

Hey Sakina,

I'm not really sure how to start this. tbh im not really sure if im going to send this either. ive been planning on writing this fat message for ages now and everytime i sit down my mind just freezes. as if it doesn't want me to write out the message and just move forward and complete this chapter of my life. hope you're okay but also like fuck you. fs i really do have a soft spot for you, i hate it. even when telling you about everything in message i can't help but want to tell you softly.

you really hurt me, and i never got a chance to tell you why or how. and i know i dont need to and you probably dont want me to, but i want to. and if you dont want to read this you dont have to.

i really thought we'd figure things out. up until you stopped me those 3-5 mins in, i really did have faith. i trusted that like no matter what, you'd listen to me and give me a solid chance. i don't believe that any more. i really thought that if i put everything out there then you'd really make the effort to understand, apologise and commit to change the way i had commit to communicating. i had so much hope.

i don't anymore, and while i can't say with absolutely certainty that we never would have had the conversation, after looking retrospectively back, I don't believe we ever would have had the conversation properly. ultimately, there was always going to be something wrong about the way i expressed my things/feelings to you. always one word out of line, one sentence too much, my tone is off, im taking too long, etc. anyway, here goes:

fundamentally i feel like all the issues i had stemmed from behaviour that was thoughtless or lacking in trust.

1) holding the relationship by a thread:

I've already spoken and brought this up to you before. It was awful. when you said things like "ill drop you", "i don't want to date that, if you do x, i'll just break up with you" "i swear to god hasib, do/say that once more and ill block you for good", it would send me into such an intense panic. in the blink of an eye my security in the relationship would be dangled by a thread by you. this is something we've already spoken about and you said you'd change and did largely, but never really acknowledged imo. like everytime i brought up that it was something shitty rather than just simply something that hurt me and that no one should be treated that way, you'd get upset and want to dismiss it. but like, no one should, its awful, thats all i wanted to highlight. and i couldn't date or be friends with anyone who thought otherwise. when you did this, i would feel so caught off guard, and really trained myself to never completely relax because i just wouldn't know what was coming. i couldn't be comfortable because i didn't know when you'd say those words. it also created this terrible power dynamic where you just get to almost control me using the fear of breaking up. (to be clear, the fact that you were breaking up with me was not sending me into panic, it was specifically the way you'd go about just making a sudden threat, rather than taking time and ending the relationship if a line had been crossed. breaking up would've been v difficult, but that threatening shit fucked me up).

on top of that, you would usually threaten me after you got quickly angry too, so i just began to associate it with everytime you were angry and would get really anxious even if you weren't going to do or say anything. all i would need, is for your tone to be a little aggro and that would be it. its like a circus tiger that is trained to expect pain when a bell is rung. the pain won't always come, but just expecting it sends him into panic.

when i think about the time at which i was happiest, most at peace, most comfortable and safe in the relationship i think about the summer of my first year, in August when you came to visit. i had told you several weeks before you left in May (i feel) about the threatening thing , and you said you'd make the effort to stop. aug/sept came (and even though we still had problems) i felt safe. and then of top of that you made the effort to check in, and ask if i still felt bad. it was nice. after that, the threatening began again in October and i haven't really let my guard properly since (barring jan19-march19 maybe).

i feel like this whole holding the relationship hostage plays into a bigger thing too though. like i feel you didn't love me the way you felt you did. well, actually you defo didnt love me in the way i wanted to be, but i'll explain that more later.

2) character assassinations -

this is something i also feel like ive tried to communicate but it never went anywhere. throughout the relationship, i feel like my character was continuously assassinated. i was labelled and attacked again and again. i was told by the person that was meant to love me the most and meant to be closest to me repeatedly that i was awful. it wore away at my self-esteem and confidence. it felt particularly bad after the end of second year when we broke up because you didnt really compliment me/say nice things, so it felt like i was almost only ever being attacked.

there were two main types of situation where these character assassinations manifested the most.

a) the first was when you were just angry/upset with me about something. when you got angry/upset i feel like you would just say whatever you felt, not distinguishing between venting and communicating your frustration. your words were often filled with vitriol and while you were in that angry state, you'd behave in a way where my feelings, or the effect of your words just didnt seem to matter. it felt almost like because you were hurt/angry and i was the reason for it, it mattered less that your words could & were hurting me.

