

2020-03-31

"The problem with my life is that it was someone else's idea"

It's hard to read this without feeling pity, or maybe even anger, at whoever might be saying this. It speaks to an obvious lack of control they feel in their own lives, but not like a spectator to their own life. Instead, this person's life isn't so much controlled directly by someone else as much as they are forced to bend to someone else's will and follow someone else's vision for their life. They became their own enemy, which makes rebellion impossible: how can you fight someone when you're already losing to yourself?

Losing the battle isn't the only fear. In history, armies who lose fall and are remembered as men and women who fought valiantly. They don't continue losing. They don't battle themselves.

2020-04-09

Oops, this quick-write was supposed to be done yesterday, but better late than never, right?

These are the prompts

- 1) write your youth in songs/albums/books/video games/movies/TV shows etc.
- 2) take your favourite song lyrics and write from there
- 3) write about someone else's life or youth or adulthood (you get the picture) in songs or books or TV Shows etc.
- 4) write anything of your choosing

While I could write about my youth (which is still very much ongoing, thank you very much) in song, I find the second prompt especially inspiring, because there are just so many great songs, like *Fuck Everything* by Jon Lajoie.

While I could write down the lyrics to the song, I'd much rather write about the sentiment of the song. You can probably guess that over 50% of the words in the song are just the f word, which is not fitting for a good student such as myself :0.

I often find myself struggling to decide on what I should do - it always feels like there's so much I could do and I feel overwhelmed by decision fatigue, like the singular decision to not study ap calc bc right now means that I delay studying for my physics and statistics exams that are (basically) only a month away. I definitely need to start waking up earlier to grind those aps.

I've also found myself complaining a lot more, which I *really* don't like. Complaining doesn't help, whining won't help. Work is going to be difficult, and I need to find what's fulfilling.

I've found that the rash I found on the left side of the back of my neck has developed into a weird bump.

2020-04-15

What the fuck is the point. I try not to swear in my writing - if Poe didn't need to swear, then I don't either. But that's a pretty good way to describe how I'm feeling. There is a very, very strong lack of motivation. I wonder if later on, I can use this to describe how it forced me to do something of my own. When you dig a hundred holes for carrots or whatever, and none of them produce a single carrot, what do you do?

You dig another hole.

I don't want to give up, but that option looks more and more tempting as the days go by and the rejections come fluttering in. I'm trying to take each of these rejections in stride and originally asked: "What do they have that I don't?" But a better way to phrase that is: "What can I learn from them?"

So, here's my post-mortem analysis:

wrt rbc:

- Appearances matter. A website, articles, even if you don't have as many projects are really quite useful.

Wrt sunnybrook:

- Do things early
- If you know about them, get started early, don't put it off until later just because you can

Wrt oscss:

- Same thing as sunnybrook

Wrt science fair:

- Literally the same thing of doing things as early as you can

Wrt APs:

- Same thing

Wow it looks like I've found the problem, procrastination. great. I just have absolutely no motivation.

2020-06-06

Let's aim for "750 Words"!

As for a status update, I left the cold atmosphere of the hospital yesterday because of my sprained (not broken?) ankle. I'm sure I'll forget how it happened and some of my takeaways from the hospital, so I'll try to describe last night as best as I can. Shapearl Wells from the "Somebody" podcast mentioned something about how "you hear the truth first, and the lies later on" when she first learned of her son's tragic murder, immediately suspecting the police. I'm thankful that everybody close to me is fine, my experience at Rouge Valley Hospital (around Neilson & Ellesmere) was better than hers.

You started that wonderful journey eating dinner. It was the usual, rotli-dhar-bath-shack, and mom was telling you that you're too short and should exercise more. A little wounded by her comments but realizing that they're true, you go to the backyard to shoot some hoops. The net is too close to the neighbour's yard, so shots that veer slightly to the left end up in their yard. You hear the neighbour go into his backyard. *Man I hope I don't have to jump the fence into his yard while he's outside.*

You take a shot. Unsurprisingly, it's too far to the left. You make a mad dash to the ball, jump, and the ball flies right outside your grasp. Maybe there's something about being taller that would help here...

You land, but not *just* on the concrete. You land on the soft dirt the plants call home and the concrete. You don't exactly know how you landed, but you know that you didn't land well considering that you felt a very strong snap in your ankle as you collapsed onto the ground.

The neighbour picks up the ball and passes it over the fence, asking whether you're fine. You reply "Yeah, I'm fine" through the pain and say "You can just drop the ball". He's holding the ball above you, so you extend your hands expecting the ball to fall into them. In retrospect, you should have at least tried to move your ankle out of the way before asking him to drop the ball.

