Wanted: Revenge

I'll admit it wasn't my proudest moment, but at the time it felt so good. What's the old saying? Hell hath no fury like that of a woman scorned.

Normally I am a very reasonable person. I am a well-educated, middle-class, forty-something woman who listens to Big Band, opera, classical, the Top 40s, hip hop, and other pretty vanilla selections on the radio. There's also a side of me that, when I'm all alone in my car, will listen to gangsta rap so loud that the fillings in my teeth rattle. That's the side that came out that night when I could no longer deny the obvious.

The red flags had been there all along. He even warned me about himself. He told me that very first night I met him that he should come with a warning label. The friend who brought him home to me that New Year's Eve to snap me out of my depressed funk even warned me.

"He's *definitely* not boyfriend material, but he's great in bed! Have fun with him, just don't get attached," she said.

She was right. He was a skilled lover, and I later found out why. Standing at barely 5'6", I finally got his backstory. Early in adolescence, he'd realized that he needed to come up with something to compete with his peers for girls. He knew he was at a disadvantage because of his height. He also wasn't particularly good-looking, a great student, or a star athlete. So he set out to become an expert in the art of seduction.

Unfortunately, he hadn't developed any morals or depth of character alongside his sexual acumen. The guy was a textbook sociopath. His lack of empathy was only trumped by his grandiose sense of self. I was too busy enjoying the love bombing and all of the orgasms to pay much attention to the parade of red flags.

What was up with him disappearing all of the time? Why did putting gas in the car take three hours and require him to dress up and put cologne on? Why would he pick fights with me as if he wanted an excuse to stay out all night? Why did money keep vanishing from my account? Why was he so secretive with his phone? Who was he always whispering on the phone to? Why was he always accusing me of cheating?

The night I finally did discover the undeniable evidence of his serial cheating, the gangsta came out in me. He wasn't there, which was bad for him, because it gave me the chance to plot and scheme. I lay there in our bed for two days and nights straight, thinking about the best revenge I could concoct. Not only did I want to make sure he felt every level of pain I was going through, but I also wanted to prevent other women from being his victims. No one deserved this, especially someone like me, who is as loyal and faithful as a golden retriever.

Men should know that if they are going to screw over good women they should avoid the ones with colorful imaginations. My plan took shape. I would hire a couple of thugs to grab him and give him a proper beating. Then they'd throw him into the trunk of their car and drive him to a remote warehouse where a dude with a tattoo gun and some red tattoo ink would be waiting. No tattoo experience would be necessary. They'd hold him down, yank his pants down around his ankles, leaving it to his imagination what was coming next. Finally, the dude with the tattoo gun would permanently ink in huge red letters right above his pubic area: "CHEATER".

He'd be permanently branded. Every time he'd pull those pants down, ready to ensnare a new victim, there it would be: a warning for all future women unlucky enough to end up in bed with him. Brilliant.

I probably should have just stopped with the fantasy, but I didn't. I ran the ad on Craig's List. Much to my surprise, I ended up getting a call from probably the only thug in San Bernardino County with a conscience and a brain. This dude and I ended up talking for over three hours one night. I told him the whole, sordid story.

"I get it, Girl, I do. You're hurtin'. That guy, he's no good and he don't deserve you. He deserves everything you plannin' for him, but let me tell you, Babe. Ain't nothin' you can do to him that gonna make your heart heal. In fact, all this drama you got planned only gonna delay your healing and probably gonna catch you a charge, too. Leave it be. He ain't worth it. He don't deserve you. He never did. Move on, Girl. Get on with your life and never give that loser another one of your thoughts. Trust me, he ain't worth it."

So that's how I ended up getting some really solid advice from a thug for hire off a Craig's List ad. I followed his advice, and the cheater went on to live the miserable existence he had coming to him. That's also how I learned that the best revenge is just letting karma, the most patient gangsta of all, handle your dirty business.