Wala Nagi

Professor Schmerler

English 1121 - D402

April 8th, 2020

**UNIT II--MID SEMESTER-GENRE**

**CONTENT**

SECTION 1: Diary excerpt 1 and 2

SECTION 2: Reflection and Analysis Of Diary Reading

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**EXTENDED DIARY:**
Spring 2020 in New York City

*March 23rd, 2020*

Dear Diary,

It’s Monday, I woke up very moody. 6:00am, my psychology midterm needed to be taken. 50 questions all required to be done in an hour which is beyond ridiculous. I didn’t even get to finish some questions which I'm very upset about and my computer kept lagging. My professor prefers us to call him when a situation happens and it was around 6:44am and I had a feeling he wasn’t up but we're talking about my midterm right now so I didn’t care. \*ring ring ring\* thankfully he answered considering the fact that he’s an early bird.

Me; “Hey professor, it’s Wala Nagi, I was taking the midterm and a lag had happened and the whole website froze and I’m not sure what to do.”

Professor S; “I can’t help you right now just do what you can do” \*beep beep beep\*... Did he just hang up on me? RUDE. So much for online classes right!! There were two parts to the exam, the first part was 30 multiple choice, to the garbage by the way.. and part 2 was 20 short answers. My anxiety was over 10000 praying it won’t lag again because if it did, my professor would think I'm cheating, which I wasn’t. An hour has passed and now it's 7:00am. I technically finished the midterm not including part one being multiple choice, not getting to finish because of my stupid laptop, but Professor S. I’m not to blame for my laptop acting up okay, this is my first time taking an online test so I think a redo is a lot more fair than being hung up on.

8:00am comes and I get an email from my professor; “Here’s a redo for part 1 and I apologize for the lag and hope it doesn’t happen again. I hope all is well.” I kind of forgave him for hanging up on me :) I took the test again, submitted it, and went right back to sleep.

*March 24th, 2020*

Dear Diary,

About the coronavirus situation, I know beforehand I said it all seems like crap, but around 12:10pm, my father received a phone call from a friend, telling him a friend they both know was tested positive for the coronavirus. My father was in complete shock. I think it all comes to feel so surreal when a person you know is affected by the cause (me right now). He’s in the hospital connected to a bunch of machines, a ventilator being one of them. No visitors are allowed to see him. My dad came to my siblings and I and said “we have to take this seriously, no one is allowed to go out, drink after anyone, or have a conversation unless you are 3 feet away from each other.” It honestly feels like the clouds in the sky aren’t white anymore, the stars aren’t glistening and the air feels dangerous to inhale now. I pray for better days and for this all goes away.

*March 25th, 2020*

Dear Diary,

It’s a new day my people and thankfully my father’s friend is feeling a lot better. He’s able to breathe without support from a machine but visitors are still not allowed. After the incident with my father's friend catching the virus, he decided to lock all the doors because, knowing the sons he has, they don’t care if there’s a hurricane right in front of the house or whatever the case may be, they always find a way to be outside.

*March 26th, 2020*

Dear Diary,

The following day arrives. I slept around 5am, I was on tik tok all night then prayed and forced myself to go to bed. As my body is being annoying, it decides to wake up at 11am. 6 hours of sleep? Really?? I know if school was around and I had to be up earlier, my body would be the hardest thing to fight but it is what it is. I thought I was going to wake up moody since I was on 6 hours of sleep, but surprisingly I was in a very good mood. I made the whole house regular pancakes, with homemade whipped cream and seasoned potatoes on the side. But as for my plate, I added strawberries with blueberries on to my pancakes and a couple of slices of avocados next to the potatoes and of course my coffee. The famous tik tok coffee that I've been obsessed with ever since I tried it. Coffee hasn't been the same since.

*March 27th, 2020*

Dear Diary,

10:00pm and I'm laying in bed, sleeping kind of early today because the next day I have anatomy class and he’s the only one that does facetime classes out of all of my four professors. Anyways as I'm laying down, we all have those moments where we take times like this to talk to god or perhaps even yourself; I usually speak to god but at this moment it wasn’t words that wanted to come out rather than it was feelings being felt. I'm scared. I'm scared of how the world is changing and how everyone is living under fear.

