

Shelter in Place, Day 16



Ground is still operating, but barely.

Where people line up along the counter, Darla has put yellow tape on the floor spaced six feet apart to make it easier for customers to keep social distance. This turned out to be optimistic on my assistant manager's part. We rarely have more than two people in line.

Brayden's quarantined himself from me. Since he's a paramedic, odds are high he'll pick up the virus, and he doesn't want to give it to me. I can't talk him out of it. Believe me, I've tried.

It's just me and Darla at Ground now. I feel sick about it, but I had to furlough the other baristas. We don't have enough customers for me to make payroll. I hope the landlord will cut me a break on the rent for the duration of this lockdown. But it's not looking good.

The tourists are gone, but we've had an influx of people from San Francisco – folks with second homes, fleeing the crowded city. Doyle locals see the newcomers in the supermarkets and treat them like, well, plague carriers. They approach the counter sheepishly, furtively. But I can't blame people for wanting to escape big cities.

Yesterday, there was an angry letter to the editor about the new arrivals. And I can't blame the people of Doyle for being worried either. Who knows how much our local hospital can manage if things go bad?

But things can't go bad. I refuse to let them go bad.

So even though Karin says I REALLY need to stop, I'm putting extra magical boosts of calm and goodwill in the coffee.

Good vibes are contagious, and so are fear and panic. I know which energy *this* witch wants to put out into the world.

-Jayce Bonheim, Doyle Witch

