

The #1 NEW YORK TIMES Bestselling Coauthor of
HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU

It's Called a
BREAKUP

Because It's
BROKEN

*The Smart Girl's
Breakup Buddy*



**Greg Behrendt &
Amiira Ruotola-Behrendt**



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CONTENTS



<i>Greg's Intro</i>	1
<i>Amiira's Intro</i>	5
<i>What Lies Ahead</i>	9
<i>What If You're Still Together?</i>	15

PART ONE *The Breakup* 17

Chapter 1

IT'S CALLED A BREAKUP BECAUSE IT'S BROKEN	23
---	----

Chapter 2

THERE ARE NO NEW MESSAGES	45
---------------------------	----

Chapter 3

HE'S NOT HIDING AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT PINT OF ICE CREAM	69
--	----

Chapter 4

IF YOU MENTION HIS NAME ONE MORE TIME . . . 91

Chapter 5

STOP CALLING IN SICK 113

Chapter 6

IF HE WAS SO GREAT, YOU'D STILL BE TOGETHER 129

Chapter 7

FANCY MEETING YOU HERE! 151

Chapter 8

WHAT'S HE THINKING? 167

PART TWO *The Breakover* 185

The First Commandment

DON'T SEE HIM OR TALK TO HIM FOR SIXTY DAYS 189

The Second Commandment

GET YOURSELF A BREAKUP BUDDY 203

The Third Commandment

GET RID OF HIS STUFF AND THE THINGS THAT REMIND YOU OF HIM 213

The Fourth Commandment

GET YOUR ASS IN MOTION EVERY DAY 225

The Fifth Commandment

DON'T WEAR YOUR BREAKUP OUT INTO THE WORLD 233


The Sixth Commandment

NO BACKSLIDING! 243

The Seventh Commandment

IT WON'T WORK UNLESS YOU ARE NUMBER ONE! 251

For Those About to Rock 261

 *Bonus Chapter*

DUDE, GET OFF HER LAWN

(The Tough Guy's Breakup Buddy) 263

Appendix (Or, One More Thing Before We Go) 271

Acknowledgments 275

GREG'S INTRO



Long, long ago in a sad galaxy far far away, I was dating this stone-cold Superfox. And when I say dating, what I really mean to say is that I was sick in love with her, while she thought I was a “really good guy.” Needless to say, things fell apart. We had one of those awkward breakups where you’re living together and sleeping in the same bed but you’re not going out anymore. “Excuse me, I know you’re seeing someone else, but can I have some of that pillow?” Ouch. Who does that? Me, as it turns out. I was so smitten (read: in love with not getting what I want) with this girl that I was sure that if I was just near her, taking any crumb thrown my way and drinking myself to sleep every night, she’d find me attractive again and want my sad ass back. Well, it wasn’t long before she decided to bail. So off she went to New York to pursue her career, and, more important, her new man.

Now, you’d think that after someone leaves you for another per-

son and moves to another city across the country you would get that it's over, because it is. But I didn't. I was in love with the romantic and ill-conceived idea that I could get her back. And how would I do that? Drunken late-night phone calls rife with begging and tears. Bravo! How hot is that? Sooooo not hot, and not the least bit effective, either. Not only was I dragging my heart through the muck, but also my dignity. I had managed to degrade myself even further—from someone she wasn't in love with anymore to someone she pitied and avoided. Now, to be fair, this particular girl was patient and tolerant with me, but I was making life miserable for her. I began to alienate my good friends with my obsession, my work began to suffer, and I looked like shit. Even worse, I was drinking like it was the day before Prohibition.

