

## Sybil from Grantham

She whispered a question that awoke something dead in me.

For a moment, I sat in despair, as I reflected on the aches and pains, long nights, and even longer days of me chipping away at a trunk that couldn't be tamed.

The agony, acute, as if every hole I'd ever drilled on the factory floor had suddenly pierced my mind.

She wasn't concerned with what I do for a living.

Her question was: What do you do with your time?

---

In 1896, Henry David Thoreau wrote:

“I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach—and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.”

Should we all be guilty of treason — betrayal to ourselves? Or is it only I who has wasted life, going through the motions, while not really living?

Perhaps, I've been more aligned with Robert Frost, who, in 1923, wrote:

“The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep [].”

I recall making promises to myself and diligently working to fulfill them.

But vague were the promises — and the work: meaningless.

Yes, I have progressed.

For my efforts, I have been paid.

But though my cup runneth over, I can't help but focus on the hole in its base.

Unlike my food and drink, my time in this life will not be replenished — how can I better utilize what remains?

What I need is a home, not an apartment for rent.

What I need is equity, not expense.

So, why do I spend my time filling a cup with a hole in it?

Why do I spend my time only to give my pay away in exchange for a months stay?

Am I foolish to accept a price for even one of my hours?

Will I learn from my mistakes?

Would I better serve myself by abandoning my post and entering the woods like Thoreau?

Or should I refine my promises like Frost?

How does one make promises he can keep?

How does one plan a life? Surely, the cynics will say it's impossible. But the astute make plans with the same confidence they have when ordering meals at a café — they expect to get what they order. I yearn for that type of confidence.

I recall my guardians giving me the confidence to order my own meals at restaurants, but I don't remember them teaching me how to peruse the menu of life. I don't recall them exemplifying how to order a life with certainty. I don't recall them giving me the recipes to cook a unique life.

I don't recall anyone ever exemplifying how they set goals and made plans. Many of my goals were set for me — go to primary school, then college. The plans were all given to me — weekly lessons, summer vacations, college syllabi, payment schedules. "Just sign here," they said, "and we'll tell you how to think and where to go and when to sleep."

Despite not having a map for the life I want to live, I discovered and proved that I can realize my desires.

As Wallace D. Wattles wrote in 1910:

| "Desire is possibility seeking expression or function seeking performance."

I have made a life for myself that some people respectfully envy. I know that because they have told me so. My response is always the same — looks can be deceiving.

Perhaps my unhappiness stems not from doing the wrong thing but from not doing the correct thing well enough.

I can't lose my faith.

If anything, I must become so committed that I'm willing to accept nothing but the realization of my desires — liberty or death, as Patrick Henry once said in 1775.

God help me. Help me craft a master narrative for my life. Help me plan with foresight. Help me make plans that are realistic. Help me order a life with confidence that is indomitable. Help me stay motivated.

Art







until we are paid in full for the Secured Obligations, including reasonable and actual expenses of retaking, processing, and disposing the Device upon Default (including reasonable attorney's fees). You and we agree this Agreement constitutes a security agreement and Your grant of a security interest to us is a "purchase money security interest" in the Device and the "proceeds" as defined in the Uniform Commercial Code in the state of Your billing address at the time of signing. You agree to pay us the Amount Financed and any related charges in U.S. funds.











I think it  
might  
be  
silver or  
silver-  
plated.





Using a real camera in manual mode might as well be the equivalent to trying to fly a plane with no formal training.

# Life Hack

You've seen those pill organizers, right? The ones that have little boxes for the pills one needs to take each day of the week — Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, et cetera. You know what I'm talking about.

The last thing you'll ever see me doing is patiently filling pill boxes. I don't have time for that. But a pill calendar, I'm happy to use. When I take a pill, I just insert the time of day into the calendar in the appropriate spot. In some cases, I note how many pills I took.



Cetirizine 10 mg							
Week	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
W27	1600	1 1800	2 2000	3	4	5	6
W28	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
W29	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
W30	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
W31	28	29	30	31			

  

Pseudoephedrine Hydrochloride 120 mg							
Week	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
W27	1600	1 1800	2 0800 2000	3	4	5	6
W28	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
W29	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
W30	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
W31	28	29	30	31			

  

Ibuprofen 200 mg							
Week	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
W27	2/6	1	2	3	4	5	6
W28	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
W29	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
W30	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
W31	28	29	30	31			

  

Acetaminophen 500 mg							
Week	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
W27	1 206	2	3	4	5	6	
W28	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
W29	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
W30	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
W31	28	29	30	31			

I wrote a poem.

## The Other Side

If I swam to Europe, would you carry me halfway?

If I swam to Europe and only made it halfway, would you let me come back alive?

Sometimes it feels like I've lived a thousand times. Could I come back better in the next life?

If I swam to Europe, how long would I last before the vessel within me wished it could turn back time? Would you send a lifeboat if I changed my mind?

If I swam to Europe, would you show me a preview of the other side before showing me a bright, shining light?

Would you show yourself to me?

Would you speak to me as a fish?

Would you write your name in the sand?

Would you show me my gills and teach me how to fly?

Would you exist?

## How to Get the Job

I recently submitted a general job application at Hagerty, the classic car insurance company. They asked me to write about my first car. So, I did.

**Hagerty exists to save driving. To us, cars are the vehicles to the best things in life – freedom, self-expression, family and friends. Tell us about your first car.\***

The one I remember most was a 1970 Mustang Mach 1—yellow, with a black stripe on the hood and Magnum 500 rims. It was a 1:24 diecast model. My dad once asked me why I liked it so much, and I told him that it reminded me of my stepdad. It was an awkward moment for me, even as a 7-year-old. What I really meant to say was that it reminded me of my stepdad's red 1972 Mustang Grande, which I loved dearly. I suppose, in hindsight, the right answer would have been to hold up the car in my hand and say, "This piece of shit?"

Do you think they'll hire me?

With Love,

*Vincent A. V-S*

27-2025-07-05-SAT