

SABOTAGE

sab·o·tage

Treacherous action to defeat or hinder a cause or an endeavor; deliberate subversion.

I have recently learned from www.dictionary.com that I have mastered the ability to sabotage. Better said, I can successfully ruin a relationship without even consciously trying. I haven't had a boyfriend who has lasted more than three months in the last four years. I've had sex buddy relationships last longer than that, but there's no commitment and no expectations, so it's safe. There's no real need to sabotage a safe relationship.

When I do get in a relationship that seems to be “good,” I am always waiting for the bottom to drop out. He'll get bored of me. I'll get bored of him. He'll change his mind. I'll change my mind. He'll wake up one day, generally within the three-month time frame and realize I'm not what he actually wants. Or I'll realize that I was blind or hallucinating when I decided to date him. How can I commit when I expect it to end? I tell myself I'd be stupid if I actually believe the relationship will work out.

My most commonly used sabotage technique is the “smother and run” method. I meet a guy, have sex with him within the first couple dates, that

is if there is any actual dates other than getting drunk, making out and having sex. Then we base our relationship on sex, never really getting to know each other, and having the time of our life for, well, about three months. We spend every day and night together, then I wake up one day and realize my needs aren't being met, sexually or otherwise. Let's be serious, the older you get the less men put out, and I decide that they don't even know me, nor do I want to get to know them. So I run, if he hasn't already run for the hills. It's pretty simple really...a guilt free, no effort break up.

I know I'm not the only one who does this, but I think I've perfected it. If only I could bottle the Three Months of Heaven Relationship without any side effects and sell it on the open market to those who aren't too commitment phobic to try but commitment phobic enough to not want an actual relationship...I'd be rich.

Another sabotage method is "the suspicious cheater," this isn't used as much because the relationship doesn't last long enough and I'm normally not too jealous of a person. But I do fully expect the man I'm with to cheat or wish to cheat, so sometimes I become the psycho, jealous, suspicious chick who thinks the relationship is perfect except for the fact that at every moment my abnormal unrealistic insecurities flood the scene. This, at times, causes me, the girl, to act proactively. If I can't catch him in the act, then I'll just go ahead and do it too. I generally never tell the man, but I feel good and bad that I may have the upper hand having done such an immature thing first. The guilt normally gets the best of me and, instead of confessing, I either make up a stupid reason to not see him anymore, or (my favorite method) I'll be distant and act like a jerk picking fights so he'll break up with me...just like a guy. Somehow it elevates the guilt of cheating if you're not guilty of breaking up with the poor guy. He keeps his dignity by saying he dumped you, and you really know why it didn't work out. Everybody wins, right?

The fear is still the motivation. At times, I have a fear of what I am or am not missing out on if I'm in a relationship. I haven't met a man yet who I'm happy enough with that I don't think that. Nicolas, one of my male college friends called recently and we were discussing his recent marriage. I asked him how it was going. His reply: "OK." He's been married for less than six months, and it's "OK." I asked what was up and Nicolas said that he wished he would have gotten married when he was younger so he wouldn't

know what he was missing out on. Since most men are getting married later and later in life, I'm pretty sure Nicolas is not the only one who misses his free swinging bachelor life with no one to answer to but himself. I know I would miss mine too if I were all of a sudden married. You can't blame him.

Then Nicolas said that when he goes on business trips now it's even more difficult. There are always all kinds of women around with opportunities to cheat, which of course he thinks about, but right now his morals and commitment are keeping him faithful. Which is a good thing, but how long is that going to last if the temptation is already there after only six months? Within a few years the temptation may be too great, or Nicolas might become that emotionless, zombie husband doing what is right because he HAS TOO! Maybe cheating, maybe not, but certainly not living his life, that's for sure. Always thinking about the happy life that he misses every day of his miserable life. The poor bastard!

I don't want that for my husband or me. It just seems that the amount of time to be happy in a relationship is minimal, so why foolishly think it will be around forever? Why not keep every relationship brief and to the point? Having all the fun you can have, then jumping ship before it sinks. Either that or start drilling a hole in the bottom, like I do, or keep your eyes out for an iceberg and steer straight for it and hope for the sequel to the *Titanic*.

I probably sabotage because I don't know if I've ever been really "In Love." I've said I love you back to a lot of guys who I know for sure I didn't love. I have grown to love some, but I know I wasn't ever IN LOVE with them. I definitely know infatuation, maybe a little too well. It's the best feeling in the world for about three months. Then it disappears about the same time I get dumped or bored

I *am* one step closer to solving my sabotage "problem." I am *aware* of my bad behavior, but, as usual, I am not ready to change. I guess when I do finally get to that desperate point of either dying alone or finding a man to love me and give him a chance, I'll know what to talk to my therapist about. That should be fun:

Therapist: So what's the problem now?

Me: I'm a total commitment phoebe who sabotages any potential relationship before it starts...and now that I'm 50 I've realized that I want to stop.

Therapist: Then do it, if you want to stop, just stop! Simple.

Me: No, not simple I can't just stop...I don't know how.

Therapist: How does that make you feel?

Me: (*angry, I hate that question*) It makes me feel like crap, I'm 50 years old, too old to attract anyone decent and too neurotic to actually have anyone fall in love with me! I'm screwed!

Therapist: (*looking at watch for the 100th time*) Well, Angel, that's all the time for today...next time lets continue on this, but until then think about how you have sabotaged your relationships and why.

Me: Yeah, homework...like I haven't already thought about that before.

I'll make another therapist rich off of my pathetic psychosis and probably still not be able to commit, but at least I'm trying. I am trying so hard. I'll never give up, NEVER. Men beware, I'm on the loose and looking for love, or sex...is there a difference?