

A Letter to My Future self

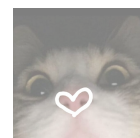
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Maybe the future does not treat you that bad at all huh? I mean, you're still alive, if you're reading this.

I hope your buddies are well, and that you still have some of the same friends you used to have. The quality of your friends matters, not the quantity. If you still have at least one of the same friends, call them right away and express your gratitude for being in your life for so long. I'm amazed to see who stayed and who departed, and how the friendship has altered. I hope you have fond recollections of your current pals over the years. I sincerely want you to treasure the small moments you share with our friends before they leave.

How's your family? Don't allow a disagreement or a quarrel prevent you from talking to them. I hope mom and dad are doing well in terms of physical, emotional, and mental health. I hope you have a closer relationship with your brother because he is your only sibling. You must adore him even if you and she disagree on occasion. There is no one else like him. You may have close friends who behave as your "siblings," but he is the only one who is genuinely blood related, and you can't alter that no matter how annoying he becomes. He sucks sometimes I know that.

You are now a different person aren't you? since it would imply you never tried new things or moved outside of your comfort zone. Just have faith in the choices and decisions you make in the future. Have faith that everything will work out in the end. I hope it has altered your life for the better. I don't want you to look back on your life and be sorry that you didn't seize that opportunity or seize that moment. Please don't spend your life with any regrets. If feasible, complete everything. Travel, love, cry, and enjoy life's most beautiful moments. Even if you fail, every decision you make will mold you into a new person. All I can do is hope. Goodluck for your life.



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Cliff near the ocean

Day	Ocean	daisy	trees
Clouds	Sky	birds	beach
Sun shine	Grass	wind	

It's day, but not too bright

Golden clouds passing by

The sun shines on tumbling sea

The short wavelength light reflected by the sky that kissed the blue ocean

I'm on top of grass carpet, smells like it was raining the day before

Accompanied by daisies

I can hear the wind blows, seagulls wails, ocean waves creaking

My hair softly blown by the wind

As I looked back, there's bird chirping calling on me,

tree trunk waves at me, I turned my head again seeing sandy beach

After:

After some times

I could see horses running at the golden sandy beach

My golden retriever raced by me

The grasses now become seas of lilac, I could smell its purple

There's a lighthouse with a shining beacon, and someone waving at me from the lighthouse

One third of the round sun drowned in the ocean

It seems like there's more seagulls now