

The exposure of 2020

There was an earthquake in 2019, I remember because it was just before finals and my friends and I were up discussing what we planned on doing during our break. There was this loud bang almost as if the earth had split open and something dark had crawled out from under it. I remember the chill that ran down my spine as I texted my friends to ask if they felt the earthquake and if they were okay. They responded just as shaken, one of my friends even mentioned that she thought it was a helicopter that had crashed. I remember how we all stayed up until 2am texting each other and trying to shake the fear of that ominous night off of us. It wasn't until after the holidays and after spring break of 2020 that we started to talk again about what was going on. There was a large threat seizing the world, a threat no one could see, and yet it could see us and take us from our health. The idea of spending a few months indoors and learning online did not bother me, because I believed we all would return to normal after spring break. But then, March passed, then April, followed by May, June, July, August, September, and my birthday. I felt deprived of an experience and normal life. The more I thought about this disease the more it reminded me of that earthquake; and it seemed as if something did crawl out of the earth that night something dark and evil. Everyday I woke up I thought about how tomorrow wouldn't be any different as the day before. It seemed to me that we were looking like caged animals, unable to go outside; unable to depart from our current realities. As days passed news would spread throughout phone conversations and news reports of people actually dying with the coronavirus. My Aunt, Cousin, Uncle, and Father tested positive for covid and were fortunately able to recover from it. My sister's boyfriend's Grandfather sadly passed away from covid in the beginning of this year, and it made things all the more surreal. I remember shaking his hand the last time I saw him and the sound of his Nicaraguan accent as he greeted me in his house...it's heartbreaking how one year could turn into such a nightmare. If this year has taught me anything is to be kind to others, and tell your loved ones that you love them because nothing is promised. We can be here today, and gone the next.