so short.

You see, I really *really* did need to know where your heart lies. For reasons I have alluded to, and you could guess. And several you cant.

My increasing desperation is being stoked by the ever decreasing time. That was, for example, the root of it all on Sunday night. Suddenly being told to leave put me on the back foot, stopping me doing my normally beneficial mental routine of "ignore how that sounded, think *why* she said it and what she actually means. But do it when you've calmed down a bit". To then be told I was taking up too much of your time hurt me and I admittedly became angry. I'm sorry, it just made matters much worse. I did so desperately want to know if we could spend more than a week living together.

Several times we were on the edge of making up, but somehow it kept slipping through our fingers and we ended up with cold chips and me spending a night in the car seething about nick etc. Looking back on it was a comedy of errors, at several occasions it almost came good. When you answered the phone at the party for example, you sounded happy to hear me, if we had just been able to speak I could have offered you a lift and perhaps it would have all never happened.

I think I was treated a bit sharply on Sunday and Monday night (for reasons that now don't matter) but I admit that I reacted very badly (for-Please believe me-reasons I am trying to deal with). But the whole thing was only, after all, 24 hours compared to the days of happiness we had just had. And it was again more a case of a small "thing" being dealt with badly and getting out of all proportion. We were both tired and stressed. On Tuesday you gave a sincere, caveat free apology. I was asked to go before I could get my tired brain round it. When, over the next hour, I thought it through, I realized just how

impressive and powerful that was. I felt awful and came back to return the honor, apologising unreservedly to you. But im not sure you were awake enough to hear. So please let me repeat it and every thing else of importance said that day.

First and foremost, I *do* know you care, I really do. I have seen with my own eyes you trying very hard recently, even apologising for the little things like a cross word.

Neither of us are perfect, but that doesn't matter because were both trying.

I totally agree with everything you are trying to do at the moment and in no way think it is silly or vapid. In fact, I am wishing you every success in this matter. I really enjoyed it when you showed me the temple near Glasgow and said so several times. Your experiences are important and interesting to me. I do not think you "prattle on" when you talk about the things that animate you.

I really appreciate it when you tell me anything, be it your family or your past etc. And again, I have thanked you with no provocation several times since. I do not think less of you for the things you've done or have been done to you in your distant past. It *does* help to know why "you are who you" are, but I really am far more concerned about our personal history and even more our future. One a similar note, I really don't hold things against you from times before I have "given you a clean slate". It is only when you do that "something" again that I get cross again. I am desperate to forgive you and am as keen as you to bury horrible memories. I don't like remembering certain things and truly appreciate it when you apologise and ask to start again. This is only possible because I do genuinely think you can change. Despite being pretty amazing and unique already, you are still trying to improve yourself. I respect that and am trying to do the same. I understand how angry and bitter you must be to be caught in your current situation. I can empathise because it affects me too. And It really is an "us" thing, im not just feeling sorry for myself, I really do think of us as a couple.

I really hope you haven't started locking your front door because of me, you said on Monday night that I frightened you, it upset me terribly. Not only would I never hurt a woman, I really could never hurt you and would, conversely, put myself through anything to stop you being hurt. I am hopping it was because of the zombie film, in which, coincidently, I tried to stress how much I would try to protect you. I know it sounds silly but I was alluding to a more conventional terrorist danger etc.

To sum up, even if I did have trouble with anything mentioned above, it doesn't matter. I love you and that's enough.

You said that you couldn't understand why I cared for you, but then answered your own doubts by acknowledging that when you love someone you overlook their faults. That is indeed the case.

I'm aware this might be making me look like a fool, it has after all been a long time since you said the same to me, but after all is said and done, I do love you Brooke.

I have no idea if you will get this before you go, so IV sent a much smaller version by phone text. I do so hope you will call back, rather than letting one silly yet hurtful upset perpetuate another. I am so sorry about it all and even if at an intellectual level I have now given up on trying to keep you for ever and ever, I do not want to lose you a day before I have to. (And at an emotional level I will risk your scorn and continue to hope we can come up with something).

Please let me know you are ok, I fear for us both if this goes much further. I leave it in your capable little hands.

I apologise unreservedly and would love to see you soon and hear from you sooner. I miss you very much.

Lots of love, your Owen (p.s. be sure to pack at least one meow to ward off the cold. I left the pig looking after a spare) xx

p.s. I have just heard a true story about someone I used to know. It's very sad and full of regret. I am not really in the mood to deal with the pathos at the moment and it has left me rather cold and lonely. This couple turned something so good into something so black, basically destroying themselves over not much more than stubbornness and the inability to stop hurting each other. Have I felt the chill of Christmas future?

Please except my olive branch, as I did yours. Or rather, could you even just dust off your one from yesterday; it surely can't have just wilted yet. I don't want either of us to become angry, old and bitter. There really is no time. It sounds so lame but it really would be such a waist. We want something so simple and good, surely we can find it in ourselves to find a way. We both care for each other, are sorry and both apologised to each other.

If you don't want to, then please just txt me a bugger off, but just let me know you're ok sometime on Thursday, Iv never been any good at taking the cold shoulder treatment, and im tired of feeling upset and hurt. Im sure you don't mean to. You say I always think the worst of you. I really don't, and im not now.

Tired but still missing you kitty. Goodnight. X

Tuesday 18th oct. Had a really good chat with Steph last night. Haven't seen her in ages and I had phoned up a couple of days ago to talk to her about Brooke's failed Sheffield job. Steph is Martins P.A. and actually dealt with Brooke's application, so it was a good idea. Firstly it turned out that Steph hadn't been excluded; it was just that she was at home with her boy friend, or rather fiancée! (I wish brooke had taken me home) Martin had told Brooke that she was the least qualified and yet it turned out that she was the most! Steph said that it was simply a case of martin not knowing what bee was capable of. Awful when you consider that he oversaw her work for years. It looks like he has been awful to others as well, to the point of driving away an American student in only a month, so perhaps it's not all bad that Brooke is left out of that.

Talking to Steph was really nice. She told me how much brooke had loved me when we first met. How she idolized my family and even spoke about marriage. She also said that Brooke was very self destructive, as if she punished her self for having happy times.

Steph reminded me that the Owen Brooke had fallen for was the big, strong, fun loving officer chopping the tops of champagne bottles in the mess and throwing her around. I had to admit that im a shadow of that man now. The fact that this is mostly due to Brooke her self is probably not important. Steph agreed that it was important I didn't become too clingy and weepy. I'm glade I didn't follow her to the air port now. On that note im much

it be that simple? I think it might be. I can live away from her; I just have to know she is faithful. If and when I next see her I must try and be more mature and calm. Probably how she sees nick.

She said that she had been awful to her bloke for months, and then just realized what she was doing. That she couldn't understand how he had put up with her. She then added that it was possible that Brooke had already made that decision; it's just that it isn't quite enough. He added that he had had to ignore his mates telling him to dump Steph for months, until he had almost given in. to see them so happy, calm and content now makes me jealous yet also gives me hope. She said that the guy who dumped her when she left the states, and I remember a photo of him, had phoned the other month saying how he had realized how dump he had been, how he realized how he should have married her when he had the chance. He has since married his current girlfriend, who he hasn't known for more than a few months. "it was just his time to do it" apparently. He is 31.

20th wed.

Sat up and watched "love actually" with Emily. It was all very formulaic but actually rather good. It might have been the bottle of scrumpy but I did cry at the end. Am feeling so girly at the moment. Texted sue that I was lonely and she replied that I was a silly sausage and that she would marry me instantly if I would only say yes. I really think she means it too. Whilst watching the film I realized again how much I miss Brooke, in a long term way, but how much I would like to pick her up at Heathrow when she comes back. But suppose its nick that's there, bum. Keep running over in my head what I will say when she says goodbye. (I know, how fatalistic). I'm feeling surprisingly calm at the moment and think I will be able to look her in the eye and call her a silly fool, but in a gentle way. To turn down the closest thing to unconditional love some one is likely to find (unless you marry the pope). I have forgiven her so much, if she could just be honest or at the very least faithful. I would have loved her when she was old fat and spotty. She must know that time is against her. She has always used her attributes to manipulate men. All women do it to some extent, its not overly malicious. Also, the next time she thinks every one hates Americans (a problem if she keeps hanging out with the liberal academic intellectual ileeat) I will have to show her the film. It puts America and us very much side by side, and repeats what we read in the "week", that is, every single American woman is in need of an upper middle class English man. Even saw a bit of Emily's "O C" and a woman there gave a good speech to a guy she had accidentally become pregnant with, she was saying how as you get older you turn to friends, religion and meaningless sex, trying to trick yourself in to believing that your not actually alone. I'm aware that im getting too caught up in this. I don't actually want to get married tomorrow. But it is perhaps good that this happens now, whilst Brooke is still just here.

