



Sidnee Short, melting away from the horrendous heat. (Graphic by: Saidee Short)

Short: The heat just burns her up

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Running through the sprinklers. An ice-cold Popsicle melting a rainbow on your tongue. Water-balloon fights with the neighbors.

What do these have in common? They're all things you can do in the summer, as an adorable carefree child, when a heat wave rolls around.

But I'm 24. I don't want a Popsicle, and running through a sprinkler or filling up a balloon with water would take energy I'm not willing to summon at this point in time. Why? Because it's bleeping hot.

We've been in a heat wave for 5,000 years now, or so it feels, and I'm afraid death might be upon me.

I live in a ridiculously old apartment in Boston, with no air conditioning. To fall asleep last night, I put a cold wash rag over my forehead like a sickly Victorian-era child, trying to cool down.

I also suffer from a woman's worst nightmare: hyperhidrosis. This is when the sympathetic nerve (the nerve that controls sweating) is oversensitive, causing the overproduction of sweat. It doesn't even need to be 1 million degrees outside, and I'll be a bit clammy. But when it's hot outside, I am the melting Popsicle.

As I got ready for my day yesterday, I had a fan pointed directly at my face. The second I swiped a bit of concealer on, it just sweated right off. I got dressed in the lightest clothing I had, taking breaks to stand near the fan.

I was hopeful to step outside, thinking that although it's hot, I've always known the city to have a bit of a breeze. I was wrong. I stepped out of one hell and directly into another.

The only time I've escaped the heat is walking into buildings screaming with air conditioning. But, I run cold. So now, instead of feeling hot and dripping in sweat, I'm freezing and, honestly, still a bit sweaty.

I know what you're thinking: "It doesn't matter the temperature, this girl just likes to complain."

Number one, you're not wrong. I love complaining. It adds drama where it's not needed, making life more interesting.

Number two, this is a valid complaint. I can't find any solace!

Summer is a terrible season, and I stand by that. It's too hot outside. How can you dress to impress when the only things that won't suffocate you in the heat are running shorts and a tank top?

When the weather is finally bearable, it usually falls on days when you have to work, so what's the point?

Also, I identify as Edward from "Twilight" — so pale I sparkle beneath the rays of the sun. Therefore, if I'm outside for longer than two minutes, I burn. Once the burn has subsided, it's not tan, it's just back to pasty white.

I was working next to a window yesterday, inside, and my arm got a bit burnt. Riddle me that?!

To those of you who actually enjoy the heat, seek help and enjoy summer, I guess. But to my sisters and brethren who melt beneath the sun, just know this: Winter is coming.