

The ignored Red Flags.

My Filipina girlfriend was all a man could hope for. She was amazingly beautiful, she was smart and funny and showered me with love and admiration. It was like a drug. We talked online for many months and then I took a trip to the Fils and spent three weeks there with her.

Before we were married there were two things that were big red flags with my her that I ignored for the sake of the relationship. The first is I knew that she was a jealous and insecure person. She would always inquire about what I was doing and who I was doing it with. I thought well its a long distance relationship and I would tell her.

I used to travel a lot in the job I had at the time and she would constantly try to call me to check up on me. I many times was on a boat out in the ocean. There are no cell towers around. She would become very angry and accusatory. This was completely unjustified. I would explain to her when and were I was and why I did not answer the phone. She would then call me a liar. It got to a really bad point when she started accusing me of an affair with a coworker. I had enough at the time and we broke up for a short while.

Secondly I knew she had insecurity and abandonment issues because her father left her when she was a young child. I loved her and was determined to demonstrate to her than a man can love her and give her a stable environment. So we got back together and proceeded with the K-1 Visa. She arrived in the US 9 months after the application was started. The first couple of weeks were fantastic it was like a vacation. We were both excited to be together and spend time getting to know each other.

The day she arrived on the airplane was a very special moment. It was the culmination of a years worth of anticipation. I was looking forward to living with and learning about her. I was very accommodating and spent all the time with her that I could. She was very sweet, caring, and admired me. This was like no other woman I had ever been with in my life. She seemed so perfect.

The first sign of trouble.

The first time we started having big troubles was the week of the wedding. She was like bridezilla. She had to have everything her way.

I mean everything. She would also lie to me and other people who were helping coordinate the wedding. It turns out is a Filipino custom to say yes even if you mean no. Or sometimes they will say maybe when they mean no. This is a tactic to save face. However this made for an extremely difficult week! Most of the people helping were my friends and family. And she had upset a couple of them with her inability to compromise. This was far more than just miscommunication.

I had chalked it up to it being her wedding day and she had no family and it was important for her to have things the way she wanted it so she could show her family how nice things were going. Status to their family is important, so I was trying to let her have her way.

We ended up wasting so much time returning things for the wedding she had agreed to get, and then we returned them so she could buy everything she wanted exactly. This of course took us over budget with time and money. It was one of the most stressful weeks of my life and I don't think your wedding is supposed to be like that.

My best man tells me now that he wanted to stop the wedding because he could tell she was real trouble. She however puts on a great show. She had so many people thinking she was a sweet person, including me. She has a great smile and sense of charm that she uses to her every advantage. She is a master manipulator.

The Wedding.

Still I thought things would get better. I thought that this was just a stressful event and now we can get on to building our lives together. We had rented a car in order drive a thousand miles to get married near my friends and family. Of course we had to have a car of a certain type and color. This included renting a car in our city and driving 3 hours to another city to get the actual car she wanted. The car in a wedding is of importance in Filipino culture. This car train with flowers seems to stem from Chinese culture. So since it was important to her I went through the extra trouble.

The wedding itself went off pretty well. She decorated it very nicely and made it into a much better affair than the sum of its parts. She even sang a song to me and that was very nice.

After the wedding we drove home a different way so we could stop and meet my grandparents in Memphis. That part of the trip went fairly well. However I told her we were going to drive through Birmingham and she wanted to stop and sight see.

Well we did not have time to stop and sight see. I had to get back to work soon and another hotel stay was not in the budget. She threw a fit in the car. Yelling and screaming at me. And we were on the tail end of rush hour traffic in a big city I was not familiar with. It was very stressful. We stopped there to get dinner and she refused to get out of the car. So I went in and bought some food for the two of us. She refused to eat it. It just sat in the bag. She was throwing a fit like a two year old child.

Ungrateful.

Over the next few weeks she got to travel with me some on my work. We traveled to the Florida Keys and stayed for a three day weekend all on the company's expense. It was a nice enough time. She got to go on the fancy boats and we got to take lots of pictures, we even drove all the way down to Key West. I remember she was unhappy because we could not stay longer. Well she started to get irritable and started aggravating me.

She got mad at me because we could not stay in Key West one more day. First of all I had to get back to work the next day and we could not afford to stay in an expensive hotel. I felt she was ungrateful for the three full days of semi vacation we got to have at one of the most beautiful places on earth.

It was a 12 hour drive from Key West back to Tallahassee. I drove it straight through. I do remember however having to deal with her yelling at me and hitting me in the arm while I was driving. This was actually very dangerous. She had no regard for the safety of either of us. She had never driven in her life. She wanted me to act as if I was on a bus with her and could pay my full attention to her every minute of the trip. I mean she yelled and belittled and badgered me for hours on end. I wanted to stop the car and let her out, it was so incredibly stressful. I could not understand why she was doing this. I wanted to just scream.

We got to go on one or two more of these working type trips around

the state of Florida. Every time she found something to be unhappy about. These chartered offshore fishing excursions are things most people have to pay thousands of dollars for, and they do it on their vacation time. We got to do it for free because it was my job. She placed little to no value on these trips because afterward she would complain that we never get out and do anything. I was flabbergasted.

