August 05, 2022

Well, here goes nothing

Hi! I’m Tameem. But you knew that already, that’s why you’re getting this email in the first place.

Before anything else, this isn’t a suicide note or anything depressing like that.

The format I’ve planned for this goes something like this.

This is the main letter, hi. Everyone gets this one. Then, there’s the one for certain groups of people (if you’re not in one, dw, I love you all the same), and then each one of you has your own personalized one.

If you notice the date you’re getting this, you’ll realize that I turn 17 today.

So, to answer the big question – what is this letter?

It’s a way to remind you it’s my birthday, cockhead!

I’m kidding.

It’s a memory piece – for both me and you. Maybe it’s the sentimental wordy bitch that lives within me, but whatever it is, think of it as my little therapy session if you can’t see any other value in it.

Why? I dunno. I think that, if there are a couple of lessons I’ve learned in the past couple of years, it’s that memories and mementos are everything. If this were to have a specific purpose, it’d be to be a treasured memory between us.

No matter what the future holds, friends or enemies, or maybe growing old together, still shooting the shit, this is just something to reminisce about.

So, why are you receiving this? After all, what could make you ever so worthy of my creative wordplay?

If you’re getting this, you’ve affected my life in some kind of a positive way and I want to tell you that, and that’s honestly it.

This letter isn’t meant to be much more than that. It’s just that - thoughts transformed into words put on paper – or a word document, in this case. Thoughts that maybe I’d never get the chance to express otherwise, or thoughts that I feel are better said now than later, or maybe just a slew of inside jokes.

For some of you, there might not even be that many thoughts or words, maybe I don’t have all that much to say to you, but don’t take that in a negative connotation. Whether I have something for you or not, I’ve tried my best to write you a letter – whether it’s long or short means nothing.

Honestly, I’m writing this shit and even I don’t know what its purpose is, but it’s just one of those random impulsive urges that I want to fulfill.

My sentimentality is something I’ve never been to express properly except through written words, and usually, I get 30-45 seconds to think about those words before I get to throw them out. This is just a chance to be able to think about what I say before I spit it out.

Sentimentality might not even be your strong suit. Maybe you find this all cringy or wholly unnecessary, or maybe you’re sitting there thinking “why didn’t you just send a voice message instead, Tameem?!”.

To that I say, it’s my life; oh, and fuck you, it’s my birthday. :D

So, yeah. If you got this in your email, it means that you matter to me. Maybe it’s not apparent why, maybe I don’t even know how to describe it, or maybe I’ll spill an essay into your lap.

And so, what are you supposed to do with it?

Whatever you want, really.

If you want to read it and never make mention of it again to me, I won’t judge.

If you wanna react to it, call me or something, we can make it work.

If you wanna respond, do it!

Though, for most of you, I’d rather watch paint dry than see you guys try to write a letter or even a text message, so maybe a voice message would do better <3

If I have one request, it’s to respect this. Let me explain.

To put things in writing is a bit of a grand thing. Something in writing is often much more tangible than something in spoken word. To write to you whatever I do today, I’m trusting you with my thoughts and words, and I hope that you’ll appreciate it enough to not share it – at least the parts you know to be sensitive, whether we’re friends still or not.

And so, this has all been one lengthy intro to something I know half of you might not even care for.

After all, half of you fuckers probably haven’t touched a book since elementary school, and to make you read all this is just such a travesty.

Sorry not sorry <3

Old messages are always cringy. You think you’re oh so cool and unique in the moment, and then gag at the sight of whatever shit you did further down the line. Old thoughts, old opinions, old anything.

But to regret and cringe is a sign of progress of some sort, that you changed (hopefully for the better).

I know for a fact that I’m going to read all this in a year, maybe even a couple of months, and I’m just gonna wonder to myself what the fuck I was thinking when writing all of this, but I don’t think I care all that much anymore.

I’m going to cringe no matter what, and at worst, this’ll just be a milestone for me to compare myself to.

And at best? This’ll be a cherished memory.

If there’s one thing I want all of you to take away from this letter, it’s this.

You’ve been a great friend to me, don’t you ever let fucking anyone make you think you’re not enough for them because **I** know otherwise.

Don’t let anyone make you feel like you’re less than your value as a child, a sibling, a friend, a lover, whatever you are, don’t let anyone ever take away from that.

And that’s that. The next file is whatever personalized message(s) you have, so, enjoy.