

Facing Heartbreak

Stayed With It



You don't need answers yet.
You don't need to be brave.
This is what it feels like to stay with
heartbreak as it unfolds.

Written by Darcy Dawe

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Disclaimer

This book is for personal reflection and emotional education. It is not a substitute for professional mental health care, therapy, medical advice, or crisis support.

The reflections and practices are offered as general guidance informed by lived experience and trauma-aware principles. Every reader's situation is different. Use what feels supportive and disregard anything that does not fit your circumstances.

If you are experiencing significant distress or thoughts of harming yourself, seek support from a qualified professional or contact your local emergency services.

Dear Reader

I didn't lose things one by one. There wasn't time for that. Everything went at once. The relationship ended, and almost immediately, the home followed. The business we had built together couldn't survive without both of us. My financial security disappeared.

Somewhere inside all of that, I lost myself. Not gradually. Just gone.

For a long time, I couldn't tell where one loss ended, and another began. Everything was tangled together.

Love. Work. Home. Money. Identity.

I kept trying to separate them, hoping that understanding one piece might make the rest easier to carry. It didn't.

What followed wasn't the kind of heartbreak people talk about. It wasn't cleansing. It didn't move forward.

It was a shock. The kind that doesn't arrive with tears at first. The kind that leaves you sitting on the floor because standing feels like too much. The kind that empties your head instead of filling it with thoughts.

For a long time, I wasn't functioning in any way I recognised. My thinking felt unreliable. Thoughts looped and then vanished. Simple decisions felt heavy.

Time stopped behaving properly. Days passed without shape. Nights stretched on without relief.

What frightened me most wasn't the pain. It was how unfamiliar I felt to myself inside it. I wasn't strong. I wasn't coping quietly. I wasn't finding meaning. I was disoriented, scared, and trying to understand how my entire life had disappeared so quickly.

This book didn't come from answers. It came from staying inside that moment. I didn't write it to explain heartbreak. I wrote it because I needed something that didn't rush me. Something that didn't tell me what I should be feeling by now, or who I needed to become next.

There are no instructions on these pages. No timelines. No promises. What you'll find instead are lived moments. Confusion. Repetition. Small internal shifts that didn't look like progress while they were happening. This is how I moved through heartbreak. Slowly. Imperfectly. Without knowing where I was going.

If any part of you feels shocked, stuck, or unfamiliar to yourself, that belongs here.

For now, this is where you are.

Who I Am



Hello, I'm Darcy.

I have lived through the kind of ending that dismantles structure and leaves you unsure how to stand.

What followed was not clarity or strength. It was shock, confusion, and learning to stay present without knowing what came next.

These pages come from that season. They are written from inside the experience, not from distance.

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The Shock of Heartbreak: Emotional Chaos

Heartbreak rewires your focus. Your mind searches for safety. Your body reaches for what once felt steady.

Shock doesn't move forward. It spreads everywhere at once.

This is where the experience begins.

Chapter 1

The Moment Everything Fell Apart

I thought we were stepping back into the life we had built together. I believed the distance and silence might ease once we were face-to-face again. I still thought of us as a family, something that could be steadied if we were honest with each other.

A few weeks earlier, I had spent Christmas in the UK with my sister. They had asked for space. Space turned into silence. There wasn't even a message on Christmas Day.

I told myself it was temporary. The days that followed were unsettled. My thoughts circled the same questions again and again.

Some days, I went outside just to feel the cold air. My chest stayed tight. Nights stretched on without rest. That winter, *It Will Be Lonely This Christmas* followed me everywhere. The first time it played, I froze. The second time, I turned it off halfway through.

The sound felt unbearable. The silence afterwards felt heavier than the music.

I tried opening our business website. Photos appeared. Images of a life that suddenly felt out of reach. I closed the laptop. I couldn't look at them.

When I returned home in early January, we met at a local restaurant. I arrived believing we would talk properly. That being in the same place again might help us understand what was going wrong.

I sat across from them, waiting for the conversation to begin. Instead, they told me they wouldn't be coming back to the house that evening as they were house-sitting.

The way they said it made it clear this wasn't a pause. It was an exit. I had come expecting we would work things through together. What I was being told was that everything had already been unilaterally decided.

