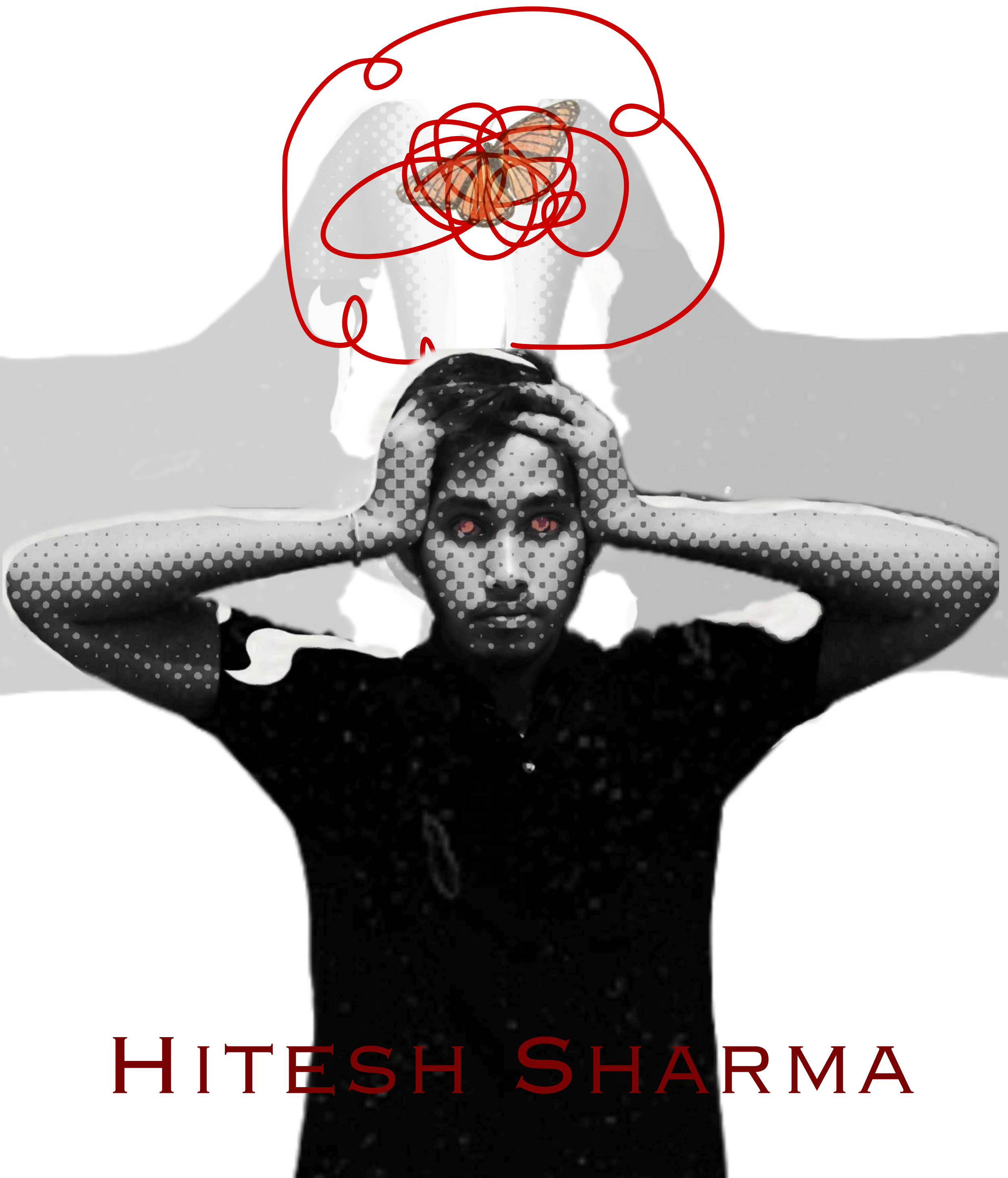


3 AM CONFESSIONS

My life as an Overthinker



HITESH SHARMA

**Alone Blank Page in this book like Your life
where there are many things to write but still this is Blank**

H.L.-Eduroom Presents

3 AM CONFESSIONS

My Life as Overthinker

Disclaimer:-

Only For Overthinker

