

A letter to my perpetrator

You. Or maybe all of you.
Where do I even begin?

Whatever your reason was, I forgive you.
I don't know who you are. No face. No voice. No image.
I speak to you as one person, but maybe there were many of you.

Those images were never meant to be shared.
And yet they were. Clicked. Sent. Passed around.
And with every share, I felt a little more broken. Not to mention that I was a minor in those images. Did you even realize that what you did was illegal?

Was that your intention?
In that single moment of clicking or sharing, did you have any idea how deeply you would hurt me?
Did you realize that you weren't only hurting me, but also my family, and maybe even my future children?

Or were you so disconnected from your own feelings that it never affected you at all?
I don't know. And I no longer need to know.

Because I've let it go. Not for you. For me.

But this is what I do want to tell you:
You did not destroy me.
You thought you broke me.
But I got back up and I keep getting back up.
Falling a hundred times, taught me what it feels like to rise a hundred and one.

And now... now I use this story to help others.
If you ever carried resentment towards me, I hope you can let that go too.
And if you need help with that:
I know a good psychologist.

I wish you a good life.
And I hope that from now on, before hurting someone else, you first take an honest look within yourself.
Whether it was peer pressure, a personal grudge, or 'just a joke'; there was nothing acceptable about what you did. And deep down, you know that too.

But I write this not to punish you.
I write this to close this chapter.
For me. And maybe also a little bit for you.