



JOHNNY MAHAFFEY SAYS:
"Quid pro quo, my Jaime 2"

06.01.14

Another "Jaime," a latent doppelganger of my ex, apologized to me, "on behalf of all Jaime's." This apology was accepted!

It was sweet, she was--maybe even--sincere, and it did mean something to me: though it caused me to realize, that the overall character arc of this blog's portrayal for the infamous ex (Jaime 1)--shows her as a shun-worthy villainess.

In virtue? Yes, most definitely!

In trust? Marrital vow? Certainly, in the end.

She failed in many things, as do most of us ... including myself. And yes, she could still do better by our son with contact, and therin lies the immorality she's unable to comprehend. Perhaps after she's "grown up," some more, she'll come around. Or, she'll simply continue along in the stage of denial until Collin (CJ) is old enough to step up and make the choice himself? I'm sure any child would be interested to find they have four siblings, and a dad, who are all very much alive, and would like to meet.

Even doner babies attempt to meet their sperm doner fathers, meeting in groups, comparing notes. The pull to know your genetic origin, and sharing, can be extremely strong; and no amount of misinformation can change DNA that is obviously different. A child knows when they're unlike their surrounding counterparts, I knew. Nobody had to tell me; I knew my father was different. I was unlike anyone else in the house--in many ways--unlike any in my mother's side of the family. Even at 9, 8, or 6, I knew. I felt it, and I seen it: it was in my eyes, my thoughts, even my perception of the world.

In Jaime 1's own court-recorded words, she was: "naive."

But then again, those were all rehearsed words--since the Solicitor pretty much staged his own play weeks before the trial, with all the little puppets on stage, reading mind-printed words. Even jurors were later subjected to such prosecutorial idiocy and improper influence. So really, her self-description as naive, is more the state's needed depiction of her in a failed attempt to discruciate me, and discredit the love we once shared.

No, I think she's less the neophyte, and less the retaliatory little dupe she's been shown to be. I'd like, however, to clarify that I hold no animosity towards the once loving wife of my life's past (either of them, or any other ex for that matter), my heart is clear of darkness, as I hold a special place for them each; and I am thankful to have been given the

privilege to have loved and lost. They are each special for their own unique reasons, and though they are estranged to me, I am sure they are still just as lovely as the day I fell in love with them--though, slightly jaded, to say the least. For that, they may pass a share of blame to me.

To lighten their load; pass me all!

Tolstoy wrote, "women--that's the pivot on which everything turns." Two of his male characters in *Anna Karenina* elaborate this:

"But what about?"

"Here's what. Suppose you're married, you love your wife, but you become infatuated with another woman..."

"Excuse me, but I decidedly do not understand how I ... just as I don't understand how I could pass by a bakery, as full as I am now, and steal a sweet roll."

Stepan Arkadyich's eyes shone more than usual.

"Why not? Sometimes a sweet roll is so fragrant that you can't help yourself."

The enchanting fragrance of sweet rolls permeate every corner of South Carolina, of this I will not lie; and I always had a habit of nibbling on another before finishing the one I already had. I had an issue, yes.

And though, Jaime 2, is more a Baklava than a roll--I must refrain. I have--the hard way--learned to diet. I am sorry for all the half-eaten rolls I've left scattered about. Every now and then, I see another roll, but any future nibble belongs to Jennifer--or, more of a consuming ... if she'll allow it, and Fate one day permits. But, she too has her own life to live, and having some jaded inmate, or ex-inmate, in ones life is not very appealing to any woman's circle of friends or family. I can understand the shunning I've gotten from so many, yet, I'd like to think I'd of done a little different if in their shoes.

Then again, who knows?

Love is cruel; always has been, and will be.

Still, I reiterate that there's no animosity. All the hate is towards me, not from within me; and that hate directed at me is ... mostly ... due to misunderstandings. So, I thank the doppelganger, Jaime 2, and her like: my writing can--I hope in some way--help you and others, learn from, and avoid, my mistakes. Or, in the least, find amusement in them.

A smile, is the flag of a warmed heart.

While men may like their sweet roll (or the rare Baklava), women too have weaknesses: they like their sour gummy worms, the ones they know will leave a bad taste, but they eat them anyway. Just as we, over and over, and over--making face, but enjoying every bite.

"There are very few women's lives that are not--tremulous,"

--"Tess of the D'Urbervilles"
by Thomas Hardy