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First day back on campus and we are locked down before 1:00pm. I am FURIOUS. <https://t.co/oZVKG6xP6P>



Still no information, and I'm hungry. Looks like the internet made a tweet just for me!

<https://twitter.com/BerrymoreBlue/status/1569503337573228545>

Thank the heavens for good pet care companies in this city! Millie is safe with her buddy Max, and being artfully posed next to toys she won't ever play with. There is also another dog boarding with him, and she seems rather skeptical - lookit those baby yoda ears! <https://t.co/eJTPFeek3k>



Have now been told that “it will probably be a few days” so I should have a friend pack a bag and have it dropped off tonight before deliveries are forbidden.

Even more furious than earlier.

Regarding dinner, the institute pantry has been raided and we have been offered random cakes, nut packs, and coke. Ordering dinner does not seem possible for anyone.

It is clear that this is a shock to everyone, because our prevention protocols are very strict. Did I mention it’s literally THE FIRST DAY BACK?

Naomi always gets it right: <https://twitter.com/RealSexyCyborg/status/1569635596154580992>

Dinner has manifested! Chicken cutlet and rice, no complaints. Video call with a friend to pack a random bag has been completed, admin will help me order a courier to get it across town. Still not looking forward to sleeping on my office floor. For a 'few days' or ANY days, tbh.

Important update: we have decided to pilfer couches from the hallways. Much better than sleeping on the floor. <https://t.co/dppiMVCpa4>



Just past midnight 30 - regretting the lack of an eye mask, headphones, and a shower. Announcement for all campus testing tomorrow from noon - 3pm, meaning I'm in for at least 2-3 more days of waiting. Worst mental space for teaching ever.

I want to note that I am usually happily zonked by 9:30-10pm most nights. My front office wall is all glass with blinds, and hallway lights don't have an off switch for commoners. Also there is a blinky blink internet widget in my ceiling.

And you know what? I enjoy being - shall we say- not fully covered in garments when I sleep, but feel like it is discourteous to reveal even an un-hoisted bewb whilst making my way to the privy at midnight in a building full of people I don't know like that.

Not much to report - we are all waiting to be called for the next round of testing. Everyone's putting a brave face on, but we're all unshowered and raggedy. Office building restrooms are not meant for the amount of use they're getting.

Had a call with my parents this morning since they're worried. Had two hours of zoom meetings. Had a post zoom meetings conference. Saw a bunch of ppl with boxed lunches and asked admin how said MAGIQUE appeared because nobody explained the process to the foreigners.

So boxed lunches were ordered for the starving foreigners! Next is raiding absent colleague's cabinets (with permission) for a blanket because another colleague slept without one last night. <https://t.co/2SSuoTRDDC>



The pet sitter sent me the most amazing photo of Millie. Grumpy face when hat is my favorite genre. I miss her so much.
<https://t.co/FaqfuZ5Q1I>



And while I'm at it, here is a similarly grumpy face when hat photo from the pet sitter last Christmas. Isn't it magnificent?
<https://t.co/LJ4nMjsF0X>



I want to take a nap but don't know when I'll be rousted for testing, so I'm trying to distract myself. Kind of amazed at how many people I've had to block for calling me names re: staying in China. Seems like it's just so much easier to not read my tweets and go thrive elsewhere.

So, yanno. Lockdowns are boring, but we knew that. Since the campus is so massive, decisions are tough to make. One last thought: the friend who packed my bag last night included a couple Polaroids of her dogs to cheer me up, so I've taped them to my monitor. I'm so lucky. <https://t.co/iF5EPyHMQv>



I kind of love being quote tweeted, even tho someone just called me ... AVERAGE...

Naomi would never call me average, wouldja? <https://twitter.com/donweinland/status/1569913060625895424>

Waiting impatiently for PCR results, to be posted either in an hour or in 12 hrs. Faculty have been advised that the sports center will be open for a while for showers - note that said facility is a 2.5 km walk away and there is a typhoon bearing down upon our fair city. <https://t.co/vu3K9x2Qrq>



Typhoon season is weird because it's either sprinkles and clouds or rain reflecting the ravages to punish the horrible for their crimes. So walking 2.5km for a shower in the rain seems ... futile? But also shampooing my hair would feel marvelous right now.

Both staff and faculty who are Chinese have been great about helping out the awkward laowai who ask too many questions and (in my case) are prone to anxiety weeping when non-answers are offered, but there are only so many ppl with cars stuck in this building.

I just keep reminding myself that they are just as displeased with living at the office as I am AND they're expected to just deal with it, no complaints. None of us wanted this to happen and I'm trying not to make it worse. I am sometimes more anxious than gracious. *deep breath*

Interesting dynamic: there was a lot of chatter yesterday - til midnight - and tons today, til about 2pm. Now it seems everyone is talked out and hiding in their respective offices, absolutely ready for quiet time. I suppose that when you're used to only seeing certain people...

For an hour or so twice a week, then they're in your face for 36+ hours - and pandemonium stress invades - it's pretty natural to just want to head into the closest cave and stop making words at other faces that also make words.

Like: Office culture to me is to smile, nod politely, offer a greeting, and move on. So... do you greet someone when they're in the washroom brushing their teeth or washing up for the night? How do you navigate that big mirror eye contact situation? "how you doing" ???

None of us are "fine thanks" and yet it would be intolerably rude to say so! So we smile and shrug as we walk past each other in our jimjams and hope we can do a +5 at home instead of the office.

To be sure: I'm anxious, frustrated, deflated, annoyed - and probably more emotions I don't know how to express - about having this experience. AND I have been looked after, warm, dry, and fed by people who are probably feeling all these things too. Humbling to say the least.

Thanks to everyone who's been following along the past day or so - if you're looking for someone to curse out the zero-covid policy or other malcontent-er-y, I'm afraid you'll have to look somewhere else. I'm a middle age'd lady weirdo

trying to share my story authentically.

UPDATE: I applied for and was granted a 'special exemption' to do my self-health monitoring at home for the next 5 days. I'm drenched but have myself and some of the needful office resources back home. Online teaching 'til further notice' has meant at least a full term recently...

Today's typhoon situation is wild, which is why drenched. Total 'trying to get a great photo of Niagara Falls' energy. Exceedingly grateful to have minor loophole privilege and making moves to continue to support fac/staff/students still on campus from home.

Here is IRL typhoon info. Moisturized on a cellular level. https://twitter.com/chris__pc/status/1570090405064212480

Have been settling in to my +5 isolation and feeling both numb and exhausted all day. BUT: Millie is home so the proper order of things is getting arranged. <https://t.co/pQwM9iyRTf>