

Letter to Your Self-Doubt Contest

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A Letter To The Glorification of My Mind

Dear the Glorified Version of Yourself,

In a dog's mind, humans live forever. Yet for them, their snouts will quickly turn grey, and their once lively legs will soon become slower. Dogs will not playfully jest with other dogs as much, and they will shortly stop running to the door when their owner comes home. Their walks will become shorter, and the constant jumping onto the furniture will stop. Their bowls will be changed less often, as their appetite weakens.

As dog years race by, their owners' speed of life remains the same. They go to work at the same time, and their hair still remains shiny. Friends still come over every Friday, and they still scarf their food down at the same rate. For the dog's owners, time does not touch them. To dogs, humans will live forever; existing without a separate time system called "human years" like dogs do, to mask their short lifetimes. In a dog's eyes humans are perfect, immortal, and could never do something wrong. When their owner does not fill their water because they forgot, dogs view this as intentional. Humans could

never forget something important, they are perfect. When a human accidentally steps on their tail in the dark, dogs think it was on purpose; humans are perfect, they do not have accidents.

From the "dogs" perspective in my life, I cannot have accidents either. I am supposed to be the perfect friend, employee, and student. If I can not hang out every once in a while, I am in the wrong, as I am always the first to say yes. If I struggle to get a perfect grade, it is out of character for me due to a flawless report card my entire childhood. With the strive to be the perfect human, also comes self-doubt.

"Your speech was not good enough."

"That grade is not high enough."

"This outfit is too bland."

"You were not social enough."

To this doubt, I say view yourself the way your dog would. View yourself the way other people do, as the provider. Forget making no mistakes, and stop striving to be perfect all the time to please others. You are the one who feeds yourself, just as you feed your dog kibble. You are the one who gives yourself a pat on the back after an achievement, just as you would when your dog rolls over on command. You provide the thoughts in your head, you provide your intelligence. Some may view you as perfection, even dogs. But it is my job to keep "running to the door" when someone arrives. It is me who "changes my bowl" when my appetite thickens. It is your duty to take care of yourself, not your owner, or your peers. Because your snout doesn't get grey within ten years of life, and your lifespan is not measured in dog years. Do your best without the slobbery doubt.

*Love always, the diligent
(but not perfect) version of yourself.*