for reference, examples of things you might have said that hurt/were just generally horrible were "you're an asshole" "youre fucking awful" "your shitty" "how fucking dare you?" "you're utterly delusional" "a non-shitty person would ..." and then describe something i didnt do. etc. there are much more intense ones but ive blocked them out, and tbh i dont want to look back at our convos again...okay i looked again, and i'm angry again. look @ that, at one point you're sarcastically saying "god forbid i call you an asshole, thats a real kicker" kya baat. im thinking back, and one time i even laughed when you were telling me about how your mum finds your nana very critical and you wanted to send her the spiderman meme. i found it funny because then i wanted to send you the meme.

i feel you think that i was holding it against you and hadn't let it go because i kept bringing it up again and again. but that wasn't it, i kept bringing it up because you weren't getting better. i mean, yes you did get better. but you were never good for longer than a moment. i guess how you saw my communication. and even when you were better for a while it wasn't like acceptable. what i mean is, any conversation where you would get angry and say something to me where my feelings would get hurt should've be a problem. and any convo where you're angry and i walked a way with anything less than my feelings in tact, was unacceptable. because otherwise you're not not causing me pain, just less pain. and you're not getting better enough, where any of your effort matters because im still in pain anytime you get angry. and well, you never did get better enough for more than a moment. (tbc this is seperate to me feeling bad myself because i regret my actions in a situation).

again, its worth mentioning that like this whole thing of you being angry and saying things was made x5 worse because i immediately would relate the idea of you being angry to you being so readily about to break up with me, so even while you may not have been that angry or your words may not have been that intense further into the relationship, all it would take is for your tone to be a aggro, to send me into an anxious state.

b) the second type of situation was when we were discussing a social justice related topic or it came up naturally. i feel like if we were talking, it came up and we disagreed or if i disagreed with even a part of what you were saying, you would be so quick to label me as shitty,etc. i feel like before we were even able to have a discussion about it or i could maybe listen to you to consider something i may have missed, you just said shit with so much venom, as if in that moment, any care you had for me just evaporated for the time we were discussing the topic. then if you were to explain it, you would do it in such a way where every cell of your being was being drained in the process of doing so, while you layered in insults into the explanation.

i feel like when we dated, the most important thing for you was being kind, which was great. the issue was that you put yourself as the person with complete authority on deciding what is unkind/shitty/what is basic and what isn't basic knowledge within our relationship. my opinion didn't matter.

When i said something shit or offensive between us two. I can understand how you would like me to stop and after having told or explained it to a bunch of people time and time again you can be tired and exhausted. And i am not owed your explanation. But i am owed a courtesy that those other people are not. if you rip into someone online, they can reflect and stop what they're doing, but they also don't have to and most likely won't want to interact with you anymore. I did. And because of that you should've told me tactfully.

we we're partners, we were together, we're supposed to help with each others shortcomings. And if you felt that my shortcomings are too large or significant to forgive, then you should've dumped me. and that's exactly what these were. please dont think they were any diff because they were social issues. they were just shortcomings. pieces of info i was lacking. yes fair I should've already been making an effort to learn, but once you already know i am, what good is it to tell me off for not being at the same place you are.

we we're meant to grow together. I made concessions for you where I knew you didn't know enough and not because I had to, but because i loved you and wanted to. And I didn't sit down and debate whether it's something you shouldve already known or not. I just accepted that its something you're short on and tried to as kindly as possible explain where i feel you're wrong in a kind but firm way. And if i felt like you'd crossed the line and you really shouldve known better, then I'd break up with you. I wouldn't hang around and make you feel bad about it. I'd break up with you or hope i would.

think about when i gave you that lecture about how that 30 day workout plan name was damaging. even though v small, i was right. you were wrong. And you doubled down and defended it. And then you got upset that i gave you a lecture and made you feel bad. now technically if we were operating the way you did with me through the relationship, I wouldn't have needed to gaf about how you feel because i think its harmful to other people and your endorsing it. but I did, because ik how terrible it made you feel. I know that you were more focused on your hurt rather than what i was saying. that however, is how i felt almost every other day of our relationship. Imagine that, someone continuously telling you did something bad or you are bad, and having 0 remorse for their

words towards you because 'you should know better'. that slow but sure and intense pain and hurt shredding away at a your self-esteem. Destroying you and how you view yourself. reducing the love you give yourself because you've been told by the person closest to you how awful you are again and again and again. And then on top of that, you would offer your love up conditionally based on my response. and also tb clear this is less about the workout plan itself, like i know you don't think it was a big deal or even wrong at all, and tbh it wasn't a huge deal. im highlighting how itd feel if the roles were reversed. (its also interesting, i dont feel like you held anyone else to the same standard as me, like friends. maybe im wrong though.)

