



There was a time not so distant when I genuinely did believe that happiness lay just beyond the next achievement.

If only I might achieve this incarnation of myself, be given this award, have around me certain people, look this way, live this life—then I would be complete.

I was always chasing. Always racing toward something brighter, something shinier, something promising of fulfillment.

Life has a strange sense of humor.

Because now, I have everything I used to lie awake nights dreaming of.

Freedom I wanted. The version of me I thought was unattainable.

Somehow, I succeeded.

And yet... something doesn't sit right.

There's this hollowness I can't quite pinpoint.

Not large or flashy—just a little hurt that shows up in the silence.

As if I'm still waiting for something to begin.

As if I was sold a tale that the destination would fill the emptiness.

But here I am. At the spot I used to call "enough."

And I'm discovering that fulfillment doesn't arrive wrapped in achievement or applause.

It doesn't appear just because you finally became what you believed you had to be.

Because the reality is, the pursuit can become an identity.

You mix movement with meaning.

You get addicted to chasing, to becoming, to the next level.

And when you stop... when there's nothing more to pursue...

You're forced to look at yourself.

Not the self you built to achieve it, but the one underneath it all. The one that never sought more, only peace.

I have no idea what's next.

But I do know this: chasing wasn't the answer.

Maybe I'm here to remember who I was prior to thinking that I had to be so much.