The shark's ball fell through but enough people came up anyway to get an outing to pop tarts. I hadn't been out in ages, especially with the OTC. It was quite nice. Saw Becky and she was nice, asking if I had happy memories of us. She said she was so happy with Jules, they were really in love. I genuinely wished them well. (And the next day we were having lunch in the sportsman and I realized one couple was not only married but also pregnant! Its bad enough that my contempries from home are all married, but now its my

much younger OTC friends!) Apart from a bit when the lovely trena was slow dancing with me, rubbing her bum in my groin, I felt asexual all night. I just didn't feel flirty. I wasn't after sex, but kept looking at people, girls, as possible mates. I couldn't be bothered with the hassle of someone new, I wanted to lie down with some one who I know, and who knows me. To be close and comfortable with someone. (but I cant pretend I might not then want to have sex!) I wonder if its Brooke I want, or, having read what im writing now, it's just anyone!? It would be good if it were Brooke herself as she exists, but it's also bad, as she is about to leave and is such hard work. I'm really suffering from what I call the Bridget Jones Diary syndrome but im aware it's just a variation of everything from pride and prejudice to sex in the city.

I was aware last night that I didn't actually want to go to bed with anyone, but it wasn't that I had no libido, iv been wanking 3 times a day all week! I even used a condom last time to stop me getting too dry and raw, something that Brooke actually recommended! And to be fair it worked quite well. Sigh. Thinking of her even as I wank, and sigh again, it worked and felt rather good. She has always given me good sex.

Keep seeing adverts on the TV for having an autumn holiday in Scotland. It shows a happy young couple in jumpers beside a loch picking berries. Sigh. That could be us. When I last saw Brooke I told her that I had found a heart shaped rock at findhorn that she could perhaps give to her mother. It seemed totally natural that I would know that. Am totally out of food and have just found a tin of rice pudding. Am reminded that when I first meet Brooke, coming round for a rice pudding was a euphemism for sex! This is a tin I bought for her. Sigh. It's all dusty. And im recording monarch of the glen for her. I notice that the program afterwards is about Michael palien in the Nepal. It looks really impressive.

Was listening to Mozart, cant believe Brooke said classical music was over rated and mostly rubbish. I stand by what I said then. Anything thats survived for centuries can't be all bad. Will any one be playing whats on radio one in 500 years time?

Whilst sitting in the car, after seeing her come back from the party with nick, I was furious. I deliberately texed some things that perhaps I shouldnt. I didnt swear or threaten violence etc but I did perhaps deliberately want to cross a line. To force myself not just to forget it by morning. This was probably not a good idea. She said she was going to let me in to sleep up until that point, and her final text-you are a silly creature getting so cross-was either friendly or a calculated way of trying to defuse me. The act that she began to double lock the door for the first time perhaps indicates the later. She really doesnt know me; does she really think I coulnt smash my way in?! I think she is cursed to experience others as she her self would act.

One of my texts was,you treated me worse than James treated Emily. I happen to think this is true but I also knew after reading her references about James in her blog that it would bite deep. Her bitter resentment and obvious jealousy that he gets away everything, despite me repeatedly telling her that he has actually suffered from his boorish reputation, that the better quality girls, like Sahara heyho, do in fact refuse his

advances. By sleeping with Nick she has become a huge hypocrite, again. I'm aware how damaging I could make her look if I ever did write to the papers. O dear.

She texted me saying that I loved playing the victim, so I replied that that started and finished with her and would try to reclaim some of my pride. It was obviously a veiled threat to expose her book.

Another of my texts that I was sorry,

Monday

Has it really only been a week since she left? It feels like a month. Not sure if that's good or bad? And it really surprises me how calm I am about Brooke, but that is because I think we were still together? I know how fickle I can be, always more forgiving and desperate for her to forgive me when we were not actually together, and feed up when we are. This feeling might be why Brooke doesn't try harder, she always knows I'll be there for her. That and having Nick on stand by of course.

Had a really odd day, admittedly I was really fired up at the gym, but I've felt cross with Brooke all day. Cross isn't really the right word, I'm more resigned and dispassionate than that, and bitter. That's the dangerous thing. I told her in a text whilst I was spending my night in the car just, and indeed to her face after some row, or it might have even been sleeping with Nick here in Sheffield, that my feelings for her are a constant battle between brain and heart. My heart really cares for Brooke and is prepared to forgive her almost anything, but my head, eyes and ears know what she is capable of and indeed probably doing right now. And there is such a backlog of resentment; so much I have just swallowed with the hope of forgiving her in the long run. I know I'm patient but even I have to admit it is playing the long game. Can I really tell myself that she is not actually sleeping with Nick? Today I let myself think that she was, that she is consistently lying and cheating on me. Was thinking what I would actually say to Nick, that he had not only destroyed my life but Brooke's as well. (and one way or another, his soon as well. when I do tell the papers about Nick, it could affect his job. although I don't actually want the press to hassle his mother) We have been so happy at times together, but there is always the secret text. It's been the biggest drain on my forgiveness and compassion all year. The first year it was Paul, secret phone calls and trips to London and Prague, and then she dumped me to go back to him. (If he hadn't dumped her, she would be with him still. And that's perhaps an important point; it is not just her and me. The third party has an input to, would anyone else put up with her moods and rules? She let slip recently that all her previous boyfriends know her faults. I got the feeling that she had been dumped by all of them. And I get the feeling that Nick won't take her tempter either.) And then it was Nick. I've always been sharing Brooke with some one, I genuinely believe that anyone in my position would have become as paranoid, in fact, considering how important fidelity is to me it's a wonder I've managed at all. I believe many others would also have snapped into violence on many occasions. I wish so much that he hadn't turned up at Imperial. I realize now that in the spring, when she was still at Sashes, was when she needed me the most. I can't imagine what pressures her lack of money and now book thing put her under. What exactly is her escorting job all about? And yet, and yet, she has shown flashes of real caring since. She said a few weeks ago that I only like who she is 20% of the time, I denied it of course, but there is a germ of truth in that.

Her book strangely comforts me now. It's a hold I have over her, i can put my hand on my heart and tell her that she is treating me with such contempt, its something she has to take me seriously on. She has to listen to me on this one thing. I worry also that it will actually upset me terribly for real as well.

They looked so close when I walked in on them in the café. Have they really been cheating on me all this time? So much has slipped out, how much time has she spent round nicks mothers' house? What have I offered Brooke that nick hasn't replicated?

I filed my nails for her. Iv told her how much I hate it, and yet there I was doing it with almost no provocation. And yet even as I was doing it she was still telling me I should and must do it, rather than thanking me.

Am sitting here on Tuesday night, I told myself that I didn't go to Canada with my unit because I had to be around for the raf, the real reason is of course more broke. Just how many times have I put her before anything else, particularly money? There is probably no way of knowing.

23 October 2004 03:23:59

Hello

Here, Nepal is good, very sunny! So most of my luggage was unnecessary :)

I should be back in the UK on November 3rd, I believe. VERY sporadic email access and no phone.

B

Wed 27th Oct

Went down to see sue. On the drive down I had got my self quite worked up over Brooke. Was quite cross with here and was thinking about when and how I would drop them both in it. Not if, but when. And I realized that the press turning up to see nick could be quite a subtle revenge. If he doesn't realize she has written about him it could be quite a shock, especially if the press turn up at his house.

