

Elizabethtown College

JayScholar

COVID-19 Elizabethtown Individual
Submissions

Elizabethtown College COVID-19 Archive

6-8-2020

Differing Perspectives.

Mary Kirby

Elizabeth Gipe

Follow this and additional works at: <https://jayscholar.etown.edu/covid19-submissions>

Mary Kirby

Kirbym1@etown.edu

Flash Prose

English Literature & History: 2021

Differing Perspectives: A Collaboration with Elizabeth Gipe

I slam shut my car door, pulling my bag upon my shoulder and a minute away from my squalling children always welcomed due to seeing how we are trapped under the roof: no practice, no school, just me and the heathens. The worst thing about this quarantine is mostly the kids, partially the husband, but most prominently, the fact that I haven't been able to get my nails or hair done for three weeks, which is why I am here. I stomp to the front, praying they have my blonde dye. I cannot do the PTA zoom looking like a fried egg. But I can't go with my roots showing either.

This running away from a virus that is no worse than the flu, is entirely ridiculous. What is happening is a severe overreaction. If people would calm down, I could send my damn kids to their summer camps. I follow the yellow taped lines grimacing at the people wearing masks. I read online about how they don't do anything to prevent anyhow. People look ridiculous. Everyone thinks they are a doctor, and that's not true. They don't understand. I'm sure it can be harmful to breathe in your toxins from the mask anyhow. It's much safer not even to bother.

I go through the glass doors and push up my sunglasses. Workers are cleaning carts, and a girl in the front counts people.

"Excuse me, ma'am," the girl disrupts me, and I grimace reading her tag, Elly, she doesn't even spell her name right.

“Ugh, what?” I snap not in the mood. I swear I saw Kelly Moore’s red hair, and I do not want to run into that woman.

“All customers must wear a mask inside the store,” the girl says full of attitude. I can tell, she, like everyone else, doesn’t understand. This whole thing is mass panic, nothing more. This shut down crap is just feeding it.

“That’s ridiculous; you can’t make me,” I know my rights. It is not a damn law.

“I’m sorry, but it’s our store’s policy for everyone’s safety,” I roll my eyes, she isn’t sorry. I look around, seeing a sign above asking customers to wear a mask, not that it is MANDATORY, and that sets fire to my veins. I clench my teeth.

“Don’t talk to me like that, girl. This whole thing is fake anyhow,” I snap, trying to educate her.

“I’m afraid there’s nothing I can do about the policy. If you don’t wear a mask, you can’t come inside,” I scoff at the indignance of the situation, looking around at the people gawking. They can’t believe how she is treating me.

“Policy, my ass. You are just turning away a paying customer, bitch. I wanna talk to your b—no, I’m calling corporate. You’ll be fired for this,” I turn on my heel.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. I’m just doing my job,” her voice is pathetic as she says that, and I scoff.