

What No One Asked

Prologue – “The Days That Don’t Know What Day It Is”

Today I opened the fridge and stood in front of it, not hungry at all.

Then I looked at the clock. I didn’t understand it.

Then I wanted to call someone. Just... someone.

But my contact list is full of people I can no longer be myself with.

One day, a neighbor told me I "look well." I smiled at her like a quiet killer.

Sometimes I put my phone on silent, just to check it every three minutes.

Just to see that you still haven’t called.

Chapter 1 – Grey Days

It was cold in my room, but I didn't cover myself.
Maybe I just wanted to feel something.

I drank water without thirst.
I ate something tasteless.

One day I asked myself when I last laughed with my
whole body.
I couldn't remember — and I felt ashamed for even
asking.

I like it when it rains,
because it lets me cry without making a sound.

When my towel falls on the floor, I leave it there.
Sometimes I step on it.

Grey days aren't dramatic.
They're just... many.
And they look alike, like twins who refuse to be different.

Chapter 2 –

The Woman Inside the Walls

Sometimes, the walls don't keep the world out.
They keep me in.

I close the door and pull the curtain — not because I
want peace, but because I can't stand being seen.

I don't know when my home became a place where I have
to breathe on silent mode.

I wish I could write on the walls all the words I never told
anyone —
but I'm afraid they'd show through the paint.

I've slept in the same bed for years, but it's not "mine"
anymore. It's just the place I collapse
when I have nowhere else to run.

There was a day I didn't turn on any lights.
I thought if I couldn't see anything,
maybe I wouldn't exist.

The mirror in the bathroom asked me:
"Who are you today?"

And I said:

“I don’t know — today I’m the echo of a woman too tired to say her own name.”

I keep my clothes perfectly folded — not for order, but because if I fall apart, at least the closet will still be standing.

I don’t need more space.

I need a room where I can scream
without having to apologize.

Chapter 3 – I Don’t Believe in Endings Anymore, but I Still Write

Endings are for movies.

I’ve only had pauses —
the kind where you hold your breath and pretend it’s over.

Once, I said “I’m done” — then cried for two hours.
Not for what I left behind, but because I knew I’d go
back.

I stopped asking “when will this pass?”

Now I ask,

“How much longer can I hold on?”

I’ve made it a habit to write one sentence a day,
even when everything feels empty.

Not for poetry.

For survival.

When it’s too much,

I write my name on a piece of paper —
just to prove I still exist.

Sometimes I put a period at the end of a thought, even if
it’s not done.

It’s the only clear decision I make that day.

My hope doesn’t look like a rainbow.

It looks like a woman writing her grocery list
even when nothing sounds good.

Maybe it won’t get better.

But if I write today...

maybe I’ll still be here tomorrow.

Chapter 4 – God Has the Voice of a Tired Woman

I haven't said "Dear God" in a long time.

But sometimes, I think it.

Like a forbidden name, whispered inside my head only when the world collapses in me.

I don't pray like I did when I was a child.

Now I just speak silently to someone I don't expect to answer anymore.

I believe God's voice isn't thunder.

It's the voice of a tired woman saying:

"Come on... one more time."

If He exists,

He's probably lying on a pillow, just as exhausted as I am, staring at the ceiling, wondering if He did enough.

I don't feel forgotten by the divine.

I feel... too deeply understood.

Sometimes, silence is the most honest answer.

Other times, it just means we've run out of words.

When I feel like screaming at the sky,

I wonder if the sky is already screaming inside me.

Today, I didn't ask Him for anything.

I just said:

"If you're there... just know I'm here."

Chapter 5 –

Who Saw Me Crying in the Elevator?

Elevators have mirrors.

Maybe that's why I only cry in them when I'm alone.

There's something ironic about crying in a space that goes up and down without ever caring.

I once looked at myself in the mirror and said,

"You're okay."

I was lying.

But my voice sounded so convincing

it hurt.

At the supermarket,

I smile at the cashier like everything's fine.

Maybe my smile is on sale.

Sometimes, I wish someone would stop me on the street
and ask if I'm alright.

Not because I wouldn't know what to say.
But because no one's asked in a long time.

I cry in the elevator, not because it's safe —
but because it's quick and leaves no trace.

When I reach my floor,
I take a breath and whisper,
“The show must go on.”

But sometimes, a tear escapes right as the doors open.
And I wonder:

Who saw me crying in the elevator?

Chapter 6 –

I Loved Myself First. But Only Late.

It was easier to love people who forgot me than to love
myself — the one who's always been here.

For a long time, I thought self-love was selfishness.
Until I realized it's actually a way back home.

I started asking myself: “What would I do for me,
if I were someone I loved?”

That's how I began to sleep when I'm tired — not just
when I finish everything.

To make tea for no reason.

To look in the mirror without shame.

To stop punishing myself with silence when I mess up.

And instead, hold myself and say:

“We'll do better next time.”

It's not magic.

It's not an Instagram glow-up.

It's a woman buying flowers

just because she likes how they smell in the kitchen.

Now, I love myself.

Not like in movies, with candles and playlists.

I love myself in silence.

In small choices.

In patience.

I loved myself first.

But only late.

Still — I loved myself.

And that changed everything.

Epilogue –

If You're Reading This...

If you're reading this,
it means you stayed.

You made it through the grey, through the walls, through
God and elevators.

Through days when your own voice felt like a stranger.

And you're still here.

Maybe you don't know how to move forward.

Maybe... you don't have to today.

Sometimes, victory isn't getting up — it's just not getting
lost.

You don't need answers.

You don't need big plans.

Just hold your own hand, even if it's shaking.

When a woman holds herself,
the world pauses — for a second.

I see you.

And maybe... now, you see yourself too.

You are not alone.

You never were.

A Breathing Page

What did you feel today?

You can write it here, right on this page.

So tomorrow, you won't forget how you were today.

Maybe shattered.

Maybe too restless.

Maybe quiet — like a room no one enters.

It doesn't matter how you were.

What matters is... you were.

I'm waiting for you to write to me.

Even if I never read it...

I'll feel it.

Chapter 7 –

I Woke Up for No Reason, But I Stayed Awake

This morning, no one called me.
No alarm. No plan.

I just woke up. And didn't fall back asleep.

I sat on the edge of the bed like a question.
Not a yes. Not a no.

I stood up
because that's what my body does — like a reflex.
Not because I had anywhere to go.

I opened the window. It was cold.
I closed it. Still cold.

I looked in the mirror and told myself:
“Today we have no purpose.
But let's not lie to ourselves.”

Sometimes I stay awake
just to see if something shows up.
A message. A thought. A revelation.
But today, nothing came.

And yet... I'm still here.

Maybe some days bring nothing.

Maybe they just pass.

And I let them pass.

But I stay awake.

Because even without knowing why...

I still want to see how this day ends.

Chapter 8 –

I Laughed Loud at a Sad Joke

It was a bad joke.

One of those that shouldn't touch you.

But I laughed.

Loud. Wholeheartedly. Head tilted back.

And while I laughed, my knees started to buckle —
like my body didn't know whether it was crying or having
fun.

Sometimes laughter isn't about joy.

It's about an overdose of silence.

Like a stove that pops when it's too hot —
I do the same when I haven't talked to anyone in two days.

I laughed hard today.
And my throat hurt after.
Maybe because I hadn't used it in a while.

Or maybe... because inside that joke was a tiny piece of
me
I didn't want to recognize.

Someone said,
"You laugh too easily."

And I answered,
"No. I just fall too often."

And laughter...
is just a brake.

Chapter 9 –

I Didn't Leave the House, But the World Still Hurt Me

Today, I didn't leave the house.

I didn't talk to anyone.

I didn't even open the fridge.

And yet... I feel exhausted.