Just yesterday my mother went to Western Union to send my grandmother, who lives in Yemen, some money. She kept complaining how she didnt want to go and begged my oldest sister to take a trip down there, but my sister refused and volunteered me to go. And with a loud voice the words “NO” come out of my mother's mouth. Why? Because I have a very weak immune system and it'll be very easy for me to catch the coronavirus. So whoever is really on lock down in this house, it's me. My brothers still take trips down to the store and I get so jealous. I think to myself; “Does the air still feel warm on a cold day outside.” “God whatever you’re cooking outside.. It’s done.” “I just want to feel free again.”

*March 28th, 2020*

Dear Diary,

My mother started feeling very odd this morning. She kept uttering the same words. “I feel so cold” “I’m feeling kind of dizzy” “I want to lay down” for minutes now, \*GASP\* “she went outside yesterday and now she is feeling sick” “what if she has corona” “should I touch her…” All these thoughts rambling in my mind I yelled for my dad. He comes down the stairs and with their fear of my weak immune system, the first thing he says is “wala get away from her.” I’m not the problem right now dad, focus on mom.

He laid her down into the living room and asked her to describe what she is feeling and she said the same things she kept saying throughout the day. I said “maybe it’s her sugar and it’s probably low.” My mother has had diabetes since she was young and is very careful about what she eats but it was 2pm and my mom wakes up very late, around 1ish and she’s a coffee lover and I'm guessing she had several cups of it as usual on an empty stomach. Luckily my older sister and I were up late last night and were bored so we went on google and searched up how to make cheesecake. So we cut her a piece and left her alone for an hour.

*April 1st, 2020*

Dear Diary,

Happy April fools day!! Now what better way to start the day than with pranks? I’m called the clown in the house because I tend to have too much fun compared to my other siblings. They’re too serious for me so I crank it up a bit with some laughter.

My family is obsessed with soda and I'm talking OBSESSED! My mom would literally go to her weekly grocery shopping for snacks and all that good stuff and she wouldn't come home without bottles and bottles of soda. My mom would hide them after putting the groceries away because we’d go through a soda bottle not in a day but in 2 hours. During dinner time, I heard my brothers screaming for soda, so I quickly ran to get it and poured in 2 tablespoons of salt. It wasn't out of evilness but it was just for fun I guess. I didn’t add much for the whole soda to go to waste, I added salt per each cup served. My oldest brother automatically knew something was up because I was laughing the whole time so he just sniffed it and put it aside. My younger brother chugged the hell out of it and didn't say a word and I thought to myself “what the hell, did I not put enough salt??” So I ignored it and went to my last victim and it was by far the funniest one. I watched him pick the glass of soda up and take a sip and he looked confused at first as his eyebrows raised then gave it another shot and went in for a bigger sip and spit it back out and yelled out “IS THIS EXPIRED SODA WHY IS IT BITTER” and ran to check the date on the soda bottle. I couldn’t hold my laugh any longer and just dropped to the floor. He tried to force me to sip from the salty soda and chased me throughout the house. APRIL OOOOOOLS!!

*April 2nd - 6th, 2020*

Dear diary,

I’m sorry for not updating you on what’s going on and to tell you the truth I’ve been obsessed with this turkish show that my friend begged me to watch.

It’s all about Miran (main boy character) seeking revenge for his parents. He plans to marry the daughter Reyyan (main girl character) of the family who were responsible for the death of his parents. But he was aiming revenge at the wrong people due to the lies his grandmother built into his head ever since he was a young boy. Unexpectedly he falls in love with Reyyan, and the whole plan is ruined, leaving his grandmother upset.

They are 39 episodes and it’s 2 hours long per episode. My sister and I are on episode 26 and are by far obsessed. We wake up watching the show and sleep till 3am going to bed with our blood boiling because, each episode ending always leaves us speechless.