The Filipino Community.

We quickly joined the local Filipino association and began making new friends. From that point on we spent most every weekend at a small or large Filipino party. We had a nice sized house there in Tallahassee, and we hosted many parties. She was not working at the time and I was starting to teach her how to drive a car. It was good for her to get out of the house and socialize and feel productive. She did a wonderful job at redecorating the house.

We bought some new furniture and I inherited a bedroom suite of furniture from an uncle and we had it shipped and then re-stained it together. Again we fought over how and when to re-stain it. She was in a hurry and I wanted to do the job right. Well she decided to finish up the job one day while I was at work. This left some pieces looking sloppy with runs and she got stain all over the floor and walls. I of course had to clean it all up by myself.

She was also not very happy with the size of our TV. So we bought a new 40" plasma flat screen TV and large black glass TV stand. We had fun shopping for them and talking about which ones to get. She loves to shop. This whole upgrade turned out to be quite expensive and all purchased on credit. We also upgraded our cable TV service. This was another monthly expense.

I was happy to have bought these things for us. I wanted her to feel like we were building our home together. However when it came time to make the payments to the credit cards she was mad at me for sending them so much money. I tried to explain to her how the interest they charge is a large burden and we should be responsible and pay them off. I don't think she understood the nature of credit. She had never had it before in her life back in the Fils.

Most every month she would overdraft our bank account. She is very bad with finances and budgets. I have also heard this compliant from

many other husbands of Filipina wives. We shared a joint banking account and she wanted to live outside the means my salary could afford.

I had to take on extra freelance work outside of my day job. Well then she started to complain about the extra time I was spending working and not paying attention to her. I told her she can not have both things in life. If she wanted my time then she would have to stop going to the mall and buying things that we can not afford.

We had spent so much money on the wedding and on new clothes for her. She brought two suitcases full but that is not a full wardrobe. So I would go shopping with her some and at other times she would go shopping with her Filipina girlfriends. I was happy to be providing for her real needs. While she was shopping she would sometimes buy me a surprise gift sometimes and that was nice. But she was not happy long with her new things. She had an enormous appetite for shopping that was never satisfied.

Ruined Holidays.

I remember we had a big fight at Thanksgiving, we had good times with many friends around the holidays and she was always upset at how something did not go her way exactly. She could not enjoy the greater happiness of good times with good people. The parties were fun. She likes to take pictures with her friends and sing karaoke. I also enjoyed the parties and I would eat the new foods and even sing a song or two. I was enjoying participating in new cultural experiences. Some of the other husbands would not. They would bring a pizza and drink beer and sit off by themselves and not participate in the cultural experiences.

After participating in some sort of party or event almost every weekend I started to notice was she was happy preparing for a party and attending the party but afterward she became unhappy and grumpy. Its like her whole life had to be all about a party.

I especially remember Christmas. We went out to a nice Christmas dinner with friends it was at a fancy lodge. Well after eating I left the table to take a walk with some of the people who wanted to walk outside on the grounds. I then later find out she had talked bad about me to the remaining people at the table. What horrifying behavior for

Christmas! My friends were astonished that she would be saying such horrible things about her husband to people that were practically strangers to her. I ignored this for the most part not comprehending that this was the beginning of a theme of abuse thread she was starting to sew.

I thought that her cultural customs for discussing issues like that were just different. However it turns out to be a different story. Every time I would discuss our issues with family or friends seeking advice and council she would always reprimand me for making our problems public. I think she just wanted to hide her behavior and then try and only tell people made up stories about the things I would do to her.

Christmas also ruined.

For Christmas gifts I thought we would keep the budget reasonable and buy things that we needed that where more practical. For example she is a coffee drinker and I am not. So I bought her a coffee pot and some nice coffee assortments. She also was not used to cold weather so I bought her a nice bath robe to keep her warm. I bought her several other things along this nature. Later she told me she appreciated all the thoughtful gifts. But on Christmas day she was very disappointed I did not buy her a new camera for her parties. She let me know how disappointed she was and it made me cry. It makes me cry even now how I think how she was so materialistic and heartless.

We already had a snapshot camera and she used it at all the parties and events we went to. She its very narcissistic and loves to be in pictures. She also had to buy and place two new mirrors around the house. I always found it odd how she had to look in them all the time and check herself. She literally could not pass them without checking herself. Also to uphold her image she always had to have brand name items. She did dress very well but it came at a cost. A cost she did not consider.

A reprieve?

In January I had a great birthday party. She went out of her way and contacted my friends to help her get around and invited a lot of people over and threw a surprise party. It was very nice, she cooked and baked and decorated. This is however the only special occasion in our

full year together that was happy. I think because it was a chance to have a party and for her to show off it was a good time for her. If I think about it now I wonder if she even cared about me.

But this reprieve did not last we fought all the time. She was very insecure and self centered. She would call me gay if we didn't have sex when and where she wanted. Even if I was sick and or hurting from a previous back injury I suffered years ago. She has no regard for anyone but herself.

