

# Covid-19 Day in the Life – a short story

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It's late May and it's around eight o'clock in the morning. A few rays of sunshine are coming through the blinds as I step out of bed to get ready for work. I walk into the bathroom and start the shower. I wait a couple of minutes, brushing my teeth while the water warms up, and think about the busy day ahead.

"I hate morning shifts," I sigh as I rinse off my toothbrush then step into the shower.

Today, I chose to swap one of my coworkers' shifts with one of mine because I planned on having a bonfire with a few of my friends. The thing is, I usually work night shifts and I'm used to sleeping in during the summer, so waking up this early is much more challenging than it is during the school year. I quickly wash off and get out of the shower and change into my work uniform.

As I head downstairs, my mom asks, "what time do you have to be at work?"

"Eight-thirty," I respond. I look up at the clock, reading '8:21'.

"You better hurry up," she presses.

She hands me an egg sandwich and I run out the door. I start up my car and zoom on over to McDonald's. I pull into the parking lot and I check the time. It reads '8:29'.

"Oh no. I have to hurry!"

I run on over to the front door and call the store so they can unlock it. The front door is locked because the inside is closed to the public. Ever since the pandemic started, McDonald's and many other fast-food restaurants closed the inside so they can limit capacity and slow the spread. There have been many cases of people trying to get into the store without masks, so they shut it down all the way. As of now, the drive-thru is the only part open so that people can still get food if they needed.

My manager walks up to the door and lets me in.

"How's it going, Cameron?" she asks.

"Kinda tired, but other than that I'm doing great," I tell her.

I walk past my coworkers in the kitchen, all of them wearing surgical masks and gloves, and I make my way to the office in the back. I clock in and wait for my manager to come back and take my temperature. After a few minutes, she walks up to me with a thermometer in one hand and a mask in the other. She asks me a few questions.

"Look at the sign on the wall. Do you answer yes to any of the symptoms listed?"

“Nope”

“Have you come into any contact with anybody who has had Covid-19?”

“Nope”

“Awesome!” she says as she points the thermometer at my forehead and takes my temperature. It reads 97.8 Degrees. “Alrighty, here’s your mask.”

I take the mask, put it on, and wash my hands before putting some gloves on. I grab a headset and sanitize it with a cloth and head over to the front of the store. I ask one of my other managers where they need me, and they send me to the first window. The first window is where the customers pay for their order. I head over there and take Julio’s spot.

I tell him, “Guess who gets to go on break?”

“Who?”

“You,” I tell him as he dances off to the front of the store.

A car pulls up to my window and I hand out the card reader. We do this now so that we don’t have to touch the customer’s card. It’s a little hard because we have to fit it through a plexiglass cutout. It acts as a sort of spit guard, so it helps with stopping the spread of the virus. I take back the card reader and ask the customer if they want the receipt. They decline and they pull up to the next window. This repeats for a few hours and I switch stations throughout my shift. Hours pass and it’s currently two o’clock, so I clock out, drive back home, and shower again and throw my uniform in the wash. Afterwards, I pick up my friend Andy to get ice cream.

We quickly head over and park outside the shop and grab our masks. We notice a line going out the door, each person separated by about six feet standing on dots. Andy and I didn’t mind waiting a bit, so we walk to the line and wait. It was very different, being that we had to separate ourselves while waiting in line. We’ve never experienced something like this before, especially considering how used to standing close to other people we are. After waiting a while, we finally make it to the front register which had a spit guard and space under it to slide your money. Both of us get cones with cookies n’ cream and we head back home. We hang out for a while until it started to get dark, being around eight o’clock at this point. My friend Drew calls us over to the bonfire.

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Andy and I get out of the car and head to Drew’s backyard where the bonfire is being started. A few of our other friends are over there and we sit down next to them.

“Wow, it’s been too long,” I say.

We all stare at each other and nod. “It really has been,” Drew replies.

Chiara pulls out some marshmallows and hands some to everyone. We all relax and talk about our quarantine stories and how online school went. These last few months were crazy, and we never thought a pandemic would hit us. It’s so hard to stay distant from friends, but since

school just ended it's finally safe to hang out once again. After a few hours, I drop Andy off back home and I go back home to go to sleep. I plop in my bed and go to sleep. Just another day in the life in a pandemic.