

EVERYTHING'S EVERY

WHERE EVERY
PIECE OF YOU
BECOMES A PIECE
OF EVERYTHING I
HOLD DEAR.

to you, from where i stand.

*for the boy who made my quiet speak,
and found the strength within the meek.*

*for every part of me you chose to hear,
you silenced my every doubt and fear.*

acknowledgement

i've always written as a way to help people understand. most of the time, i write to make sense of things, to bring comfort, or to say what others might be, too, afraid to admit. my words have always reached outward, searching for someone who might need them. but this time, it's different. this time, i'm writing because i felt loved.

to the one who made me feel heard, even when i struggled to make sense. thank you for the kind of patience that never asked me to rush, and for the gentleness that never made me feel small. your presence taught me that being listened to can be its own form of healing. you cared in quiet ways that lingered long after the moments passed, and somehow, you made every part of me feel safe to exist.

you made me understand that love doesn't always need to be declared. sometimes, it's in how someone asks how you are and truly waits for the answer. sometimes, it's in the calm of knowing you don't have to earn your place in someone's care.

this book carries pieces of my feelings. it's built from the comfort of your understanding, from the steadiness of your care, and the way you made the world feel less heavy. though i may never find the perfect words to say it out loud, please know that these pages exist because of how deeply you made me feel seen.

to my dearest, yzo

this book was never meant for anyone else but for you. for a long time, i told you i needed to finish my exams first, and while that was true, the real reason was that i wasn't done writing this. i wanted to give you something complete, something that carried all the things i could never quite say out loud. every page was written in between moments of studying, waiting, and missing. and maybe that's why it feels a little like both a letter and a promise.

you've always made me feel safe enough to speak, and loved enough to stay. this is my quiet way of saying thank you for that, for listening when i struggled to find the right words, for understanding even when i wasn't making sense, and for being the reason my words found their way home. i hope you read every bit of it, because i mean every word that found its way onto these pages.

**yours,
your cassy**

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chapter one — everything i'm thankful for

a collection of small thank - yous for you. for the way you listen, stay, and make things feel a little easier. it's about the quiet ways you've made your presence felt, and how much that has come to mean to me.

your presence that makes ordinary moments feel safe

it is strange how someone can bring calm without ever being physically near *but you do.* the way you speak, the way you listen, the way your words linger, they carry a softness that stays with me. even through screens or silence, you have a way of making the world feel less heavy. it feels as if your quiet has its own kind of warmth.

i find myself looking forward to the smallest moments that connect us. a simple message, a kind word, or even your quiet understanding somehow makes the day gentler. it is not about grand gestures or long conversations, but the way you make things feel safe without trying. you remind me that peace does not always come from touch. sometimes it comes from knowing someone like you exists.

what amazes me is how you manage to bring comfort without being here. it feels rare to sense steadiness in someone you have not met. but you have become a quiet reminder that connection does not always need proximity to be real. somehow, even in the distance, *you have made space in my life that feels like home.*

the love that doesn't make me feel lonely

sometimes i forget how many ways a person can be present until you show up again. not with grand gestures or loud promises, but with a kind of quiet that makes space for me to breathe. it's in the way you ask how my day was and actually listen to the messy, boring parts. it's in how you never rush me when i don't know how to say what i'm feeling. around you, i don't feel like i need to be more than i am. you make the air around me feel less empty.

i used to believe love had to be intense, full of fireworks or chaos, something that made my heart beat faster and kept me on edge. but what you give me is something else entirely. it's steady and calm, like your hand always being there to hold mine, even when we're silent. i didn't realize how overwhelming loneliness had been until you quietly eased it without effort. you don't try to push my darkness away, you simply stay with me until it disappears. and that's something no one has ever done before.