We had eaten at that restaurant many times before. Laughing. Planning what came next. Now the space between us felt fixed. I searched their face for something familiar. They were already somewhere I couldn't follow.

I went home alone that night. When I opened the door, I realised they had completely moved out. There was no message. No explanation. Just absence.

I stood there, unable to move. The air felt different, as if the room itself had pulled back. The wardrobe was empty. The toothbrush was gone. Even the coffee mug they always used had disappeared. That minor detail made my stomach drop.

After that, nothing followed a pattern. I wasn't eating. I bought supplements at the chemist's. I stood with the keys in my hand, unable to tell whether I was leaving or returning.

I moved through the days slowly, doing only what was necessary. Sleep felt out of reach. My thoughts returned to the same moments over and over. I barely recognised how I was functioning. My life felt heavy in a way I couldn't shift.

The loss spread to everything else. The business we had built together couldn't survive without both of us. When the relationship ended, the work went with it.

The stability I depended on disappeared too. I couldn't afford to stay at home alone. I had to leave.

The same removal men who had moved us in five months earlier came back to move me out. Watching them carry the same boxes felt unreal, as if my life had folded in on itself.

A friend offered me her studio, thirty kilometres from my hometown. It was small. On the lower ground floor of her house.

Boxes filled the space. I cleared enough room to unpack a few things. Photos of my parents and my sister. A small piece of art.

My friend lived upstairs. Knowing someone was close brought slight relief.

I could think only as far as the next hour. Advice didn't land, nor did comfort. Nothing reached me. I held onto one hope. That they might realise they had made a mistake and come back.

That hope stayed long after everything else had fallen apart. Nothing inside me settled. Nothing resolved.

But I could sense I wasn't in the very first moment anymore. I was still overwhelmed. Still disoriented. But I wasn't in freefall.

The Shift

There was a moment when I stopped trying to understand what had happened. I noticed where I was standing. Not clarity. Not acceptance. Just attention narrowing to what was immediate. What was in front of me. What I could carry for the next few minutes.

The loss didn't change. Nothing resolved. But my grip loosened.

Dear Reader

If you are here now, nothing needs to be assessed. There is no scale to measure yourself against. This is not a checkpoint. It is a pause.

Nothing is being judged. Nothing is being asked. You do not need insight. You do not need direction. You can stay exactly where you are.

That is enough for this moment.

Heartbreak & Panic: Anxiety Attacks

Heartbreak fractures inner stability. Your thoughts scan for certainty. Your body floods with alarm and unfamiliar urgency.

Panic arrives without warning. It overtakes breath, sleep, focus, time.

The body reacts before the mind can follow.

Chapter 2

The Panic Started the Moment They Left.

It arrived without warning and took over completely. My heart raced. My chest tightened. My breath shortened. A surge of energy flooded my body so fast I didn't know what to do with it.

When it came, my thinking shut down. There were no thoughts to follow. No decisions to make. Only pressure.

I paced. I stood still. I sat down and stood up again. There was nowhere for the energy to go. It stayed locked inside me until it eased on its own.

The attacks came during the day and through the night. There was no pattern. I couldn't connect them to anything I was doing. They arrived, took over, and passed only when they were ready.

When I landed in the UK, one hit me on the train from the airport to my sister's house. I stood up and walked the length of the carriage because sitting still felt impossible. I paced back and forth until the surge softened enough for me to stop moving.

I went outside constantly. I put on my coat and walked because there was no other option. At night, I slept with my phone on the pillow beside me and played stories just to hear another voice in the room.

Silence made everything sharper. Only weeks earlier, they had been in the same bed with me. Now I needed sound to stop the fear from closing in.

My sister walked with me most days. She matched my pace and stayed close. She didn't try to fix anything. It helped a little. The panic still came.

When I returned to Spain, the full-body panic eased. But something else replaced it. My jaw tightened constantly. My teeth clenched as if they were made of stone. The tension sat there all day and through the night.

It wasn't as overwhelming as the panic attacks had been, but it didn't leave. I woke with it. I went to bed with it.

The Shift

The fear did not disappear, but it stopped overwhelming me all at once. There were moments when it arrived before it peaked. Not early enough to stop it. Early enough to recognise it.

