Accepting the Negativity

Corona virus, or covid-19, plagued the whole year of 2020, all across the globe, and turned the world upside down. It disrupted millions of plans, took too many lives. Its impact has been huge, and it will take us quite some time before we can recover. Covid-19 changed a lot of things. The phrase “Be positive”, previously one used to cheer someone up, as a source of motivation, became something like a curse. For ‘being positive’ meant that you too, weren’t able to escape the clutches of this deadly outbreak.

I feel that it is true that one cannot feel the full power of something until they themselves fall prey to it, or it occurs close to home. This is definitely true in my case. Until a few weeks ago, Covid-19 was an international pandemic, something that was making people all across the globe suffer. Well, that perspective of mine was soon to be changed. When I went to get my PCR test done, I was terrified about being deemed positive. Only when everyone got their reports, I realized that being one of the only negatives among a group of positives wasn’t much better than being a positive among negatives.

Now that I think about it, I do feel like might have been exaggerating things at that time. But it did scare me a lot. I felt helpless, as there wasn’t anything I could do to make it better, to get them all up and running. The worst thing was probably that I had no prior knowledge about how things work in the kitchen. I can’t imagine how glad I was that I wouldn’t have to work by myself, there would be someone I could work alongside, my uncle.

For a while I was in total shock. Can I do it? Will I manage to look after them? What if I mess up? What if I can’t do well? What if one mistake of mine harms them? Will they be okay soon? How long will this go on? There were just a lot of worries swirling in my mind. I finally managed to stop floundering in my thoughts when my uncle called me. Our work was to start that moment.

There was no time for dilly-dallying anymore. Our days started by working and ended the same way. I finally realized how it must have for our mothers all the time. I honestly admire them for putting up with it every day, I think I wouldn’t have been able to keep it up for more than a month. We couldn’t not be careful with the food, they were weak, and needed all the nutrients they could get. It was a given that sometimes, things wouldn’t go too well. There would be something that went wrong. But we somehow managed to get through it all.

Working in the kitchen with my uncle was something I never even thought about. I always believed I would learn to cook with my mother, preferably in better situations. I never thought my cooking escapade, would be in this way. Of course, the person I shared this moment with was the most unexpected one. This trial definitely strengthened our bond. I can’t say that only bad things came out of all this. I surely got a handful of experience, and a bond stronger than ever.

At the end of this ordeal, I learned that things don’t always go the way you want them. Life throws all kinds of situations at you, and they’re not always the best. You have to bear it all, for that’s what gives you experience, and what strengthens you in the end. Sometimes, you just have to accept the negativity(or positivity). There’s always a light at the end of the tunnel.