

Quarantine Funtimes

Unpacking the summer of 2020

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Prologue...or Preface (I'm not sure what the difference is)

The fall of 2019 was my first semester at Connecticut College. That means that I, like most other college students, had to finish my first spring semester of college from my medium sized room in my family's apartment in Boston.

From here, I did the best I could to maintain a certain level of normalcy, productivity and sanity. As you will see, that did not always go as planned.

I did a lot of personal writing while in quarantine but this specific piece was originally intended to be part of the Connecticut College Archives, as a kind of way to historasize my experience for generations to come. I thought that was pretty cool, but in the middle of writing I became a little ambitious.

As my notes got longer and covered a wider variety of topics, I thought I might as well make it into a book. Not only have I been meaning to write one, but I am also well aware that my experience parallels that of many other marginalized groups in America right now, some of which might never make it into the history books at all. So, this is my valiant attempt to disrupt the western cis white male tale that is history and historical writing.

This book by no means attempts to play by the rules already established by this field. I have no intentions of using the typical tone, voice, and/or style of most historical literature available to me. Instead, as I learned from the concept of feminist praxis, I aim to elevate the experience of the most marginalized communities using my own personal anecdotes and that of my loved ones. I do this in an attempt to propose an understanding of the confusing world we are currently living in. I dont intend to change your worldview, just to share a little bit about how other people are living in it.

So, hi. My name is Shandira, I am a first generation, queer, afrolatina college student majoring in psychology. I suffer from Major Depressive Disorder and mild anxiety, and have never published any writing before. I'm a vegetarian, I love to sing and paint and learn. This is how I'm living in the world.

03/31/20 and on

Everything kinda went to shit after spring break. We came back to a ghost town without any of its usual ghosts. First, the schools shut down. College after college, university after university, one by one closed, cancelled, "moved to remote methods of learning". I had a feeling that it wouldn't be too long until I heard the same news about my own school.

I was right. A day or two before I was supposed to come back into the country I got an email confirming what I already knew, we were closed until April 30th. I guess at that point I still had hope that we would be back on campus sometime before the end of the semester, for finals at least. But then I continued to get emails about move out producers and deadlines and cancellations and it wasn't until I had to go pick up my things two days after coming back from Mexico that it hit me. We were not coming back to campus for the foreseeable future.

Coming back into the country was no walk in the park either. Things were not as bad when my mother and I flew back in, but the constant news updates and warnings from the family were a little anxiety inducing. The trip was about 7 and a half hours long, and much of it was used to clean the seats, seatbelts and surfaces that we touched. We had to take two planes, which means we visited two airports. These places were filled with masks, gloves and a notable lack of people. Even if the process to get back in the country was not tedious yet, the tension and unease was palpable. People were more irritable than usual. Or maybe that was just Philly. We got back to Boston at around midnight and leaving the airport was as easy as picking up our bags and walking out of the door. Which, for some reason, was even more unsettling.

My roommate decided to stay on campus. She said it made more sense for her because she had healthcare and study resources there. Plus less distractions and risks. I guess it made sense. Saying goodbye to our room and our routine was hard, I must admit, and packing everything was even harder. We had way more stuff in that room than I originally remembered; random blankets, books, cereal, and excess wall decorations that we were not ready to throw out but neither of us wanted to keep due

to lack of space. Packing took about 4 hours with breaks in between to check in and laugh about the covid 19 playlist that someone made. Primarily in Spanish. It was pure genius. We said goodbye like 4 times, mostly because I kept forgetting something in the room and going back up, or so I said.

After dropping off my key at the gate and filling out the move out form, my family was back on our way to Boston. The streets were empty and the drive back relatively fast, but I still managed to find time for a nap. Every time I drifted back into consciousness and looked back into all of the hastily packed items, I remembered that all of this was real and very much not a dream. It also set in that I had a lot of shit to do to prepare for online classes.

See, right before my mom and I left for Mexico, our internet service was canceled. I won't say my mom is irresponsible with her bill payments but basically I had to subscribe for internet service through a new server and pay for it myself. I didn't mind because I would be using most of it but I wasn't planning on doing that. The same day I ordered the new system (from our hotel room in Mexico), my computer decided to stop working. It just wouldn't charge and after it died, there was no way to know if it would ever come back to life. So I called the Apple hotline the day before traveling and was informed that all apple stores were closed with no date set to reopen so I couldn't have it fixed. The technician informed me that I would need to buy a new one and offered me a new device in exchange for my old one and \$800. I didn't have \$800, my mom didn't have \$800, my dog didnt have \$800. That was a bit stressful to say the least. This was about a week and a half before classes officially started so pressure was building. In order to avoid stress, I was distracting myself with trying to make all of the stuff I brought home fit into my small room. In remodeling, I wanted to create a work space while also giving the room an overall relaxing feel.

For a few days, the room looked like a storage facility. I removed everything from its usual place to make space for the new stuff. I took out a lot of clothes that I no longer wore, moved the shoes to a little space on the floor uneder the TV and next to the large horizontal dresser, and sorted through the

storage space on top of my closet. To make an office space, I moved the little desk mami bought a few years back, the one that never really got used, to the space I made under my closet, next to my clothes. After putting up some pictures and a calendar, it did feel like an office space, probably a cubicle office space but an office space nonetheless. For ambiance, I put up Christmas lights on the window and made the gray wall behind my bed a memory wall and filled it with pictures and other memories I had collected in college. I gotta say, I'm pretty proud of myself because my room looks better than it has in a long time. I can work here and I feel relaxed there.

After everything was organized (it took me about 3 days, which is also how many days I contacted the technician or he called me to negotiate), I still had no computer. Seeing as I had no money, I decided to ask for help. I have multiple scholarships that help me pay for school and they also promised to support me with anything else I need so I decided to reach out to them. The first one I asked was a little slow in communicating. There was a lot of "let me see what I can do" and "send me an official invoice of how much the would cost", so I asked a second scholarship organization and right away they sent me an email saying "this is the type of computer we usually get out students, would this be okay for you?". I was pleasantly surprised at how willing and resourceful they were and by the end of the week, I had a new computer. Well, my family had a new computer and I used the computer I had bought them a few years back because it was just better suited for the work I would be doing. While all of this was happening, I received the new internet box and set it up. This internet was supposed to be even faster than the previous one we had. Faster and easy to use. I set it up, connected my devices and was ready to go. That is until my mom came into my room and told me that her tv wouldn't connect and that my brother was complaining about his ps4 being slow. So I called fire WiFi and told them that our smart TVs wouldn't connect (we have 4 which might explain why things were a little slow). The very nice lady on the phone walked me through some complicated process that was supposed to make the wifi faster and allow for all the smart TVs to connect. I felt like a hacker pressing all of these random buttons on my

computer which somehow connected to the modem. The TVs connected but my mom still complained that her YouTube video was taking too long to load and that my devices were fine because the box was in my room but that we (I) paid for the best internet so all of our devices should be able to connect from anywhere in the house. Needless to say she was dissatisfied with the service so she took matters into her own hands. I won't say there was fraud committed but as I was balancing myself on the office chair in my room trying to reach the storage space on top of my closet, she ran in the room with a Comcast representative on the line telling me to pretend I'm so and so. My brother also ran in after her, eyes wide mouthing for me to play along. It took me a second to realize what was going on and another second to regain my balance so as to not fall off but after saying a few words the representative agreed to reinstate service under my new name. And my mom, of course, has all of the rights for the account. I really hope that doesn't come back to bite me in the ass later. So by that night we had two internet providers and I had no money. It was a little frustrating to tell you the truth but I had to keep going. So I called the fire wifi people the next day and told them that I didn't want their service anymore and that I wanted to return the box. Surprisingly, they were very okay with that, the lady on the phone didn't even ask me why, she just asked for my email and sent over the return label. A few days later I had my money back. Talking about money, remember my scholarship? The first one I contacted ? They deposited 800 into my account to help me buy a computer. After the computer from the other scholarship arrived I almost felt bad for having that money but my mom and grandma kept trying to convince me that I could use the money as much as anyone else but I knew that maybe another scholar needed it more than me. I ended up telling my first scholarship about this and assumed they would take the money back but they didn't. They said I could keep it and that they would trust me to use it wisely. I love those people.

