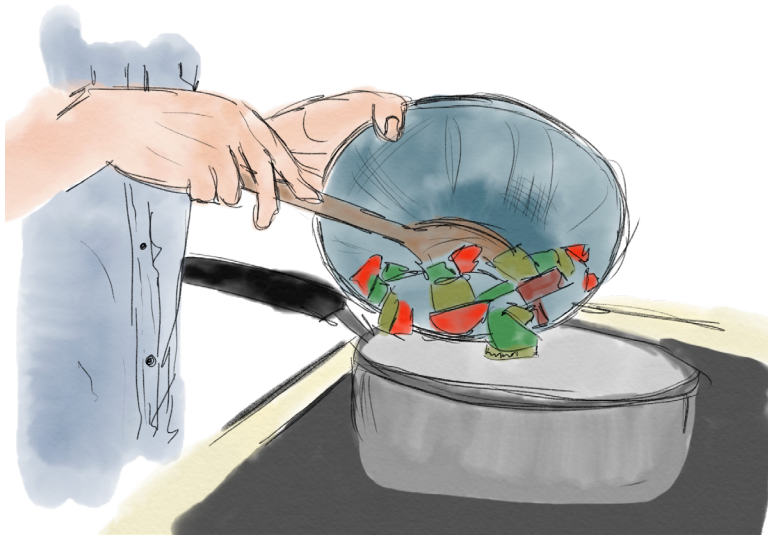


Corona Blues

an illustrated report by Nadja Z.

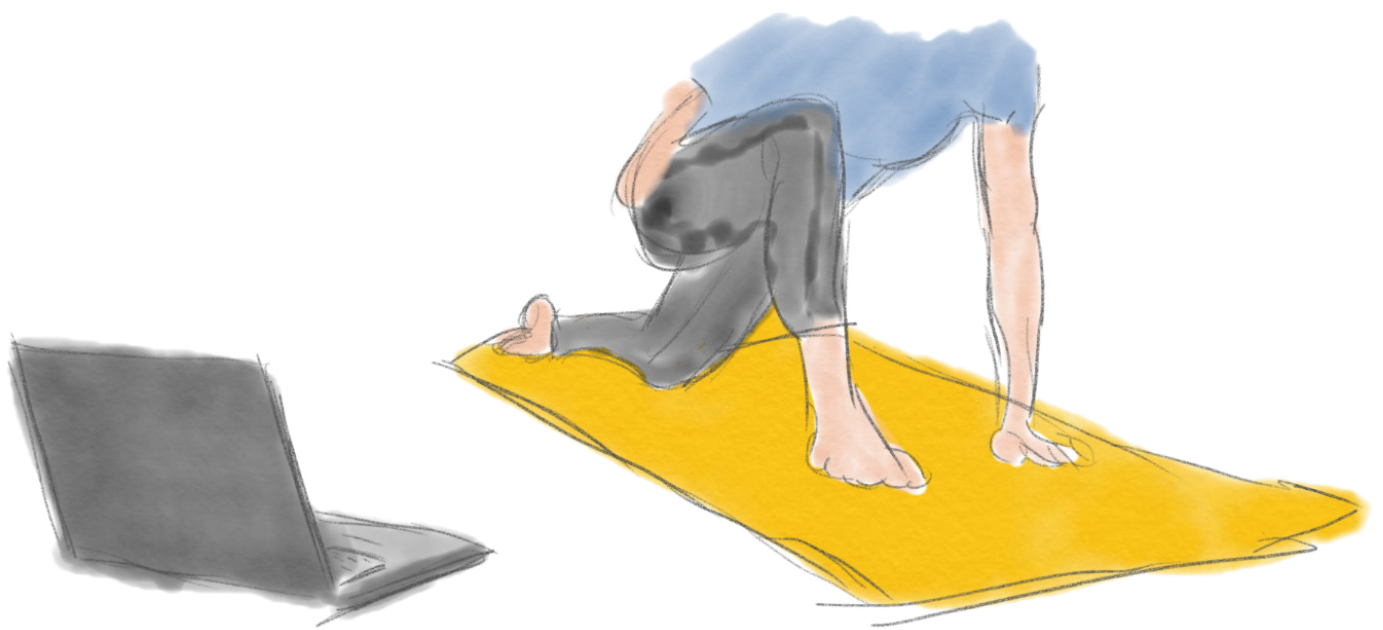


Prof.	Lukas
nobody	



To meet as few people as possible, I spent most of my time in Chur and not with my family in Bern. The lockdown meant speed-up for me at the beginning. I designed days according to my biorhythm, cooked fresh and healthy food every day and the apartment has never been cleaner.





