

# How to Marry a Psychopath



...and manage to smile

by Fruitloopmum

Foreword:

So, before I begin the foreword, it was a complete accident ok? Had I *known* he was a psycho, I wouldn't have signed the marriage certificate for chrissakes!

Anyways, these musings began as a form of written therapy after faking my own death and escaping (poetic licence here, if you've seen the film, you'll know what I'm talking about) After you've married, survived and finally escaped from the clutches of a diagnosed psycho, it's not very sensible to write candidly about it..... Well not if he's still alive and stalking the end of your driveway. But I'm a bit loopy anyway. This, my dear readers, explains the need for anonymity and the Fruitloopmum pseudonym. I've had great fun letting my musings mutate into a blog with a select and adoring Fruitloopmum fan club, and now you lucky things, it's a book!

Written with my naughty tongue firmly in my cheek, it contains mad rants and bad language. So, if you're a politically correct, sensitive soul....put the f\*\*\*ker down NOW!

Please go and read something else.

Seriously.

However, if by some weird chance you find yourself laughing, crying and connecting with the collection of oddness herein, then Google my pseudonym and check out the latest work from Fruitloopmum.

So...when exactly did you realize you'd married a psychopath?



It was a straight forward enough a question over a glass of wine at a friend's party. We'd been chatting about relationships, and there was definitely a frisson of something in the air between us. I felt a nervous twitch coming on. All his fault of course....'the ex' and the twitch...not the rather cute guy interrogating me.

The trouble was it was a bummer of a question to answer. The cute guy knew it because he was grinning mischievously at me. I mean, how **do** you explain a ten-year marriage to a psychopath without looking like a complete fruit loop yourself? I had several options open to me and I had to choose carefully. It was make or break time with Mr Cute.

I could go on the defensive and explain that many psychopaths are masters of disguise. You know, seemingly normal and even charmingly charismatic individuals until someone or something tips them over the edge.

I could recount the psychologist's enlightening explanation that 'the ex' suffered from the same personality disorder as Hitler and allegedly Stalin. Wouldn't that elicit some degree of sympathy and understanding from Mr Cute?

Or..I could enter into a boring monologue of dates and times when I had noticed that 'the ex' had been behaving slightly left of centre. That would probably make Mr Cute glaze over, but then I could cleverly lift the conversation with the hilarious story of my 'aha moment'.

Hell, even the explanation that I am a truly benevolent soul, always believing in the best in people - until proven otherwise, would make me sound like a naive bloody nutcase given a ten-year marriage.

I only had seconds to decide on my response and didn't want to blow it. Let's face it, it's not often that a divorced mum of four gets chatted up by a delicious younger man. I was damn well determined that I wasn't going to let this opportunity pass me by without making it clear that I consider myself to be a balanced, emotionally mature and exceedingly yummy mummy.

I took a sip of wine, gave Mr Cute my most mischievous smile in return, and told the absolute truth.....

"Well, I suppose I realised on the day that I found myself standing in my laundry room dosing all of his underpants with itching powder"

# Do mobile phones fry your brain?



I was in the middle of writing a crucial chapter of my soon to be best-seller when the phone rang. It was my dearest friend in the middle of a crisis calling from her mobile. She needed my help, now, immediately.

"I've lost my bloody car keys somewhere! I'm stranded in the village. Can you come and get me?"

Now, my friend is pretty level-headed and has dug me out of many a sticky situation in the past. I launched into the usual questions.....Are the keys in the car? Have you re-traced your steps? Would you have heard them drop? Have you checked inside the lining of your expensive handbag?

She started to get exasperated with me.

"I'm walking around the village now, (background noise as she enters yet another shop) excuse me, yes I do know that I came in here ten minutes ago, but has anyone handed in my car keys? No, ok. Look you'll have to come and get me"

I suggest that she just does one more sweep of the village shops before I launch into rescue mode. Her exasperation and stress reach boiling point.

"For fuck sake! "

"What?"

" Well now I've gone and lost my mobile phone"

Case proven.

## Beware your pre-schoolers definition of 'news'



I am all for encouraging our adorable little pre-schoolers to participate in 'news time' or 'show and tell' at pre-school. It develops their confidence and must sometimes provide the teachers with much-needed light entertainment. But have you ever given a thought as to the type of information your pre-schooler might categorise as news?

