



An Open Letter to the People Who Said “It’s Not That Bad”

You probably didn’t think much of it. Maybe you said it quickly, just to fill the silence. Maybe it felt like the right thing at the time. Still, it stayed with me.

I remember the moment clearly. My face probably didn’t show anything. I nodded, maybe even smiled, but inside everything just stopped. That one line, *It’s not that bad*, shut the door on what I was feeling. Whatever I was carrying suddenly felt small, like it didn’t deserve a name.

I didn’t need a solution. I wasn’t asking for anything big. Just a pause, maybe. Some acknowledgement. A little space to say, *This is hard*, without being talked out of it.

I tried repeating those words to myself, thinking maybe if I said them enough, they’d feel true. They didn’t. They just made me second-guess what I already knew was real.

The thing is, some struggles don’t look dramatic. There’s no meltdown, no visible damage. Sometimes it’s just exhaustion that doesn’t go away, or a weight you carry quietly for weeks without telling anyone. And when someone brushes that off, without meaning harm, without even realizing it, it sticks.

So here’s what I’m asking: next time, pause. Let the silence hang there a little longer. You don’t need to fix anything. You don’t even need to fully understand it. Just stay with me in it, even for a moment. That alone makes more of a difference than you probably realize.



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Signed,

Someone Who Just Needed You to Hear It

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