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UA94/6/1 COVID-19 Diary

Michaela Snyder
michaela.snyder023@topper.wku.edu

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Introduction

I'm Michaela Snyder. I'm a sophomore at WKU, and unfortunately I was in my freshman year of college when the coronavirus pandemic began. I had been greatly enjoying myself on campus with my friends, and we were having our *Dungeons and Dragons* sessions and celebrating birthdays like everything was fine because, well, everything really was fine. Of course, we had heard about the novel coronavirus in Wuhan, but we hadn't really realized that it would find its way over here and spread so quickly. I remember being in my computer science class and my professor regularly told us that we probably would finish the semester online due to the virus. Neither I nor my classmates took him seriously, and we really just sort of laughed it off; it wasn't funny anymore after spring break.

My birthday is March 7th, so I managed to be able to properly celebrate my birthday before everything started closing. I'm grateful for that. I remember being optimistic around the end of March, thinking that everyone would take it seriously and properly social distance and wear masks. Of course, now I know I was naïve and foolish, but you can't blame me for hoping. I remember feeling incredibly guilty when *Animal Crossing: New Horizons* came out on March 20th because I had preordered the physical copy for pickup at *GameStop*. I had read about how *GameStop* wasn't properly providing cleaning supplies for their employees and I didn't want to support that or make the employees' lives more difficult, but there was no way for me to cancel my preorder that close to the release date. I compromised by buying cleaning supplies and masks and donating them to my local *GameStop*s.

Earlier that academic year, in maybe November, I had decided to start making music. I figured I had a decent enough singing voice and some skill in playing guitar, and I loved writing poetry, so I just kind of decided to start writing songs and publishing music. The thing about the pandemic, however, was that although it was difficult to stay home for reasons other than "I just want to," it gave me plenty of time to work on my music and get it to a level I could be proud of. That was the great thing about staying home: I could finally spend my time doing things I love. Of course, that time had to be shared with my online courses, but I could handle that. I still had more time than I did when I was on campus.

The online courses, however, really weren't enjoyable. I realize that it was the best decision, but it was almost cruel to give students and instructors so little time to transition from a fully in-person class to a fully online one. As I said, I realize it was necessary, but I do think that we all could have benefited from a little extra time to prepare; it's difficult to suddenly transition, especially during such a mentally strenuous time. My grades did not suffer during the spring semester, but I did find it more difficult to stay focused. I assume that was due to my being home, and my having never associated my home as a place of productivity.

The spring semester was difficult; I generally stay home, but it's hard when it's not your choice, and it's hard when there's a global pandemic haunting your thoughts. Maybe it would have been easier if I had felt like one day it would end. I'm still not sure it ever will.

Week of August 24th

I had anticipated that this first week back on campus would be different from last year's, but I don't think I actually thought about just how different it would be. I mean, I spent pretty much all of summer in isolation to avoid getting sick, so I think I was greatly ignorant of just what the world is like during a pandemic. I had read about people refusing to wear masks correctly, and I had seen images of people refusing to properly social distance, but I somehow failed to realize that I would probably see both of those things regularly while being forced to be in public. That's not to say I'm bitter, though; I'm quite glad to be here with my friends and to see my girlfriend. But it's, well, difficult to see us sacrifice what we would like to do for the sake of others when the others refuse to do the same. It's startling to see how selfish everyone is.

Although I could technically "officially" say that online courses suck last semester when we transitioned, I can now confidently say it with the start of another semester under my belt. Of course, some classes are fine online; HON 251 seems to have taken the online modality in stride, and I think it works quite well for the class. My Russian class, on the other hand, is insufferable. Foreign languages are an absolute pain to take when you can only see your professor and your classmates on Zoom. Learning languages requires a certain sense of tentative comfort and personal connection; it's hard to acquire either of those in an online class. My Chinese class last semester, of course, transitioned to online, but there was a huge difference between then and now: my Chinese class started out in person, so we were all able to build that rapport. It's hard to learn in a "classroom" of your peers when they don't really feel like your peers.

Week of August 31st

It's September now. That's weird. Wasn't yesterday my birthday? In March? Time seems to have become even harder to conceptualize after quarantine. I generally had a HORRIBLE concept of time before the pandemic, but now it's even worse. I didn't even know it was possible. I've stopped thinking in days of the week; I count the days now. Counting the days seems to work better for me in this realm of impermanent hybridism. I can better keep track of my assignments this way. Speaking of assignments, I think it's cruel to force group projects in online classes; it's hard to force your team members to actually do the work when you're in a Zoom meeting and your mic keeps cutting out. It loses all effect. I do recognize that it's my fault, however; I did sign up for a class that is literally just a semester long group project. I swear I didn't know about the pandemic when I registered for it though. I'm sure any higher, omniscient beings are looking at this predicament of mine and laughing at the dramatic irony of it all.

