**COVID-19**

X

Department of English, East Carolina University

ENGL 1100 Foundations of College Writing

Dr. Cheryl Dudasik-Wiggs

Fall 2020

**COVID-19**

COVID-19 stirred up my life, alongside everyone else’s, in a mere two weeks. I remember the exact day: Friday, March 13th. Oh, the irony. This was my last day of senior year and high school altogether, but when we went home that day, we thought it would just be like a two-week vacation. We could not have been more wrong.

It was really difficult for me to miss out on what was supposed to be the best part of my senior year, and all 13 years of grade school. Everyone has always talked about senior prom, graduation, and all of the events and parties that lead up to it. The worst part was not being able to walk across the field, with my parents on either side of me, as they called my name and handed me a flower for senior night of track and field. I watched my older brothers do those things. I sat through their graduations. I went to their graduation parties. It was finally my turn to be in the spotlight, and I was not.

What was supposed to be my graduation weekend was the worst weekend of the whole pandemic thus far. The school rescheduled graduation in attempt to have an in person one later in the summer. Being stuck at home, I expected my family to have a tiny graduation celebration with me. All I wanted was some balloons and a “you did it!” to properly commemorate the end of my years in grade school. Well not only did they not get any balloons or make any commotion about it whatsoever, it was also the first weekend my brother brought home his girlfriend. We were at the beach and had heard about her, but this was the first time we got to meet her and spend time with her. Perfect timing!

The spotlight that had been long anticipated had been yanked from me. This may sound like an overdramatic story of pettiness, but it’s important to keep in mind where I was at this point emotionally: lonely, bored, and starved of social interaction. Another key item to keep in mind is the fact that he took her and some of his friends on the boat and would not let me come—during my graduation! It was a boiling point for me, I freaked out at my family. I packed up and went to my grandparents for a few days. I was devastated.

Seriously, my brother could have chosen any other weekend. As a middle child among four children, attention goes way further than a lot of people could imagine. Later in the summer, the state still had not been moved into phase 2 of COVID-19 plans, so my graduation was completely canceled. I was started off on the wrong foot with my brother’s girlfriend and never truly forgave my brother for that weekend, and I wish that things were different. COVID-19 has taken a lot away from me that I may never get back.