

Dear {read the 1st letter of each chapter},

12 December 2024 -- Too Late

I had every intention to tell you on December 12, 2024.

I held on to the words for too long, waiting for the right moment, the perfect timing, the courage I never quite found. I thought I had more time. I thought I could hold it all in just a little longer. But time doesn't wait--and now, neither do you.

I regret not speaking sooner. Not because I expected something in return, but because you deserved to know that you mattered. That your presence changed me in small, unspoken ways. That in a world of passing moments, you were one I never wanted to let go of.

Maybe things wouldn't have changed. Maybe you would've still walked away. But at least I would've known I tried. At least you would've known you were seen, deeply and honestly. Now I'm left with all these unsaid words echoing in my chest, wondering if the silence between us could have been filled with something more. Something real.

You probably don't remember the small things. But I do.

I remember November 17, 2024. Everyone was eating and laughing, and then out of nowhere, you looked at me and said, "Hang nak vasa dak?" You offered me a churro, casually, like it was nothing. But it wasn't nothing to me. You were the only one who asked. I looked at you with a half-judging face--not because I didn't want it, and definitely not because I disliked it--but because in that moment, it struck me. You didn't have to ask. You just did. Not out of love, I knew that. Just kindness. But somehow, it hit me deeper than I expected. And then you smiled and said, "Hang pasaipa buat muka camtu?"--so playfully, so effortlessly you. It was such a tiny moment, yet it's etched in me. Maybe that's when something in me shifted.

We never had labels. No promises. But you became someone I quietly looked forward to.

Someone whose presence made ordinary days feel lighter. You made me laugh. You made me feel seen. And now, with you gone from my life, there's this strange emptiness I don't quite know how to explain.

I don't regret knowing you. I never will. What I regret is the silence. The way I let time pass, hoping for the perfect moment that never came. I should've told you sooner. You deserve to know.

And if you're with someone now, I truly hope he treats you the way you deserve to be treated--with care, with patience, with warmth. I hope he never makes you feel like you're "damaged," because you're not. That word--you saying that--hurt more than you know. You are not broken. You never were. You're human, real, layered with stories, and worthy of love just as you are. I hated hearing you call yourself that.

I prayed for you. I tried to be better, to be someone worthy of standing by your side. But maybe someone else had already reached you first. And while there's a quiet jealousy in my heart, there's also gratitude--because if he's better for you, if he makes you feel safe and seen, then that's all I ever wanted. Your name will always be in my prayers until the day you marry someone who gives you nothing less than the world.

Because that's what you deserve--not less.

Wherever you are, I hope you're happy. I hope you're at peace.

And I hope, even just for a moment, you felt how much you were appreciated.

And now that you've blocked me everywhere, I'm left wondering Was it something I said? Maybe it was that last remark--a joke I made without thinking, one I never intended to hurt you with. If that was the reason, I'm truly sorry. I wish I had realized sooner. I wish I had understood how it might have made you feel. Or maybe it was something deeper--maybe you felt I disrespected your relationship. If that's the case, I understand. I respect your choice, and I'm sorry if my actions crossed

a boundary I shouldn't have. That was never my intention. All I ever wanted was to care from a distance, quietly, respectfully.

Either way you didn't deserve to be hurt--not by me, not by anyone. So I'll carry that regret as a reminder to do better, to be better. And though I may never get to say this to you directly :

I'm truly sorry.

For the words unsaid.

For the ones that hurt. And for not realizing the difference between the two in time.

Take care, always.

- a heart that misread the moment