As if I walked through a crowded market.

As if I had a dozen pointless conversations.

As if I had to defend myself from questions that never came.

The world reached me through a screen.

Through a notification.

Through a "like" that didn't come from the one I wanted.

I saw a photo of happy people.

And my stomach twisted.

The world hurt me today, even though I stayed in bed.

The absence hurt.

The presence of others in lives that aren't mine... hurt.

I put my headphones on, but the music was too honest.
I buried my head in a pillow,
but my thoughts had a megaphone.

Today, I didn't leave the house.
And still,
I felt stepped on.

Maybe the world doesn't need you to be there to hurt you.
Maybe... you just have to exist.

Chapter 10 –

I Don't Apologize for My Silence Anymore

I used to say sorry too many times.
For being tired.
For not knowing what to say.
For wanting to be alone.

Sorry for replying late.
Sorry for not being in the mood.
Sorry if my silence made you wonder.

But today...
I didn't write a single "sorry."

My silence isn't aggressive.

It's protective.

My silence isn't empty.

It's a pause. A breath.

Sometimes I stay quiet because I don't have words soft enough.

Other times... because I'm done translating pain into elegant phrases.

I've learned that silence doesn't need an explanation.

Today I was quiet.

And it felt right.

No texts.

No explanations.

No smiling just to be polite.

And you know what?

I don't apologize anymore.

A Breathing Page

“...I’ve said enough.
What do *you* feel today?

I want to be quiet now —
and just listen to you.

Go ahead. Speak.

I insist.”

Chapter 11 –

I Have Nothing Left to Check Off, and Yet I’m Alive

I used to have lists.
Of wishes. Of steps to follow. Of “by 30 I should have...”
Today, I didn’t check off anything.
I didn’t even make my bed.
But I opened my eyes.
And I breathed without guilt for not being “productive.”
I don’t want to live my life as a project anymore.
I want to live it like a walk.
With pauses.
With “let’s see where the road takes us.”
I feel alive even if I didn’t climb any imaginary ladder
today.
I didn’t make money.
Didn’t reply to emails.
Didn’t “make progress.”
But I kept my heart whole.
And today, that’s more than enough.

Maybe the blank spaces in my planner are exactly what I need.

Maybe that silence... is freedom.

Chapter 12 –

I Put My Phone Down and Looked Out the Window

There was something in the air.

Nothing spectacular.

Just... life.

An old woman walking slowly, a heavy bag in one hand.

A child who tripped — and laughed.

Two people walking without speaking.

I put my phone down.

No one called.

But I felt... present.

I looked out the window as if I'd never done it before.

I saw grey buildings, a dull sky, dusty leaves.

And yet, something inside me went quiet — differently.

It wasn't a pause.

It was presence.

I sat there for 7 minutes without touching anything.

And I think those were the most alive 7 minutes of my day.

No words were needed.

Just a clear window.

And me... watching.

Chapter 13 –

I Made Coffee Like I Had Someone to Make It For

This morning, no one was waiting for me.

I had nowhere to go.

No one calling my name.

And yet, I boiled the water.

Took out that pretty mug I'd been saving "for guests."

I made the coffee carefully.
With just the right amount of sugar.
With milk warmed — not cold from the fridge.

I placed it on the table.
And for the first time in a long while...
I didn't gulp it down in a rush.

I drank it
like someone was sitting across from me.
Like that someone would ask,
“How did you sleep?”

And in my mind, I answered:
“Better than last night.
Still not good.”

It wasn't an epic moment.
It wasn't a spiritual awakening.

It was just a coffee.

But it was made for me.

And maybe, in a world that runs, a woman who makes
coffee with care for herself is the strongest form of
resistance.

Chapter 14 –

It Hurt When I Said “I Don’t Need Anyone”

I said it firmly.

With steady eyes and a clenched heart.

“I don’t need anyone.”

It was true.

And a lie.

I had convinced myself that I could carry everything
alone.

And I could.

But who held me when I wanted to fall?

Who said “I see you”

when I wasn’t making any noise?

There was no one.

So I held my breath in my own arms and kept going. It
hurt.

Not because there was no one... but because I convinced
myself it was better that way.

I learned to be whole on my own.
But sometimes,
I still long for a voice that says:
“You don’t have to be this strong today.”
And maybe that’s not weakness.
Maybe that’s longing.

Chapter 15 –

Sometimes I Was Tired, But I Told No One

I was tired, but I didn’t want to seem weak.
So I smiled. And put on mascara.
I was tired, but I didn’t want to burden anyone.
So I said, “I’m fine.”
I was tired, but I still went to work.
Replied to messages. Congratulated people.
And no one knew that something inside me
was tightening more and more.
That all I really needed was a voice saying:
“Take a break. No explanation needed.”

Sometimes, my tiredness wasn't about sleep.

It was about too much.

Too much silence.

Too much pressure.

Too much performed perfection.

Today, I'm saying it.

I have no energy.

No motivation.

No strength.

But I have the right to be this way.

And maybe, if other women read this, they'll finally say
too:

"Me too."

Chapter 16 –

I Got Lost in People Who Didn't Know What They'd Found

I was like a treasure

found by someone who didn't want to dig.

I gave myself fully —
but they were only looking for parts.

A smile.

A night.

A short story.

I got lost in people who saw me as beautiful but never
stayed long enough to find out why I cry at night.

I offered patience to those who were running.
And silence to those who never wanted my quiet in the
first place.

I wrote long messages in my head
and only sent a single sentence.

I stayed loyal in my heart
even when their words said otherwise.

They didn't understand me.
But that wasn't my fault.

They were handed a gift
and asked, "What's it worth?"

I was the gift.
And they didn't know what they'd found.

But today...
I'm finding myself again.
Piece by piece.

And I'm learning not to lose myself in those who don't even look for themselves.

Chapter 17 –

I Started Protecting Myself Without Seeming Cold

I no longer apologize for saying “no.”
I no longer feel guilty when I choose not to reply right away.

I no longer answer every call as if I'm someone else's savior.

It's not about selfishness.
It's about boundaries.

I've started protecting myself — not with walls,
but with choice.

I'm not closing off.
But I no longer let every footstep walk across my soul.

I've learned how to give without emptying myself.
How to love without lowering my eyes
when I'm ignored.

Sometimes I just smile and say:

“I can’t right now.”

And that’s enough.

The ones who truly know me will understand.

The ones who don’t — wouldn’t have heard me anyway,
even with their hearts open.

I no longer live to seem warm.

I live to stay whole.

Chapter 18 –

Today I Felt No Pain. And I Didn’t Know What to Do With the Silence

I woke up and something felt... different.

Nothing hurt.

Not in my chest.

Not in my throat.

Not in my thoughts.

I waited.

I looked around,

as if any moment now anxiety, emptiness, or guilt
would crawl out from a corner.

But no one came.

There was silence.

So much silence,

I thought it might be a trap.

I didn't know what to do with it.

I didn't want to break it,

but I didn't know how to live in it either.

I walked through the house slowly — as if I were stepping
inside a dream.

Today, there was no pain.

And for the first time...

I felt like maybe it wasn't an accident.

Maybe pain took a break.

Just long enough

for me to feel what this could be.

Maybe life is trying to say:

“See? It’s possible.”

Chapter 19 –

I Miss the Kind of Hug That Doesn't Ask What Happened

Sometimes,

I just want to be pulled into someone's arms without
being asked why my eyes are tired.

I miss the kind of hug that doesn't want the full story.
That doesn't need context.
That doesn't offer advice.

Just a hug.

Don't ask me if I'm okay.

I might lie.

Or cry.

But if you hold me tight...
maybe I'll feel like I don't have to be okay just yet.

That I can just be: alive, quiet, held.

I miss arms that don't check for progress —
just presence.

