

# 6 PM in Quarantine

I

Birthdays In Quarantine

Springtime In Quarantine

Progress in Quarantine

Woman Names Newborn Twins 'Corona' & 'Covid'

Luke Evans Dyes His Hair Pink While in Quarantine!

Boris Johnson says he can run the country from home.

Four-year-old Malayan tiger named Nadia and six other lions and tigers are believed to have been infected by a zoo employee who wasn't yet showing symptoms.

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2020 looks Too Good To Be Shitty!

All this time to sip coffee and read news, learn a language, wash the windows. Introverts don't have to make an excuse anymore. Do I still need to do the tax declaration? Parks are full of people. No masks. Just ignorant in a bliss or simply demonstratively anti-panic.

Future elevated tax piecefully growing in some dark cave. 35% or maybe none. No tax then. Just unemployment. Listen, all will be cancelled except rent and bills - observed someone with gratifying hopelessness on Instagram.

It's both reasonable to have fear and nonsensical, for don't we know, that best things in life come from love, not fear?

Maybe this can be called a wake-up call, then.

In January I wrote: "2020 looks too good to be shitty so I'm really looking forward. Happy birthday everyone!"

In March I wrote: "2020 should also be the year astrology ceased because if all is written in the stars then where was coronavirus."

2020 is a beautiful number. But like poisonous plants the most beautiful ones are the most dangerous.

## II

Monday mornings at the supermarket are like being in a beehive. It looks so dangerous I might as well already have it. I think the woman next to me can see what I'm writing.

When you're so much at home it makes sense to start investing in kitchen equipment.

Yes. This is what I need. A pleasant drainer.

What are all of these people thinking? Must be thinking the same: I stayed in during the weekend – my turn.

When I got home, I washed my face with soap. Some people were really outrageous. One thing I agree on is keeping the distance.

“Does it need to be sealed?”, “Will that cause difficulties for people with beards?” (The Guardian). The big mystery of The Mask. An elderly couple from a province in Lithuania when interviewed on TV: The woman is wearing a mask, the man is not. When asked “Are you protecting yourself from your husband ma'am?” starts to point towards the air around her in the balcony on the second floor where they are at: it's everywhere.

No one truly understands how this mysterious invisible creature behaves. Me, too. For all I know, it might as well be anywhere at any time.

In fact it could be reading this.

Supermarket slalom.

Maybe I'll get extra. But extra is already waiting for me at home. My kitchen has never seen this much food before. It's like a restaurant. Would you like some schrimps with spinach or a long roasted organic beef stew? I despise it, but all I can think about these days is sausages.

David Attenborough should make an episode about people. We would be those animals who sneak into other animal's nest and steal their eggs. With a long beak.

The female takes the lead.

It's that weather. When it's warm but you're still wearing a winter jacket and a hot flash comes over suddenly and unexpectedly, making you run home and reach for the thermometer.

Listen, after all this screen time when I finally find myself in a forest I want to fall into the leaves and rub my face in them. I miss organic, complex information. Which my brain doesn't try to categorise, evaluate, but simply takes it as it is, for what it is. "Clouds are neither good nor bad, they just are". And there are none of those things on my phone. Except the meditation app which says this.

"... as lockdowns continue with no end in sight."

These days I even check junk mail. Maybe some good news there?

Together with the slowing economy, the need to consume has slowed too. 5 euro bills can be found in each pocket, laying around out of use. The cat is playing with one.

Even the biggest skeptics agree - things could not continue the way they were.

The latest U.S. data proves the world is in its steepest freefall ever.

Petrol consumption in Europe has fallen by 88 percent.

England Bank is printing money.

What I'm making from this is that money is an invention. There would be no lack of it, if everyone would choose to agree. But everyone does not choose to agree. Going as far as claiming the world is a meritocracy.

On April 9th it was announced that the Bank of England started to print money. Aha. So this time they will.

"It is possible that in the aftermath of the lockdown there may be some rebound in expenditure. But is that likely to be sustained? The most obvious reaction to a shock like the one we are experiencing is to retract. One of the striking developments since 2008 has been the deleveraging of households."

Meanwhile Apple has launched a smaller, cheaper iPhone, being the first case ever when Apple has gone size down.

But hey, if you have free time, don't worry.

Here is a selection of online exhibitions for you to go through. So the feeling of being behind continues.

Speaking of smarty-pants, maybe it's time to wash the pants I've been wearing.

Summer is here.

Wait, Pentagon officially releases some UFO videos.

III

Sometimes I would go to the supermarket and say 'thank you' to the cashier before they start scanning my products.

Thank you. I mean, Hello.

In times of confusion it is nice to surprise yourself.

And others.

To keep things present.

To keep things clear. This is where we're at. Don't want to say this, but we *are* in this together.

In times of confusion, it's good to allow yourself to process your emotions, with whatever tool that is available to you.

For some it's radio broadcast, for some - Instagram stories, for some watching this whole thing unfold on Bloomberg - "We'll see at the end of the week where this is going". Others are happy to transfer their work to Zoom successfully at the age of 60. And some are just being flirty as they wait for the red to turn green. Because there are things that never change.

All shops are closed. Except for food and, strangely... flowers.

Two weeks in it becomes clear that something new will be replacing that which is irretrievably falling apart.

Forget dates, forget shows, forget opportunities you already took. This is a new beginning. A new ground. New chances can be taken.

Even governments are acting out of character. Does the amount they made

available define the duration of it all? What do they know?

But at least, for once, the pressure is off.

Last night I opened a window, my neighbour had a candle on her's, blasting "Someone Like You" by Adele in the middle of the night. Singing along.

Today, within 20 minutes at the park 5 strangers said 'hello'. I saw a mom performing shoot-dance to her toddler.

It is odd, but there is enjoyment to be found. In times like these the human spirit prevails through the weighty unknown and culture is turned to even by those who usually don't have the time for it.

David Attenborough says it is inevitable that people will seek refuge in nature. One of the things the increasingly technologised societies like ours non-deliberately distance themselves from.

Simply because things are Sent from an iPhone, on the way to the metro and evenings are dedicated to sex, no sex, youtube or both.

Some days, if you don't look at the news and have no one sick in your surroundings, life in quarantine can seem quite wonderful. There's time, there's space, there's money.

The overwhelming events are a living proof that life is bigger, as we might have suspected, but maybe forgot. Feeling thrown and then held by a wave of an unpredictable force makes one feel insignificant, yet loved. For some.

The lost ones, the confused ones, the in-between ones, the Millennials, often cursed by an eternal self-interest, are finding themselves in the collective. Maybe for the first time in our adult age, a responsibility of an historical significance has been given.

To be still.

But for once, we share the same concern.

"It was a strange time. Of fear, of uncertainty and of freedom." - we would be saying in the future, only if this was the end of it.

But one day, still, we will walk outside in overgrown hair and shapeless clothes. Maybe in sweats. With a raging internet addiction in our pockets. We'll look

at the sun, then at each other, and think: what did I do between 1 and 3 o'clock  
everyday for two months?

I have no idea. But it was sort of free.

Maybe things can be different.

April, 2020