In terms of Covid and social distancing, I didn't really leave the house much after coming back from Mexico. The only time I went out was to visit my partner at work or at his house but even that stopped when he started visiting me.

A little back story on that. My partner and I started dating back in 2016 before he transitioned to identifying as a man and my mom was really not okay with the whole situation for various reasons. In the years sense, we have seen each other on and off behind her back because in all honesty, it hurt me to lie to her but that is the man I will marry so I couldn't just stop seeing him. Good news is, my mom and I had a really heartfelt conversation on the beaches of Cancun and we cleared up a few things regarding Leo. On the flight over here, I confessed that I was still seeing him and that we were in a committed relationship. I even told her he visited me at Conn. After we came back, she agreed to see him again and even wanted to apologize. Plus, she said, it's better for him to come visit than for me to continue putting myself at risk just to go see him. So Leo was coming over. At some point. As soon as he could get his anxiety under control and calm his fear of my mom. It took some time, and he almost passed out coming up the stairs, quite literally, but 20 mins later, he was able to come through the door and it wasn't so bad. He met my dog Sophie and my grandma, tata. My mom and her boyfriend Dave didn't come back until later that night so he had a chance to calm down with the help of Sophie. That night we sang Karaoke and even danced a bit. She apologized. And I may or may not have shed a tear or two. That same night, he also stayed over for the first time ever. I did not expect my mom to be so welcoming but he basically lives here now. One concerning bit of information is that Leo works at Fenway health, an LGBTQIA+ clinic in Boston. After everything shut down and the city was officially under lockdown, he still had to work because he was still an "essential worker". He has asthma so he's been extra scared of contracting the virus. He gets really sick, really easily. There is also my grandma, if he gets sick and brings something here then she is also at an increased risk. But we risk it a little bit. We've all agreed that unless he starts showing symptoms or finds out that he has had direct contact with someone who tested positive, that he could still come visit every weekend. (Sometimes he stayed longer than that but it was supposed to only be the weekends).

The lockdown has been pretty interesting in Boston because unlike other major cities, it's not a mandatory lockdown. Until recently, we just had a stay at home advisory. A few days ago mayor Marty Walsh added more details to the advisory saying that people should not be outdoors from 9:00pm to 6:00am. Even though the advisories seem to be getting more strict, the mayor still hasn't declared an order and so not everyone is taking this seriously. It sucks because it is very possible that Massachusetts could be the next New York and much like Boston, if other cities continue to take this lightly, the whole country will continue to suffer.

So, I don't know. Our supposed leaders continue to disappoint me. Even worse, the next four years are not looking too good either because Sanders dropped out of the presidential race and the only left is Biden. Biden is basically a republican in disguise. So it's either a republican in disguise who won't change much for the better of the people or another term of a clueless orange who somehow manages to fuck everything up even though he doesn't know what he's doing half the time.

Everyday I watch news updates or read about how more people are dying or getting sick or how the economy is going to hell and the president is suggesting we use malaria medication to treat the coronavirus.

A lot of things are uncertain right now but I'm just trying to do my classwork and look for a job without too much depression getting in the way. It's been hard, because nothing is certain and sometimes I feel like I don't really have a purpose anymore. I know I do but it's been hard to find motivation.

One of the things I was excited about doing when I returned to Boston working with SIM, the student immigrant movement of Boston. Right now they are fighting with Boston Public Schools who are giving student disciplinary information to the Boston Police Department and subsequently ICE. For those who are undocumented or honestly, just not white, this put them at higher risk of getting involved with the law, even without realizing that they were already being targeted. It's hard to fight with the whole system under a quarantine but like they say "justice can not be quarantined".

but honestly, I don't even know how I can best support the movement and I rarely have the energy. Therapy has been spotty recently. I had to go back to my old therapist who I saw before Conn and she's great but there's a reason I saw her in conjunction with someone else. Plus we can only do video calls and I see her every two weeks. Two weeks is plenty of time to have depressive episodes. So yea, things are kinda shit but I'm coping. Everyday is....a day. Let's see how long this lasts.

04/1/20

Hello darkness my old friend. It's been a while but here we are. I kinda missed you. crying for no particular reason, complete and utter apathy and lack of motivation, and oh that ever present feeling that something is wrong with me. But there is nothing wrong with me.

I had been feeling so good lately that for a split second I dared think that this feeling would never come back. But who am I kidding. This is my natural state. depression, you are familiar and comfortable. I know what this feels like and I accept it. I can be myself with you, you don't judge me or expect much of me, you just welcome me with open arms and let my tears fall, comfortably. And you have a great taste in music. this music that, even if wordless, can express perfectly how I feel, all of the fucked up and complicated emotions that I have right here, all in tune. You make sense. You and I make sense.

↑So that was depressed Shandira. She was not doing too well. I was not feeling my best but these days are looking a bit brighter. Metaphorically of course, weatherwise it's been windy and cloudy.

04/10/2020

Finally, a daily log. This entire time it has been feeling like I was just trying to catch up with myself because everything just kept happening. Today was like most other Fridays, I tried and failed to get up at 9, woke up at around

11, looked through the news updates, which were a lot of the same, did some homework, and then planned out my upcoming week. It's looking okay.

Emails are sometimes hard to keep up with because they just keep coming. Slower than before but still many of them. Here's what I learned from them recently: Turns out that I can get paid for writing down my experience so after I finish this, I will document my hours. My hope is to write for about an hour per day so that I can work my regular 5 hours a week. Talking about money, I managed to set up an interview for a job as a teacher assistant! The center, which is in the longwood medical area, takes care of the kids of nearby doctors, so as you can imagine the center hopes to open up again soon. They are scheduled to open up again on May 4th, so if I get the job, I imagine I would start then. My interview is on Tuesday so I will let you know how that goes soon enough. Anyway, I also learned that SGA is still holding elections for next semester and Unity house just sent out an email encouraging us to run for a position. I guess that this is Conn trying to maintain a level of normalcy. I guess I need to do the same for my clubs too. I had Ricardo send me a list of people who might be interested in joining the Eboard for QPOC next semester. I have to email them soon and see how we can start setting up a bit for next year. An email I have not gotten is one from IT or the registrar's office or Dean Morash telling us when registration will be open again. Pre-registration for the class of 2023 was a mess, a two day mess and ever since the last disaster two days ago, we have not heard anything back about when we can finally register and the more time I have to think about it, the more my mind changes. What I have realized recently is that I prefer Psychology and Human Development classes much more than GSIS or Soc (the department keeps fucking me over because their classes keep getting full too quickly) but since those are my second major and minor respectively, I have to take those classes. I want to take Adolescent Development but I have another class to take at the same time. Anyway, that's pretty much it for today. Oh yea! I started watching Haikyū, that's cool too. I like it so far.

04/13/20

Today went by okay. I woke up at a decent hour and started my work a bit earlier. I attended my soc class that day because my professor insisted that it was essential (although it still felt like a waste of time). I also decided to go to my other class because I had a presentation coming up and there was another group presenting on monday so I wanted to see if I could get any ideas and notes to build off. To make things more interesting, my partner was also working from my room that day. As a medical assistant, he was answering phone calls from patients until 5:30 pm. All this means is that finishing all of my homework for that day took a little longer than expected. That morning, my new bed was delivered. We had ordered a new one because mine, which I have had for about 7 or 8 years, was falling apart. My partner and I decided to try and put the bed together after we both finished our work. I had forgotten that I had an honor council hearing that night but was able to get someone to cover me so that we could get the bed set up and over with. Since everything is shut down and people cannot be assembling things in large groups, we got this bed from an Ikea-like place which is all to say we had to put it together ourselves. Long story short, we later found that plywood is easily breakable and that making a bed is not as easy as you would think, especially when the manual is in french. We finished, very stressfully, putting together what we could of the bed at around 10:00pm (my dad and brother took over for me and my partner midway, even though my brother was the one who broke part of the bed, because we live in a heteropatriarchal system and they of course thought they could do it better). Frustrated about the patriarchy, tired, and a little concerned with how my room would turn out, I was a little snappy and insisted that my family help take out the old bed and the rest of the trash that we had strategically placed all over the apartment when trying to build this bed. My mom and grandmother did not think it was a good idea but I insisted that there was no need to wait until the next day to clean the mess (I get a bit anxious when there is a big mess in my living and work space). They eventually agreed and we all, except Dave (my step

dad), took a field trip down from the third floor to the garbage bins carrying what we could from the things scattered around the apartment. As my mom and I were carrying out the headboard from the bed, our dog Sophie ran out after us. I encouraged my mom to take her back upstairs and that I would wait for her back on the first floor but she insisted on just carrying her outside with us. Fine.

