

The bell rang and the entire school roared. The district announced a two-week break from school due to the Coronavirus rapidly spreading and several students were elated. Elbow bumps became the new norm and I passed by many students happily saying, “See you in two weeks”. Everyone joked around and mimicked the meme that was going around at that time. “It eez what it eez”, they joking said. As a high school senior, I was upset about the two-week break since it disrupted my senior year. But, like many others, I was confident that we would return to school in a matter of weeks. But to my surprise, things did not go as I expected. Two days after the government officially announced a national lockdown, those two weeks of missing school immediately become two months of no school. And as another couple of days went by, I read a New York Times article that claimed that this lockdown might extend for another two years. In a matter of days, the reported deaths from COVID-19 rose from two to two thousand. Everything happened so fast and I wasn't able to think properly. My visions of a senior breakfast, a glamorous prom, and a successful and emotional graduation ceremony vanished. With senior year down the drain, I had no motivation to work on anything school-related. The only way I could see my friends would be through facetime and the only way I could distract myself from the real world would be through scrolling through my Instagram feed, seeing the same posts and memes over and over again. I developed an addiction to my phone and being inside closed doors certainly did not help. On the bright side, I was able to spend more time with my family, whether it was cooking with mom, watching a movie together, or just playing badminton with my family. But regardless of what I engaged in, life was very dull and I felt as if every day was 48 hours instead of 24. Binge-watching a couple of shows did help take my mind off of reality, but only temporarily. The lack of interaction with anyone but my family got annoying over some time. No

offense to my parents. The day before my senior grades were due, I had a zero percent in Stats and managed to scrape by and brought it up to a passing grade. Yup. That's how off I was. The lockdown along with a couple of unfortunate events that happened over the past months completely changed my mindset and confidence.

It felt as if a whole year went by but it was only June. I finally decided to get my life going. I realized that this lockdown is something I have to adapt to and I cannot let it take over me. I put my mask over my mouth and started to hang out with a small group of five friends who I've known since the age of five. I restricted myself to hang out a maximum of once a week. Cricket practice began too and I finally had the motivation to go workout on my own. Things were finally becoming enjoyable.

All of a sudden time flew by and I was officially in college! Attending zoom university was a new experience and another thing I have to adapt to. Do I still have my regrets? Yes. Do I still feel upset that my senior year and my "ideal" summer got canceled? The answer is yes. But it's been seven months of this crazy pandemic and I'm still surviving. I can sure tell my grandkids that I survived a global pandemic. And I can sure tell myself that I am strong enough to survive and adapt to whatever comes my way.