

## Situation Update #1:

Not sure where to start this one, so let's just start with the time. It's 1:39:51 on April 8th, 2020.

As for an update related to the coronavirus, COVID-19 has thankfully not entered my home (as far as I know...). Ontario currently has 4,726 cases, 1802 have been "resolved", of which 153 have died from the virus. Obviously, I'm worried, but I trust that efforts to ensure everyone's safety are being followed.

I left the house yesterday at about 5:30 pm to go running. I should've gone earlier to avoid people, but I really wanted to get out of the house for a bit. My life right now consists of avoiding schoolwork while studying for AP exams. I know, it's a pretty good deal. That was only meant to be half-heartedly sarcastic - I would rather study for AP exams than suffer from COVID-19 or something far worse.

I was just studying for AP Calc BC from the school uni textbook - I just derived the separable differential equation for a homogeneous first-order differential equation. I'd say I'm ready for whatever differential equation the AP calc exam throws at me right now - I'm more worried about what my physics and stats exams might throw at me - Speaking of, that's basically what I'll be doing over the next few weeks.

I did the April 2020 ["Triads"](#) janestreet puzzle earlier today with George, and some interesting patterns emerged from it, like how every  $N$  that works can be built with a smaller  $N$ , and that  $N$  10 apart starting from 11 seemed to work. Check out that onenote page of "Puzzles" to learn more about your old ideas, future dhrub. Our answer, as of right now, is 134. It's unconfirmed since I won't know what Jane Street says until I get up "tomorrow".

Ooh cs50 certificates for puzzle day also got sent out today, which was pretty cool. I'm glad that I actually did it this year. I think I would not be able to solve the last puzzle on my own in the same time that Joseph solved it and I had no idea what to do with the "piece it all together" puzzle, but I'm glad that I had teammates that *did* know what to do with those puzzles.

Given that I'm not a complete zombie and am getting a *LOT* more sleep now, I've started thinking about a lot more, specifically:

### Dealing with mediocrity

- Not much to say here - I keep thinking that I'm not smart enough to make genuine contributions to the fields I'm interested in. Sure I can supplement any lack in capacity with hard work, but I just wonder if I didn't get lucky with this life, what life would I be living? Would I be some sort of Egyptian slave who spends their life toiling for others? Will I end up doing something analogous in my future? Obviously, 1:56 am dhrub does not have good ideas.

### Being nicer to my parents

- I need to do this. I would say “I just don’t know how”, but I know that I just need to spend more time with them, and help out more. Problem is balance i guess.

Being more productive

- APs are coming... enough said.

How short our lives are

- I mean just about everyone has this existential crisis at some point, and I’ve been thinking about this one for a long time. Like, at least a good 6+ years. I used to think that my overall life purpose would be to leave the world better than when I found it. I still think that’s true, but now it feels like any single individual or lifetime? can’t possibly create huge advancement. I probably haven’t studied history enough - the world progressed in a single instant when the first atom bomb went off.
- This topic resurfaced for me when I watched altered carbon, specifically when Reileen said that she wanted to see a “million tomorrows”. Well, this isn’t even possible for us lowly humans without “stacks”. That’s 2739 years. We get roughly 30,000 tomorrows. That’s really what brought this discussion to the top of my mind.

What am I going to do with the remaining tomorrows I have of those 30,000?

Ah, but I’ll leave that as a question for future dhrubbus. Make it be a good answer; I’m counting on you.

Pandemic Update #2:

It’s the next day, 7:04 pm, but it doesn’t feel like evening. My brother’s doing his uni exams right now, so I’m sitting outside trying to work. The original inspiration for this, the piece Ms. Scholl put up for us to read (called “Situation Update”), felt like a jumble of thoughts. The short, emphatic sentences conveyed the author’s nervousness and fear throughout the piece.

I’ve gotten hit recently with a strong lack of motivation to do anything really. It always seems like there’s so much that I can do that I don’t know what to choose. I say that listening to podcasts/music distracts my mind and lets me focus, but maybe I’m just looking for a distraction.

My lack of motivation has seeped into my entire body. I barely feel the motivation to even move my fingers to type the rest of this sentence. Maybe it’s just because this is English, and English really just doesn’t excite me. I know it did once because I was actually compelled to go to English class where I would only do English. Now, it just feels like distractions that keep me from doing something I’d rather do.

As an experiment (or more realistically out of sheer laziness), I wanted to see what I’d do if I had no work to do at all. I’d like to be empathetic towards these situation updates, and I feel like Ms. Scholl’s sentiment of “None of what you’ve been worrying about really

matters". Out of most of her updates, this one seems the most interesting. It brings up an interesting discussion about existentialism and nihilism for me - if life or death becomes your standard, does anything you do really matter? I mean standard because everyone has standards for what constitutes something like a good event or a good day. To express it pseudo-mathematically, let there be a threshold that defines everything greater than the threshold to be a good day and everything less than the threshold to be a bad day. I use greater and lesser because your good/bad day might be many, many, many-dimensional instead of binary. But with life and death becoming your threshold, it's obvious how it all collapses into a single question: Are you and those close to you alive?

Maybe I'm reading too much into this but I feel so removed from this situation. People I know have gotten coronavirus, and a mutual friend has unfortunately passed away from the coronavirus, but I don't know how to react. Of course, I feel bad for them - their good life ended prematurely, but I don't know what else to say or do. Death just feels so... concluding. There's absolutely nothing afterward. Maybe I've just been listening to the Canadian True Crime podcast too long.

Oh, and all these English encouragements to "let the reading guide me". This would be great if I read things other than textbooks. Oh, well why don't you just follow what you want to do and read. Problem is, I don't *want* to read right now. I want to make good on all those promises I made myself to do XYZ if I just had the time. I've been complaining about having to choose between what I want to do and what I have to do, how this program I voluntarily go to has been draining and depressing. How much I hate just not knowing about what the program really is like and how parents dismiss this kind of difficulty.