New notification makes her phone vibrate. An official email from the faculty: „The Charles University will began the fall semester in an on-line mode,“ she expected this to happen since March, but could not let of the thought of meeting her classmates in person again. What a difference online schooling makes, she thought.

Phone is ringing. It’s her father: “Are you coming home, they said on ČT24, you don’t have school.”

Hi, well a) I have school, only its online and b) I have to think it through.

She has weighted her options, does she rather quaranteen in a house with garden, or in a Prague room. Her family needed help with the farming, as she liked to call it with `labour`, so it was of course quite practical to stay with them.

Two hours later with the whole life packed into a luggage and a backpack she’s going to the train station. She’s getting on a train, celebrating, that this time there is no stranger sitting next to her. Last time she had to ironically point out to her neighbor that his masks had accidently loosen on the bottom.

If you were to ask her, what is the question she thinks of the most often for the past half a year, it would definitely be: Why the F are they not wearing the masks?

Followed by: Why t F are they not wearing them properly.

In three hours’ time she should be at home, having a warm tea. She is sitting on the train, her laptop laid out on the table in front of her, connected to an online class. The wifi sucks. She should be learning, yet she is once again scrolling the news: Today we have made a new record, we have reached 10 k of covid positive. This is not Olympic, dude. She really needs to limit her time reading news. Yet she hits follow on a couple new twitter accounts.

Train stops.

Her heart stops.

Not today. Please.

She quickly opens up the twitter account of the Czech Railways and looks for the latest tweet: on the route to Staré Město await approximately 4 hours delay. Sweat. Heat pouring over her face in a respirator. Can she even breath?

She knows that the air in the train is circulating over and over.

She saw people sitting opposite to her taking her masks off.

She heard the facts how fast the virus can spread in a closed space.

She counts the probability of someone being positive on this very train. She has read so many articles, studies, she has worn the mask properly even before it has been compulsory, and now she comes finally home only to infect her parents? Her body is feeling small. Her eyes are glass. Little drops of sweat are touching her upper lip. Oh how thirsty she is, not allowing herself to take the mask off to take a sip on the train.

She is looking around, looking for somebody to share her fear, all she sees are people taking their masks off. Once again, she poses The question, why the F are they not wearing the masks?

TASK:

Students will prepare one piece of creative writing (500 words), on an ‘ordinary’ \_situation or event they have experienced relating to the corona virus. What does it mean to cohabit with the virus? How has our embodiment changed? The writer launches this piece from a feeling, an idea, word, or anything that resonates or sparks from this experience – \_a ‘feeling forward’ \_towards something that might not be fully formed. This piece will be uploaded onto Moodle on 31.10, discussed in small groups and revised based on comments from your peers