

An Open Letter to the World I Once Knew

To the ones I once called friends,
To the world that seemed so full of promise,



For years, I walked through life, surrounded by faces that I thought would always be there—friends, companions, people I trusted. We laughed, we shared, we had dreams. But somewhere along the way, those bonds that I thought were real, were only illusions. Fake friends, wearing masks of kindness, too eager to speak, but never to listen.

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I remember those childhood days—the innocence of it all. We believed we were invincible, that nothing could break us apart. But time has a way of showing you who people truly are, and sometimes the truth is a painful revelation. It's a bitter feeling when you realize that the ones you thought were your closest companions were never really by your side.

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After school, the real ones left. We drifted apart, as life pulled us in different directions. But even then, I never understood the worth of solitude. I thought I needed company, needed to fit in. The more I tried, the emptier I felt. And now, in my 11th grade of college, I see that emptiness all too clearly. Fake smiles, shallow conversations, and endless interactions with people who don't really see me—only who they want me to be.

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It became too much to bear, so I took a step back, a long, two-week break, to reconnect with myself. And in this silence, I began to find something I had long forgotten: peace. The more I embraced being alone, the more I understood that solitude isn't loneliness, it's freedom. I don't need endless noise; or superficial connections. I don't need to pretend to be someone I'm not. All I crave now is peace. A peaceful sleep. A pleasant, simple day.

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I've learned that my worth is not defined by the friends I have, but by the person I am when I'm alone. The true friends are rare, and they don't need to be everywhere—they're the ones who understand the quiet moments, the ones who respect boundaries, and the ones who don't demand to be seen, but rather, just be with me, in silence.

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So here I stand, a little older, a little wiser, and much more at peace with myself. I no longer chase after fleeting friendships or hollow interactions. I've learned that the best company I can have is my own. And in that, I have found a peace that I never thought was possible.

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*To everyone who has ever been a part of my journey—
thank you for showing me who I am. I no longer need to fit
into your world. I am creating my own.*

*With sincerity,
Poojith R*