

## THE UNDEMIC

The vans came down the road, with horns on the roof, and each horn blurted out the message: LEAVE YOUR HOMES.

This was unwelcome news. We didn't want to leave our homes. For years and years now, we'd been snug inside, happy with our websites and our social media, living in our bubbles with our deliveries and our boundaries. And now we had to go out?

The government were insistent. We'd had our jabs, sometimes twice, sometimes more. We could wear our masks if we wanted to, but we had to leave our homes.

Some people said it was a trick, a conspiracy even. They said that when we left our homes, the government would rush in while we were out and install bugs. No-one was clear what these bugs did, but they were real: they must be, there were drawings of them on the internet.

But most of us got up and showered, dug around in drawers for shirts and skirts and clothes we'd all but forgotten, said goodbye to pets who couldn't understand why we were going off without them, put on shoes instead of slippers, found door keys we hadn't used in months

And went out.