this is why i would never make the effort to acknowledge any of the things you introduced me to. discussion etiquette, a clear way to apologise, etc. the process id go through with you to learn/understand those things would be so unnecessarily painful that i wouldn't want to give you any fucking credit. i resented you for putting me through all the shit you said to me. it was awful. it reminds me of a teacher from school who would make you feel like shit so you got good grades to prove him wrong. even if you did get good grades, you sure as hell weren't thankful to him because he made you feel awful throughout the whole school year. its also the reason im so grateful for my friends. we're continuously calling each other out for saying shit things, but no one is ever hurt in the process, so that those conversations can still happen. ive grown more due to my friends than anything or anyone else.

i think the love we gave each other should've been continuously unconditional and i really feel like mine was to you. You don't necessarily need to show me you like me in those moments. but there still should've been that underlying feeling I had that, uno what, she still loves me and I don't need to already know this to get it. What i mean is like, the love should've only stopped when we broke up and we should've only broken up if you felt the disparity really was too large and i really should've known better. Because if that is the case and it isn't addressed, it starts to build resentment, which leads to a breakup anyway. And it stops viewing us as team, where we are learning from each other to become better. It becomes a case where you feel like my parent. And i didnt want that. And neither did you. this is what i meant by i felt like you didn't love me in the way you maybe felt you did above. or that you didn't love me in the way i wanted. the definition i really like is the idea that "loving someone is allowing them to completely destroy you and trusting that they won't". i feel like you didn't view us like a team and i feel like even though I kept trying to, after being hurt/(destroyed) repeatedly, a voice in the back of my head grew louder and louder telling me not to see us as a team and you as someone to trust.

i also really felt like you'd be most loving to me when i was at my lowest. when i was about to break down in tears or already had done so. it made me really question whether it was just a response or genuine care.

i really did feel like i was treading on eggshells, not because i was didn't care and just wanted to say whatever even if it was offensive. i felt like i was treading on eggshells because i was in such fear that if i did maybe say the wrong thing, express an opinion that wasn't thought through, speak about something that i have less knowledge of than I am aware, i would be reprimanded with such vitriol that i would never want to open my mouth around you again. let me clarify again, i dont and didnt mind being called out. i liked the idea of you correcting me and me correcting you because like, it leads to growth. but god, i hated the way you would just attack me when something slipped out that was wrong.

eventually it got to a point where everything you said did upset me, because i was so used to being attacked. i would fucking look for it. and then i really was super super sensitive (you even said that

you felt like I literally anything could upset me). think about it. i was never as hurt when you said stuff about me when we first started going out. in the last few months of us talking. id need you explain a joke you sent to me about x3 times with some proper Point evidence explanation before i got it. we were so out of sync. and even then sometimes id need to ask if you were making a veiled attack at me. i was so on edge. i was so anxious. i was so receptive to an attack from you. i was always looking into things as more than they were, looking for the attack, looking for the hidden meaning in your messages. I couldn't take your msgs at face value because i didnt believe that there wasnt something that i was doing wrong, because when we dated you always had me convinced that at any one time i had 4 different things wrong with me that i needed to be working on that were shitty.

the most fucked thing about all of this would be that, i would usually agree with you. like 70% of the time. and the out of the 30% that i didn't, given a little bit to read up on it myself, 20% of that would usually change to agreeing with you too. i would literally be such a small amount to which i would disagree. i feel like it would be how we view certain people maybe. and even that i dont even know for sure because i wasnt comfortable enough to have the convo. my point is, i feel like most social justice issues and in fact things in general, we were on a v similar wavelength. it sucks that it got to a point where we could never speak about it.

anyway for both a) & b)when i told you to stop, you got angry at me and accused me to trying to repress you (or say that i should feel bad). but like, i wasn't asking you to repress yourself, i just wanted you to find a different outlet to your anger. one where you didn't have to bite your tongue but my feelings didn't get so hurt, and your vent came at my expense. this is what fucked me up so much. your response made me feel like i was being so unreasonable, by simply asking you to say things that didn't hurt. then for ages you would tell me to just mention when i got hurt because you didn't know everytime. and it was ridiculous for me to expect you know everytime i got hurt. but that was never what it was about for me. ofc i didnt expect you to know. i feel like even after id tell you, you'd apologise in the moment, and then next time you got angry it would just all come out again. and i would feel so hurt, and so stupid for trusting that you would change. then when i brought it up time and time again, you would lose your shit, and even got to the point where you said if i mentioned it again, we'd break up. but i feel like you missed that i was only bringing it up again and again because it never changed. like never like my communication for you. it got better, and had moments where it subsided. but it was never acceptable.