Normal People Can't Understand & Control

By Hitesh Sharma

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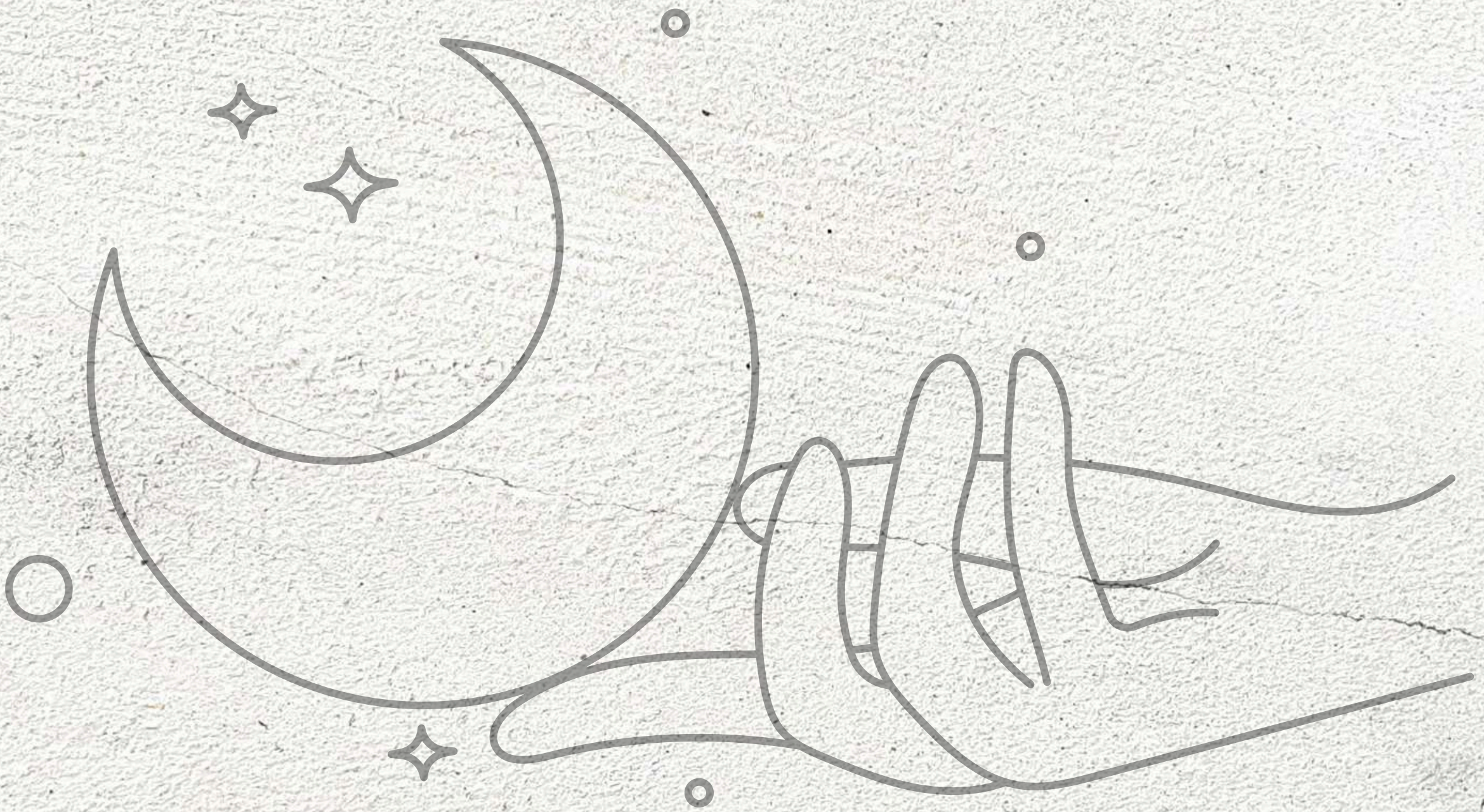
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Hitesh Sharma

Dedicated to all the overthinkers who find meaning in
the chaos of their thoughts.