She is extremely invasive. She has read all my emails, all my phone logs, gone through all my books and even all the boxes in my attic. She saves my emails that she considers to be possible ammunition against me. She emails them to herself. She also calls phone numbers in my phone to see if it was a female on the other end or not.

She would also log into our AT&T account and watch the call log minute by minute to see who I was calling. Its like I married a stalker. At one point she even called AT&T and had them lock me out of my own account. She knew my social security number and she had them change the password. I was able to get that reversed since I was the account holder.

She was very jealous and possessive. A have been an avid salsa dancer for years. I used to send her extra money when she was still in Manila so she could take dance lessons. I did this so we could enjoy dancing together. Part of the ballroom dance culture is to change dance partners frequently. When we did go out I would spend most of the night trying to teach her how to dance salsa.

Its hard for a couple to be in the teacher-student role. Other emotional issues get in the way. She would get really mad at me for any little thing. She would complain that I am teaching her all wrong. Then we would stop and take a break then she got mad at me for wanting to dance with some of my friends with whom I had been dancing with for well over a year. She would be very upset in public and display her unhappiness in a very open fashion. I would just want to leave the dance club. Again it was like dealing with a two year old.

Even when I let her run the full course of her temper tantrums, so I could reassure her I was being open and honest, she would still go far beyond the normal limits. For example while I was working she would call me and grill me, even if I am in a meeting with a client. She would

also get mad at me if I didn't tell her every time in the day I needed to meet with a client. I understand transparency in marriage but this was a major dysfunctional control issue. She can't just be normal and ask nice questions she has to grill me and accuse me of lying and cheating on her. How can you answer such questions standing next to a client?!? This can be a damper on public relations and can cause me to loose work. This was extremely problematic.

After work she would always want me to quickly come home so we could eat supper together. And if I had to work late anytime then should would be mad. Not mad at the situation but mad at me. I am talking about only being less than 30 min late. She would get upset that I did not call her to tell her I was going to be late.

However with an incredible double standard she sometimes would get out of work and go to the mall and not call me for hours letting me know what she was up to. I would try to call her to ask her if she wanted me to wait for her to eat dinner. I would even cook dinner and she would be gone for two or three hours and the food just got cold. The whole time she would not return my calls. She was not willing to extend the same courtesy that she demanded of me.

Midnight Torture.

Another major frustration was that every time that I couldn't answer her phone calls right then or if we have a bad connection she would say it was my fault. If I tell her I did not hear the phone or I was out of cell range or its just the phone company's fault she would call me a liar. Over and over. It was maddening. She only understands her point of view. She contemplates no reality but her own.

Many times we have talks that lasted for hours on end. I would do my best to patiently listen to her. I had sat on the couch being sandblasted by her repeating over and over all the things I don't do right. I don't kiss her long enough, or I don't talk to her enough, or I don't say and do the right things. To me it feels like she expects me to read her mind.

When I, of course, fail to do so, she get furious with me, and in a very ungentle way lets me know it. With an instantaneous barrage of blame and insults and then she fully expects me to feel like suddenly doing all these things she wants. I try to tell her that I would be willing to try

and do more of these things if she would present the things she wants in the form of a need or something of emotional help to her. But she refuses to be nice about what she wants. She only knows insults and guilt tactics. I have come to learn that many women use guilt to control men in their lives in the Filipino culture.

Even if I excused myself from the situation so as to not escalate the issue she will follow me into the other room and continue the barrage of insults and complaints. The longer she goes the more inflammatory she becomes. Its like she just wants to start a big fight. I have had one friend say that she is a rageaholic. I think her attempts at manipulating me with vocal put downs and threats don't work on me and she gets enraged. Its as almost as if she is daring me to get physical with her. She would hit me and scratch me and throw things at me. She had destroyed several household and personal items this way.

She was not good at problem resolution nor was she good at being considerate. She had this torture habit of letting me go to bed and waking me up from a dead sleep just to blurt out all the derogatory things on her mind. She would tell me I am bad at everything. She would say that I am a bad husband and she would keep me awake for two or three hours. I tried to let her talk and get it off her chest. I was trying to be a good listener, but I eventually came to realize she is not getting things off her chest, she is commanding me to change. And she will repeat everything she has on her mind until I comply. She was not interested in a two person exchange involving compromise and understanding. She only wanted to demand change from me and nothing else.

I will admit I am not perfect, plus I am a man. I know this, but I listen to her and I make some adjustments. I try to do more things she likes, but when she get those from me she just moves onto the next complaint. She calls it being honest. I can respect the fact she speaks her mind. But even when I tell her over and over that if she asked for things in a nice way she would have a much higher chance chance of getting it. I think she is somehow used to verbal abuse and thinks its the way to get wants she wants.

It was not Culture Shock!

I remember the first time she was upset it was the first week after I

had gone to work. She was home alone and not happy about it. So I stopped at the florist and bought her a dozen red roses. I was always having to appease her. I bought roses several more times in the following weeks. She enjoyed them. It was all part of the drama cycle. After a while I could not afford to spend \$50 on roses each and ever time she got upset at me.