It's unfortunate that there were cases at the on-campus Chick-fil-a, but I also think it gives everyone opportunities to, you know, not support homophobic/transphobic businesses and give their money to other less-horrible restaurants. I do hope they're all okay though. That's scary, isn't it? I mean, we've spent the entire pandemic worrying about the elderly and about those with preexisting conditions, but the longer we're stuck in this situation the more we learn that, well, no one is safe. I'm scared to death to get it. I personally don't do well with viruses of any kind, I tend to be out of commission for weeks even with the common cold, and I don't want to know what the novel coronavirus would do to me. I'm afraid to know. I have bad lungs from a bout of bronchitis that turned into pneumonia. I'm afraid, you know? And I'm afraid for those around me, too. My girlfriend has bad lungs too. I'm so worried about her. I don't know. I'm doing all I can to protect my loved ones and strangers, but strangers aren't doing their part. It makes me feel lesser.

Week of September 7th, 2020

I'm seriously not a fan of hybrid courses when the hybrid part is optional. Just call it an online class, it would save some effort. I keep pushing all of my assignments off, I keep procrastinating even more than I usually do, and it's leaving me with so many stress headaches that I can't even make myself focus. I have a horrible concept of time, really; I usually build my schedule around classes that I have, but now I don't have enough synchronous or in-person classes to build that schedule. I'm really just lost.

I'm also so tired. I haven't been this tired in a long time. I don't have time for anything but classes and homework, and it's really wearing me down; I don't think I was meant to do this much work all the time. It's like professors saw that a lot of classes would be online and they decided that the lack of class time gives us several more hours of homework time, which really isn't how anything works. It's like they've all decided that at once, and now I have 168 hours a week that are majorly taken up by homework. I've been trying to squeeze in time for hobbies, like little ten minute breaks for playing guitar, or playing games right before I go to bed, but it's not enough. It's not enough when I have just so much work to do. It's not enough when my defining trait has become stress.

I took my girlfriend on a dinner date over the weekend. It was nice; we were finally able to drag ourselves away from our work and spend our two month anniversary together. It was nice. I wanted to take her to this nice Japanese restaurant that my dad and I had gone to like a week and a half earlier, but it was crowded. Under normal circumstances that wouldn't be that bad, but suddenly we all want to shy away from everything with a lot of people. We went to a different restaurant, one we had been to before. It was good, as always, but it wasn't the original plan. It's frustrating that nothing is the same. It's frustrating that nothing will be the same again.

Week of September 15th, 2020

I know I say pretty much every week is hard, but this one really was. Normally, my procrastination is a constant and I know how to deal with it; now though, the lack of a definitive schedule throws off my strategies. I procrastinate and procrastinate and I just can't pass that stage until it's the night before and I'm rushing to write several pages worth of work and I'm rushing to do my Russian homework. It's stressful. I probably sound like a broken record in these entries, constantly complaining about how stressed I am and how much I hate these online courses and my lack of a schedule, but I think it's valid to complain; it's hard to be positive about things in these times. I'm generally an optimistic person, but I'm struggling to look at the bright side when everything turns out to be glass half empty.

I've been living on autopilot. I'm not really conscious of anything I'm doing, I'm just in my head, but this past weekend was the worst for it. My mom had her wedding on Sunday and she had me perform a song during the ceremony. Struggling to see the problem? Well, I don't remember it. It was two days ago. I don't remember any of the ceremony. I remember walking my mom down the aisle, I remember sitting in my seat, and I remember the ceremony being over and me checking my watch to see that it was 17:22. I don't remember any of it. Do you know how scary that is? I joked about it with my friends, laughing about how I dissociated so hard I came to a few hours later, but it really terrifies me. I've never dissociated that long. I've never lost entire hours of my life. I thought that my mental health was getting better, I mean, it definitely was, but then this whole thing happened and hit me like a truck. I didn't even realize that I was negatively affected by the pandemic. I thought I was indifferent, but obviously that's not the case. It's scary that I didn't even realize it, that I didn't even know. Lots of things are scary now.

