

I'm writing this letter in the dreadful year 2020 with the high hopes that someone may read it someday. Since this year has started everything has been going downhill. At first we just thought it was another flu we laughed about ignoring the consequences that came along with treating it lightly. The numbers kept rising as we kept on living what used to be our normal lives. I apologize on behalf of everyone it's our fault that you won't get to experience life the way we did. You will never know how it feels like to hug someone. You will never know how it feels like to step outside the house without the fear of never returning. You will never know how it feels like to breathe air without fear. You won't get to experience art. Art was everywhere it was in the clothes we wore, the cars we drove, the food we ate our homes were art galleries. They call art dangerous now. Art used to save us from the harsh reality of the world. It could take us away into a whole new world. Through art we could express ourselves. Without art we have no identity.

It feels like the world has lost its story. I can't believe we took these things for granted. We are merely surviving not living. We are all clones struggling for only one thing which is life. Sometimes the world doesn't seem worth living in. There is no difference between yesterday, today and tomorrow. The world is on pause. I stare at the clock for what seems like hours but in reality it's only been a few minutes. We have been under lockdown for over six months now. Our houses have become prisons. It's strange being a captive in my own house. The streets which used to be bustling with energy and excitement are replaced by hauntingly empty streets. Everyone is so scared of dying. We have forgotten about living.

The government wants us to discard everything beautiful, everything which could spread corona. Does that include me? In this trunk I have hidden three things that I can't bring myself to get rid of. I don't know how long I will survive. I got my test results today and I have corona.

There is nowhere to run to. No place is safe. I can't even say goodbye to anyone. This disease spreads faster than the black plague. It's like everything I touch becomes cursed. The people who I thought loved me act like they never knew me at all. The virus has changed people everyone only cares about their own life. It feels like I'm stuck in some dystopian world filled with misery and the scent of despair. The air doesn't feel safe to inhale. I hope that you find these items and keep them safe. I hope the world you are living in is not the world I'm living in. A part of me is not ready to leave yet. Life used to be beautiful it used to be full of laughter and excitement.

A part of me is happy that I'm leaving. This world isn't worth living in anymore. I can't tell the difference between yesterday, today and tomorrow. Everything that can kill me makes me feel alive. Imagine living with the fear that you might die any second.

This dress tells a story of a girl who wanted to live and it's all I have left of the girl who owned it. This dress used to belong to my best friend. We had picked it out together from a vintage store a few months before her wedding. She was supposed to walk down the aisle in this dress. Sometimes I put it on and pretend I'm her. It's not fair that her life was snatched away from her like that. At times it feels like it's my fault she's dead. I kept telling her not to worry it was just the flu it would go away. The virus didn't leave but she did. A part of me died with her. Her eyes were vacant she didn't look like the girl I knew. The virus had made her face hollow dark circles formed underneath her once captivating eyes. I can't breathe was the last words she said. I wonder if the new generation will ever get to experience what it was like to have a best friend. The day they took you away I wish it was me instead.

This ring was my mother's engagement ring. It used to belong to my father's great grandmother. I am emotionally attached to this ring it reminds me of the happy carefree days of my childhood. My mother never took off this ring. It had become a part of her identity. Once this ring used to

be worth thousands of dollars now it's just seen as something deadly. The more I see it the more I hate it because this ring is a symbol of hopelessness and despair. When my mother handed over this ring to me, it was not only a ring but it was her way of telling me that she has lost the battle against this deadly and ugly virus. I promised to always keep it close to me. This was her way of telling me she's leaving. By burying this ring in this trunk I'm going to remove the hopelessness that has taken over our lives.

This scarf belonged to my grandmother she bought it for her dowry decades before I was born. It still carries her sweet scent of lavender and vanilla. She passed it on to my mother and my mother eventually passed it on to me when I was ten. This is one of the hardest things to let go off. This scarf feels like home. It was something I wanted to pass on to my daughter. It's hard saying goodbye to this world. It's so scary knowing that I might not live to see another day.















Mask for COVID 19

I drew and rendered a mask which could be used for protection during the pandemic. This mask is unique because it's designed to look aesthetic and protective. It's embellished with semi-precious stones. It can be used at formal events or weddings.



