

You'd already been half an hour with pre-clubbing shower and I'd always planned to have a look in your special Winnie the Pooh book. The place was marked and it was there in blue and white - it just said simply, "Paul stayed last night."

Next I was on the bog and you got down on one knee. You were protesting your innocence and you started to cry as I started to pee.

You said, "I didn't shag him, he slept on the couch in the kitchen. He might as well be a girl, he's a good for a laugh and he's good for bitchin'."

You said you'd never be willing or able. And he looks like he was made on a fucking table. Although, to be fair, I think he hides the bolts quite well, but as soon as he opens his mouth you can just tell. I had just assumed you'd completely gone off shagging and I can see you seen you with your new Uni pals, standing bragging. Now he's your boyfriend and I know you were talking shite but you still denied it when I met you at someone's birthday party the other night.

You said, "I didn't shag him, he slept on the couch in the kitchen. We have a good laugh when we're sitting bitchin'."

The words that you used to think turned me on just made me laugh - "Do you want to suck my cunt?" in real life just sounds naïf. And when we were with your friends I just as well might of been no one. And you can't get over your dead dog - well it takes one to know one.