Shandereck, my brother, came out with some cardboard a little bit later and noticed my mom holding Sophie. He thought it would be a great idea to put her down because he trusted that she would not run away from us. She did.

1 hour. That is how long we took to come back to the house. For the first 35 minutes we could not find Sophie. Shandereck was watching her but he looked away for one second to finish throwing away the cardboard and she just ran. She ran and none of us saw her for a good 35 minutes. We had also left our phones upstairs with Dave so when we went off in groups looking for her (me and my partner, and my mom and shandereck), we had no way to communicate with each other. Leo and I walked around the whole projects until we ran into my mom back in front of our apartment building. Five minutes before that we started hearing a whistling sound that I thought sounded like Dave but I could not see where it was coming from. That was until I heard my mom say, "he's up on the roof!". We looked up to find Dave on the roof holding up Sophie. "She's right here!" That is when Leo started singing "the Circle of life" as Dave held Sophie up like Simba in the Lion King. We all laughed nervously and started making our way towards the building door until my mom wondered out loud where Shandereck was. He did not have his phone and was nowhere to be found for the next half an hour. Leo and I went looking for him as my mom went back upstairs. We shouted his name as we made rounds around the projects again. In the dark. Someone threw a rock and when it hit a window it sounded a little bit like a gunshot. That was the first time in a while that I felt unsafe being outdoors at night. Leo reacted a lot faster than I could. Before I knew it he was dragging me back home, cussing at the wind, saying things like "if you weren't here, I would have...". We went home without Shandereck. When we walked in Mami was crying into Dave's arms. Tata, my grandma, explained that

Sophie ran back to Airon's, our neighbor's, house, probably looking for Mimi, their dog. Tata then brought her back in. When we told Dave what happened with the rocks, he started getting ready to go check out the scene (toxic masculinity at work) and before we knew it, we were all out in the coronavirus filled outdoors. again. Looking for Shandereck or in Dave's case, rock throwing kids (Shandereck later told us they were kids who were causing trouble from roof tops). As we were leaving to where the rocks were thrown, Tata shouted from the door that he was here. He had just come back. So, we convinced Dave to come back inside and leave the kids alone. We were all back inside by midnight. Way past the mandatory stay at home order. I was surprised to see multiple police cars and have none of them stop us for being out that late. Once we finally came back in, we all washed our hands. Most of us showered and tried to relax. Sophie was grounded that night and had to go to bed right away.

04/14/20

I had an interview at 10:00am and my partner worked at 9:00am (he forgot and thought he clocked in at 9:30am). Our alarm was set to go off at 9:00am and another one at 9:20am. We heard them both, turned them off, and then proceeded to fall back asleep until 10:05 am. I don't know what woke me up but as soon as I saw the time and the fact that I had a missed call from a minute ago, I jumped out of bed and called the interviewer back. Thankfully, they were very nice and the interview went well. I am scheduled to come in on the 5th (if the child care center is open by then) for the second half of the interview. They want to see me in action (which I think is a great sign). Leo later told me that it took him a second to realize he was an hour late to work.

I had a meeting with some classmates to plan for today's presentation and then studied for the upcoming Psychology test and did some other homework for the rest of the day. At around 6, I finally finished. I got all ready to go to the corner store (being in isolation will do that to you) and after we came back with cookies, I let my mom practice doing nails on me. She is a hair stylist but since the quarantine started she decided to

limit the number of clients she takes in, meaning she has much more free time. I guess she is taking on a new hobby involving acrylic and some machines. My nails came out pretty nice, but unfortunately it cost me a finger (it was more of a deep cut but it might as well have been my whole finger). It took two hours and I was so happy when she was done because I wanted to go watch more vines with my partner. That is when the lights went out. It was probably a black out because the whole south end area lost power but I was very confused as to what might have caused this. There was a [storm](#) monday night which I thought might have caused this but the storm, which caused many power outages in nearby parts of the state but wasn't too bad in Boston. That's when I found out there was a [flood](#) down the street caused by a sinkhole that ended up displacing about 30 people and causing a lot of damage. The blackout only lasted about 2 hours and it wasn't too scary but it just felt like things kept happening one after the other.

04/15/20

This morning we woke up a bit late again but thankfully I was not really late for anything. I made some breakfast before joining the last meeting in preparation for the class we were scheduled to facilitate today. Classes went by smoothly and I was able to finish all of my homework before 5:30pm. While I was working today, however, my partner told me about how the [US may need to extend social distancing for viruses until 2022](#) according to researchers at the Harvard School of Public Health. I do not know what this means in terms of any actual legislation or orders to come. Especially considering that we have a presidential election coming up. I did not want to believe him at first but it makes sense that until we come up with a vaccine or develop herd immunity that we might need to continue to stay put in order to avoid spreading the virus even further. I don't know, a lot of things are uncertain right now. I'm just glad to be done with the class presentation.

04/16/20

Wow, look at me being consistent. Well, today I decided to write before doing my work because today just feels like that type of day. We woke up at the intended time today, for once, and I made brunch (I never finish in time for breakfast). As I was cooking, my partner came into the kitchen and told me that he had news. In his words, "well, it's not good news but it's not really bad news either". Just tell me the news. He was unemployed. Officially, according to Fenway Health, he was unemployed, because Fenway was struggling financially so they had to place about half of their staff on standby "indeterminately". They encouraged him to apply for unemployment with the promise that he would get \$600 a week. He seemed fine with that, sad not to be working with his team but remaining calm for now. I have a bad feeling about this though, because I know that the unemployment rate spiked dramatically during this pandemic so the office is more than overwhelmed right now. I honestly have no idea when he will actually be able to start seeing those benefits and if his bills can wait. His landlord might put their rent on hold, and his student loans are also paused for now but this situation just serves to remind me that the economy might take it really hard once all of this is over. Whenever all of this is over. I don't know, I am going to try and study for the psych test I am taking tomorrow and hopefully the rest of the day is relatively calm. Last night turned out okay. Shandereck chilled with us for a bit and we talked about relationships and trust and polyamory. He seems to have very strong opinions. He is growing up too fast.

4/17/20

Today was not very eventful. Leo left this morning to go do laundry, which is only open for limited hours, and then came back in the afternoon to stay with us for the weekend. Having done that, he technically stayed with us for over a week, the longest yet. When he left, I took that time to talk to my mom and update her on his job situation. She suggested he applied for unemployment which was already the plan. More importantly, I

was curious to hear how she felt about him being here for so long. I know she is very picky about having anyone over for an extended period of time, since "that is not how she was raised" and I was right to be curious. When I asked her, she reiterated that she liked Leo and that whenever he asked, she would be okay with him staying over. But he had to ask. She was a little ticked off that he had basically stayed a whole week and we had not bothered to update her on that. This is a very valid concern, but in our defence, we had planned for him to leave on wednesday but things kept changing and we would make the last minute decision for him to stay. She also suggested we talk about what things are going to look like going forward since he is no longer working. He has more free time but in her words "he cannot move in here".

He knows that too and I know he doesn't like to over step or over stay his invitation. I was surprised that he was avoiding the topic of leaving and going back home but I figured there was a reason for it. A little more background on Leo. His life has not been the easiest and I learn more about this everyday so I am not going to get too much into detail but I am going to say that the resulting trauma has lead him to fear being alone because when he is alone or feels lonely for too long, many unwanted unprocessed feelings resurface. The way he explained it, he doesn't mind leaving here because no matter how much he enjoys being here with me, he knows we each need our individual space. What he dreads is going home because he knows that there is no one waiting there for him. He hates the fact that he can't even go to his moms or dads house because she is more anxiety inducing than anything and he is all the way back in Puerto Rico. It's not that he wanted to move in with us, he was just scared to go back home because his thoughts could be relentless and they would not leave him alone. What scared him even more was knowing that he was no longer working and did not know when he would receive his unemployment benefits. He knows he cannot be spending money recklessly because he still owes the rent, student loans, and other miscellaneous bills. He could not be paying for uber weekly to come see me. He simply did not have the money for that. So, for once since the quarantine started, we might actually have to quarantine ourselves from each other.

