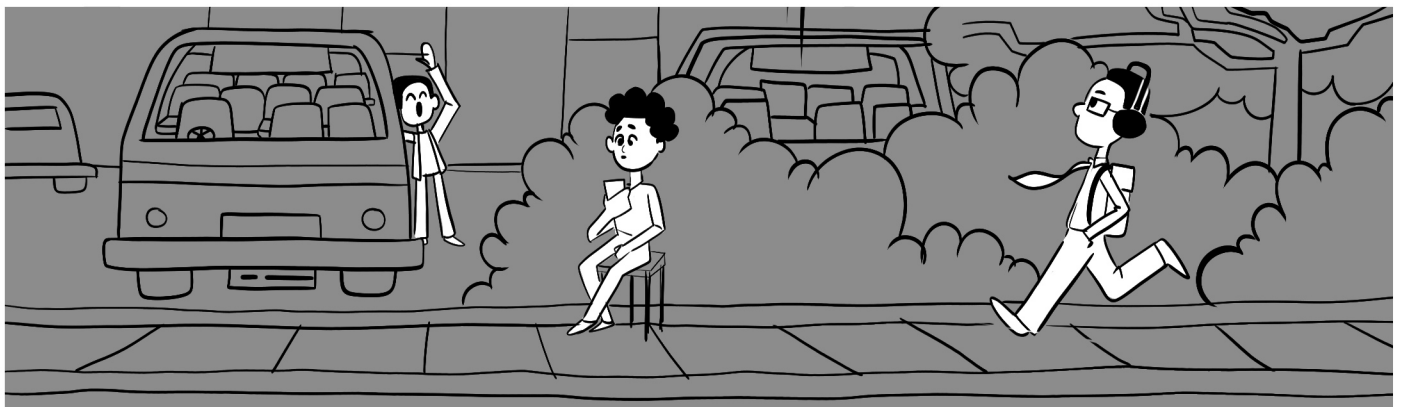


2020 started like any other year.



Maybe even a bit more special as we were starting a new decade.



Resolutions were made and others were to be maintained.
Things felt hopeful and exciting.



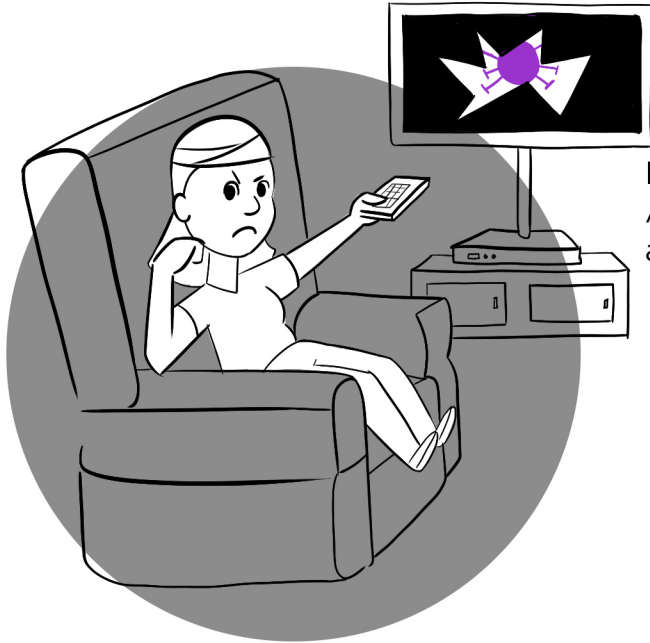
When the news on Covid-19 started filtering through, I didn't pay much heed. Who did really? .



It felt like the usual noise. In our lifetimes, plagues came, went and fizzled out. .

