**COVID-19**

There are many things that the older generations got to experience around my age, life changing experiences, like an actual graduation, senior year prom, concerts, festivals. These are all things that have been restricted for the past year. Some of the biggest things I was looking forward to in 2020 didn’t happen. 2020 was supposed to be the best year of my life. I was supposed to graduate with all my friends there and dress up in a beautiful dress for prom, maybe even with a date. I was supposed to have a huge 18th birthday party, I had a once in a lifetime concert to go to that I had been looking forward to since I was 8, but none of these things happened. The past year has been full of moments where I’ve just had to “live and learn” as my mother says.

When I first heard of covid-19, I remember exactly what I thought. I was at school in my American History class and our teacher was telling us about the news, as she always did, and she was talking about the virus and how it had spread through almost all of Europe and the U.S. only had a few cases. When I heard this my mind immediately went back to 2014 when Ebola was the sickness that was spreading rapidly. I thought covid would have a similar effect. I thought this wouldn’t be much of an issue in America because we are so advance in our technology and medicines, well it seems I overestimated Americas abilities.

 By March 15, my school, like most schools at this time, was telling us all to stay home for 2 weeks, to see how bad covid was going to get. Never in my mind did I think this was going to be my last day of high school.

By March 28th, my 18th birthday, I was still holding out hope that covid would leave as fast as it came, but it didn’t.

On august 10th I started my first semester of college at a school I had never been to. I moved all my things in with my roommate, still hopeful. I had one in-person class and was excited to sit in an actual college class. By the second week, this class transitioned to online learning, and by the third we were all sent home from campus.

When I got home and unpacked all my things, my hope id been holding on to for months diminished, I didn’t know if I should keep holding on or if covid was just going to be the new normal.

Now that I’m finishing my second semester of college I have yet to let go of my hope, it’s the only thing keeping me sane, the hope of a normal day, the hope of going out and living my life while I’m still young. This hope is what has helped me all throughout quarantine. I want to spread a positive message of hope and optimism, because I believe in manifestation and if we continue to believe the future will be better, then it will be.