The fear stayed. It no longer swallowed everything instantly. It moved through me, without taking over the whole space.

Dear Reader

If panic has taken over your days or nights, this may feel familiar. Thinking narrows. The body floods. Breath shortens. You wait for it to pass.

Nothing is being solved. Sometimes the intensity shifts. Sometimes the timing changes. The experience remains.

Looping Thoughts: When the Mind Can't Settle

Heartbreak disrupts your sense of orientation. Your mind circles what it can't resolve.

Thoughts return without invitation, replaying words, silences, imagined endings. Attention narrows. Time distorts.

The mind loops when it has nowhere to land.

When the Thoughts Won't Stop

The looping began straightaway. There was no gradual build. No space to prepare. One day, my life made sense. The next, I couldn't hold a single thought steady.

The same questions returned the moment I woke and stayed until I finally slept from exhaustion.

What just happened to my life?

Why did they leave?

How do I start again when everything is gone?

Where am I supposed to live now?

What am I going to do?

Each morning, the loop was already moving before I was fully awake. There was no pause between opening my eyes and being pulled back into it. The looping felt heavy in my body. My chest stayed tight. My stomach knotted.

I had to leave our home, but I couldn't think clearly enough to decide where to go. Every option felt frightening. If I stayed, the life we had built would surround me. If I left, I didn't know where I would go or how I would manage.

The business became another place where thinking collapsed. Every idea fell back into the same questions. Nothing felt manageable.

Even with friends, the looping didn't ease. I went to a museum with people I loved. I moved through the rooms without taking anything in.

The same thought repeated. *If we were still together, this would have been a perfect day.* That version drowned out everything else. The loop followed me everywhere. Into every room. Every moment.

My body moved through the day. My mind stayed locked in the same cycle. There was no quiet. No stillness. Only the return.

I couldn't break the loop. I couldn't distract myself from it. I couldn't think my way free.

The Shift

At some point, the thoughts lost a small amount of force. They still returned. The questions didn't change. The repetition remained. But it didn't collapse over everything at once.

I could finish a task before being pulled back. A moment would pass. Then another. The pause wasn't chosen. It appeared and disappeared.

Dear Reader

Thoughts can return without warning. A word. A place. A memory. The mind circles what it can't release. The repetition can feel draining.

Ordinary moments are interrupted. Attention is pulled backwards. The loop tightens. Nothing else fits.

Abandoning Yourself: Keeping the Peace

Needs go unspoken. Reactions are softened in advance. Words are edited before they land.

Discomfort is carried privately. Silence becomes a habit.

Peace is maintained. Self is thinned.

Chapter 4

Keeping the Peace Meant Saying Less.

I believed in a shared life that didn't erase either person. I wanted balance. I didn't realise I was abandoning myself.

Unhappiness grew quietly. I put up with things that didn't sit right. I softened my reactions. I swallowed discomfort. I told myself I was choosing connection. They were avoiding conflict.

Conversations closed instead of opening. I believed patience would steady things. I was the one bending. I called it compromise. Inside, something wore down. The unhappiness didn't arrive loudly. It stayed low and constant. I felt invisible. Then resentful.

I reached for the version of love I had known growing up. Longevity. Mutual regard. After the breakup, a friend said *it wouldn't have lasted*. Later, that felt true.

There was no single betrayal. No moment to point to. There were many small choices to stay quiet. To let their comfort matter more than my voice.

Over time, I learned how to disappear without leaving.

The Shift

The instinct to make myself smaller did not disappear. It stopped arriving quite so fast. I still softened my responses. I still stepped back.

But sometimes there was a pause. A thought surfaced before I reshaped it. The habit remained. The agreement still came. It no longer felt automatic every time.

Dear Reader

You may notice a hesitation before you speak. A brief weighing of what will be welcome.

The decision happens quickly. Often without notice. Words are softened. Discomfort is set aside. The agreement arrives early, so calm can stay intact.

Something inside grows tired. The distance widens quietly.



The Betrayal Wound: When Trust Collapses

Trust breaks quietly. What felt certain no longer holds. Words lose their weight.

Explanations stop landing. Safety withdraws.

The bond remains. Trust does not.

