

To the Girl I Was Last December

12/30/2025 · milestone-stories

To the Girl I Was Last December

A Letter to My December 2024 Self

— Me, at the end of 2025.

Dear December 2024 Me,

If I could sit beside you right now, the first thing I'd do is take your hand.
Not to comfort you like a child —
but to remind you that you're not weak for feeling everything so heavily.

You don't know it yet, but you're carrying a weight that was never yours.

I know you keep telling yourself you're being dramatic.
I know you think your sadness is failure.
I know you believe you've "lost your spark," as if sparks just disappear when life gets too heavy for them to burn.

You're not broken.
You're exhausted.

You're surviving things you didn't even have the vocabulary for yet.
You're waking up each day thinking it's your fault you can't feel joy the way you used to.

But the truth is simple, and I wish you could see it:

You're hurting — and you're still moving.
That alone is strength.

You think you're stuck.
But you're standing at the edge of a year that will change you in ways you can't imagine.

In a few months, you'll start choosing yourself again.
In small ways at first — tiny, quiet acts that won't even look like healing.
But they are.

You'll step out of situations that drained you.
You'll stop blaming yourself for things you didn't cause.
You'll learn what your boundaries feel like.
You'll talk.
You'll cry.
You'll breathe.

You'll start therapy — not because you're "crazy," but because you finally want your mind back.
And it works, slowly, gently, like sunlight after weeks of grey weather.

And then, without any dramatic moment or big revelation...
you find yourself again.

You start writing — really writing.
You start creating.
You start showing up for yourself.
Your voice grows clearer.
Your world grows bigger.

Your spark — the one you thought was dead — comes back exactly when you stop searching for it.

I wish I could tell you everything that 2025 holds for you —
how proud you'll become of the girl who never stopped trying, even when everything felt pointless.

You didn't have the answers.
You didn't understand your trauma.
You didn't have the clarity.
But you had courage —
the quiet kind that doesn't look like bravery,
but feels like getting out of bed when your chest hurts.

And that was enough.

Because I'm here now.
On the other side of a year you survived one small step at a time.

Healthier.
Clearer.
Softer.
Wiser.
More myself than I've been in a long time.

You made it through the worst part without even knowing it would end.

Thank you for not giving up on us.
Thank you for walking through the dark so I could stand in the light.

I won't forget what you carried.

With love,
Me — at the end of 2025.
The version of you who finally remembers her own strength.

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