2019 was a big and busy year for Lina. First year in the new university, endless rehearsals for her first performance on the stage; working full time, studying full time, partying full time, she never knew when to stop. Life was spinning springlike: every day, every minute something was happening. New people, new projects, new places, she felt pleasantly tired at the end of each day and excited about the upcoming one. She watched her life going on and on as if she watched the top popular series on Netflix, swallowing one episode after another, stopping only for short breaks for sleep to let her mind and body rest.

2020 started from anxious talks of a new virus spreading around. Lina would not believe it. “How stupid, they can’t stop the world running.” And when they did she was laughing in the face of the pandemic. “All right, I can stay in for a week or two and watch movies for the sake of humanity.”

She had to stay in for a way longer than 2 weeks.

Lina was not worrying about catching a disease because it felt as if the whole world caught a respiratory infection and stopped breathing anyway. The air of life was missing from the everyday routine in lockdown circumstances. The virus infected the humanity at hospitals and their homes. Taking away the source of money, socialisation, mobility and realisation it centered the life around the computer. These changes heavily landed on Lina’s head and slowly dripped down till very soon the sticky web of new commitments entangled and restricted her from movements completely.

Months of sitting at home eventually brought Lina to the stage of acceptance. It started to remind her of winter holidays back in time in Siberia, when she was not getting outside much, unable to afford eating out and having to make herself busy through the day to survive the desperate boredom. Winter holidays though had the expiration date, the virus did not. Nurtured by enormous boredom, the depression, like a heavy ugly monster, was mounting from her lower back to the shoulders pressing her down until at some point Lina found herself unable to unbend. This monster was worse than the lockdown itself. It smelled like an unwashed body and greasy hair, uncontrollable in his mischief it took away the last tiny bits of the happiness and motivation. It stopped things from happening. It paralized the world as a lump of dry clay stuck in the wheel stops the bicycle.

The summer brought fresh warm air. One day, she went out for a walk to the nearest park, lazily shuffling her feet, Lina literally dragged herself along the road. Wandering around she was in a desperate need for the world to move from the dead point. All at once her feet switched from walking to running. Thoughts in her head boiled like the clear soup “Do something! Run! Scream! Be alive!”. And she ran breathlessly and the world finally seemed to be moving. Trees, bushes and mothers with strollers flashed, cyclists rushed by. One picture replaced another, her ears were throbbing, the heart was pumping blood for ten. Lumpy monster clung tighter for a second, but unable to withstand the blowing gusts of wind unclenched its sweaty palms and fell off. Left far behind on the road he was not able to weigh Lina down anymore. She was running fast enjoying the movement and foretasting long forgotten feeling of pleasant tiredness.