Well, one night after too many tequila shots I figured I would blow in a call to Ms. New York City just to see if there had been any change in her insistence that she was not the girl for me. (Here's where the story gets good.) She was living in the New York Paramount Hotel at the time, waiting for her apartment to open up. With the number committed to memory, I drunk-dialed . . . "Paramount Hotel," said the fellow on the other end. Now realize this: It's probably 2:30 A.M. Los Angeles time, making it 5:30 A.M. in New York. I don't know the exact time because numbers weren't making sense. Good start. So the desk clerk answers, "Paramount Hotel. How may I direct your call?" Well, I was so smashed that I couldn't even pronounce my lady's name. Seriously, I'd have made more sense if I'd just barked like a dog. The desk clerk said, "I'm sorry, sir, can you say that again?" I tried again, unsuccessfully. "Sir, perhaps you'd like to spell it?" (Oh my God, man! Have some self-respect. Put down the phone,

Greg!) But I didn't. I took a stab at spelling it. Finally, he understood whom it was that I was trying to reach. But right before he was about to put me through to her room he said the most amazing thing. He said, "Are you sure you want to make this call, sir?" What? I thought. Are you kidding me? Out of the drunken blackness came this anonymous voice of concern. "Am I sure I want to make this call?" And I had a moment. No, I thought, I don't want to make this call. I've made this call before. This call never works out. This call always makes it worse. This call takes me further and further away from the place I want to be. Which is a place that is dignified and cool. "No," I said. "I don't want to make this call. Thanks." And I hung up and passed out, fully clothed, the last shreds of my dignity still intact.

The next day, hungover and sad, I remembered the voice on the other end of the line. The voice that had said, "Are you sure you want to make this call?" I thought, Wouldn't it be great if you had that voice in your head all the time? Your own personal breakup buddy, someone there to make sure you don't make the bad phone call, the ill-advised drive-by, the decision to dress up in their clothes and pretend you're them as a way of getting inside their thoughts? That's why we've come up with this book. This book is that voice. We are the friends who care enough about you to make sure you do this thing right. Breakups hurt like a motherf*#ker, but they are not the end of the world. The pain is temporary, and if handled properly, they can even be life-changing. Our goal is to help you turn your breakup into the event that changes your life for the better. After all . . . you are a Superfox.

Greg

AMIIRA'S INTRO



It's past two in the morning. You're on your third glass of wine. You're wearing his sweater because it still smells like him (and quite frankly, he never really smelled that great, but I'm going to give it to you because I've been there). I've been the saddest girl in the world, with a mangled heart and the certainty that getting over him was impossible. I've been the girl so in love with a person incapable of giving me what I needed out of a relationship that I not only married him but gladly gave away every last shred of my self-esteem to keep him. I've been the girl who not only suffers through an unhealthy, demoralizing relationship but then goes back to it in hopes that time spent apart has inspired him to love me enough to change . . . or even try. And guess what? It didn't. I've been consumed with despair, confusion, anger—truly devastated by the end of a relationship that I thought was going to last forever. I've cried into glass after glass of pinot grigio, smoked packs of cigarettes, lost my appetite, my ability to

sleep, and my ability to function. I've obsessed, rebounded, been pissed, sought professional help, leaned on my friends, moved across the country, got dogs, made new friends, shopped excessively, and even had other boyfriends who did love me despite the fact that I was still so hung up on the past that I was completely incapable of giving *them* what they needed from me. Truth be told, I rode that horse long after it had up and died and married someone else. On the outside, I wore the illusion that I was over it and that the end of the marriage was best for us both. But that charade was all smoke and mirrors and empty words. Being brokenhearted is like having broken ribs. On the outside it looks like nothing's wrong, but every breath hurts. Let's just say my ribs were broken for a long time.

Now, it may surprise you to hear that in all other areas of my life I was confident and successful. It's true. I had a kick-ass job, made good money, had lots of friends, a great apartment, cool clothes, excellent taste in music, etc. . . . But for whatever reason, getting over this guy took forever. He was my kryptonite. And like Superman, I was powerless in his wake. But if you've seen the movies, you know that Superman always figures out a way to overcome kryptonite. And thankfully, I did too.

