It started with whispers in the hallway. Hearing rumors from peers that we would have two weeks off from school and then return to share stories from those glorious 14 days. In hindsight, it was naïve to think that Covid-19 would have such little impact on my life, but it eventually struck my family as it did thousands of others. The first person to show symptoms in my house was my mom. This began in January, while we were all feeling blessed to have had everyone safe and healthy for the Christmas season. As always, this high couldn't last forever and a new low was reached as one member of my family after the other started to show symptoms until my entire 6-person family contracted the virus. When first tested, I looked with satisfaction at my negative result. Unfortunately, this didn't feel like a victory. Having been quarantined with my family since March, it was almost unspoken that if everyone in my family contracted Covid-19, it would eventually reach me. Unsurprisingly, when I tested again, I was positive for Covid-19. Something I remember clearly was the variety of our symptoms. My mom and dad were impacted more than any of my siblings and me. They were bedridden with a fever, cough, and runny nose. I, on the other hand, felt very fatigued, but otherwise showed no strong symptoms. Thankfully, whether we were using a million tissues, or simply taking some extra naps, no one in my family had to be hospitalized. Although we did isolate ourselves from those in the house who had the illness, as we all contracted it one by one, we never worried for our lives. After my mom showed symptoms, we practically awaited the inevitable moment we contracted the illness so we could start recovering. As the world divided into those dominated by fear, and those who selfishly exposed others, my family united together. Having an 8-yearold brother who needed constant entertainment, my time was spent with lots of new recipes, board games, and my family who I leaned on when trying get through that difficult time.