

Diary

03/24/2020

I set an alarm last night to wake me up at 10:30 a.m. for Ms. Soriano's lesson. My mother had called me earlier. She told me to come downstairs and get the siblings. We live in two apartment houses and a basement. My brother, his wife, his kids, and my sister and I live on the first floor while my mom, dad, two younger brothers, and younger sister live on the second floor. I walked up the stairs casually, irritated that she had woken me up from my slumber. I noticed her on the couch. She told me she was sick and to take the kids away from her so that they don't get sick as well. I asked her what was wrong. She told me she was feeling cold; I saw her shivering under the blanket. I asked her to describe what she felt. As she was telling me, COVID-19 was the first thing that came to mind for me. When my brother found out about my mother, he rushed home from work. He wanted to take my mother to the emergency room, but I told him not to. I phoned the hospital to inform them of my mother's symptoms and to determine whether or not I should take her to the hospital. They advised me not to bring her and that she should remain at home alone. My father was concerned about her, but I didn't want him to be near her when she was ill. My father has diabetes and a weakened immune system, therefore he will be unable to fight the infection effectively. My mother, on the other hand, has not been tested to discover if she has the virus or not. But, for the sake of safety, we'll act as though she does. We didn't want to frighten my mother in any way. She simply understood how we should react. I fixed her a bed in the basement, away from others. I made sure she wore a mask and gloves, and I did as well. My sister-in-law and I tried various homemade cures to see if we could help her get some relief from her headache. We didn't want to give her drugs right now since we were concerned that they may aggravate her illness. I realized that this week is going to be difficult. Taking care of my five-year-old sister, who has Down syndrome, is especially important. It's not the first time I've been responsible for her for a week. My mother had to fly to Turkey for Vein surgery six months ago, therefore I had to look after her for two months. I won't be doing this alone myself because I have my younger sister to help me. Hopefully, we won't have any disagreements about who's doing what. Despite this, I wasn't sure if I'd be able to finish all of my homework before Friday. I didn't enjoy how

we were doing things electronically since when I'm at home, I'm easily sidetracked by other things to do. It's a pain to be stuck inside and not be able to get out and release stress. The aura in the house was depressing, and I miss having my mother around. I miss hearing her voice in the house, and just having her around me will brighten my day.