Now, defeating kryptonite and getting over a broken heart is incredibly tough. It's also wildly empowering. But the even bigger victory is finally living your own life again without the constant presence of heartache. That's the goal, and we're here to help you get there. I've stood where you're standing now, broken to the point that I couldn't get past the idea that my life wasn't turning out the way I'd planned. But guess what? Once I got through it and started living my life differently, making bet-

ter decisions and demanding more from myself and for myself, I got a windfall that I never imagined. Today, my life is even better than I ever dreamed or planned. I have a husband whom I adore and whose love and devotion for me blows my mind every day. I have two beautiful daughters who are the funniest and most delightful people I've ever had the joy of knowing. And I have the very best friends and family in the world, whom I am grateful for every day. I would have missed it all if I'd wasted my life trailing after my ex and staying stuck in my grief. It's like my Granny always said: "Even with all the mayonnaise in the world, you can't make chicken salad out of chicken shit." Feel free to apply that wisdom to your bad relationship.

*Love,
Amiira*

WHAT LIES AHEAD



So how is it that a Superfox like you finds herself holding the winning ticket in the pain lottery? A seemingly endless jackpot of sorrow that you won't be splitting with anyone else. That doesn't mean you're alone. In fact, as our stories show, everyone goes through it. But here's the thing that you need to know right now: **YOU ARE GOING TO GET THROUGH THIS.** And like every lottery winner, you can either take it in one lump sum and figure out what you're going to do with it, **OR** you can spread it out in yearly installments and really make it last. We prefer option one. Sure, it's less pain than if you drag it out for years, but if you take it all now, you get to decide what you're going to do with it. How to invest it, spend it, roll around in it—or get rid of it.

Breakups are among the most excruciating things that can happen to a person invited to the concert called life. We acknowledge this and in no way want to belittle your heartbreak.

But we've purposefully made the tone of this book humorous in an effort to distract you from the very real and overwhelming feelings that you're having. We intend to give you genuine advice and practical suggestions for not only dealing with this insufferable situation but also redecorating your living room. "What?" you ask. Believe it or not, it's all part of the process.

If you're reading our book right now, it's probably because you've been dumped, you're brokenhearted, you're still stuck on your ex, or even all of the above. Perhaps you were the dumper and are having second thoughts—we'll deal with you soon enough, but we're pretty sure you made the right decision. Whether you delivered or received the "It's Not You, It's Me" speech, as hard as it is to hear right now, your relationship wasn't a match. We know you wanted it to be and are hoping that we're going to tell you that this isn't real. That he or she will be knocking down your door tomorrow, begging to be taken back, and all your pain and heartache will be erased. That there's a simple way to fix all the problems, and if you just try a little bit harder you can still have the happily ever after that you envisioned. You want us to tell you that people *can* change—but the truth of the matter is that *it's called a breakup because it's broken*. Even if you can't see it right now, if you've broken up, at least one person in your relationship knows it deep down. And if he ended it, that means he doesn't want to try to fix it either.

The hard truth is that breakups are sink-or-swim. Some people spend their whole life in an emotional downward spiral because they can't get over lost love. Others, most notably you, use it as a turning point to reevaluate, rebuild, and possibly redeco-

orate (we weren't kidding about the living room). Bottom line: This can be a breakup or a breakover. It's up to you.

"Who are you to give me advice?" you shout, disrupting the other customers in the bookstore. "Why should I listen to you guys or even read any further, for that matter?" Keep it down, Crazypants, everyone's looking at you now. Here's who we are. We're two people who have both experienced truly self-esteem-crushing, spirit-breaking, gut-wrenchingly painful breakups of which we were on the receiving end. Let's just say they were stinky and they also sucked and they made us want to lie in bed for the rest of our lives. Thank God we didn't make that choice. (Just think of the bedsores and long, curling fingernails we'd have by now.) Those breakups led to what we like to think of as our happy marriage. (Don't worry—you won't be hearing about our marriage every ten pages. There is nothing worse than self-satisfied married people telling you how it is. We just think it's significant that our worst experiences led to what we ultimately think of as our best. 'Nuff said?)

This is a different book from *He's Just Not That Into You*. That book was designed specifically to help you figure out when your relationship was going nowhere or whether your boyfriend was, well, into you. But we know that even when you realize he's just not that into you, the hardest part can still be getting up the courage to end the relationship and move on. Breaking up is scary, painful, disruptive, and traumatic—even if you know on some level that it's the right thing to do—so *It's Called a Breakup Because It's Broken* is designed to help you *not only* get out of an unsatisfying relationship but also get over it so that you can be