

A Corona Virus Story by Marilyn Crockett

I did of course, get some extra canned goods and brought my prescriptions up to date. I knew the virus was coming, but I never even thought about tech preparation. I am usually quite content with my lack of up-to-date savvy. But... I was embarrassed to admit that my computer didn't even have sound. How on earth could I be that far behind. Well, five years ago or maybe longer than that, we, Danny and I, replaced the old computer with the "new" computer. The old speakers did attach properly but supplied sound only at the mouse level, not strong enough for either of us. Danny eagerly substituted the earphones that he used for the little radios, which worked fine. His last earphones (they seemed to break down and were replaced frequently) were left at Mt Sinai because after his death I did not want to make yet another trip to pick them up. I was fine with quiet. I had no interest in u-tube or other intrusive spoken words, sounds, or bits of annoying music. I like silence, the very quiet sound of the keys flipping when I write. This now comes under the category of be careful what you wish for.

I confessed my faults to both writing groups when they started viral. I imagined that they would settle on emailing back and forth with manuscripts and criticism. This Zoom thing seemed unwieldy. I didn't realize the world that used to run on cars now runs on zoom. John from the play group stepped up first with the offer of a spare set of headphones. He walked up from the 8th to the 19th floor and left then newly alcohol wiped headphones at the front door. I emailed Mark, who I now understand to be our resident techie, and we got it installed before the zoom meeting. I had to mostly listen because I hadn't printed out my, or other members, play manuscripts, but I could see the person speaking and hear them speak and they could hear me speak because there is this cute little mike hanging down from the headphones.

After the meeting Mark emailed me about having three out of four and told me Larry had a spare webcam and would drop it off. Larry is on the twenty-first floor. He dropped off the webcam, rang my doorbell and left. I installed it and emailed Mark. It worked. We both discussed jumping up and down but in fact neither one of us did that.

The play group lost its gender balance with with the death of Marge. We had been three females to four males, five if the person who doesn't show up, does in fact show up. If either Pam or I do not make the meeting the other is left solo in an all male environment. If Mark is out resident techie, I am the resident feminist. I am sure I have offended each of the males at one time or another. I am stunned that three males of our last Zoom meeting plus Larry who isn't even in the play group, have gone to such

lengths to try to bring me up to speed. It is as if they are trying to prove that a man can be helpful and rescue a damsel in distress or at least an older dame in isolation. I still have a vision of myself answering the door, picking up the bag with the alcohol wet webcam and yelling thank you to Larry not six feet away but at least forty. He stopped and waved and I straightened and waved. I love you guys.