When Everything Looked Solid Until it Wasn't

We had been together for a year when we decided to build a life together. At the time, it felt steady. We talked about marriage. We made plans that stretched ahead of us.

Their teenage daughter was part of that picture. The business we started in January was part of it, too. When we moved into the new house that May, it felt settled.

We unpacked boxes. We arranged rooms. The space took shape as ours. I invested everything I had. My time. My energy. My savings. I didn't hesitate.

The first change was intimacy. It faded quietly. I told myself it was stress. A temporary shift.

The atmosphere changed, not overnight but just enough to feel wrong. From the outside, everything looked stable. A home. A business. A future.

At the end of November, they said they were moving back to their other house. They framed it as needing *space* and said we could continue both the relationship and the business.

I suggested counselling. They refused. I couldn't understand how one life could become two.

I hadn't realised how long the separation had already been forming. I couldn't imagine becoming a part-time partner. Ending each day at the door. Returning to separate homes.

What collapsed wasn't caused by conflict. It came from what was never said. I had fully committed, believing they had too. The reality was that they had already stepped back. I was building a life for two: they were no longer inside it.

The Shift

After a while, the collapse stopped feeling immediate. The ground remained unsteady. The shock eased slightly. I could touch certain moments without flinching. Not comfortably. Not calmly. But without being pulled under at once.

The hurt remained. The story stayed the same. The break no longer felt brand new.

Dear Reader

Trust can disappear in a single moment. What felt shared can quietly loosen. Plans lose their shape. Certainty thins.

You may return to what you believed. To the future you were holding. Confusion can follow. So can grief.

The ground shifts without warning. Nothing feels secure in the same way.



Living With Longing: Missing Them vs Going Back

The missing doesn't fade. It arrives without warning. It lives alongside ordinary moments.

It asks for comfort, not correction. It feels like a pull, not a direction.

Longing is present. Going back is different.

The Mornings Hurt the Most

I opened the door to the house and knew before I saw anything. Their things were gone. The rooms looked the same. They felt empty.

That night, I went to bed because there was nowhere else to be. I lay on my side of the mattress and stared at the space they used to fill.

In the morning, the longing arrived immediately. For a brief second, I expected their voice. Their footsteps. The small sounds that once shaped the house. Then the stillness settled.

The room held traces of them. Their smell lingered on the pillow. The air felt shaped around where they used to lie. My body reached before my thinking could follow.

The mornings didn't soften. Each day began with the same weight, landing before I could prepare.

During the day, I stayed close to my hometown, where I used to live, which was only five minutes away. Familiar enough to feel almost intact.

I slowed the car on the last stretch of road. Once inside the home, nothing moved. Nothing greeted me.

I froze just inside the door. Fear rose with the longing. My breath tightened. I reached the sofa and sat down because it was the only place I could reach. My legs gave way.

The house didn't comfort me. It confronted me. Every room carried quiet evidence. A mug. A chair. A space by the door. Just absence.

The days blurred together. Waking and remembering. Driving home and collapsing.

The longing returned again and again.

The Shift

The longing did not disappear. The thought of going back still arrived, but it stopped feeling like the only answer. There was a slight delay. A few seconds. Then minutes.

I could miss them without deciding anything. I could feel the pull without moving toward it. The ache still came. It no longer dictated the next step.

Dear Reader

Missing someone can blur into wanting to return. The body reaches first, before thought, before memory finishes telling the full story.

The pull can feel immediate. It settles in the chest and suggests that relief lives somewhere behind you.

Sometimes the shift is small. The longing stays. You do not act on it straight away.

Numbing & Avoidance: Turning Away From Feeling

Feeling becomes too much. Attention turns away from the body. Distraction offers temporary quiet.

Sensation dulls before meaning arrives. Absence feels easier than contact.

The feeling recedes. Nothing resolves.

When I Chose Sleep Over Feeling

After the breakup, the days felt too long. Waking meant stepping into a life I didn't recognise. The house was silent. The thoughts that came with that silence were worse.

The doctor prescribed diazepam to help me sleep. At first, I took one tablet at night. Then more. Sleep became the only place where the ache loosened.

Most mornings began the same way. As soon as I became conscious, the heaviness landed. I kept the curtains closed. I wore the same clothes day after day. Changing felt pointless.