Am having fun and not thinking about Brooke at all when, on Thursday morning, my phone rings. A quite voice, hard to hear, and thankfully I didn't assume its Tracy.

"Hello?"

It's Brooke! There's a slight timid ness to her voice, she's worried that im upset, then a change of tack, a slightly accusatory "you've not checked your e-mail have you". She had phoned because I had missed one e-mail and she had flipped and sent a very grumpy one. I suspect she had regretted it straight away. But phoning to undo the damage was very sweet. It's a bit of a shame that she has not become a calmer being after two weeks as hoped, but it's sweet none the less. I had only missed one e-mail. It's good to know that

she's frightened of me giving up on her. If she knew what id been thinking recently it would worry her a lot more. Iv been on the edge of something both simple yet profound. It's a hard feeling to explain but simply, it's falling out of love. Not the rage sorrow or loss iv felt before when she dumped me etc, but a gentle feeling of "good riddance" it's amazing I can get to this in only two weeks. I rally shouldn't marry her. And as iv warned her about several times. When I stop loving her It will open the flood gates of resentment. All the things iv suppressed out of compassion and love will look very different when being viewed by dispassionate eyes. Much like all the friends and family who, through this magic third party perspective, have been appalled by what she has done. Needless to say, once I realized she was back in contact I have been checking my e-Mail every 6 hours. Sigh.

Have learnt a lot these last two weeks though, from Stephs observations to my own. For example, it was interesting to be on the other side of a love triangle. (Tae se your self as others see you etc) Sues boyfriend, Dom, was texting sue all the time I was with her. The feeling of power I felt over and contempt felt for him, a totally innocent guy, was surprising. This was helped by knowing that sue much preferred me to him. That is the power, not the feeling that I could beat him in a fight (although im sure that helps on some level) And sue and I didn't even sleep together. Knowing you have the controlling stake in another's guys girl friend, that she finds you more attractive than him etc is very odd. I hope that's not what nick feels like. There are some critical differences. I'm no seven stone weakling like Dom. I'm confident that nick is inferior to me physically, etc. and of course, Brooke is technically my girl friend. He vanishes and hides when I turn up.

Still, if nick does feel this type of contempt for me, he deserves what is coming.

27 October 2004 11:31:10

What no reply to the last mail? Not easy getting around the vow of silence to use a computer you know! Or perhaps you're far too busy with Tracy instead.

O dear, see what you mean. Well, I haven't even been in the same country as Tracey since the summer, so no, I haven't been "busy" with her. (iv been zooming around trying to earn the money I seem to spend so easily, sigh, im not quite the listless dole bum you seem to think I am you know). I do however spend a lot of my time thinking of you and wishing we were moored off duck island with no one around, still getting very "busy" with each other. who would have thought that boiled eggs and hot buttered fruit toast could be such a good fuel for our energies. And Giving my empathy chip a good polish, don't worry, I don't blame you for getting cross. I have spent many hours hating nick, every time you have not answered the phone or cut me off short, so I cant be a hypocrite. The main thing is that I am thinking of you, and you are thinking of me, which is how my little heart thinks the world should run really. Although I am a very tactile, cuddly creature, I stand by what I told you once before, I don't mind us being many miles apart as long as are still there for each other in our hearts (and in each others bodies as soon as we get back to each other, of course!). That's one of the reasons I think we can still be together next year (and forever) whilst im an RAF officer and your touring the world

writing books etc!

But enough about that, all this talk of hot butter and even hotter bodies intertwined is probably not suitable for some one attaining a higher level of being-conciseness. I'm very glad your ok, im glad its nice and sunny (your preferred default setting) and im very glad I might be able to pick you up at the airport. It's a silly romantic thing I know, but I think the big "not seen you in ages" hug at the arrival lounge at Heathrow is something all proper couples should do.

Lovely to hear your voice lass. You really are the only girl in my dreams and thoughts. i hope to see you soon and I will check my e-mail every day! Xx

From : Brooke Magnanti
<methylsalicylate@yahoo.com>

Sent : 28 October 2004 12:24:57

Just quickly, I should be arriving at Heathrow at 17:50 on the 3rd. The flight is from Doha (Qatar). I expect it will take a little time to collect luggage, go through passport control etc - maybe an extra half hour.

Am going to Boudda tomorrow then onward to Nagarkot the next day. Will be back in Kathmandu the evening of the 1st so can check email then, if not before.

Hi-ya lass, checked my e-mail, as promised, and there you are again. Its nice to know your out there somewhere (and isn't e-mail cool). I am free from lunchtime onwards on Wednesday the 3rd so can easily get to Heathrow in time and park up etc. would think it very cute to welcome you with a big hug at the terminal gate. I have always thought that any journey is made all the nicer for having a friendly face waiting at the other end, which is why I have sleepily waited on many a cold, dark platform for your train to turn up (and on one occasion even drove to a whole other city to rescue you from a deserted coach station!). My favourite time is obviously the time I walked you back to a deserted, sunny, car park roof at Sheffield and, before we knew it, you had pulled your knickers aside and were greedily sliding up and down, seated on my wet lap! Happy sigh. Anyway, sorry, that's probably not helping either of us. Sad sigh.

I can promise to curb my churning libido if you are in need of a some days quite reflection. Jogging between Putney and Hammersmith bridges will keep me from pestering you and probably be a good way of harnessing my friskiness and channelling it into good Cranwell prep. I can even promise to calmly and patiently read my magazines on the sofa whilst you sit on your bed.

The only thing is that you've not actually, in so many words, asked me to pick you up. Due to all the things said before you left, and the fact that you didn't choose me to take you to the airport, I need to be quite sure you want me to be the one who picks you up. I would, of course, love to. But I equally don't want to do what I always seem to do, which is make the effort of a romantic gesturer and, some how, end up winding you up. :-(

To sum up, (and I really mean this lass) I am determined not to be the first thing that makes you unhappy back home, here in blighty, but will make every effort to be the first thing that makes you smile. If you want a big warm hug from your very own tomcat, happily waiting for you at Heathrow, please just say so. If not, I will gracefully understand. Either way, lots of love and luck, am thinking of you lots lass. Xxx

30 October 2004 02:18:45

The satellites have been down and so have email and cashpoints, seemingly everywhere. Are back up now.

If you want to pick me up you can, but be warned that I will probably be in a similar state of mind to when I came back from Samye Ling. So if that will bother you then we can meet up another time. If over the weekend I'm not coxing in the Fours Head (I'd say about 70/30 in favor of not, just a guess) I'd probably want to go on to Norfolk or Sheffield to see James or his mum for my birthday.

Don't worry, I didn't think you were in any way odd after picking you up from the place near Glasgow, and I don't even think that meditating is overly odd as a concept. I probably do something similar when watching and listening to the wind in the pine trees and Marion grass or waves at findhorn beach.

In fact, I thought you very kind and sweet when I picked you up. Its hard to have the daily mail reader, knee jerk response, "you've all been brain washed by a sinister cult!" reaction when You excitedly showed and explained to me what you had been doing, expressed happiness that I understood and approved, and then shared mushy peas and chips in my car whilst listening to radio4! you even held my hand as you nodded off.

I did not lose my Brooke, but rather was reminded of why I fell for you in the first place. It is why I took you to duck island and was so supportive of you going to Nepal.

On that note, I was hoping that perhaps I could do something with you on your birthday, (no, I hadn't forgotten!) I don't mind at all if that consists of toasting you with scrumpy in a pub with you and James, but it would be very nice to see you. (and I have a tent or could stay with Matthew). I was having such a horrible time of it and trying so very hard at your last one. Was rather hoping to start afresh with this one. Every thing I said in my last e-mail still holds true lass. I Would really love to pick you up and see you next week, but only if my presence is genuinely wanted. I want to see your lovely smile, not cause a frown.

Lots of love lass, your Owen. Xx

After this last e-mail I got cold feet, worrying that I had gone to far again. Although it is hopefully obvious that I am still offering brooke lots of love and kindness, for me this is all sounding rather strong and even confrontational. I added a "p.s." several hours later along the lines of .. "I really do hope you are looking forward to seeing me, I promise to be calm, quite and compashinet. I will only need little meow and tiny snuggle in the car park to keep me happy. P.p.s. meow."