Training in the hall was no longer possible, so we met weekly in the “virtual gym” via Skype. The movement, which became less and less, and to see reactions of real people helped me a lot.

Even when tutoring, we switched to video chats. Only the youngest, an eleven-year-old boy, I visited personally at home. The weekly plans and the piles of work were too overwhelming for him. Only too well I could sympathise with the frustrated boy who refused to do his homework. The temptations and distractions are so great at home and the motivating fellow students are missing. All the children lacked the input of the teachers and the opportunity to ask briefly questions.





What I did not have before the Corona crisis, but now was my daily companion: the disinfectant. I disinfected my hands almost ritualistically when I left the house or returned from shopping. To be honest I never disinfected my smartphone before. There was a lot of dirt on it.

I began to miss the natural daily exercise. Going running with friends was no longer possible. And to train alone I missed any pressure, because the “Strongmanrun” was already cancelled.

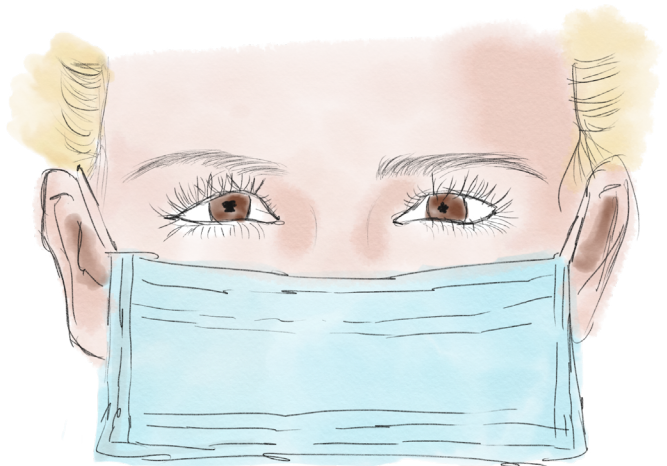




More and more I began to understand seniors who watch people out of the window. But there was nothing to observe here. No one was sitting outside in a coffee or shopping. Even with the window open, there was no laughing, talking or shouting to be heard. Just a crushing silence. Even with a smartphone I felt all alone.

