

Kariem Hashem

Diaries on Corona Fears

(34)

25th April 2020

First day of Ramadan went excellently. I woke up at about 3:00PM and didn't even consider the possibility of being productive. I knew I wasn't going to be productive today, but at the same time, why would I be? It's the first day of Ramadan, and that only happens once a year. Also, yes, I recognize that 3:00PM is very late, but I have no issues with that as well, I'm accustoming to a new schedule where I spend most of my day at night. I recognize the counter-productive nature of this, and how it may defeat the purpose of Ramadan, but I promise that this is not something I'm doing by choice; finals are coming up incredibly close, as well as classes, and if I wake up at a reasonable time I can neither perform nor participate in classes or exams at all, I will certainly be too frail to do so, and today proved that for me, by about 6:00PM I was gone, and most meetings start around that time, as well as finals that begin even later (and closer to iftar time, meaning even later into the fast). It's something I have to do for now, but I'm certain I'll be forgiven for it, and at the very least I forgive myself.

Regardless, things were looking incredibly exciting, the prospect of eating some Bachamel pasta and grilled chicken in Egyptian style by my friends, who so gracefully invited me to have socially-distanced iftar alongside, was beyond exciting. And they delivered excellently, and I ate until I felt the room moving around me. I recognize gluttony is a terrible sin, but I could not resist today; however, I'll go easier in the future. We had a great time, and I walked back to my dorm to actually do some, surprisingly, very productive work, utilizing all the energy I got from iftar for good use. It was a good day, I hope Ramadan stays like this.