

Coffee and Cough Syrup

706 Words

After walking an underwhelming amount of time, I'm always confronted by how unhealthy I am. But today was different. I was experiencing the consequences of my exercise routine, *or lack thereof*, and a snuffle. Realizing I hadn't started my homework due that night just aggravated my illness. My last task of the day was to just get home.

So, like a Civil War soldier, I had to carry myself to my apartment: *the Safe Zone*. My immune system as my musket, the cough syrup in the cabinet as my bullets, and my incomplete homework as my last letter to my dearly beloved.

I unsurprisingly made it home and took a shot of the cough syrup immediately. The warmth of the alcohol helped me forget I hadn't eaten since noon. This is where I like to say my illness took over my judgement. That's of course what I would like to say; the truth is that common cold doesn't do that, and I was just desperate. Moral of the story, I decided to make coffee at 7pm, and I drank three cups.

I had most of my homework finished by the time the effects of the caffeine were gearing up. But I realized something was terribly wrong. My brain was falling asleep, but my body was vibrating like a tuning fork. Like I had injected myself with Batman's green adrenaline only *ever* used as a last resort. I finished my work, and I got up, nearly collapsing. I changed into pajamas quickly, turned off the lights, and got in bed.

I started to feel like what I imagine some seasoned NFL players experience. Ready to sprint the field, or provide convoluted sports commentary, but doing it all while forgetting the names of the teams playing. I laid in bed with my eyes wide open, flat-backed like Dracula for 15 minutes and realized sleep wasn't gonna happen. The bookshelf across my room started to give me funny looks so I sat up. I was considering a fight, but after turning on the light I realized although it was rectangular it wasn't

actually squaring up. The more I stared, it began to look out of place. In fact, all my furniture looked wrong. It was begging to be changed and moved like a cult member. And like Charles Manson, I was about to kill the feng shui, and my back.

I got up, dizzy yet determined, and started to push my bookshelf. Forgetting to first take the books off, it was as heavy as a farm animal... or maybe just a normal animal, but not a house pet... maybe a Great Dane. Anyhow, I managed to move it across my room. I was pleased with its position now but not in relation to the other objects. So, with my vision becoming less and less reliable, and with the mattress still on it, I started to pull my bed frame out. During that process, I kicked the wood frame as hard as ever and fell on my butt. On the floor holding my inflamed toes, I peeked over at the alarm clock that read 12:47am. Where the time had gone, I wasn't sure, but I was sure done harassing my furniture.

Sat on my floor, my body inched closer to my mind because of the pain, and a wave of regret flood over me because of my behavior over the previous few hours lost. It was like if I was a parent not mad, just disappointed in their child, but I was also the child. My new open-concept renovation was starting to become less gratifying, and I realized just like taking a temporary lover, I would be less pleased with myself in the morning. I then thought, "By god, what am I going to do now?"

I couldn't move everything back in the morning. I knew I had things to do, and I was self-aware enough to realize tomorrow would be one of those sleeping in until 11 days. So, I got up off the ground, ready to undo all my hard labor, *and fainted*.

I woke up the next morning feeling like my bookshelf had actually beat me up. But I also realized something, my sniffle was gone.