I would like to thank The Moon of Every Nights, my
family, Friends, Girlfriend & My Supportive Teachers for
their patience, understanding, helping me in overthinking
and endless support. Your faith kept me grounded through
every 3 AM thought.

[Handwritten signature] ..

Hitesh Sharma

Table of contents: Fragments of My Life

1. Midnight Whispers
2. Too Many Thoughts
3. Love That Hurts in Silence
4. People Who Leave Marks
5. Shadows of Yesterday
6. Empty Hands, Heavy Heart
7. Alone, But Not Lonely
8. Am I Invisible to You?
9. The Weight of Could Have Been
10. Smiles That Hide Storms
11. Sleepless Confessions
12. The World Moves On
13. Invisible Wounds
14. Holding On to Nothing
15. The Fragile Heart
16. Questions Without Answers
17. The Silence Between Words
18. Fading Lights by Moon
19. Maybe This Night is last night!
20. The Loneliness of Crowds
21. Learning to Let Go Slowly
22. Pieces of Me Left Behind
23. Tomorrow, Maybe Fine !
24. Who Will Remember Me?
25. Crying Without Sound
26. Do You Want to Hug Me?
27. Do I want to kill myself?
28. Soft Smiles, Heavy Hearts



Hitesh Sharma

◆ Before the Silence

I've always wondered why my loudest moments happen in quiet rooms.

Why my heart feels heaviest when the world feels still.

Maybe overthinking isn't a curse — maybe it's just loving too deeply,
feeling too much in a world that moves too fast.

At 3 AM, I don't sleep.

I talk to the ceiling.

I apologize to memories.

I rehearse conversations that will never happen.

If you've ever felt your thoughts spill over like rain —

if you've ever smiled while breaking inside —

then these pages are for you.

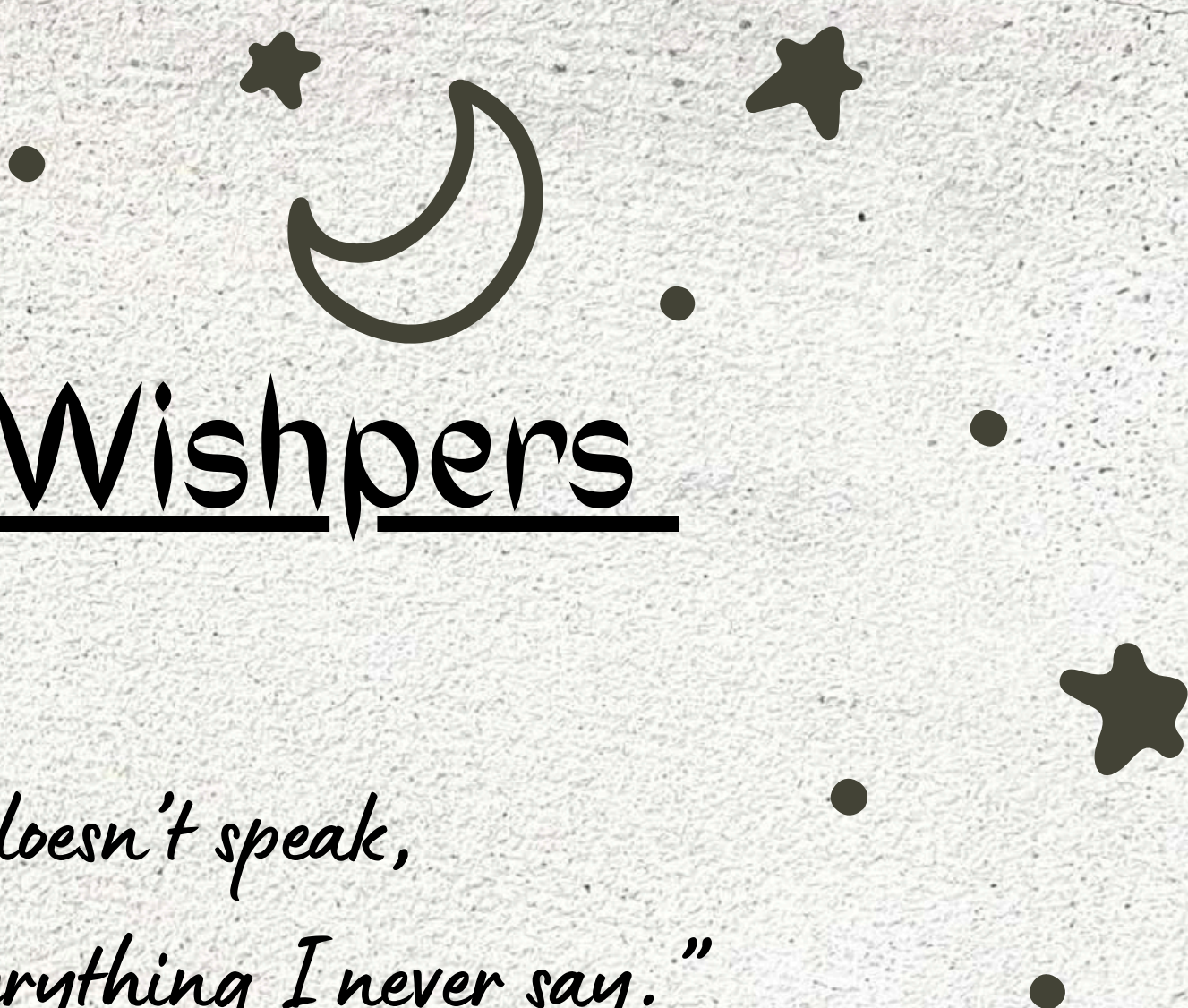
They aren't lessons.

