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*Love / Loss / Life*

**AN EXCLUSIVE SNEAK PEEK**



# **THE RED FLAG DIARIES**

## **LOSS**

**THE COUNTRY CLUB**

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# THE COUNTRY CLUB

I think I went on a date last night. He's one of the Polo guys so I guess this puts me back in the saddle. Let's say it was a nice distraction, but it was so forced. I'm so not ready. You can't move on to the next one until you've done your work. Healed. I wouldn't do that to another person, use them like that. It's not fair. I gave Polo guy full disclosure, told him I had recently broken up and wasn't looking for anything or anyone. He was so persistent and angled it as just friends grabbing a bite to eat. So I said ok, just a friendly dinner. But it never is with men.

Nice enough guy, but he was broken too. He's supposedly a real estate mogul millionaire, a well known Polo player who has played all over the world, and on paper, quite the catch. Well, upon closer inspection, he seems old and worn out with life, faded looks with a belly on him now, two back surgeries, two divorces, lost millions from his divorces, has three kids who don't speak to him and then another younger kid with the second wife. I kept looking at him and listening and getting more and more depressed. No chemistry at all. I didn't feel like talking about myself and pretty much ran out of questions within four minutes because I could care less.

We went riding with the other players and played a few rounds. His brother owns the Polo club and ranch which was really beautiful. After hitting balls (BALLS!), he suggested we grab dinner. It was Friday night, I had no other plans and didn't want to go home. He offered we go to the 'Country Club'. I'm in torn jeans, boots, and smell like horse and thinking 'A fancy country club out here?' He had shown me pictures of him at the Kentucky Derby, vacation homes, VIP millionaire stuff so I'm like, whooo hoooo, 'Fancy, here I come!' God knows I need a new path, might as well be lined with gold.

But, this is my life. I don't even know how to describe this kind of fancy. We pull up to a shack out in Nowhere, Texas whose claim to fame is being there since the 1800's. It looks it. It's called the Country Club but membership or reservations are not required. Because it's a total dive with a bunch of country folk drinking Miller Lites, eating BBQ and listening to a country band! It was a COUNTRY Club...not a Country Club! I think I died a little inside. I'm such an idiot.



I dreamt about Grant last night. he was surrounded by four young blondes who kept saying 'we just work with him'. I proceeded to attack him. I'm so sick of this. I need to be way more disciplined so I've given myself a DEADLINE! I'm going stop all this hoping, dreaming, pining by Sunday night. Ha! And I've alerted the Universe as to my demands...either bring him to me open and willing, or stop. No more encounters, run-ins, dreams, feelings, signs. I have to work on me now. I used Grant and our love affair as a distraction too. I need to work harder, help others, fulfill myself. This hoping stuff is a fabulous distraction for moving on. Dammit. How do you 'move on' from the one you love?



It's 3am and I can't sleep again. I have my race in a few hours, this does not bode well for an Olympic finish. I feel so off my rocker when I hit the lows. I pick up my race packet and promptly run into a friend who asked if I was racing with Grant. I go to the bike shop near his street so I'm looking over my shoulder. I get my car washed and forgot I used to go there with Grant. Went to the mall, everything reminds me since we used to shop there. Went on a hike and it was the same trail we used to do. I don't realize until I'm at these places that it has Grant written all over it. I may need to move. But what doesn't kill you makes you stronger, right? Bullshit. What doesn't kill you, doesn't kill you.

I think seeing him with that girl hurt me more than I was willing to admit. I pretended like it didn't matter, but it was such a kick in the face. He couldn't even let his dick dry off? What was our 'love' then? What did I mean to him, if anything? Now he's using this poor girl who likely has no idea. He will again have a distraction and avoid doing his work. I wonder if he did that with me. I hope the girl is smarter than I am and runs.

If I could erase the last year and half, would I? The whole 'it's better to have loved and lost than not at all'? Well, today I was thinking F that too. I would rather have protected my heart, gotten to know Grant, and then maybe I could have avoided all this pain. He collects hearts, selfishly stuffs them in a jar to put on his shelf and then watches them die. Because his heart died long ago? I know he's hurt, and I hurt him, but I can't wish him well right now. That's so awful of me. How can I think that if I love him?

We're all too precious for broken bozos and the pain that comes with an eventual broken heart. We try and try, even dumb ourselves down because we're taught to revere men, the stronger sex, father knows best, what they say goes...it's all a bunch of CRAP! The bozos can't keep up, they know it and eventually resent us for it. We need to find equal or better partners and not settle for less. It doesn't work otherwise. I'm so mad at myself at not seeing all this. I hurt like hell, but I understand that it couldn't work unless he was willing to deal with his shit...and that I had no control over that, it had to come from him. But when? It was my time too. Time heals all, another grand cliché that doesn't help me right now.



I've been focusing on all the shitty things and trying hard not to think of the good times. Took off the rose colored glasses and smashed them. My eyes are still adjusting. I deserve much more than Grant would ever give me. I didn't realize how wrapped up in his drama I was and how much time and energy he took out of me.

I played Polo, went for a run, and did a meditation workshop which was really cool. I cancelled my Match account after seeing 'Wink Alert: alwayshard4u247 is interested in YOU!' and another guy wearing a t-shirt that said 'real men lick pussy'. I have vowed to keep texting and emailing to an absolute minimum with the next guy. And no more Facebook with a romantic relationship ever. As

much as I'm not a phone gabber, I'm going to try and start picking up the phone more. I'm a face to face person. Look me in the eyes when you lie to me, ha!

Ahhh, men. Relationships. Meeting the guy. I don't really care as much. I'm more ambivalent now. I'm too busy with friends, work, hobbies, my life and it feels good. I've always been a social person and that wasn't the case with Grant. My calendar is full and I'm back. I swam for an hour yesterday and was so tired...slept through the night a solid eight hours. I haven't done that in a long time. I miss his warmth in the bed though. And the extra blanket isn't helping.



TIME

If he can't be alone and doesn't take time for himself, he'll think nothing of taking yours....RED FLAG!

**THE COUNTRY CLUB**