



Description: This meme shows someone that is labeled as “Me” reaching for a yellow balloon that says “Being excited for senior year, prom, and graduation” on the top. While the bottom picture is that of a pink blob monster labeled “Covid-19” reaching for and grabbing “Me” to take “Me” away from the yellow balloon.

Reflection: I chose this meme as I graduated in 2020 when Covid-19 hit and I lost all the things that those who are seniors look forward to. It was almost like I lost the few things that made me feel like I succeeded as I made it through high school. I know in the long run it is not a big deal that we lost all these important milestones but when Covid-19 began it felt like I lost everything I worked so hard for and it knocked me down a lot. In the midst of all of this my mental health was declining more than it had prior to Covid-19. It felt like I was losing myself and losing those I loved to a virus that shut down our world. My highschool was a private school in Virginia therefore they did not have to follow the rules set forth by the state when it came to schooling. We took two weeks off then went right into online schooling through the end of the year. We didn't get to just stop learning, in fact learning became harder not just because it was now online but because it was a trickier subject. Of course once school ended we got no graduation, not online or in person. The biggest problem I had with the pandemic was that I was moving to the Outer Banks once I graduated. This was a huge toll on my mental health because I had lived in Virginia my entire life and had known those I cared for a majority of my life. When the world shut down I lost contact with many people and it hurt immensely. I ended up moving earlier than planned as the bridges to the Outer Banks were getting shut down to keep people out. By moving

earlier than planned I lost out on the opportunity to even see my friends for a moment before leaving. My mother and I stayed in Virginia longer than my Father and siblings, we stayed in order to pack everything up and move it all to our new home. I had never been so stressed and mentally broken than I was during that time, we packed our entire house in a span of days, giving me absolutely no opportunity to see my friends and then we moved four hours south and I never saw some of those friends again. Once I moved, I took up coin collecting and art more than anything, I used these hobbies to keep me busy and find a way to maybe enjoy what was left of the life I once had. I became quite a good photographer, better than I had been before, I enjoyed painting and drawing as well as sculpting. My parents were saints during this time as they provided me with all the supplies necessary to complete these hobbies. When it came to socializing, I would facetime those back in Virginia quite a bit as I could not visit them and they could not visit me. I also spent a lot of time with my grandma baking as she lived in the Outer Banks prior to us moving. All and all I found things to make me happy but not without suffering mentally to a large extent.