

ISOLATION

The first signs of lockdown madness came in the third week. I wasn't so much what I was doing rather what I was not doing. It had been a long three weeks of working from home with short early morning walks whilst the neighbourhood were in bed. Yoga at home in the evening streaming from my iPad so the body kept condition and the new office set up at home was fine. Facebook was making me anxious those first days of lockdown as people were sending me many forwards day and night. The notification pings were annoying me. I posted on Facebook for people to please stop sending junk. Then I found the turn off the notifications button, that really helped.

On the fourth week I started liking my own posts for fun. Smiling to myself as I hit my first like. That thumbs up felt so powerful, like some kind of burden had been lifted. I was being transferred to a new phase of empowerment. I made a chuckling sound while moving on to another like from a post I made a couple of days before. All my posts would have a like from me, I decided. There was no stopping me now.

By the fifth week, I'd really taken Facebook up a notch. I created a page writing about the social history of trees in Katherine that I found on morning walks that had meaning for me during my childhood. I really was connecting with nature in a way I hadn't for the past 30 years and it felt good. It felt calming. It made me feel.

I'd been happily liking my posts and wondering if anyone would ever notice and what would they say if they did notice. It just became a habit. It was pretty obvious to me at least.

Week six was where it started getting interesting on Facebook. My friend in Canberra noticed I had been liking all my own posts and asked me why I was doing that. He's an accountant and very focused on detail. It fills my day in I told him, and he laughed heartily.

Week seven, I started to interact with emojis which I had been completely against since they were invented. The reason being, Facebook monitor mental health this way apparently.

OH MY! This week eight the liking was getting way out of hand. I guess a sense of boredom was prevailing and it was beginning to feel like a chore, so I didn't realise I had forgotten to like one of my latest posts. The next day I received this message from my friend in Canberra saying, "Scott, you forgot to like your post." I rang him immediately and had a good chat and laughs about OCD and FIGJAM. That was the end of all this nonsense so I pulled up there and decided to learn more about emojis which I can now report I am totally proficient with and not discriminating on them now. 😊