

New Year, New Adventure

December 31/January 1 ([Here's to a fresh, new start](#))

Dearest Nib Nib,

I will not lie here. I have been very troubled recently. With trauma coming back up and several incidents happening over the span of very few days, I've locked myself up into a box which I don't want anyone entering except me. I'm scared. Petrified. Terrified that this isn't forever, that you want someone else in the grand scheme of things.

Just a few hours ago, I didn't want to talk to anyone. I wanted to be with myself only. I had no intention of continuing this relationship. I was broken.

But you. You did not back down when I told you to go away, when I tried to push you away. You stood here, firm on your stance that this truly is forever for you. You made me realize, that maybe asking for help isn't a bad thing. Maybe reaching out is okay. You made me realise that locking my heart up again like I did after high school isn't the solution, it's never the solution.

There's so much I want to say to you. So much I want you to know about my feelings, towards you, towards us. I want to talk to you forever. I want to spend forever telling you how much I love you, how much you mean to me. I want to travel the world with your hand in mine, with your massive purse in my hands when you need to tie your shoes again, with your head on my shoulders when you need to sleep. I want to share this life with you. I don't know what my beliefs are anymore, but I do know for certain that in any life after this one, I still want you by my side, if you'll have me.

Baby, with this letter, I am fully lowering my walls for you. Letting you into my fort. Trusting you. Believing in you. Loving you. I don't want to run back into my fort alone again. It's scary in there. It's dark. It's lonely. I hope I never have to go back in there. I like it here, outside, with you by my side. It feels whole. It feels complete. It feels warm.

My dearest Nib Nib, allow me to do this again, properly this time. Happy new year, meri jaan. Meri raani. My lovebug. My baby. My little demon. My cutie. My whole world. My universe. My rock. My inspiration. My hero. I also believe, that this year is our year. But I also believe, that every year after it, till death do us part, is our year. I'd like to spend eternity with you, if you'd like that too.

With endless, unconditional love,
Bub Bub