

## Chapter 1 : The Girl That I Marry - Wikipedia

*"The Girl I Married" is the second segment of the thirty-fifth episode and the twentieth episode of the second season () of the television series The Twilight Zone Contents 1 Plot.*

Blind love is not the way to choose a spouse. Here are practical tools for keeping your eyes wide open. With the divorce rate over 50 percent, too many are apparently making a serious mistake in deciding who to spend the rest of their life with. To avoid becoming a "statistic," try to internalize these 10 insights. You pick the wrong person because you focus more on chemistry than on character. Chemistry ignites the fire, but good character keeps it burning. Here are four character traits to definitely check for: Does this person believe that "doing the right thing" is more important than personal comfort? Do I want to be more like this person? Would I like my child to turn out like him or her? Does this person enjoy giving pleasure to other people? Does this person like himself? Do I want to have a child with this person? The husband needs to give her consistent, quality attention. The Torah obligates the husband to meet the intimate needs of his wife. Men are goal-oriented, especially when it comes this area. As a wise woman once pointed out, "Men have two speeds: When a man is able to switch gears and become more experience-oriented, he will discover what makes his wife very happy. When the man forgets about his own needs and focuses on giving his wife pleasure, amazing things happen. You choose the wrong person because you do not share a common life goals and priorities. There are three basic ways we connect with another person: After marriage, the two of you will either grow together or grow apart. This is the true definition of a "soul mate. You choose the wrong person because you get intimately involved too quickly. Intimacy before the commitment of marriage can be a big problem because it often precludes a fully honest exploration of important issues. And a clouded mind is not inclined to make good decisions. It is not necessary to take a "test drive" in order to find out if a couple is physically compatible. Of all the studies done on divorce, incompatibility in the intimate arena is almost never cited as a main reason why people divorce. You pick the wrong person because you do not have a deeper emotional connection with this person. To evaluate whether you have a deeper emotional connection or not, ask: We do not respect someone because they own a Mercedes. You should be impressed by qualities of creativity, loyalty, determination, etc. Ask yourself the following questions: Do I feel calm, peaceful and relaxed with this person? Can I fully be myself and express myself with this person? Does this person make me feel good about myself? Do you have a really close friend who does make you feel this way? Make sure the person you marry makes you feel the same way! Are you afraid of this person in any way? You should not feel you need to monitor what you say because you are afraid of how the other person will view it. Be on the look out for someone who is always trying to change you. Controlling behaviors are a sign of an abusive person. Anything that bothers you about the relationship must be brought up for discussion. Bringing up the uncomfortable stuff is the only way to evaluate how well the two of you communicate, negotiate, and work together. Over the course of a lifetime, difficulties will inevitably arise. You need to know now, before making a commitment: Can you resolve your differences and find compromises that work for both of you? Never be afraid to let the person know what bothers you. This is also a way for you to test how vulnerable you can be with this person. The two go hand in hand. You pick the wrong person because you use the relationship to escape from personal problems and unhappiness. Marriage does not fix personal, psychological and emotional problems. If anything, marriage will exacerbate them. If you are not happy with yourself and your life, take responsibility to fix it now while you are single. To be "triangulated" means a person is emotionally dependent on someone or something else while trying to develop another relationship. People can also be triangulated with things as well, such as work, drugs, Internet, hobbies, sports or money. Be careful that you and your partner are free of triangles. The person caught in the triangle cannot be fully emotionally available to you. You will not be their number one priority.

### Chapter 2 : The Girl My Husband Married Is Somewhere Around Here - Purple Clover

*The Girl I Married: Middle-aged corporate lawyer Ira Richman misses young Valerie, the girl he married twenty years ago and is surprised to see her materialize.*

