

# Press Pass Gazette

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## We Are All On a Timer

Sophie Rosenau

Pobalscoil na Tríonóide, Youghal

60... 59..... 58..... 57..... 56

Life is just a giant clock. It starts at twelve and keeps ticking until the cycle is complete. Until the cuckoo stops singing and the chimes stop ringing. Time. A four letter word that scares us all. We try to hide, but in the end death is the one thing that is certain in life. Time. It controls everything we do, yet some people just sit around and waste this vital gift. If you stop and think about it, we are all on a timer. If you listen closely you can hear it ticking, it's just disguised as a heartbeat.

We all claim to live in the moment, but we obsess over the past and worry about the future. We, as a society, just need to stop and breathe. Start embracing yourself, revel in all the positive aspects of your life that surround you on a daily basis. Whether that be your family, your friends or your pets. You should make every day worthwhile. Make priceless memories, because you never know when your timer is going to 'ding'. You never know when it will be your last 'Hello', your last 'I love you' or even your last 'Goodbye'. Yes, we all have bad days but we should focus on the little things. Even if it's as simple as getting a new pen to write with, be grateful. I would give anything for the day you wasted moping around with a frown on your face. I would give up anything to have just one more day.

Time is an issue that's personal to me because I wish I had more of it. I would love to just turn back the clocks and give him one more hug. When you say you had a bad day, just evaluate what went wrong and see if it was really that disastrous? I mean, what did you do, break a nail? Stub your toe? Stop moaning about the minor inconveniences, because you didn't hear me complain about the months I suffered in silence while my grandad slowly wasted away. Until he was just skin dragged over bone, hurting from day to day.

I sit and listen to you when you complain to me that you are grounded because you were giving cheek. I zone in and out of the conversation wishing I was with my grandad, hearing all of the interesting stories about his life: when he was a child, a teenager, and his wise advice for me. Instead I'm listening to your nonsense. My mind is racing. I just get up and walk out. That was before I knew my whole world was going to come crashing down. I'm grateful that I left that classroom early, little did I know a timer was going to go off sooner rather than later.

30..... 29..... 28  
27..... 26.....

I could almost feel the countdown begin when I saw my dad walking into the office. As selfish as it was, I thought he was bringing me lunch, or maybe even meeting a teacher. Yet it was neither: it was my worst nightmare coming straight for me and I didn't even get a chance to brace myself. Leaving immediately, we rushed to the airport. Everything that day was a blur and before I knew it we had taken off and landed.

After a whole day of hurrying from trains, to buses, and even occasionally sprinting, we were still too late. He couldn't wait for us any longer.

3..... 2..... 1.....

'Ding'.