

Dear Mac,

Our love story began many moons ago. It was a sweet, innocent love that most people hope to get to experience at some point in their lives. My early memories with you are filled with smiles and warmth. But over the past year, this relationship took a dark turn.

Our love became downright unhealthy. You became very possessive, and you made me feel like I needed you. I literally felt like I could not make it through the day without you. I would catch myself thinking about how good you always smell, or how you always wear my favorite color – blue. Or how I'd laugh with you, cry with you, and go through my life with you. You tricked me, and I have a just a few words to say about that.

Screw you, macaroni and cheese!

I'm still trying to lose the 10 extra pounds you oh so willingly gave me. My habitual cravings of your affection still occasionally pop up, especially when I'm all alone at night. And now I feel like I look like a walrus in my bikini – and that's on a "skinny day."

I used to longingly stare at you, and your cheesy ooey gooeyness. Now I stare at the ooey gooey you left on my thighs. At one point, your yellow food dye was endearing to me, but now I know that was just a euphemism for a term that means cancer causing chemicals that make food look pretty. Not used to me calling a spade a spade, are you? Welcome to the new me, Mac. Get used to it.

Did you think the nostalgic cartoon shaped pasta was going to "trap" me for good? Yea, think again. And let's not forget about everyone else you're seeing. You parade yourself around the world like a hotshot when you're really just a cheap wannabe. I can only imagine how many others have fallen for your ruthless tactics.

I've got news for you, Mr. Macaroni. We're done. We are through. You are DUMPED.

Also, I have a new love. It's a completely different kind of love than what I'm used to. It's the most supportive love I've ever had. His name – is FITNESS. He empowers me, and makes me feel like I am capable of anything. Fitness encourages me to push past what I think are my limits, bringing the best out of me.

Sorry to break your heart, Mac. But you were just a fling that lasted a little too long. You've officially been replaced.

See you on the beach as soon as I finish shredding these last 10lbs! I'll be the one looking hot in my bikini, with a fruity drink in my hand. Try not to catch any bugs in your mouth when your jaw drops!

XOXO,

Your ex-girlfriend.