We agreed that if he can afford it, he would come only on the weekends, Friday to Sunday. I am trying to be okay with all of that.

I was supposed to do a certain amount of homework today since I don't do homework on the weekends but before I could even finish the Psych test, just one of the things I was supposed to do today, it was already getting dark out. I lost my motivation to do work after that. I did not even turn in the test because I wanted to have time to go over it. Monday it is.

04/20/20

Tomorrow is Shanderecks birthday. It's funny because I kept seeing people posting things like "March birthday parties be like '" and then there was a picture of a sad child blowing out candles in a dark room all alone. My mom's birthday is in March, and no matter how lit she tried to seem on social media, that is exactly how it felt for her. As April dragged on, the memes continued to come up for April babies. My brother's birthday is tomorrow and I am pretty sure that is how he feels. Recently I saw a similar picture of a sweater that said "May babies 'the one where we were quarantined'". It is a reference to friends and the quarantine, great selling points. I am a may baby and I am pretty sure that is how I will feel.

Talking about the interwebs and social medias, I also saw this post on Instagram today:



Dan Sheehan
@ItsDanSheehan

The quarantine state of mind is having
3 solid days where you feel pretty well
adjusted, followed by a sudden,
unexpected dip into what we call "the
hell zone"

It feels pretty accurate. I want to finish all of my work and be done with classes and I am so close I can almost taste it but at the same time, I don't want to go to class and my messed up

sleep schedule means that I am starting my homework much later than usual which means that I have done close to nothing by the time it's 4:00pm, which is when I am usually supposed to be finishing. This cycle leads to a lot of unproductivity and unhealthy food choices.

It's crazy to me that April is almost over and that I end classes and start work in May and that it is very possible we will still be under quarantine. Daily, I grow more and more convinced that the US will have to remain under quarantine for longer and will suffer much more than the rest of the world because of things like "[protests against lockdown](#)" and "[Covid-19 Conspiracy theories](#)". It boggles my mind how people can politicize a global pandemic and put all of us at risk with their stupidity. What's even more mind boggling is that the government is basically supporting all of this. I think Florida serves as a great example for this, opening their [beaches](#) and easing their lockdown rules prematurely for absolutely no good reason.

I don't know, a lot of things feel numb for me. That is to say, I feel numb. I am reporting all of these things that I see happening and of course, I am biased on the way that I report them because I have my own opinions but when it comes to how I really feel about all of this? I miss Leo (he left like an hour ago), and I miss going outside and sitting in the sun. I miss Camila, my roommate, who was not doing too well the last I checked, and I miss having a schedule. I miss Deveon, my therapist from Conn and I miss face to face therapy. I guess I miss having enough distractions so that I did not have time to feel so numb and frustrated with my present. Because even though it is not bad at all, I really want to fast forward to working as a therapist or some sort of psychology professional, living with Leo and having kids and dogs and living someplace warm and being able to organize get-togethers with my friends. I want so many things but for now, I am just numb.

I need to get some work done now.

04/21/20

You might be happy to know that I feel better today. I just finished all of my homework for today and it's only 5:50pm. Leo is doing better than expected, and I know this because he is actually running errands without complaining too much. Oh, today is shanderecks birthday but unfortunately there is no cake. It was raining a lot today so mami decided not to go out. We might have cake tomorrow but I know it won't be tres leches so is it really worth getting excited over?

Last night was weird. I tried going to sleep at around midnight but my mind did not want to shut off. I was tossing and turning for about two hours until I finally drifted off to sleep close to 3:00am. The thunderstorm sounds definitely helped. This morning, it is no surprise, I woke up at around 9 but fell right back to sleep until 10-11ish when I decided to call Leo because I remembered he said he wanted to wake up at 10 in order to go to the bank. I woke him up but it turns out he had not gone to sleep until 6:00am so I decided to let him sleep in a bit more. I was planning to get out of bed around then but something kept pulling me back. I just was not ready to get up and do work. I couldn't. I laid back, listened to some music, scrolled through Instagram and read some news.

Side note: it turns out that the coronavirus can cause widespread [blood clots](#) throughout the body in those who are severely affected. More and more symptoms are observed everyday but we are no closer to developing a treatment for the root cause.

Also side note: I did not realize that one of the main reasons why so many conspiracy theories about the virus were surfacing was because the originally believed origin, bats, was [disproven](#). So now, no one knows where this virus came from and people are scrambling for [answers](#). No matter how ridiculous and irrational they might be.

Anyway, after hours of staring at my screen, I finally got up and did something with my life. I finished my work early today but other news keep surfacing in my head to remind me that when classes are over. I really dont have much to do. My supervisor for my internship in Planned Parenthood was recently furloughed

and thus the STARS program that I previously helped oversee is closed for the time being. I also got an email from the childcare center where I was supposed to go interview and probably work informing me that their reopening was pushed back to the end of June. This means that, if everything goes well, I cannot come in until the beginning of July. I am both excited and worried for my sanity at the thought of finishing class and having no real responsibilities for the upcoming months. It looks like the quarantine funtimes are just beginning.

04/22/20

So, it was cold as fuck this morning when I woke up. By "cold as fuck", I mean that I had to put the AC in the window in order to have more space in the room even though the world doesn't know it's supposed to be spring and it's still blasting us with strong ass winds and the AC has been broken for years on the sides which allows for said strong ass winds to rush into my room (I also forgot to turn the heater back on). And by "this morning when I woke up", I mean at 9:00am, 9:20am, 10:00am, 10:30am and 11:00am, which is when I finally decided to get up and put on pants so that I can register for classes at noon.

It's about to be 11:30am and so I have some time to spare before class registration (and whatever mess that might bring) and the rest of my work day. I decided to use that time wisely and do some morning writing in the comfort of my PJs and blanket. Last night I added some links to today's entry because I wanted to make sure I talked about them. The first one I added was an article about the rising levels of severe and major [depression](#) that is directly correlated to the rise of Covid-19. Like the healthcare system, the mental health system is also not ready for the need for support that this will create. Those who have already been diagnosed with any form of anxiety or depression and have already been getting treatment (such as ya boi) will need it even more so, and everyone else who has to face the financial, social, emotional, and health implications of this pandemic will most likely need support too. Some are calling this a second, more quiet pandemic that is creeping up on us at the same time as Covid and like with Covid, we are not

ready for it. I mean, I have a therapist for the time that I'm here and thankfully I have more support than what I've had in previous years but I was looking forward to finishing the semester with my therapist back at Conn (because even though I love Melissa, my therapist here, I feel like Daveon was more helpful). If not, I would have loved to connect with someone at GLASS, an LGBTQIA+ organization where I used to get therapy before. Now that I think about it, if GLASS opens up again while I'm here, I could volunteer to help them with whatever they need because as a small nonprofit, they are probably struggling right now.

The second thing I wanted to mention was Trump's [immigration ban](#) on the grounds that when the economy opens back up that "Americans" should be the ones getting first hand access to jobs and that foreigners should not be allowed to come in and steal the jobs Americans so desperately need. I could not believe my eyes when I read that but at this point, it should not surprise me that he is using this pandemic to try and pass his xenophobic agenda while no one is looking. Except that people are looking and some, like immigration experts and economists are not happy with this executive order because they know that a healthy influx of immigration actually aids the economy and that such an unprecedented action could be detrimental to the country. But honestly, we are going to hell in a [hellbaket](#) so what the hell. The next few years are not going to be pretty and that is that, we are not going to be doing well. And by we, I mean everyone, even big corporations I presume because I know that even oil companies are struggling right now with an excess in oil and nowhere to put it which is plummeting oil prices into the negatives.

The last thing last night I wanted to talk about was the fact that we were close to having a Coronavirus [vaccine](#) years ago but then the funding ran out. Apparently, there was no interest for the vaccine and so the research had to stop. That just goes to show what we prioritize in this country, or more importantly, what we don't. Because it's hard to know what the priority is but it sure as hell is not people's well being or mental health, it's not scientific advancement and it's definitely not improving this country's faulty systems overall.

