

Never Ever Lasting

Monologue by Vivian Wholey

I knew it wouldn't last. It's nothing he said or nothing he did. I just knew. So you may be wondering why I stayed with him. The answer is honestly quite sad and embarrassing and you have to promise you won't think any differently of me. I liked having a boyfriend. I liked that there was someone who found me attractive. I liked that there was a guy who wanted to spend time with me. I liked how it felt to say "oh sorry I can't I'm hanging out with my boyfriend" or "my boyfriend and I." It's sad, I know.

The part that's the most sad though, is that he wasn't even a good one. He never made me feel beautiful, he never made me feel wanted. He never felt like a boyfriend at all. I didn't love him, I don't even think I liked him. I definitely did at first, and I definitely convinced myself that I did because by god, I was going to do everything in my power to stay in this relationship or make it work because... I was afraid I would never find anyone else. And again, I know that's sad but it's the truth. I didn't realize it at the time but it's the truth. What else are you supposed to do when for the longest time you feel like you're never going to be loved by someone. When you're treated like shit by so many guys your whole life. When someone comes along after everything you've been through and shows an ounce of a liking towards you. Even if they do less than the bare minimum throughout the entire relationship, but it's ok, because you'll take anything you can get and hey, you're just happy someone notices you.

You know what's funny is that everyone around me saw it. Everyone around me could see he wasn't treating me right. Everyone told me that too. At one point my closest friend, when I was telling her for like the 1000th time in the relationship that I felt like he wasn't putting in any effort, said that she couldn't give me any more advice than to break up with him. And yet I didn't. Someone who knows me as well as I know myself, someone whose opinion I care about the most in my life, someone who cares about me more than he ever did, and I didn't listen. And it kills me inside. But I had spent so much of my life telling myself that I didn't deserve better, that I told everyone, including my best friend, that it was fine and that I was happy. They all definitely knew that was bullshit. Everyone did, except me. And the worst part of it is that I convinced myself I was happy and liked him long enough to let him break *my* heart.

You know, despite all this, I don't regret the relationship. I don't. Because if I didn't experience it at all, I would have never learned how important it is to listen to my friends and family. Because if the people closest to you can see that there's something wrong, then there must be. And now I also know not to put up with shit like that in the future. The only thing I do regret though, not ever telling him to fuck off.