

# The end of solitude by william deresiewicz

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I simply did not relate to solitude. For the first like seven hours, I enjoyed being alone without any distractions and I even caught a lot of sleep which I rarely do because I am either surfing on the net, texting or watching television even in the middle of the night or during my study time. After the seven or so hours, I got bored and I could not think of anything to do.

Anxiety started kicking in and this was closely followed by anger for even agreeing to do this. Panic was the next reaction as I started concocting these weird visions of how everything would go wrong in the world and I would be left out and I hate being a social outcast which is the feeling I was experiencing once the panic eased after discussions and long family talks of childhood memories.

After that, I could not believe it but I started enjoying the solitude and I have to agree with the author that I could actually think and enjoying the intimacy of the solitude planning my future and thinking of all the goals I would like to achieve as well as things I would like to change in my life. The rest of the 48 hours passed rather too soon and I have to repeat that exercise at some point in the future and do it more often as I felt very relaxed for the first time since I discovered the internet.

It depends on the news. Serious news about politics, insecurity, violence, and hunger creates solitude as one tends to recline in this alone space to think about the present and future of oneself and others and the role one can play to alleviate the sufferings viewed on the news. Entertainment news, on the other hand, is an intrusion to solitude as immediately one wants to contact other friends and “gossip” about the news. This is the same for the fashion news as well.