these character assassinations is what i would refer to through out our relationship as being hostile/aggressive. also i feel like you may have thought that you made the effort to distinguish between labels and behaviour, but you really didn't. you wouldn't make the effort when you were angry you would just say 'youre mean' or 'youre shitty'. you'd then remind me that compared to what you could normally say, this was so toned down as if i should be grateful you're only causing me a little pain and not what your capable of. like i was getting upset as a direct response to getting angry, anything less is than me being okay unacceptable.

all of the above made me feel like i could never let my guard down, because i wouldn't know when you'd attack/break up with me. i could never trust you had my back, i could never get comfortable because id didn't trust i wouldn't get hurt. and so i learnt to stop opening up, having discussions, engaging as much, talking and ultimately communicating.

3) double standards across the relationship - again something i feel i brought up a bunch of times but wasn't taken seriously. i feel like everytime i brought up that you seem to have double standards for us your response would be that we aren't the same and the same things aren't going

to upset us. and that when you apply context to a particular issue sometimes a different approach is necessary. therefore the idea of double standards doesn't make any sense. but that was never my point. in those situations we would respond/ behave in ways that are suited to each other, depending on what contexts calls for and what we need. like a convo around monisa would do nothing to you but a convo around an ex of yours might be upsetting for me. we'd have different approaches. i wasn't referring to those things though, this was different. and it felt like you never seemed to get it.

i feel like you would unknowingly treat me in one way and then expect another way when in the same situation yourself. and it led to an awful dynamic between us at times where i would feel unfairly treated, and then when i pointed it out to you, you wouldn't take it seriously, or treat it like i was being petty. all of it felt dismissive and made me feel unheard generally in the relationship. there are a bunch of situations where these things would play out:

a) where we were having a regular convo and i said something that you had interpreted a particular way. rather than asking a question about it, or repeating it back to me and allowing me to correct you where i haven't been clear enough, i feel you decided what i meant/intended and would just get mad at or start lecturing me based of your idea of what was being said.

that time when i told you about someone from the imambara passing is an example of this. you told me to tell my mum not to go for condolence, and i found it sweet and said 'lol, okay i will..' you quickly decided without stopping for a moment to ask that i thought something was funny and told me you 'didn't appreciate this' and that 'it's about safety and people are literally dying' as if i was somehow attempting to trivialise the virus. and like a fool, i apologised because i wanted to avoid a fight and more shit on my character. i even asked after 'Are you actually asking why i was lolled here? Or just like saying idk what's so funny' but you didn't stop to check or clarify.

and then in these situations, in cases where i said to you that i didn't think x or i didnt believe y to be the case (where it was like a statement of fact to show you that what you thought i was saying was not in fact what i was actually saying and not me referring or minimising your feelings) you would accuse me of gaslighting you. and if i did manage to explain it to you and you believed me, it was my fault for not communicating clearly. so in any case, i would be taking responsibility and apologising for something.

its also worth mentioning that further into our relationship this would feel extra shit because even when i became more aware of it, i would be so hesitant to attempt calling it out for fear of 2)having my character assassinated or 1) relationship threatened again. there was also a decent chance that if i didnt apologise straight away, you would get upset and again i would be responsible and have to apologise for that. my point being it really felt like your interpretation was the only interpretation. There was no nuance, it was all binary.

on the flip side, if i said anything that sounded like an assumption whether it was a statement or question, you would immediately tell me i was assuming. tb clear, im not saying i didn't assume, i did (especially when i felt insecure). my point here is that you did too, and didn't acknowledged it. instead, even when i made a fair statement based of the info you'd given me, it would still be my fault. because if i didn't clearly understand what you were communicating to me, i clearly hadn't been listening or paying attention properly. honestly, i felt like i was going insane.

this is why i pushed acknowledgements/clarification so hard when we dated because imo they're a necessary thing and not a nice to have. anyone can listen to one thing and hear another. its

inevitable, especially in a long dist relationship. i wanted so badly for you to wake up one day and just get it, you know. and when you did make the effort to, it would feel so good. id feel heard, understood and it wouldn't matter if you were slightly off, because i could correct it.

b) during arguments (where it was worst): ik ive already said i feel like any care towards me just went out of the window, but it extended to more than that. if we were in an argument, it was like you had one set of expectations for yourself and then another for me when it came to talking, listening, interrupting each other. Or like the tact you expected from me vs the tact you spoke to me with. most of the time, it would feel like you were simply speaking down to me.