They're not advice.

They're just the echoes of someone who stayed up too late
trying to understand why it all hurts so quietly.

— Hitesh Sharma

Hitesh Sharma



Midnight Wishpers

*“The night doesn’t speak,
yet it understands everything I never say.”*

**THE NIGHT HEARS YOUR FEARS BETTER THAN ANYONE EVER COULD.
SHADOWS CRAWL ACROSS YOUR WALLS AS YOUR MIND REPLAYS
EVERY MISTAKE, EVERY WORD LEFT UNSAID. SILENCE HAS NEVER
BEEN LOUDER.**

THE NIGHT HAS ALWAYS FELT LIKE THE ONLY THING THAT TRULY SEES ME. IT DOESN'T INTERRUPT WHEN MY THOUGHTS GET MESSY. IT DOESN'T TELL ME TO SLEEP OR TO “THINK POSITIVE.” IT JUST STAYS — STILL, PATIENT, AND ENDLESS — AS I POUR EVERYTHING OUT INTO THE AIR. I THINK THAT'S WHY I STOPPED TALKING TO PEOPLE ABOUT WHAT HURTS; THEY LISTEN TO REPLY, NOT TO UNDERSTAND. BUT THE NIGHT — IT LISTENS LIKE IT'S BEEN BROKEN BEFORE TOO. IT WRAPS AROUND ME IN QUIET EMPATHY, NOT TRYING TO FIX ME, NOT TRYING TO CHANGE ME. JUST BEING THERE — LIKE AN OLD FRIEND WHO KNOWS ALL MY VERSIONS AND NEVER WALKS AWAY. SOMETIMES, WHEN I LOOK AT THE CEILING, I SWEAR IT REMEMBERS THE TEARS I'VE CRIED BEFORE. MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT NEVER LOOKS BACK AT ME — IT'S CARRYING ENOUGH OF ITS OWN SORROW ALREADY. I TELL MYSELF I'M FINE, BUT THE SILENCE ALWAYS ANSWERS DIFFERENTLY. IT REMINDS ME THAT I'M NOT OKAY, BUT I'M SURVIVING — AND MAYBE THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW.

AND IN THAT STILLNESS, I REALIZE SOMETHING —
I DON'T NEED WORDS TO BE HEARD.