He throws the ball and it lands ahead of you, bouncing until it slows against the wall. You're currently trying to breathe through the pain - lessons from demon slayer no doubt. *If it's not swollen, it's probably not broken.*

You turn your foot over. Your ankle, normally the size of a golf ball, has swollen to the size of your first. *Not good.*

You stand and hobble over to the chairs outside. You sit, questioning your life decisions. *Why didn't I just wear shoes? Why didn't I just go biking? Sitting here won't do any good. From the size of your ankle, you need to get that x-rayed. But if it's broken, that means that you'll spend most of your summer sitting around or hobbling. Goodbye summer...*

Eventually, dad comes out, apparently to check on you. He jokes, "Tired already?", and you just motion him over, saying that you're hurt. He takes one look and says that we have to go to the emergency room.

You think the adrenaline rush has gone away now, and shuffle towards the car. You stop on your way there as mom, bhai, and dad realize what you've just done to yourself. Mom gets you water and your mask, and you start to go into shock.

Shock is interesting. I had only learned about it from lifeguard training, and it was far scarier than I could have ever imagined. Your vision and your hearing started to disappear. One moment, you see the world in extremely high contrast, the next it's completely black except for the things within the focal length of your eyes I assume, like bhai and dad. At the same time, your hearing is starting to fade, sort of like when you wake up really early and can't hear much. Your voice is really loud in your head. It was at that moment that I realized that I needed water and to sit down. After sitting down, you got driven to the hospital.

As expected, the hospital sees a lot of covid-19 patients given that we're currently in pandemic mode. One of their precautions is that for patients under the age of 16, others cannot accompany them. You were 17, so you stroll in on a wheelchair alone. When you initially go in, you get surveyed and then you wait. Spoilers - there's a lot of waiting involved, the interactions you had with the medical staff were mainly short (potential opportunity?). They survey you for covid-19 symptoms, you said no to all their questions and you moved on. You were wheeled further into the rooms and a slightly tall Indian doctor eventually checked you. With one look, he said, "that looks bad, I'm guessing either it's broken or dislocated".

*Man, I wanted to go my whole life without breaking a bone. I thought that I would be in complete pain and shock had I broken a bone - do I have a higher pain tolerance?*

You got wheeled to the hallway of the x-ray rooms, where it was *significantly* quieter than the rest of the hospital. There was a waiting room across from the radiology reception area with some colourful paintings. The paintings were of a wonderful, sunny world. I suppose even in a place of pain for patients, there are attempts to cheer them up. There was a lady in a hospital bed across from you that motioned to a nurse and said that she had to go to the bathroom. I suppose you didn't really know how to feel about that - are you going to be in that position many years from now? Do I want to be in that position? How do I avoid being in that position? Diet and exercise I imagine. I should really get in shape, develop good eating habits - you're already predisposed to a variety of heart conditions. It might be too late for her, but it doesn't need to be too late for you.

On another note, I wonder if I'll have to leave mom or dad in that position. Man that breaks my heart.

You were wheeled into the x-ray room, and got x-rays done from three angles, your foot facing the overhead machine, your foot facing to the left of the machine (your right), and your foot facing to the right of the machine (your left). He asked about whether you felt pain

laterally across your foot. You said no. At that moment, you genuinely didn't feel pain, but he mentioned that there's a bone that often breaks across that area and if there's pain we should x-ray that area. You thought that maybe you should get it x-rayed anyway, and maybe lose a little off your life... They gave you a small lead sheet to cover your royal jewels, a surprising difference from the lead sheet you got that covered your entire body when you stubbed your toe. Differences in hospitals I suppose... The technician said that you should ask to see x-rays of your foot and that the pictures you were taking had good exposure. You then waited... for a while.

You were wheeled back into the original waiting room, further deep into the hospital. The same doctor from earlier walked up to you with "very, very good news".

"It's not a break or dislocation. It might be torn ligaments."

"How will I know if my ligaments are torn?"

"We have to wait for the swelling to go down"

Well then. You forgot to ask to see your x-rays. A different nurse wheeled you out and gave you discharge papers, basically just a suggestion on what to do. You called dad and he drove over, picking you up and driving you back home.

That was your hospital adventure. Your foot is now in mom's old aircast and you'd much rather have not gotten hurt. Let's see how the next two weeks play out.

Wow - I got to 1343 words... I'd rather not talk about my dread for the future just yet... maybe I'll talk about this tomorrow.

2020-08-08

August has arrived like a [insert clever simile here]. As for a foot update - wow dhrumil who would have guessed that you'd be so interested in *feet* - my ankle has more or less healed; I can walk, bike, and jump on the foot, but I still can't