

A Normal Doggo

A Normal Doggo woke up every morning at 6:30 a.m., not because he wanted to, but because his laptop had learned how to sigh loudly when unopened. He brewed himself a cup of coffee using a highly sophisticated data pipeline known as “put grounds in mug and hope,” then logged into work. As a data tech worker, Doggo spent his days querying tables, cleaning data, and occasionally staring into the void when a join returned zero rows. His tail wagged optimistically every Monday, convinced *this* would be the week things changed.

At work, Doggo’s manager—a very serious cat named Mr. Whiskers—often praised Doggo’s “can-do attitude” while assigning him three additional projects “for visibility.” Doggo fetched data like a good boy, optimized SQL queries, and even built dashboards so beautiful they made stakeholders bark with joy. Still, whenever performance reviews came around, Mr. Whiskers would say, “Great job, Doggo. Unfortunately, the budget is tight,” while upgrading his own scratching post to premium oak.

Doggo’s salary was technically “competitive,” assuming the competition was a half-eaten chew toy behind the office couch. Promotions, however, were mythical creatures—spoken of in hushed tones, like unicorns or bug-free production deployments. Once, Doggo applied for a senior role and was told he lacked “leadership presence,” which confused him because he literally led daily standups and physically stood up more than anyone else due to being a dog.

Despite the abuse—low pay, high workload, and the emotional damage of being asked “can you just do a quick fix?” at 6:59 p.m.—Doggo stayed cheerful. He celebrated small wins, like when a pipeline ran successfully on the first try, or when someone reacted with a 🎉 emoji in Slack. At lunch, he ate kibble at his desk while watching motivational videos titled *You Are More Than Your JIRA Tickets*.

In the end, A Normal Doggo went home each night tired but proud. He curled up on his dog bed, dreaming not of promotions or raises, but of a world where data was clean, meetings were emails, and good boys were paid fairly. Until then, he would wake up tomorrow, wag his tail, and log back in—because someone had to keep production from going to the dogs.