*April 7th, 2020*

Dear Diary,

Good morning, it’s 12:06pm. I watched my father’s story on whatsapp and saw he had written “may your soul rest in peace” in Arabic. So I automatically got off my bed and looked for him around the house and saw my mom crying on the phone. My heart feels so heavy. The friend of my father who tested positive for the corona had passed away. He passed away Saturday but my father was just told today on Tuesday. What’s crazy is we were receiving more hope by the day being told he was doing better and now he’s gone. إِنَّا لِلَّٰهِ وَإِنَّا إِلَيْهِ رَاجِعُونَ‎ (Verily we belong to Him and verily to Him do we return) is a verse we say when someone has passed away in the muslim community.

**REFLECTION AND ANALYSIS OF DIARY READING:**

The diary of a young girl, Anne Frank. Brings me back to high school days when I was assigned to read it but was never actually reading it if you know what I mean. But as I’m re-reading it, I’m picking up the pedals of information my brain had not paid attention to.

Anne Frank was a jewish teenage girl. She lived with her family in an attic in Netherlands, hiding from the Nazi’s and kept a diary with her. Sooner or later, they had gotten caught by Nazi’s and they were sent to Auschwitz, which was the worst holocaust camp there that lead Anne and her family to their death. She was just a girl that found herself in some awful situations. Anne receives a diary for her 13th birthday and names it “kitty.” She treated it as if it was an actual person which was adorable in such a way. She entrusted it with all of her feelings and thoughts which is relatable to my writing strategy. Not only was her diary filled with the horror of the war but she enjoyed writing about others and her experiences. The diary she had kept with her was a way for her to write down all her feelings, fears, hopes, and dreams. With all that Anne and her family were suffering from, she was a really happy and cheerful person. As she says herself; “How wonderful it is that nobody needs to wait a single moment before starting to improve the world.” Anne always stood positive despite what was going on around her which people around us should focus on. !!!More positivity!!! This coronavirus lockdown thing has everyone going crazy man. Before all this, everyone would complain about wanting to be home or not getting enough sleep because of the endless nights they had.”I wish I can just go home”, but now everyone is complaining that a bit of fresh air would revive the soul. They won’t see the positive outcomes of it. More quality time with your family. My father used to work from 5am-3pm and I still won’t manage to see him because everyone has their own schedule. But now that he’s home, I am home and everyone else home, I can’t describe how amazing it feels to have everyone here spending every bit of time they can before this is all over and we go back to our daily living lives. Her diary. “kitty” was her only resource as a friend to communicate with since she had no one else and I’m pretty sure everyone can relate to that. “The nicest part is being able to write down all my thoughts and feelings, otherwise I’d be absolutely suffocated.” Whether it’s an object such as a diary or a human, we always somehow express our feelings or else, we would go psycho. Personally for me, I don’t tend to write my feelings in a diary but I’m not saying there wasn’t anything I couldn’t relate to with Anne’s writing skills. She used her diary to write down history rather than the generation we live in where once a downfall happens, we turn to “twitter” “instagram” “facebook” and etc. I loved how for such a young girl she had an exoctic mind. Such a strong hearted girl that spoke loudly than the words in her diary.

**REFLECTION ON UNIT II AND GRADE**

Throughout this journey of Unit II made me improve my writing much more than expected. I started to just write everything into my laptop rather than just take everything and put it into better words for reading. I realized my heart speaks better than my mind. I started wanting to write and now see it as a force. Writing is like a recipe, when making something you need ingredients and make sure the flavors combine well with each other. Now they always say your first batch comes out not the best but then you learn from your errors. That’s what's writing all about, trials and errors and all done with love. However, my biggest struggle was being consistent with it. With this whole quarantine being held and staying home for classwork now is very distracting. I have to be up very early, like around 7am to get my work done. But waking up very early is way harder than trying to concentrate in the house so I do all my work when everyone is asleep. I found it being more handle around this time. With all that being said I believe I deserve an A.

This English class was by far the funniest class since I started college. You professor made me come to realize that you don’t only love to teach and have your students enjoy learning, but you made us feel mattered. Our voices mattered and our duties aren't only to come learn, submit what's assigned and earn the grade we receive at the end. No, it was more on you made it a life taught process where it’ll teach me throughout my future hopefully. Some professors treat us as puppets and hold us by collars but in this class, it made me have a role.