So, yea, now we have to wait months potentially years until we have a vaccine.

Anyway, I just took a pause to register for classes. Turns out the third time was the charm because I got all but one of my classes and that one class I did not get is taught by one of my current professors whom I already spoke to about joining her class. So I emailed her and now it's just a waiting game. The next thing I have to do, on friday, is sign up for work hours for next fall. I am glad we are doing all of this now because at least it makes me feel like I have control over something.

Alright, tis been fun. Ima go try and do some work or shower or something.

04/23/20

Soooo, leo came over last night. He was supposed to come over today but he had what we will call an "internet feud" with his ex and her current boyfriend and nearly broke down so he came over last night hoping to feel better. We watched the last few episodes of "i'm not okay with this" and the first episode of "Riverdale" and he seems to be doing better but I know that he is not completely there just yet because of course this still affects him. I would be lying if I said it didnt affect me to see how much power she still has over him. He must have really cared about her since she keeps coming up and always manages to get his attention. He said that he was glad I was here instead of Conn at that moment. And for once, we were thankful for this whole quarantine.

Today I woke up around 12 becuase my sleep schedule is still fucked up. The good news is that I did not have too much work today, and most of it was writing which I enjoy doing, so I am basically done after this and I can shower.

But before that, I also talked to camila last night. We talked a bit about my nonexistent feelings about V (leo's ex) and then we very passionately talked about the quarantine situaton. She agreed with me that everything is going to shit and that we should not make plans or get our hopes up for anything (I agreed as I made plans with Melissa for WOCC next year. We are the new co chairs).

Today the news was not any more uplifting with Fauci affirming that we will have covid19 in the [fall](#) and that its severity depends on how the country reacts. We all know that it is very likely that Trump will get reelected and things will continue to go to shit so we could see a worse resurgence next fall and winter. I dont want to make too many plans for the fall because it is likely that we will not be going back until maybe next spring and I honestly dont know what implications that will have.

For now, I am just looking day by day and my day to day involves a lot of Tata cleaning random parts of the house over and over again. Today she cleaned the back of the fridge and behind the stove. She also mopped and dusted some parts of the house. I hope she is not cleaning the bathroom again because that takes forever. Mami is learning more skills like how to do in home teeth whitening and beard line ups (or whatever she did to Dave). Shandereck is...Shandereck. He shaved half of his own hair recently (<https://photos.app.goo.gl/iVvb9Gc3gOyz4BZH7>). That was funny. And Me? Idk, we'll see.

04/24/20

Homework is looking really slow today. I have all of these questions about the universe and what makes you you and the ship of theseus and all of these things that really dont have to do with my homework but kinda do because everything is connected. I know I should do my work because I am so close to being done but Kurzgesagt is calling my name.

Anyway, today I heard that we are working on [vaccines](#) at a faster rate than expected and that we might have things under control by the fall and that cases are going down around the country but my pessimistic brain cannot help but keep thinking that we will continue going to shit. And maybe that is because it is easier to expect the worst and be pleasantly surprised than it is to make plans and have them cancelled again. In other news, it's friday and that means I can finally relax tonight and tomorrow and the day after that. Surprisingly, I

relaly like Riverdale and there's 3 seasons so I'll keep myself busy.

Today is kinda short so that's it.

04/27/19

Sleep has been scarce for the past few days and my body is feeling it. I was in bed until around 5:00pm yesterday and was in and out of sleep because Leo is on his period and is in terrible pain. He has barely slept in the past two days as well which I think is part of it. Before I knew it, the day was over and I had done some homework. I am still tired and trying to sleep but leo is not sleepy yet so he's just chillin 'on a chair next to the bed. He was supposed to go home yesterday but he had an anxiety attack right before leaving so I told him to stay. He was still bleeding too much so he said that sitting on the chair was better for him.

Sometime throughout the day I learned a few pieces of info that are not even worth spending too much time on because it is just more proof that the world is going to shit. All I have to say is, trump is telling everyone that vaccines of bleach and lysol are helpful against the virus, people are still protesting after the death of George Floyd (this time in NY), Trump's administration has passed legislation allowing doctors to refuse to care for LGBTQIA folks, and, on a more positive note, cases are going down in Boston so I guess we are doing something right.

04/28/20

It's almost May and classes are almost over. Meanwhile, SIM, the Dialogue Project, DIEI, WOCC, and QTPOC are still present as responsablities for me. In terms of Conn related responsibilities, it seems like we are getting an early start on preparing for next year. Although we do not know what things will look like going forward, we still have to prapare in case things do go as planned.

I am feeling...slow. By slow I mean, it takes effort to move and function because my body would prefer to be in bed. I want to sleep, even though sleep does not come easy. I am a bit concerned because it feels like none of us are sleeping, even my great grandmother back in DR is facing many sleepless nights. This might be due to a lack of schedule but it definitely feels like more, because I was never like this even when I was on break or in the summer.

I will try to do work today and maybe when/if I feel less...slow, I can write a more descriptive entry.

04/29/20

You know, maybe doing these after all of my homework might not be the best idea because now it's almost 8:00pm, my back hurts and my mind is only half functioning. Nevertheless, I guess a few updates are due.

Well, for my GSIS final I am writing a letter for a future grandchild about my quarantine experience (so kinda similar to this) as well as creating a social media presence where I can continue to advocate for social justice even under quarantine. That experience was interesting seeing as I am not much of a social media person. I don't like making my presence known on the interwebs but I guess since this is more like sharing my opinion through other people's posts rather than my personal information or pictures of myself that's slightly better (?). It can be a little addicting, checking how many people have reacted to my posts, who's following and whatnot. I can see how people can get addicted to this, especially with nothing better to do. Btw, follow me @purposefulsharing ;)

My other finals are going well. Most of them are papers and the only test I have is in the personality and social chapter of psych which I really enjoy learning about. As you can see by these extensive descriptions, I really like writing so that's all good. The only problem is that I have about three more class sessions for Soc and GSIS which would require me to either show up (soc) or write a post about the readings (GSIS). The soc class, like I have mentioned before, is a waste of my time that could be spent doing the work for that class. The readings for

GSIS are important but feel so long. I have been having a specially difficult time focusing this week and reading a 15 page paper about Globalization and Transnational Production is simply not realistic for me right now. I am trying to convince myself to post things about the two more classes (readings) I will end up missing before the semester is over (so sometime next week) but IDK.

I still cannot sleep and my relationship with food is interesting. I eat less meals a day but sometimes what I do eat is just straight up junk. Maybe once classes are over and my days are emptier I can work on getting the rest of my life back on track? Yes, that is what I will do.

And as for news updates? Well, trump has removed protection against discrimination for [LGBTQIA+](#) patients when seeking mendical assistance, the pentagon has released footage of [UFO's](#) in the sky, and the upcoming economic period is being dubbed the [greater depression](#). There's that.



05/05/2020

It's been some time. I am going to blame it on the fact that Conn's system for recording hours is currently unavailable and so as soon as I stopped being able to record hours I stopped recording my experience. I am also going to blame it on the fact

that it is almost finals week and I have stopped completing classwork in order to work on my finals, which has been more work than expected, especially since I have been waking up around noon. I never said they were good excuses, I just said those were at fault for my radio silence.

I am almost done with my finals and I can taste it. I know I keep saying that but I have already submitted two and am almost done with two more. One is yet to be distributed but I'm pretty sure I can complete it in a day. I don't really know what comes next if I'm honest. I want to say that I will read more, write more, draw, sing, work on my social media campaign, look for opportunities to volunteer, work or intern, help more at sim, take some online classes and spend more time with Leo and maybe friends but will I? I know I would love to do those things but I'm also scared that if I sign up for too many things or start doing too many things again I will fall into another depressive episode. I have to pace myself but I don't think I know what that looks like. It's almost summer and all I want is to go outside, enjoy the sun, sing, read and write. Maybe I'll limit myself to that for a while. I really don't have to do so many things right? I mean, I'll see what online classes are available and what ways I can make money without too much time commitment until July (when I'm scheduled to go in for part two of my interview).

