



Telling Our Stories: Western's Response to COVID-19

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Story contribution

I must say, COVID-19 did give me a rare opportunity to live with my family again for a year. It felt as though I had taken an educational gap year, emphasis on the gap year. I got to eat the food they cooked, live under their roof, hang out with my siblings again and pet my cat. It seems nice until you start developing bad habits again, since you cannot do near anything nowadays. I have gotten lazier and less enthusiastic about most things. I believe there is some sort of depression associated with some Global Pandemic. I do not particularly associate with the politics involved in this event, but the effects are certainly felt. Part of this development is my own fault, and I do wish I had held onto a healthier lifestyle, but at some time, I just decided to stop trying. Did not feel like there was much of a point to education or health. Online school, I must say, sucks. I do enjoy being able to lay in bed in class and be all cozy at home, especially with the Washington weather. Likely laying down during class is not the most conducive to learning, but it certainly bettered the situation for me, and I will take what I can get. The screen time is likely the most damaging for me. I already spend enough time on a screen between producing music and gaming, so I have definitely felt the effects of that. Overall, I am more excited to be back in class than I thought I would be. The pandemic depression is starting to weigh me down and I would like to get back into a normal routine of sorts if that is even possible, and classes will solve most of this issue for me. Hopefully, this odd fever dream of time will come to an end shortly because the days are starting to blend together. I find it hard to remember when COVID even started sometimes, and this makes it hard to recall most of the events that took place over the course of the pandemic. Most of it felt like I was a hermit that lived in a cave, seeing how my room was near the basement and I practically never left it except for food and socialization with my family, which I did do a fair amount. I think the hardest bit of this was my inability to function well in social settings with my old friends, which didn't used to occur. It is as though I was simply drifting along and waiting for something to happen. I do not know what and I still do not know. All I know is that this is almost finally over.

End of contributed text from Story ID: 60 - Anonymous