I used think that she was experiencing culture shock. I have spent some time in other countries. I understand how every sight, sound, taste, and feeling is just not the same as home. I was trying to be extra considerate and let her act out and not limit her feelings. I just thought she was a bit of a fireball and soon the culture shock would be over. I felt as if I was going above and beyond normal human tolerance levels. I was trying everything I could think of. I even bought a book specifically on Filipino culture. It taught me a couple of good things. Like the act of Tampo. They like to sulk basically. But nothing that fully explained her full behavior. I then spoke with the president of the local Filipino Association. He said these behaviors were not culture shock.

One big incident started only one month after being married. We had a fight about the heater and the thermostat. I tried explaining how the digital one works and how it has certain times in turns on and off. She is from a country that does not have to regularly heat their houses and she has never owned a heater and had to pay a heating bill. I had explained many times how she only has to turn in up a degree or two and the heater will kick on. Well she just hits the up button several times thinking that things will heat up faster. This was during the winter in a period of high energy costs and we were also trying to live on a single income.

I would explain to her how this house had an inefficient heater and how turning it up will take us outside of our budget. So rather than put some pajamas on to keep her warm she wanted to continue to sleep mostly nude as she always had in the Phils. Well she kept getting up to turn the thermostat up higher. Well she does not realize that it will maintain that temperature all night long until the digital unit hits its next time of update. She also does not contemplate the future bill that will arrive at the end of the month. She is only concerned about herself and only then.

Going to Jail!?!?

Well after this big fight one night I listen to her for a long while listening to the rhetoric and then had to go to sleep. After about two hours she barges into the bedroom flips the lights on and jumps on the bed and before I was awake, she gets in my face and just says every mean thing on her mind. It makes you feel like a trapped animal to be backed into a corner in your own bed. I had so many bad memories of arguing just a few hours before, in my grogginess and confusion I pushed her off edge of the bed.

I did feel horrible about the incident. But I did not hit her. She was not hurt. It was no worse than when two people are playing around and one person accidentally falls the off the bed. However she claimed how it hurt her wrist and it hurt her back. There was no violence to it. I knew she was just making it up to gain sympathy. She just wanted to guilt me into doing what she wanted. Well from this point on she started in with an angle of how I was physically abusing her.

She then started to remind me now how she can have me thrown in jail for abusing her. Her threats were very real and very relentless. She was prone to physical actions during an argument. She has a complete disregard for life and property. She had broken very nice crystal photo frames, she kicked over furniture she had broken two cell phones while throwing them at me. One time, in the kitchen, she even pulled out a large knife and was swing it around as she yelled at the top of her lungs. I had no clue how to handle this type of situation. But I did know it was not safe nor was it emotionally healthy.

During one fight she was swinging at me with her fists and grabbing my upper arm and scratching me with her fingernails I caught her wrist and removed her hand. This of course left a pinkish finger impression on her wrist and she ran into the other room and promptly took a picture of it. So I went and took a picture of the cuts that were bleeding from my arm. She would then stare at me blank faced and ask why I had cut myself. At first I thought she was just being facetious, but then later realized she is not fully aware of her own actions. This is actually quite psychotic.

Hidden Expenses.

Well it was not two months later after we had paid for and received her

work permit. The visa and work permit total cost was well over one thousand dollars. This was an expense we had near Christmas time. As soon as her work permit came my company hired her at the office. Well she was not there two weeks before she started talking to the other girls at the office and telling them that she was being abused and telling them she had proof. Well the other girls had to disclose this type of information to the boss and he without hesitation had to fire her and remove me from that office to work in another location. She felt bad about this for a week or two. It was devastating to me. I was embarrassed in front of the whole office not to mention the loss of reputation with my coworkers on this false allegation. They never did look at me the same.

So now she is unemployed and we have to worry about her car payment. I had completed teaching her how to drive. I was very patient and taught her very well. I would take her out to a parking lot and teach her how to do many maneuvers and even to parallel park. She was a good student but she would get upset at me sometimes if I was being firm and making her practice things over and over. She later told me she understood why I had stressed certain things, because now she was experiencing them in her daily driving. Its a very challenging task to teach someone how to drive. You need to be mentally prepared to have faith in them when they are going to be on their own.

My car was a manual. She learned to drive it, but she wanted an automatic. I was fine with that. I did lots of research for safe and quality cars. I also told her that the more expensive the car the more its monthly payment will be. We started off looking at used cars. She quickly dismissed them. So she was not happy until we bought a shiny new car. It was used but only 6 months old. So for all practical purposes it was a new car. I came later to realize that she was competing with her girlfriends and her car had to be as nice or better than theirs. "Keeping up with the Jones" is a natural and common sentiment with Filipina's so one must be prepared to live with that lifestyle.

I bought her the car of her choosing. I was recently given a gift of money from family and I used it as the down payment on the car. I was very proud of her for learning how to drive and I wanted to her be safe and happy with her car. She and I have fought about money the whole time. I was very stressed out during this period because now I was making two car payments and she was still job hunting. I was

upset one time when she turned down a job. I then discovered later that she felt the job was beneath her.