An innocent exchange with one of the staff at our pre-school last week has left me both enthralled but completely paranoid. It's given cause for great mirth and speculation in our small community....because, of course I had to share the hilarious little nugget of information I had obtained with a few mums after drop-off.

Cutting to the chase, the story goes like this.....

After a few morning pleasantries, one of the pre-school staff asked how my work was progressing. She showed unusually detailed knowledge, then followed it with the comment "Oh yes, we now know all about your book and why you want it published under a pseudonym"

I smiled politely. Please god she **didn't** know why I thought a pseudonym was a good idea.... "Really?" I managed to choke, wondering how the information of the slightly racy content of my work may have inexplicably escaped from my laptop. "We were given a little 'synopsis' by your daughter at news time this week!"

At this point, I heaved a sigh of relief. My daughter cannot yet read further than D-O-G. The detailed content of my writing was obviously pretty safe. I would have to investigate my 5 year-old's little synopsis further once I got her home. I decided to steer the conversation away from myself just to be on the safe side. "I bet you get some great stories from these little ones don't you?"

"Oh yes, quite hysterical. Last week one of the boys stood up in front of class. His parents obviously hadn't helped him prepare for his news slot, and so for a moment he was a bit stuck, just standing there racking his brains for a topic. Then suddenly his little eyes lit up, and he blurted out.....This morning, my daddy had a shower.....and you know what? He has an **enormous** willy!"

"Oh my god" I laughed, "Which little boy was it?"

The teacher gave a wry smile, "Now, that **would** be indiscrete, wouldn't it?"

Suffice to say, there is much speculation among the mum's at pre-school as to the identity of this child and the staff are quite rightly staying tight-lipped. However, I'm sure that eventually my daughter will voluntarily divulge all. Just so long as it's not about me.

Note to self: Remember to help my children prepare their news from now on....oh, and lock the bathroom door!

## Mum's the word on Facebook

" Mum, if you don't behave, we're coming out there to have you put in a home. Don't you *dare* get onto the back of a motorbike... it's not safe!"

Wise, but futile words from my 21 year-old daughter to me on Facebook.

It works both ways, this Facebook relationship that I have with my two eldest children. I read their posts and they scare the bejesus out of me, and then I post something and they're immediately on my case threatening homes for the insane!

Horrendous mother that I am, I reluctantly left my eldest children then aged 17 and 20, four years ago, to live on the other side of the world. Well, to be fair, they had already left home and *then* I did the runner. Since then, I've come to realise that parenting older children from a different hemisphere might actually be more productive than living with them .

You know why?... Because they actually listen to me. Well, by that I mean they seem to take notice of my posts and even sometimes act upon my motherly advice. Hell, even a whole bunch of their friends have recently requested to be my friends...What the?





Social networking has brought us closer, and now it doesn't matter so much that we live on opposite sides of the world. I can track what the little buggers are getting up to, I can see what their friends are saying and I can join in with their banter. Wow, my kids even tell me that they love me via Facebook - that's sooooo embarrassing!

Thank god for Facebook. Now I've got a real understanding of their daily lives, their hopes, their dreams and their disasters. I have far better insight than I ever had when communication from my children came in the form of a grunt in passing.....I do have to resist the overwhelming urge to moan about their god-awful spelling though.

Psst... I'm keeping one step ahead because now I twitter too.....@Fruitloopmum if you're interested. My kids haven't started yet, but I'm sure it won't be long.

# CougarGran....a new social phenomena?

OMG!

There I was, in the middle of a romantic meal with Mr Cute and my phone beeps. I smile politely, and dig my iPhone from my bag. It's an sms from the other side of the globe. My daughter wants me to promise to get airline tickets back to Blighty for March next year.

'Sorry, it's my daughter....I just need to see if everything's ok. It's pretty unusual to get this sort of text...." Mr Cute smiles at me indulgently and strokes my hand.

Mr Cute is younger than me. Significantly younger, but then, as he pointed out when I divulged our age gap, I look soooo much younger than my years (bless him). Well, I do for now. However, I await the day in the not too distant future when I undress and suddenly all my skin hits the floor with a nasty thud - as it surely will. Anyway, I digress. Mr Cute was ok with the fact that I had two young children. He was bemused when I laid it on



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