there are nights when everything feels too vast and the time seems endless, but then you reach out or appear, and suddenly it's all right. you don't try to fill the quiet with words, you fill it with purpose. your love doesn't ask for anything from me except truth, and even then, you're patient when it takes me a while to find the right words. with you, i never feel like i'm too much or not enough — *i'm simply enough*. you don't fix my loneliness, you make it disappear. and for that, i'm quietly and deeply thankful.

the humor you bring that makes me happy even on quiet days

on days when everything feels slow and the world seems heavy, your humor still finds a way to reach me. a message from you is enough to make me smile, even through the quiet. it's not about grand moments, but the little things you say that make everything feel lighter. somehow, you manage to break through the silence, making me feel less alone. your words are the kind of warmth that brightens my day from miles away.

laughter doesn't always need to be loud, and with you, *it's never forced*. a funny thought or a random observation shared in passing can turn an ordinary moment into something special. even when distance keeps us apart, you find a way to pull me out of my own head. it's as if you can sense when I need a laugh, no matter how far away you are. your humor doesn't just fill the silence, it makes it feel full of possibility.

joy feels simple when it comes from you, even if we're not together. through messages, you share a lightness that makes me feel connected despite the distance. your humor isn't just about laughter, but about making life feel a little easier, even from afar. you don't need to be close to bring happiness, and that's something i'll always be grateful for. in a world that can feel too quiet, *you're the reminder that laughter can still travel*.

your patience that teaches me to slow down and breathe.

whenever i'm overthinking, you're there to understand me. you don't try to fix everything or tell me to stop, you just listen with a kind of calm that helps quiet my thoughts. you're willing to wait for me to slow down and you remind me to breathe when i forget how. you make the noise in my head feel softer, and easier to carry. your patience feels like a safe place i can always return to.

it means so much that you never get tired of my pauses. even from miles away, you stay with me through every slow reply and quiet moment. you never make me feel like i'm too much or too distant. instead, you remind me that it's okay to take my time, that it's okay to just breathe. i can feel your patience even through a screen, gentle and steady in every message you send.

i appreciate how patient you are with me, more than words can say. you make me feel like i don't have to rush to be okay. your patience reminds me that love can be gentle and slow, that it doesn't need to hurry to be real. because of you, i'm learning to breathe through the chaos and trust the quiet. *thank you for staying, for waiting, and for loving me softly.*

your calm that steadies the noise in me

your calm has a way of finding me, even when my thoughts start to get too loud. you never try to quiet the noise or tell me to stop overthinking, *you just stay*, and somehow that's enough. there's something in the way you listen, in the way your words flow gently, that makes everything feel lighter. i don't know how you do it, but your presence always steadies me. you make me feel a kind of peace i haven't felt in a long time.

whenever things start to move too fast, you remind me to slow down. your calm isn't forced, it's something that feels natural, something that reaches me in the quietest ways. you don't have to say much for me to feel understood. sometimes, just knowing you're there changes the way i breathe. *you make stillness feel safe again.*

each day, your calm shapes how i carry myself. it softens the edges of my worries and reminds me that not everything has to be figured out right away. you've become this steady rhythm in my days, *quiet but certain, gentle but real*. i never thought someone i've never met could bring this kind of peace into my life. *but you do*, and it means more to me than you'll ever know.

chapter two — everything i love about you

a collection of quiet moments and thoughts that make you who you are. for the way you make me feel seen, safe, and understood. it is about the little things that linger in my mind, the ways you shine without trying, and how much i am drawn to every part of you.

the way you listen like every word i say matters

the way you listen makes me feel truly seen. when i speak, it's as if my words find a safe place to rest with you. your attention doesn't demand anything from me, it simply holds me gently. even my quiet thoughts seem to matter in your presence. it's a rare feeling, to be met with such steady focus.

listening with you isn't just about words; it's about the patience and care you bring to every conversation. the space you create allows me to explore my thoughts without fear. i notice how calmly you let me stumble over sentences or drift in ideas. your presence makes even ordinary conversations feel meaningful. i've come to cherish how your listening transforms the way i share myself.

