

Dear Diary,

Valentine's Day packed up its roses, the restaurant reservations have expired, and timelines are now littered with soft-launch leftovers and suspicious silence. Cupid? Cupid checked himself into therapy this week. Not because he ran out of arrows, but because he is tired of being blamed for situationships that started with "let us just see where this goes." According to his therapist, modern love is not broken, it is just deeply committed to confusion.

I imagine him sitting there, wings folded, explaining how exhausting dating has become. "I shoot one arrow," he says, "and suddenly two people are arguing about labels, expectations, and who should text first." The therapist nods. The notebook fills with words like avoidance, projection, and emotional unavailability.

Because let us be honest, the real drama is not Valentine's Day itself. It is the aftermath.

The morning after Valentine's always feels quieter. The captions slow down. The oversized bouquets start to look like evidence. And suddenly, people are left alone with the same questions they had before February 14. Some relationships survived the performance. Others? Let us just say the love looked better under restaurant lighting.

Because every year, Valentine's exposes dynamics that were already shaky. The man who claimed he "was not ready" suddenly turned into a romantic

Roses were loud. The silence is louder. Cupid went to therapy



DIARY OF A BADDIE

with Angela Kateemu

strategist for one night, only to disappear back into emotional witness protection by Monday. The woman who convinced herself that one perfect dinner meant progress is now rereading messages that feel colder than last week's leftovers. And the status updates? Oh, they have gone suspiciously quiet, as if everyone signed a non-disclosure agreement with reality.

Cupid says he misses the old days when people knew whether they liked each other before involving an entire timeline. Now, he watches couples rehearse captions like brand slogans while privately negotiating boundaries

they never discussed. He says the arrows still work; it is the communication that arrives broken.

There is the man who insists he is not ready for commitment but gets his boxers in a knot when she stalks hot guys on Insta. The woman who says she wants peace but keeps entertaining chaos because loneliness is louder than self-preservation on quiet nights. The seasonal ghost who disappears in November, only to resurface in February with a sudden appreciation for love languages. Convenient!

Cupid sighs. "I did not sign up for this," he tells the therapist. "I just deliver feelings." The therapist



apist suggests boundaries. Cupid laughs. Because the truth is, modern dating often feels like a reality show where everyone wants romance but nobody wants vulnerability. People speak in hints instead of honesty. They avoid defining relationships because ambiguity feels safer than rejection.

And yet, when Valentine's Day arrives, everyone expects certainty to appear overnight like a well-filtered miracle.

Maybe Cupid does not need therapy. Maybe we do. Maybe we need to stop blaming timing, astrology, or the algorithm for connections that were never nur-

tured beyond aesthetics. Maybe we need to admit that love requires more courage than captions.

As for me, Dear Diary, I am watching from a comfortable distance, amused, slightly concerned, and quietly hopeful. Because beneath all the chaos, people still want real connection. They still want someone who chooses them without hesitation. They still want to believe that love can be both soft and steady.

Cupid leaves the session with homework, stop shooting arrows into situationships that refuse to grow up. Honestly, that feels like advice we could all borrow. Stop investing energy into dynamics that thrive on ambiguity. Stop mistaking chemistry for compatibility. Stop romanticising potential while ignoring the quiet luxury of peace.

Next session is scheduled after Easter. Apparently, heartbreak has seasons.

XoXo

-TheKat