

This Dog Gets Everything They Want

dogblog.neocities.org 02/12/2025

First of all, thanks for 100 followers, everypuppy!! I was planning on writing up another blog post but I wasn't prepared to hit one hundred first, so please excuse me if I'm a little scrambled! I'm just wagging my tail n shit I'm excited thinking about it! I know that not everyone following me actively keeps up with my blog - some people just like the look of my site or some old version of how it looked, some people like my creative endeavors, and of course there are plenty of inactive users following, but no matter why people are following me ... that's a big number ! That is one hundred people who clicked on my website *at least once* and decided that they like what they see.

At the summer camp I work at, we usually have about 100 kids attending camp each week. So if I think about a whole camp's worth of human bodies ... my goodness! That really puts it into perspective!

Whether you just found my little corner of the web or you've been here since day 1, I thank you very much for following along, everypuppy. I never started this for attention or anything - in fact I was confused when I got my first follower because I had no idea that was a thing on Neocities, but it really warms my canine heart to know that someone out there likes what I'm doing.

Hitting this number today is actually right in line with the blog topic that had already been ruminating in my mind for some days now, the recent phenomenon that I seem to get whatever I want. Of course, as I mentioned in my last post, I got into my ideal college. And just last week I got hired again at my summer camp (I survived the staff cut of 2025!). I really was feeling shocked because usually the things that happen to me don't align quite so well with my wishes. You know what I mean?

For some days it honestly made me feel restless. I was thinking, "all that's left to do is graduate, pack up my life, work the summer, and then leave this town forever," which is such an exciting train of thought, except that the restlessness came with the fact that the next four months for me until all of this happens feels like filler. I'm not used to getting everything I want. I'm not even really used to *wanting* things, honestly. It always made me feel guilty to *want*, even as a child. Ordering at restaurants, going on trips to museums or shopping malls, asking to see my childhood friends, everything made me feel like a waste of time and thought and space. Who knows why ... not me, that's for certain, but I'm starting to try and unlearn it. It's so mentally challenging trying to navigate relationships and young adult life because I second guess myself constantly, always feeling like I'm doing something wrong. But I must be doing something right because I'm achieving everything that I set out to. I have friends who love me and a design teacher who believes in me, and, according to my employer, a lot of children who look up to me. So I don't know. Maybe it's okay for me to want because wanting

is what keeps one driven. And maybe it's worth it to be driven, even if I have to take up some space.

It's all felt a little bit too good to be true, and I suppose that's because it is. I wish I could just keep talking about how I'm happy about everything but in the past couple days an obstacle has appeared that will make everything just ... more difficult than it should be. It is my father. I don't feel the need to get into the gritty details but he's threatened to take my mother to court if (*when*) she tries to move across the country because of my thirteen year-old brother. It's stupid. He doesn't care about his son or even his home in Arizona; he doesn't even spend time with us and he spends at least half the year overseas anyway. He can't win and it's a waste of time, effort, energy, and *money* for everyone involved. He's just an abuser who wants to continue to control his ex-wife 5 years after their divorce.

The thing is, I can't afford to go to college if I have to pay for the out-of-state tuition, and since before I applied we've been riding on the fact I'll be a dependent of a resident of the state of Ohio. So on the off chance my shitty asshole father traps my mother here in the desert, I'm trapped too. Thinking about this makes my chest tight and it makes my head spin and it makes me sick. The worst part is that my aforementioned brother actually likes our father. I'm the only one of his four children who actually remembers all of the abuse. It's frustrating but I can't blame them because it's just a facet of the child mind to block out the sicker things. Whatever. I'm tired of talking about this but I felt like I needed to get it out somehow. It's hard to talk about this in real life without feeling like a downer.

For the photos this time I offer you some pictures I took of the moon a couple nights ago. There was a huge, bright ring around it and bright stars in each cardinal direction, looking like a compass. I tried taking long exposures for the first time. For my first shot, I think they turned out okay.



If you made it this far, thank you for reading. ♡

I feel insecure about my writing style lately, like I'm regressing. I don't know. I'm just a puppy. Love u all.