I tried to made it very clear to her that a new car is very expensive. With the bank payment, the insurance, and the gas it will really add up each month. She again did not grasp the concept of financial burdens and responsibilities. She does not seem to understand that when your bank account is at zero you have to stop spending. She wanted the newer more expensive car. When I talk to her about how we could not support this new standard of living without her getting some type of job. She again tells me directly I am a bad husband and provider if I don't just pay for what ever she wants. Again with the guilt and intimidation trick.

She did end up a couple weeks later getting a nice job and I was very proud of her. She threw a fit because I did not go shouting on the rooftops how proud I am of her for landing a good job. She complains that I forced her to get a job. She tried to make me feel guilty for making my new wife work. Well we already had the new car and there was no way I could pay for it on my salary alone. Most of all her Pinay friends have jobs, especially the ones who have new things. However she wants all these nice new things in life and just seems to think that I am some sort of slave driver forcing her to work. I just don't understand her point of view. Its not remotely reasonable.

Impulse buying.

If she has the money in hand she wants to spend it on impulse buys. She does not seem to grasp the idea that the money does not grow on trees. She has good taste but also expensive tastes. She was not able to bring a lot with her so we have bought her lots of clothes and girls items. This tended to use up my paycheck quite quickly. In five of the first nine months together she had over drafted our joint account or taken it down to a zero balance. And when I tell her we can not buy something then she calls me a bad husband. Not only is this just pure disrespectful its a blatant disregard for her own long term financial future.

And when she spends her money at the mall and is out of money then again she expects me to pay for things she want. For example she wanted to get a new iPhone. I told her to wait until the older one was on sale and get that one. She would not compromise. She took 1/2

day off of work to stand in line on opening day to buy a \$300 phone that costs an extra \$30 per month just to have. Does she need an iPhone? No, she just wanted one. Did she respect my advice. No she just did what she wanted to do. Again another status cymbal.

Now she is Bored.

My parents had a photography convention in Orlando the first part of the year. They had a dual suite at a five star hotel for a week. They invited us to stay with them and we could go visit Universal Studios. Well I did not have five days of vacation time left to even take off. I only had three and after cashing in all my favors I received special permission to work from the hotel those last two days so we could go do this. So we drove down to Orlando and went to Universal studios for two days. It was nice for the most part. She got really mad one day because I did not take a picture of her at the right time, at the right place. So forget the dozens of other pictures I took of her or the free trip she got to enjoy including food and hotel. She had to throw a fit upset everyone, all because of one picture. Talk about a drama queen.

That was just the beginning of the drama. My parents had to leave on Thursday morning. So she and I stayed the last two days on our own. We had plans to go back to Universal on Friday night. Well she knew the conditions of the stay before we left. The only way we even got to come on this mini vacation was if I worked from the hotel the last two days. She was throwing a fit all day both days. Screaming and yelling, running out with the car keys like she was going to leave. We ended up not even going out on Friday night because she was in such a bad mood. Then on the drive home Saturday morning she wanted to continue to punish me and yelled at me in the car all the way home. It was a very painful five hour trip. We ran into heavy rain and poor visibility and on top of that she was yelling at me and hitting my arm. We could have crashed and died. She had no other concerns in her mind but to make my life miserable. This is classic psychotic behavior.

Burning down the House.

One time after another big fight that was becoming our weekly routine. I tried to just leave the house. This was on some advice from friend who told me just to leave the house when she is getting violent. I grabbed my keys and went to my car. She followed me outside and

right in front of our neighbor was yelling at me not to leave. And to make sure she got her way she told me she would burn the house down if I left.

I was trapped. I went back inside and locked myself in the spare bedroom. Sent a text message to my friend and then cried myself to sleep. This was some very serious manipulation here. I will always care about her safety and well being. But I know all these threats has destroyed all of the intimacy between us. She and I seem to have a love/hate relationship and we are both tired of the fighting despite how much we care for each other.

She could be very sweet, caring and fun at times and I try not to stay mad at her and sex is quite nice even though she complains about not having it frequently enough. She liked to complain how that is not often enough or long enough or good enough. For a long time she was always wanting to be connected at the hip and for me to be overwhelmingly romantic with her. I can understand this point of view. I may not be the most romantic guy. I have bought her more flowers and cards than I have bought anyone else in my life. Its still not enough for her. This is all part of the roller coaster that is standard operating procedure for a drama queen.

Kill the Dog.

Due to the economy I was let go at my job at the magazine and I had been trying to start my freelance design business back up. Its takes a while to rebuild a company that has been mostly closed for two years while I was working at the magazine and not taking on any new clients. I had to build all fresh marketing materials. I also have have some new offerings and was busting my hump at the computer trying to find work. At the same time I am also updating my resume and looking at jobs and applying for them.

For the most part she has been understanding of the extra time I need to put in. Just mostly, not completely. She still complains about how much time I don't spend with her and the things that I don't do for her. She always using this derogatory tone when she says I am just home all day so why cant I do blah blah blah.

I would only take a 1/2 hour lunch break, an spend an hour at dinner with to be just with her, and I started going back to the gym for

another hour, other than that I am working. I was starting to feel really down from not getting any exercise, so I had to get out. However she started this one fight about how since I had so much time I should do the dishes and clean the fish tank. She liked to make a mess but not clean it up. I told her maybe if I have time. Well she did not want to hear "maybe" she wanted a yes and yes only. She started in with me and the fight escalated and I said to her that if she was not going to be nice about it then I was not going to feed her fish and then came back with well then I am going to poison your dog!