Waking. Taking the tablet. Pulling the covers back over me. Sometimes the numbness came quickly. Other times, I waited for it.

I didn't check the time. I didn't look at my phone. The bedding felt heavy. My body sank into the mattress. I floated in and out of shallow sleep. Never fully resting. Never fully awake.

When my eyes opened, the ache was there. I left the bed only when I had to. Then I returned.

The house felt too big. Too quiet. I avoided the rooms we had shared. The kitchen. The living room. The hallway. Food didn't interest me. Messages went unanswered. Calls piled up.

The medication blurred the grief for short stretches. When it lifted, everything returned. The days lost their shape. Time became unreliable. All I knew was how heavy it felt to be awake.

The Shift

The urge to disappear didn't stop. It arrived less urgently. I still turned away. I still reached for distance. But not immediately. There were seconds first. Sometimes a minute.

The numbness returned. The pattern remained. The edge softened slightly.

Dear Reader

There may be moments when being awake feels like too much. The body pulls away. Attention dulls.

Sleep offers distance. So do other forms of quiet. Presence feels sharp. Avoidance feels easier. Awareness flickers. Then retreats. The pull to numb arrives.



Trusting Your Intuition: Losing & Reconnecting

Signals are felt, then questioned. Knowing is overridden by explanation. Doubt grows louder than sensation.

Inner cues are dismissed as unreliable. Trust turns outward instead of inward.

The voice quiets. It does not disappear.

Chapter 8

When I Didn't Listen to Myself

I can trace the first time I ignored myself to the early days of our relationship. Not to a single moment. Not to an argument. It showed up in how our lives moved once they were placed side by side.

On the surface, things worked. Time passed easily. There was warmth. Laughter. Shared experiences that mattered to me. Being included in their world felt important. It gave me a sense of belonging I hadn't felt before.

Underneath that, something didn't sit right. Our days moved differently. Our rhythms didn't match. What felt manageable to them felt chaotic to me. I noticed it early. Not as alarm. As discomfort. A quiet sense of adjusting more than meeting. I didn't name it.

I focused on what felt good. Holidays. Closeness. The feeling that we were building something together. I stayed quiet. Not from fear but from doubt.

After they left, those early moments stood out more clearly. I could see how often I had felt slightly out of step without understanding why.

I wasn't ignoring danger.
I was ignoring the difference.

I stayed, hoping the life we touched would become the life we lived every day.

The Shift

The unease did not disappear. It stopped being dismissed immediately.

I could notice it before explaining it away. Before telling myself it was nothing. The feeling stayed in the background. It did not demand action. It did not escalate. I did not rush to override it.

Dear Reader

Sometimes something feels off without being clearly wrong. The connection may still be there. So can the discomfort.

Differences do not always arrive clearly. They show up in small adjustments. In accommodating. In setting something aside.

The feeling stays unnamed.

Social Media: Checking Their Life Without You

The urge arrives suddenly. The hand moves before the mind settles. Images replace reality.

Absence is filled with fragments. Meaning is guessed, not known.

The loop tightens. Relief does not follow.

Distance Was All I Could Manage

I had never lived online. I used WhatsApp to stay in touch. Instagram for lightness.

After the breakup, that changed. When they first pulled away, they said they needed space. They were in Amsterdam. Photos appeared. Smiling. With friends. A kiss emoji at the end. I kept the messages. They gave me something thin to hold on to.

When they left, the tone shifted. Practical. Polite. Messages about logistics. About helping me find somewhere to live. Reading them became unbearable. Not because they were cruel. Because they were final.

I asked them to stop contacting me. I blocked them on WhatsApp. Not to punish them. To stop waiting.

I deleted the photos. Holidays. The house. The business. I removed them one by one because I could not bear seeing a life that no longer existed reflected back at me.

I didn't check their social media. Not once. My mind did it instead. It filled in the gaps on its own. Where they were. Who they were with. What their life looked like now.

One day, a friend mentioned seeing them online. On holiday. With someone new. I was driving. My heart raced. The road blurred. The information stayed long after the moment passed. The urge to look grew stronger. Not to learn anything new. To quiet what my imagination was creating.