if you were talking (mid sentence) and i said a word or phrase, you would tell me to shut up or that you were still speaking (i dont think there's anything wrong with telling me you're still speaking btw, like i'm saying, its the double standard). but then when you we're done, you'd only be interested in hearing me talk if i was saying what you wanted to hear. you'd initially decide whether what i'm saying is relevant to what you want to hear and if it sounded slightly off, you'd shut it down and tell me what i had to say was not worth listening to. or you would repeatedly interrupt me, side tracking the convo and often not letting me speak so i can make my point. it was so difficult. fast forward three hours and you were blaming me for your sleep deprivation because i was the one that had kept you up. i was the one who was incoherent. i was the one who had said nothing of value. and as time passed, i would be being more and more awful because it meant another minute spent not taking responsibility and apologising for everything.

the listening thing would really fuck me up because like, it was like you showed up to a convo, said whatever tf you wanted and then left unless i was apologising and taking complete ownership of the situation without stopping to consider that maybe, just maybe, you'd missed something. there was so much entitlement in your anger. which would make sense if i fucked up big time, but it felt like almost everytime i made mistake you were furious. it comes back to the whole venting vs talking through how you felt and feeling like we were a team. i'd feel like rather than it being us against the negative situation, it would be you against me, and me trying to resolve the situation while not being able to get a word in (i imagine kind of like when i would get insecure and overthink something in my head). and so i'd have to make a choice, take ownership and feel like shit internally or let it go on and have an argument for god knows how much longer and then still be blamed for at the very least, the length of the argument. often, i ended up doing a mix of both.

throughout our relationship during arguments i feel like i kept asking you to listen, and give me the opportunity to speak, not because i was entitled to it as any person, but because i was entitled to it as someone who you loved and respected about enough to trust that if i had something to say, it was worth listening to. whether that was clarification, a reason why x happened and genuinely couldn't have been avoided, or something else. and i really feel like half our arguments longer than 30 mins could've been avoided if this double standard you had for us was considered.

when you wanted to speak or tell me something, inside or outside of an argument (as long as it didn't hurt me) all i'd need was for you to want to tell me and i would've willingly listened or tried to. even if it was something id heard x5 times, because ultimately you wanted to share it, that was enough to have my undivided attention. if anything i thought it was cute. you had something you wanted to share with me that much, i was hype. i don't feel like that was the case for you. i feel like maybe outside arguments you'd be happy to listen but inside them, everything was conditional, so id have to rush to get my words in. (also tb clear this is different to if you were upset, and my words we causing you more hurt. if you wanted me to stop then, i would've understood. obvs if the convo is about your hurt and solely your hurt then whether i speak would've only depended on whether i

was making you feel better or not. im not referring to these situs.) i really feel like only later you made the effort here and there to be like, uno i will listen to you, i just cant rn because im too upset, and that too was often conditional.

all of this also applies to interrupting each other, getting angry and giving each other lectures too. if you were speaking and said something where you were attacking me or i felt attacked. it would be my responsibility to recognise it and look past it, to address what you were saying otherwise i was being selfish, or recognise you weren't actually trying to attack me, and not feel attacked and also not defend myself.

it would be a drain on you to give me a lecture that i wasn't asking for, but if i ever softly tried tell you that you were doing/thinking about something wrong, you'd get so upset. especially when that thing was close to your sense of identity.

when you got angry you'd be so intense. but when i was angry not only could i not get angry, i had to stay present, because the moment i became distant you'd hate it. i know you spoke about how you wished sometimes i was acc angry rather than distant when i needed space but i still maintain in the small and few moments where i got slightly angry, you'd get so upset. you know this. and not just because you're v sensitive, you wouldn't like being spoken to that way. which is why it fucks me up so much that you couldn't get that i also didnt want you to vent at me either. this legit drove me insane because i feel like i would repeatedly try and explain that if i spoke to you this way, it would upset you so much. and your response would just be that we are different and what upsets you and me are different things. but it was never about specific word choice (yes it came into it, ive spoken about it already above), it was much more about the idea of treating each other with basic minimum respect. something i feel like you often didn't do.

c) after arguments - how we spoke to our friends/on smedia felt like a huge fucking double standard, and really upset me after how much of a deal you made it when i spoke to my friends. i feel like if you got angry and went to twitter/finsta to say something or sad post, you always presented it as 'just like 3 of your friends who don't even care'. but it wasn't, it was so many more but even if it was 3, that would've been fucked. and often you would say things without context, where people either assume or ask what tf is wrong understandably.

