

Forum:[Hack Forums](#)

Thread: [Advice to those dealing with a break up. \[Really bad break up\]](#)

John 15:13 - October 9, 2014, 12:11 am

So to start off you have to know a little about me.

I'm 19, [20 in a few days]. Male, average height, average looks, pretty basic, nothing special, except for two things. 1. I have a high IQ and 2. I have Non-Combat PTSD. [Meaning I'm fucked in the head pretty severely the same as most soldiers however I didn't accrue this from combat. Story for another time.]

Now, thanks to my "condition" I don't dream while sleeping, and when I do it's horrible nightmares. I often get flashes of severe depression, anxiety, shaking, sweating etc Makes my life a living hell from time to time.

In steps D. Her name starts with a D so we'll stick with that. At first we were together because we were both pretty messed in the head and the sex, god the sex was amazing. The kind of sex where at the end neither of us could even remember our names. Then we fell in love or at least I fell in love with her. And suddenly. My PTSD subsided, I found myself smiling, SMILING FOR FUCK'S SAKE. I enjoyed my days, found joy in things again. I wasn't just getting up everyday just to breath, I was getting up to be alive.

Then one day out of nowhere, it ended. I honestly thought things were fine. They seemed fine, she never said anything was wrong. She just texted me one day and said we weren't working, that she had gotten bored.

I went to crash with a friend that night and bought a 1/5 of Jack Daniels. I popped the lid and it went down like water. Next thing I know I come to in the county medical center. My best friend sitting in a chair next to my bed. He smiled and said 'There's my favorite drunk.' handing me the empty bottle he'd brought with us. We chuckled and I got up. Threw my boots on and I started walking for the door. We went out for a cigarette.

He explained to me that I'd put back about half the bottle and then put it in the fridge and said something about if I didn't stop I'd probably die. Then I guess I mumbled something along the lines of 'Fuck her I want to go.' and chugged the rest. So my buddy literally drug me to his car and made me go to the ER. Where they declared me legally dead because my heart stopped from the massive amount of alcohol in my system.

After the smoke we went back to his house where I slept off the rest of the whiskey and continued on with everything, here we are now in October and things are way better.

Morale of the story is just give it time. All things are conquered by time.

Who Soup - October 9, 2014, 12:17 am

Not sure if you're trolling or if this is a true story.

If this is true, cut out the alcohol and any other substances you may be using. That won't get you anywhere. Also it's very important that you stay close with her as friends, There's a higher chance that she'll want to be with you if you're always around and show her you're a good guy. Eventually

ask her or get someone to ask her or make a spoof facebook account and ask her why she chose to break up with you. Maybe it's something you can fix easily and be reunited.

Best of luck ?

John 15:13 - October 9, 2014, 12:27 am

Thanks man. Yes it's true. And it's too late she's already with someone else and engaged to him. Plus I've met someone since her and things are going good.

Peppermint Butler - October 9, 2014, 9:30 pm

No this isnt true at all, and you just got a free design out of me for you to now sell off. Ugly LQ user.

<https://i.imgur.com/41J9trS.jpg>

^^said he has a girl friend with the first letter C...

6????? - October 9, 2014, 10:00 pm

Your heart stopped because of alcohol?

I call total bull shit.

John 15:13 - October 9, 2014, 10:09 pm

(Oct 9, 2014 10:00 PM)Coke????? Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Your heart stopped because of alcohol?

I call total bull shit.

Great for you. Not here to convince you of how the human body works.