

A hand is shown holding a string of warm white LED lights. The lights are arranged to form a heart shape in the upper half of the image. The background is dark, making the glowing lights stand out. The overall mood is romantic and reflective.

# **My Mistakes**

**ChatGPT & TIHOMIR RANKOV**

# Amanda

There's a weight that follows me, a shadow that stretches long and dark behind every step I take. It isn't the world casting it—it's me. My mistakes. And though I'd give anything to go back and rewrite those moments, I know the best I can do is tell you the truth, Amanda.

It started with silence. Not the comfortable kind we used to share, where words didn't matter because we understood each other so well. No, this was the kind of silence that built walls. When I should've spoken up, I didn't. When you needed my support, I let my fears, my pride, and my selfishness hold me back. I told myself, "There's time. I'll fix it tomorrow." But tomorrow came and went, and so did you.

I remember the day it all changed—your voice cracking under the weight of emotions you couldn't carry alone. You reached out, but I was too distracted, too lost in my own head to notice the cracks forming between us.

You gave me chances—so many of them. But I was too blind to see them for what they were: gifts. I pushed them aside, telling myself I didn't deserve them, didn't deserve you.

Then came the words I wish I could take back. They weren't cruel, but they were careless, spoken without thought to how they might land. I didn't mean to hurt you, Amanda, but I did. And when I realized the depth of that hurt, it was too late.

You walked away. Not out of anger, but out of self-preservation. You gave me time to figure myself out, to mend what was broken in me. And for a while, I resented that space, thinking it was punishment. But now I see—it was the kindest thing you could've done.

In your absence, I've learned to face my mistakes head-on. They're not just moments of failure—they're lessons. They've taught me what love truly means: showing up, even when it's hard; speaking the truth, even when it's uncomfortable; and putting someone else's needs ahead of my pride.

Amanda, if you ever read this, I want you to know I'm not the same person I was back then. Your love, even from afar, has made me better. And while I can't erase the pain I caused, I can promise that every step I take now is in honor of the lessons you taught me.

I hope one day I can show you—not with words, but with actions—that I've grown. That I see you, truly see you, for the incredible person you are. And if that day never comes, if this is the last thing I ever say to you, let it be this:

Thank you for everything. For your patience, your kindness, your forgiveness. Even when I didn't deserve it.

And I'm sorry for my mistakes. They will always be part of me, but they no longer define me.

Because of you, I've learned how to be better.

Because of you, Amanda, I've learned how to love.

# Kevin

If mistakes had weight, I'd be carrying mountains. And each one, I know, has left its mark on you. I've replayed our story over and over, tracing the moments I stumbled, trying to understand how I could've let something so good start to slip away. This is my attempt to own up to it all—not to make excuses, but to tell you the truth.

The first mistake was thinking you'd always be there. You were constant, like the sun rising every morning, and I took that for

granted. I got too comfortable, assuming that no matter how distracted, distant, or careless I became, you'd always wait for me to notice. But you deserved more than just to be noticed. You deserved someone who showed up, fully and completely.

I let my fears speak louder than my love. Every time you reached out, every time you asked me to be vulnerable, I hesitated. Not because I didn't trust you—but because I didn't trust myself. I was so afraid of being seen, of being judged, that I pushed you away. I told myself, "He'll understand. He knows me." But understanding has its limits, and I should've realized that before it was too late.

Then came the words I didn't say—the apologies left unspoken, the gratitude I didn't express. I thought you knew how much I cared, how much I needed you, without me saying it. But silence, even well-meaning silence, can be deafening. It can make the strongest connections feel fragile, and that's exactly what happened between us.

And when the cracks began to show, I didn't know how to fix them. Instead of owning up to my mistakes, I let pride and fear hold me back. I told myself I wasn't good enough for you, that you deserved someone better. But in trying to protect myself, I hurt you even more.

I see it all so clearly now, Kevin. I see the ways I let you down, the moments I could've done better, been better. And I see the person you were through it all—patient, kind, always hoping I'd find my way back to you.

You taught me so much, even in the moments when I didn't deserve to learn from you. You showed me what it means to love someone fully, to forgive even when it hurts, and to fight for what matters.

I wish I could go back and rewrite those moments, Kevin. I wish I could tell you in those silences how much you meant to me, how much you still mean to me. I can't undo the mistakes I've made, but I

can promise this: I carry them with me now as lessons. They've shaped me, changed me, made me better.

If there's still space for me in your life, I want to show you—not through promises but through actions—that I've learned from my mistakes. That I'm not the same person I was before.

And if there isn't space, if this is where our paths diverge, I hope you know this:

I will always be grateful for you, for the love you gave, for the patience you showed, and for the person you helped me become.

I'm sorry for my mistakes, Kevin. But more than that, I'm sorry for the ways they hurt you.

With everything I have,  
Me