



5-1-2020

COVID-19 Journal | Pita Leandro

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Recommended Citation

Leandro, Pita, "COVID-19 Journal | Pita Leandro" (2020). *COVID-19 Student Journal Project*. 28.
https://digitalcommons.jsu.edu/lib_ac_covidjournal/28

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3/30

I was still in my dorm... Most people left back to their house, but I was one out of the few that didn't leave yet. I was a little shaken; Unconscious paranoia flooded the minds of the few. People at Jacksonville State University were kinetic and I had potential. I started packing my bags to go home, just in case. I knew soon I had to leave.

My mentality was soon filled with futuristic perspectives. I was exhausted from doing nothing but sleep and ponder in front of my TV. Yes; My homework was done, but my laziness had a heart beat at the same time. In the end, my decision to go back home to South Florida was not made. I was still deciding...

3/31

I woke up from a dream in which the Coronavirus had pledged my body. I know the dream was rather a nightmare, but I didn't have time to self debate because my decision was ready. I wanted to go back home -- I'll be able to see my family. As I left the comfort of my bed, I plugged my computer to my tv and Live CNN appeared on screen by HDMI.

I started packing the rest of my belongings, as I listened to the news. My mother informed me she'll be picking me up at 3 am tomorrow. Anxious and somewhat excited, I subconsciously speeded my process of vacancy. By 11 pm, I was ready and enabled my friend's ability to come over because I wanted to say goodbye. I was sad but I knew that soon I'll be happy again, even in times of COVID-19.

4/1

It was the 1st of April and it was 3 a.m. Before my mother had arrived, I had made sure to sanitize everything and myself because I wanted to make sure I wasn't going to be patient zero for my family. As my mother came through the door, I was excited to see her and she was excited to see me. Thus, I gave her some hand sanitizer before we started hitting the road. I said goodbye to my university, surprisingly with no tears.

At noon, I was nearing the end of the road trip. During my travels, I saw many with masks in their own individual passing cars. I arrived at my household around 3:00 pm, explaining the 12 hour drive and why it was so extensive. My mother and I were forced to remove our shoes, and were immediately sprayed down at entry. The rest of my day involved homework and had news alerts.

4/2

I woke up tardy and had a cigarette. I really don't smoke that much, but it was necessary from the nerves I retrieved from watching the news late. I was planning to go to the gym but it was already closed down due to the ongoing epidemic. My plans for the day were ruined, my friend was afraid to see anyone. I felt a change in my mood.

I was bothered by the effects. The socio-psychology of the society was culminating up to social distance. Around midday, I saw my mother leave the house precautiously to go to work and I saw myself doing homework. As I sat on the couch, I made sure to keep conscious of the news during this crisis. Channel 7 News became a guide to #StaySafe, and soon it became an advocacy to #StayAtHome.

Floridians, including myself, knew a Stay-At-Home order would soon come upon us. I didn't hear any morning traffic per usual; my breakfast was typical cereal. I made sure to wash my hands every hour or so, because I was simply frantic. In the back of my mind was homework, but the front was Coronavirus. I really wanted to go to the mall.

Stores across the state started closing one by one; my appointment to the barbershop was canceled. I was left with chores and a news channel to watch. It seemed like I was focused on the increasing cases of COVID-19 in the United States and it was true. But, a question came into mind as the day ended. As I turned off my television, I questioned for the safety of the people living in my neighborhood.

My day doesn't get started without CNN. I knew my day was going to be boring so why not inform myself as a way to mitigate through the day. All I did was stay in my room and look at my only two screens: laptop and television. Even though both had facilitated my educational duties, I wanted to do something physical. Boring had derived into me.

Around 5 pm, I finally left my bed. Body positivity became negative; Suddenly, I had a longing for my local gym. I missed the outside, and nature was more natural than ever. More animals were outside and the news says so. The news also announced more deaths in Broward County and I gained the construct of fear. I feared for myself and my family.

4/10

I was exhausted around the end of the morning. The virus made sure everyone had protection worn at all times. I had my mask on all day and decided to go for a run around my neighborhood. After my run, I assured myself to get back home in time for lunch. Entry back into my household had the same procedure as last time.

As my mother, her grandparents, and I ate our food, we glanced constantly at what the news had to tell us about COVID-19. CNN displayed charts for us to analyze, ain't it wasn't looking good. Cases kept growing, and New York started looking like a hotspot for the pandemic. Another day without excitement and with fear was not well for me emotionally. I hoped that this was going to end soon.

4/11

I didn't want to let fear overcome me. I knew, as I ate my breakfast bacon, that COVID-19 wasn't going to control my ability to smile. Instead of watching the news, I watched some cartoons. I got homework out of the way as quickly as possible. I want to spend quality time with the ones I love.

I made dinner for my family and put on a movie for us to see. I felt like a time off tension was necessary because too much wasn't psychologically okay. Being quarantined made me realize that what can be done outside can be done inside. I started working out in my room with weights I found in the garage; I made sure to clean them. After my nice workout, I fell into a deep sleep.

4/17

Things today looked better today, than any other day. I went to Walmart with my mother, but we required protection for entry. People made a long line for entry into the superstore, and 6 six feet apart was mandatory. All we obtained was some food because storage was low.

Quantity was bad quality was good. Stores throughout my county started somewhat reopening. As I settled myself into my bed for sleep, I pondered what the news had in store for us for the next day cause Coronavirus was repetitive. When I mean repetitive, I mean the news connotes the same discussion about COVID-19.

4/18

I stopped watching the news. Things were neutral but the virus wasn't. I wanted to see my friends and spend some time out on the beach, but I knew I couldn't do that yet. I prayed that "yet" was reality because dates to lift the quarantine kept changing. My breakfast was a bowl of cereal -- boring...

I started searching for jobs today. I applied to stores who are looking for workers that are willing to work during times of crisis. I was willing to, so I began this process around midday. By nightfall, I had 28 applications submitted. As I watched Hulu, after working really hard to get into a workplace, I thought about the future once again.

4/19

I woke up around 6 am to see if I had any emails from any jobs I have applied to. I have only gotten one from costco but it was a rejection letter. Thus, I deleted the email and started worrying; I needed a job to establish economical balance. In other words, today, I was officially broke.

The rest of the day was filled with calls. My mother brought me some sanitize and a Bacon King from Burger King. Honestly, my stomach was growling but I paid no attention -- clearly my mother did. I thanked her but she then notified me of some news. That spark made me turn on the news and for the rest of the day it was CNN. Unfortunately, the number of cases was continuously growing.

4/20

I am not going to be innocent but I had to see my friends today. All day, I basically waited by procrastinating with Netflix. I made sure to get homework out of the way so I may do what I needed to do. My act today to sneak out and hang out with friends was deviant but it goes to show that strain theory is real. Using social imagination, we can correlate the pandemic with deviances throughout society.

After my mischief, I decided to check my email before I went to sleep. I saw that 3 jobs had denied me and 3 other jobs gave me conditional employment. My worried self went away and I decided to intensify a bit before I went to sleep with some Channel 5 News at 11 pm. It seems that the virus is maintaining a steady line in the rating of contraction. I showered and sanitized before I embarked on an unpredictable dream.

These Journals are my definition of quarantine. Life in Florida is different from Alabama, with regulations at an even greater difference. Going back home was a change and COVID-19 was an even greater change. I hope for the best in the future. I know we will all survive.