

The whole flat is in ruins. She, short stature and awkward physique, pulls out the drawer after the drawer from the closet with powerful jerks, opening them in search of yesterday. In a pile of clothes, books, old scraps of memories, suitcases with labels of recent travels, he hopes to see a charger with two rounded magnets at the end. That was all that worried her. Her entire apartment personified the current period of ruin and decline of the whole world. As if in a mirror, in the chaos of eternal medicines, wardrobe, respirators, the whole world was drowning and panting in this ~~place~~ ~~apartment~~. Exhausted flowers faded and melted, merging with the universe. The gold rush has now swept the closet. "Where, where is it !?" - muscles tensed over and over again, removing another box from the shelf. "Come on, I couldn't throw him unconscious! - she thought. - Or in a drunken delirium." She stopped, preparing for surrender, but because of her stubbornness, continued to lynch the usual foundations of the contents of the closet. From the bedroom came snippets of the next episode of the "Parthenon" about russian georgians. Outside the window, the wind was running anxiously, sweeping the deserted streets completely, reminding us already familiar "do not leave home, do not become a sad memory for relatives". Two more weeks before the end of the two-month quarantine. She held on cheerfully, as if nothing was really happening. And no, it was not like dissidentism, but rather fatalism. The pandemic touched the whole world with a punishing finger, and no one is safe, even in personal protective equipment. We all just need to do something, she thought. Do not lose your mind, like those people about whom the telegram channels broadcast with enviable frequency. Humility and adaptation to realities had come long time ago. Everything that happens is neither good nor bad, it just is. Emotional radicalism here is for nothing. Thoughts carried her very far. She sat down next to the closet, trying to tidy up her thoughts and mounting anxiety. Became recalled loneliness and a couple of offers to go out for a date after quarantine. Does she need it? She was not sure. The only thing that worried was the search. Endless searches for yourself, calling and charger from a vibrator. Everything else has lost value.