

When the Spark Fades

Sprite is arguably the most depressing soda of all time. This concentrated medium for carbohydrates and sugars will, without fail, disappoint you. Choosing to give you a fizzy barrage of excitement, repeatedly attacking the receptor cells on your tongue, Sprite burns itself out rather than delivering a savory experience. Just like the sound of a snap, the dopamine released when cracking that can (or bottle) open is gone in an instant. And, to make matters worse for Sprite, it provides no other taste beyond the hit of carbon dioxide. At the very least, other sodas, like Coke or Root Beer, add an interesting flavor to get you past the monotonous syrup-and-water taste left in a disheartening container. The very same container that formerly left an unforgettable taste in your mouth.

There are typically one of two reactions to what I just claimed. The first is that what I say is too harsh. They believe that just because Sprite doesn't have that same shining taste after the first twenty seconds, it does not mean that the rest of Sprite is to be discarded. The remaining 85 percent of the beverage has its own unique value. The second person and my prior statement are in perfect accord. Encompassing my bold claim, they hold onto the taste of greatness, experienced for a brief instant, and harbor negative sentiments, for they cannot replicate that feeling in that instance ever again.

If you haven't been able to tell yet, this piece is about more than Sprite. More often than not, I see people holding on to feelings from a long time ago. Hating their past, but refusing to adapt and become better. Harboring negativity toward the unchangeable. Feeling a sense of defeat or uselessness based on failure. While it is true that you must learn from the past, it is not true that you must focus on it. I'm not saying to forget your experiences. I'm saying to simply

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learn from them. Learning is just the acquisition of information, and just because the process might cause frustration, that doesn't mean that you should forget just how great you are.

Because, when all is said and done, do you dwell on how hard it was to learn something, or are you joyous that you finally understand what was troubling you?

I imagine a future where the past doesn't hold people back. Like learning in school, your previous mistakes help you when it's time to perform. If this is true, in what world should your mistakes outside of the classroom hold you down? This doesn't only apply to kids, either. I've seen adults struggle with this very same issue. Why should anyone let their memory cloud their vision? Let the mist put out their flame? I imagine a world where people are like a can of Sprite. Where the initial burst of the bubble doesn't let you forget all the good that is left inside.