

**Hi there,**

In this document you will find:

1. A rough template for you to use for your break up letter. You don't have to follow this exactly but I do suggest using some parts of it to get your thoughts flowing
2. A very important but quick little note about your consent to use your audio recording for the podcast
3. Some recording tips and instructions for when you're finally ready to record yourself reading the letter
4. My own letter to an ex as an example and a link to a recording of me reading my letter.

Remember to take your time with this. My first draft was *really angry*, accusatory and mean. I slept on it and the next day, I was able to come up with a less vindictive version. And then it took another 2 days to polish it.

This project is not to air out your dirty laundry. This isn't Jerry Springer. We are better than being labeled "Crazy Exes" (although you are more than welcome to call your ex a cunt if the situation calls for it!) so work through the anger to a place of clarity and calm, even if you are absolutely livid with your ex.

The aim is catharsis. It's important to me that there is healing as you finish the letter. So dig deep. Get a tea, or a glass of water. Get your feelings out. Take your time. Make sure you look after yourself.

**Important note:**

Please don't use any first names for privacy reasons and to protect us from any legal issues.

Call your partner "X".

Use the first letter of your middle name or last letter of your first name to sign off.

If you mention anyone else, just use a letter. For example, in my letter I mention 2 other people - S and L.

Please keep things vague so that it is difficult for anyone mentioned to be identified. I would hate for us to get sued for slander or something! (Thanks Nelle for bringing this to my attention! I love you)

### **SUPER IMPORTANT:**

BY EMAILING YOUR LETTER AND YOUR AUDIO RECORDING YOU ARE RELEASING THEM TO JEN PITCH AND GIVING HER CONSENT TO USE THEM ON THIS PODCAST AND TO PROMOTE THE PODCAST AS SHE SEES FIT. YOU WAIVE ANY RIGHT TO ROYALTIES OR ANY OTHER COMPENSATION ARISING FROM OR RELATED TO THE USE OF YOUR LETTER AND RECORDING. YOUR IDENTITY WILL NOT BE SHARED UNLESS JEN HAS YOUR WRITTEN CONSENT.

PLEASE EMAIL YOUR RECORDING AND LETTER TO [DEARXPODCAST@GMAIL](mailto:DEARXPODCAST@GMAIL)  
- You may need to upload your audio file to google drive or dropbox. Emailing me the link is totally fine!

### **RECORDING:**

AIM FOR 7-10 MINS!

Please note that my recording is not at all perfect! I think there are a few poppy P sounds. I will be re-recording it.

If you have fancy recording equipment, great. If not, your phone will be fine. PLEASE FIND A QUIET PLACE TO RECORD. If there is **very faint** background noise (traffic outside, birds chirping etc) that's ok but please remember that any distinct background noise makes it harder to edit our mistakes. I do want this to be raw and intimate and not super slick though, so like a low background hum is fine. Bedrooms are good because they're not echoey. No bathrooms or laundries pleeeeeease... Go sit in your wardrobe if you want. 😊

Don't hold your phone while you're recording. We don't want the rustling sound of you fiddling with it, as well as the volume changing because your hand gets tired. Put it down, away from your mouth so that your Ps, Ts, and Ds don't pop and sound crackly.

*Tip: Record the first 30 seconds of your letter and then listen back with earphones/headphones. How does it sound? Adjust what you need to and then you're good to go.*

Practice reading your letter in its entirety out loud at least 3 (THREE) times before you start recording so the words flow effortlessly. You can do this!

DO NOT RUSH. If you make mistakes just restart the sentence. I can edit all of those out so don't feel like the file you send me is how it will end up.

Please just send me ONE audio file.

Dear X,

It has been [\_\_\_\_years/months/days] since we ended. We were together for [\_\_\_\_years/months/days].

Write a little bit about how you met, or what it felt like when you first met and got together.

How could I .... ?

Why did you .... ?

I cannot believe....

We really should have ....

Do you think...?

I'm glad .....

I hope you .....

From [the first letter of your middle name OR last letter of your first name]

## JEN'S LETTER

Dear X,

It has been 7 years since we ended. We were together for almost 4 years, which - let's be honest - was 3 and a half longer than we should have lasted.

I was (and still am) turbulent.. chaotic, loud, blunt, rough around the edges... definitely not always in control of my feelings. You came across as this cool, calm tower of strength. Your exterior showed someone who had his shit together. And that was just really attractive to me. I'm sure you've still got that cocky smirk that is fucking to die for.

You seemed quietly confident-- I really needed that. I realise now that your steadiness was really a front for someone who was just as lost I was. I was just not as talented at swallowing my feelings.

I'm sure anyone who has been pursued by you finds you thrilling. You're very assertive and there's an intensity about you that is unsettling... but in the most sexy way. You've got that whole Mills & Boone tortured hero trope down pat and I was very much into the idea of being sucked into that kind of energy when I was 29. I'll blame it on inexperience... and earnest Mills & Boone-type novels... Anyway, you swept me off my feet. You made me feel feminine and small and protected. No one had ever made me feel feminine like that before. I felt taken care of. I felt precious.

And then you tried to break up with me. I panicked at the thought of losing you and that feeling of safety... of being looked after and something in me clicked. I begged you not to leave. I promised I'd try to be better for you.