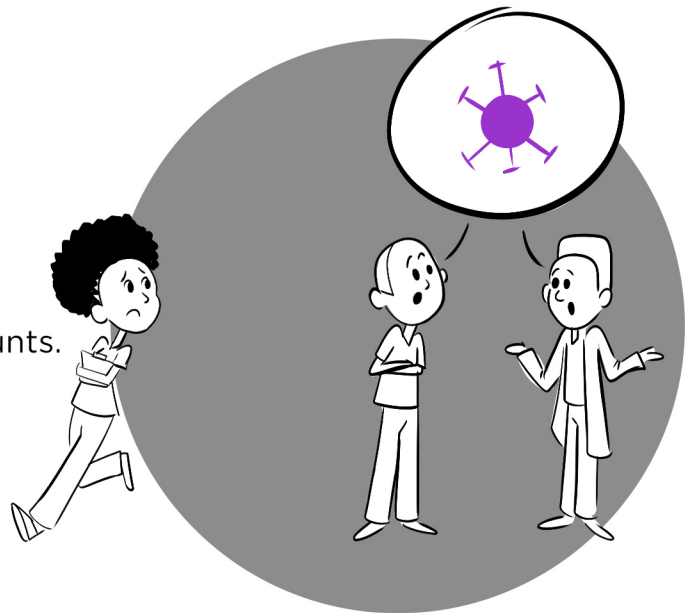
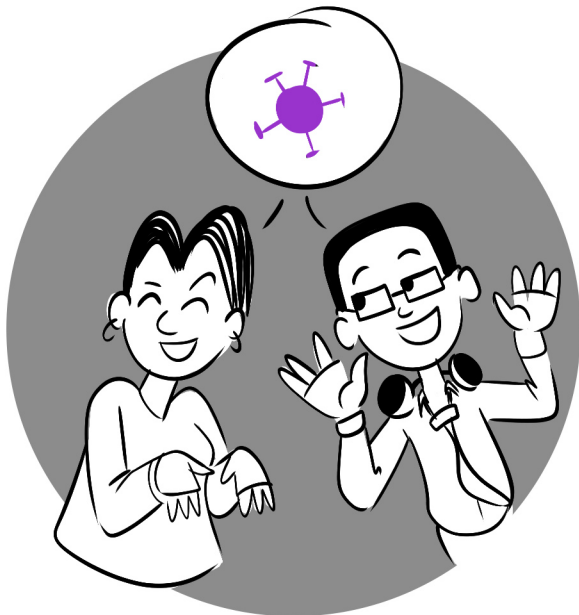


This one would do the same. It felt far away. We were busy.



But the news kept coming. And getting worse. And confusing. I got annoyed by how I couldn't avoid it.

I tried muting it on my social media accounts.



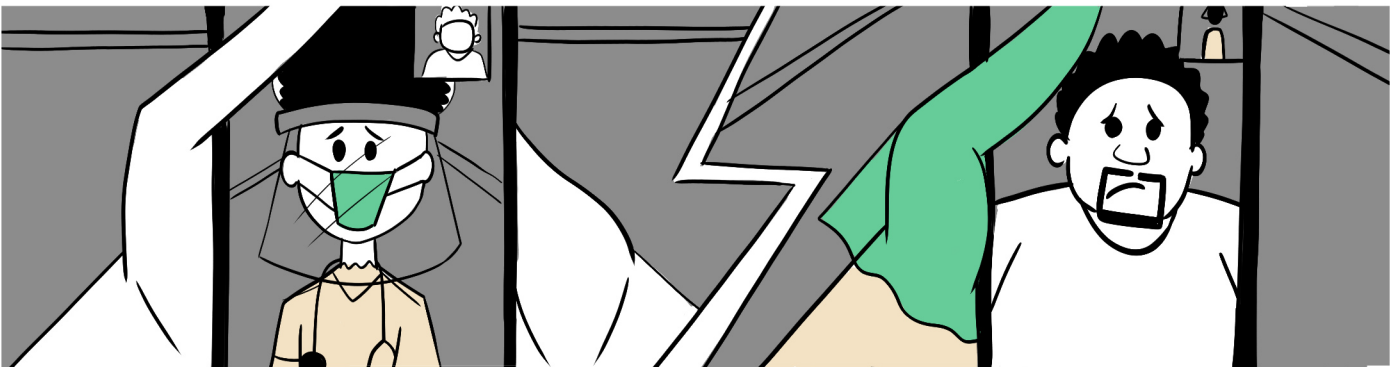
We tried to carry on like it wasn't happening.

Until we couldn't anymore. Things changed overnight, literally.
Almost every schedule and plan I had was in shambles.
We know that life isn't ever assured, but this was overwhelming.
It felt like I had failed and the fault was that I existed.