Week of September 21st

Earlier this week I went to the store with my friends. That's pretty normal. We got to the doors, and I saw one of those signs that basically says "Do Not Enter If You Have Been Sick" and I suddenly realised that I forgot that we're living through a huge pandemic. I forgot that the way we've all been living this year isn't actually the norm. Isn't that weird? It's been only six months and I've already conditioned myself into thinking that all of this is "normal." I used to have to run back into my house every time I left because I forgot my mask and now I feel naked without one. I watch movies with my friends and it feels weird seeing the actors and actresses without masks on. It feels weird seeing pictures of me in groups of people without a mask on. It's weird seeing pictures of concerts, of festivals, of any high-density event where people aren't standing six feet apart. Everything that used to be "normal" is now abnormal and even frowned upon. Our lives have been almost completely uprooted and changed in such a short amount of time. That realisation is one of the things that reminds you that you're living through a historical event. I thought it would be space travel, though.

Somehow, the lack of in-person classes resulted in less free time than when we had them. You'd think that now that we don't have to map out our days with space for classes we'd have more time to do the things we love, but that just isn't the case. Everything takes longer to do now, and I'm not sure if that's because we're all finding it difficult to be productive or if we're being assigned more work because it's assumed that we'll have more time. Either way, it sucks. I can't take breaks because those breaks need to be spent doing work and studying but I obviously can't study and do homework at all times; I'd lose my mind. Finding that balance has been so hard because nothing about this semester has been regular or scheduled. I can't even make myself a schedule because I know me and I know that I'm a huge pushover. I just wish my professors would be more understanding of our lives. Everything is hard for everyone right now. I wish they'd understand that.

Week of September 28th

Honestly, this past week has been pretty uneventful. I did my homework, I hung out with friends, I did the usual. Although I'm always aware that we're living through a major pandemic, I'm starting to think that my perception of what's normal is changing. I no longer forget my mask. I carry hand sanitiser with me at all times, using it whenever I enter and leave a building, before and after I eat. I stand far off from others no matter where I am. Things have changed, and although the entire situation sucks, I'm sure a lot of things have changed for the better. I've generally hated being close to everyone, so I appreciate social distancing. I've always thought that western hygiene is horrible compared to elsewhere, so I'm glad that everyone is trying to be more hygienic. I've always thought that everyone should stay home if they're sick, so I'm glad it's becoming the norm. We lived gross lives before this whole thing started, you know? And we really just thought it was okay. We lived gross little lives and we didn't even bat an eye. No wonder the flu season is so horrible every year.

I'm hoping that this whole thing will force people to reconsider their thoughts on universal healthcare; I mean, generally, I find it hard to understand why people refuse to advocate for it, but I'm hoping that this global pandemic will make everyone understand that everyone deserves an equal opportunity to live. I wouldn't mind paying more taxes in order to maybe save the life of someone else. I think that's a very noble use of money.

Week of October 5th

This past week is officially the poster child for how horrible my procrastination has gotten during this pandemic. I had four weeks – a full month! – to complete my super long software engineering homework assignment, and I only did it this past week, and only because it was due the 10th. It was the worst week I had had in awhile. I didn't have any time to hang out with friends, I didn't have any time to take any breaks, and I had to basically be the manager for my software engineering team when it wasn't even my job. I can only wonder just how much

would have been left out of the document if I hadn't been micromanaging them and making sure that every single thing on the rubric was included. I just about lost my mind.

My one saving grace was that on the 10th I went out with my girlfriend to celebrate three months; spending time with her is always a stress reliever, and I'm glad I was still able to find the time. I feel like an entire week of my life was wasted, and although a week is chump change in comparison to the average human lifespan, it feels like a lot when you didn't spend it doing fun things. I literally spent the entire week doing homework.

When my girlfriend and I went out, she originally forgot her mask; luckily she realised it before we left campus, but I still found it crazy. I don't think I could forget a mask if I tried at this point. Maybe she was distracted by my lovely presence (joking, of course). But really though, no one said a thing when she walked out of the dorm without a mask; aren't they supposed to be enforcing that? Aren't they supposed to say something about it? We're like seven months into the pandemic at this point, wouldn't it be instinct to mention to someone that they're not wearing a mask when it's literally your job to do so? I don't know. I just feel like it would be.

