**COVID-19**

Alec Logan

Department of English, East Carolina University

ENGL 1100 Foundations of College Writing

Dr. Cheryl Dudasik-Wiggs

Fall 2020

**COVID-19**

High school was going great. I had just started on my weight lost journey in February, for hopes of looking as best as possible for my senior prom. I was hanging out with friends as usual and everything seemed normal until April came around. One week we were in school, and the next we were at home doing zoom calls. We all thought that it would an extra-long spring break but that was not the case because here we are, almost October in the same situation. I was a senior who had already had all my classes I needed to graduate so all the classes were extracurricular or for college. So, I did my work normally for about a week and then after that I just stopped doing my work. What was the point if none of the work that we were doing counted towards our grade? The grade we had before we left was considered our final grade. And being a senior in my position my teachers understood my actions, and I did not hear a word from them about not doing the work. From week to week I would still joined the dreaded zoom calls just to stop by and say “hey” to my friends, who I haven’t seen in forever it felt like, and seeing my teachers, who I actually really liked. My goal of losing weight for prom was a success, even though there was no prom. Getting in good shape is probably the only good thing to come out of quarantine for me. Talks about graduation came around and we were all already sad about prom being canceled. All we wanted was to have a graduation. We could care less if there was a prom or not anymore, a graduation ceremony was what we all had been working towards for 4 long years. As the date of June 9th got closer and closer, none of us thought we would have a graduation. I was one of the main ones saying, “give it up, it’ll never happen.” Even though I was saying this I had a little bit of hope left. I just kept saying that so I would not be as disappointed if it did not happen. It had felt like months when June came around. I was still working my normal 2 jobs, so I was not really one to stay at home a lot. I just was not seeing my friends or family because they were all stuck at home themselves. A week before graduation and we still had heard nothing. But a few days before, we get an email saying that we would in fact have a graduation. The class would be split in half, but still, at this point a graduation was a graduation. We would take whatever we could get. So, on June 9th,2020, I graduated from D.H. Conley high school. I only had 2 invitation and those were for my parents but that was all I ever needed.

Graduating amid a pandemic was most definitely abnormal. I consider myself lucky to even be able to be a part of a graduation ceremony, because I know lots of high school and even college seniors got cut short of theirs and did not get the recognition they deserve. I didn’t get to see my friends and teachers from my high school as much as I had wanted to before we all said our goodbyes, but I am glad that, at least half of us, were all together for one last time.