This was rather a calm down from me but still doesn't quite say "yes, im going to see you down there". If she is going to go to Sheffield or Norwich she will want a lift. It's not much of a bargaining chip but I think im well within my rights and hopes to wait for her to ask me properly and politely. I hope she does. To put it another way, if she doesn't give me some compassion or respect after two weeks of contemplation she probably never will. We are so short of time its worth this little test. God, I hope it works and I don't end up panicking, forgetting all my recently nurtured dignity and driving down with out her asking me.

Sunday night. Just heard Emily and mark kissing and groaning on the sofa. After a quick scamper to the toilet, the full deed. Em is quite a moaner but I only heard mark once, as he giggled at the end. How odd. Don't know weather to be shocked or surprised it's taken so long. Was thinking only today how pretty she is looking. Would be typical if the day I express an interest that door shuts completely. Not miffed though. On paper she is everything I think im looking for in a girl, but in reality iv never felt more than the tiniest spark for desire for her. Is it that I associate her with James or is it more subtle than that, an absence of some all important chemical spark? Thinking about it, I have heard her shagging James, Chris and now mark in a matter of months, and yet I would not think of Emily as in any way "lose". Also, note to self, you can here everything in this house, how many limes has every one else listened to me shag?! God, there really going for it down stairs now.

Im not randy, listening to it has left me cold. Suddenly I miss brooke again.

01 November 2004 06:29:45

Am back from Nagarkot, it was amazing, my room faced Everest. If I had known how nice it was there I would not have stayed in Kathmandu at all!

Leaving early tomorrow morning, see you on the 3rd I think it is?

Well, she answered, and I need to point out to any future readers that despite all my supposed indifference, my pulse raced when I saw that the e-mail was there. sigh. she is being friendly and has not taken offence, which is something, but she is not making much of an effort either. Thinking back over our whole relationship im not sure that iv ever heard her say please once! From making a cup of tea to driving a thousand miles to pick her up.sigh

Monday night.

On Wednesday night I was lying in bed with sue with a throbbing erection. I genuinely think it might have been the oysters. I didn't sleep with her but I think I could have if I wanted to. On Saturday night, the night I chose not to go to carley and trennas party, I got a surprise, out of the blue, text from Sahara heyho. It wasn't flirty but very warm "your out of your tree but I love you for it" "chin chin my dear". It left me feeling elated and cared for. Tonight I have been drinking with Charlie. She says that she has been thinking of me all year. She is still gorgeous. I did not go to bed with her but we are meeting tomorrow. All in all life isn't all that bad!

Friday 12th November

Havnt written in a while because iv been with brooke. Thers a lot to catch up on.

Firstly, after all her neutral e-mailing, I did go down to pick up Brooke at Heathrow. She turned up a day earlier. I woke on Tuesday morning with Brooke's tense voice on the phone. It was about ten a.m. so I apologized for still being in bed, I noticed that she had sent a text much earlier that morning. "Sorry, I was up late last night" she went quiet and angrily said, "don't say things like that!" I had to assure her that I'd been on the computer playing games (and looking at porn). I said I'd pick her up whilst mentally running through all the things that I was going to do that day. Rearrange big dole interview, see Le-Pla, pick up money from Graham etc. She said that I needn't bother if I was too busy and, as ever, I lied that it was ok. As I hung up I realized that even after two weeks in Nepal she was just the same. I was again making a huge effort, dropping everything, to help her, she had sounded angry on the phone rather than grateful and had grumped at me. Sigh. After a really stressed day I drove down. I had packed a TV for her to watch the American elections and my spare Hoover. She never thanked me for either despite happily using both. The next day she commented that she was glad she had washed up and tied her flat before she had left, I rather quietly mentioned that it had been me who had done that.

I got to the airport but guessed the wrong terminal, so didn't quite get the "love actually" meeting I had wished for. A quick hug and a long walk back to where I'd parked the car. Sadly I was apparently walking too fast (I totally admit that she hadn't moved her legs much in the last few hours, but the parking was costing a fortune) I apologized but by then there was already an atmosphere between us. I had had a long journey and stressful day too. She was talking so quietly (and I know that she hadn't spent all her time in a vow of silence) and everytime I politely asked her to repeat herself she just smiled wistfully and went mute. I had a horrible creeping feeling that I shouldn't have come. We got back to the car and again she said that I need to come down. I firmly replied that that wasn't very helpful or what I needed to hear. She began to cry but finally said that she was glad I had picked her up. I caved in instantly and gave her a big hug. She began to tell me what a hard day she had had. Namely being charged a fortune to leave Nepal. She had had no money and the airport hadn't had a cashpoint. It did sound rather horrible. We got back to her house and she quickly needed to go to sleep. I didn't mind as I understood how jet lagged she must be. I was woken at 5 in the morning and, not to be too blunt, was shagged. That is, with little noise and no talking she turned into her favorite position, me sleepily licking her breasts, and came. I was aware that this might just be her unwinding but of course didn't complain! And it happened the next night too! And she had me again in the morning proper too. She did that most lovely and rare of things, waking me with a blowjob and then mounting, sliding on to me. It sounds silly but I thanked her several times throughout the day. There was a sad and disturbing development though. I realized that several times I was almost faking my orgasm! Twice I didn't even feel it and wasn't sure that I had actually cum. This is very odd. I had not had so much sex that I was desensitized, it was something else. I just didn't feel randy. She was trying and making an effort with her love making, even playing with my anus for the first time in years but once

again I felt that it was all a bit fake. I wondered if I was losing my attraction for her. This is both sad and probably (for me) the strongest manifestation of the cooling of my feelings for her that I have noticed in my self ever since she went away.

We didn't do much, watching my recordings of monarch of the glen and trying not to let Brooke get to cross watching the news. We shopped, cooked, ate and visited Richmond park again. All rather sleepy and calm. She vanished on her birthday to talk rowing and e-mail. I found out that she has dropped the rowing. I'm not sure how I feel about this, if it meant that she never sees Nick again then it's good, but I suspect he lives relatively nearby. On that note I found out that he's leaving imperial to concentrate on "Kings and St. Pauls". The fact that he has left under a cloud of hassle has to help me, but I'm not sure how yet.

Things were going well until the night of her birthday, she had fallen asleep early again, on my lap, and I had got her present (the amber and silver bee), but as she woke she snapped about something or other. I wasn't being malicious but decided not to give the present yet. I was very nervous that she wouldn't like it, that "the bee" was a pet name for her from some other boyfriend and she would associate it with him. I had even asked about it earlier and she had said that Antony had coined the name but every one had used it. As I put the present away she exploded, I had a deja vu moment were this had happened before in my room. She had once resented me "rationing her presents" before, only using them as a reward for good behaviour. I tried to explain that people don't give presents to people who are being angry. Of course people do actually, but only to spoiled children who are throwing a strop at the sweet aisle at a supermarket. She repeated something she has said before, that I was going to hold one little thing against her and ignore days of good behaviour. It's an odd thing to say and really underlines something I have noticed increasing since the trip to Peru. There is a very real feeling of Brooke trying to behave better. This is of course much appreciated but it feels so forced, the smiles plastic. When she does then have her periodic explosions of pent up repression, it just underlines how false she has been before. It's obvious that she still feels the anger and grumpiness under the smiles. Yes she is trying, but it still leaves me disappointed and tense. Sigh. Her half hour rant was savage but she finally calmed down and eventually apologized, again a recent good but forced development. When she opened the box I got a real sense of disappointment. She has thanked me sincerely several times since, saying truthfully that it's the kind of thing she would get for herself. When she saw the small box was she hopping for a ring? And by thinking this, who is manifesting their hopes on whom?

