

Kennesaw State University

DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University

---

English 1101 Showcase

Department of English

---

2-1-2024

## Life's Cold Shoulder

Zaid Adil

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.kennesaw.edu/engl1101>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Adil, Zaid, "Life's Cold Shoulder" (2024). *English 1101 Showcase*. 48.  
<https://digitalcommons.kennesaw.edu/engl1101/48>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Department of English at DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in English 1101 Showcase by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@kennesaw.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@kennesaw.edu).

# Life's Cold Shoulder

Staying up till 2 AM watching the cricket World Cup might not have been the brightest idea. Who knew that such a decision would unravel into one of the most challenging days of my life, courtesy of the dreadful cold it brought on.

When the alarm blared at exactly 7:15 AM on a Wednesday morning, I had a gut feeling that this would be a tough and dreadful day. But university duties beckoned; assignments needed finishing, and classes demanded attendance. Dallying around was not an option.

Stepping into the bathroom, the cold tiles greeted my feet, the first sign of a very chilly morning. The water from the shower head felt like little ice pellets, mercilessly pelting me. I should have known then that the temperature would be my downfall, but I endured the icy assault. A glance at the temperature—zero degrees—spoke volumes, especially for a desert-born soul like me.

To stay as warm as possible, I rummaged through my room for the thickest, warmest clothes I owned: my favourite black turtleneck, a fluffy Hogwarts sweatshirt, and a pair of joggers — topped with the ugliest but coziest socks I owned. I deemed myself armed enough to fight the biting cold.

A blast of chilly wind greeted me as I stepped out the front door. My fingers curled inwards of their own accord, and cold spread through my bones. My face froze; a burn spread up my nose and into my brain, setting it on a cold fire. These were not good signs, but I trudged on, determined not to let them dictate my day.

Opening my Transloc app, I realized I was going to miss my usual bus and would have to catch the one ten minutes away. Great. Extra minutes in the icy cold were the last thing I needed. The walk was long, dragging my numb feet with each step, and the wait felt interminable, anxiously awaiting the bus to rescue me from this monstrous cold.

On the bus, I slowly but surely started to show signs of an allergic reaction. With no choice but to rest my head against the cold, hard glass window, I dozed off into a restless nap.

I was awoken by the cranky bus driver yelling at me to get off at my stop. Walking in the morning cold while the merry golden sun was out created quite the contrast. Each step felt like a battle with myself, urging me to give up and lay on the pavement, but I pushed ahead with all my might, reaching my engineering building just in time for my morning graphics class. A class I despised vehemently: dreadful topics, an unbearable teacher, and terrible timings.

The teacher was an old man with grey hair and a raspy voice. He was quite proficient in his subject but would always go off topic and kill us with boredom. He made sure to sprinkle in some praise about himself.

Just to compound matters, a massive assignment was due that day, which I had only halfway completed. Like all things, that nightmare of a class came to an end. I bought some fries from Chick-fil-A and a hot drink chocolate drink from the beautiful coffee shop.

Unexpectedly I met some buddies on the way. Chitchatting while sipping a hot drink eased my mind from the pain of pending assignments. I headed out to find my favourite cozy corner in the library to put an end to my project. The soft pillows and the scenery of the campus just out of the window to my left made me enjoy doing this assignment. Thankfully, luck was on my side as I received a notification that our English class would be asynchronous, lightening my load.

My alarm for the next class went off at 3:55 PM, reminding me of my Calculus 2 session in five minutes. As I made my way to the building, I found it surrounded by imposing black fences, forcing people to take a longer route to a class that should have been a two-minute walk, all in a temperature my body detested.

During the calculus class, the professor droned on about power series and its formulas, but the incessant pounding in my head prevented any absorption of the material. A steady beat drummed in my head, and my nose leaked like a faulty tap. A mountain of tissues collected on my desk by the end of a long double session. I all but crawled my way to the bus stop, feeling energy seep out of my pores.

On the ride back to my apartment, I fought the urge to curl up on the seats and drift off into oblivion. A classmate of mine unexpectedly plopped down next to me, rambling on about his new car, but I zoned him out, his voice resembling an annoying buzzing mosquito.

Back in my apartment, I collapsed onto my bed, still in my outside clothes. Unable to breathe due to my stuffed nose, I decided to call my uncle, a doctor. Having a doctor uncle close by was probably the best thing for a student living alone. He assured me he would bring medicine, and, in the meantime, I decided to grab some food.

Summoning every ounce of energy in my weak body, I made my way to the kitchen. In my darkest hour, a packet of instant ramen shone like a beacon. The aroma of ramen seasoning and soy sauce awakened my dormant nose, and the warm broth and tenderly cooked noodles instantly sent energy zapping into my veins. I greedily gulped it down, the broth dripping from my mouth. I felt like I was floating on a cloud, basking in bliss.

Turning on the TV to catch up on trending crime shows, my body relaxed, expelling the unlucky energy that had been hounding me all day. Just as the episode ended, the doorbell rang. My knight with medicine had arrived.

My relationship with my uncle is a peculiar one. He is a doctor, and I am studying engineering. We have no common points of discussion except sports. So naturally, we ended up talking about the game I had stayed up to watch. Time flew by, and before I knew it, we had been talking for half an hour. He handed me the medication and went on his way.

A few minutes later, the doorbell rang again. It was my friend from the bus, who had noticed my condition and decided to pay me a visit. He invited me out for a cup of hot coffee and ice cream to help cure my sickness. Being the sugar addict I am, I couldn't turn down his offer. The sugary treat seemed like a boon.

This time, I layered on fifty warm clothing items before stepping out into the cold. At a local cafe where my friend had worked earlier, we enjoyed a sweet discount on the sugary goodness. As the cold ice cream slid down my throat, I felt my white blood cells growing stronger, fighting off the sickness.

After a brief stroll around the block, I returned to my apartment. I cranked up the heater and piled a bunch of blankets on my bed, creating a warm cocoon to cozy up and continue watching the show. As the episode became more intriguing, my eyes grew heavy. Slowly closing on their own, I fell into a deep slumber, drifting into a dream where the sun was shining brightly.