

If I Can Talk To Myself In The Future

It was just a normal peaceful evening. The sun was slowly slipping away, the birds were migrating to their homes. And, I was sitting on my bed, staring at the ceiling and thinking about tomorrow's math test and whether I will ever become what I wanted and figure out what has to be done in my life to make it better. That's when something strange happened. My room shimmered for a second, and in the mirror, I saw someone else. He looked older, stronger, with a beard grown and with a taper fade. But his eyes and face... they were mine. He was me! He looked just like ME!

"Don't freak out," he said. "It's me. I mean, it's you. From the future."

I was shocked. I blinked. "What? How? Why are you here?"

"I only have a couple minutes," he said. "But you get to ask me anything you want."

My mind cycled through a thousand thoughts and they tried to escape at once. What should I ask first?

"Okay," I said slowly. "Did we ever become what we wanted to be? An astronaut? Or a job at NASA? Or just any space related job at all?"

He gave me a grin. "Okay just cool down....You are not exactly an astronaut. But yes, we're working in space. Solving problems. Using all the math and curiosity we always loved. And we're happy."

I knew it. My shoulders loosened, and I finally exhaled. I felt kind of relieved, like I could breathe a little easier.

“Do we still draw?” I questioned. “Do we still make dumb jokes that no one laughs at? Do we still mess up sometimes?”

He laughed. “Yes, yes, and absolutely yes. And do you know what? It’s okay. Messing up is how we grow.”

There was a thought that just popped up in my brain. I looked up worried, “What about Mom and Dad? Are they proud of us?”

He nodded at me. “Very proud. But you should tell them more often about how much you love them. And you’ll thank me- I mean yourself later.”

I gulped hard. “Sometimes I feel like I’m not enough. Like I’ll never figure things out.”

He got a little closer to the mirror. “You don’t need all the answers right now. But what matters is that you keep trying. Every big thing we did later started with a small step you took now. Just don’t give up.”

That hit me deep inside. I never knew how badly I needed to hear that—from someone who truly knew.

“Can you tell me one last thing?” I asked curiously. “Are we... happy?”

He didn’t answer right away. He looked at me in the way someone does when they remember that somethings in life are not always necessarily needed.

“We’re not always happy. Nobody is in fact,” he said. “But we’re strong. We learn from our mistakes and always look for ways to improve. We learn what matters the most. And we never stop dreaming. We are always eager to learn new stuff. So YES! We are happy—because you didn’t stop believing in us.”

The light around the mirror slowly started to dissolve and fade. His image began to blur and zone out of the mirror.

“Wait—” I called out. “What should I do next?”

“Keep going,” he said with a smile. “Just keep going and believe in yourself and you will achieve-.”

And then he vanished. My reflection returned. It's just me again. But something felt different. I wasn't as scared. I wasn't as lost.

Because I knew one thing for sure and that is:

My future is listening. And I'm the one who gets to decide and shape it.