We drove up on Friday. It was a long drive and we went round to James. I really wanted to see the fire works, having had to listen to them in London from a sofa for the last 3 days. Brooke said that she didn't want to deal with the crowds. This was one of many examples over this last week or Brooke being rather lazy and lacking any drive. This came to a head a few days later when we went to Ladybower reservoir again and she got quite cross that I wanted to climb a hill. I was wearing trainers but she was annoyed I was going to storm off somewhere. Neither did she want to go for a row, but just wanted to watch daytime tv all the

time. I found out today that im back up to 16 stone. At the resevoir I had to say that I didn't think of her as matthews sahara, but I found it hard not to resent her sloth. I got a text off my otc sahara that she was surfing off devon. Sigh. Anyway it all worked out ok in the end. We turned up at the dom valley stadium just before they started and stood out side the fence in a corner out of the wind. They went off right over our heads! As soon as they finished we saw a surge of people pooring out of the packed park. We jogged back to the car and got out before the crowd swamped the car park. It was a real steal! When we got back to james brooke mentioned that she didn't want to go back to my house and run into james. This suited me fine and got me off the awkward hook I had been on. I got back to my house and enjoyed seeing loads of old otc friends. The next night she said the same thing. I was surprised at just how much she didn't want to meet james. Yesterday, during a row, she threatened to show me the text I had written saying she was worse than james. As suspected this seems to have really hit home. She said again how much she resented how people like james get away with there actions, and once again I try to tell her that he hasn't, whilst secretly thinking that she has got away with far more from me than he has with his girlfriends!

After watching a program about an American school reunion showing some really squeely, gushy wemen, brooke said "don't make me go back to that country and those sort of people!". when we later watche "about a boy" she went on to explane how she had hated being at school and had been ostrasised and bullied by her peers.
"steph says I should marry james in a maradge of convenience and stay in the country"

Her trip to Nepal cost her £1500 pounds and the first of her money has come in. she mentioned that it is more than her parents combined sallery. This feels very odd. If I had won 50 grand plus I would be celebrating and taking her out on the town etc. but there is almost nothing, a brief visit to a cheep shoe shop. She has continued to say that its some sort of inheratence, but the fact that she doesn't know how much it is is rather suspicious. I realize that this might be pre-realease book sales? That there will be money before christmass and the actual book realease date. Atleast by not asking I allow myself to say that (come the claim?!) she dosent need the book money on top of her family money. What a mess. Whilst down in London she gave me £20 for petrol etc. it was of course less than I had spent on her only even on that day alone but it was I nice gesture and I thanked her several times.

On Monday she produced the jar of mushroome from out of my cupboard.

On Tuesday I got up early and showered. I had noticed that she had been going through my room but didn't think she could do much unless I left her for a long time. (to this end I made sure she came with me into town on Tuesday and Wednesday) was distracted thinking about my raf interview. I relly had only been

out for 4 minutes. I came back and tried to turn my charging phone on. I hadn't even turned it off to hide it, it had nearly died during the night. The sim card was bared. I felt really cold. Brooke pretended to know nothing and she offered to put my sim chip in to her phone. Still dead. I did not explode or challenge her. She was obviously nervous and made me tea and toast. We walked down the hill but level with the uni she snapped and said that there was no reason for me to be so moody or grumpy at her. I knew it was her and was cross that she had still not admitted it but I apologized anyway. Luckily I got my phone unbarred quite easily. Unluckily my raf interview fell through because the sqn leader was ill. Sigh. But it's probably a good thing that I will have my oasc after christmas and not during the last days of brooke.

Decided to gently confront her for a change a gently said "lets be honest, I know you looked at my phone" I was very gentle but she exploded "and you look through my rubbish!" (the night before she had found a jar of mushrooms I had saved out of her bin-mummy had hand picked and posted them first class to us) I had said that I noticed them whilst putting fruit peel etc from my dash board into her bin.

Huge row and she packed all her stuff and was about to leave. I held firm but said several times that I didn't want her to go. She had bugged my phone right before an interview, and I apologized to her first, for being cross!! So much for my harder stance on such things. We finally made up and she held me on the sofa, stroking my hair. Very nice. But I was still very upset and said "I had such high and happy hopes for us" she tensed and snapped "o- and iv ruined it all I suppose!" but she continued to hold me.

At the pub with steph, brooke was talking about "ex-sex" how awkward. It also turned out that she loves david bowie. She has never mentioned this before. Although this in itself means nothing it is symptomatic of how much I don't yet know about brooke.

On Tuesday I mentioned that I was nipping out to sea my ta chums to apologise for not going to Canada. I mentioned that I had much preferred being here for her birthday instead. Normally she flips when I lay guilt on her but this time she didn't.

Huge row in the car.

At the station she said "don't take this the wrong way, but whatever happens, lets just enjoy these last two months". It sounded very much like a good bye but lets be friends type of thing.

Reading back over the last week it looks like all we did is argue but this isn't true. The bulk of it was calm and nice. The serious thing is that I really have now identified a distance opening up between us, being allowed by both parties. That's perhaps unfair. We also had a lot of cuddling and cutness to. She has a new uber cute thing of splaying her toes and hands "whilst they are configured to look like paws) which I do genuinely think looks very cute.

Found my bee present receipt moved and her expensive vinegar in her bag

Just phoned her and repeated what I said yesterday, that I'd love to come down and see her soon, perhaps for next weekend. She was rather evasive and non-committal again.

12th Friday, went off to Remembrance Sunday. Am glad to do something positive. It stops me sitting at my computer till 5 in the morning playing games and wanking. For God's sake I'm almost 30. I have to be worth more than this.

Tuesday 16th

Whilst coming back from tea on Tuesday night I'd phoned and was rather chirpy and happy, I repeated my "would love to see you soon" without thinking she would object but she said, what about tomorrow eve? Bugger! Wednesday is rather busy. Testing my clamp and of course seeing Charlie. I scrubbed our first "date" to go and pick Brooke up from Heathrow, could I leave her hanging again. Only a month ago I would have dropped anything for her. Luckily my guilty problem resolved itself. On Wednesday my cam broke whilst testing. This was bad but meant I had to meet Graham that evening to show him (this was also not good!) I phoned her up at about 2 to tell her that I couldn't come down until Thursday morn. The next day, Thursday. I could tell she was upset, but in that grumpy way rather than in a genuinely sad and hurt way. Because she was snapping and grumpy I decided I wouldn't get to see her that eve. Sigh. If she was just sad I would have shot down. It's amazing that she still misses me, but probably good she doesn't manipulate me more I suppose. It transpired the next day that she was very upset, apparently she had booked tickets to a club, because it's something I always ask we do in London. This was both sweet and frustrating. I had guessed that something was up the day before and had asked, only to get the grumpy "no-it's fine, you do your work". I tried to tell her that I could have come down if I knew she had booked tickets for something. This was odd, she of course took it the wrong way, "oh-you will come down for the tickets but not for me". I tried to stress the difference. I didn't care what the show or club was, it was the romantic gesture that would have made me come down. In the end I gave up and just said that we would have to let it lie. She had hung up several times in anger but phoned back. I was cross and said look, I've had a rubbish day yesterday and have worked hard to free myself up. She kept replying "no, it's ok, if you've got work to do" all very childish and frustrating. But I picked up that she had had a bad day too. I asked and after a moment's pause she went into a huge explanation that she was wading through frustrating paperwork to stay in the country. Bingo! That's why she was feeling both prickly yet fragile and in need of attention and sympathy. In a long pause she said I should come down. I had already packed and set off. I brought the TV and was cross to see Emily turn up as I left and grump that I had taken it. I hate being taken advantage of and underappreciated. No one had thanked me for leaving it last time and struggling with Emily's old fuzzy one. I had no time to tinker and it was my TV after all!

