

The Jacket

It was a cold morning, the kind of morning where your breath turns into tiny clouds the second you go outside. Even if it wasn't snowing, the whole driveway looked like a sheet of glass, and the grass was covered with frost. I was getting ready to go to the bus stop, as I slipped on my sneakers and put on my hoodie, thinking I wouldn't need another jacket, and would be perfectly fine.

"You're wearing your jacket, right?" my mom asked me through the kitchen. She was drinking her coffee, and her eyebrows raised when she saw me without my jacket.

"I'll be fine, Mom, you're always so dramatic when it comes to the cold and jackets. I was without yesterday, and I'll be fine today too," I said, shoving my hands into my hoodie pockets.

"You'll be fine? It's 30 degrees outside. Just wear the jacket, it won't harm you," she said, handing the jacket to me.

I shook my head and put my backpack on. She's just overreacting, and what would happen if I didn't put on one more layer of clothing? Plus, I've been outside waiting at the bus stop like this before, so why can't I do it today?

"You'll regret it, and maybe sometimes you'll have to learn it the hard way," she said, then sighed.

"Yeah, right. Just watch me, I'll be fine!" I said, then stepped outside, going toward the school bus.

That moment I stepped outside, a gust of wind hit me. It may be cold, but I can handle it. I kept walking, my hands tucked in my pockets and realized that maybe I should have gotten my jacket. Silly me, why was I even thinking about that? It actually felt pleasant, the cold air in my face. I actually felt proud of myself for not listening to Mom.

But then another gust of wind hit, and I put my hands in my pockets even deeper, trying to keep them warm, but that wasn't enough. I tried walking faster so that my body could get more heat, but that didn't help. My nose started running, and my cheeks stung with cold. Then I realized that maybe I should have listened to Mom. That jacket would have helped a lot.

I walked to the bus stop, shivering hard, and a jacket felt like the smartest invention of all time to me at this moment. All I could think about was how stubborn I was, not listening to Mom. I actually do regret it.

I made my way to the bus stop and saw a few students bundled up, and they looked cozy, like the cold didn't exist. The bus was finally here, and I took a seat by my best friend.

"Whoa! Hi, frozen popsicle! Where's your jacket?" my best friend, Aspen, asked me.

"I chose not to bring it, even though Mom insisted. I should have listened," I said, with the regret in my voice.

"Yikes. You should have brought your jacket. Well, now you know to get a jacket tomorrow," Aspen told me.

I guess, I thought. I made a mental note to listen to Mom next time.

The rest of the day was awful, unlike any other day. Even though I was in the school building, I felt cold and could barely pick up my pencil.

That afternoon, when I got home, I quickly packed my jacket in my backpack, knowing I would need it tomorrow, and if I didn't, I wouldn't wear it. Simple.

"Hey, darling! How was school?" Mom greeted me.

I told her everything, even saying that I should have listened to her.

"Well, at least you've learned your lesson! Everybody can be stubborn sometimes!" she smiled.

I smiled too.

The next morning, I walked outside toward my bus and felt the coldness. Without a second thought, I pulled out my jacket from my backpack, knowing I'd need it. And oh, how wonderful it felt, so warm, and I was cozy. Then, I remembered the morning that I refused to wear my jacket and how I had to learn it the hard way, knowing that even the small things can make a big difference. And most importantly, it reminded me that sometimes the lessons we resist the most are the ones that matter the most.

That winter, a simple jacket didn't just keep me warm; it taught me to pay attention, trust the people who care about me, and appreciate the little things that hold the world together.