

The insecurities of men (and some women)

The morning after the night before can be a pleasant surprise as much as it can be the moment when you realise that going out really was the mistake you thought it would be. It's a nice surprise when you wake up, see no one next to you and there's just a note that says "thanks for last night", no name, no number, no future expectations waiting to be crushed when you never fulfil them or even attempt to. It's not so nice when you wake up, see someone whose name you cannot remember however much you bang your head against the bed's headboard, have flashbacks of how the back of your head was doing the same last night during the most boring sexual experience anyone on earth has ever encountered and then... then the person has the audacity to speak to you. Then they'll want coffee, then breakfast, then meet for dinner. Whilst the person is asking for these things you're still too stunned by the mistake you made when you thought that he or she were just like you, out looking for a one night stand, that you agree to these things. Then you do coffee, you do breakfast, you do dinner and within a week it's relationship this, meet my parents that, and you seriously consider changing your name and going into hiding Nazi after they lost the war style.

Relationships are complicated, especially when you have to endure other people in that relationship. For some of us, well, at least for me, having a relationship with myself is hard enough. Some mornings I wake up, look in the mirror, and after the initial terror of what's looking back at me has passed I still feel that initial urge to punch that person in the face. Not that I'm a violent person or anything, I just don't like mornings very much. Now imagine adding to that mix someone waking up next to me. Someone fighting me for the shower, or the sink when I want to brush my teeth, or the mirror when I want to apply my desperately needed make up so I at least look awake despite not feeling it. There is a pretty big, I'd say definite possibility that unless that person was the perfect gentleman, or gentlewoman and let me do everything first without crowding me, that I would feel the uncontrollable urge to be very rude. I'd say it's very unlikely that I would turn to actual violence, that is unless the person lights my last cigarette and offers to share it after nearly finishing it, but I'm not a very nice person to be around if I don't get to do things my way, at my leisure and preferably on my own. Actually, it's only the on my own part that really matters.

Now say that we somehow managed to get through the waking bit, and even the showering, getting dressed and having breakfast bit, without becoming bitter enemies. Well, let's face it, it's not about to get at all better. Now firstly, there's daylight. Now I will see you in daylight, and probably not think much of it. However, you will see me in daylight, and men being men, that is thinking they know best when their knowledge pretty much is restricted to the areas tits, sports, beer, tits, will think out loud; "Don't you think you wear too much make up for a day look?". Now I'm sure that there are women out there who will think that's sweet, he cares how I look and all that. Bullshit. He's not giving you advice because he's been watching Gok Wan and getting in touch with his slightly less delirious masculine side, not at all. He has however thought, she looks like she's ready to go out, other men might pick up on that, they might want to take her for a drink, hubba hubba please slam your club onto the ground like a good little cave man whilst you ponder about how innocent I am as a woman and would never even catch on to the fact that person asking me to go for a drink only really wants to get in my knickers, or get me out of them as the case may be. Then doing something very not stereotypically manly, he will start working his way down from the top, if only he'd done that last night eh girlies, might still remember the ten minutes it took him if he had. "That top is a bit low cut isn't it?", "Don't you think that skirt is a little bit too short?", then the final one, which to be fair he tries to hide in a rather backward compliment, "I really love those shoes on you... but don't you think they're more suited for the bedroom?". Feeling quite stunned once again you can't really think of much to say in the moment, so you smile and roll your eyes and silently wonder why it is that men feel so insecure in themselves that they have nothing better to do than criticize you,

just because you feel comfortable in your own skin whilst he can't think about much else than how everyone else wants to touch that skin. Don't get me wrong, women get jealous too, women get insecure too, but they'll just scratch your eyes out and accuse you of cheating rather than take the piss out of that horrible bright pink shirt you're wearing with the blue suit jacket thinking it looks hot.