Slow chaos. A quiet disaster. On top of hearing stories of people dying and others risking their lives to save them, our own lives were unravelling..



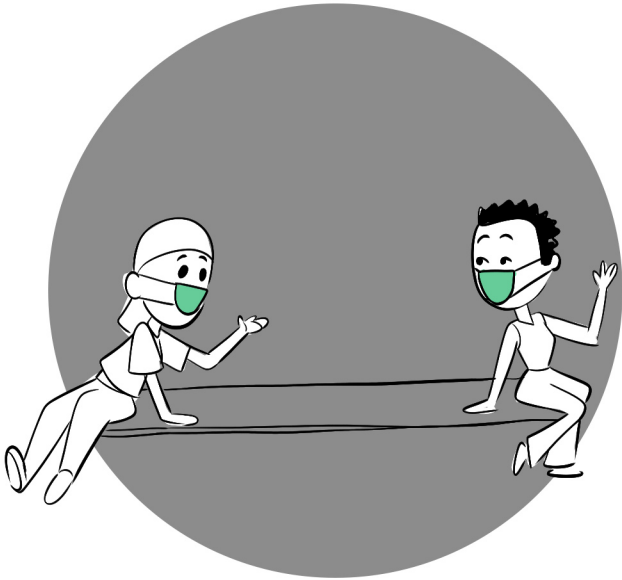
Still, it didn't feel right to complain. After all, aren't you alive? And doing your part? Staying at home? Washing your hands? .



Even if your savings are steadily decreasing. And you haven't had a hug in weeks.

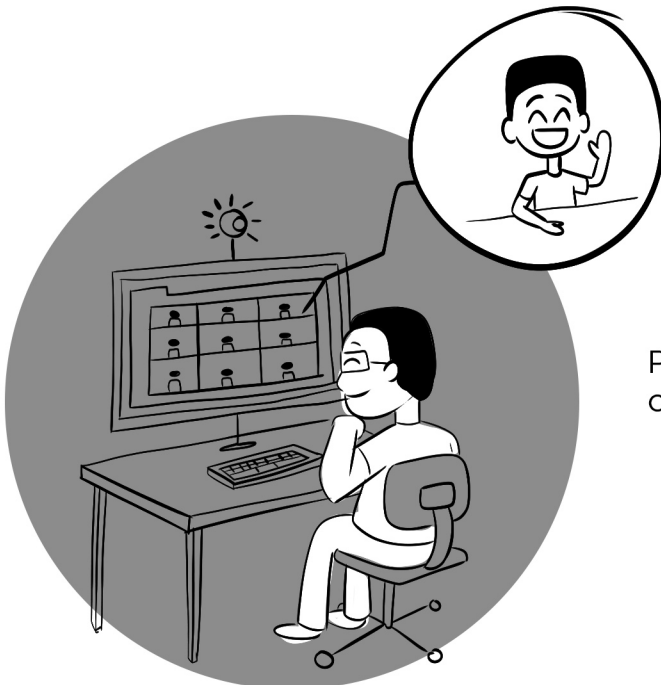
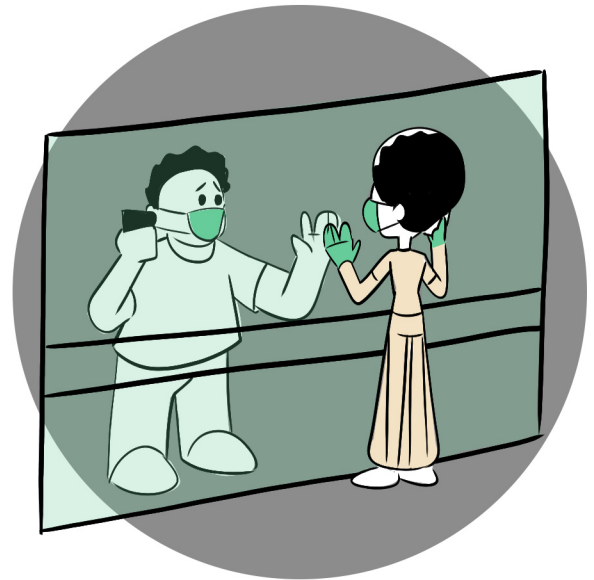
Now what? I guess, you start stitching things back together. Sort of. What else could you do? We laughed because at least you weren't the only one that felt uncertain or disappointed.





