

# q opinion: with ISABELLA FELS

Peter. How I've had to put up with too many bad men called Peter over the years. It's a name I have grown to hate. I was never even a mate of them. In fact, I detested them all. Boyfriends, mere acquaintances, shop assistants, school fellows, psychiatrists, the whole wretched lot of them.

They all caused me pain in their own way. In some ways they got their own way. In other words, they would make me pay. They even led me astray with broken promises that they were here to stay whilst leaving me the very next day.

They were all bastards. This included the hard-headed psychiatrists putting me in the dreaded mental hospital against my own will. I think they even got a kick out of this. One of my unfeeling psychiatrists said in no uncertain terms that I had no self-control and would never be able to work a simple job. I think he fully delighted in telling me this. All these bad psychiatrists called Peter got on my worst side with all their nasty and snide remarks.

I was better off laying low, giving the other 'Peters' a throbbing head job over my sexy blow-dried hair. This gave me more relief than the powerful anti-depressants I was given. It made me feel much better for the moment, however, I was in for a wild ride and the ruination of my love life with all these terrible 'Peters' who were my so-called boyfriends.

I soon saw the psychiatrists cared about me less than the horrible boyfriends who at least were not so warped and wrapped up in money. However, none of them bothered to wrap me up a single present either for valentine's day, my birthday and xmas combined if the relationship even lasted that long. I was never made to feel truly special. I was lucky enough to just be the other woman

I was always putting out but all I got back was being chucked out of their car in the dead of night. This was a real blow especially after I had given them a great blow job. Many of the peters in my life made me sob. They robbed me of my innocence with all their blatant lies and betrayal. I could really have been put up for sale with all my sexual favours. As they joked about me to their mates or even denied my existence altogether, I never felt taken seriously.

With the psychiatrists I felt even less taken seriously. I felt like the lowest of the low when they said I'd never get better. It felt even worse than the peters I slumbered with into the hours of the early morning only to be kicked out of bed first thing. I felt drugged out and dredged up with my heartless unfeeling psychiatrists. They drove me to hell and back, at the same time slug me with all their hefty bills and almost poisonous pills. They left me shrivelled to a pulp.

With the other 'Peters' I also couldn't win. Being with them was also a mistake. They put me down, always made me feel bad. They did not even try to woo or win me over. This was totally insulting. Overall, I didn't get a good bedside manner with the boyfriends or the psychiatrists. They were out for what they could get - whether it be sex or money. I could safely bet they all didn't give a damn about me. It was all about them and their precious ego and how many points they could rack up either on their bedpost or in their notebook.

There was simply no give and take. As I slowly started to wake up to them all, either on the psychiatrist's couch or in their flashing red primal car, I finally realised that they were up to no good and my only choice was to leave them all behind. As I said goodbye to them all I felt totally 'petered' and filtered out. I had had my fill. I could now finally concentrate totally on me.

