

Everyday Was A Mental Health Day

When the pandemic hit, I took precautions seriously, and I was scared. I remember watching the news with my dad at home, and we both were discussing the amount of time we would be in lockdown. We only assumed two months max. I did not have an issue switching to online school, but I started to feel unmotivated and tired. My routine was the same every day; I would miss the classes that did not require attendance and sleep in. Then I would get ready and drive to Starbucks and then back home. I would eat one to two meals and do some homework. Then I would be on my computer or phone until 3 am and go to bed.

My mental health was suffering. I was going through heartache at the start of quarantine, and I found that it was easier to obsess and overthink about it because the world was at a stop. I felt low, and I had no distractions. Before, when I felt down, I would take a mental health day and do an activity. It felt like every day was a mental health day, but nothing was progressing. The school was extremely easy to get through, and I did all my work effortlessly. But my mental, social, and physical well being suffered. I used to work out five times a week, and I completely stopped and had no motivation to walk to my home gym. I used to see friends every day. I used to do homework in coffee shops. And I used to go sunset swim a few times a week. All I did was sleep and obsess over a boy. There were some days where I would lay in my bed all day. That is not like me at all, but when the world stopped, so did I. I am happy I took everything seriously and stayed indoors, but I wish people did the same because it was the lowest I have ever felt in my life. It was an endless cycle of beating myself down and overthinking about my flaws.