I remember discussing about pandemic in my medical ethics class early in February 2020. Funny how the possibilities we discussed came into an action within days, of how our professor warned us the world will shut down and many people will be affected. I still remember the last date we attended college in person; 13th March, after which all hell broke loose. And yet, here I am 1 year later to this day, alive and breathing. It is no wonder how traumatizing this pandemic has been for every single one of us. We have lost our loved ones, jobs, social gatherings, and mental sanity. For me, this whole year has been quite depressing. The number of statistics and news related to covid-19 always increased my anxiety to 10 folds, thus deciding not to watch them anymore. I feel like I've been caged at my apartment since an year. I miss going to college now, especially the library which was an escape place and peaceful place to co-study with friends. The idea of wearing masks quite intrigues me, one of the few rules we as a nation following. Also, the introvert side of mine is easier in masks when going out to public places. It can be great to avoid meeting any relatives you accidentally might have an encounter in public. Jokes apart, I'm really thankful for this year too as it has made me realized the worth of relations since covid-19 has conspired against the emotional support and gatherings. To lessen my anxiety caused by the isolation of this pandemic, I've started to do more yoga and exercises. I was not eating healthy in the start, but as a family we decided to shift to healthier and organic foods. This pandemic will be worth remembering and I can tell the story to future generations about it too.