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Petrichor and Change.

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Petrichor and Change

Among the calm atmosphere of the subtle rain dances a thing without spectators. The mist and air around this thing twist and turn like a ghostly mist imitating the writhing of a snake. Each twist carries a different form of human emotion, controlling the outcome of this very calm and very pleasant front yard.

This front yard is tucked away behind a row of tall but sweet smelling honeysuckle bushes. Within this yard there is nothing a normal human eye can see other than the occasional bird. The rain slowly soaks everything; toys so often touched by little hands, green paper-like plants on the surface of a shallow pond, the relaxing tire swing that throws participants into a momentary heaven in the sky. The rain brings life and each form of life touches each other with joy, with love, and with content. Everyone, mixing and loving the splendors of the life-giving rain.

Within this rain comes a heavy price for everyone. The thing that twists around goes from a calm slow green that once smelled of petrichor to a red ball of fear and disease. It throbs in the air, sending out miasma and poisoning the few creatures close to it. The creatures, the once thriving and happy living things, turn to others for help. A reach of the hand turns into a gun shot as the bullet travels through hands and eventually into the air, exploding into a cacophony of pulsating, ear ringing announcements of a foe well known by the human race. It poisons everyone around and begins to turn what the creatures once called joy into sorrow and fear. The humid air becomes a breeding ground as it spreads. Death here, death there, pain here, pain there. It seems to never stop.

The ball of red mass grows stronger and stronger, letting out a deep and twisted sound that shakes the bones of everyone. It reaches out and crushes everything, turning it into a small mass of grey sand within seconds, leaving those that it has not reached yet to stand and weep. The humidity becomes suffocating and darkness covers the eyes of thousands as it continues to increase the death toll.

Questions are bound to the minds of many, encouraging most to find someone to blame. A country, a race, a president, an age.

“Who is the suppressor? Who is causing my life to change?”

Suppression is at work here but not by the hands of those chosen to maintain order but by the very existence of physical connections. As social animals, people *need* to touch, hold, and love each other and yet, that is our undoing. A macabre series of murders due to our interactions. The opposite of those feelings of fear, hate, and isolation cracks and burrows its way into our lives, making the world seem hopeless and unforgivable.

When all seems lost and all is dark, the world stops. Mid-sentence and mid-air, the world stops. The red stops spreading and little green and white spots slowly begin to appear within the red until the red has completely lost its strength and color. The original mass turns green and loses its round tight ball, returning to a more loose and free flow of energy. The pain and the heartache is gone and the world has come out of the red ashes, stronger and together. Never has such a triumph happened to the human race and never will this strength in unity ever falter. The petrichor leaves a stark reminder for those of the future as the smell of disease lingers in the distance. Although things are now peaceful, it is a different kind of peace with a different kind of petrichor smell. There is white among the green that are marks of the past and signs of a better future. Change has come and change is here to stay.