So you walk away, you go to work, sit down at your desk and get ready for the 9-5 madness that is your job, and it's actually a bit of relief because you know you can just relax, do your work, have a chat with your work mates and a bit of an innocent flirt with that really fit looking new supervisor whose shoes you can't help but notice is of a very large size and it makes you incapable of stopping your slightly perverse mind from thinking if that means the rest of him is at an impressive size as well. Of course that relief only lasts for about an hour by which you will get the first text on your mobile phone. "Thinking of you", "I miss you" yada yada. Seriously, it's been an hour and you already feel the need to remind me of your existence? Little bit sad isn't it, eh? You don't agree? Really? No, seriously? Christ almighty. So you ignore it, after all, you actually have work to be done, and your ambitions stretch slightly beyond the tip of what's in your trousers. If he's somewhat controlled you won't hear from him again, least not till around lunch time, if he's not, I'd give him between twenty minutes and an hour. "Is everything OK?", "Did I do something wrong?", "Why are you ignoring me?" So you yield a little, tell him you're busy working, and you'll talk to him later. Which he will take as an agreement to eat lunch with him. Obviously. Which he will not tell you about, but will instead turn up unannounced at your office, whilst you're now shamelessly flirting with that fit new supervisor. Cue boyfriend marking his territory by putting his arm around you, looking menacingly at the competition and nearly pulling that club out again whilst introducing himself with what to you only sounds like hubba hubba boyfriend hubba hubba. At this point you are getting ready to go for lunch with him, if nothing else just so you can shut him up and stop the embarrassment that he has just caused you in front of your boss and several of your co-workers by acting possessive and showing everyone how little he trusts you, despite it being him that will think about sex every three minutes, probably rarely with you, and imagine every pretty girl he walks past naked.

Lunch will be spent in either awkward silence, or he will try to question you in his best James Bond style, and obviously fail miserably as he has neither the intellect or the cunning of a spy, and it's easy to imagine that most farm yard animals could do it better. So you tell him he has nothing to worry about, of course you've not slept with anyone else, telling him if you wanted to sleep with someone else you would of course end it with him first, then sleep with them. Which makes him think you're now trying to end it with him. So you have to convince him that you are not trying to end it with him, but it's quite difficult when the voice at the back of your head is yelling at you that an average shag twice a week is so not worth all this bother. By the end of your lunch break you've finally convinced him that you're only interested in him, and you'll make it up to him, whatever the hell this is that you're supposed to have done is, at dinner tonight. Why doesn't he pick you up from work, that way you can go straight to dinner. Adding quietly to yourself, and that way you will see that I'm not having a secret snog with a co-worker behind the building before going home to you. Although it's tempting to do just that to prove that if you keep worrying about something happening, eventually it will. However I won't, not because it would make me feel bad, but sadly he's just too thick to see it would be his own bloody fault.

The afternoon will go by rather quietly, obviously you'll get that "I'm sorry I was such a dick at lunch" text at some point, but you're by now too tired to really care and is pretty much ready to admit it's your fault only because you think it really is your fault. If nothing else because you didn't learn after the last insecure bunch of hypocrisy that you found yourself lucky enough to go out with. You feel slightly gutted because the fit supervisor no longer flirts with you and instead just looks at you with a slightly fascinated yet as far away from attraction as possible look in his absolutely stunning

green eyes. Right snap out of it. Stop thinking about that bloke naked. Stop it. Stop it. OK, and you're back in the room. You close your computer down, put everything back in your overcrowded handbag and wave goodbye to everyone as you feel like you're walking off the plank on a pirate ship and is about to jump into shark infested water. Or crazy, jealous and by now very much annoying boyfriend infested water.