Monday, September 10, The happy couple, many years ago. I married the same woman twice. Once when I was 28, and then again at The first time, we eloped to a small town along the coast of Maine. A very nice woman there, named Brenda “ the town clerk as it happens “ provided us with the necessary documents in order to be issued a marriage license. Only Brenda never did get around to mailing us the license. And my wife and I never bothered to follow up. Besides, no one had ever asked us to present our marriage license, for any reason. Then, on the occasion of our fifth wedding anniversary, I got the idea to surprise my beloved by inserting the license into the card that I would give her, with the wooden gift that I had made for her. Around a month before the date, I dialed the Rockport town office in Maine and got none other than Brenda herself on the line. A lot of people get the two towns confused. And it was five years ago, you say? When she came back on the line, Brenda was chuckling. Shelter From the Storm Long story short, and for reasons that Brenda and I could not determine, the documents never made it from the justice of the peace back to the town office. Rockport being the kind of small town where everybody knows each other, Brenda offered to check with a woman named Ava, the justice of the peace, and see about getting her hands on the documents. For five years, my wife and I did all the things that married couples do, including important legal things, like buying a house, taking out car loans, opening combined investment accounts “ filing joint tax returns! Where these things stood now, I had no idea, but nothing about not being married but pretending that you are could possibly be good. Which meant that I was in this mess alone, at least until I knew what I was dealing with. Richard and I were alike in a lot of ways, but completely opposite in others. Do you know how many guys would give their left nut to be in your shoes? To get a second chance to make this kind of a decision “ without even having to go through a divorce! Or is it four? No documents were found, which meant no marriage had ever taken place. That was more than 20 years ago. We now live in a small town along the coast of Maine. The exit door remains closed. Which is OK by me.

**Chapter 3 : Ten Ways to Marry the Wrong Person, marrying the wrong person**

*I recently found this ridiculous "music video" that I made with Vic Ruggiero while going through some old tapes It's for a song by The Slackers called "Ma.*

The source of this contentment was no surprise; in fact, it was almost embarrassingly obvious every time my husband glanced at her. Make no mistake; the feeling was mutual. She hung on every word he said and she hung on to him. They were always touching, laughing at private jokes, encouraging each other. When he came home from work, she dropped everything to greet him with a smile, a hug, a "How was your day? She showered with his favorite scents so he would be tempted to stick his face in her hair, kiss her neck, hold her hand up to his own face and breathe in. They got married back in the days before cell phones and laptops so, when one talked, the other listened intently. Their love had a power all its own. It was so palpable, other people often commented on it. It seemed capable of withstanding anything. My husband is no longer married to that girl. The woman he is married to now is not nearly as light or light-hearted. Life has hardened her, technology has distracted her, marriage has surprised her. I am that woman. I once was that girl. I am busier than ever with my own work and admit that I spend more time interacting with my computer than my husband. All of that sitting has also added weight—literally, which has left me self-conscious and more likely to pull away when he puts a hand on my widening hips. And forget about showering with some chichi body product. I want us to laugh together like we once did, put away our phones when we talk to each other, remember why we fell in love. I want us to see each other across a room and feel the heat. Or at least the warmth. I want us to spend more time planning trips together than discussing bills. I want us to stop taking each other for granted and realize what a gift our marriage is. He makes a little effort, too. Because I want to be that girl.

**Chapter 4 : "The Twilight Zone" Song of the Younger World/The Girl I Married (TV Episode ) - IMDb**

*Dear husband, I am not the same girl I was when I married you. When we met, I was independent, confident, adventurous and free. I was ready for new challenges, I was focused on my career, I was dedicated to taking care of my health and fitness.*

