

Hellllloooo!

Matagal an actually itong sulat na 'to, siguro 2 weeks old na rin. Andami naring revisions and stuffs.

Uunahan ko na agad ng isang pang malakasang paghinge ng pasensya kasi sabi ko di na ako magre-reach out ever again but here I am, still reaching out for the nth time!

I've been thinking a lot lately, and I really needed to say this, not to pull you back in or awayin ka, but to finally let go of the ghosts that have been haunting me.

First, thank you for being part of my 2025. Even with everything that happened, you were one of the brightest parts of this year for me, and I'll always be grateful for that.

I know meeting me and being with me drained you completely. I drained the life out of you, tormented every piece of your heart, and left you exhausted in ways I didn't fully understand back then. I'm truly sorry for that. I also know now that I took so many things for granted, your patience, your effort, your presence, and the way you kept choosing me even when I made it hard. I didn't protect what I had with you the way I should have, and you didn't deserve any of that.

But I also want to thank you for the good you gave me. When we were together, you made me feel confident in myself in a way I hadn't before. You gave me the best push I needed, the kind that helped me grow, even if I didn't show it at the time. You believed in me when I struggled to believe in myself, and that meant everything.

I want you to know that everything I showed you back then was real. Even when I was angry, even when I was overwhelmed, my empathy, my concern, and most of all my love for you were genuine. None of it was fake or convenient. I meant every word I said, and I felt every emotion deeply, even when I didn't express it in the healthiest way.

When you left, I was desperate for closure. I kept going crazy thinking about all the "what ifs" and "whys," replaying everything in my head. Why couldn't you fight for us a little more? Why couldn't you wait for the parts of me that were still trying to bloom? But I know you had choices. You had to do what was better for you, and I understand that.

On my side, it all felt blurry and confusing. But now I realize the closure I was looking for has been right in front of me this whole time. The way I suffered after you left showed me just how deeply I had hurt you. My pain was the proof of how much I drained you.

Since you left, a part of me has felt like I don't even have the right to heal, to be sad, to mourn, or even to feel happy again. I've carried this guilt that says I don't deserve those things because of what I put you through. And honestly, I've felt that way until today.

I know I don't really have the right to keep asking how you are after fumbling things between us so badly. I know that every time I reach out, it might feel confusing or unnecessary. But

whenever I ask, it has never come from entitlement or expectation. It comes from care. Even now, I still genuinely hope you are okay, and that feeling never really left.

I've also come to accept that I didn't become the person you needed or hoped I would be. I know you saw potential in me, had expectations for who I could grow into, and I fell short of that. Not because I didn't care, but because I was still lost, still learning, still fighting parts of myself I didn't yet know how to handle. I understand now how disappointing and painful it must have been to love someone who couldn't meet you where you were or become what you deserved at the time, and I'm sorry for the weight that placed on you.

I never really understood how people can just cut someone out of their life completely. The thought of forgetting someone who meant so much honestly scares me. It feels impossible and terrifying (Pero, sa akin lang naman 'yannn). But I know that's what you needed, that's what I needed, and I respect that.

It doesn't hurt the same way it used to anymore. The pain has softened, the sharpness has dulled, and I can breathe without it consuming me now. But healing doesn't clean everything, it doesn't erase the mess, the mistakes, or the ways things became heavy and ugly between us. Even if I'm learning to live with it, it doesn't change the fact that parts of what we went through were painful, complicated, and stained by my failures, and I carry that truth with me as I move forward.

This message isn't even half of everything my mind wants to say. There are so many thoughts, explanations, regrets, and emotions I could pour into this, but I know not all of them need to be spoken. Some things are better left unsaid not because they aren't real, but because saying them now wouldn't bring clarity or peace.

Since you left, I've held on for so long, clinging to the pain and the memories. But maybe finally letting go is what will make everything clear, for both of us.

More than anything, I wish I could see you one last time, just sit across from you, look you in the eyes, and say all of this to your face. God knows how much I crave that kind of real, physical closeness and conversation. Words on a screen feel so small compared to being in the same room, feeling the weight of everything unsaid finally lift. I'd give anything for that moment, to hear your voice and let you see that I truly mean every word. But I know that's probably not possible, and I'm sooo okay with that.

I just needed to say this out loud, to you, so I can finally release these ghosts and move forward. I wish you nothing but peace, happiness, and all the good things you deserve and

As the year turns, I hope you carry forward the moments that made you stronger and gently release the ones that weighed you down.

May this New Year meet you with softer mornings, kinder days, and the quiet confidence that you are becoming someone you once needed.

Whatever you're hoping for peace, healing, love, or courage. I hope it finds

its way to you in its own time. Here's to new beginnings, small joys, and a year that treats your heart with care. Happy New Year!

Take care, Mj! Maraming maraming salamatttt.

"Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad"  
– Christina Rossetti, *Remember*

