

## Anxiety of the Bed

I guess anyone in pre- or post-Covid-19 pandemic would find me crazy when I say I would like to try and sleep in the street given the chance. One thing I take out from this pandemic is that even though I can't leave it, I absolutely despise my bed.

Oh yes, I am talking about my bed, the object that shoulders my tiredness; and the sheets that keep me warm and cozy at night. But also because of that warmth and coziness, that I had been late to my o period class three times in just one semester. For the record, in my entire life in America, I had never once skipped or arrived late to any class, even when I had to wake up an extra hour and bike along the freezing cold mornings to get to school. Now I understand what my family means about the danger that lurks behind idleness. It is not common for me to be at ease in the mind, especially when time is not on my side. But when my mind tells the alarm clock to snooze for another 15 minutes or so because I can quickly get up five minutes before class instead of 2 hours back in the old regular pre-pandemic school day, now that is trouble.

Flashback to being in my Medical Core class and studying the histories of pandemic at the time, I somewhat already know we were going into quarantine very well soon because well, let just say, humanity never learns from history mistakes and also because the United States's healthcare is already a dead end. I'm not going to further criticize the horrible leadership of our soon-to-be-impeached-twice president. But remembering back to the life before the pandemic, I proudly shake hands with my past-self for knowing how to enjoy every moment in life. That day when our school principal sent an urgent quarantine message, I was on my way home carrying a bag of snacks that probably lasted me for a week after hanging out with my friends on our usual Friday afternoon, before being cooped up in the room for more than a year, possibly more. It's laughable now that I remember the exciting and joyful reactions of spam messages from my friends in all different group chats and compare them to how desperate we all want to escape to hellish quarantine and return to school. My friend was joking around on how I was different and I was because I was never fond of the idea of being stuck at home and knowing that a fluid borne, respiratory disease was sticking around for some time caused me to have anxiety. I hate being at home, not because I'm an extrovert but because that place frightens me, but I am not going any further into that.

I am so used to my bed and huge four walls surrounding my rooms, along with family members that I'm so sick of everything. Being on my bed in exchange for those motivational times that I spend walking or biking home or playing sports in my school means that I gain weight despite skipping meals, being non proactive, being tired out by every small thing and being distracted from school. Being on my bed also means that all my free time is spent contemplating life, which is good but mostly bad. In a way, in these uneasy times, it always brings out the worst in people's mentality, unfortunately, not excluding me. I guess all those extracurricular activities, school works and all the sporting things I do are ways that keep me distracted from my innermost thoughts. But when I lay

on my bed to think, those thoughts surface and they give me anxiety and depression in ways that others feel ridiculous but to me, they take me into deep sleep with tears. I quarreled more often with my family and with the limitations of my room and no human interaction with my friends on online conversations, it did make me feel really lonely and melancholic.

I did try to find new hobbies but I'm limited to my room only. Both me and my foster family members never see each other as family so there was never any reason to join the dinner table. There was no way of getting out and being alone aside from the going to school for certain businesses. I'm honestly emotionally and physically drained, even when I'm not using much energy to move around the house.

Now, how I wish for everything to return to normal. I hope that people who read this will remember to learn how to appreciate their life in every moment and way possible and that they never give up given any situation that follows their way.