Oh my gosh. How does her mind work? There are things you don't ever say to people. These type of things completely destroy trust and intimacy, one of the very thing she complains about. The scary part is you just never know how much of what she says is truthful and how much she might actually carry out. My Dog is four years old and I have raised him from a baby puppy. She just threatened a family members life. She is completely out of her mind.

There have been nights when after we were fighting we slept in different rooms and I actually lock the door fearing my safety. And if I don't lock the door she will come into the room and turn on all the lights, yell at me and then walk out. She is very vindictive. She also threatens to sue me and take everything I own. Its too much for the human mind to trust a person who says these things to you. How can there be any really love there?

Hog the Microphone.

One night we were at a Filipino party singing Karaoke. Its a very popular activity at Filipino parties. Most people would sing one song and pass the mike. She would sing around three songs before passing the mike. She was completely oblivious to her selfishness. She was a very good singer, and most people did not mind, but she some people would start to get a little bothered by her behavior.

And then one evening after work she says I am being impossible because she does not want to stop at the grocery store to pick up some rice for dinner on her way home. The grocery store is on her way home from her work. I am not going to eat rice for diner, its what she wants to eat. She says, well since you are so close to the store then you can just spend five minutes to go and get me some. Well her five minutes would in reality be more like 25 minutes and I had a lot of

work to do before our dinner time which has to be dedicated to her and her alone. I have to spend a complete hour with her each day no exceptions. She is so selfish and unreasonable.

One other time she was on her way home from work. I make my mandatory phone call and tell her I want to go to the gym that night. They close at 9 pm so we have to leave by 8pm . Plus I tell her about a new salsa dance club opening that night and she says we can not go because she has lots of laundry to do. Well OK fine. I ask her what she wants for dinner. She says lets go out because we don't have anything at home.

I then suggest she stop at the grocery store and get some hamburger patties on her way home. Well she decides to go shopping for a full hour. Its now 7:30 before she gets home and by the time I cook it and we eat its after 8. So now we can't go to the gym. A little while later her Pinay friend calls and wants us to join them for dinner at a Chinese buffet. I said we already ate and we don't need to go out for a buffet when we are full. She however wanted to go. All this despite her needing to do the laundry and canceling the dancing plans. So she went out to eat with her friend. I stayed home. I was not able to go to the gym and she stayed out till 1 a.m. in the morning and then came home without saying a word slept in the other room.

Separation.

One Saturday morning she is upset and not talking to me or letting me borrow her car so I could go buy a repair part for my car. The clutch slave cylinder has gone out and my car will not move. This of course created a huge amount of resentment on my part and we had a big fight. She just washed and waxed her car all day long. She would not let me use her car for less than 30 min to go buy a repair part for mine. I had even reminded her the night before of my need to borrow her car. So its not like she did not know what she was doing by her actions.

After so many months of fights and problems it came down a point one day where I told her not to come home. So she packed her suit cases and left and just slept in a parking lot one night. Then the next night she went and stayed with her friend. But she lied to me and told me

she was still staying in the parking lot. Anyway I was tired of all the drama and fighting so I was going to let her stay at her friends house.

Then later that day she slammed her car door on her finger. Its still unknown if she did it on purpose or not. So we were separated right? Well she calls me on my cell phone and I answer. The first thing she says is "who are you with?" Not I have broken my finger and need to go to the hospital. So I hung up. I did not know she was hurt yet. So she kept calling back. I let voice mail pick up. I still did not know about her broken finger yet. She stayed the night again with her friend and then her finger started swelling real bad so she took off from work the next day and went to the emergency room.

The hospital gave her an x-ray and told her it was broken and gave her a splint. They charged her over \$1,200.00 for this worthless emergency room visit. It was highway robbery. So now she pleads with me to take her back in and of course after learning about her injury I did. I took waited on her hand and foot for a few days until it stopped hurting so much. I was scared the whole time thinking she would call the police and tell them that I broke her finger. She was constantly threatening to call the police. In Florida they arrest you first before any proof is documented. Its a very scary thing for guys to be involved in because a guy could get a public arrest record from any woman who just calls the cops on him. The law should require some proof before arresting someone just on their word.

This was only a short reprieve until she started back in on me about whatever happened to be on her mind that day to yell at me about. We keep having our two plus big fights per week. Then on one weekend after a big fight I had too much and packed my bag and left to stay with a friend and his wife.

It was a Saturday and I called up another friend of mine to go out salsa dancing that night. Well my friend was having car issues and her fiancé had to use his car for something. So I picked her up and we went to the dance club. This was a special evening because my friend was moving to New York soon. And this would be the last time we would get to dance. Well guess who else shows up at the dance club that night?!? None other than my wife and her entourage of Pinays.