Thursday to Monday. A busy, generally happy few days. On Saturday we took the train to Watford and saw Matthew and Mandy and mat etc. on Sunday we finally got my TV tuned in and watched monarch of the glen whilst Brooke cooked nice thanks giving stuff. Latter that same eve my James turned up and on Monday we took him to Greenwich to see the maritime museum whilst giving him a look at London on the boat. James had made a mess of meeting a girl who turned out to be in Nottingham so I took him there that evening, I also had a RAF interview first thing Tuesday. Once again a nice few days was slightly ruined by a rather dismissive and cold goodbye from Brooke. Shouldn't be too upset though, she had been very cute and girly most of the time, which was a much appreciated feminine touch after the shock of her new ultra short hair cut. She warned me that it was very anie Lennox, whom she knows I like, but in truth it was a full on crew-cut, and ginger to-boot! Did get used to it over the weekend and it is nice to stroke, sniff and play with. On the subject of cute, whilst playing with mats babies stuff we found a squeezey "bag-pus" mouse which sung the "we will fix it" song. It was very cute and Brooke sung it many times, melting my heart each time. Sigh, how silly. Especially as Brooke mentioned how she thinks she can so easily bush my "buttons", but she said it in a gentle way. Another thing that bubbled up during a tense moment is that it seems bee thinks im seeing Becky again! I can see how a few throw away remarks have put her in Brookes mind but it is of course totally false. I suppose the point being is that there is always some one acting as a temptation, (like the very lovely Charlie, for example). Brooke had said that she worried that I was only going out with her because I was desperate and lonely. I thought this was rather harsh and unfair on both of us so, knowing that it could go wrong, said that there were lots of girls that liked me, I was with Brooke because she was the best, that that was how love worked. I tried to stress that bee was a real catch and could easily out class the competition but she of course choose to think I was threating her that she was only a contender until some one better turned up, i.e., I was lonely and desperate. Sigh. She really is very insecure, she constantly says that no one likes or fancies her, that when she went to Cambridge last weekend to Cox no one wanted to talk to her. This makes me feel both glade and sad for her. It also explains why she sounded so cross when she phoned last week and perhaps a bit desperate? On that note, several times Brooke began to flip again, as she lost her gloves or I tried to buy some jeans at asda, and, after a period of us teetering on the edge of a huge Brooke rage, she reached for my hand and apologized. This is still very much appreciated but does again show that Brooke is the same (neurotic) under the surface. Also, when Brooke got tired of me trying on jeans and even more upset that I didn't appear (to her eyes) to be rating her advice (something that keeps cropping up and always silly that I take great pains to disprove) she said that she wasn't going to buy me a present of boxer shorts after all. They were in her hand!! Quite petulant really. O dear.

As an aside, finally, after almost two years passing since being made redundant, am broke. There is a huge difference between watching your bank balance and not going crazy on clothes and cd's and were I am now, thinking "if I fill the car with petrol can I pay my rent. Bum, would be lovely if brooke opened her compassion-heart and bank balance. Better still, I got graham to pay me the money he owes me, or of course, the ultimate goal, I got into the raf!!

9th of dec. Thursday eve.

a lot has happened in the last few days, will try to get through most of it. Unlike when I first started righting this diary I no longer do it out of a burning desire to get my point across to someone out as a way of guarding my self against something unforeseen but dreaded. I still feel the apathy I have felt since Nepal. I don't feel the pain I did before, I get annoyed with her now rather than torn up. This is obviously both good yet sad, indicative of me letting go perhaps. I write this now because I get a real feeling that it is all coming to an end and I will probably want to know how it all fished out sometime in the future. I suspect that this will be impossible. I have always said that it is impossible to remember an emotion or feeling, just the things you did whilst feeling it. I already can't imagine driving down to see brooke just on the offchance of catching her with nick etc. This again is probably both sad yet healthy. On Sunday brooke mentioned, almost incidently, that she was going to the peace core and would be gone for two years, was this ok? There was no holding my hand and looking me in the eye. I had known about the peace core but it had never sunk in before. This is not all entirely my fault. On the few times I have tried to talk about this type of thing brooke has always exploded. I have only just realized how close christmas is and therefore new year, the date when she leaves. This is not quite the cliff it might be because only last week she asked if I wanted to visit her in the usa, which I have been hinting about for ages. Any way, im getting a head of my self, I will try to do this in order.

Firstly, im now 30. arse, had to happen eventually, but was hoping to put it off for a bit longer. The good thing is that on Friday I finally got my second raf interview sorted for the the end of march. Hurra! This stops me drifting through christmas feeling that im in free fall whilst daddy (with my best intentions at heart) tries to suggest that perhaps I should look at a "career" in manual labouring etc. I have also kept my self from thinking about being old by a combination of the mature and the very immature, from playing james over the internet, admiring my new shiny phone with a built in camera-compass etc and doing lots of work for graham. Have also realized that christmas is rather close and have been tarding up my double skull and trying to lose weight etc. (the later is proving very difficult as every way I turn im being offered amazing food) im off to germany next week and can assume ill be having a few bears too. Im not such a baa-humbag that I can

pretend this is the worst fate to befall anyone, but I do have to get fit for the interview.sigh. I think I have sorted my annual camp for the middle of march (I so need that bounty!) and I have just got daddy a subscription to "the week" for his birthday, which I can of course read to whilst home for christmass!

Biut this is all background. The biggest thing keeping me distrected over the week end has of course been brooke. And what a weekend, I have seen the best and worst of what she is and has to offer.

She came up on Thursday. She was going to come up late, in the evening, but announced late wed that she was goin to come up early, this was very sweet and I picked her up at lunch time (helping her with her huge straw hamper) and we set off to the hills up behind ecesal road chaseing the bright wintery sunshine. Before we lost it behind the west ward hills We found a lay by and, taking down the back seats, set out the food picknick style in the back of my car. She had really tried hard, a lot of it was handmade, including the menu, nut everything else was top notch "fortnam and masons". It was very nice and as I had specially sarved my self all day I was able to do it justice. She was trying so hard, but as the sunset pink and the radio played motart over the fizz of vitage cider she relaxed. Very nice. We nipped back to my house (which I had spent the whole morning tidying ecspecialy) and had happy, playfull, vigiorous sex, she was being so cute and meowed all the way through. Afterwards she asked id she could check her e-mail on my computer, as I did so, still naked, I looked back and saw her sitting on my bed, hugging her leggs,with her knees drawn up under her chin. Her pussey was still wet and engorged and as I was too, I pounced on her again. My cock had never really gone down and although we had only just finished 4 mins before I found myself effortlessly slipping into her again. Wow its been months since weve gone back to back shagging. So far so good!!

We then zome doff to meet graham by meadow hell to pick up some money and then went to the ugc to see the increadables. Brooke had supplied us with lots of lovely choclet to eat in the cinema. Then back home and more sex! Ignoring all the physical stuff for a moment brooke was also being very open and honest, some thing she carried on until Monday night. As we had driven up the hill, only 30 mins since picking her up, she had gushed her feelings out. She explained that she had come up early becuse she had had a horrible Wednesday (something I had picked up on texts). She had gone to a plastic surgen and been told that there wasn't much that could be done with her face. She apologized instantly for sounding so vain and I repeated that I didnt think she needed anything done. She felt as I hafe done with failed raf interviews. You just don't know how much you are reallying on something until its taken away. She said that she wasn't even sure if she wanted any surgery, but being told that it couldnt happen (her current skin is already "new") had left her in free fall. Its such a shame, and I sincerely sympathized with her. Im a bloke and rather old fashioned but even I don't like it when I have a big spot on my nose, and looking at brooke objectively I can see that what she says about other people staring at her is probably true. To cruley emphasise the point she had a fresh red boil on the side of her temple. Poor thing. But being awfully, almost tastelessly, optimistic, I don't notice her spots-scars and im the one kissing her cheek every

night. It could be worse for her, I really do visualise her eyes and smile. I have to say that I don't want to sound like a hero, its easy not to notice her face when the rest of her is so lovely. I think that she is possibly at her perfect body shape at the moment and told her so many times. She came up warning me that she had become fat and flabby but I found her stomach firm and flat and her skin smooth and warm. She is gorgeous. Im the one whos recently put on a stone!

That evening we sat up with Mark eating things from the hamper and drinking fine whisky (the stuff I had brought for my clamor testing engineer!) amazingly it was aboulour, a place I had visited with Brooke and she had pinched some whisky barrel staves. I pretended that I had known this all along. It was a lovely evening of fine food and good conversation.

