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Northern Italy now-quarantine, Day 17:

I'm impressed, honestly, that Italy decided to quarantine nearly all of its northern region. I thought there was no way a Western country would put an entire millions-large metropolitan area into quarantine. But I guess it's not that gutsy when you know the alternative is to watch your hospitals turn away a vast majority of people clearly needing medical attention.

I've been worried about being too alarmed, but it seems like I've consistently underestimated this virus instead. Every time I've tried to estimate the size of the outbreak and its progression, the reality has shot right through my expectations. The authorities seem bewildered too, as they've said it's gotten larger than what they were expecting from China's data. So far the outbreak shows little sign of slowing down as I was hoping, and which you might expect from when everyone was bunkered down at home two weeks ago?

That bunkering had mostly stopped though: activity in the city felt almost I ke normal a few days before the quarantine was announced. People were in crowds at the bar downstairs from me until 3am. Now it's far quieter again, and I wonder if the quarantine was intentionally made to sound severe just to get the people to take the problem seriously again. Complacency is maybe worse than panic now, as far as public health goes, in the midst of an outbreak when the hospitals are already past capacity.

I feel less stressed now that the rest of the world is taking this more seriously. There's something distressing about being the only person in your social community worried about something: either you're crazy, or nobody's going to be ready for what's coming.

I've spent too much time fixated on the epidemic, I think (even before it was discovered in Milan). Writing these logs has helped a lot with processing my feelings on it. After processing the fear and figuring out how to live with the new normal, finding a new distraction or two was enough to stop the compulsive refreshing of the news.

Other than that, life is not honestly all that different for me: mostly I just work from home and cook more. It's a good century to be living through an once-in-a-century pandemic: people were bored half to death stuck at home during the 1918 flu; that's not a problem today.

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