So I entered into my first Photography competition, @worldphotoorg   
While this, in and of itself is not something deserving of praise or whatever (anyone is allowed to enter), it gave rise to a thought that really made me smile. It was the realization that the things I've been doing in '24 - '25 are so much more.. involved, than what I understood myself to be capable of.

Its hard to explain.

I am not trying to wax poetic over some common sentiment along the lines of “If teenage me could see me now”. Because come on now.. Don’t get me wrong, it’s a great feeling! looking over your shoulder to take in with sweet vindication all the things you have overcame. In fact, that’s part of the inspiration behind this websites bi-line “Let’s do things our future selves will thank us for.” But lets be real, that’s not worth any more of our time.

The apperceptions that bubbled up, while I was working on the tasks involved in entering a photography competition, were surprising.

I’ve been shooting film photography since I was 16 years old. It was the first hobby that I had which truly was my own. I had a brother a couple years older than me, growing up we had nearly the same friend group, kids who we knew (and I still know) since kindergarten. And because of that, I remember our interests just being an amalgamation. On top of that, The way my brother would bully me was weird and (other than one memorable instance as teenagers; involving his expectoration followed by my rage) verbal, saying things like “name one friend that I don’t know, pretty much, your friends are just

at you have overcame and see where you have been and what you have overcome.b, what with me making my own website so but the conception I want to find words for

Living was always something other people did. Its trite I know.. but if younger me was told what he would be doing at 35, I think he would believe it, it would totally resonate. he would smile, and be excited! The joy I would feel would be real in that moment, but it would not affect me, because it would be just that, a story, a story about somebody else. The comprehension would have been utterly lost in translation. Why? Because I had hatefully annihilated the very concepts of impetus and development from the scope of my understanding. I did this because of a misguided belief of what I needed, and a desire to protect myself.