On Friday morning we saw James and came back to pack. It was here that Brooke showed the first underlying signs of stress that bubbled up so awfully later on. She had stayed at James too long and we needed to be off up the road. I finally dropped enough hints and got back home. I had to pack but after only 5 mins she went down stairs and said "im ready, lets go" I couldn't believe it. She then got more persistent and I got more flustered. It was here that I pulled something in my back and by the time I got into the car I was quite hassled. She kept putting her hand on my mine and telling me to calm down. I politely explained that I was only stressed because I thought she was. The truth was she had manifested a complete lack of empathy or forethought and was the the whole reason why I was so stressed. We both managed to calm down and we set off up the road but we ran into trouble again when we began to hit traffic. It was Friday evening and I didn't think the traffic was as bad as it could have been, but Brooke was really on the edge of losing it several times. She was trying to make it sound funny by meowing impatiently but I could tell how stressed she was. It was a long awkward drive in the dark foggy hills and I could have done with a bit of support rather than me soothing her, but I was cheered to see that she was trying to control her angst. In hindsight I now realize that it wasn't the road that was bother her in it self but this almost fanatical desire for everything to be perfect. any way, we finally got to the place and it was really lovely. We got settled in and dressed up to go out. Brooke really went to town with lots of effort. We had had a meal booked at one of the local pubs which was nothing special but totally adiquet. This combined with honest friendly chat with Brooke made it a lovely eve. When we got back we ran bath which was now essential because out of the blue my back had got exponentially worse, really spasming. Brooke really was lovely with a post bath back rub and suggesting which of my pills I should take (lucky I had thought to bring them, even hassled!) she was calm and lovely.

The next day we got up relatively early and I totally pigged out at breakfast, eating far too much bacon, when we got back up to our room she offered me my morning "milk" but I had to say no, the combination of my back and aching belly, sigh. we got dressed and set off down the road, but we hadn't got far when we noticed a column of steam from the rail museum. We turned up and got

ourselves on to a christmass special! It was very nice but strangely couply. We were surrounded by young familys and tiny kids. I got a real feel of what it would be like to be young parents. saddly, Only the day before brooke had embarisedly mentioned thay one of the reasons she didn't want kids was that her face would probably become very bad assoon as she came off the pill.

Because we had paid for it we then went to the post trip sherry and mince pie in a lovely train hanger done up for the occasion. We were both feeling mischovous and every one was so friendly so we even went into the sants grotto! When the "elve" opened the currtin she looked behind our legs to find our children, we sheepishly explained that we didn't have any but I asked santa for a good job and brooke to stay in the country.

After that we visited a craft fare and then went on up a lovely valley for a walk beside a river.it was all very nice and we chatted about loads, she even admitted that her current money amounted to about a hnundred thousand, so she couldn't afford to buy a house in London just yet, but Scotland? I was a bit upset-in a funny way- because every time we went past a house brooke said she wanted to buy it, I said that I wanted her near grantown. I also got very muddy feet and like a real townie I was wearing trainers. We stopped once at a waterfall and she offered me a milking again, and again I turned her down. This had doubled the time I had ever refused her in only one morning, but we were right by a path and any one could have come round. Also, at the back of my mind I had a feel I wanted to face. Every since I had noticed myself pulling away from brooke I had noticed that sex was no longer amazing. This was of course highly subjective, I refer you to my earlier coment on not beinbg able to rereember a feeling, but I wanted to try and wait for a ggod moment. It was lovely that brooke kept odffering me sex but as I had said to her only recently (as she repeted her fear that with beacky thad given sex 9 times a night) it was quality not quantity I wanted but quality. I am very glad I did this, when we finally got back and had slipped out of our muddy cloths and bathed I went down on her, slipping in a finger whilst she masterbated herself. We have done this several times recently and it always good,she really wen wild. Whilst she was climaxing i slipped my cock in beneth my finger, it was amazing, I had grown really hard whilst I was down between her thighs. Not only was this phisikly very nice but reasuerd me that I could still feel real passion with her. I was glad I had waited. She later mentioned that whwen she had seen me rising off the bed she had been worried that I wouldn't fit! This was possably true , I was red and throbbing and felt that lovely feeling of the edge of my head rubbing and catching on folds deep indeide her, I saw her eyes open wide in surprise as I felt my head scrape against her still sensitive g.spot. I realize that its probably nice for her if I go without for a day aswell, I really was a tight fit.

As we went past the shop we had visited earlier I noticed some one I suspected being the auther of the book signing we had read about running past. We turned round and went back to talk to him. His book was about horatio after all and if I didn't, who would!?

we nipped in to say hi. I had been feeling overly empathic all week end and I felt sorry for him. I suspected that no one else would turn up. We had a chat and

promised to come back latter. We explored the village a bit, which was really intrewtting and very nice. Several people noticed that I had slopped on to my bum and covered it with mud. Brooke had apologized all the way round which was very sweet but unnessery, I had boots in my car and it was my own laziness at not wanting to polish them again that had left me so unprepared.

On the way back to our room I helped a lady pick up a bag of spuds and put it in her car, she was so gratefull that she gave us both an apple. I felt really happy to have helped and we walked back hand in hand.

After our amazing sex we dressed up and went back to the book signing, im so glade we did, no one else had turned up and we drank mulled winr and lovely local mince pies with him and the shop owner. Brooke even bought a book off him and I promised to use it in an essay in either rcranwell or Sandhurst. We then went out to an amazing resterant. On the way we stopped off at a pub and stood by a real fire as a band played northumbriam folk. I smiled and told brooke that I liked "playing grown ups" with her. She smiled and said we wewre grown ups!

Te meal was amazing, steak and haggis with lots of wine. Even allowing for feeling tipsy I was really enjoying the leval of intamasey I felt. We we tiked about every thing from sex to constipation, manily how I was missing out never to have a hard poo. The old "shigasm" I hear people coming off excersice talking about. Wew went to one last pub and than staggered home. Brooke had payed for the meal again witch was very nice. This week end is the first time I have let her pay for more than half of anything, most of our relationship ofcourses she has paid for nothing. I tried to enjoy being "treated" and not worry about brooke "getting the upper hand" this was my birthday and she was trying hard. I should be generous to except the gifts.

We had yet another bath together (she had brought a complet set of nice bath oils and suds etc) and she cleaned my bum. I thought this was nice at the time but thought that this was the whole thing, so imagine my surprise when latter she begane licking my arse! It was very strange but rather nice. The point of course was that this was the first time anyone had done this so I was happy to tick another thing of the mental list. Also, I think its good that were still doing new thigs together.

We lay on the bed naked till late watching films and cuddling. Im not sure if it was her short hair or the odd surondings but I got an odd feeling that it wasn't brooke but someone else. It was a tiny feeling and of course my brain new it was her, I was just struck how pretty she was and how I was seeing in my birthday liying beside a gourageous naked woman, were as the rest of the day I had felt I was spending it with brooke specifically. I cant really expree the feeling. Sigh. It was only this night that I really realized that she was going, or atleast how close it had all got.

The film was interesting to, it had a guy who treated his girlfriend badly and then dumped her to go off with someone else, later, when he had realized that he had made a mistake and been cheated on by the new woman he tried to get back with the old girlfriend, but she had already married someone new. This was rather apt for things later said on Tuesday. I realize that Brooke (and she has said so to) knows she has misspent the last year plus. She mentioned that Nick is now happily moving in with his new (as of two months) girlfriend. Does this explain why the condoms haven't gone down recently? She has been dumped. There is such a feeling of panic and loss. She feels such a complete failure, going back with no job and knows that everyone will look down on her for not being married with kids etc. no matter how she tries to fight it she is also feeling the Bridget Jones syndrome. I can totally sympathise, she's going back home with very little to show for four years and she can't really talk about her money to anyone. If I could just be sure it was me specifically she wanted and not just a other half, although I can see the two are not mutually exclusive. The thing is that again and again she lets slip that no one wants her, no one is flirting with her. I think she feels very lonely.

