

2020 started off as a regular year, we counted down from ten and the clock struck twelve. No one knew what the future would hold. One day I was sitting in my senior homeroom joking around with my friends, excited for a two-week break because of a virus spreading in China. Our teachers told us it was not a big deal and we would be back before we knew it. Little did anyone know, that was our last time together in a classroom as seniors.

As each week went by the cases kept rising and doors to restaurants, stores, family gatherings, and travel kept closing. It was odd to me to think that something I learned about in my school textbooks was coming to life. Life during the pandemic was peculiar, it felt like a dream, vacation, and nightmare all in one. At first, I enjoyed the quiet and the joy of staying home with my family. I took up baking, painting, doing puzzles, and I started to enjoy the little things in my life. I remember I had a routine each day: I would wake up, check my phone, and see how many cases and deaths that last day or week brought, then I would start my work for the day. After I finished my work, I would do some hobby I had for that week. But after a couple of weeks of that it got really old. I remember the sadness that overcame my body when my school announced that my senior year was stolen because they would be closed for the rest of the school year.

Once summer came, I was able get some things back from my senior year. My summer was somewhat normal. But my freshman year of college was nowhere near normal. I was able to attend some in person classes, but it was hard to make new friends and memories. My second semester I decided to stay home from school because it was too hard to go back. I spent my holidays on zoom and barely saw my grandparents. Overall, the pandemic was and has been

the hardest time in my life, but I am optimistic that we will all get through this and this will all just be a memory to everyone.