Sometimes, all I need is someone to hold me
like you hold something fragile.

No questions.

No rush.

Just... hold me.

Chapter 20 –

I've Started Looking at Myself Like Someone I Love

One day,

I looked in the mirror and didn't search for flaws.

I didn't pull at my face.

Didn't lift my shirt.

Didn't sigh at the passing of time.

I looked at myself... and I felt compassion.

But not the kind that shrinks you.

The soft kind.

Like for a child who's done everything they could.

I touched my cheek as if I were consoling someone else.

Then I asked:

“What if I treated myself
with the same kindness
I give to others?”

And so I started.

I ate what I craved.

I slept without guilt.

I forgave myself — no trial, no judge.

I began speaking to myself in my mind like to a wounded
friend — not a constant culprit.

And you know what?

I’m starting to like myself.

Not every day.

But enough... to stop hurting myself.

A Breathing Page

Books are made to be read —
but I made this one
so we could also write it.
Together.

Now...
it's your turn to write back.

I'm waiting.

Chapter 21 – No One Taught Me How to Be Gentle With Myself

They taught me to be good.

To say “thank you.”

Not to disturb.

Not to cry too much.

Not to ask too loudly.

But no one taught me how to say to myself:

“It’s okay to feel.”

I grew up believing love only comes after performance.

That if I’m not perfect,

I’m a problem.

So I learned to punish myself before anyone else could.

To correct. To shrink.

But no one taught me how to forgive myself.

How to hold myself after a mistake.

Sometimes I look in the mirror and I see a little girl who
adapted too well.

Who didn’t ask. Didn’t cry.

Understood too soon.

Now I’m teaching myself what I should’ve known long
ago:

That gentleness isn’t weakness.

That the voice in my head can be warm.

And that I deserve to be forgiven... even when I'm not
who the world wants me to be.

Chapter 22 –

Sometimes I Need a Whole Day Just to Breathe

Not to fix.

Not to reply.

Not to be “good.”

Just to breathe.

To let everything that's too much flow through me —
without forcing it into drawers or into my skin.

Sometimes I open the window not for the air, but because
I like the sound of the world outside when I don't have to
take part in it.

Today I don't want to grow, to learn, to become.

I just want to stay.

Sometimes I need an entire day just not to lose myself.

And it's not laziness.

Not escape.

Not weakness.

It's recovery.

Being fully alive sometimes requires a pause.
And the pause isn't nothing — it's the space between
wound and healing.

So today...

I breathe.

And I let everything pass by me.

Without taking it.

Without carrying it.

Just letting it be.

Chapter 23 –

I Smiled Today, But It Wasn't for a Picture

No one saw me.

There was no good lighting.

No perfect angle.

Just me, in a quiet corner of the day, with a warm thought
passing through like a silent train.

And I smiled.

Not because everything was okay.

But because, for a few seconds, nothing was wrong.

I smiled without posting.

Without comparing.

It was a smile that didn't need to be pretty —
just true.

And it surprised me.

As if someone inside me
winked and said:

“See? You're still in there.”

Maybe it wasn't one of those big, bright smiles from
happiness commercials.

But it was mine.

And it was real.

Chapter 24 –

I Was There for Everyone, But When I Struggled, I Didn't Know Who to Call

I listened to other people cry in the middle of the night.
Wiped their tears with long messages.
Said, “You’ve got someone — I’m here.”
And I really was.

But when I struggled...

I held my phone in my hand, scrolling through contacts
like a list of strangers.

And I asked myself:

“Who can I call without seeming dramatic?”

“Who can hold me without asking what happened?”

I didn’t know.

Not because I don’t have people in my life.

But because I was never taught how to ask.

Never taught to say,

“I need you right now.”

So I stayed quiet.
Took a deep breath.
And kept going.

With a lump in my throat.
A swallowed voice.
Tears that didn't fall — but stood at the door.

And I held myself.

Was it okay? No.
But it was real.

And maybe one day,
I'll learn to call too.
Not just to answer.

Chapter 25 –

When I Feel Lost, I Tell Myself: “Maybe You're Not Lost. Maybe You Just Took a Pause.”

Some days,
I don't know who I am anymore.
Not what I want.
Not where I'm going.
Not what I feel.

And my first reaction is panic:

“You’re lost. You’ve fallen back. You’ve failed.”

But then I breathe deep.

And I say:

“Maybe you’re not lost.

Maybe you just stopped to catch your soul.”

It’s not regression.

It’s a moment of rest.

Being lost means you no longer want to search.

I still do.

Just... slower today.

Maybe the path isn’t broken.

Maybe the signal of my inner GPS just dropped for a while.

So I allow myself:

To not know.

To not have answers.

To not be clear.

But to be.

And maybe, right in this pause,

I’ll find myself better than in all the rushing.

Chapter 26 –

Today I Did Nothing for Others. And I Don't Feel Guilty.

I didn't reply to messages.

I didn't listen to stories that would've drained me.

I wasn't a savior, a confidant, or a guide.

Today... I chose myself.

I made tea without asking if anyone else wanted some.

I lay down even though there were dishes in the sink.

I said “no” to a meetup.

Not because I had something else to do — but because I wanted to be with myself.

And I didn't feel selfish.

Or lazy.

Just... free.

I've given so much in life, that forgetting myself almost felt normal.

But today, I didn't forget.

And the world didn't collapse.

Maybe — finally — it's starting to rebuild itself around me.

With me in the center.
Not in the shadows.

Chapter 27 –

I've Started Rebuilding Myself Quietly

I didn't tell anyone.
Didn't post it to my story.
Didn't write "new me."

I just began.

Waking up more gently.
Not scolding myself for everything left undone.
Drinking water when I'm thirsty — not just coffee to
survive.

I started asking:
"What do *I* need right now?"

And answering honestly, even if the answer doesn't look
good in the world's eyes.

It's not a spectacular comeback.
I didn't reinvent myself.

I just sat down.
And in that stillness...
I found myself again.

Today, there's nothing to show.
But everything to feel.

Because sometimes,
rebuilding doesn't make noise. It just heals.

Chapter 28 –

I'm No Longer Chasing Happiness, I'm Searching for Peace

I chased happiness for a long time.
In applause.
In attention.
In dreams checked off one by one.

But one day, I woke up tired.
Not from the road — from the search.

And I realized:
I don't want ecstasy.
I don't want euphoria.
I want to feel calm.

To wake up without a knot in my stomach.
To stop running after validation.

I want a quiet cup of coffee.
An evening without noise.
A body that doesn't tremble when it's alone.

I don't want movie endings anymore.
I want days that don't crush me.

Happiness comes and goes.
But peace... peace stays.

So today I'm not asking,
"Am I happy?"

Today I ask,
"Am I at peace?"

And for the first time...
I smiled —
without lying to myself.

Chapter 29 –

I Still Get Scared Sometimes, But I Don't Stop Anymore

I'm afraid. Yes.

Of failure. Of rejection. Of loneliness.

Of what I can't control.

But today, I don't run from fear.

I walk with it — hand in hand.

In the past, when I felt fear, I stopped.

Now I recognize it, nod to it — and keep going.

Sometimes, my step is small.

Sometimes, my voice shakes.

Sometimes, my heart beats too loudly for me to speak.

But I don't turn back anymore.

Because I've learned:

Courage isn't the absence of fear.

It's action in its presence.

And today, I did something that scared me.

It wasn't perfect.

But it was a step.

And small steps, repeated in the right direction, can take you anywhere.

Even to a version of myself that no longer trembles at every beginning.

Chapter 30 – I Made It This Far. And I’m Still Whole.

I’ve collapsed so many times

I forgot what standing upright felt like.

I’ve been down there — invisible, forgotten by the world and by myself.

I felt like I had no purpose.

