

## Primary Source Reflection 1

March 2020 is a year that I will never forget. Covid-19 was becoming more known, but it did not affect my dance team trip. My team and I were in Orlando, Florida for NDA Dance Nationals. I felt so drained and feverish, a sickness I have never had before. I pushed through and danced that week because I could not let my team down. I figured I was run down due to dancing all day and night. Nobody, not even myself suspected my sickness as covid, because how would I even get it? I stayed home from school a few days after we got home from our trip. I went to school that Friday and before leaving for the weekend, there was an announcement that we would not be returning to school the following Monday. I had no idea that I wouldn't see my best friends, teachers, and extended family until the summer. Days turned into weeks, which soon turned into months. Each day felt like a repeating cycle. I slept the day away until the nighttime when I would facetime my friends all night and watch Netflix until 7am. Only a select few of my teachers stayed in touch with us students. We were barely assigned homework, and when we were, I did not grasp any information. It was extremely confusing to learn over zoom meetings and articles that were posted on google classroom. When I think of quarantine, I think of zoom, seeing my relatives, and dancing. Every day of my life I would usually be at the dance studio but now that was all gone. All my competitions were cancelled, even the summer recital. My motivation and love I had for dance were slowly going away. I had to dance on zoom class in my bedroom. Before I knew it, it was summer. The rate of people who were affected by covid kept decreasing, businesses started opening again, and we were finally starting to get a taste of the new "normal". I was finally able to see my friends again.