Walking towards what feels like your trial you sneakily eat one part of that twix bar from your handbag, taking the stairs down as you reckon that will somehow keep you on track with your diet, and after all you didn't have lunch as you were too busy comforting Casper the whiny twat. Making sure there's no traces of chocolate on your lips, as he'll probably take that as a certain sign you've been kissing a woman wearing dark coloured lipstick, which by the way will excite him more than anything. That is until he realises you'd rather kiss a woman than him and he sees that that's actually even more of a hit to his ego than kissing a man would be. Well that is unless he's one of those silly men who think there's no such thing as bisexual or lesbian women and in fact they all just have sex with women because it excites the men who cannot get laid and spend their time watching lesbian porn. You manage a smile when you see him waiting for you, despite him scowling at the bloke who's walking behind you, never mind him being about sixty and the night time security man whose name you do not know and never will know. You give him a quick peck on the cheek and you start walking towards the bar down the street that serves pretty decent grub, especially when you've not eaten since breakfast and then only had toast because everything else had been finished off by your lovely boyfriend who has no issues eating all your food yet seem incapable of buying anything to restock the fridge, or even just closing the fridge door properly. You get a table, you take off your jackets, you order a couple of drinks and then your food as the waitress brings you the drinks. You see him looking down her top as she bends down slightly to put his drink on the table in front of him, but it doesn't bother you because you know she probably has a boyfriend but realises cleavage is one of the few things that will get you a slight tip when most people hate parting with their money.

You're starting to relax now, you're chatting along nicely enough, having a few sips of your drink and waiting for your dinner. That is till someone taps you on the shoulder, and you turn around and see an old friend that you've not seen in ages. By old friend you mean close dear friend that you slept with and things then became awkward and you've avoided each other since. You get up and you hug for that split second longer than what you should have done, then remember your boyfriend and you introduce them. They shake hands and he goes back to the rather stunning looking girl he's with, and for an instant you're the one who feels jealous, because you know she's going to have one hell of a better ending to her night than you do. That's when you excuse yourself to go outside and have a cigarette before what's about to happen, and probably the other half of that twix bar as by now you're starting to think you may never get the chance to eat ever again, especially not if you keep spending meal times with this man. You take a long time smoking your cigarette, as if it's the last one you'll ever smoke before they strap you into the electric chair, and briefly contemplate if you'd be happier being electrocuted than having to walk back into that bar and sit down next to him. When finally making your way back inside, you walk more slowly than Katie Price down the aisle marrying whichever mug she's brainwashed with the promise of money, and certainly a hell of a lot better dressed. You sit down, you look at him, and you see that sign on his forehead that tells you you should have kept walking, and then you just wait.

“I don't get why you always have to mess with my head.” He looks at you with that hurt puppy meets brain dead zombie look before continuing. Then comes the accusations. Flirting, kissing, even sleeping with other men. “I'd do anything for you, but you just mess me around.” You quietly think to yourself that after a couple of months of dating, you really shouldn't be saying that to a girl. Then it comes. Your favourite. The grand finale. “You're just not that into me anymore.” For a second you contemplate actually telling him what his mistakes are, for his own good, stop him

making the same mistakes in the future. Then you remember how badly that went the last time you tried that approach with someone, and find it's better not to waste your breath on him. Instead you get up, and leave him sitting there, rambling to himself. At least I bloody hope that's what you do, because if you stay there and apologize for your so-called mistakes, when you have done nothing wrong, or try to tell him how things will be different and that you'll try and be better, quite frankly you deserve a smack, and you're no better than he is. As you leave the restaurant, call you mobile phone supplier and request a new number. That way the sad old bastard can't ring you next weekend, drunk at two in the morning begging you to get back together. Trust me, a twenty pound charge is a hell of a lot better than a drunken ex phoning as you're having sex with that supervisor, who now you can go way beyond flirting with. When you get home, get out the yellow pages and ring a 24/7 locksmith, as you know the needy pile of supposed manly-hood you just left behind at the bar has a copy of your key, just so he can come save you in your hour or need. Or you know, catch you having sex with the imaginary man you're cheating on him with. Then, please, please please. Just don't make the same mistake again, because at some point, your will is going to falter, and your desire not to be violent will change, and you will punch him in the face. And you won't find a man in the world worth a broken nail and a bruised fist.