As for news, [Asian Murder Hornets](#) have made their way to the US and might be killing off our bees, People are still protesting, the economy still sucks, Trump is still an idiot, Kim Jong Un is alive, Elon Musk had a kid and named it something cool, movie theaters are probably closing down as we know them soon, and I still can't sleep. 👍

05/07/20

The links below are things I've found interesting and wanted to save for when I had time to write again. I guess today is that day. As I'm writing this I am sitting on the toilet in the only position that feels comfortable for my cramps. My periods are usually painless with the exception of late night light cramps but it's noon and I'm bleeding like crazy, in very distracting

pain. I started doing some research because I'm pretty convinced this is not normal. It turns out I was right

(<https://thehealthnexus.org/how-the-coronavirus-could-be-affecting-your-period/>). Many people who menstruate have been

experiencing irregular periods mostly due to unprecedented stress and sudden changes in their dietary and daily routines. I didn't think I was stressed but I can't deny that my routines have all changed in a way that must be affecting me. I was supposed to finish studying for psych today and then work in my final papers for SOC but instead I'm sitting on the toilet listening to "if the world was ending" and reading about the many other effects of the pandemic.

Also, today is my birthday and everyone expects me to be in a celebratory mood. First, my birthday is not usually a big deal for me. Second, today all I want to do is sit here and free bleed while a little bit of sunlight comes through the clouds and the window. I know that sooner or later they will drag me out of here and I will have to smile through the pain.

That statement feels weird to say because the pain is definitely not the worst it can be. I've definitely had worse and I've seen worse. Both my mom and boyfriend look like they're dying when they menstruate. I know my pain doesn't compare but should I wait for mine to get that bad to do something about it???? I guess the fear of having worse pain is what's keeping me here, not necessarily the pain itself. Every time I get up and walk around I not only feel cramps but also a little light headed. I don't really want to interact too much with people. So instead of being rude or avoidant, I prefer to just sit here. I'm tired of being the strong one. Like yes I can't put up with this pain and "not be a baby" about it but what If I don't want to put up with it? I want to sit on this toilet and write. And you know what? That is okay!

Anyway, I definitely agree that these conditions and the stress are probably messing up people's periods because Leo's was also worse this month. He was in real bad pain and his anxiety was acting up too. Maybe this is how my moods are keeping up with the times.

You know, this is actually very relaxing. I should chill in here more often. I mean, as long as people don't need the bathroom. I

warned my mom that I was taking over. She'll hopefully cover for me.

Last night I was learning a bit about capitalism, consumerism and food waste. I felt so riled up and ready to learn and write about it. I'm still going to because it's a big issue that I want to understand but right now it's a bit farther from my mind. Everything is. I guess this is one of the times where I am forced to pause and just be. I don't do that often and that's actually one of things I want to do more of this summer. Have nothing planned so that I can have more time to reflect and do things like this. Write from my toilet. Maybe this is how the greats do it. Get inspired in the randomest places. Although I guess this is not too random because many people claim to have gotten their biggest ideas while sitting on the toilet. Maybe I will too, one day. It would suck if I was in the middle of getting a great idea and becoming truly inspired and then somebody knocked. I think this is why we need to have more bathrooms.

Okay, I don't know where this is going anymore but then again, what are any of us doing??? Sure some people might be productive somehow but at the end of the day, does it really matter? What is the point? I think that, in the grand scheme of things, this matters just as much as anything else, because we make meaning out of our own lives and this matters to me and therefore it matters.

Alright, you can click the links now and read something probably interesting or sad or frustrating. I honestly don't remember what's down there.

<https://www.nytimes.com/2020/05/05/nyregion/kawasaki-disease-coronavirus.amp.html>

<https://amp.cnn.com/cnn/2020/05/06/us/university-of-pittsburgh-professor-killed/index.html>

Crippling economy? What does it actually mean? Who actually loses?

^oh yea, that's one of the things that I wanted to write about last night. More on that later I guess.

Okay later is now because time is a social construct. Basically, we keep seeing news and people freaking out about how the economy is crashing and how we might go into a greater depression and that's obviously a bad thing but why? Like if you actually think about it, what does it mean for the economy to be "bad". I was watching this documentary last night and it seems like the ones hit the hardest by a bad economy are big corporations, who honestly don't give two rats asses about us, so why should we care about them. I mean, yes we would be badly impacted too since our livelihoods depend partly on their success because that's the way our economy is set up but isn't that the problem?? The system is inherently flawed because it's set up on freuds and get rich quick schemes, draining more and more money out of the working class and poor. The system keeps crashing because it's not sustainable. (I'll research and prove how later but for now believe me, I have a hunch) when the system fails again, which it inevitably will, are we just gonna try to build it up again or actually reform it? I have a feeling it's the former which doesn't reassure me at all, either way, the working and most marginalized people are losing. What most big corporations and upper class people call a depression, the poor and low income like myself call a typical week. I just don't think it's fair that we only realize there's a problem when it affects them. So I say bring it on. Yes it's going to be a tough next few years but maybe they'll realize that what they are doing (by them I mean the fathers of capitalism who have the most to lose in terms of money) is fundamentally wrong and flawed and maybe do something to change it. Then again, maybe not because they have wrong and flawed mentalities that believe capitalism is the way to go. Either way, we're still fucked. I think the only way we can get truly unfucked is with a cou or complete take over. Recently, I had a dream that someone killed the president and most big business conservative Republicans in office and became a dictator and forced a lot of the changes we've been asking for for years and then just left us to take it from there. Oh yea, then warren and sanders became president and VP. It was an interesting dream and I guess it offers a very

radical and extreme way of doing things but what if that's what it takes? I'm not suggesting a coup or a dictatorship or a mass killing of all the idiot leaders we have rn, I'm just saying that soon enough something radical but necessary will probably happen and I won't be too surprised.

I wasn't always this pessimistic and cynical but idk, seeing all of these injustices play out kinda opens your eyes. Maybe this is a coping mechanism for me. Not caring and just waiting for the worst? It's not the healthiest way of coping but I'm starting to understand how others reach the unhealthy ways of coping they do such as driving themselves crazy or shooting up a place (I'm not saying I'm going to do that, just saying I kinda see how people get there). I'm realizing more and more that we are super quick to shame people who do radical and extreme things but we rarely take the time to see how they got there. If we did that, I think we would see how exactly our flawed systems putting people's well-being second can lead to that. Instead of just putting a bandaid on the problem by "removing" those who don't find healthy ways to cope, we need to tear down the system and build a new one that doesn't require so much coping.

I don't know. These are just the thoughts that came to mind as I was free bleeding. They are vague and wordy on purpose because that's how my mind works sometimes. This is not a research or argumentative paper and so I don't have to back up my claims or thoroughly explain them in order to make them convincing. I could, but I don't want to rn. Hopefully someone out there will understand how and why my brain got to those places and maybe even feel a little understood.

05/08/20

Do I care that I'm gaining weight? Maybe. Usually the answer would be no because I have worked to love my body whatever it looks like and I accept that my weight easily fluxuates sometimes without a change in diet but specially with one. But now, with everything changing, I would have liked for my body to be the one thing that I could count on to stay mine, and familiar. I guess it was silly of me to think so because of

course being quarantined for so many weeks will have an impact on the physical in addition to the mental. I feel so off though. Like things hurt more often and intensely. I feel like every time I eat, no matter what or how much, it will either induce cramps or other types of stomach pain. My head hurts more often than not and as I might have mentioned, I can't sleep. I keep getting hurt, I don't know why but I always end up bleeding or burned (minor cuts and burns) somewhere. I have more scars now, some that I don't even recognize. I am running out of breath more easily these days. A simple thing like going up the stairs or dancing gets me panting but it doesn't feel like "I haven't exercised in years" losing my breath (although I haven't), but more like a "am I having an anxiety attack?" type of breathing. I don't know what's happening. I know that this might be biased because right now I'm on my period, but these are things I've been noticing for the past few weeks now. Sometimes I get dizzy and light headed when I stand up too quickly, that's normal and it happens to everyone, but I feel like it's been happening more often these days. I feel like my body is slowly failing me and I can't help but feel that it's my fault because of the way I treat it. I know I should eat better and exercise more, I know I should listen to my body's limits when it's clearly yelling at me to take a break and give it some love. I know these things but my brain is stubborn and goal oriented and blindsided sometimes. It feels like sometimes either my id (the pleasure seeking one) or my superego (the rule follower) are in control, my ego is never there to do its job (keeping a balance). Everything about me feels imbalanced and idk if that's a sign that I'm going crazy or that my body is physically failing or both. Sometimes I feel like crying, about all of this and nothing in particular but I can't. Not because I don't want to but because my body doesn't cry like that. I cry once, for everything that has been built up until that point and then not again for sometime. Today feels like one of those days but I don't think I'll cry. I just gotta finish my finals.

