

It was apocalyptic. It snuck up on everyone and took over the world in what seemed like mere minutes. There were frantic shoppers and worried families and those who didn't believe in it, but nothing was going to stop it. First it was tens, then thousands, tens of thousands, reaching up to multiple hundreds of thousands. COVID-19 brought 2020 to a grinding halt.

In Katherine, panicked people swarm the local shop aisles like zombies, their fear spreading quicker than COVID-19 itself. Then there are those who are immune to the mass hysteria, judging the 'looneys' and cursing them for taking all the toilet paper, pasta and booze. I fall somewhere in the middle, just trying to get by, scavenging what I can from Woolworths' dimly stocked shelves.

I get my supplies and return home to 'The Madhouse' where my mother and sister are in the middle of another argument. I'm not sure what this one is about, but the one when I left was over how to pour milk into cereal. I mean, I thought it was a simple process but apparently people could argue for forty-five minutes straight over it. I sneak through the middle of them on my way to put the frozen veg I snagged in the freezer, blocking out the attempts to get me to join the argument.

Dad's chilling out the back, pretending to be the DIY mastermind he thinks he is. The poor old family couch looks a little bit worse for wear. She seems to be missing an arm and half her back, but Dad claims it's a work in progress and to wait until he's done. We will be moving her to the corner of the yard with Dad's other half done 'creations' later this afternoon. My sister has prepared a little prayer to send her off.

My dogs don't understand what's going on, but I think they're glad to have us home more than usual. Actually, what I think it is, is the treats for four different people who don't realise they've already had some. Their waists have grown considerably since lockdown started. In fact, I think it's the same for some other people here. I'm sure the gym will make a profit from my family alone.

As much as we get on each other's nerves, we all contribute to the household – we are all in the same situation... stuck at home with nowhere to go. Mum and I cook dinner occasionally and Dad does the washing up. The dogs aren't happy with him as he doesn't let them help.

My sister still gets all dressed up. I don't know why, nobody's going to see her. Mum and Dad certainly have fun at her expense. I can tell you she's gotten a lot better at 'contouring' or whatever it's called. Before isolation, she mildly resembled the Wicked Witch from the West. Now she just looks like the Corpse Bride.

All in all, 'The Madhouse' is the safest place for me to be. With total chaos and what the media is ramping up to be an apocalyptic event outside, I'd rather deal with cereal arguments and DIY than be a contributing factor to why our country isn't getting better.