Like I was just an echo in empty rooms.

But I didn’t disappear.

I picked up the pieces.

Not all of them — just the ones still beating.

And I glued them back together with days.

With breaths.

With small steps.

With tears that didn't kill me — they softened me.

I screamed into pillows.

I laughed when I thought I'd forgotten how.

I said "I can't do this anymore" — and still...

I made it one more day.

And today, I'm here.

Not shining.

But real.

And you know what?

I'm still whole.

Not because I was never broken — but because I chose to
rebuild myself with love, not fear.

And if I made it this far...

anything is possible.

A Breathing Page

I hope you didn't forget me
on your desk
or in your phone!

If you made a story with me,
I'm happy —
it means I'm part of your universe.

I appreciate that.

So...
what are *you* feeling today?

Chapter 31 – I Don’t Run Anymore. I’m Returning to Myself

For years, I ran.

After validation. After love. After peace.

And still, I couldn’t find what I was chasing.

Until I realized it wasn’t the world around me that was missing —

it was me.

I ran from myself in every rushed decision, in every “I’m fine” said with a lump in my throat, in every “It doesn’t matter.”

But today...

I don’t run.

Today, I open the door, kick off my shoes, and sit down with myself — without shame.

I play *my* music.

I drink my coffee slowly.

I allow myself to be all that I am — not just what’s expected.

It’s not easy.

I meet parts of me I once buried.

But I no longer chase them away.

I hold them.

Because starting today...

I am my own home.

Chapter 32 –

I've Started Choosing Myself, Even When It Hurts

I used to choose others.

Always.

So naturally — it was almost taught to me in childhood.

I gave them time.

Energy.

My back to lean on.

And I was left with empty hands.

But today I said “no.”

And I felt the sting.

Because choosing yourself, at first, doesn't come with
applause.

It comes with guilt.

With questions.

With people who don't understand.

But I've learned — no one lives inside my skin.
Only I know how much every “yes” costs when it goes
against my soul.

So I've started choosing myself.

Sometimes, their looks hurt.

Other times, the loneliness that comes with honesty.

But what calms me the most is this truth:

For the first time,

I am my own priority.

Chapter 33 –

I No Longer Beg for Love. But I Don't Accept Halves Either

I used to ask for love in whispers.

In gestures.

In patience.

In “it's fine, I'm okay.”

Sometimes I got fragments.

Other times... just echoes.

But now I don't ask.

I don't reach out with empty hope.

Those who want to stay — stay.

Those who love — show it.

Those who feel — come closer.

I no longer call after anyone.

But I also don't accept love that only shows up late at
night, only when it hurts, only when there's no one else.

No more words without actions.

Messages without presence.

Presence without commitment.

If you come — come whole.

With fear, with scars, with all of you — but come real.

Because I am no longer half.

And wholeness can no longer live on leftovers.

Chapter 34 –

I Don't Need Someone to Save Me. I Need Someone to Stay With Me in the Dark

They asked me what I want in a relationship.

And I said:

“Someone who isn't afraid of my silence.”

I don't want saviors.

Or knights.

I don't want to be a mission, a project, a challenge.

I want someone who'll hold my hand without pulling me forward.

Someone who doesn't run when I'm not in the mood for anything, when I shut down, when I don't say what's wrong.

Someone who doesn't expect me to be sunshine all the time — but lights a candle when I'm night.

I don't need to be saved.

I've saved myself too many times.

I just don't want to fight alone anymore.

I want two people holding each other when life gets heavy.

No speeches.

No solutions.

Just:

“I’m here. I’m not leaving. Not even when it’s ugly.”

Chapter 35 – I’ve Learned to Calm Myself. And That’s My Superpower

There was a time when, every time something broke inside me,

I’d call.

I’d text.

I’d reach out — loud.

I clung to others like air.

But today...

I don’t run into the world to escape myself.

I've learned to sit with my pain.

Not to explain it.

Not to justify it.

To give it a clock — not a stopwatch.

When the wave hits, I breathe.

When the thought scares me, I pause.

I've learned to place my hand on my chest and say:

“You're safe. I'm here.”

And it's amazing how much peace comes from no longer abandoning myself.

It's my superpower now.

To stop seeking in others what I can offer to myself.

Not always.

Not perfectly.

But enough to know that if it's just me left...

I'll still be okay.

Chapter 36 –

I've Started Building a Life That Doesn't Apologize for Being Simple

I don't want a life that looks good in pictures anymore.

I want slow mornings.

Warm meals — even if I eat them alone.

I want clothes I love — not ones that impress.

I want a home that smells like me.

Like coffee.

Like fabric softener.

Like peace.

I want people who call — not just tag.

Conversations that don't die after “how are you?”

I don't want to explain why I don't go out.

Why I avoid noise.

Why I spend Sundays in bed with a book.

I don't want a life meant to prove something.

I want a life that feeds me.

Maybe it's not spectacular.

Maybe it doesn't have big titles.

But it's mine.

And it's exactly as much as I can carry without losing myself.

Chapter 37 –

I've Started to Love the Parts of Me I Used to Hide

I used to be ashamed of how sensitive I was.

Of how I cry during commercials.

Of how a harsh tone could wreck me.

I hid my insecurity under sarcasm.

Stayed silent when I had questions.

Smiled when I wanted to scream.

But today...

I'm starting to love all of it.

The way I overthink.

The parts of me that get attached easily.

The fears that prove my heart is still alive.

I used to hide my fragility, thinking it made me weak.

But it was actually the doorway to depth.

I've started to see myself with gentleness — like a garden
that's not perfect,
but where every flower makes sense.

And I don't pull them out anymore.

I water them.

I let them grow.

Because I no longer want to be a “correct” version.

I want to be whole.

Chapter 38 –

I've Stopped Needing Everyone to Understand Me. I Understand Myself — and That's Enough

I spent years explaining.

“Why I pulled away.”

“Why I said no.”

“Why it hurt.”

And still — they didn't get it.

Or didn't want to.

I've learned that some people don't listen to understand
— they listen to reply.

So I stopped speaking.

And started listening to *myself*.

I began offering myself the clarity I once demanded from
others.

I understand me.

With all my shades.

With contradictions.

With scars.

With flickering light.

I no longer need everyone to “get” me.

The ones who matter — feel me.

The ones who feel — don't need proof.

And the ones who love me... do it without asking for
instructions.

Chapter 39 –

I'm No Longer in a Rush to Get Anywhere. I Want to Live Where I Am

I ran for years.

Chasing a “there” that kept slipping away.

Better. Bigger. Higher.

And in the chase,

I lost the “now.”

I don't remember what I felt when I got my diploma.

I don't remember the taste of coffee gulped down in a rush.

All I know is

I was always “on my way.”

But today...

I stopped.

Not because I arrived.

But because I realized

I no longer want to live only in destinations.

I want to live in the moment.

In the way sunlight drips onto my face.
In the sound of the wind shifting the curtain.

In a simple dinner.
In an honest smile.
In peace.

I'm not rushing anymore.
Because **here** —
is already enough.

Chapter 40 –

Today Isn't Perfect. But It's Mine. And That's Enough

Today, I woke up without much desire to live.
But I got up anyway.

I made coffee.
I opened the window.
I breathed in — as if living is something I have to relearn
every day.

It wasn't a spectacular day.
It wasn't easy.
It wasn't mistake-free.

But it was mine.

With my choices.

With my silences.

With that tiny smile no one else saw.

It was a day where I didn't conquer the world —
but I didn't let it defeat me either.

And for the first time...

I don't want more.

Not today.

Today I just want to say:

"I'm here. I'm still here. And I deserve to be."

It's not perfect.

But it's real.

And sometimes... that's all that matters.

Breathing Page

Here, draw a **V** and a **reversed 3**,
in any color you like.

