

a/n: i wrote these for my school's newsletter in the two editions of my term. i remember vividly writing these in a stupor at 3 am therefore excuse any mistakes. i am not a fan of editing. ^-^

## Part 1: The Show Must Go On

*"Slow down, you crazy child / You're so ambitious for a juvenile / But then if you're so smart / Tell me why are you still so afraid?" -Vienna, Billy Joel*

We walked into school, empty notebooks and fresh new books. Building memories in a place we will wander for the next fourteen years of our lives. Fairytales of yesterday, of the green bridge and the peeling paint of the duck swing, the round circular window and blue and yellow desks. *It's all we're living for until,*

*What do you want to be when you grow up?*

A few years later, we'll enter adolescence, an abrupt ending to our lively dance of joy, and of ignorance. It is a whirlwind of friendships, drama, and more.

Our first glimpse of society. If you're pretty, it's pretty.

And before you know it, you've twirled your way into teenage, the future which seemed so distant, so alluring, now cages us into insecurity, peer pressure and then that one line,

*Which exam are you preparing for?*

**Ready position, one.**

We get addicted to it, the adrenaline, the rush of knowing we're at the top. One more exam, one more competition. The validation! She praised me! She hates me...Am I good enough? But then again, what does it matter,

*Don't you know that only fools are satisfied?*

**Racket back, two.**

Our souls are painted like the wings of a butterfly, We are much more than our marks. We will rebel! Is this all we're meant to be? A subject to society's experiments on education?

How cute. Another hero, in our pantomime. The one to change the world! To bring hope as golden as a sunrise! As if.

What's it worth? Another revolution, another mini-reaction of thousands exploding into nothingness.

*Get into the college of your dreams. You'll finally be happy.*

**Hit the ball, three.**

I guess we're just "*learning?*" Give into it. We'll soon hit the corner now, to the pothole of college life. The lights dim, the curtain falls.

Act 2, Scene 1.

You walk onto the stage, listless and dry as you repeat the same scenes, in a *different font*.

Pause.

What are we living for?

## Part 2: Carpe Diem

*"Climb ev'ry mountain, Ford ev'ry stream, Follow ev'ry rainbow, Till you find your dream."* -Climb Ev'ry Mountain, The Sound of Music

If you read the last edition of the newsletter, you might have chanced upon a question, which either left a pang in your heart or a hopeful lilt. Or nothing at all, which serves my purpose even more so in this edition.

What *are* we living for, indeed?

From the reaches of Dostoevsky and Camus, one wonders whether there is anything to life at all but an endless vicious loop of absurd paradoxes. One feels lost and discovered drenched in the words of Edgar Allan Poe, and one finds solace bathed in the warm sunlight of Louisa May Alcott's.

"I wonder why. I wonder why I wonder. I wonder why I wonder why. I wonder why I wonder!"  
— Richard P. Feynman

*Why is the sky blue?* turns to *Why must I go to school?* turns to *Why am I alive?* till eventually, as the list builds up, as you look to the sky and see the cage close upon you further, it becomes *A particle undergoes uniform circular motion. About which point on the plane of the circle, will the angular momentum of the particle remain conserved?* and you don't know what you're searching for anymore.

*"Can you see your days blighted by darkness? Is it true, you beat your fists on the floor?"* —  
Lost for Words, Pink Floyd

As you grow, the unending string of questions which build a pressure upon your heart start feeling pointless. Some of us turn to escapism as we become the new-age cynics, listless yet embroiled in rage at the world, at war, at love and at yourself.

*"In the end, one must imagine Sisyphus happy"* — The Myth of Sisyphus, Albert Camus

But what if I told you, that *is* what we're living for? To fight, to bare your teeth at the world and stand on rooftops and yell and at the end, the bewitching thought of it all that the powerful play goes on, and that you, yes, *you* may contribute a verse.

*Why*, let *me* ask, must you let go of your why's? Of your arching curiosity, a hunger, a need to discover, to realise and to exist. Why must you become the monotonous adult?

As the summer closes upon itself, welcome the thunder of the monsoon, for it is not in the summer's ease, but in the monsoon's madness that life truly blooms. Dance wicked, sing free, and realise that life is not coming at you, but *from* you.

*"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately... I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life... to put rout all that was not life; and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."* — Henry David Thoreau, Dead Poets Society

Signing off,

~Philia