I learned that I needed to be more compliant in order to get you to stay. So that's what I did. I handed all the power to you.

I *changed myself*...in an attempt to make you happy.

I became less argumentative, didn't defend myself when you were unreasonably upset with me... held on for dear life when you broke up with me over some throwaway comment I made 3 months earlier that you inflated into a massive deal-breaker...

You had this photographic memory that only worked to record all the wrong things I did and said.

I became so good at thinking 7 steps ahead.. To pre-emptively stay quiet, or change the subject before your thoughts could find their way to yet another thing to be upset about and then, of course, dump me over...

Walking on eggshells... all.. the time.. was so exhausting.

How could I have allowed myself to be turned into some half-version of me? Some hollow person who was so wrapped up in your status as this brutish Mr Big character who wore expensive suits and could buy a fucking \$1000 pen without even batting an eyelid that I forgot about how you left me alone... all the fucking time? Like, when I think back on the fact that we dated for almost 4 years but the amount of time we were physically together would probably amount to... I dunno... 1 year? Maybe even less?

Why did you disappear for weeks at a time? Without telling me. You would travel for work and not bother to tell me until a week after you came home. You'd go on surfing weekends with your friends and not think to let me know. You'd go visit your sister - who lived in the same city as us - yet I was never invited to meet her. I never met her. We were together for almost 4 years! The amount of times I had to make excuses for you at some party we had been invited to do, telling the host you had to work, when the truth was, I had no idea where you were.

I felt like your mistress - a hidden secret, even though I knew you weren't seeing anyone else. You were unfaithful but not with another woman. You were unfaithful to me... WITH YOURSELF. I don't know if that's better or worse. I don't want to think about it too much.

How could I have allowed you to separate our lives? No - I didn't allow it. I had *no* say. So the real question is... how could I have allowed myself to be treated so poorly? How could I have respected you more than me? I am utterly disgusted with how little care I had for my own well being.

I loved you so much that the dopamine hit of having you back after weeks apart made me forget the despair I felt from being abandoned by you. That neverending roller coaster ride of absolute sadness followed by perfect joy is a drug that is hard to kick.

To me, you were this beautiful bright light. This big hot flame and I was this pathetic little moth that was just drawn to you. And how lucky was I to be involved with someone so mature, so strong and enigmatic.

I got burned a lot. But in my mind, getting burned meant I got to be around that flame. Getting burned was better than no light at all.

I thought I had enough love for the both of us, that you'd come around eventually, but you didn't.

There's this saying I recently came across: "When the pain of staying the same outweighs the pain of change, then we will change." How bad does it have to get before you decide to change?

That moment of clarity happened to me at S' wedding. Standing up there as a maid-of-honour... watching her and her soon to be husband exchange their vows knowing how difficult their journey had been. They put all their shit aside, compromised out of love and chose each other.

I realised.. This was never going to be us. I was never going to be exchanging vows with you. You would never commit to me. And so I ugly-cried in front of everyone. I remember L standing next to me laughing, thinking I was ugly-crying tears of joy, until I whispered to her, "I have to break up with him."

And so, the next day, I ended it. Via email. Because you had missed the wedding and weren't picking up my calls. But at least it was finally MY choice.

Of course, true to form, you basically said, “Yep. Cool. Take care. Sorry.”

The trauma caused by trying to be what you wanted for so long still affects me. Even now, in my current relationship which is unequivocally happy, uncomplicated, balanced and loving... the person I let you turn me into rears her ugly head, and I catch myself apologising to my partner for things I do and say that are perfectly reasonable things to do and say. I question my words a lot. I question my decisions all the time.

My partner is helping me heal. I finally know what it's like to be in a healthy relationship, where there is no fucked up power imbalance. I have met every important person in his life. We live together. We make decisions together. We are planning for the future. We're getting married. We fit perfectly together as we are - without having to break our backs trying to shrink ourselves to be something we are not. Our relationship is steady. It's not filled with quick exhilarating sparks that burn for a second and then die just as quickly. Our relationship is an ember that continues to burn low and slow and constant.

I'm glad to see you're still single - not because I don't want you to be happy, or even for you to meet someone else... but because I just can't imagine another woman putting herself through the pain of being set up to fail... folding herself into shapes that just don't fit her... changing who she is and what she wants in an effort to get you to commit to her, without you ever compromising in return. I am terrified for that woman.

So, I hope you continue to stay happily single - a relationship status that suits you best. I hope that your life is great.. That you've made peace with whatever it is that takes you to those dark places. You are a shell of a person and I can't for the life of me understand why you won't seek help and happiness.

Thank you for helping me to realise how generous my heart is. If *you* couldn't kill my willingness to love again, well fuck, nothing and no one can. But also, thank you for inspiring me to become far more discerning about who deserves my love and care.

Thank you for showing me what my relationship deal-breakers are. I am much less patient with people who try to take advantage of my kindness.

Be well. *Alone*.

From,

A

Here's the link to my recording:

[https://drive.google.com/file/d/1leOfucx-jAfAiKWrC5-FOol0\\_b6Zts\\_v/view?usp=sharing](https://drive.google.com/file/d/1leOfucx-jAfAiKWrC5-FOol0_b6Zts_v/view?usp=sharing)