

The Day I Deleted the App

There was nothing dramatic about the moment I deleted social media. No big decision. No last post. Just a quiet evening, my phone in my hand, and a feeling that I was tired of hearing my own thoughts through someone else's screen.

I had wasted so much time scrolling through feeds, liking, commenting, and comparing without noticing how loud it had all become. I would follow people I barely knew based on representations of life that were likely not even true.

At first, I told myself it was just for fun. Just background noise. But I started noticing how quickly a good day could shift after ten minutes of scrolling. How easily someone else's success could make mine feel smaller. So I deleted the app. Then another one.

It was not easy. I felt disconnected. I missed updates, missed jokes, missed feeling in the loop. But I also started to notice something else. My thoughts felt quieter. I reached for my phone less. I looked up more.

Without the constant feed of other people's lives, I started asking myself what I actually cared about. What I liked because I liked it, not because it looked good online. I started reading again. Drawing again. Having real conversations that were not interrupted by notifications.

This experience did not turn me into a different person. But it helped me return to myself. I learned how to sit with boredom without reaching for a screen. I learned that silence is not something to fill in.

And most of all, I learned how to pay attention to what I think, outside the noise.

Now, I try to make choices that feel intentional. I still use social media sometimes, but it no longer decides how I feel about my life. I do.

This one small choice I made quietly and told no one about ended up changing the way I see myself.

Growth doesn't always come from significant changes; sometimes, it's more about noticing the noise and having the courage to change the volume.