THE NIGHT HAS ALREADY READ EVERYTHING I NEVER DARED TO WRITE.
IT DOESN'T PROMISE HEALING, ONLY UNDERSTANDING.
AND SOMETIMES, THAT'S ALL A TIRED HEART REALLY WANTS —
TO BE QUIETLY UNDERSTOOD.

Hitesh Sharma



*“It’s strange how 3 AM knows all my secrets —
the ones I never trusted anyone else with.”*

THAT’S THE HOUR WHERE TIME STANDS STILL.

EVERY REGRET COMES BACK HOME.

EVERY NAME I TRIED TO FORGET KNOCKS QUIETLY ON THE DOOR OF MY MEMORY.

AND I LET THEM IN — BECAUSE BEING HAUNTED FEELS BETTER THAN BEING EMPTY.

THERE’S A STRANGE INTIMACY IN THE HOUR BETWEEN NIGHT AND DAWN. IT’S JUST ME AND THE DARKNESS, AND SUDDENLY EVERY THOUGHT I’VE TRIED TO BURY COMES ALIVE. I THINK ABOUT THE PEOPLE I LOST, THE WORDS I NEVER SAID, AND THE VERSIONS OF MYSELF I ABANDONED ALONG THE WAY. I REPLAY CONVERSATIONS, ANALYZE EVERY PAUSE, EVERY LAUGH, EVERY LITTLE THING THAT WENT WRONG. DURING THE DAY, I HIDE BEHIND SMILES, EXCUSES, AND BUSY ROUTINES, BUT AT 3 AM, THE WALLS DON’T LIE. THEY LET ME FACE THE TRUTH OF MY LONELINESS, THE QUIET ACHE OF REGRETS, THE GENTLE WEIGHT OF MEMORIES THAT NEVER LET GO. IN THIS HOUR, I CONFESS TO THE AIR, TO THE CEILING, TO THE EMPTY ROOM — AND FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, I FEEL LIKE SOMEONE IS FINALLY LISTENING WITHOUT JUDGMENT.

And then I realize:

3 AM isn’t cruel.

It’s just honest.

It doesn’t judge my fears or my mistakes.

It doesn’t interrupt, argue, or walk away.

It simply lets me exist with my secrets — and sometimes, that quiet witness is the only understanding I’ll ever need.

Hitesh Sharma



*“Some nights don’t end —
they just fade into another version of silence.”*

**THE CLOCK MOVES, BUT MY HEART DOESN'T.
I LIE AWAKE, STARING AT A CEILING THAT'S SEEN TOO MUCH.
EVEN SLEEP FEELS TOO HEAVY TO HOLD.
IT'S NOT INSOMNIA — IT'S MEMORY THAT REFUSES TO REST.**

THERE ARE NIGHTS WHEN I FEEL TRAPPED BETWEEN MOMENTS THAT HAVE ALREADY PASSED AND MORNINGS THAT HAVEN'T ARRIVED YET. THE CLOCK TICKS, BUT IT FEELS LIKE IT'S MOVING IN SLOW MOTION, TEASING ME WITH THE ILLUSION OF TIME WHILE MY THOUGHTS SPIN ENDLESSLY. I LIE AWAKE, STARING AT SHADOWS ON THE CEILING, LISTENING TO MY OWN HEARTBEAT, WISHING FOR SOMETHING — ANYTHING — TO INTERRUPT THE EMPTINESS. EVERY MEMORY, EVERY REGRET, EVERY UNSPOKEN WORD CREEPS BACK IN, ONE BY ONE, UNTIL I FEEL BURIED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF MY OWN MIND. SLEEP REFUSES ME, DREAMS BETRAY ME, AND THE SILENCE GROWS LOUDER WITH EACH PASSING MINUTE. IT'S NOT JUST INSOMNIA; IT'S THE QUIET REMINDER THAT SOME PAIN HAS NO SCHEDULE, NO END, NO PAUSE BUTTON.

And yet, even as the night stretches endlessly, I notice a strange kind of persistence in myself.

The silence doesn't break me.

It doesn't leave, it doesn't judge, it doesn't demand.

