

Morgan Robinson - 10th Grade

Cheltenham High School; Wyncote, PA

"Dad, someone has that virus. We are out for two weeks. I am so excited!" Those were my words to my father as I jumped around on the school bus, exhilarated with the feeling of a break from the place we hated most. I was excited for just the "two weeks off," but later scared for my life as the virus kills more than 1,000 people an hour—scared of not knowing if I was next. Especially scared for my 97-year-old grandma. It would take one person coming in close contact, and the human I love the most is gone.

500-1000 words is not enough to describe how I have felt during the pandemic. The ongoing COVID-19 pandemic has impacted all of us. Consequently, since we are individuals, the pandemic's impact and repercussions are felt differently. As a social butterfly who loves to be surrounded by people and craves adventure, all my favorite things were taken away.

While some people strive to adjust to working remotely, educating their children, and getting food through Instacart, others are obligated to be infected and kept on the " front line" to keep our civilization operating. I still remember, on grocery Sunday, preparing with gloves and Lysol to wipe down all possible surfaces that could affect us.

For nine years, my parents have formed a system in my brain on how to operate in school. Phone away in my locker, pen and paper, colored notes, always participate. Those four things were the key to my success when I hit middle school. Due to the fact I never got to put those plans into action when I reached high school, I struggled tremendously. Although I had a 4.17 GPA and ranked 70 in my class, I didn't absorb the information my teachers were giving me. It would hurt me in the long run.

Someone who used to be a daredevil and needed to be with people now can live by herself. I don't rely on being with people to make me happy anymore. I used to be very attentive during class, and now I can hardly focus. The person I knew for thirteen years is gone. There are zero pieces of her left. I walked into this pandemic with two piercings, and I walked out with six. I walked into in-person school thinking I could only rise and was proven wrong. I had many different friends everywhere and now only talk to my four real friends. COVID, in my opinion, is a blessing in disguise. Even though I lost myself, I'm happy I found my new self in the end. I survived 710 days of hell, and I'm still going.