On Tuesday she sobbed and raged that no one wanted her, none of her ex boyfriends were trying to get back with her, in fact several had e-mailed out of the blue specifically to tell her they had now got married to someone else! Somethin I have just realized, Brooke has begun to emphasise and remind me that we have been together for three years. This is odd as only recently I was underlining this to her, as a way of trying to emphasise what a couple we are. Is she now trying to point out the same to me?

Anyway, back to Sunday. We woke up and struggled down to breakfast, sadly I had an upset stomach during the night but I was still happy that my back was all better. On that first Friday night I couldn't even undress! I really am now a convert to painkillers! After breakfast we packed everything up and said our good byes. We stopped off at a village just up the valley and walked to a truly amazing water fall, again following a right of way over green fields and through farm court yards. Again the sharp winter sun showed us mile upon miles of lovely views in crisp clean air. On the way back we were able to better appreciate the route we had taken there in the dark and fog. We even stopped off for yet another pub meal at a place just off the A66, which Brooke had only just read about in my the week, how cool!

I dropped her off at James for a couple of ours whilst I caught up with all my birthday phone calls, I even had a sneaky game over the internet with James, to celebrate him sorting it all out at last. I did this the next night too when I thought Brooke needed some time off me. She was beginning to show signs of stress. On Monday eve we went back and saw the Manturian candidate, it was all going so well, but on the way back we began to talk about something I can't even remember now. Somehow we got onto the subject of her past sex experience and she said that I would always think of her as a whore, I tried to tell her I didn't but deep down was again upset by her escorting, and this time was less able to forgive and

ignore. A yes! I've just remembered, we were talking about meeting her parents, I was worried what they would think of me and she said that I was not to worry, that had met loads of boys she had brought home in the past. It all sounds so innocent now, but this turned out to be the start of a horrible 24 hours. I can't quite explain why but it slipped out that Sue wanted to marry me, there and then Brooke said that she was upset "I only have a little fragile heart" this was very sweet and I did my best to calm her and tell her that I didn't feel anything for Sue. I thought it was sorted but when we woke up she was distant. I had really enjoyed our morning cuddles over the week end, also Brooke had hugged me every night whilst we slept, now, nothing. I realise that I only truly feel emotionally close to the Brooke of old, the one I fell in love with, when we are very close, sharing our heat and touching each other. I suspect she's the same and we constantly sniff each other's ears and nuzzle each other, it's very nice and I missed it when she didn't. I asked for a cuddle and she said "oh, I suppose you want sex?" I tried to say no and explain I wanted a cuddle, I had thanked every morning over the last few days for our morning cuddles. But it was all in vain, she was really cold. She packed her stuff and left. I couldn't believe it! I'd got dressed and went down stairs, I had expected to see her sitting on the sofa, but no, she had gone. I set off down the hill and only just noticed her sitting on some steps just down the road, "off to buy your comic then!?" I explained to her that no, that was tomorrow, I had come to find her. The next three hours then broke down into a horrible round of her being really rude, me trying to get her back home, asking and pleading, but she would always go one step too far, one insult too outrageous and I'd dig my heels in and she'd storm off, only to phone 5 mins later as I had just reached my house again, to demand I come back and be nice to her. This happened each time and each time she got further down the hill. Each time I'd turn round and find her, asking her nicely to come back, but I was also losing my patience, she really was out of control, yelling and sobbing on the path and attracting attention. She kept demanding that I be nice to her, but she just couldn't let me hug her or be natural about it. She would do that infuriating thing where she would angrily yank my hands to her head and make me stroke her hair, real in a rage stuff. It all got out of hand and in the end we were sitting down by Mushroom Lane beside the busy path. She was scarily unhinged and was obviously trying to let people see us together. To deliberately make a scene. I asked again and again if we could sit somewhere else. I was quite angry by this time and tried to stand up for myself, as she yanked and tore at my clothes I explained that I couldn't lose another RAF slot, alluding to the time she called the police, "people are looking at me like I've just beaten you up"! We were only sitting here, no one will call the police", "I was only sitting in my car doing nothing the last time I was cautioned"! This didn't seem to go in at the time but later she apologized for wasting the last three years of my life and ruining my career.

Through out the day I tried to calm her and explain that I couldn't do the things she was worried about, she screamed that she didn't want facts, but simply wanting comfort. This sounds very noble but is rubbish. If she wasn't after facts she wouldn't go through my drawers and phone etc. and yet, when only an hour

latter I offer to let her check my call regestar and saved texts, she says that she dosent want facts!! Another example was that before she had stormed off in the morning she had said, that why you visit me in a car isnt it, so you can see her (sue) afterwards!! I held my tongue, about to say that the reason I waste all that petrol and wear out my car is because she cant go a week with out kicking me out of the house. Something that becomes a lot more aquard when uyou have to wait for a train on a cold platform. I tried to convince her instead that it was hourd to get to Norwich, only for her to tell me, the driver, that you couldnt do London to Norwich in under an hour! What stupidity. Later I cheacked the map, even ignoring the m25 its 120miles! I tried to tell her this as proof but of course this just wound her up. Perhaps shes right, facts have no meaning to her, its all about reasureance and trust,. Unfortunately she doesnt have this either

Eventually I got her back to my house and she said that she needed quite for 5 mins, I leave her downstairs to meditate but she just checked the ineternet instead. The next day mark found out that she had left lts of address on his serch engine. One of which was how to deal with jealousy in an open relationship. I dont know what to think about this, happy that she is trying to deal with her anger and phycosis or up set that she thinks of it as n open relationship.

Back to Monday. I tried to talk about things and calm haer down but she was really upset. Another supprise form the past was that I think of her as whitr trash and her family like jerry Springer, after a throw away comment made years ago at a reme black tie function. Its another example of her stewing on something secretly. She had said then that she was white trash come good. Sigh. I wonder how many of these innocent but corrosive insults and misunderctendings are burning away at her inside? And I thought I was the one who bit there tounge and stwed.

We tried a wlk around damflask but that didnt work either, but atleast we got to talk about things abit. But she could only sob that the whole weekend was wasted and she would go home and feel a fool for having wasted £600. she spent a lot of time trying to convince me that going home was actually a good thing to do and that she wouldnt be away that long really. She than said that she was terrified of being away, that she knew how funny men got at 31, when they would suddenly marry the next ine that comes along. I did in fact know what she means, steps ex had done just that. I did understand what brooke ment, it was probably even true, but I couldnt explane that I wasnt about to marry sue. I tried to again say that it was like the way she felt for her james. She only said that none of her exes slept with or wanted to marry her I tried to comfort her, I said that id been trying to marry her all year, this didnt help. Earlier ion the car she had said, in an overly forced calm voice after an argument about all the thing she said that she did and tried to stay, all she can do now is go home. it was said with faer and anger so I cant jump on it but I wonder if I will look back on this when I am old, maybe lonley and single? I really did have the chance once. But in the

same conversation she went on to say how upset she was when I called adopted children cuckoos! Because she didn't want to have children.

I finally got her to stay an extra hour, with the hope we could patch things up, I even pleaded with her, but she just kept on writing e-mails. I took her down to the station really angry and fed-up. She was beyond all reach. I walked her to the train door and at the very last moment we managed a cuddle. She looked me in the eye and said "remember, you love me" I secretly wondered if I did any more. How could any one after all that. She didn't phone that night but on Wednesday texted that her train had been delayed and got in late. She then simply added that she "needed some time to think about things" I have not hear from her since. I hate this, its this feeling of feeling dumped or at the very least being "assed". The hipocrasy is of course that she repeatedly says she hates the feeling that im always asseing her, that she is constantly found wanting. I lost my temper again and asked , "I don't know why you say you are so lonely?, I am lonely because of the position iv been placed in, but you are were you want to be, you are in control" she flipped, she said "yes I knopw iv cocked it all up, its all my fault, you don't have to tell me!"

The difference between brooke and me. I, despite all evidence to the contrary, try to think the best of brooke, brooke, despite all evidence to the contrary, tries to think the worst of me.

I think that brooke had a precedent for me that she didn't give me when it all began going wrong. I understand of course but I know she wouldn't tolerate the same in me.