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It Happened To Me: I Deliberately Ruined My Nasty Co-Worker's Wedding Video

After my "friend" stole my date right there at the bar, I had no qualms about getting revenge. And making a complete spectacle of myself.

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Hey there!

A couple of little things before you engage with today's funny and lighthearted romp. (I'm just goofing around with the language in that sentence and it doesn't mean anything bigger than that. Sorry.)

One is that I published something yesterday about editing and Christina Kelly that I didn't think was worthy of sending out as a newsletter, so I just put it up on the site and if you are looking for something else to read or whatever, here it is.

Second is that I think Corynne made a decision on our first ever AJPT Book Club meeting and it's horrific. The only time she can do it is ungodly for us both but I'm so in. It will be at 9:30 this coming Sunday morning. So, like church.

Corynne will give you all the details. For anyone who wants to come join us at my place, I'll get some bagels and may ask you to get your own coffee at the Starbucks two blocks away so I don't mess up all your orders. And those of you who can't come in person, we will zoom in with you for sure. I am ten pages away from finishing the book ("How To Lose Your Mother," by Molly Jong-Fast, if you are woefully or mercifully behind) and have so much to discuss with you about it, I truly cannot wait. (Please note that my bedtime is around three or 4 AM, so I will essentially be in a hallucinogenic state at that hour, for extra fun!)

Now let's laugh with Estelle and give her high fives - or advice as to why she should never pull this kind of stunt again – in the comments. Whatever you feel!

xox Jane

Me and handsome Henry at the wedding in 1988. I'm totally drunk but giving the a-ok sign.

By Estelle Erasmus

A videographer's fascination with my slick dance moves set an act of revenge in motion that I never counted on—but wasn't exactly sorry about, given my history with the bride.

While I'm not Emily Thorne from the hit TV series Revenge—renting a beach house and plotting havoc on my enemies—I did see an opportunity to respond to a co-worker's betrayal, and it happened to unfold at her wedding.

Back in the late 1980's, I had no idea who my co-worker really was when she befriended me at the real estate company where we both worked. We bonded over our mutual misery, venting about our jerky bosses. Although I was single (and searching), she was engaged to her wealthy childhood sweetheart—the only boyfriend she'd ever had—whom her family adored. She treated him like an afterthought, calling him "troll-like" (her words, not mine) and complaining about his sloppiness behind his back.

"I showed up in my black-and-white polka-dot mini dress, with a tightly sashed waist, pale pink lips, and a hot date named Henry."

She didn't seem to love him, but she loved that he paid for everything. She broke up with him more than once, cheated on him, and told us—gleefully—that he cried when she confessed, and begged her not to leave him. Their relationship was clearly unhealthy and co-dependent, but I didn't know much about relationships back then, years before I became the "Dating Diva". I just thought of her as my partner in long lunches and "happy-ier" hours.

Me, back in my dating era. This one was taken a few months after the wedding, on the way to another friend's wedding.

Then a new guy joined our company—a consultant with an end date to his gig there. He was tall and nerdy but cute (and wore glasses) and super smart—just my type. I told my friend I liked him. He asked me out for drinks and just as we were leaving, she showed up. She immediately took over the conversation, dominating it, touching her hair and flirting as I sat there watching in disbelief.

To read about Estelle's ultimate revenge, and hear more from her in the comments, subscribe now.

I mean I'd told her how much I liked him! When he invited her to join us, she did that thing where you lock eyes with the guy and ignore the other girl, acting like she doesn't exist. He ate it up, while I struggled with just how to compete with my friend. I tried to insert myself, and mentioned her fiancé, but she lied and told him they'd

broken up.

She had the nerve to give him her home number right in front of my face.

“Call me,” she said.

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When I challenged her about it the next day, she shrugged.

“I like him. He likes me. You two aren’t a couple. What’s the big deal?”

What was the big deal? She acted like it was a level playing field, but it wasn’t. She had a fiancé at home waiting for her, and she knew I liked the guy.

This is an old photo of me in the real estate office where I worked in 1988. I'm waiting to meet my colleague (and now ex-friend) for lunch. Revenge wasn't on the menu — yet.

Her "relationship" with the consultant never bloomed bigger than that one night, but I never forgot how easily she'd thrown out the girl code. Although she never apologized, I forgave and forgot—at least on the surface—but the truth is, she hadn't played fair.

And, eventually, neither would I.

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