



*Love is like a box of chocolate...*

**LOVE**   
**IS LIKE**  
**A BOX OF**  
**CHOCOLATES.**

**IT'S SWEET AT FIRST,**

**AND THEN**

**YOU WANNA PUKE!**

**What's your excuse?**

**I'm Blonde**

**what's your excuse**



he's just not that into you.mp4 - preàac.lnk

# What to say in the end ?

It's not me , It's you

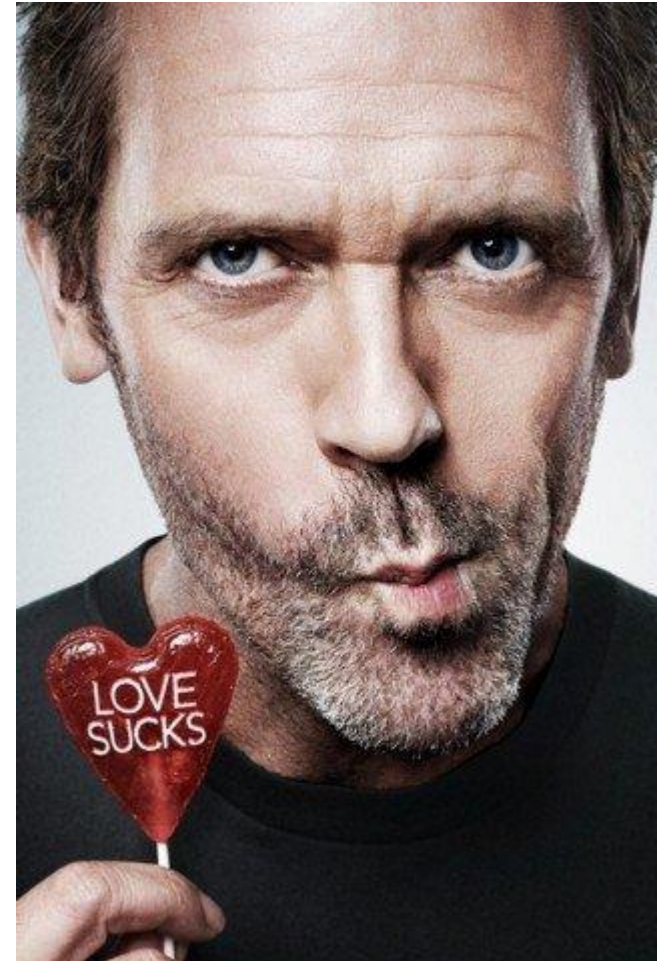
If your phone doesn't ring , it's  
me

I'm so miserable without you,  
it's almost as if you're here!

Why don't you slip into something more  
comfortable like a coma?

*"You'll never find anyone like me again!"*

"I should hope not! If I don't want you, why would I want  
someone like you."

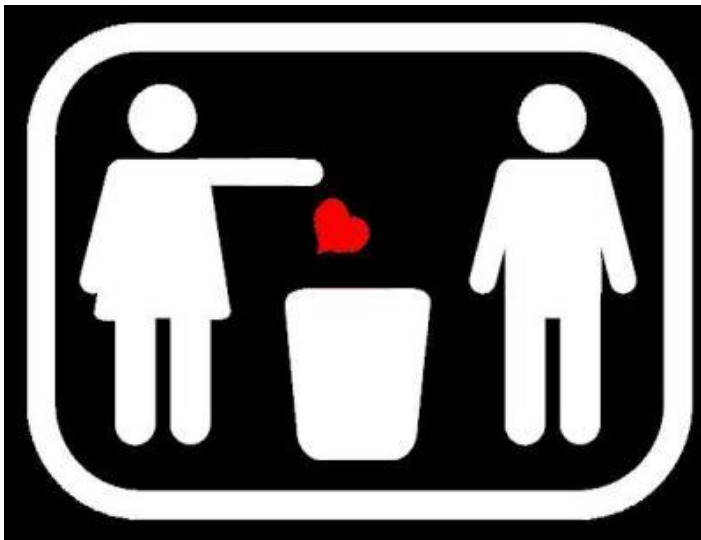


Saying "we can still be friends" is like your mom telling you that your dog died and saying "you can still keep it."



TheMetaPicture.com

Never get jealous when you see your ex with someone else, because our parents taught us to give our used toys to the less fortunate



TUMBLR

# Museum of Broken Relationships







## **A Box made of Matches 1973-2000**

### **Maribor, Slovenia**

A box – Jelka, Vlado, November 15, 1975. Vlado made it after the wedding, when he was in the army. After 18 years of marriage he left me for another woman; we officially divorced after our 25th wedding anniversary. I decided to surprise him for the anniversary. I ordered a cake with the number 25 written on it and the pastry shop cut it in half. I sent him the half with the 25. Our sons celebrated our anniversary first with me and then with their father. He and his girlfriend were very shocked but they ate the cake anyway. The cake is gone and so is our marriage. I still have the box, two sons and a lot of memories...



# **An Ex Axe**

**1995**

**Berlin, Germany**

She was the first woman that I let move in with me. All my friends thought I needed to learn to let people in more. A few months after she moved in, I was offered to travel to the US. She could not come along. At the airport we said goodbye in tears, and she was assuring me she could not survive three weeks without me. I returned after three weeks, and she said: “I fell in love with someone else. I have known her for just 4 days, but I know that she can give me everything that you cannot.”

I was banal and asked about her plans regarding our life together. The next day she still had no answer, so I kicked her out. She immediately went on holiday with her new girlfriend while her furniture stayed with me. Not knowing what to do with my anger, I finally bought this axe at Karstadt to blow off steam and to give her at least a small feeling of loss – which she obviously did not have after our break-up.

In the 14 days of her holiday, every day I axed one piece of her furniture. I kept the remains there, as an expression of my inner condition. The more her room filled with chopped furniture acquiring the look of my soul, the better I felt. Two weeks after she left, she came back for the furniture. It was neatly arranged into small heaps and fragments of wood. She took that trash and left my apartment for good. The axe was promoted to a therapy instrument.



## **Divorce Day Mad Dwarf**

**20 years**

**Ljubljana, Slovenia**

The divorce day garden dwarf. He arrived in a new car. Arrogant, shallow and heartless. The dwarf was closing the gate that he had destroyed himself some time ago. At that moment it flew over to the windscreen of the new car, rebounded and landed on the asphalt surface. It was a long loop, drawing an arc of time – and this short long arc defined the end of love.



**Underpants**

**2003 – 2005**

**Zagreb, Croatia**

A size too small...but I didn't mind at all.

## **A Molecular Animal**

**a few years**

**Ljubljana, Slovenia**

An animal constructed out of different objects (chemical puzzle) with eyes glued on and a piece of paper saying who gave me this present



## **A Cell Phone**

**July 12, 2003 - April 14, 2004**

**Zagreb, Croatia**

It was 300 days too long. He gave me his cell phone so I couldn't call him any more.