I hope it turned into a beautiful little heart.

Chapter 41 –

No One Knows What I've Been Through. But I Do. And That's Enough

I didn't post about my worst days.

I didn't ask for help out loud.

I didn't announce when I was at my lowest.

And maybe the world thought I was okay.

That I've always been strong.

But *I* know what kept me alive.

A message that never came — but I still waited for it.

A walk taken with tears in my eyes.

A cup of tea held in trembling hands.

I know how many times I wanted to give up.

And still... I didn't.

I know how many steps I took into nothingness — and
how some of them carried me closer to myself without me
even knowing.

Maybe no one knows how deeply it hurt.

But I know.

And today I tell myself:
**“Well done. No stage. No applause.
You were a silent hero.”**

Chapter 42 – I’m Tired of Proving I Deserve to Be Loved

I smiled when I was shattered.
I listened when all I wanted was to be heard.
I was available. Patient. Gentle...
All to prove that I deserved love.
I wrote long messages.
I explained feelings, gestures, reactions.
I became a tour guide through my own soul for people
who didn’t even want to visit.
And I asked myself:
“Why isn’t what I already am... enough?”
The truth?
It *is* enough.
Just not for everyone.

And that doesn't mean I'm unworthy.

It means that, starting today,

I won't teach people about me if they don't want to learn.

I won't prove anything anymore.

Those who feel — stay.

Those who don't... were just background noise in the
story of a love

I'm finally learning to give myself.

Chapter 43 –

Today I Don't Need Answers. I Just Need Peace

I don't want to understand everything.

Or fix it.

Or analyze it.

Today, I don't need meaning.

I need space.

To breathe without wondering if I'm breathing "right."

To feel without explaining my emotions.

To exist without performing.

I've spent so much time searching for the "why" behind everything — that I forgot what it's like to just... live.

Today I put my phone on silent and my thoughts on pause.

I don't ask "what's next."

I don't look back.

I just sit.

With my heart — no longer asking for proof.

And in this absence of explanations,

I discover something

I haven't felt in a long time:

peace.

Chapter 44 –

I've Started Speaking Kindly to Myself. And It Feels Like Healing

For years,

I argued with myself in silence.

For small mistakes.

For things left unsaid.

For who I wasn't.

I told myself:

“You could’ve done better.”

“It’s your fault.”

“No wonder they...”

And all that voice did was shrink me.

Until one day.

Without meaning to, I paused —
and said:

“It’s okay. It was hard.

But you did the best you could.”

And something inside me softened.

Since then,
I’ve started speaking to myself
like someone I love.

I say:

“I’m sorry you went through that.”

“I’m proud of you.”

“I see you.”

And I’ve realized — sometimes, the deepest healing isn’t
therapy, isn’t running, isn’t fighting.

It’s a gentle voice inside that finally says:

“You’re safe now.

I won’t hurt you anymore.”

Chapter 45 –

I Look at Myself Today and See a Woman Who Didn't Give Up

I'm not perfect.

Not even close.

But when I look at myself today,

I don't just see the mistakes.

I see the fight.

I see every morning I wanted to stay in bed — and still
got up.

I see the unsent messages, the words felt but not spoken.

I see the moments I was scared — but opened the door
anyway.

I see the tears wiped quickly, and the smiles built piece by
piece.

I see a woman who was whole, then shattered, then whole
again.

Who didn't always have support — but held herself.

I'm not an example.

I'm not trying to be.

But today...

I look in the mirror and say:

**“You didn’t give up.
And that makes you extraordinary.”**

Chapter 46 –

I’m Letting Go of Everything That Made Me Feel Like I Wasn’t Enough

Every time I was compared.

Every time I was left on “seen.”

Every time I was told I was “too much” — or “not
enough.”

Every time I changed my clothes, my voice, my way of
being, just to be accepted...

Today, I’m letting it go.

I no longer carry the opinions of people who never truly
knew me.

I no longer grow toxic words in the garden of my heart.

I release the labels.

The standards.

The perfect scores.

I don’t want to be “perfect.”

I want to be real.

I want to laugh without guilt.

To mess up without shame.

Today, I take off all the “should haves” weighing on my shoulders.

I let them go — no ceremony.

Because I am enough.

Not yesterday.

Not tomorrow.

Today.

Right now.

Right here.

Chapter 47 –

I’ve Started Creating My Happiness in Silence

I no longer announce when I’m okay.

I don’t post every smile.

I’ve started building my happiness in quiet places:

In a warm cup of tea.

In a song on repeat.

In an afternoon where nothing rings.

It's a happiness that doesn't ask for applause.

No filters.

No "likes."

It's making your bed in the morning — just for you.

It's looking out the window and smiling for no reason.

It's saying "not today" and not feeling guilty.

It's lighting a candle and feeling at home in your own skin.

I no longer wait for happiness to arrive in waves.

I pour it — slowly — into each day.

And in this silence...

I've found something I hadn't felt in a long time:

Joy that doesn't need to be explained.

Only lived.

Chapter 48 –

I'm Starting to Become Someone I No Longer Want to Run From

I ran from myself for years.

I hid in busyness, in work, in people.

I sabotaged myself before anyone could reject me.

I avoided myself in silences and jokes.

In “I’m fine” said with clenched teeth.

But now... something is shifting.

I’m starting to look at myself with less judgment and more courage.

I tell myself:

“Maybe you’re not all you hoped to be...

but you’ve been exactly what you needed to survive this far.”

I’m no longer afraid to be alone with me — in silence, in uncertainty, in process.

I’m beginning to feel I deserve space.

That I have worth, even when I don’t “prove” it.

And that’s a sacred beginning:

To stop running from yourself.

**To take your own hand —
and stay.**

Chapter 49 –

I Still Have Hard Days. But Nothing Breaks Me Anymore

There are still mornings when I don't want to get out of bed.

Days when nothing makes sense.

Some memories still sting.

Tears still gather for no reason at all.

But something's changed.

I don't fall apart anymore.

I pause.

I breathe.

And I tell myself:

“You’ve been here before.

And you made it through.”

Nothing tears me in two now.

Because somewhere along the way,

I learned myself.

I learned not to dramatize every ache.

Not to believe every thought that says it's the end.

I've learned to hold myself — instead of destroying myself.

And even if today is heavy...

I know it will pass.

And I know

I won't disappear with it.

Breathing Page

Days and nights...

Thoughts and more thoughts —
but don't keep them all inside.

Write them here.

Here is their place.

Your place.

Chapter 50 –

I Didn't Become Someone Else. I Just Chose, Day by Day, to Stay

It wasn't a spectacular transformation.

There was no revelation that changed everything.

Just small, daily moments where I chose not to give up.

When it was hard — I stayed.

When there was silence — I listened.

When there was emptiness — I filled it with myself.

I didn't become someone else.

I'm still me —

With all my pain.

With all my mistakes.

With all my efforts to be better.

But today, I no longer judge who I was.

And I'm not rushing to become someone else.

Today, I tell myself:

“You did your best.

You're still doing your best.

And that's enough.”

It wasn't perfection that saved me.

It was the fact that, every single day,
I chose to stay.

With me.

For me.

And that... is the beginning of every good thing that's
coming.

Silent Testimonies – 1

I smiled today when I saw my face in the mirror.
Not because it looked good —
but because it was still there.

And I thought:

with everything it's been through...

it still shows up to look me in the eyes.

❖ Silent Testimonies – 2

I've learned not to wait for the message anymore.
If it comes, good. If it doesn't, still good.

Because the waiting no longer lives on a screen.
It lives inside me.

And that's where I've started to answer myself.

❖ Silent Testimonies – 3

Sometimes I wonder what would've happened
if I had said it all.

But then I remember
how many times no one listened.

