

My name is Yash, I am a student at the ISG, and I've been in this bizarre situation for about 2 months now. I remember when it all started, but it wasn't the same anymore. Going outside was illegal in some areas. While it wasn't as bad here, it was still painfully boring. Wakeup, class, sleep, repeat. The regular day here was no more just a regular day. It had degraded from a regular day. Since March we've been in this lockdown routine. The outside world is not as we used to know it. Everyone must maintain 1.5meters distance. The only reason one should go outside now is for grocery shopping, but of course there are rebels. Anyways, life before quarantine was great. The routine was greater. Wakeup, go to school, come home, go do sports, repeat. I have almost forgotten the taste of sweet victory in an outdoor sports game. I don't remember how it's like to bike 10k on the same road front and back every day. I don't remember my life outside quarantine. Every time I go outside, I get flashbacks of the good ol' times.



“Hello from the inside”