I didn't look. I knew that even a glimpse would pull me somewhere I wasn't ready to go. So I kept my distance. Not because I was strong. Because distance was all I could manage.

The Shift

The pull to check didn't disappear. It arrived with less force. The spike softened. I could pause first. Just for a moment.

The urge remained. But it no longer took over instantly. The impulse loosened its grip. Distance held.

Dear Reader

Seeing traces can linger. An image. A detail. A name. The reaction comes quickly. Thought follows. Stories form.

The contrast sharpens. The ache deepens. Staying away can feel necessary.

Acceptance & Forgiveness: Letting Go

The grip loosens slowly. Resistance fades without announcement. The story loses urgency.

What was carried begins to release. The moment feels quieter than expected.

Nothing is fixed. Something eases.

Chapter 10

A close-up photograph of a hand reaching upwards, with fingers slightly curled. A thin, light blue ribbon or string is attached to the hand and extends upwards towards a larger, solid blue balloon. The background is a clear, deep blue sky. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

When Nothing Could Be Changed

After the breakup, the hardest part wasn't the silence. It was how much disappeared at once. The relationship was gone. The home was gone. The business was gone. My savings were gone. I didn't just lose a partner. I lost the version of myself that made sense inside that life.

I wasn't rebuilding. I was getting through the day. Breathing felt heavy. I lay in bed and stared at the wall. My life narrowed to one room. To a version of me I didn't recognise.

There were things I could not change. I could not undo how I had trusted. I could not return to the home I gave up. I could not reclaim the future I believed we were building.

When they left, they stepped back into a life that was already waiting. I did not have that. I found a small, inexpensive studio outside my hometown. It was all I could afford.

Disappointment settled in my chest and shoulders. It stayed. Resentment surfaced. Ignoring it made it heavier.

Some days I sat and breathed. Other days I stayed busy. At night, everything returned. What I gave up. What I missed. Shame stayed close.

The Shift

The weight did not lift. It pressed less tightly. The story remained. The loss remained. I could remember without collapsing. Not calmly. Not peacefully. But without breaking apart immediately.

Resentment still surfaced. It no longer defined the entire day. Acceptance did not arrive as peace. It arrived as recognition. Some things would not change.

Dear Reader

There are moments when blame grows heavy. The story repeats. The ache remains. Holding it takes effort.

Over time, the body recognises its limits. The pressure cannot stay at full force. Not because forgiveness has been achieved, but because something inside grows tired of carrying what cannot be altered.

Letting go does not always feel generous. Sometimes it feels like setting down what is too heavy to hold.

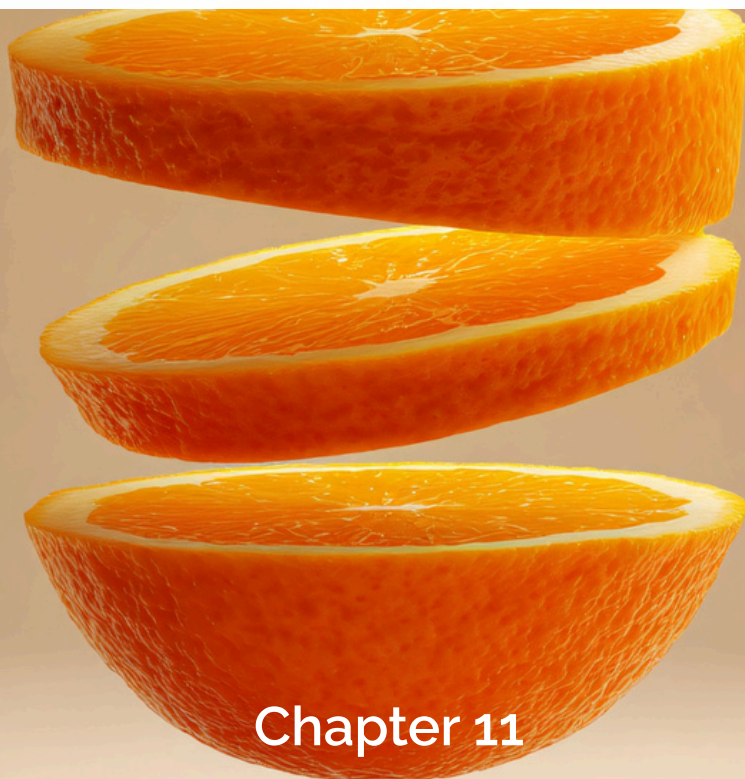


Living With Aloneness: Holding Together

The fear loses its sharp edge. Solitude no longer signals danger. The body settles into its own company.

