

Opinions



Sunshine on a Stormy Day

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“Keep your face always toward the sunshine—and the shadows will fall behind you” -Walt Whitman

In a world where positivity was as infrequent as unicorns and cruelty, bitterness, and negativity arose with the moon at the end of each passing day, the Angry Man scowled at the newly blooming flowers in the spring-time. “Great,” he said “Now my allergies are going to start acting up.”

He rolled from bed, tossing aside his stiff itchy blankets, and cracking his stiff back.

Stumbling into the kitchen, he made notice of those putrid yellow curtains that still hung in the living room. “If only I could afford those curtains that my boss has,” he asserted with a tone of aggravation.

As he continued to get ready for another lousy work day, he came face to face with his ugly old self in the mirror. He began his routine of plucking out the minuscule discrepancies within his work garb, his balding thin hair, and the way his nose turned up just enough to expose some dangling black hair. His cheeks reddened and his hands stiffened. Why was he made this ugly he thought! Why was he so broke! Why did his luck despise him so much!

He punched the mirror sending glass shards flying in every direction. His fist turned bloody and he disgusted by the look of it, ran some water over it, screeched in agony, then bandaged it up to the best of his ability with an old rag.

On his way to work his car broke down. He searched his pockets for his cellphone only to realize he had forgotten it amongst the broken glass. Enraged, he kicked the side of the driver’s door, cussed violently, grabbed his keys, and headed on foot to work.

He was only several steps away from his vehicle when, it began to rain. He shivered in the cold as he held his briefcase above his head, trying to fight the battle of getting drenched by mother nature.

When he finally arrived to work, he was an hour late, soaked to the bone, and as red as the tomatoes sold at the supermarket across the street.

If anyone dared offer him a towel or ask him if he wanted a nice cup of hot coffee, he huffed in their face and said “Don’t bother, it won’t help anyway.”

By the end of the day, his work was finished, but not completed. His clothes were dry, but not comfortable.

His car still remained broke on the side of the road.

His nose still turned up like an ugly old toad.

He was tired and miserable as the sun went down and he layed to rest dreaming of a world where he would not have so much distress.

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Same day. Same town. Same street. Different world. One particular girl woke up that morning inhaling the fumes of the new blooming flowers. Her face lit with joy and a tear sprang to her eye “How beautiful it is to be alive,” she said.

As she rose for work she strolled in to the kitchen and gazed out the window. She noticed the sun shining into her small apartment creating a shimmer of wonder upon her everyday possessions.

It looked like it was to be a beautiful day.

While she ate her breakfast, she gazed at the daily paper, bypassing all the crime and murder. She informed herself of all the positive accomplishments the town has made in the last couple of months.

She was overjoyed to know that there was still good in human nature.

As she made her way back to her bedroom to slip on her work clothes, brush her teeth, and make her way out, she noticed her reflection. Her lips curved up just slightly and her cheeks were flushed. She looked happy. Life had given her reason to be happy. She was alive and healthy, the only two attributes that were needed to make her day bright.

She left for work extra early that morning, wanting to get a head start on the stack of papers that sat waiting for her.

Her car didn’t drive right that day. It sputtered and flittered, assuring her that there was something wrong.

Not wanting to risk her health, she pulled into a parking lot nearby and got on the phone with her mother. Her mother promised to drop by later and take care of her car. Her daughter was in the mean time to continue to work.

With plenty of time left, the girl hopped on a bus, sitting down next to a stranger. Instead of secluding herself within a silent bubble like those around her, she introduced herself to the stranger.

Happy to see that someone was not following the typical ritual, the stranger happily introduced himself and talked avidly of the job he loved and the kids he cherished.

He told her he had been doubting his life an awful lot lately. Friendliness was a dying trait and he always felt like no one cared.

On her way out, the stranger thanked the girl for sitting next to him. A wide white smile spread across her face. She knew she had just made someone’s day.

As she neared the door to work, the rain began to fall. She looked up and smiled, thankful for freshness it would bring. Once in the office, she kindly asked everyone how their day was and made small talk about the weather. Her

conversations may have been routine but her smile was a rare specialty that many no longer encompassed.

Her work day passed in a breeze and she made her way home still with that same smile on her face.

Her car may have still been broken, her apartment was nowhere near spectacular, and her hair may have been just a tad too flat, but she had her smile and with it she had her hope.

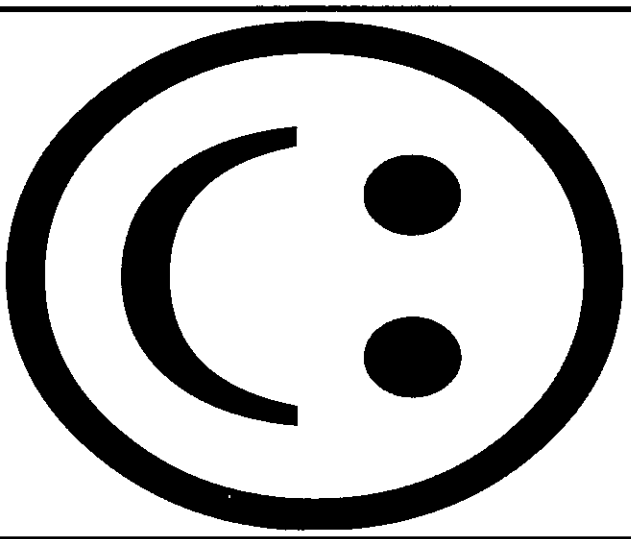
As she lay down for the night all she could think of was how blessed she was for the chances she took and the positivity she possessed.

In a world not so different after all, there is no luck good or bad. Days are days and actions actions. The only thing that is needed is hope to trigger a reverse reaction.

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