I had entered Iran during the depths of winter and was beginning to wonder if this had been a mistake. It had taken four days of hitchhiking to get to Tehran and I was still getting used to a country where I had yet to see another backpacker. I had accepted that backpacking Iran was going to be a very different experience to traveling in any other country I had visited before. I had yet to see anybody drinking or smoking and, so far, the only girls I had seen had been hidden deep within the endless black folds of heavy chadors. I had yet to even talk to a girl in Iran. So I turned to Tinder, curious to see if any local girls would be online. Her name was Esme. I messaged her with the best chat up line I could think of. The next day, we met for a coffee. We sat in a cafe, her blue hair peeking out from beneath her green hijab; a compulsory garment for all women in Iran. I told her about my current three year trip across the world, of my upcoming adventures in Pakistan, my plan to sail a raft across the ocean. Minutes slipped into hours and, before I knew it, the sun had set and it was getting late. She had to leave, of course, and I had plans to check out Iranian Kurdistan. We parted ways, unsure if we would see each other again. I had only just met her but already I felt that hanging out with her might be more fun than freezing my ass off in a tent. The snow came thick and fast, making my planned hikes almost impossible, and I abandoned the mountains, sending a quick WhatsApp message and heading back to the highway. Back in her hometown, we encountered our first problem. Being anywhere together, particularly after dark, could get us into a shit-ton of trouble. Luckily, Esme had a plan. One night later, we tried to check into a guesthouse, coming up with a stupid story about how Esme was not Persian but was in fact Polish and had managed to lose her passport. It is illegal for an unmarried couple in Iran to stay in a room together which meant, given the large quantities of police on the streets, we were kind of screwed. Most of the time foreigners can get around this by simply saying they are married, but because Esme was Persian, and therefore a Muslim, the rules were much stricter. We left the guesthouse in a rush, unsure of where we would stay as the cold swirled around us and snow began to fall. Nasir Ol Molk Mosque – the mosque from the postcard that inspired me to travel to Iran. Temporary marriages, or Sigheh, are used by lots of Iranian couples for lots of different purposes; a marriage can last from an hour to a decade and a dowry, traditionally, has to be paid. Luckily, Esme waived the dowry, so we were able to get married for free. Temporary marriages provide a way for Iranians to be intimate together without breaking the law. Amir, an Iranian friend of mine, explained it to me: The ceremony took just a few minutes. When prompted, I repeated after the Mullah – both he and Esme laughed at my attempts at Farsi as I struggled through. Smiling broadly, the Mullah shook my hand, welcomed me to Iran in scratchy English and stamped a small booklet with our photos pasted into it. It appeared I had just gotten married. We took to the road, keen to explore as much of Iran as possible, to peel back the layers of an often forgotten country and to hitch the entire length of Iran and back. After six weeks my visa came to an end and I was forced to leave Iran. Saying goodbye to Esme as I crossed the border into Pakistan was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do. We talked on the beach and I leveled with her; I had fallen in love with her country, and with her. A couple of months later I saw her again: Later still, we returned to Iran where I met her family and we had a second permanent marriage – this time it was a huge Persian wedding, rather than a hasty affair in an underground office. Iran has a huge amount to offer adventure seeking backpackers; a rich history, incredible Islamic architecture, beautiful people, plentiful Couchsurfing, the best hitchhiking in the world and some serious bang for your buck; Iran is one of the cheapest countries in the world to go traveling. For me, traveling to Iran was an experience which would change my life in ways I had never imagined. Now, I am continuing upon my adventures in the Middle East with my wife – it feels weird to write it – by my side. If somebody had told me a year ago that I would meet a girl on Tinder in Iran and go backpacking across countries like Pakistan and India, Bhutan and Myanmar, I would have laughed. If you feel something pulling you somewhere, go with it. Who knows what you may find? Celebrating Independence Day

in Pakistan, August. A version of this article originally appeared on the Broke Backpacker.

Chapter 5 : The Girl I Married - Wikipedia

*The Twilight Zone - 2x21 - The Girl I Married.*

Dear husband, I am not the same girl I was when I married you. When we met, I was independent, confident, adventurous and free. I was ready for new challenges, I was focused on my career, I was dedicated to taking care of my health and fitness. I wanted to travel, go out to dinners, and have drinks with friends. Four years and two kids later, I am different. It is even hard for me to admit I need this kind of reassurance from you. But, my love, I am knocked off-kilter. In my past, I have dreamt about this beautiful family we now have, but I am realizing I never quite thought about what I would identify with in this phase. Is it the way I make dinner? The words I choose to use when disciplining our toddler or comforting our infant? The decorative pillows I purchase for our living room? Or maybe it is the running list of things I purchase and do each week to keep everyone in the house fed and clean the diapers, wipes, the dish soap, the laundry, the drop-offs and pick-ups, the food. Is this what makes me who I am now? Sometimes I feel our house, our familial life, is like a shiny, new, high-functioning computer and I am the hard drive just silently humming in the background getting it all done. You see, I love taking care of you and our kids and doing all of these things. And so, at the end of the day, when it is just you and me, I need to reset. And sometimes, I need you to be the one to hit the reset button for me. Dear husband, this is not to say I do not recognize all you do for us. Simply stated, I could not do this without you. Nor would I ever want to. That is what I am scared of. I am afraid of losing you. Dear husband, I need more affection and attention. I almost hate to admit it; it feels uncomfortable for me to say so, but it is true. I need you to physically get up and walk over to me and give me a hug instead of asking me to come to you. I need you initiate intimate connections and be the assertive one in bed more often than I am. I need you to text me or leave me a note telling me I am a great mom and wife or that you love me. I need you to sound happy to hear my voice on the phone during the day because I dream of you getting home and being with me. I need you to look me in the eyes when we talk, to put your phone down, to make me feel like I am the only thing that matters when we are alone, even if it is just for a few meaningful moments each day. I need you to say thank you and I love you and to find ways to acknowledge this new me. I know who I am now is not necessarily the woman you thought you signed up for this life with. So, I am asking for your help. I want to find myself again, I want to feel confident and sure of myself again. I know we all need that to happen and I want my children to reap the benefits of that. And so, dear husband, I am asking you, for right now, while I keep taking care of all the people and things day in and day out, would you please take a little bit more care of me? And, my love, please know. I am doing the same for you.

