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Back to Square One

by Melody Bertucci

“Nice people, don’t necessarily fall in love with nice people!”

My Mother's words kept echoing in my head, playing over and over again like a broken record, forever looping round and round. Why couldn't this have been a message in one of the fairy tales I heard when I was a little girl? Why am I still this hopeless romantic that sees the good in everybody?

So many questions clustered up in my head, as I found myself in a dishevelled mess crying on my bed yet again, scarred and broken hearted.

When I was little all of the stories I listened to at bedtime, read in books or watched on TV, depicted this perfect, immaculate, happily ever after picture in my head. A picture in which I fell in love with a knight in shining armour who would rescue me from loneliness, look after me and love me tenderly for the rest of our perfect little lives together. This could not be any more incorrect.

All I hear is, “Vi, you fall in love too easily!” or, “You love to fill your life with drama, you need to stop being such a hopeless romantic!”

The best one to date though, came from the lips of my childhood best friend, “Violet I think you are so in love with the idea of falling in love, that you don’t see what you are setting yourself up for!”

The penny dropped.

Maybe I was too focused on filling the void that was left in my heart after my father passed. Maybe I felt I needed that Knight in shining armour to rescue me from such despair and for him to be the magical cure that would make everything better? Maybe I was just looking for someone to love and protect me, because the one man that was meant to care for me and love me forever, had been taken away from me far too soon and unexpectedly.

All these maybes and all these questions, slapped me in the face with the cold reality that for years and years I hadn't dealt with my father's passing. I never spoke to anyone about the feelings of abandonment that kept bubbling to the surface. All I really wanted was to heal with love.

The only thing wrong with that though, is that I looked for that love in all the wrong people and all the wrong places. I spent my teens going from one long relationship straight into another, repeating the same mistakes over and over again in search of this unattainable Mr Right. Even though they weren't exactly right for me, maybe I could help fix their bad traits and they could mend my broken heart.

As luck would have it, they were more interested in other girls and would be rather be all over my girlfriends and I naively gave them chance after chance, to then end up back at square one, hurt, heart broken and lonely. Like my Mother said, "nice people, don't necessarily fall in love with nice people."