



Sometime in 2020

It has been a month, well, more than a month it has almost been a year - no-feels like a year. When you finally give in and ultimately isolate yourself the passage of time - perception of passage of time warps. I don't leave my house except to buy groceries.

I work from home as a contact tracer and contact monitor. Every day - or most of them - I speak with close contacts and positive cases - arguably thousands of people by now. I confess this job is crucial although it deeply feeds my anger at the situation. "I'm fine" "he's fine" "she's fine. stop calling" or just "fine" are among the most common responses I hear day in and day out. Quite frankly it's exhausting hearing about how "fine" positive cases are. For a virus that is allegedly so deadly with such a high transmission rate by now a significant amount of the population should be dead. ~~by now~~ Especially for a virus likened to the black plague which did kill a rather significant amount of people.

I am tired of the whole situation and wish the majority of people (in the U.S. at least) would see some form of reason.