

Farewell InfectaMart (InfectAMart #5)

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You are free to distribute as long as there are no modifications.

[This is a descriptive piece on what it was like shopping on this day.]

Time again to briefly descend into hell risking my own life for a few meals. This meant another shopping encounter and my 5th trip in 55 days to InfectAMart. By now, I've gotten used to wearing perishable gloves and breathing hard through my mask. Was it health theater or a preventive mechanism? I didn't know anymore.

It all becomes vastly different starting next week. Stores start to open, roadways will be more crowded. Infectias (who never were one to sacrifice anything especially for long periods) were prematurely celebrating by no longer wearing masks. That included the grounds crew, supermarket staff (with a few exceptions), and customers. All the cashiers that I saw were maskless. Those covered with masks were now in a growing minority.

Some things continued to be as before. No toweling, toilet paper, cleaning supplies, and "the good rice". In some areas, supplies had regressed. Like the complete absence of salad essentials and canned chicken. However, napkins and tissue paper were now in abundant supply.

Over eleven weeks of shopping, I had watched multiple transformations of shoppers and their behavior, the dynamic ebb and flow of groceries, and an everchanging shopping experience plus corresponding rules. From now, there are only setbacks and recoveries, moments of hope and darkness, and in time some sort of recovery. Farewell InfectAMart. You served us well during our brief time together.