

Everyday was the same

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One day I decided to learn a recipe
by Gennaro Contaldo.

I saw this recipe on a Jamie Oliver Youtube video.

It required a few ingredients.

Olive oil, spaghetti, garlic, chilli, sausages, salt and pepper.

I didn't really strictly follow the recipe but I understood what I
had to do.

There were still steps I had to follow,

and I haven't tried to change anything since then.

It was like the summer.
The summer felt like a blur.
Everyday was the same.
I'd wake up.
Have a cup of coffee.
Watch videos on the internet.
Check up cheap flights to places like Vienna, Copenhagen and Prague.
Thinking that I should go on a short trip to somewhere.
But in reality, I didn't go anywhere.
I would wonder about what I should have for lunch and dinner and figure out what I should do the next day.
Everyday was the same,
except for one thing.
I'd read about different articles that will appear on Facebook.
Protests, police assaults, the brown face advert, trade war and it went on and on and on.
It was exhausting.
But everyday was the same.
Nothing really happened for me but there was so much happening around me.
Maybe I should've flown back to Singapore.
Maybe I should've done something more.
Something more than just sharing and liking posts and articles.
But I didn't.
I realised sometimes that
I feel relieved that I feel a sense of guilt and regret over what I did.
But guilt and regret is just as idle.
I guess I'll just keep telling myself,

at least I did something.

Most of the time when I eat alone, I'll eat straight from the pan.
I'll have lesser dishes to wash like that.
Because I hate doing the dishes.

The idea of doing the dishes is so strange to me.
I'd always want to hurry do the dishes because
I'd hate to see dirty dishes lie around even though I dread it.
Whenever I'm in the midst of doing the dishes, I would just be
angry.
But I can't just stop washing them halfway just because I don't
like it.
I'd just have to keep going until I'm done with them.
I suppose there is no perfect life.
I suppose there is no paradise.
Sometimes I'll have to do things that I don't want to do.
So you asked me how my summer was.
To be honest I didn't know how to answer you or anyone who
asked me.
All I could think was
nothing really happened.
But I don't want your sympathy.
Funny thing was that I'd always end up saying what's on my
mind.
And every time I did that,
Nothing really changes.
You are no different.
It's no surprise but I guess I'm used to it.
Everyday was still the same.