Not sure if covid19 can be considered an STI just yet but the virus can sure as hell be found in [semen](#). Great times.

So today Dave brought home a shit ton of pasta and salad from Olive Garden I imagine to make up for the fact that he and mami had a really bad fight last night and I kicked him out. Feeling the way I've been feeling about my weight and the food we waste everyday, I was really conflicted. I think that being on my period made it all feel much heavier than it needed to be but I just feel like no matter what I do I'm failing a part of me. With this seemingly small matter for example, if I eat a lot of the pasta so that it doesn't go to waste like it usually does, then I'm continuing to hurt my body. If I don't, and it does go to waste, then I'm partly responsible for this cycle of waste and over consumerism that my family constantly contributes to. There's always the third option of donating the food to someone else who does need it, like the homeless people on mass ave (around the corner) but 1. I'm a depressed little shit that doesn't like the idea of going outside and the thought of approaching strangers rn gives me anxiety seeing as there's a pandemic and 2. My mom has these concerns as well and might try to convince me that the family will eat the pasta and I don't have the energy to try and explain to her why that's selfish and toxic. Sometimes I get tired of being the black sheep of the family, even though that's something I'm proud of sometimes. I appreciate Leo for making me feel less alone in my opinions and for always being down to go help, but I feel like I'm failing at fighting for that initiative and leading by example. Why do I always have to be the leader tho? If I don't, who will? These are the thoughts that often go through my mind. I don't know.

05/11/20

So today I submitted my last final. I am officially done and I honestly do not know how to feel about that. Before I finished (yesterday), I thought I would be excited to do some reading, writing, tv watching, walking, and whatever else I felt like doing that day but today, after emailing my last final, I had no idea what to do. Maybe it's the usual waiting around because I know that he is leaving soon, or maybe it was the weird mood that ive been in for the past few days but I kinda just sat there and talked to him. That was nice but I couldnt

help but be worried about him because yesterday, we realized that he had finally run out of money. We knew this would happen, he stopped working and has not heard anything back from unemployment so I guess it should not have been a surprise. A day like yesterday just made me realize that he can't be mindlessly spending money to uber here every week and that his attitude about things is not something I can change. I guess he will do what he needs to do when he can, no matter how much I worry about him.

The future is uncertain and money is fleeting. That's all I got.

05/12/20

I honestly have no idea how much of this info I have recorded on here but for a quick recap: Leo is looking to start Testosterone soon, the hormone many FTM trans people take to their body looking more in accordance to how they feel. He has been making appointments and getting everything ready to start but today he called me after his latest appointment so that we could have a conversation about freezing his eggs for our future use. We had already talked about this extensively and had even looked up what the procedure is like but hearing him tell me that the doctor suggested he talk to me before starting the treatment just made everything that much more real for me. I am so excited and scared shitless at the same time. We are going to have kids sometime in the faraway future but sometime in the more nearby future we are going to start that process. SOON. LIKE NEXT WEEK SOON (probably, if everything is cleared up with the insurance). I don't know how to feel but all good things. It's also crazy to think that he is also starting T soon. LIKE NEXT TWO WEEKS SOON (probably, if everything is cleared up with the insurance). Almost everything about him is going to change and I am so ready to see that, and support him through it. I am just ready to see him be more comfortable and in love with his own body. That makes me feel all warm inside.

On a slightly different note, yesterday I spent a lot of time convincing myself that Conn was not going to resume regular classes in the fall and that they might actually go broke. I know this is very exaggerated but the truth is that many schools

are going to face this challenge because it is more than likely that the coronavirus situation will remain the same or get worse in the fall and everyone will have to adapt to that however they can. I don't know what this means for Conn because Conn doesn't know what this means for Conn but I'm not sure that even if they do open that my mom would want me to go. Today I told her I was going on a walk around the emptier parts of the neighborhood while I went to pick up the mail. I realize this is selfish and careless and that I should know better but I am trying to be okay in an impossible situation and I just wanted to take a walk. I won't be doing that again because my mom is right; we should do everything possible to minimize the risk of infection because we do not want to end up in the hospital where it really is endgame, especially for POC like us. She almost started crying and told me that she too wishes she could go outside but that it's simply not viable. I know she is right, she is also paranoid and scared shitless, but she is right. I guess it just doesn't feel fair to watch others go outside for a walk, safely, with minimal risk, and not be able to do the same. Close to no risk is better than minimal risk.

I have to find more creative ways to get sunlight. Looks like I might spend more time next to the window in the bathroom. It's cozy in there.

05/15/20

So, today I woke up with the brilliant idea of sneaking out of the house and going for a walk. Even though I already had this conversation with my mom and I established with myself that I know better. But in my defence, if I sneak out she has nothing to worry about. Out of sight, out of mind right? There were two flaws with my plan: 1. My mom literally never sleeps, and 2. I trust Leo too much and am 60% sure he told her or was about to tell her what I was up to because he worries too much about what she thinks of him. I decided not to go out, not because I no longer think it's a great idea worth the risk, but because now I have involved him, and I don't want to get him in trouble with my scary mother (not the sarcasm).

Btw, this plan was to take place at 7:00am. My body woke up at 6:00am, probably because I went to sleep at around 8:00pm (I kept waking up in between but all in all, pretty good sleep) after taking melatonin. It was helpful, I think i'll take some more tonight and try to keep some sort of schedule.

Now it's 8:37am, I have had cereal since I can't find the oatmeal and I have decided to write a little before my usual research for bad news about the world.

I completely forgot that I had therapy today, and I always forget up until she texts me since I dont actually have to go anywhere, I just have to meet her on zoom. Until then, I dont know, probably more reading, maybe finishing the book I started yesterday. I took a shower and made it a point to get dressed (with shoes and everything) so that it might feel like I was gonna go out for a walk but again, I feel like I'm being watched by two hawks. Anyway, I'm probably gonna take off my shoes because my feet are starting to hurt.

The last book I read (it was by Adam Silvera and I am in love with him now), had some tips deriving from how he writes his own books. Before typing even a single word, he outlines what he wants to cover in a physical notebook, kinda like what I did in the first few pages of my book but in pen. I'm thinking about doing that, because I have not worked on my book since christmas break and I feel i'm not really sure where it's going. I know that I'll have a better idea once I start working on it again but I also want to write other books. Or at least get some other outlines on paper. These daily notes have been a really good way to keep my writing muscles active (and I have been writing some more on my personal notes which I may or may not add here) but it's not really the same because it's not story writing. Well, unless you count my story as story writing but I dont, at least not yet.

I'm wondering if too much melatonin is bad for the brain and if it could possibly induce a coma. I know that wouldnt be fun for my family and definitely not for Leo, they would miss me too much if I was comatose. I still risked it and took three gummies instead of the recommended dose of two last night (I know, I'm wild), because I really needed to sleep. It sucked that my body kept waking up because I thought taking three gummies would just

knock me out cold but for some reason it didnt. Part of me wants to try four but I guess that depends what I find in my morning research.

To be honest with you, whoever you are reading this, I havent been feeling like myself lately, especially not since classes ended but even before that. Thoughts of death and the point of life and the uncomprehensible nothingness that is the universe has been plaguing my mind for a while now. Kinda like it used to be back in high school. I dont really miss highschool partly because I didnt miss this feeling. I am trying to be better for Leo, because if I'm not, he feels like he's somehow failing at something, but it's kinda hard. I can try and do the right things, sleep more, eat less, spend more time outside of my room and talking with the people that love me but all of it feels like it has this eerie undertone. Like yes, I am doing the things i'm supposed to but most times it doesnt even feel like me doing them. I feel like I'm already dead. I thought maybe a walk this morning would make me feel more alive.