Week of October 12th

I hate allergy season. I take my medicine, try my hardest to keep them under control, then still get drainage. I feel like so many people missed the memo where it's a dry cough for covid, not a wet one. And trust me, if I could just not cough at all, I wouldn't. I'm so afraid to make any sound in public for fear of people thinking I'm sick. I was choking on a fry the other day (it might have been this past week, it might not have been) and unfortunately, my primary goal was to not sound like I'm coughing. Although it was cool that I was able to choke without making a sound, I can't help but think about how dangerous that probably was. What if I was seriously choking? No one would know to help me. It's the same with sneezes. As much as I adore this campus, it managed to have every tree that I'm allergic to. They really are pretty, but I'm generally bad at taking my medicine, and, since I've only been taking it for the past few weeks for the yearly autumn temperature changes, I have no defense against them. It's not nearly as bad as when I'm home in Louisville with all of that air pollution, but it still sucks. And everyone looks at you like you're a plagued rat when you sneeze. My girlfriend does this thing she calls an "inside sneeze" where she internalises all of the pressure from the sneeze and doesn't make a single sound out loud. Our friends and I have all told her that she really shouldn't do that because she could burst blood vessels that way, but hey, at least she's not getting angry stares, I guess.

Lately, I've been thinking about how we get no breaks. Our Labor Day weekend? Gone. Fall Break? Gone. I'm sure they would take away Election Day if they could, in all honesty. And seriously, I understand their reasoning, but I don't really think they thought it through. Yes, they've effectively made it so students are less likely to go to beaches and stuff (not really though, asynchronous classes), but that just drives students stir-crazy and they end up driving home more often or taking little weekend trips with their friends more often. It doesn't do what

they want it to do, you know? Not to mention we're all exhausted. I assume the decision making committee was thinking along the lines of "Oho! Weekends are more than enough time for students and professors to rest! They don't need breaks!," but those weekends aren't restful at all when they're consumed with homework. I've noticed that stress-wise, everyone is doing absolutely horribly. It sucks! We're living through a literal pandemic and rather than helping students with their mental health, universities are assigning more and more work and taking away the few things we need to take care of ourselves, all for the price of full tuition. I'm just so tired, and I know everyone else is too. These are hard times, but they really aren't making them easier.

Week of October 19th

       Group projects during a pandemic suck. My software engineering class, which is based on a semester long group project, is absolutely horrible. Online classes take up so much of our time, we have to spend so much time watching super long lecture videos, and we struggle to find even the tiniest bit of time to communicate with each other. Group projects are annoying enough as is, you know? I feel like I'm the only person keeping my teammates accountable and I feel like I'm the only person who cares. My GPA in my major is a 4.0; I'd very much like to keep it that way. It's so hard to find internships, too. Yeah, my major is computer science, and it should totally be easy to find a completely online internship, but it's not because of the nature of internships. They want you to understand how to work as an effective employee and the most effective way to do that is to put you directly in the environment. That can't really happen virtually, you know? It's annoying. I'm not that interested in my computer science major, I'm more interested in my linguistics major, but it's a means to an end; my end goal is computational linguistics, and that's a research heavy field. There aren't even many internships for it, especially not now. I couldn't even find a regular job over the summer because of the pandemic. Any and all interviews I had scheduled were cancelled because they just couldn't afford any more employees anymore. It sucks.

       This past week was pretty hard for me. I was horrible with my time management and it really hurt; I didn't really have any time to relax, I was working and doing homework whenever I wasn't sleeping or eating. Registration was on Friday, and seeing my classes for next semester just depressed me. All but one are online. None of the classes I need for my major were offered in-person at all, and after last spring, I know computer science courses suck when online. I'm just so, so tired. But that's just a recurring theme.

Week of October 26th

       It's Halloween! Which is honestly just depressing, considering everything we can't do. I mean, I personally was one for just dressing up with my friends and watching movies, but even that energy has changed. Even though I'm sure very few people actively think about the pandemic now – I mean, it's been months – it still looms over our heads. It's depressing. I've had such a horrible time dealing with everything that I finally gave in and scheduled an

appointment with a psychiatrist. For years, I've dealt with my mental health myself, and it's worked… decently. But I realised that this whole thing is so out of my scope, if I were to be paid to deal with my own mental health, the effects of this pandemic would be so far out of my paygrade. It kind of sucks, honestly. I took a lot of pride in knowing my mind and knowing how to keep it vaguely under control – some lapses, of course – but now, that's gone. I'm proud of myself for finally taking the initiative and going to a psychiatrist, but I mean, I don't know. I suppose I should just be happy that I was able to actually make the phone call, that I was actually able to realise that I do need help.

