

I don't know where to begin. Maybe it doesn't even matter. Lately, everything feels like a blur, like I'm moving through life in slow motion while the rest of the world rushes past me. It's exhausting. Waking up every day, knowing it's going to be the same as yesterday—the same weight pressing down on my chest, the same thoughts circling in my head, the same emptiness that never seems to go away.

People ask me what's wrong, but how do I explain something that doesn't have a single cause? There's no big event I can point to, no reason that makes sense. It's just this constant, heavy fog that settles over everything. Some days, I feel nothing at all. Other days, it's like there's too much inside me, but I don't know how to let it out.

I try to pretend I'm okay. I laugh when I'm supposed to. I say the right things so no one asks too many questions. But inside, it's like I'm screaming, and no one hears me. I feel so alone, even when I'm surrounded by people. It's like I'm invisible, or worse, like I don't matter. And maybe I don't.

I don't have the energy to do anything anymore. Things that used to make me happy just... don't. I used to love reading, music, even just watching a good movie, but now I can't bring myself to care. It all feels pointless. I see people talking about their dreams, their plans for the future, and I can't relate. I can't even imagine next week, let alone years from now.

The worst part is the guilt. I know I should be grateful. I know other people have it worse. But knowing that doesn't change how I feel. It just makes me hate myself more for being this way. I keep thinking, What's wrong with me? Why can't I just be normal?

Some days, I want to talk about it, but I don't know how. I don't want to be a burden. I don't want people to look at me differently or feel sorry for me. So I stay quiet. I push people away, even the ones who care. It's not that I don't want

help—I just don't believe it will make a difference.

Nighttime is the hardest. That's when the thoughts get louder. That's when I start questioning everything—my worth, my purpose, whether anything I do actually matters. I lie in bed staring at the ceiling, wondering if this is how it's always going to be. If I'll ever feel happy again. If I even deserve to.

I keep hoping that one day I'll wake up and feel different. That something will change. That I'll find a reason to keep going. But right now, it feels like I'm just existing, not really living. And I don't know how much longer I can keep pretending that's enough.