



Transcript

Sometimes it feels like every decision I make leads to another crossroads. Like the world is a map, and every time I choose one road, a thousand other roads vanish into the mist, never to be seen again. And I don't even know if I made the right choice, or if I'm just wandering. It's not like I have all the answers. I don't think anyone does. But I thought—no, I believed—that by this point in my life, I would have it figured out. That I'd have some kind of guide, a compass, to lead me through all this confusion. But instead, I have nothing.

And I've been told it's okay. That life doesn't work that way, that it's okay to not know what comes next. But that doesn't help, does it? It's just words, empty words that try to make us feel better when the truth is, we're all just fumbling in the dark.

But maybe that's it. Maybe we're all supposed to be fumbling. Because if everything were clear, if there were a perfect path laid out for us, we wouldn't have the chance to grow. We wouldn't have the chance to choose—to create who we are. And maybe that's the lesson. That the choices are ours, every single one, and the weight of them? The weight is what makes us human.

But what if I'm wrong? What if I'm just chasing the wrong things, making the wrong choices? Maybe the path I'm on isn't the right one at all. Maybe I've already passed the point of no return.

But what if it's okay? What if all the choices—good, bad, wrong, right—are part of the journey? What if that's all we really have?

I guess I'll find out. I guess I'll just keep walking.
