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Diaries on Corona Fears

(20)

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My dumbbells arrived today, and so ends the use of books as weights. I stated previously that I enjoyed the concept, but frankly, as time went on, I felt that I had disrespected the books and their dead authors by reducing them to their work to precisely what confines it: the book and its weight. Authors write with the exact intention of never becoming inanimate, making sure their words flow freely across the world with the book only as a vessel, and I'm fairly certain I did the precise opposite of that by making the book itself the essential subject. Anyway, that's all in the past now, and I look forward to having better workouts (and certainly hope I can always find the time for them).

I attended my classes today that finished at 2PM, then had a devilish string of five consecutive meetings between 4PM to 9PM, and what made them more excruciating was that each one was to complete a more tedious task than the one before it, almost in consecutive order. Research to Research to Project Meeting to Engineers Without Borders executive board meetings, not in that order by the off chance that one of my partners on any project reads this and recognizes their order on the list of tediousness. Regardless, that was over with and I had to study, but thankfully, it was not alone, and my good Palestinian friends accompanied me in that and made the situation much lighter. I was rejuvenated with a few good laughs, had a productive evening, worked-out before bed, and ended on a fairly good note.

A final remark for today is that the weather was immaculate, reaching almost 27°C, and I had probably the best walk this year between about 2:30-4:00PM. And in that walk, I did a lot of reflection, as good weather often prompts me to do. But I'll keep those particular thoughts in my head, for the time being.