

Things have been weird since society fell.

When news broke of the virus, my granny said it was God's wrath for the rampant homosexuality in America.

I told her God had better things to do than be homophobic. She kissed her teeth and gulped a spoonful of cornmeal porridge.

In less than two weeks, North America and Europe had been ravaged. South America tried closing its borders, but it was too late. The virus had already made its way to Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Paraguay. It was only a matter of time before it got to the rest. There was not much news out of Africa and everyone assumed the Asians were fine.

Our government was not known for its speedy action in times of crises, but this time was different. The Caribbean Disaster Emergency Management Agency had quickly mandated that all islands fortify their borders. Tourists had two days to leave. All airports and ship ports would cease operations in 48 hours. No one in, no one out.

Television Jamaica news anchors worked double time to keep the island updated. At the end of week 1, CDEMA announced that all islands would be putting in maximum effort to secure their borders. I did not take it literal, which was a mistake on my part.

They were going to build walls; Jamaica, Trinidad, Tobago, Barbados, Bahamas, St. Vincent, Montserrat, and all the other CARICOM members. They were going to build actual brick and mortar walls.

By the middle of week two, granny died. We had just heard on the news that the Asians were indeed not fine. The countries on the mainland had failed to contain the virus. Some fled to Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, and Indonesia. Riots broke out, cities were bombed, power grids destroyed, borders were closed, and now remained contained chaos. The main source of information was social media as broadcast companies were no longer operational.

A tik toker named "Silver\_Panda" posted a video of hoards of people lumbering around the streets. They walked with stiff uncoordinated movements.

My granny claimed that they looked like living duppies. Duppy is a Jamaican term for the dead or ghosts. She was not wrong. Their bodies were moving, but it seemed the spirits were absent. The paleness of their skin, the gaping mouths, empty gazes, and low moans felt familiar. I did not want to be cliché and call them zombies because this wasn't "The Walking Dead" and zombies weren't real.

Later that night, the same tik toker posted what he called his final video. It was horrific.

My family and I watched as a group of infected swarmed three kids and ate them.

Damn it. Zombies.

Granny said it was a terrible time to be alive and that she "nah mek nuh duppy nyam har."

She never woke up the next morning.

Two days later she was cremated. Rarely in our culture do we cremate our loved ones, but per CDEMA mandate, that's all we could do.

There was no funeral service either. Just me, my siblings, my parents, and a pastor in a private room at the funeral home.

This was when it really hit me.

It wasn't when I watched a video of a group of adults cannibalizing three children, nor when the tik toker shot himself, dropped his phone, and it recorded for another 4 hours before going black.

It wasn't the moment my sister vomited dinner into the toilet, as she listened to the screams of the children slowly fade and the moans of the infected reached a horrifying crescendo.

The revelation started when my mother could not phone her siblings to let them know grandma had died. And right there in that moment, standing in the cramped room at the Phillips & Sons Funeral Home, watching the Pentecostal preacher shout and release spittle over the dark blue urn that contained granny's ashes, is when it hit me that society was fucked.

Jamaican funerals are a staple. The set-up and nine-night, the live band, the marching and the food, you name it; it's usually one big celebration.

Jamaicans don't cremate loved ones. And we certainly don't send them off in a poorly lit room in the back of a funeral home, but here we were. My aunts and uncles who lived abroad absent and possibly dead, family members on the island not allowed, no band, no food, just nothing.

Yup. The world was fucked.