Remember now... we had split up after a big fight. She however was not going to play nice. I danced with her a couple of times to not cause a scene in front of everyone. However later she pulled me aside

and told me she was going to throw a very public and loud temper tantrum if I did not stop dancing with my friend and take her home immediately. I could have no last dance. So we got into my car and she got in her car and followed me all the way to her house and watched my friend get out of the car and then followed me all the way home. It was like she was a crazed stalker. I was standing beside myself in disbelief.

Escape Plan.

I had to get out of this situation. I had friends who were willing to help me any way they could. I had come up with the plan to move back to Oklahoma because living expenses were a lot more affordable there. I was having a hard time getting freelance work and housing prices in Florida are very high. So I told her that she should remain in Tallahassee and work at her good job for a few months while I move and get a new job and then she can quit her job and move.

I was not sure how to pull this off. She was extremely perceptive. She could read you like a book. I guess that is a good skill to have as a master manipulator. She had this thought and she even asked me one time in front of all her friends if I was going to leave her. Talk about being put on the spot! Well I of course said no and then one of her friends backed me up. Her friends also knew she was the ones causing troubles in our relationship. They used to call her a spoiled brat.

Also at this time all of her friends knew how bad things were between us. They also knew her stories were not being consistent. I eventually spoke with them and they all agreed that she was not mentally well. Even one of her best friends is the one who told me that she has some sort of personality disorder. I had thought she was just a rotten person, but I started doing research and I think the majority of her problem is called "Histrionic Personality Disorder" She has about 95% of the symptoms plus several more not included. Now things were clear. I had married an incredibly mentally ill woman. I would be willing to stay with her and get her treatment but she always refused to go to counseling.

Now the Police are involved.

One evening as I was packing I was going through some boxes that I had not even opened from when I moved to Florida two years prior. The box contained a lot of old pictures. Well there were some pictures

of an old ex-girlfriend. She immediately flipped out and started yelling at me. She started throwing away the pictures. So I grabbed them shoved them into the box and taped it shut. She then started trying to take the box from me. She was screaming and yelling and hitting me. We happened to be standing near the garage door. So I set the box down and escorted her out the door. I then locked the door. I went and got her car keys and gave them to her and told her that she should go to her friends house to cool off.

Well she did not. She stood outside the back door screaming bloody murder at the top of her lungs to let her in the house. Then she stood outside the front door and screamed at the top of her lungs to let her in. Well all three of my neighbors called the police. So a police officer shows up and of course we are both trying to be as calm as possible.

The officer was a very reasonable man and asked a lot of questions to try and figure out what was going on. So we tell him the story. She does most of the talking and explains that she was upset about finding some old pictures. He then explained that she could not disturb the peace and that I could not lock her out of her house.

Then when she figured out she was not going to win with the officer, she then tried to tell him that I had abused her. He looked at her and said "your hair and your clothes are not messed up, there is no blood no sign of struggle. I have seen lots of domestic abuse this is not it." So he said one of you has to leave before I have to come back and arrest one of you. He suggested she leave because she was the agitated one.

This whole incident proved to me that she is ready to call the police and have me arrested for spite. The very next day I went down to the court house and file a restraining order. I wrote two pages explaining how much of a threat she was to me. I even cried while filling it out. I could not believe this sort of thing was happening in my life. I have done everything for this woman. I have given her all I could and she still wanted to destroy me.

I. Here are the questions on the restraining order form.

Does your partner:

1. Embarrass you with put-downs?
* *yes even in public.*

2. Look at you or act in ways that scare you?
* yes I have locked myself in another room away from her.
3. Control what you do, who you see or talk to or where you go?
* yes often.
4. Stop you from seeing your friends or family members?
*no but she calls my friends and tells them I am abusing her.
5. Take your money or Social Security check, make you ask for money or refuse to give you money?
*yes she overdraws our bank account.
6. Make all of the decisions?
*yes
7. Prevent you from working or attending school?
*yes
8. Act like the abuse is no big deal, it's your fault, or even deny doing it?
*yes
9. Destroy your property or threaten to kill your pets?
*YES and YES
10. Intimidate you with guns, knives or other weapons?
*yes knives
11. Shove you, slap you, choke you, or hit you?
*yes she hits and scratches me. Even while I am driving.
12. Force you to try and drop charges?
*yes
- 13 Threaten to commit suicide?
*no
14. Threaten to kill you?
*no, but to sue me and take everything I own.

If you answered 'yes' to even one of these questions,

you may be in an abusive relationship.

The judge who read my report was a woman and I guess I did not have a strong enough case for an immediate restraining order. However the Judge wanted to have a court date to review the case. Well this generated a service order to be processed and she got served at work by the sheriff.

This of course made her very mad! She kept telling me that she was going to call the police on me for sure now. Well I packed my things and left for my friends house. I could not even com near her now. This restraining order was backfiring on me. So I stayed there for a couple of days. She cooled off and wanted to talk about things. She was afraid of the restraining order and told me she would not call the police and she would move out and stay with her friend if I would cancel the court date.

This however was more of a threat than a request. She made me type it out and then go to the courthouse and cancel it. She followed me downtown and watched me do it. I was so screwed when the judge did not grant that order for me. Now I was living on pins and needles 24/7

She Lied!

