



25 AUGUST 2022

BOOKWORK 10: It's been a month since I last checked in. How have I been doing? The website project has come to a stop. I need to fiddle with some settings with my ISP, something I haven't done to this extent before, so instead of charging in, I sit down and read a book. More on that later.

WaiMin has been stuck in revisions, but that isn't a bad thing. Co-writing has been challenging, and story problems I would have worked out on my own before have become obstacles. It doesn't help that Post-COVID has made everything take four times longer than usual. Let's bookmark that for later as well.

The one major success in Bookwork has been my blogging. I've been consistently blogging weekly since August. This is a massive win. The second phase will be to blog every Thursday. The third phase will be to blog weekly while finishing my visual Todos book. If only I wasn't so tired all the time.

Post Exertion Malaise has been the single

most ruinous, most destructive, aspect of Post-COVID Syndrome. Its effect on my productivity has been disastrous! Even as I write this, I keep falling asleep. The toll I pay for thinking too hard is complete and total exhaustion. I understand physical exhaustion, but mental fatigue on this scale is brand new to me. I don't know how to overcome it yet.

The Post-COVID brain fog is a pain, but something I am accustomed to. It is worse than ADHD, but similar enough that my years of coping strategies help me function. The hyperactive part of my ADHD isn't making an appearance, however. I'm used to boundless energy, not dropping dead in the

middle of the day like a depleted iPhone.

I don't want blogging to be the only thing on my list completed, but I'll take it.

Some success is better than none.

Meanwhile, I've set up an appointment for cognitive therapy for next month. I'm hoping for mental exercises to build my stamina along with a new metric to chart my progress.

I've moved beyond discouraged to irritated. I can't progress unless I build up my mental & physical stamina, but they've told me there is no cure for Post-COVID Syndrome.

Meanwhile, I am not shirking my full-time dad duties. They are taking all my energy,

something I don't regret, but I do wish I had energy to spare to improve my lot in life a little faster.

Despite all my goals, however, some days are spent in a stupor. I read a lot of books, I watch a lot of TV, but I don't make a lot of promise. If I try to push through the stupor, or brain fog, I end up with writings that are dreadful. It takes days to edit bad writing into good as opposed to waiting and writing when I have my wits about me again.

This is the state my life is at. I wish I could explain it better. So I write in this journal in the hopes that my writing returns to its former level. I write to organize my mind. I write in defiance of my

sickly, disabled fate.

I don't continue to blog to find the readers that I have lost. I write to find myself.

What is next then?

- I will post this journal entry and begin phase two of my blog: writing early and scheduling posts for weekly publication.
- I will fix my home web server.
- I will finish the WaiMin revisions.