

I found something that hit a nerve in me:

"This restriction is largely a matter of common sense. If a person has so little respect for a spouse that he has an affair--whether it's physical or emotional--with someone new, then it's difficult to believe that he would be any more faithful to the new love.

"Whether the previous relationship was ended by a divorce, a broken engagement, a jilting or a partner's death, the character does not enter a new relationship until there has been adequate time to heal. Rebound relationships often don't last in real life, and they're not convincing in fiction."

Never could any words be more true. It's just too bad they weren't published just a few years earlier. I wouldn't be here in this prison. Every girl I've ever known, c-wise, did

NOT know of these words, or if they did, they didn't live by them anymore than I did.

We were all horrible.

Every single ex would lead you to believe it was all my fault; something to that effect was mentioned humorously at my trial even, as if I were some manipulating womanizer or something. Completely wrong of course, because every girl I dated was what most would call a "loose" girl. I preferred them that way back then. So, they weren't innocent things I took advantage of--far from it. They were taking advantage of me. Or, you could say it was more of a trading of sorts.

They either liked my sports cars, my houses and the show I put on for them, and thought they could get something out of me; or they were simply an easy girl wanting fun. Either way, innocent is not a word you could ever apply to any of the girls I dated, got engaged to, or married! Because every single one was with someone when I met them, or I was and they knew it but didn't care, or, we were both in other relationships. I met 95 percent of them by cheating with them, and was cheated on by them at some point in the subsequent relationship. Most of them, but not all of them, I cheated on.

Okay, I can count on one hand the girls I was faithful to completely--but it was a waste of my time since they were cheating so much and refused to quite, or realize I knew E-V-E-R-Y-T-H-I-N-G they thought they were getting away with.

I didn't avoid girls that were smart.

I just didn't meet them in my line of work, or lifestyle.

Well, not true; there were many smart girls, they were just smart enough to stay away from me--I guess they knew of the excerpted words I've presented--kudos for them. They were wise enough not to chase after me, the married guy, or the guy that was engaged. Or, they were with someone and simply didn't cheat.

If I had not lived the way I did, with the type of women I did, it's true, I wouldn't be in my current predicament. But neither would I have been married, or had any kids. The five children produced from the lifestyle I and their mother's lived in, would not have ever been born, if any of us had took heed to the excerpted words. It's a conundrum. Because I wouldn't trade any of it for anything. I love my kids and I love the time I spent with their mothers. Every relationship was bad, and wrong, but they had their moments. Priceless moments.

Conundrums ... suck.

For me it's not possible to fix anything. Nothing can be done, just as nothing could be done. A time machine would only complicate matters worse for me, my kids, and ex--all of them. They are exactly where they are, because of what we did; and if I were not where I am, they would not be where they are. It would all be different, and most likely worse. It could be better perhaps, but worse is not an option. So, all I can do is keep on living, working, and doing what I can. All the while being thankful that those I love, and have been loved by, are



alive and well. I think of them often, and wish them the best of luck.

The prolongation of my pain is guaranteed.

There is no(josei)女性, in my future, only those lost.

Then again, I'll forever be the hopeless romantic; and any self respecting romantic knows it comes when you least expect it. Perhaps one day.... If not; I'm glad for what I had.

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