So I kept my words inside —
and they grew there,
like flowers that don't need the world to bloom.

❖ Silent Testimonies – 4

I don't know exactly when I stopped explaining.
Maybe the day I realized:

**Those who feel you
don't need to understand everything.**

And those who only want answers...
don't really want *you*.

❖ Silent Testimonies – 5

Sometimes I watch life
like a movie where my line hasn't come yet.

But I still stay.

Because I know that when it comes...
**it will be exactly what it needs to be,
exactly when it needs to be.**

And I'll never be silent the same way again.

Silent Testimonies – 6

I've kept unreceived messages,
unanswered questions,
and hugs that never happened.

I tucked them into a corner of me
where no one cleans.

Just silence.

And acceptance.

❖ Silent Testimonies – 7

I realized I don't need to mean something to everyone.
Just to myself.

And ever since I understood that...

**I stopped waiting for applause
to feel alive.**

❖ Silent Testimonies – 8

I miss who I was
before I learned to protect myself.

But today I know —
fragility never disappears.
It hides.

**And sometimes...
it comes back as poetry.**

Silent Testimonies – 9

I loved quietly,
but with all my heart.

And even if it wasn't seen,
I no longer call it wasted time.

Because true love
**doesn't need to be returned
to be real.**

❖ Silent Testimonies – 10

I've apologized in my mind dozens of times —
for not knowing how to love myself sooner.

But today...
I no longer live out of guilt.

I live out of the desire
to be closer to myself.

Chapter 51 –

I Made Space for Myself in This World, Even if No One Held the Door

No one applauded me in the beginning.
No one pushed me forward.
I had no recommendations, no guarantees, no
confirmations from the world.

But I had something stronger than all of that:
the will to stay.

Every time I was overlooked,
I took a deep breath and stood back up.
Not to prove anything.
But because I knew —
my place in the world isn't something I ask for.
It's something I build.

I walked into rooms
where no one was waiting for me.
And still...
I spoke. I wrote. I felt.

I was “too quiet,”
“too sensitive,”
“too dreamy.”

But I was.

And I stayed.

No one held the door open for me.
So I learned to push it myself.
To force it open, if I had to.

And when I got tired of walls...

I built my own room.

One where I didn't have to be someone else.
One where I didn't have to be understood to be accepted.

Maybe the world will never give me trophies.

But I know how hard the journey has been.
And today I tell myself:

“You didn't wait for the door to open.

You made space.

And that makes you impossible to ignore.”

Chapter 52 –

I'm Not Always Okay. But I'm Always Here.

They told me I have to be strong.

To smile.

To move on.

Not to complain, because “we all have problems.”

So I forced it.

I got out of bed when my whole body screamed, “not today.”

I said “I’m fine” while chaos boiled inside me.

But the truth is —

I’m not always okay.

And I don’t have to be.

I’m not failing when I feel like I can’t anymore.

I’m not losing when I take a break.

Because simply *being here* —

even in pain, even in doubt — **is an act of courage.**

The truth is: sometimes I cry in the bathroom,
then walk back into the room like nothing happened.

Sometimes I smile

while everything inside me feels like it’s falling apart.

But you know what?

I'm here.

Still.

And that's enough.

Even if I don't win anything today,
the fact that I haven't given up...

already makes me undefeated.

Chapter 53 –

I've Put Myself Last Too Many Times

I've replied to messages when I had no words left.

I've listened to stories while my own mind screamed.

I went to meetings, to calls, to people — even when I had
nothing left to give.

I put myself last.

Thinking that if I kept everyone else whole, no one would
notice how shattered I was.

And the world believed I was fine.

Because I knew how to smile.

Because I knew how to show up.

But somewhere along the way...

I lost myself.

And I don't want that anymore.

I don't want to keep standing up first for everyone else
and last for me.

Today I'm learning to choose myself.

Even if it bothers some.

Even if they don't understand.

Because in my own life,

if I don't put myself first...

no one will.

Chapter 54 –

Today I Didn't Feel the Weight in My Chest.

And I Wasn't Afraid of the Silence.**

Today wasn't perfect.

But it was different.

I didn't wake up with a knot in my stomach.

I didn't check my phone on reflex, hoping for a saving message.

I just woke up.

Took a breath.

And for the first time in a long while...

it didn't hurt.

I didn't miss anyone with desperation.

I didn't ask myself heavy questions.

I didn't feel the need to prove anything.

It was a normal day.

And maybe that's what made it special.

There was no drama. No crying out.

Just silence.

And for the first time...
the silence wasn't scary.

It was soft.
It was warm.
It was mine.

Chapter 55 –

I Silently Wondered If I'm Hard to Love

I never said it out loud.
But I thought it... often.
Maybe because some left without a word.
And others stayed — but never really knew how to be
present.
And somewhere inside me,
a quiet question began to grow:
“Is there something wrong with me?”
Maybe I'm too intense.
Too quiet.
Too honest.
Too much. Or too little. Or just too different.

But what I didn't know then is this:
Some people don't know how to love what they can't
control.

And I can't be controlled.

I feel deeply.

I ask too many questions.

I want real presence, not performance.

And yes — that can be intimidating.

But it's not a flaw.

It's a superpower.

And someday, someone will see that.

But until then,

I choose to stop asking if I'm hard to love.

I choose to love myself enough

to never again settle for half.

Chapter 56 –

Better Alone Than Surrounded by the Wrong People

I've felt lonely so many times that at one point,
I started accepting any presence.

Just to avoid the silence.
Just to mute the emptiness.

And I let people into my life who didn't know how to
stay.

Or stayed only for what they could take.

But today...

I choose differently.

Better alone — with myself, with my thoughts — than
with people who drain me even more.

Better an honest silence than a fake conversation.

Better a full day without messages than a thousand *"how
are you?"* that don't want the real answer.

Today, I no longer accept just anyone's presence.
Because I've learned:

Loneliness isn't the worst thing.

It's easier to live with that than to live with yourself in a space where you're unseen, unfelt, unwhole.

Chapter 57 –

I'm Not Who I Used to Be. And I Don't Want to Be

I've lost versions of myself that kept me alive.

Versions that knew how to pretend.

To comply. To stay quiet.

I used to please others so I wouldn't be rejected.

I said "yes" while everything inside me screamed "no."

But I'm not that person anymore.

And I don't want to be.

Yes, I've grown.

But not in the direction of perfection — in the direction of truth.

I no longer wear the clothes that made me invisible.

I no longer mute my voice just because it might be "too much."

I choose my people carefully now.
I choose my thoughts with care.
I speak the truth to myself — even when it hurts.
And no,
I'm not looking to return to who I was.
Because today, even in my imperfections,
I feel more real than I've ever been.

Chapter 58 –

They Didn't Come Back. And Still, I Moved On

I waited.
Not at the door — but inside.
A glance, a sign, a late “I’m sorry.”
It never came.
And somehow... I knew it wouldn't.
Some people leave without looking back.
And it hurts. Not just losing them.
But the emptiness they leave behind.

But what hurts most is learning to live without them
while some part of you still hopes.

I thought I couldn't move forward.
That without them, the days had no color.

But look at me now.
Unsteady steps — but forward.
Rare smiles — but real.

I haven't forgotten. I haven't replaced.

But I've learned:
Life doesn't wait for anyone.
And I choose not to let it pass me by.

Chapter 59 –

I Left, Even Though I Still Felt. And I Don't Regret It

I could've stayed.
I still felt. I still hoped.
Still found excuses instead of truth.

But I realized that sometimes,
love isn't enough.
Presence doesn't mean connection.

And being there for someone who isn't truly there for you... is a slow way of losing yourself.

So I left.

Not with anger. Not with drama.

With a quiet ache and a suitcase full of "I almost."