Well of course afterwards she did not move out. She had lied to me. She stayed in the house and watched me pack everything for two weeks. She gave me dirty looks all the time and I did not want to ask her to help me as this might upset her. I had a couple of friends come over when they could to help out. The last day or two she helped pack up some things and helped clean the house. It was all quite surreal. It was like living with your worst enemy the whole time. I had to be very careful of what I said and did each and every moment.

We made arrangements to stay with a friend for few days. She wanted to take a week off from work to come with me to Oklahoma and then fly back to Florida. Well my mom and family did not want her in Oklahoma and they were afraid that if she did come she would never leave. They were afraid of having to deal with such a dangerously manipulative woman.

She had went ahead and made plans behind my back and did not tell

me that she bought a plane ticket already. When I tried to tell her that she should not take a week off of work she threw a fit. It was like she went from calm to psychotic in less than 10 seconds. So I just told her to do what ever it was she was going to do anyway. Then when that week came she took the week off from work and told everyone that she was in Oklahoma with me.

We packed the moving truck then left the house and moved in with some friends who had a spare room. I talked to the husband of this other "Fil AM" couple. I told him the whole story and of my plan to head out of town one day while she was at work. I had to settle a few things with the old landlord etc then the next day I saw her off to work and then packed my car and started driving home. I cried for the majority of the first hour. I could not believe this was happening in my life. This was on the 23rd of October. Just 5 days before our 1yr Anniversary.

Lessons to learn!

Now that I look back on our time. I think she never truly loved me but only wanted to use me to get in America. Then she knew she could use the US legal system under the guise of a false abuse angle and get her permanent visa without me. I just wanted to love and be loved like most people. And she lied to me and brought nothing but destruction to my life.

I also look at some of the other many Filipino American couples that I have come to know and see some similar problems. I have come to learn that Filipino culture does include a lot of manipulation. They come from a very poor country and will do anything to get out. I had done some research where other Filipino woman have come to the US and married men then bait them into a physical altercation and then have their husbands arrested and then divorce them and get the US legal system to grant them a permanent VISA. This leaves the men totally devastated, many not only losing a lot financially but some loose their house and jobs.

Before these women come to another country they are coached on how to contact the police in case of slave trafficking or other bad things that could happen to them. But some women use this system against their new husbands to manipulate the situation to their

complete advantage. They coach each other and have these plans prepared even before they meet their future husbands.

My mistake was not knowing her well enough in real life situations. She pretended to be nice and respectful for as long as she needed. If you marry a Filipina who is truly happy and content you stand a better chance of a successful marriage. And success is hard enough because of the usual age differences and the culture divide. These Pinay women are deceiving us and we like the attention, but it is surface only. I can't imagine the figures but I believe more Fil Am marriages fail than prosper. And you don't hear as much about the failures. Guys brag about what a great Filipina wife they have when it works out. They don't mention it when they have had a bad experience, or at least not as much. I am here to speak out.

In many cases a Filipina may be happier with a man from her own culture, who she can relate to. She really wants someone she can go to the cemetery on Holy Week, the fiesta with and see what she sees, feels what she feels, experiences and enjoys the same things she does. I had enjoyed learning and participating in her cultural activities and if you have no plans to learn some of her language and her cultural events then things will be more difficult. I have seen this first hand with husbands who did not actively participate in their wife's life.

She will need you to understand that her extended family is more important than the individual. That you must sacrifice personal happiness for the happiness of the group. Her family will come to depend on you for financial support. You must set clear financial rules prior to even getting married.

Now if she has a poor self image and/or needs social status badly, being married to a foreigner may be the only thing that can bestow that on her. And she will stick with you through thick and thin to keep it. Having the approval of others is the main goal of Filipino life, especially when those others are members of the family. And this ends to her means makes you a tool.

One of the major problems is bonding too quickly from a long distance. It's seemingly easy to fall in love. Often the women who are on some pen pals list and or you meet online looking for a foreigner are women who are smart enough to be dissatisfied with their situation. I have been to the Fils. They have poverty like you have most likely never seen. They are often unhappy, might be bar girls, may have children, or really dissatisfied with life in general.

It is better to go to the Fils, look around, and find one who would never consider a website because she is very happy. I now know from my personal experience many of the ones on the internet generally have emotional problems that are difficult. They are master manipulators and will trick you by being sweet normal and kind until the ring goes on the finger.

Most of the girls on the websites are scammers. They will sucker you in and then ask for money. If they are cunning they will suck you in first. Some ask for money in the first conversation. They will have many different sob stories about difficult situations they are in and need help with. They can have several Johns they are playing for a what you think is not a lot of money but the dollar goes a long way in the Philippines.

The first rule is to trust nothing. Pictures are easily modified in photoshop. You must get them on a web cam. Most cities of any size have a web cafe and the charge is not expensive, its less than \$1 per hour.

Also free sites such as friendster and myspace are good to make many friends. You can then ask other people to check other peoples pictures and profiles. Also be on the watch for gay men. They have man transvestites in the Fils and some are very effeminate.

Now at least now you wont be one of the guys who say, "Oh, why didn't someone tell me?"

The Password to the site stories is "filipina"