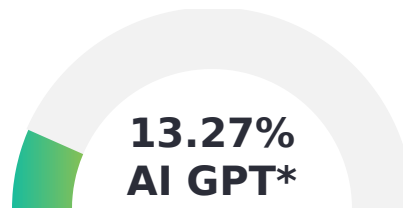




# ZeroGPT

## Your Text is Human Written



### The Ones I Let Down

There's no easy way to begin this. No clever metaphor or poetic detour. Just the quiet truth:

I let people down.

And I need to write this—not for sympathy or applause—but because there are names that still live in my chest, voices that once believed in me, and eyes that now look away. This is not a performance. This is an act of reckoning.

To the friends who defended me when I couldn't defend myself—

I know what it cost you. I saw the messages you ignored, the conversations you avoided, the loyalty that burned through your credibility. And when it became too much... you drifted. And I don't blame you.

To the strangers who gave me a second chance—

You saw something beyond the headlines, something human. You gave me space, time, or silence. And maybe I filled that silence with excuses. Or maybe I said nothing at all, because I didn't know how to say thank you without choking on guilt.

To my child—

I don't have the words. I've rehearsed them, rewritten them, burned them down and started again. You didn't sign up for this. You didn't ask for a father who'd become a headline. I want you to know: I'm trying. Every damn day. And not just for you—but because of you. Your existence alone keeps me alive.

To those who loved me and walked away—

Your absence was never a betrayal. It was a boundary. It was survival. I don't hate you for it. In fact, I honour it. Because I too had to learn how to walk away from the version of me that caused pain.

And to the ones who never really knew me, but hated me anyway—

I still grieve what could've been. I still catch myself wishing I could change your mind. But I've stopped begging the world to see me. I've started learning to see myself.

This isn't a public confession wrapped in self-flagellation.

This is a moment of stillness in the middle of a storm.

A whispered apology carried in ink and breath and bone.

If you're reading this and your name lives in my past—

I hope you found peace. I hope you found truth.

And I hope, in your own quiet way, you understand that I never stopped feeling the weight of your belief... even when I broke under it.

I let people down.

But I'm still here.

Still writing.

Still rebuilding.

Still becoming someone worthy of the love I once had.

Thank you—for believing in me when I didn't believe in myself.

And I'm sorry—for the moments I disappeared when you needed me most.

I remember.

I carry it all.

■ Highlighted text is suspected to be most likely generated by AI\*

2416 Characters

449 Words