Presence replaces the search for reassurance. Nothing is added. Nothing is missing.

Aloneness remains. The self stays intact.



From Being an *Us* to Being a *Me*

I functioned well on my own. I valued space. Routine. Independence. Being alone didn't frighten me. What unsettled me was the loss of the shared shape.

Waking up alone felt disorienting. Not because I couldn't manage. Because the rhythm vanished. No shared mornings. No familiar presence. The day moved differently. Ordinary moments carried weight. Making coffee for one. Locking the door at night.

The unease crept in. It appeared quietly. Weekends sharpened it. People moved in pairs. Plans gathered around coupled lives.

I noticed the contrast. For a while, I thought I was missing them. But the ache stayed even when I questioned that.

The quiet had a shape. It filled the space where an *us* had been.

The Shift

Aloneness did not reduce. I stopped reacting to it constantly.

The quiet was still there. I moved through the day without analysing it. Hours passed without checking how I felt about being alone.

Dear Reader

Living alone can feel heavier than expected. There are fewer interruptions. Fewer conversations. More unfilled time.

The difference shows up in routine. Meals are eaten alone. Evenings are quieter. Decisions are made without discussion.

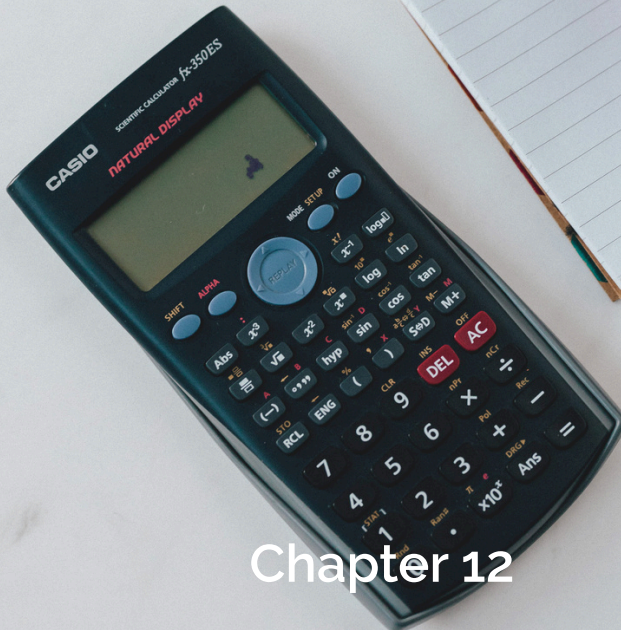
The change is steady. You adjust gradually.

Financial Insecurity: Collapse & Uncertainty

Numbers stop adding up. Certainty disappears overnight. Decisions carry unfamiliar weight.

The future feels thinner than before. Stability is no longer assumed.

Nothing is solved. Everything feels exposed.



When My Security Disappeared Overnight

When the relationship ended, the financial impact arrived immediately. I had put everything into the business we built together. When they left, the structure supporting my life went with them.

I moved into a small studio outside my hometown. Not by choice. By necessity. It was what I could afford. Nothing more. The shift was unmistakable. I was no longer in my own home.

Facing the business was hardest. Running it alone wasn't possible. Logistically. Physically. Financially.

Accepting that meant letting go of the future I thought I was building. I sold the equipment. Each item left the mark of another ending.

What surprised me was not the loss. It was the absence of direction. I had rebuilt before. This time, I couldn't. I couldn't plan. I couldn't imagine what came next.

The fear wasn't about numbers. It came from losing stability. From watching something solid dissolve.

For months, I lived inside uncertainty. No strategy. No vision. Only the knowledge that everything had changed faster than I could follow.

The Shift

The fear did not leave. It became manageable in short stretches. One task at a time. A bill paid. A form completed.

The worry returned, but it did not shut everything down. The uncertainty remained. I could work alongside it.

