

Cultural Daily

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Life Throughout Quarantine

Sydney Sonnier · Friday, July 9th, 2021

The unpredictable has become the new norm. Life throughout quarantine was once unimaginable: working from home, virtual calls instead of in-person communication, and finding pure amusements without boredom seeking. As things are slowly progressing back to simpler times, it's hard to imagine life unfolding again.

My quarantine began similar to everyone else's—perplexed. The transition from traditional life to our online society was a hate crime against my sanity. I've been one to enjoy the beauties of life; within seconds, the pandemic stripped everything away. Yet through all odds, I'm thankful.

Throughout these past few months, I noticed society falling into the trend of being a spectator upon others' lives and, in other words, viewing only for comparison. This pandemic generated countless entrepreneurs and creators; however, it left many jobless without any stable income. Life was only concluding to one solution: social media.



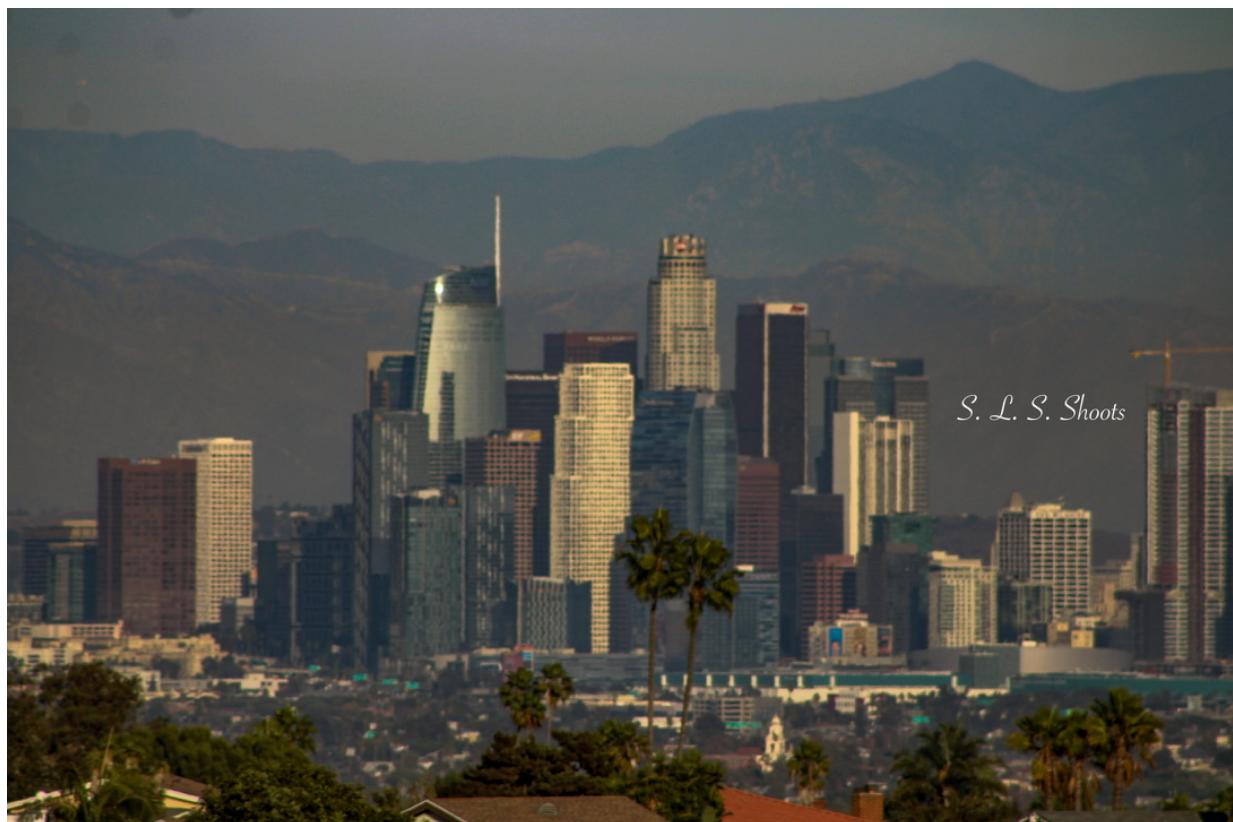
I feel as if social media became everyone's enemy disguised. It gave relief from current events, sometimes, and gave the illusion of time flying, but our lives are slowing down. The constant portrayal was deceiving, primarily upon friendships and families.

Quarantine was eye-opening for me. I humorously tell friends it was an opportunity for people to show their asses— and they did. During this time, one would either encounter two personalities: selfless or greedy. I can recall early quarantine going to the grocery store for simple necessities.

At that moment, toilet paper and water were simply out of stock, but this maturer lady could get a hold of some. She was in a hurry, I could tell; she could achieve something others weren't. Within seconds of her turning her back for canned vegetables, her jugs of water are gone. As a bystander, I stood in pure shock.

The greed from society was overwhelming. Another overall encounter was the humbling factor of everyone's character. In a sense, we all were thrown in the same boiling pot together— only everyone had to maneuver their way out.

I noticed Los Angeles (in the beginning) slow down. The 110-freeway overlooking downtown Los Angeles was empty. I thought either; the world was ending or maybe turning a new leaf for the better. Perhaps for a month or two, it stayed this way, although the quick car rides driven will never be forgotten.



Los Angeles. Photo by the author.

“Our life is a storybook currently being written.” I know many, including myself, had to deal with the unimaginable last year and till now. In my eyes, one should never have to be numb to tragedies; seemingly, the previous year had submerged us with them.

Sadly, I lost five family members periodically within months. The sorrow became overrated. Everyone was feeling the heartache.

On the other hand, growth and new understanding were my new best friends. Being fulfilled with emotions from misfortunes only brought appreciation to present stipulations. Reasonably, being

able to breathe was (is) a blessing.

In my opinion, to put an exact label or definition upon quarantine would be senseless. It consisted of several emotions, actions, and new developments, even still to this day.

To a certain extent, this was society's awakening: to either grow or be left behind. Life throughout quarantine was the unimaginable, yet now the ordinary.



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