how you listen makes me believe that my voice deserves to be heard. i've realized that expressing myself doesn't have to be perfect or urgent. your quiet focus teaches me to slow down and consider my own feelings. it encourages me to explore thoughts i might usually hide. with every conversation, i feel more comfortable inhabiting my own mind around you.

how you never rush me, even when i don't know how to open up

your patience gives me space to exist without pressure. i don't have to force my thoughts or make them neat for you. even when i stumble over what i want to say, you remain calm and steady. it feels like i can unfold at my own pace. with you, silence doesn't feel empty; *it feels safe.*

i notice how you wait, not with expectation, but with quiet understanding. your patience makes me feel less fragile and more willing to share. i don't feel like i'm imposing or taking too long. it's a kind of reassurance i've rarely felt before. it encourages me to trust that my voice matters, even when it's hesitant.

because of the way you hold space for me, i've begun learning to do the same for myself. i can pause, think, and speak without fear of being judged. your calm presence teaches me that vulnerability doesn't need to be rushed. it reminds me that opening up is a process, not a task. with every conversation, i feel a little braver to show who i really am.

how you always know what to say when my thoughts get heavy

when my mind spirals and the weight of everything feels too much, your words find me. you have this way of saying exactly what i need to hear without making me feel weak or overwhelmed. it's not about giving answers, but about guiding me back to calm and clarity. even in my most tangled thoughts, you help me see what i feel is valid. with you, heavy moments don't feel unbearable.

you always let me spill my worries without interruption. then, gently, you offer words that settle the storm inside me. your voice carries reassurance and understanding, and it feels like a safe place i can always return to. it's a rare comfort to find someone who meets my thoughts with such care. it reminds me that i don't have to carry everything alone.

your responses have taught me to navigate my own mind more patiently. i've learned to notice my thoughts, acknowledge them, and let them pass instead of getting trapped in them. your guidance shows me that support doesn't always have to fix everything; *sometimes it just lets me breathe*. it reminds me that it's okay to be overwhelmed sometimes. with every conversation, i feel lighter and more grounded than before.

the way you remember the little things i never thought you'd notice.

you always catch the smallest details, things i say in passing, things i never expect to be remembered. it's in the way you bring them up later, gently, like proof that you were really listening. it makes me feel seen in moments i thought went unnoticed. it's a quiet kind of care that doesn't need to be loud to be felt. it makes me realize how much you truly pay attention.

sometimes, it's the way you recall something ordinary, a story, a habit, a favorite thing, that makes me pause. it's not just memory, it's the quiet kind of attention that comes from care. it tells me that what i share stays with you, that my presence lingers even after the conversation ends. you make simple moments feel worth remembering, even the ones i thought were too small to matter. and that means more than i know how to explain.

each time you remember, it reminds me that *being known doesn't have to come from grand gestures*. sometimes it's in the smallest acknowledgments, the ones that make the world feel softer. you make ordinary details feel significant. and somehow, through that, *you make me feel significant too.*

how you love the parts of me i can't.

you make it hard to hate myself the way i used to. you see beauty in the parts i've spent years trying to hide. when you tell me you like my eyes, my hair, or my face, it doesn't feel like flattery, it feels like quiet truth, something you've noticed without trying. you look at me as if the things i call flaws are just details that make me real. and in those moments, i start to believe you.

your love feels gentle, never demanding that i see myself differently, only inviting me to. it's in the way you speak about me, as though there's nothing to fix, only things to cherish. you remind me that softness can exist even in self-doubt, that worth doesn't fade just because i struggle to see it. you make me want to be kinder to myself, the way you are with me.

i think that's what love is, not changing someone, but helping them see what's already there. you've shown me that maybe i'm not as unlovable as i once thought. and while i still have days when it's hard to look at myself, i carry your voice with me. it reminds me that being seen through your eyes is a kind of healing. and i'm learning, slowly, to see myself the same way.

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