Dear Reader

Financial loss can feel sudden. Stability shifts. Decisions carry more weight. The future becomes less defined. Responsibility increases.

The pressure stays in the background. Fear becomes ongoing rather than acute. It does not disappear. It becomes something you function with.



Beginning Again: One Step at a Time

There is no clear map. The ground feels uneven. Each step asks for attention.

Progress is measured quietly. Balance matters more than speed.

Movement happens. Nothing is rushed.

When Starting Over Wasn't New, But Felt Heavier

I am not new to beginning again. Uncertainty has shaped much of my adult life. I have built things from nothing. I have taken risks. Some worked. Some collapsed. Each time, I adapted. Each time, I found a way forward.

I have also lived through losses that rearranged my life. Endings that changed how I moved through the world. I learned early that life does not stay still. Because of this, I assumed this beginning would feel familiar. It didn't.

I wasn't afraid of effort. I was afraid of the emptiness. I didn't know who I was meant to become next.

Beginning again wasn't a choice. It arrived because staying where I was would hollow me out further. There was no plan. No direction.

So I began again slowly, one day at a time. Without confidence. Without certainty. Not by building something new, but by staying with what remained.

The Shift

The pressure eased slightly. Not into clarity. Not into certainty. I could think about tomorrow without trying to define it.

One action felt possible. Then another. The question narrowed from what comes next to what can be done today.

Dear Reader

Starting again can feel heavier than expected. Experience adds caution. Memory adds weight.

Confidence does not return immediately. Effort may feel familiar. Direction may not. Planning becomes smaller. The focus moves to the next workable step.

Epilogue: Where I am Now

There is no fixed destination. The ground still shifts beneath me. Each step asks to be felt.

Change unfolds quietly. Steadiness matters more than speed.

Life continues. Nothing is forced.

My life is different now from what it was inside the relationship. It is steadier. I live deliberately. I know what my days require. I know what I can give and what I can't. The urgency that once drove me has softened into something quieter. More reliable.

I am not fixed. I am not finished. But I am no longer falling. The panic eased. Fear no longer governs every decision. The constant question of *what went wrong* no longer runs my days.

What changed was not effort. Not discipline. Not insight. What changed was how I stayed with myself. I stopped arguing about what had already happened. I stopped asking the ending to explain itself. I stopped treating pain as something to outrun.

Instead, I stayed.

I stayed with discomfort and uncertainty.

I stayed with the life that remained, even when it looked nothing like the one I planned.

Rebuilding did not arrive as momentum. It arrived as steadiness. Paying attention to what helped me breathe. Choosing what did not make things worse. Allowing time to move without resistance.

From that steadiness, something began to form. Not a replacement life. Not a better one. A truer one. One that could hold what had been lived without needing to erase it.

If you are here now, this is where you are. There is no correct position. No requirement to resolve anything. No demand to understand.

Only the invitation to remain connected to yourself as life rearranges.

Nothing more is asked.



The Super Glue Healing Library

A collection of written companions for women living through loss and life transitions.

Each title explores one specific experience with care, clarity, and steadiness.

The library can be found at
www.darcydawe.com

The Super Glue Healing Library

A collection of written companions for women living through loss and life transitions.

Each title focuses on one specific lived experience. Not to fix it. Not to explain it away. To name what it actually feels like to be there.

Here is how the library is structured.

The Book

Each title includes:

- the core written companion
- one title-specific EFT Tapping Meditation
- companion mini books exploring the science and language behind attachment, loss, and change.

The book stands on its own.

The Memoir Writing Guide

A writing companion specific to the same title.
Designed for readers who want to process their experience through reflection and personal storytelling.

Includes:

- guided memoir prompts
- reflection pieces
- access to DarcyBot as a private writing companion for the memoir process.

The *I Am* EFT Tapping Series

A structured tapping collection created to sit alongside the book.

While each title includes one theme-specific tapping meditation, the *I Am Series* supports emotional regulation, confidence, and steadiness through ongoing practice.

The Six-Month Journal

A longer-form daily companion. Not title specific.

Designed to sit alongside any book in the library and provide steady space for reflection over time.

All pieces exist side by side. None is required in any order. You choose what supports you.

The Super Glue Healing Library lives at www.darcydawe.com.