

At the beginning of the pandemic, I was in Canterbury, England working on my masters in imperial history at the University of Kent. Unexpectedly, there was an earthquake in Utah that rattled the Wasatch Front and all my family members. A couple of days following the earthquake, the US government made the decision to close the border, and as a result my father asked me to come home. Packing up my entire dorm, with the help of friends, taxiing to the airport, and taking a 7-hour plane ride to New York where it was suspect if I could even enter the country, were some of the scariest moments of my life, and is my main covid-related memory. The feeling of hollowness in my dorm after I packed all of my luggage, the distinct balmy smell of the stairwell up to my flat that i would never enter again, the chill silence of an airplane, and finally the feeling of my passport being given back to me to enter the United States are all very important sensory memories for me.