

Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> of April

I was lucky to muster the motivation to rise from the Persian straw mat, with a yoga mat on top, my makeshift bed, at dawn. The usual sense of grogginess was absent despite the consumed quantities of alcohol the night before. It was the spirit of red wine, the viral of red liquid swimming in the aftermaths that remained in the back of my breath, and triggered a memory that was now the time to take advantage of the time. To walk the dogs, in the cool of dawn. The air was fresh, the streets were quiet. I walked to the city and back. Upon returning the motivation continued and I went into meditation, practicing the Kundalini technique 'breath of fire' I'd learnt during my travels to Thailand and my days at uni, going to yoga classes in my breaks. This set me up for a productive day. I watched two films with Jeremy, Ernest and Celest, an animation about a bear and a mouse, and an animated sci-fi, 'The battle for Tera', a futuristic film, set on an inhabited planet called Tera, where the humans and aliens came into conflict. Left over south Indian curry, ordered the night before, from the local 'Saffron' restaurant in Parap. Then an afternoon spent cleaning, and de-dusting the bedroom and re-arranging the furniture.

Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> of April

Up early again, walking the dogs to the city and back. Upon returning I was delighted to have breakfast and coffee prepared for me, which I eagerly took to the front porch and watched the dark clouds loom over with occasional things and rain. I then returned to meditate, stretch and breathe as I continue to practice the 'breath of fire'. The rest of the day was a haze, until I decided to go for a run and exercise at the park nearby. A fairly uneventful day. As Covid19 takes hold of the community I spend more and more days inside, and thus the urge to write. It's not only that, economic recession, social distancing are other measures bearing down upon us. News, media, the radio present us with a range of mixed messages, forecasts, warnings, pointing the finger, statistics and stay safe messages. It can be rather a lot to take in.

Monday 6<sup>th</sup> of April

The distaste on the tip of my tongue. 1.5 m social distancing, that's the policy being implemented around the world as the global pandemic, covid19 spreads. But my own supervisor, a head of English at Palmerston seemed to fail to understand. Creeping closer, as if it was a game to get close. Look, I'm not one to take the high horse, but there better be a damn good explanation as to why she was purposefully, nauseatingly, distastefully inclining closer as we went over possible applications for online learning. Maybe she was obtuse, unknowingly breaching the rules, either way it was perverted. The rest of the day I spent plodding away, establishing online communication with students and coming to grips with the impact of covid19 and all its affiliating consequences.

7<sup>th</sup> of April

The coronavirus, also known as covid19 looms on, with work limited to preparation, planning and online communication taking place of normal school day activities. Another early start, but also an early finish as the realization of working from home sets in, the

workplace seems to become a place that once was. Still early days, and prepping to be in the best possible position in the scenario of a school wide lockdown takes priority. The small differences begin to accumulate, and life is certainly changing direction. Home by 11 and the rest of the day was spent on my laptop as my son scooted around on his Heely's, as well as transitioning to online learning. A fairly uneventful day, with the radio news repeating the same issues over and over again, the dogs lazing on the cool floor and my robotic vacuum doing the rounds.

8<sup>th</sup> of April

The day ended dancing in the quietened library room to music video's showing choreographed moves. It was a great way to let things go as tension builds up daily, making this relatively unbearable. I begin to question whether covid19 is not a front for something else that is going on in the world. A complete day off, spent at home with Jeremy, as I completed Task 1 of my masters degree. Whether it was building a Lego tower, learning online or watching him Heely around the house, spending time with Jeremy is food for my soul.

9<sup>th</sup> of April

Today we erected the 8man tent in our backyard in anticipation of the Easter weekend. Government restrictions meant we would be doing very little over the long weekend. The tent was like a makeshift covid19 hospitalisation space, for anybody turning up with symptoms. The start of the day was keeping up to date with colleagues at school and then rushing home in the morning to ensure our home delivery of groceries would be put away before it was too late. Then I knuckled down and completed my unit outline for my flailing year 11 English class, a lot that have yet to be sparked by the thought of finishing high-school forever. I am at a low point with them, unable to switch their minds on, and turn their hormones off. The rest of the day was filled with snippets of covid19 newsbreaks and a dinner in the tent. Meatballs in sauce a la couscous!

10<sup>th</sup> of April

I've just about had it. It's not just the coronavirus, it's the claustrophobia, the media and screen time, and most of all, it's my god damn finances. The last point makes the situation a dire straits. They say 6 months, but that's just the virus. The reality is, it's unlikely the economy is going to recover. But, that's enough. Today, Good Friday, was at home, making simple Easter crafts, reading short stories playing in the tent, trying to fix holes in a blow up mattress and not much else. Most of the day was spent thinking about lost things from the past. A weird strategy my brain uses to keep itself occupied. It's quite annoying. Tomorrow, let's see, better things could be on the horizon.