me being late to reply in my first year summer and then you posting on twitter about it is an example of when you directly said something. but vague posting on insta about how you want someone to be nice to you, how much you cried last night and then sushil coming up to me and asking what tf was wrong 2/3 times is what would happen more frequently.

this led to huge trust issues. i was so cautious about what you were saying. what idea you were giving. i feel like you even knew that i was cautious and didn't trust it but like in some odd twisted way, blamed me for it? like i was unreasonable everytime you said you tweeted about me and i was like 🙄'you did?? what did you say? who saw?'. like you thought i didnt want people to know that i was treating you some way or some shit. where it was acc just that v little context was given and i didn't appreciate you dragging any issues we had into the open for people to come back at either of us for.

also i need you to know that there were loads of times you posted me/about me directly and it was fine. sweet acc. i liked that you wanted to put me on your smedia. like that you were hyped to have me there. i really liked it. its specifically when you would vague post about treating you well or

some shit. like it was when you were posting on insta after we had had a fight that gave me anxiety.

it was frustrating that while you could do that, i couldn't say one thing to my acc 3 closest friends while giving them context because you would get so upset with me. like i had mischaracterised you or some shit. it was frustrate me that you couldn't see the double standard. i literally told my friends nothing (and didn't mind not telling them. i understood completely why its a bad idea to involve friends). like i feel like you dont even understand how much i didn't tell them. i would talk about going home in second year from a lecture to talk to you (and if were having a fight) and i let on slightly that it was a fight, i would immediately jump to focus on what i had done wrong. if we had had a huge argument and i had flaked on a commitment, i wouldn't even mention it to you, i would just say that some shit happened to everyone else. the moment they questioned whether all of these things were my fault, i would immediately defend you. i feel like you don't even know the lengths i went to. when id spent hours talking to you and then cried my eyes out until fell asleep, and then showed up late to something, when questioned id just say i had a headache. i wasn't lying, i did. lool ffs it even got to the point where ash suggested i go to a dr because of how often i was having headaches. and then when it got to a point where all we did was fight, there was nothing i could do. i just said we argued, but by that point they were already sus. it would upset me even more in these cases, when you'd turnaround to me and say you had a headache because of me, like i wasn't also in pain. and then if you posted about a fight with some vague caption about wanting someone to treat you right, i'd make me so sad and anxious. id feel so alone.

i dont have much to go off in terms of what you said to your friends but from the limited stuff you did tell me, i really didnt feel like you made the same effort. when you spoke to mashal and we were going through a rough patch, all you had to say to me was when you told me you'd spoken to her about me i asked what you'd said roughly was "yeaa we'll, i was talking about you, so it wasn't good, mainly just bad things". it felt awful.

d) this is probably the one that hurt the most during the last nine months/year of us together (july19 - feb20). on top of feeling that you seemed to be most loving when i was at my lowest, i felt like during the time that weren't 'together' or our relationship with each other was ambiguous to others, you really had a double standard for how loving we were to each other. i know i already spoke to you about this earlier, there's more to it though. when we 'weren't together' i feel like i got almost every indication that you still viewed us as in a relationship.

you wanted to see my commitment, and i introduced you to my family, willingly and continued to tell them about you. my friends were still under the impression that we were very much still together. you still wanted my love and attention and expected it. and i gave it, willingly. i kept msging, made attempts to communicate my whereabouts, and compliment you. whenever something was wrong, i was there happy to talk it through with you and make quality time for you. you still wanted me to visit you, and i flew over, willingly to nepal, so we could spend time together. but when it came to the other way around, you expressing love and care towards me, i don't feel like you did (exception of when i came nepal towards the end).

and its not because you had to be loving and affectionate, its because you seemed to expect those things, that makes me feel so awful. it felt like anytime you wanted, you had my love, but if i expressed to you that i didn't feel great or needed a little more, you could turn around to me and just drop the 'were not dating hasib????' line as if everything i was doing was nothing and i'd just have to deal. i even remember one time where i asked for reassurance, and you straight up just

said no. it feels shit to look back on now, almost like my efforts were cheap and didn't matter, because ultimately it wasn't enough for you to make a similar effort.

if you had said from the offset that because we weren't together, i shouldn't expect anything (and you also didn't expect anything - which I don't believe to be the case), this would've been fine. but, i really don't believe you communicated any of it to me. so i just continued to make the effort, hoping that one day you'd reciprocate. but you didn't. i even remember, i got a haircut in my third year, sent you a picture and was so shook when you said i looked good. it was unreal. this one compliment was making me feel so good because it was so different to what i had become accustomed to.

