

Coming of Age: Which Age?

When you hear the phrase “coming of age,” which age do you think of? Thirteen? Eighteen? Twenty-one? Each have their own milestones. Thirteen, you’re finally a teenager. Eighteen, you can vote, get a tattoo, get sent to jail instead of juvie. Twenty-one, you can drink, get better jobs. But which one is the most significant? For me at least, I’d say it was around when I turned fifteen.

When I turned fifteen, I finally started to see the world for what it was: a mess. People are dying, the ecosystem is getting messed up, and everyone just kind of despises each other. Don’t get me wrong, there’s plenty of good things about this great big blue and green orb we live on, but no one seems to acknowledge them. We’re all concerned with how many likes we get on Instagram, or if we look fat in this dress. Such trivial things that are only relevant for a few days or so.

Some would think that fifteen is too young an age to think of things like this. Some would also think that a fifteen year-old can’t get depression. However, my impressionable mind was told that people with depression are more likely to see the world for what it is. But that could just be a hoax from some website article I read at some insignificant time. True or not, I started seeing all those things, and it just made me feel even worse. I sit here and think, “We all live here. Why isn’t anybody doing anything to try and better this crappy floating rock?” Every once in awhile, you’ll scroll through Facebook and see some person actually attempting to make a difference, but it’s just drowned out by stories of celebrities getting pregnant or North Korea threatening us with bombs again.

Normal fifteen-year-old girls are usually thinking of boys or school or when the new iPhone is coming out. Sure, I had those things on my mind too, but I was a little too caught up in my own self-destructing thoughts to really give it much time. Two years later and I’m still pissed at the way things are. But oh no, me, a teenager, can’t possibly have worthwhile thoughts on “adult things” like politics or the economy. I just need to sit back and let the “adults” handle it. Kind of like how they handle gay marriage or dying refugees.

Andbutso, I’d consider my sophomore year in high school my “coming of age” year. My eyes and ears finally opened, and I started to think for myself instead of having others do it for me. After all, it’s kind of hard to breathe when the air is polluted and the carcasses of dead animals are strewn about because we’re tearing down their homes. Oh but don’t worry, I’ll stay out of your “adult” issues.