

The Heartache

By Tammy Ann Burley

Jamie walked up to her front door and fumbled in her purse for her house keys. Damn I need a smaller purse! Jamie thought to herself. Finally finding her keys she unlocked the door and entered her one bedroom apartment she shared with her boyfriend Jason. As Jamie walked through the door she couldn't believe her eyes, Jason was, like always, passed out drunk on the floor.

"Jason." Jamie whispered as she gently tried to shake Jason awake.

Jason didn't move and Jamie decided to just let him sleep it off and throw a blanket over him and placed a pillow under his head. Jamie went on to do her nightly routine. She showered, got her comfortable pj's and crawled into bed alone. This was a routine Jamie had become used to at this point in her and Jason's relationship. It had been over three years now and things had become so distant between them. All he seemed to care about was alcohol. All he seemed to want to do was to get drunk. He didn't care about being close with Jamie anymore; he didn't care about her feelings. He didn't want to touch her, love her, or even just spend time talking with her anymore. Before she knew what was happening Jason was pulling her out of bed by her hair.

"What the hell?" Jamie yelled in confusion.

"Where have you been all day?" Jason screamed.

"What do you mean where have I been? I had to work all day, I told you that yesterday. Its not my fault you slept all day while was home this morning."

"Don't give me excuse, this is my house and I will not be disrespected. I pay the bills here, you can just leave. I don't need you at all."

"What is your problem?" Jamie said as she began to cry.

"You are my problem. You're lazy, fat, stupid, and I want nothing to do with you at all anymore. Just leave all ready."

"What? No I will not leave, this is my house too, you're drunk and you need to just calm down before you do something you will regret in the morning."

"I won't regret any of this, I have been wanted this for a long time now."

"Wanting what? What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about me kicking your sorry ass out of my house. Weren't you listening? You are fat, stupid and lazy. Now leave! And you wonder why I cheat on you."

“Cheat?”

“Yea Jamie. I can get any girl I want. Come on now.”

“Jason....how could you?”

“I am so sick of your crying. I have had enough.”

Before Jamie had any time to think or say another word Jason grabbed her by her throat and slammed her head against the wall several times. The second Jason let go Jamie ran out of the house with tears in her eyes. She couldn't believe Jason would take it that far. Sure he has slapped her around before...but not like that. There was so much anger in his eyes; he had been drinking way too much. Jamie ran for her car and grabbed her cell phone and called her best friend Emily.

“Hello” Emily answered her phone with a cheerful tone.

“Hey, it's me.” Jamie said with a broken voice from crying.

“What's wrong? What did he do now?”

“He was so drunk...it all happened so fast...he started yelling...telling me I was worthless...and he was cheating on me...and...and”

“And what? Jamie what did he do?”

“He grabbed me by my throat and slammed my head against the wall!”

“HE WHAT?”

“I was so scared, he looked so angry. He was passed out drunk when I got home and then all of a sudden he woke up and started going off on me, telling me how worthless and stupid I am. And just yelling at me for no reason. Then as I was leaving he just grabbed me.”

“Oh. No you better be on your way to my house and not go back to Jason this time.”

“I am on my way to your house, and I'm not going back to him. When can we get your dad's truck to move me out of his house?”

“Tomorrow!”

“Ha. I'll right. I will be there soon.”

When Jamie finally got to Emily's house she has stop crying and at this point, and was just plain angry at Jason. As Emily and Jamie were talking Jason calls.

“What do you want?” Jamie asked

“I'm so sorry baby, are you okay?” Jason asked.

“I'm at Emily's”

“Well...are you going to come home tonight?”

“NO, I am most definitely not coming home.”

“Are we going to be okay?”

“No Jason, I’m done this time, and I mean it.”

“You don’t mean that you’re just angry.”

“Of course I’m angry, you chocked me! You told me you were cheating on me. You said I was worthless, stupid, fat, and lazy”

“I did not”

“I have bruises on my neck! Jason look its over I will be there in the morning to collect my things.”

“Baby no, don’t do this, you love me.”

“No, I cannot love someone like you. Do you not remember what you did? Do you not remember what you said?”

There was complete silence on the phone for what felt like hours. Jamie was extremely heated and wanted to finally give Jason a piece of her mind. Jamie finally found her voice, finally found the courage to stand up for herself. She knew what he was doing to her wasn’t right, she knew what she had to do.

“Well do you” Jamie yelled.

“I’m...I was drunk...I don’t know Jamie...I’m sorry.”

With that Jamie hung up the phone, and felt like ten pounds had been placed off her shoulders. For the first time in almost three years, she felt like she was making the right choice.

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