I know, that's a bit dramatic and I know that it's probably the effects of the quarantine but I thought that being informed of how the quarantine can badly affect others would help me be prepared for it or something. I thought I could be immune since I'm so good at keeping myself busy and never get bored. I guess being busy and not getting bored is not really the same as

living. I kid you not when I say i'm this close  to shaving my head. Not just because i'm having a mental breakdown but because ive been wanting to for forever now and people around me keep giving me reasons not to but honestly? Honestly, honestly? Fuck what they think (not fuck them because them be my family but fuck what they think) because its my hair and I should be able to whatever the fuck I want to with it, right? I dont like having hair on my face. I want to shave most of it if i'm honest with you. I think that would make me feel alive. (I also think I need to do some research about why shaving or cutting one's hair is such a common emotional response to stress). Such sensation seeking can be dangerous, but I literally come to this conclusion all the time, I need to live, because right now, it feels like I'm merely surviving. I need independence and

freedom, and to be somewhere that doesnt smell like dog piss all the time (sorry sophie). Idk, I think I'm really gonna reevaluate my life when things go back to--when this becomes the new normal and we start moving again or get used to being a hermit. You know, I think starting a new anime series would help me. I think that's what i'm gonna do, read, write and watch anime.

So. It turns out that melatonin will not induce a coma (ah shucks) but instead, too much of it might cause crankiness, headaches, dizziness, upset stomach,diarrhea, joint pain, and anxiety (all of which, except for the diarrhea, I experienced two nights ago when I hadnt taken melatonin in about a week and a half). I feel deceived because I dont want my already occurring symptoms to increase but also I need sleep. I mean, melatonin is already having insufficient effects on me so this means it might be time to try something else but that sounds like a lot of work. We'll see what I find.

05/16/20

My body was up at 7 again today so it seems like the melatonin is doing its work. I took a shower, got dressed and started reading over these notes. After a few mentions of Leo I went to wake him up because he said he wanted to be up at 8 am so that his body can have a relatively healthy schedule and so that he can call unemployment today. Yesterday, after bringing him here Dave filled out his pandemic assistance application which is just easier than unemployment and told him to call unemployment so that they can just deny him again, like they did the first time for some bullshit reason. So he's gonna do that and should hear from the other fund by tuesday.

Honestly, it feels like I'm back in school, not because of any work but because I am anxiously awaiting the weekends and I am really frustrated at how short they feel. I talked to my mom and she wants to be extra strict about Leo being here on the weekends, he comes Friday nights and leaves Sunday nights in order to avoid meeting her clients.

A word about her clients. You may or may not remember that my mom is a hair stylist, meaning that she does hair extensions on

mostly young (early 20s to early 40s) dominican ladies. This demographic is not known to be the most open minded, but definitely is known for being the most gossipy. Apparantly, they had been asking my mom about Leo, like who he was and why he was and how he was. A lot of bullshit that she honestly did not want to answer to. I mean, I feel her, it can be annoying having to explain your existence to a bunch of dominican ladies simply because youre not what they are used to. The thing is, she doesn't do much explaining. She doesnt do much defending either, she just stays quiet and laughs along, holding back her discomfort. It's just hard to know if she's uncomfotable because her clients are nosy, intolerant women or becuae our existance has made this a reality for her. She says she's not ashamed of us but it really feels like it sometimes. I try not to let it get to me but now this means that Leo is not here when they are and that sucks for me. I have been saying this for a while but I want to move out already. It's not necessarily anything my family did, they have been good to me. I guess it's just my time. I am ready and I need my own space, we need our own space.

05/22/20

I wasnt really planning on writing on here today because I dont want to spend too much time looking at a screen. After I opened the computer though, I couldnt help myself. I guess I maybe want to feel productive since I have been telling everyone who asks that my plans for the summer are to read and write and nurture my brain in other ways that seem productive enough for all of those expecting me to make the most out of this summer at home. The truth? I am constantly feeling emotionally numb or, as pink floyd would put it, comfortably numb. I dont really have all that much energy to do much but read or watch tv or, as of yesterday, go up to the roof and sort of meditate(?). The country is starting to reopen again. I dont really have much to say about that because I no longer know what to trust. The information coming from the supposed reliable sources is conflicting and vague. Fauci is saying that reopening too quickly might make the second wave coming in the fall even more

difficult to fight off but he never specified how quickly is "too quickly" and has not directly warned the government about their current actions. Are they acting too quickly are they just quick enough? The CDC is now saying that the virus staying on surfaces is not the primary way of transmission which we kinda knew but for them to reiterate it now has caused many people to lose faith in them probably because they now feel like they have been overreacting by frantically cleaning everything multiple times a day. So now, things are reopening and mask restrictions are loosening and I dont know what to do. Should I go out more ? Should I continue to stay inside? Should I look more into this? Maybe, to all of these, but honestly, I need to take a break from the news and all of the contradicting updates being constantly released. I just need a break for some time. What am I not mentioning? Leo. I'm worried and scared which probably has to do with all of these feelings but I dont really want to talk about that or him here, I already have another space for that. I think i'm gonna spend a lot more time up on the roof.

06/10/2020

Life is scary. Well, it is many things but I think that scary sums it up in a good way. I was talking to leo about this middle stage that we seem to be in and I have to agree with his conclusion that life is indeed scary. We are not kids anymore but are definitely not adults just yet. That is if to be an adult means living on your own and paying for bills away from caregivers. He is doing those things but still doesnt feel like an adult, maybe because we still have mami and dave treating us like we can't really make our own decisions yet. I guess the stage between child and adult would be considered teenage but I dont really feel like a teenager either. Naming this stage is not the point though. I guess I am writing to express my frustration and impatience. Even if I am not ready, although there is no real way to know until I am there, I feel like I am itching for whatever is next. Being stuck at home running on my moms timeline feels suffocating. I know that there are probably things we can do to coexist better but honestly, I dont think

there is much she or they can do. I love my family but I think this home doesn't feel like my space anymore, it's theirs. I don't know why it can't be our space but it's simply not. This might be selfish and greedy of me but I am really craving a space that can feel like mine (and when I say mine i'm obviously including leo and our dogs).

Being stuck in the house for so long has reminded me of many of the little things that used to bug me about living here. Shandereck leaving the bathroom a mess everytime he showered, mami being late to everything and taking her sweet ass time doing everything without taking us (shandereck and I) into consideration, Tata doing everything for me even when I tell her that I want to do things myself, mami and dave always drinking and arguing loudly, sophie always pooping everywhere but on the pad, mami's clients judging my life as if their opinions were solicited, and hair. Everywhere. These things are small and most days I can overlook them. I have food, a loving family, a room of my own and access to anything I could possibly need. I am grateful for all that I have. It's just that I feel like it's time for me to move on and start a home of my own, have my own space where I don't always have to ask for permission or keep her up to date on what I choose to do. I am considerate of my family in everything I do because I am living in their house. I don't want to be here anymore.

In broader news, I am also in this stage of figuring out a balance of work and rest. I am trying to differentiate between what might be laziness and a genuine desire to do something else. Am I feeling depressed or just restricted by the situation? I keep going back to the piece I wrote about the subtle art of not giving a fuck and try to use that as a guide of how I want to live my life. I don't want to feel like i'm wasting my days but I also don't want to feel like I'm doing things because it's what I'm supposed to do. These thoughts always come back to me, even if I come to a certain conclusion about them on one day, they always come up the next day. All I know is that I want to live, write, read, paint, learn and work.

06/17/20

I was meaning to write a bit yesterday but got a little side tracked. I have been feeling better, at least yesterday and today. I went to the park and cleaned and talked to Camila, the one from conn, not Boston, and watched Avatar and had an overall grand time. Today, I woke up pretty early and had breakfast and got some stuff done. I have not done any class work yet but will right after this. It's crazy, it's only been two days but having some sort of schedule and alone time has helped me tremendously. I have to figure out a way to do these things that are good for me while with leo. Anyway, I am also waiting for my books to be ready at the library. I'm very excited for those. That's pretty much it for this quarantine update. Things dont feel like they used to. We are in this weird new normal and some people are forgetting about the quarantine while others are still obsessing over it. Cases are going up in some places and down in others. Some things are ropening and zumba is not 🤔. Some people are reaching out and others are not. I guess i'm living.