One group project has come to an end, and my semester long one is still dragging on. I actually think I reached my mental limit yesterday; the stress had piled up and honestly, it had been a long time since I felt that hopeless. I hate relinquishing control to others, but I can't do the whole project by myself, that's why it's a group project. But my team members keep flying far too close to the deadlines and there's only so much I can do about it. I hate feeling so hopeless, I hate feeling so worn thin, I just. Can't handle it. I'm not equipped to deal with it, and I never have been. Yesterday was the first time I had cried – like actually cried – since senior year of high school. I'm so tired. I feel like it wouldn't have been nearly as bad if I wasn't constantly stressed about this stupid pandemic, if I wasn't constantly paranoid about getting sick, if I didn't have so many things to think about all at once. I've been trying to spend as much time as I can with friends to get some kind of stress relief, but no matter how much time I spend with them, it's never enough. I've had my nose to the grindstone for so long and I can't help but wonder if I'll ever get an actual break again. It's looking like next semester will be the same, no breaks, no true weekends, no breaks at all. I mean, I'm honestly ready to cry right now thinking about it. It sucks even more knowing that I'm not the only person who feels like this. We've all been stretched so thin, and it's only a matter of time before we rip.

Week of November 2nd

This might have been the longest week of my life. I feel like it was just another of 2020's little tortures, the fact that this week was election week. I've never been more scared and anxious in my life; I remember the 2016 election, but I was too young to vote then. I just remember waking up the next day to my friend in New Zealand telling me that he was sorry. I was upset, but it didn't mean much to me at first. Four years later though, and having lived through Donald Trump's presidency, I desperately wish I had been able to vote. I wish I had been able to do anything. But, on that note, it makes it so much sweeter that I was able to do something this time. This was my first time voting. And I think it made such a huge difference. But seriously, this pandemic made everything so much more difficult; election day? What's that? I only know election week. I appreciate so many people staying safe and voting absentee – I mean, I did – but jeez, this past week WRECKED me. Laughing at memes about Nevada was probably a cry for help.

I'm so glad everyone is so happy now that Trump has been voted out, but seeing the images and footage of the celebrations made me really nervous. I know we've had a drastic

uptick in cases all over the country and seeing everyone so close together makes me so nervous. I mean, they were all wearing masks, but still. Social distancing is a big part. Isn't that crazy, though? Do you think we'll ever be able to hang out in large groups without anxiety again? I honestly don't think we'll be able to. It's depressing.

Oh! But I'm getting ferrets! I asked my mom if I could get two more cats and she said no because my cat Indy would be upset, so then I asked if I could get ferrets and she said yes! I had been wanting ferrets for almost twelve years, and I can finally have them. I'm smiling just thinking about it. This week started off horrible and stressful, but it really made up for it by the end.

Week of November 9th

The closer we crawl to the end of the semester, the more relieved and stressed I feel. Suddenly all of my deadlines are this month, but at least they're my last deadlines. Last weekend, I finally finished the third sprint in my software engineering class; if I'm honest, that's the class I'm most ready to finish. That class has probably been 90% of my stress this semester. This past Wednesday I spent probably two hours trying to figure out a way to keep my computer science major but not take the class. Unfortunately, there's no way for me to do that, but I suppose I'll get over it. Not that I have a choice otherwise.

My software engineering class transitioned to online early because of the sudden surge in cases. I'm so tired of this. I don't understand why people can't do what they're supposed to do, wear a mask, avoid large gatherings, etc. It's not hard. It's not hard at all. The individualistic nature of America turned out to be our Achille's heel, and because of that we can't get over this stupid pandemic. Other countries have overcome it, they've resumed their "normal" lives, and here we are with a surge worse than the original. I'm sick of it.

I went out with my girlfriend on Saturday and the restaurant we usually go to only had takeout. That was fine, neither of us were bothered, but it was disappointing that we had to go back to that whole thing. We should be over all this.

Week of November 16th

Ah, the final week of classes before Thanksgiving break. A much, MUCH needed break. All of my classes were online this week because the sudden surge in cases suddenly got worse. North Dakota now has the highest mortality rate in the world. Not in the country. In the world. It's so disappointing, you know? Other countries are over this. Why aren't we?

Relatively speaking though, this was my least stressful week this semester. I didn't have many deadlines and I was able to finish all of the work I wanted to finish. It felt great, honestly. But, of course, I had the stress of assignments in the back of my mind; I just really desperately needed to take a break. I've had my nose to the grindstone for so long and as much as I'm looking forward to Thanksgiving break and being home, I know I'm just going to have to do homework the whole time. It sucks. This is more work than would be assigned in a normal semester, and I've even had professors say that. I wonder if they see the problem in their words?