all of the double standards you seem to have over the course of our relationship really felt thoughtless and like you prioritised yourself over me. because it'd feel like when i ask/mentioned something, it wasn't important enough to consider. or like, it was me somehow not thinking straight or fairly. but when you were in almost the exact same situation, it was entirely different and like awful that i could be treating you that way. god, it feels crappy to think about. so often, i questioned whether i was being oversensitive. whether i was a truly horrible human being, because it felt like everything i did was wrong. all i seemed to be doing was apologising.

4) holding on to things/not letting them go - this is something i feel like you think i did, but i really believe you did. i feel so often you would bring something up, or something would be brought up and by default you'd like expect reacknowledgement or another apology to like re-clarify my position. almost like if i didn't in the moment it was somehow like i hadn't apologised at all. (i want to be clear this really wasn't with everything or even most things, just with enough things that it became an issue.)you wanting this reacknowledgement is acc fine too imo, if say you wanted a reminder or clarification that i still feel regret. but i feel like it isn't something that's default and if you wanted it you should have communicated, something i really feel like you didn't with this.

i also feel like you would expect so much of me when i apologised for things. until i was lit suffering at times. like whether i'd done enough didn't matter. it was whether you felt i was expressing regret/suffering. over time i got frustrated at how much you needed from me and so would ask for more from you. and you even picked up on it. i just wanted to feel like you were having to make as much effort as me in asking for forgiveness. that's all. in fact, im sorry i did, and regret doing so.(tb clear because i know what you're thinking, this is after we went through what makes an acceptable apology multiple times. this also doesn't refer to the times when i really was giving a bad apology).

i also really felt that with somethings if i had made a mistake, you behave/speak in a way where it was like my apology and change in my behaviour just hadn't happened. like as if i was still doing that thing. for ex, i feel like even until the end of our relationship you would bring up the fact that i didn't give an acceptable or any real apology when we first met so much, that it's like i was unable to apologise now. there are better examples, but they don't come to mind rn.

i mainly just feel like it would be so difficult to move past something and actually feel like it wasn't being held against me because everytime it came up, we would speak about it for a while and then i'd need to reacknowledge and apologise. and it would come up so randomly too. like sometimes we would be spending time together, you would remember something completely random and then before i knew it, angry. and i'd be asking myself, how did we get here? i don't feel like you let a lot of things go.

//all of the stuff above was unacceptable for me. 1)&2) fucked my ability to communicate with you and 3)&4) made it so difficult to have any sort of conflict and come out stronger than before it occurred. all of it felt thoughtless and all of it hurt. all of the other stuff was small by comparison and could've been worked on in the relationship.

seperate to that, somethings that just hurt (beyond obvious stuff) include (some stuff for me to work on):

- feeling a little abandoned. we already spoke about this but to provide more clarity, i guess it almost felt like you really wanted me to know that you had other options and could be using them all the time to keep me on my toes. but i didn't, because in my head it wasn't even a thought because I was committed to you.

- that tweet you made, that i never told you about. it was 2 weeks or so after we broke up. you made some comment about a guy you were with, him saying you were incompatible because of star signs or something. later on, i just assumed it was the guy you'd gotten with.

- that google questionnaire you made hurt because it made me feel cheap. here i was trying to figure things out and there you were making questionnaires asking your exs if they'd still get with you rn. i both wanted to and didnt want to know the responses. it just sucked.

- In days running up to dada passing, i felt like you fought me so much. you knew how much i was hurting. And still persisted with arguments with me, fought me and made me feel awful. Seeing how sweet you were with mannu made me feel extra bad, where was that energy with me when i needed it. Maybe im reverse embellishing. Maybe im misremembered. I just remember feeling awful and having to fight you on what felt like stupid shit. Like the whole small/smol boy thing.

- comparisons - i know for the large part they didn't happen. but there were a couple of instances where they really defo did, and it'd just be a little shit.

- anyway, im gonna use anymore characters on this stuff. this msg is long enough.

