

PANDEMIC WOES

What is expected of us?

Think about what you've wanted to be as a kid; for most of us, the world was happy and kind and we could be anything we wanted to be. Fast forward and here we are, writing a blog in the midst of a lockdown, reading posts and articles about the "curve" and listening to podcasts and news that tell us everything that is wrong with the world.

Such a downer, isn't it?

We've wanted to be medical health professionals to save someone, we wanted to be educationists to teach someone, we wanted to be artists to inspire someone, we wanted to be in businesses to help someone, we wanted to be politicians to uplift someone and we wanted to be in services to assist someone.

Right now, the world is seemingly vague and with leaden steps, all that we worked towards is piling up and becoming what I would like to call, TRASH.

We're still pushed towards a lot of deadlines and expectations that seem meaningless now and I think that what we were taught as children: "to follow our dreams" has gone right into the gutter because all I dream about is larger than life cats that birth humans with whiskers and I'm not even a cat person.

What has left me totally flabbergasted is the idea that we have brought these pandemic woes upon ourselves. I mean it's hard to admit mistakes and own up to what the world says is our own fault but 3 months into this lockdown and I think I'm starting to believe the heavy truth that left me astonished in the first place: we are terrible at this; at being humans.

I don't speak for everybody and I'll bet my life on it because even to blog has taken me several years- I've always been afraid of what my ideas might sound like to some and I'm not all for "constructive

criticism" however immature that makes me sound. I guess what I'm trying to say is that this realization has brought me full circle to look at my own life and see how much time I've wasted being bothered by something that is innately us.

So, yes, we're not the best at being humane towards our own species and that's another problem altogether. But right now, trying to live with a virus that has the power to wipe out humanity has left me in an existential crisis that maybe most of us don't want to address and the only way to come out of this still standing strong is perhaps, take a moment and look at the lives that we've created and fostered and nurtured into something so terrible that I'll bet the devil is even afraid to tempt us anymore. Maybe pondering upon this thought will push us to do something a little more than pass the blame and live perpetually smacking our heads and gasping at headlines.

It all sounds so dreadful and I sure didn't think this is how my first blog was gonna go- a Friday afternoon,

sitting in the sun, thinking about a cat that birthed humans and writing this almost depressing post about what it is like to be human in 2020.