

Life Has a Time Limit

By Cassidy Barbwire

“Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it.” -Ferris Bueller from Ferris Bueller's Day Off

Every little moment in life matters, even if we don't think it does. At times, we will catch ourselves taking everything we have for granted, unfortunately. It's important to take a break every now and then, so we can really focus on the meaningful things in life. All kids are eager to grow up, that's just how it is. Words like “I can't wait till I'm older” being said. I was one of those kids.

No matter what we do, life will always keep flying by in an instant. As a kid, it felt like days were decades long. Summer had that never ending feeling to it. Sadly, as the years go by, so does that forever lasting feeling. “Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it.”

Those 19 words is all it took for me to truly come to the realization that my childhood will soon be over in a couple of months. How could 17 years go by in a blink of an eye? Seems like yesterday I was just wearing a corny cap and gown while receiving my diploma from preschool. Or walking into my kindergarten class to see where my name tag was on the desks.

Sitting here writing this as a senior with limited amounts of days left in a school district I was raised in, I get why I should have valued those days in elementary more. I get why those moments in lunch when I was laughing so hard, I was on the verge of tears are such a core memory now. I get why I shouldn't rush life.

Life isn't a competition. It's not a race either. So what is the real reason for flying through every year? Well there isn't one. We all unfortunately get so sucked into life that we don't even allow ourselves to take that break “to look around once in a while...”. Admiring things like the sunset and true nature is a way of appreciating the true beauty of the world we are surrounded by. Or taking a quick second to love how amazing your friends are when you're hanging out with them.

It's living in the moment that will really give us the fulfillment that we truly lived life to the fullest. That we never took a single day for granted. Living this way allows us to have freedom from not living in the future, but rather in the present.

Word Count: 415

Bucket Filler
By Jamie Othello

“Don’t know when I added on all this pressure to put their needs before mine / But I’m told this is why people love me / So if I stop, am I still worth loving?” - “Nothing Left,” Song
by Halle Kearns

Listening to my Kindergarten teacher throughout the year, she kept emphasizing the importance of being a “Bucket Filler.” She taught us that filling someone’s bucket requires saying and doing nice things for them, without being asked or looking to be rewarded. What she never got around to teaching us... how crucial it is to make sure you fill your own bucket once in a while too. I guess we were too young to be told how depleting it is to feel empty. I’m now 18 years old with a vacant bucket, everyone else's filled to the top, overflowing with the love I gave out.

That’s the problem with constantly putting others first; I’ve taught myself that I come second.

I should be the main character in my own story, right? The sad truth is, most times I’m not. I’m the one in the back... running on empty. I become an important character when I’m needed. When my presence is necessary at that moment. That’s it. I’m the author of my own damn story and for 18 years now, I’ve been writing it with everyone else's needs above my own.

“Put yourself first” is number one on most people’s lists of things that are way easier said than done. For me, it goes a little deeper. Shortly after I grow friendships with people, they compliment my empathy and say they love how giving I am. I appreciate it of course, but I have come to believe that it’s the only reason I’m loved. There is a detrimental weight on my shoulders to have to be available for every single person at any given time, or people will fall out of love with me.

When Halle Kearns wrote the song “Nothing Left,” she hit the nail on the head. It’s almost like she was reading my mind while creating the lyrics. Through her lyrical content, she told the story that I’ve been struggling to tell myself. The feeling of being less than enough if I’m not constantly giving and living up to others’ expectations is one that I hope nobody else ever feels. No hate towards my Kindergarten teacher, but if Halle Kearns was my teacher and shined light on the importance of self-love and personal boundaries, my bucket wouldn’t be so empty.

I have given all my oxygen to people that can breathe. Before I continue saving everyone else, I have to save myself. If I do so, would I still be worth loving?

Word Count: 413