And yes, I still felt.

But this time, I felt for *me*.

I felt that I deserved more than late replies.

More than half-gestures and quarter-truths.

Today, I don't regret it.

Because sometimes, courage isn't about fighting for something.

It's about walking away — even when it hurts — and not going back to places where you stopped growing.

Chapter 60 –

A Letter to Myself, the One Who Survived Without Even Knowing

Dear me,

I remember the days you woke up afraid to feel.
Days when your smile was a mask, and silence was all you
had.

I remember how you'd sit in the bathroom, eyes closed —
just so you wouldn't have to see who you'd become.

And today, from the heart I now carry,

I want to say this:

You were incredible.

Because even when no one knew, you fought battles in
silence.

You were there for everyone — and rarely for yourself.
And still... you stayed.

You didn't always have the right words.
Or energy. Or answers.

But you had something more powerful than all of that:

You had the courage not to give up on yourself.

It wasn't easy.
It wasn't pretty.
It wasn't "story-worthy."

But you were there.

With everything you are.

Everything that hurts. Everything that hopes.

So please... when you feel like you're not enough, when you go silent in front of the mirror again— **remember me.**

Remember who you became.

Remember how you wrote every single line of this without knowing

you were the story all along.

With love,

Me. But softer. More alive. More at home.

A Letter I'll Never Send

To the one who hurt me,

I won't start with hate.

I wish I could — it would be easier.

But I didn't feel hate.

I felt emptiness. Confusion. Silence instead of answers.

You clipped my wings — not out of cruelty, but out of fear.

Your fear of depth left me hanging, with no explanation.

And you know what hurt the most?
Not that you left.
But that you did it like I'd never even existed.

I tried to pretend it didn't affect me.
Tried to seem stronger than the thing I lost.
But the truth is... it hurt all the way to the bone.

You made me believe something was wrong with me.
That my *too much*, my *everything*, my *honesty* — were
too heavy.

But today, I'm not writing to understand you.
I'm writing to free myself.

I don't hold a grudge.
But I no longer wait for you.

You taught me, without knowing, how valuable
boundaries are.
How important it is to stop shrinking just to be tolerated.

I won't give you space in my mind anymore.
But I give you freedom.
Not for you — for me.

So I'm letting you go.
Letting you stay where you chose to be: in the past.

And I'm staying where I've chosen to be:
with myself. Whole. Healing. Still in process.
But alive.

A Letter I'll Never Send

To the one who stayed silent for too long

I'm sorry.

For all the times you didn't say what you felt.

For every moment you swallowed the lump in your throat
and pretended it didn't hurt.

You were afraid that if you spoke up, you'd lose
something.

That if you showed who you really were, no one would
want you.

So you hid.

Behind jokes. Behind "it's fine." Behind rehearsed smiles.

But today, I want you to know —

you don't have to protect yourself through silence
anymore.

You're allowed to speak your feelings.

You're allowed to cry. To get angry. To ask "why me?"

You don't have to be strong all the time.

Your strength lies in how much you kept silent —
and still, you stayed.

I forgive you.

Not because you did something wrong,
but because you did the best you could.

And from today on...
I won't leave you alone in your thoughts.
I promise to listen.
Even when the whole world goes quiet.

A Letter I'll Never Send

To someone who left

I still have moments when I write you messages
I'll never send.
I still feel like telling you what happened today.
But then I remember.
You left.
It wasn't sudden.
It was slow, painful — like a goodbye without words.
I kept making excuses for you.
I thought you had reasons. That you'd come back.
But today, I know:
people who leave without explanation... leave for
themselves.
Not because you were too much.
But because they didn't know how to stay.

And still...
you left behind a silence that's hard to fill.
Today, I'm not writing to bring you back.
I'm writing to let go.
Thank you for what was beautiful.
I leave behind what was unfair.
And if you ever think of me again...
know that I forgave you.
Not for you.
For me.
For the peace that follows
everything left unsaid.

A Letter I'll Never Send

To the child in me

I'm sorry I asked you to be strong
when all you needed was a hug.
That I made you stay quiet,
just so you wouldn't disturb.
That I taught you not to cry,
afraid you'd seem "weak."

But today...

I know you carried too much on shoulders too small.

I know you felt invisible in crowded rooms.

And still, you stayed kind. You stayed warm.

Today, I want to tell you — it wasn't your fault.

You weren't too sensitive, too quiet, or too much.

You were a child.

And you needed more.

I can't turn back time.

But I can promise that, from now on,

I won't leave you alone anymore.

When I feel lost, I'll ask you how you feel.

When it gets heavy, I'll take your hand.

Because you've always been there.

Waiting...

for me to finally say:

“I see you. I hear you. And I'm here for you.”

A Letter I'll Never Send

To the woman I'm becoming

I hope you've learned how to feel joy without guilt.
That you've kept the little things that once made your soul
smile — evening tea, rain tapping on the window,
that two-minute song you used to replay.

I hope you haven't turned cold.
That you've grown, but not behind walls.
That you've found success, but haven't lost yourself in it.

I hope you're surrounded by people who truly see you —
not for what you do, but for who you are when no one's
watching.

And if you're not there yet... if doubts still whisper in your
mind...
let me tell you: that's okay.

You haven't failed.
You haven't fallen behind.
Time isn't measured by milestones, but by how many
times you chose to stay alive inside.

I hope reading this helps you breathe a little easier.
And that, no matter who you've become,
you've stayed close to yourself.

That's what matters most.

A Letter I'll Never Send

To Life

I haven't always known what you wanted from me.
You caught me off guard.
You knocked me down, and at times, it felt like you
laughed when I tried to stand back up.

And still... you were there.

You never promised it would be easy.
But you left signs.
Sometimes through people.
Sometimes through loss.
Sometimes through that heavy silence whispering:
"Listen to yourself."

There were days I cursed you.
Told you you were unfair.

But today,
I want to say something else:

Thank you.

For all the times you pushed me,
just so I could learn to find my balance.

For every slammed door
that taught me how to build my own.

For never letting me forget that I am *alive*.

Even when... it hurt to live.

—

A Letter I'll Never Send

To My Body

I'm sorry.

For all the times I criticized you.

For the way I looked at you with anger, with shame, with rejection.

You were never "perfect."

But you were always there.

When I lost my voice, you sighed for me.

When I lacked courage, you trembled instead.

You carried the weight without complaint.

You were blamed for pain that wasn't yours to hold.

I pushed you. Ignored you. Punished you.

And still... you kept me alive.

I never thanked you.

Not even when you endured days without rest, without nourishment, without love.

So today I write this, not to fix you,
but to promise you something:

From now on,
I'll listen more.
I'll care for you with tenderness.
I'll see you without hate.

Because you deserve that.

Because you loved me even when I had no idea how to
love you back.

A Letter I'll Never Send

To My Fear

You settled inside me early.
You grew up with me.
You made me believe I couldn't, didn't deserve to, wasn't
enough.

You silenced me when I wanted to scream.
You made me walk away when all I wanted was to stay.

And I hated you for it.

But today...

I want to try something different.

I want to listen.

Maybe you didn't come to destroy me.
Maybe you were just trying to protect me.
To keep me safe.

You just forgot to let me grow.

And the truth is...
I can't keep living by rules written in fear.

So today I say this:
I'm not pushing you away.
But I'm no longer letting you lead.

You can stay.
But you'll sit in the back.

Because from now on...
I won't move based on you.
I'll hold your hand — and teach you how to be quiet.

A Letter I'll Never Send

To the Love I Deserve

Maybe we haven't met yet.
Or maybe we passed each other one ordinary day, never
knowing what could have been.

But I'm waiting for you.
Not with desperation. Not with illusion.

I'm waiting in peace.