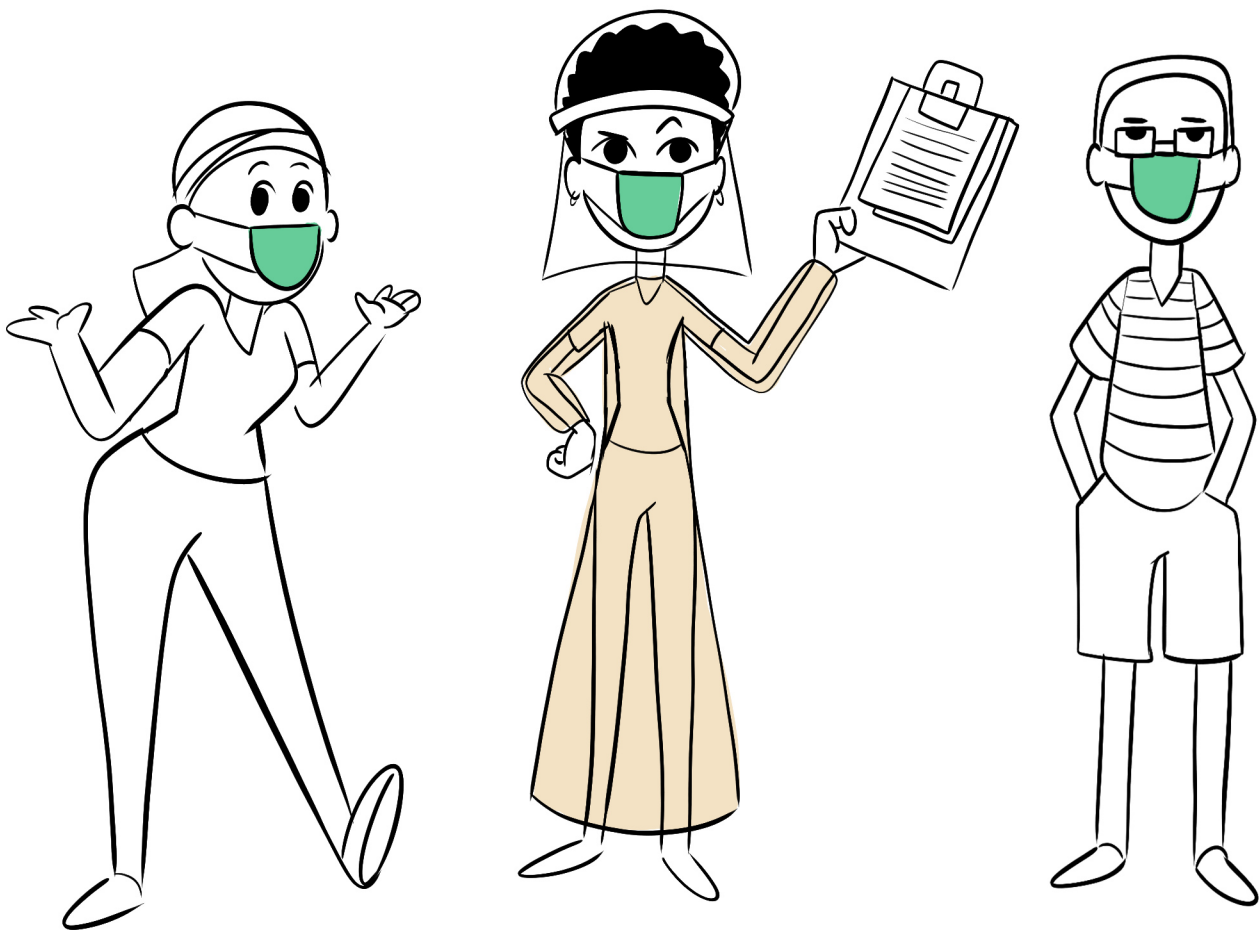
We comforted each other as well.
For all the loss that was happening,

people can be really nice when it counts.



People also adapt, even when they felt they
couldn't. There is no other way but forward.

We're still moving. Humble, tired and resigned.
Not as excited or as hopeful, but with adjusted expectations,
not too bad most of the time.,



It sucks but oh well.