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During the spring semester of 2020, I was attending the University of West Georgia as a Fine Arts student in the painting track.

We had heard whispers of a disease that was spreading, but no one knew much about what was going on, we heard stories saying to buy masks, and others directly contradicting saying to not purchase masks to prevent hospitals and medical workers from being unable to find them. Going into Spring Break that year, we were unsure if we would be coming back. I left and packed up for the break, knowing that if Spring Break got extended, we would not be coming back to campus. That break was the last normal week of my life prior to what many consider the pandemic's beginning, despite its widespread before this.

Once we received word that Spring Break was getting extended from one week to two weeks myself and many of my classmates knew we would not be coming back to campus for the remainder of the semester. All classes after that second week got moved exclusively online, with my arts classes falling within the greatest purgatory as to how to teach as it was not as simple as a traditional class to modify and prepare for an online format.

Time blended together as I spent most of my time in my childhood bedroom at my parents' house. I still believe my sense of time has never been the same since that spring and summer. Even as a self-described introvert, time has never been the same. Everyday being like the last for weeks on end affected my view of time and I do not think it will ever return to what it once was. Two years of strong quarantine procedures, and a year of caution has affected me greatly.

Prior to the covid 19 pandemic I never paid much attention to the air around me, however in the time since, I am acutely aware of the air I breathe. I have no clue in what other ways that the pandemic may have changed me, but I do know that it has, who I would have been without it is gone.

The most frustrating part of the whole ordeal was seeing the blatant and even malevolent at times disrespect for other human lives from others both here in America and abroad. Superspreader events occurring left and right as people ignored masking recommendations and mandates as well as social distancing protocols. The simple request to stay six fucking feet apart was too damn much for some people. I try to have hope that people are good, I really do, but seeing this outright and egregious disrespect for

others as they prioritize their personal freedoms over the greater good of the community was shocking. But at the same time the president at the time was a grade A moron who suggested “injecting bleach” to avoid getting fucking sick on live TV...

If anything. The pandemic made me angry, and I still carry a core of that anger within me. The amount of unnecessary death, and the lack of common sense alongside every other tragedy that was unheard, and unjustly swept aside... It is a tragedy; it really is just a tragedy...