

18 Floors Stuck in 2020
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character Quarantine Girl

I live on the 18th floor in a building that is located in downtown Chicago. You can see lake Michigan from my bedroom and living room windows. I remember just in August when we would play a game called "count the sailboats". Now there is only one large fishing boat out there that doesn't move. And I'm not sure when we will be able to play our little game again.

The days are fine here. I recently moved in with my partner. It had been off and on but my roommate moved back home because of everything and now it's just us. We spent basically every day together already. Have never had issues. I will say though that he has never played this many video games. I find myself wandering the apartment wondering what to do next. It is not a very big space. My weekends are filled with self-taped auditions and weekdays with online art school. Imagine that. Movement for the Actor twice a week for two hours in my apartment. If the class wasn't already bullsh!t, let me tell you it's a whole ton of it now. Zoom classes are not particularly fit for someone like me with severe ADD. When you have laundry to do and dishes and your room is a mess and could be doing all of these other things, Zoom meetings are incredibly annoying because all I want to do is load the dishwasher and I never thought I would say that. The reason I came to artschool was so that I could be hands on with everything I do. I know that we are all making huge sacrifices and are giving it up for the greater good but damn. I have a 7/11 downstairs and my partner and I go down there once a day. The guys know me well down there. It's nice to see their familiar faces. I constantly am finding myself in between highly productive and highly lazy. That's ADD for ya. 2020 was supposed to be crazy. Parties. Dancing. Gatsby. People. Large groups of people. LARGE. I couldn't reiterate that more. I regret the last party I didn't go to because I was like "No baby let's stay in. We have had a long week". Never again will I do that. That's what quarantine has taught me. It's my first year of my second decade. After this is all over. I want to dance and be pushed around in a crowd and make the floor shake. I want to stand on a chair and dance like I did at my last cast party. Anything. ANYTHING. To make laundry the most uninteresting thing in the world again.