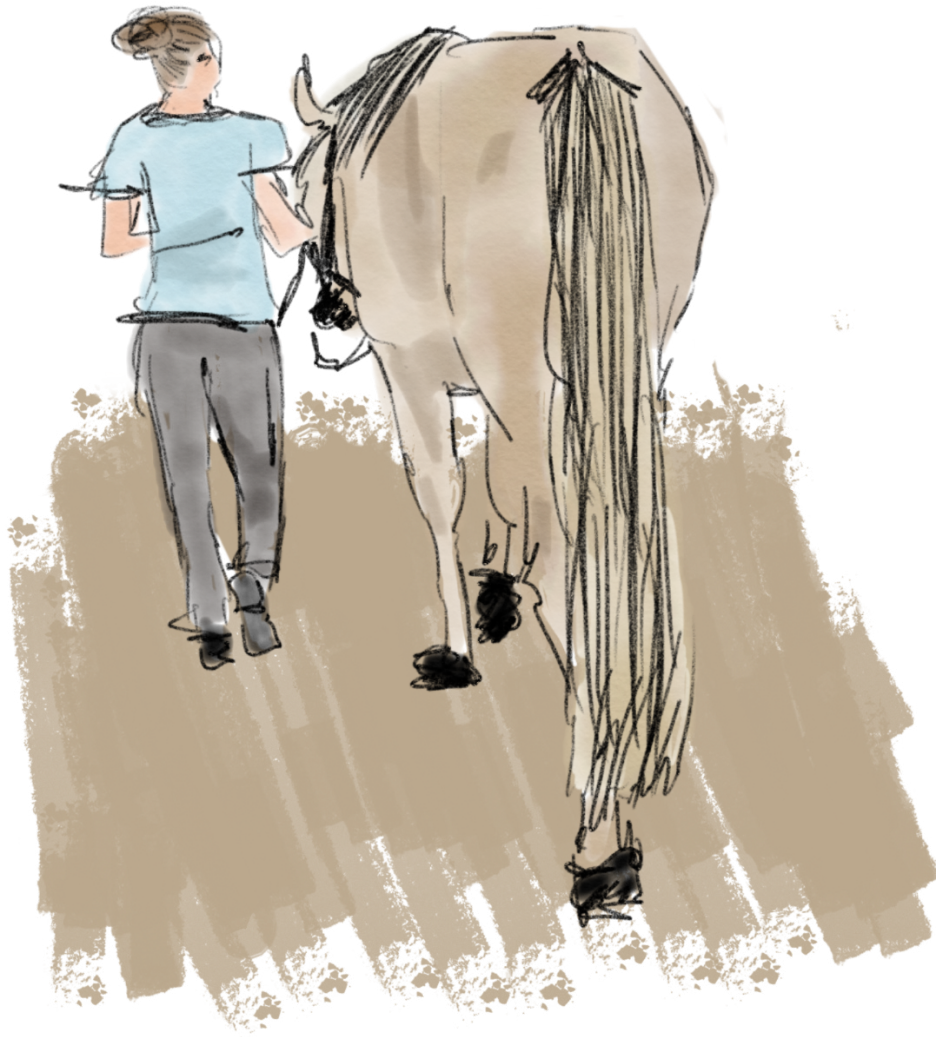


I couldn't be alone one more day. So I got on the next train and visited my friends and family for a few days. What I saw was more like a movie. People wearing masks and the trains were empty. I could hardly be happy about the many free seats and the missing noise. The ghost train frightened me more.



When I arrived home, I arranged to meet friends in pairs. We walked through the forest with a safe distance between us. It was a relief to hear that others felt the same way. But hugs to greet each other and to say goodbye were missing.





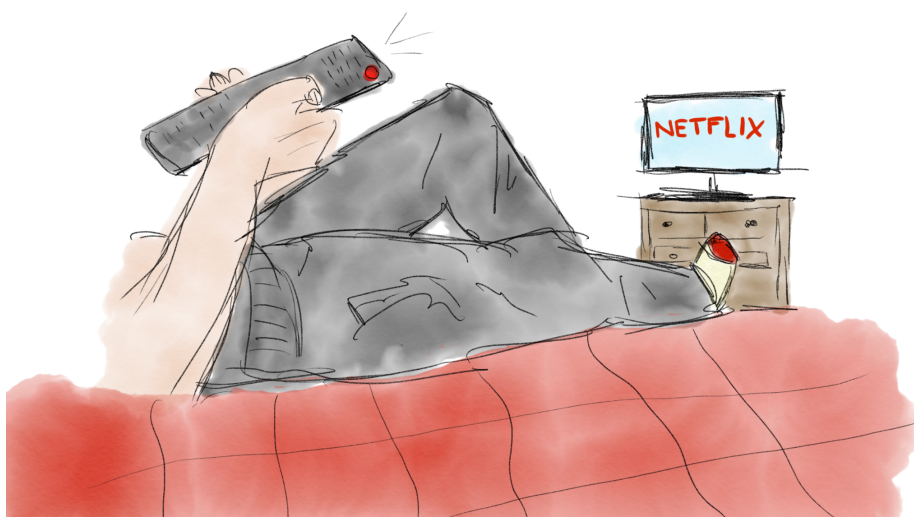
So I spent a lot of time at home outdoors in nature. Only with the animals seemed everything still the same. With them, the corona virus doesn't seem to exist.

If I still got up early at the beginning of the lockdown, had a freshly showered breakfast, sat down at my desk to attend the lectures, I slept through the first ten minutes of the stream more and more often. I wondered whether my fellow students - like me - were still in their pajamas.





Studying did not fail because of the switch to digital teaching, because it went almost smoothly, but rather because of my fading motivation. And so did my private life. The more I realized that I was not system relevant at all I disappeared into another world - bingewatching became my way out of the corona blues. Not only the work piled up, but also the dishes in the sink. But nobody saw that anyway.



Now I sit here with my ice cream and just like me - multimedia student - the ice cream shop is not system relevant. And despite this, the ice cream cheers me up. I hope my short-illustrated report does the same.

Chur, Canton Grisons in June 2020