I suspect something about this message or perhaps the whole thing, angers you in some large way. I've made my peace with it. im really not expecting anything. thats why im gonna block on everything, (yes including email). id rather you didnt reach out. I'd rather just not take the chance. i guess i just really wanted you to know, clearly and plainly what it was for me. i feel like i view you as someone who behaves slightly lacking in self awareness. (this itself isnt a reason not to be with someone, but i feel it affected our relationship so much). where i felt i acknowledged and apologised for the mistakes i made, i dont feel you did with the larger ones. i think its mainly whenever ive said something that seems to question your sense of identity a little too closely, you tend to like shut down and either lash out or get really upset, before pausing for a moment. in a way, its much more comforting and nicer to believe that you were just thoughtless in those moments. because that way i can look at you hurting me as something you did without thought rather than knowing what you were doing and then still going ahead and doing it. obvs this doesn't apply when I'd repeatedly tell you, but even there, i can just think like you didnt get it or believe me. the idea of you knowing and continuing is almost too upsetting. and i dont fundamentally believe you're a bad person.

I also don't view myself as in anyway innocent. over the course of the relationship i made so many mistakes. and i still have a lot of growing up to do. the largest probably being dealing with any deeper insecurities i have. also in case it isn't abundantly clear, I don't think you as a person are inherently flawed, it was specifically your behaviour in those moments. i hated your treatment of me.

so far as 1-4) inhibited my communication with you, I don't take responsibility for it. i am at fault for staying in the relationship for as long as i did. im sorry to both you and me for not having the

confidence to break this up sooner. i should've realised earlier that you weren't going to listen or change and that i was letting myself endure pointless suffering.

generally in the relationship i felt like you presented things like all the problems always and only ever seem to stem from me. by the end of the relationship, it felt like you were just tolerating me, as if i was just around because i was the least worst option. i would feel so drained everytime we spoke. who i'd become had changed and i was uncomfortable with myself. id want to say shit that bothered me, but i always felt like somehow it'd get spun on me. i know and recognise that you made an active effort to change the way i felt and it really did begin to help, but that last conversation we had really made me feel like i couldn't trust i would be heard out. like maybe i would, but I couldn't rely on it.

i really can't stress like, up until you cut me off on the phone, i really did have faith. i wasn't in love with you but I was committed to figuring this out. ik i continued to call you and msg but at that point i just wanted you to know the pain you'd caused. you cutting me off and that entire convo was selfish and thoughtless, it was enough for me, irrespective of whether you would listen or not, to decide that i couldn't trust you would. I'd been waiting months to share the things that hurt me and were lit stopping me from being in a relationship with you, and you cut me off because i was beating around the bush and being too vague for too long. like how? if someone had upset you time and time again and was giving you the opp to share what it was they had done because they didn't seem to know, and then 5 mins in they cut you off because you were taking too long, how would you feel? ignoring the fact that you're talking through your hurt, what level of disregard do you have that you would just cut them off. and the convo wasn't just for me. it wasn't. it was for us. you weren't doing me a favour. you were helping us. going back to trying to talk like normal wasn't going to fix stuff because the reasons we had broken up hadn't been discussed and resolved.

all of the above said, our relationship wasn't absent of love, care and affection throughout its duration. and I don't regret it. id like you to know that. i got to feel what genuine love is like, for which im really thankful for. at the best times you were kind, caring and v loving. and as cliché as it sounds, i got to experience the highest highs and the lowest lows. whether it was losing track of time, talking when we first began. or trekking half way across the world to see you. if only we could've got rid off the lows.

I really wanted this to work. I'd never been more committed to anything in my entire life. 3 months into us dating, i was applying to 21 internships, 18 of which were in hk so i could spend my summer with you. everytime i got the chance to tell my parents about you and it wasn't too sus, i did, to the point where they basically knew we liked each other. i was happy to give up living in the uk because it meant building and planning a life with you. I didn't get around to telling you this, but if we had figured things out, i had planned on telling my parents about us and then spending 6-12 months over the next year or so working remotely so we could be in the same place. and so i could spend more time getting to know your family. and all of this was for no other reason than that i really wanted to. no one was pushing me to apply for internships in first year, i wanted to. you didn't even know i had planned to travel to hk for a year until this message. I would think about our wedding too. you in a deep red gharara and me wearing whatever matched. you planning your 7 sangeets and me wondering which ones id get an invite to. and once everything was done we'd fuck off to a honeymoon in bali or the maldives. i know you doubt this, but i really had no issue in committing if we had sorted things out. but we just never did. i feel like I'm just waiting for this huge moment when you'll realise how awful things were at times, and feel some regret. but like i said, im not holding my breath and im not taking that chance. I dont have any more faith. i may delete some

of your friends, and ask a couple of mine to delete you too. id appreciate if you archived or deleted the photos you have of me on your insta and elsewhere too.

take care