I think the best thing about being home will be being able to sleep though. Sleep has eluded me this entire semester even as I tried to keep a solid sleep schedule and stay focused. Soon the semester will be over and I'll be able to catch up on the sleep I lost due to stress migraines and caffeine. It won't be immediate, though. I have a flight out to Seattle the day after the last day of the semester and the jet lag will suck more than anything. I don't know. Everything is exhausting and I can't wait for things to end and to get a bit of freetime back.

The whole thing with P/D/F… I hope we get it. This semester has been so challenging for students and I really think it would be incredibly unfair to punish students during such strenuous times. I understand the provost's worries, but I seriously think they should grant students P/D/F to protect their GPA. Not everyone can "get over it" and overcome any and all threats to their mental health. It's cruel and unfair to assume that is the case.

Week of November 23rd

Growing up, Thanksgiving has always just been my immediate family: me, my mom, my dad, and my sister. That hasn't changed despite covid, and for that I'm grateful. I mean, it was just my mom and I because my dad moved to Washington and my sister lives with my grandparents, but my mom and I didn't have to change anything just to be safe. It was really kind of nice to just be able to be home and not worry about getting sick or anything, you know? I didn't have to leave the house at all throughout the week.

Unfortunately, that meant that I had that entire time to do homework. Which sucked. A lot. It's nice to be caught up on all my work, of course, but it really sucks that my break wasn't really a break because I had to spend it doing schoolwork like I have been, nonstop, for the entire semester. On the plus side, the semester is over in two weeks. That's nice to think about. I go to the psychiatrist for the first time on Tuesday. I'm terrified. It's normal to be scared of that, right? I mean, normally I'd just repress my feelings and avoid thinking about them, but this whole pandemic has made that utterly and completely impossible. The more I kept everything shoved away the more I struggled. That's not to say that my mental problems are due to the pandemic; these are things I've been dealing with since I was 13. The pandemic has just exacerbated the issue.

I drove back to campus today because I made the decision to come back after Thanksgiving. I can't do work at home, which was a nice little lesson I learned last semester. I had finished my creamer just before I left last week so I went to Kroger to buy a new one once I got back to Bowling Green. As I was putting my mask on in my car, I watched people leave in clumps and immediately take off their masks as soon as they left the store. Like we're not having a resurgence in cases. Like we're not currently in a redzone. Like we're not in a pandemic. It's disgusting, really. Why would you even leave the store in groups? And although I originally thought they were shopping together, they later went to their cars and they didn't speak to each other. They were strangers. So close to each other. I thought I had returned from a nightmare, questioning if I had made up the entire thing, wondering if I would be seen as crazy to wear a mask. But I was wearing a mask made by my grandma; that can't have been part of a dream. I

don't know. I don't want to see how many cases there are going to be after the holiday season. I'm scared to know. I'm ready for this to be over.

Week of November 30th

This was quite the week for me. The stress of this pandemic has pushed me to the point of finally going to a psychiatrist and I took that first step on Tuesday. It was upsetting that I had to actually go, but I'm glad I did, honestly. It sucks that it took a pandemic to make me go take care of my mental health though.

Other than that, this week has been relatively, well, easy. Two big projects were due this week but I got them done beforehand so I didn't really have to stress that much about them. I'm starting to get nervous, though. I'm supposed to fly out to Seattle on the 12th and with cases rising, I'm scared. It doesn't help that I'm generally just terrified of planes, and this will be my first time flying by myself. I'm afraid that people around me won't be wearing masks, and I'm afraid no one will be social distancing. I feel like I'm going to have to heavily disinfect all of my things when I get there and when I get back to Louisville later in the month, like at the beginning of the whole thing when everyone was disinfecting their groceries.

Isn't it hard to believe that we're a year into the whole thing? The first case was in November 2019, and it's December 2020. We've been living like this for so long that I find it hard to believe that we're ever going to be able to stop living like this. It sucks. I feel bad for all the kids who didn't get their actual graduation last year and aren't getting the freshman year of college they were expecting. I mean, I didn't even really get the freshman year of college that I was expecting considering this pandemic took over the spring semester of my first year. It sucks. I hope everyone gets the vaccine. For a bunch of people who willingly use a lot of scientifically developed items, the covid deniers sure are ignorant. It's kind of funny, actually, in a messed up way. I hope them the best though.