**Chapter 6 : The Married Girls (The Girl With No Name #2) by Diney Costeloe**

*What happened to the girl I married? is an honest and enlightening love story that's funny and thought-provoking throughout. The story's messages help heal old wounds and offer both partners a language to get back on a loving path together - and stay on it.*

Plot[ edit ] Two middle-aged gentlemen enter a restaurant and are seated. As they look over their menus, one of the men, a man named Marvin, apprehensively shows a picture of a young woman to the other man named Ira, who smiles. Marvin suddenly begins to wonder if Ira and his wife are having problems, because he has been seen mooning over this picture. Ira laughs it off, takes the picture home and shows it to his wife Valerie; it turns out that the lady in the picture is Valerie, albeit from many years before. Although he finds it amusing and nostalgic, she finds it a terrible reminder of the lives they led at the time. She then shows him a picture of himself at the time - bearded and wearing blue jeans. As he ponders the past, Ira lays the pictures on the table and goes upstairs to bed. Unbeknownst to either Ira or Valerie, the image of Valerie in the picture suddenly disappears. The next day, Ira sees the very young Valerie sitting in a park. He thinks it is the present-day Valerie playing a joke and after spending the afternoon together in bed, the young Valerie explains that she is the girl he married. Because he never wanted her to change so badly she became real. She reminds him of the ideals they believed in then and he laments about it, and when he starts to justify becoming a corporate sellout she thinks he has become "a drag" and disappears. After an uncomfortable moment with the older Valerie that evening, Ira spends the next day with younger Valerie, attempting to rejuvenate the relationship they had. Later, the younger Valerie tries to convince Ira to choose her over her older self when they come in on the older Valerie with a younger Ira. After an argument with their younger selves, Ira and Valerie realize they still love each other and they still have a lot of life to live yet. The younger Ira and Valerie smile and disappear while the older Ira and Valerie discuss starting a family together. The costumes may change, but the cast remains: Each, a stage in the growth of a generation as it treads the tail-end of the twentieth century on a long journey DeMatteis commented "I have a feeling that the show that appears will not bear much relation to what I wrote. Regardless, I know I did a good job and it was a real satisfying experience.

**Chapter 7 : the Greengrocer's Daughter on The Session**

*The Married Girls is a good book and the writing of Diney Costeloe is very good at drawing you into the characters. Overall I enjo Would have given this book a higher rating except the lesbian sex scenes wrecked the book.*

**Chapter 8 : Dear Husband, I'm Not the Same Girl You Married - Her View From Home**

*k Likes, 2, Comments - @prayers on Instagram: "Today I married the girl of my dreams [ En Vida Y En Muerte ]"*  
*@prayers on Instagram: "Today I married the girl of my dreams [ En Vida Y En Muerte ]"*

**Chapter 9 : Falling in Love with the Girl Next Door (TV Movie ) - IMDb**

*Only if that girl is really emotionally invested in this "uneducated" boy. I hope the girl in this situation isn't marrying someone she deems less than herself, in hopes of simplicity and stability in married life.*