Because I've finally understood:

The love I deserve doesn't arrive to fix me.

It doesn't come to tell me who I am — but to hold my hand while I discover that on my own.

It doesn't come to complete me, but to honor me as whole.

It doesn't come to save me, but to stay beside me when I save myself.

And when you come,
I hope you've learned the same lessons.

Don't run when it hurts.
Don't compare. Don't rush.

Stay. Listen. Feel.

And if we never meet...
I still won't regret a thing.

Because now I know:
The love I deserve begins with me.
And that... is already the beginning of everything good.

1. Unspoken, Yet True

I didn't say everything.
Not because I lacked the words,
but because some truths don't need a voice —
just time.

What I felt was real.
What I thought doesn't need approval.
What I lived... shaped who I am.

And if I wasn't heard,
it doesn't mean I was any less true.

Some answers aren't shouted.
They live in a glance. In absence. In breath.

And I...
I carry all that was left unsaid.
But I feel. And I know.
And that... is enough.

2. What I Answered When No One Asked Anymore

I'm still here.

That's what I told myself.
That's what I answered—
when the messages stopped,
when no doors opened anymore.

No one asked how I was.
So I learned to speak inward.

I answered myself—
in mirrors, in silence, in footsteps taken alone.
I held my own hand
when no one else was there.

And maybe the world never knew
how much I carried.

But I did.

And my voice, even whispered,
was enough
to keep me from fading.

—

3. Things I Only Told Myself in Silence

“Hold it together.”

“Don’t cry now—wait until you’re home.”

“It’s your fault, maybe you were too much.”

“Maybe you don’t deserve what you want.”

No one said those words to me.

But I did. Too many times.

Maybe I didn’t know better.

Or maybe I thought it was the only way to stay safe.

But today, I want to rewrite them.

“Be gentle with yourself.”

“You’re allowed to cry.”

“It’s not your fault.”

“You deserve everything you never gave yourself.”

And if no one’s ever told you these things—
here they are now.

For you.

And for me.

—

4. Thoughts That Never Found a Home

I had so much to say...
but by the time I turned back,
there was no one left to hear it.

Not you. Not them.

Only the words remained—
laid out like a table set for guests who never showed up.

I tried to let them go.
But some thoughts don't want another home.
They stay.

Like a letter never sent.
Like a phone that never rang.

And still, I no longer carry them as a burden.
Today, I look at them gently.

They may be homeless,
but they are not worthless.

They are mine.
And even if they were never received—
they were felt.

And that... makes them real.

—

5. Silences That Wrote Themselves

Sometimes, I said nothing.

But in that silence,

there was more truth than a thousand words could hold.

There was exhaustion.

There was surrender.

There was a quiet, aching: *“There’s no one left to tell. No way left to say it.”*

I didn’t write letters.

I didn’t explain.

I just left—quietly—from places where I had screamed inside my own mind.

But my silence wasn’t empty.

It was a message.

A line drawn.

A boundary.

The final shape of self-protection.

And just because you didn’t understand it,
doesn’t mean it didn’t speak.

It was there—

quiet, yes—

but filled with everything I was too tired to say out loud.

—

6. Truths No One Asked For, But That Refuse To Stay Quiet

No one asked how hard it was to wake up today.
No one wondered how much it hurt to smile like
everything was okay.

No one asked for details.
No one knocked just to check if I was still there.

But some truths don't wait to be invited.
They show up.
And if you don't listen, they settle quietly in your chest—
until something breaks.

The truth is... sometimes I wanted to give up.
I wished someone would see me—really see me—without
needing an explanation.

The truth is, I wasn't okay.
And no one knew.

Not because I was hiding.
But because no one really wanted to know.

And maybe they weren't supposed to.
But the truth still stands.
And I won't silence it anymore.

—

7. The Questions I Never Asked—But That Shaped Me

“If I walk away, will anyone come looking?”

“If I speak my truth, will they still stay?”

“Am I hard to love—or have I just not met someone who knows how to stay?”

Questions that moved beneath my skin, silently.

They never left my lips, but they echoed in my eyes, in quiet pauses, in the way I slowly walked away.

I carried them with me.

Hid them under humor, under work, under “I’m fine.”

But the truth is—they shaped me.

Not as wounds, but as form.

Today, I no longer need answers.

I simply acknowledge the questions.

And I honor them— because they were the voice of my heart before I ever knew how to let it speak.

—

8. My Voice—Even If You Never Asked for It

You never asked for my opinion.

You didn't want to know how I felt.

You never wondered what kept me awake night after
night.

But today... I'll speak.

Because my voice is not background noise.

It's not a prop in your performance.

It's what kept me alive.

What stopped me from vanishing completely.

And even if your silence was louder than your presence,

I won't dim myself anymore just because you won't listen.

So I write. I speak. I create.

Without an invitation.

Without your permission.

My voice doesn't wait to be called.

It arrives.

And if you don't know what to do with it... you're free to
step aside.

But I—

I'm staying.

—

9. Answers Without Questions, But Full of Heart

Sometimes I didn't wait for the question.

I simply felt the emptiness.

And I filled it.

With presence. With a glance. With a silence that holds
your hand.

No one asked me what I could give— but I gave.

Not for validation.

But because I felt I had to.

Because the person in front of me didn't know how to
ask.

And that's okay.

Not all answers come after questions.

Some arrive after silence.

After tired eyes.

After a quiet "I'm fine" that means everything but.

Maybe some didn't understand what I offered.

But today I know this:

What comes from the heart doesn't need a question.

It only needs the courage to be given.

—

10. What No One Ever Asked, But Always Hurt

No one ever asked what it's like to be there for everyone
and feel like no one is there for you.

No one asked why I shut down even when I'm laughing.

No one asked what it means to carry a life that looks
"okay" on the outside but feels one breath away from
collapse on the inside.

No one asked why I'm afraid to say "I'm not okay."

And yet... it hurt.

Not for a day.

Not for a month.

For years.

It hurt in every "it's fine."

In every "don't worry, I'm okay."

But maybe today, finally,

I don't need anyone to ask.

Because I know.

And if *I* know,

if *I* give myself permission to feel—
that pain no longer defines me.

It just reminds me:
I'm human.
And I'm still here.

So Now What? What Do I Do With All This?

You read.
Maybe you cried. Maybe you felt like this was written *for you*.
Maybe you saw your own thoughts echoed in someone else's words.
And now you're asking yourself:
“Okay... I poured myself out. Now what do I do with it all?”

Here's what:

1. Write for 5 minutes a day. No filter.

It doesn't have to be pretty. Or perfect. Or 'Instagram-worthy.'
Write the messy stuff. The raw, unedited truth.
What you haven't dared to say. What still stings. What you secretly hope for.

Writing is the cheapest therapy — and the most honest one.

2. Stop postponing self-care.

Chronic exhaustion is not a lifestyle.

Leave that message on *seen*. Close your laptop early.

Make yourself a tea. Learn to say:

“Not today. Today, I choose me.”

Even once a week. Start there.

3. Step outside. No headphones. No scrolling.

Walk for 15 minutes.

Breathe in that invisible air that’s keeping you alive.

Listen to the trees, the city, your own footsteps.

You’re alive. Stop denying that. Make peace with your senses.

4. Take one honest step.

Message a friend. Find a therapist.

Talk to someone. Not about the weather. About *you*.

You’re allowed to ask for help.

That’s the highest form of courage:

Asking for what you need.

5. Don’t Forget: You Made It This Far

You’ve carried years of silence.

You’ve lived with questions that had no answers.

And yet — here you are, reading these words.

That means you're still here.

And if you're still here...

you still have time to save yourself.

You still have time to live.

You still have time to *be*.

And if one day you forget who you are...

just remember:

you went looking for yourself

even when no one was calling your name.

—