

Coronavirus Life

The coronavirus changed my life and not for the better. When we first went into "shelter in place," I began to spend a lot more unwanted time with my family, which changed the dynamic quite a bit. During this time, I needed to decide which college I was to go to, but there was just too much uncertainty with the world in chaos. Before the pandemic, I didn't spend much time with my family. I was always out with friends or in my room. I don't have the best relationship with my mother, so if we are both stressed anarchy ensues. She put a lot of anxiety on me while I tried to choose where I was going for the next four years. She would always end up yelling and screaming at me when I tried to have a conversation about it. I couldn't ever see my friends because they were much more scared than me even though I had been cooped up in my room all day every day, which meant I had nowhere to go when my mother pushed me over the edge. I cried almost every day between April and June. Every senior year tradition was getting canceled, which is a huge deal because, in my school, we had all been looking forward to them since kindergarten. I was an emotional wreck.

Finishing my senior year was at the bottom of my worries. Somehow I got the highest GPA this year than in the past four, and I barely put in any effort. I think my teachers had stopped caring, or I understood everything a lot better than I did in my freshman year. But zoom school completely screwed up my sleep schedule. Since I could log on from my bed and didn't have to get ready, I would always stay up very late and still in this habit. I had no routine anymore because I would only see my family throughout the day. This is very unhealthy, and I still can't sometimes get out of this rut. I only looked forward to school because I got to my friends every day, and we would always go out to dinner on Thursdays, so I was very depressed when my entire social life went dead.

I think the only way I knew how to deal with all these changes was by closing myself off. I just needed to breathe for a very long time. I need to be around friends every day to feel good and happy, but when we went into quarantine, I couldn't find an alternative to that, so I just closed myself off and watched too much television. Overall, emotionally I was doing terribly—constant breakdowns and fighting with my mother. Mentally I became relatively depressed from April through June. Physically I gained a fair amount of weight and never exercised. Socially, I mean, I still had all my friends; I never could see them. I also believe that my spirit has gone through a lot of trauma at this point, and I don't think it can get any better.

However, since I moved to Chapman's apartments, I have met some of the most amazing people. We see each other every day, and they are the light in my life right now. I am the happiest I have been in 2020, and can not be more fortunate to be going to Chapman.