It simply exists alongside me, forcing me to sit with my own heart.

And in that quiet endurance, I discover a faint, stubborn kind of strength — the knowledge that I can survive even when the world feels endlessly still.

Hitesh Sharma



*"People think I love the night.
But truth is, My Condition just learned me how to survive in the dark."*

**THERE'S A KIND OF PEACE IN PAIN WHEN IT'S QUIET.
YOU STOP FIGHTING IT; YOU JUST SIT WITH IT,
LIKE AN OLD FRIEND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY GOODBYE TO.
THE NIGHT DOESN'T HEAL — IT JUST GIVES YOU SPACE TO FEEL.**

EVERYONE ASSUMES I HAVE A FONDNESS FOR SOLITUDE, A CALM ACCEPTANCE OF BEING ALONE. THEY SEE ME SCROLLING SILENTLY THROUGH MY PHONE, WRITING NOTES THAT NO ONE READS, OR STARING OUT THE WINDOW AT NOTHING, AND THEY CALL IT PEACE. BUT THE TRUTH IS HARSHER — I DIDN'T CHOOSE THE NIGHT; I WAS FORCED INTO IT. IT'S WHERE I HIDE FROM THE WORLD, WHERE I TRY TO MAKE SENSE OF THE CHAOS INSIDE MY HEAD, WHERE I REPLAY EVERY REGRET, EVERY ARGUMENT, EVERY MOMENT I COULD HAVE DONE BETTER. THE DARKNESS ISN'T COMFORTING; IT'S PATIENT. IT WAITS AS I UNRAVEL, LETS ME FALL APART IN SLOW MOTION, AND NEVER INTERRUPTS. I'VE LEARNED ITS RHYTHM, ITS CRUELTY, ITS GENTLE HONESTY — BECAUSE I HAD NO OTHER TEACHER FOR MY OWN HEARTBREAK.

And yet, in that harshness, I found a strange kind of survival.

The night doesn't demand perfection.

It doesn't care about my mistakes.

It just exists with me.

And sometimes, just sometimes, learning to survive in the dark feels like the closest thing to healing I'll ever know.

Hitesh Sharma



*"I whisper to the dark,
hoping it whispers back — but all I hear is my own echo."*



**THAT'S WHEN I REALIZE:
LONELINESS ISN'T ABOUT BEING ALONE.**

IT'S ABOUT TALKING TO EVERYTHING AND GETTING SILENCE IN RETURN.

IT'S ABOUT BEING ALIVE, BUT UNHEARD.

SOMETIMES, I THINK THE DARKNESS IS ALIVE — WAITING TO ANSWER, TO COMFORT, TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE HEAVINESS IN MY CHEST. SO I SPEAK TO IT, SOFTLY, SAYING THINGS I'VE NEVER DARED TO TELL ANYONE: MY REGRETS, MY FEARS, MY HEARTBREAKS, THE PARTS OF ME I KEEP LOCKED AWAY. I EXPECT THE NIGHT TO RESPOND WITH WARMTH, TO ECHO UNDERSTANDING, BUT ALL I HEAR IS THE REFLECTION OF MY OWN VOICE, REPEATING BACK THE TRUTHS I TRY TO FORGET. IT REMINDS ME THAT SOME OF US CARRY SOLITUDE SO INTIMATELY, IT BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE TO SHARE. EVEN IN CONFESSION, EVEN IN VULNERABILITY, THE WORLD REMAINS SILENT. AND YET, I KEEP WHISPERING — BECAUSE IT'S ALL I HAVE, AND THE ACT OF BEING HEARD, EVEN BY MYSELF, IS BETTER THAN REMAINING COMPLETELY UNHEARD.

And in that quiet repetition, I find a subtle clarity.

The echo is not rejection.

It's recognition.

It's the proof that my pain exists, that my thoughts matter, that my heart still beats despite everything.

Sometimes, the only answer you need is the one you give yourself — softly, patiently, in the dark.

Hitesh Sharma

Lol Thinker

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From Local Store Near you to Read full book to heal you overthinking*