

The Eulogy of Finn and Jake

It is with great sadness that I must announce the end of days for “Adventure Time.”

Pendleton Ward’s creation is set to finish in 2018 with the end of its ninth season. For me, this is not the final goodbye of beloved characters and intriguing plot, but rather the death of a friend.

For most people that hear of the show, “Adventure Time” is a cartoon for kids, depicting a sarcastic dog and a boy in a white hat – but it’s so much more than that. It was never just a TV show for me, nor was it for a majority of its viewers.

We all have that show that means a little more to us, whether it’s a classic like “Buffy the Vampire Slayer” or something serious like “Grey’s Anatomy.” There are shows that we can rely on when the days are too long, pick-me ups like “How I Met Your Mother” and “Scrubs”; or the ones that we can invest in, falling into a new world like “Charmed” and “Supernatural.”

Then there are the series that draw us in without letting go. The 30-45 minute intervals of constant emotion flowing through us; humor dragging laughter from our tired lungs, drama rising the lumps in our throats, choking us with tears. This experience transcends watching a TV show. You know you’ve felt it when the credits pop up and you wish the episode wasn’t over, when the intermission between episodes feels like a month-long hiatus.

“Adventure Time” ruined me. It gave me a new philosophy about life, and how the world began. It raised the bar of performance that few other shows have ever even approached. It taught me how to mature while staying young, and I can never forgive it for leaving.

The first episode aired in 2010, a few months before my freshman year of high school. It featured a young, radical boy that refused to give up – a powerful model to follow for my first year in a new school. The series simulated real fears and problems that we all run into, from dealing with love and first relationships (as well as their ends), to discovering secrets about our

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families and making sense of the past. Finn fell in love for the first time when I was in the heat of my first real romance. We faced our first breakups together, plucking ourselves out of the mud and goo. When I was stuck and didn't know what to do, "Adventure Time" sent me a guide – truthfully, he was a short, sassy and magical dog named Jake that can stretch (almost) without end, and his favorite things to do consist of playing viola and farting, yet he made sense of the world to me.

When a show ends, you get bummed out for a few days – weeks even – and then you move on, finding something new and probably very similar. "Adventure Time" doesn't get that ending. It provided comfort and guidance to us for eight years. It created a new world, Ooo, rich with candy kingdoms and perilous dungeons which its audience got to live in and discover, growing and aging alongside us. It captivated us with princess love triangles and heroic trials through dark oceans and haunted forests, leaving us constantly begging for more.

"Adventure Time" ends the same year I graduate from college. It brought me this far in life, so imagining the next chapter is somewhat scary – but when things get to be too much, "Adventure Time" taught me how to persevere. In the wise words of BMO, Finn and Jake's robot companion, "When bad things happen, I know you want to believe they are a joke, but sometimes life is scary and dark. That is why we must find the light."

If you haven't yet watched an episode of "Adventure Time," I strongly recommend you do so before the series ends. If you need me, I'll be somewhere in Ooo.