Flow

Everything was changing too quickly. I remember my thoughts from yesterday. I was questioning whether travelling to Romania for a bachelorette party is a responsible decision. Today I do not even have to think about it. My bus is cancelled. I am stucked in Czech Republic. But hey, I want to live here, right? You wanted Prague, you got Prague.

At the moment when the restrictions appeared, I did not have health insurance. I was stressed. And confused. Checking the news every hour. They were new rules again and again.

I was calling my grandmother. My family. They are trying to encourage me. They would like to see me. But I will be safer in Czechia. They do not expect anything good to happen in Romania. People will not follow the restrictions.

I was alone in the room. I remember my roommate’s eyes, when she left, we knew we will not see each other maybe for a month. I missed her. I missed human company. But to contradict myself, I tried to avoid the friendliness of people in the dorm. I wanted to have the possibility to decide who to see, to whom to talk to.

After the first week, maybe two weeks, I realized, how cool it is, that I can read a lot. I can sew my own mask (I had a pretty cool, shiny textile for it). I can draw comic stripes to cheer myself and my friends up. I can listen to music the whole day. In these days I was calm.

But going to Billa was a nightmare. I was surprised. I felt extra dirty after a grocery shopping. Which I decided to do every two weeks. This strategy game was apparently too demamding. Where to put my clothes I was wearing? In a bag and in a bag and... Nóra, you are overreacting.

After maybe six weeks, I went out at night. With the guy living in the next room. We went to the gas station. I was laughing. I was running in the middle of the road. I was dancing and jumping around like a goat. This is what I really missed. Being wild. The possibility to smell the air at night. To get drunk and not to care. That night I was free.

But otherwise, during the days, and except my grocery shoppings, I did not go anywhere. I know I am allowed to go to the park. But no. I was invited to meet some friends as well. I always refused. Not all of them understood. But I have this personality. If I do something, I want to do it right. Maybe sometimes too much, stubbornly. Combined with a bit of OCD. And with the desire for compliance.

Bu I must admit, the grids on my windows were demoralizing.

So I changed my strategy. I was polishing my nails. Dressed up nicely. Just for staying in my room. I wanted to feel that there is a point in doing so. I wanted to smile when I saw myself in the mirror. I wanted to be pretty for myself. It is just as, and even more important, than to please the eyes of others. I laughed and repeated: Quarantine got me sexy!