

During the height of the COVID-19 pandemic, I had not traveled too much. Admittedly, I am not much of a traveler anyway, but like anyone, I have aspirations, places to visit, and events to attend. In 2023, roughly around March, I believe, I traveled to a venue out of state, it was in Reading, PA to experience a live performance from a band I had long yearned to see in person. To my dismay, it was not an open air venue, as being in a crowded place to this day is worrisome, having been exposed to the virus myself and helping those in my household also afflicted by the virus.

Restrictions had all but died at this point, interstate travel is not nearly as restrictive as international travel, COVID regulations aside, however, no one was even questioned for symptoms whilst being relegated to an enclosed venue. No one was masked and while there were nooks and smaller gatherings of people in their own corners of the premises, the main attraction had us all shoulder to shoulder. This is not such a big deal, normally. It is to be expected, in fact. But the lack of awareness was immediately telling. Perhaps vaccinations had been taken for granted at this point? Or perhaps no one really cared to begin with. I'm not sure, nor am I absolved from reprimand as I had not taken greater precautions aside from vaccination myself.

While the event ended without incident and I was luckily and happily not afflicted with any ailment beyond a hoarse voice, I was still occasionally worried that I may have been exposed. I have tested fate many times, and my only affliction came about a year after the event, however, it illustrates my concern as I had contracted it from an unknown source at an unknown location. It pays to be weary, and while not at the cost of living one's life, continuity of quality experience demands consideration and care.