**Covid-19**

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I, of many, was deeply impacted by Covid-19. Personally, I do not believe there is one person who can say they weren’t impacted by the virus. I went to the local high school, JH Rose, which switched to hybrid learning for my senior year. The change to partial online learning was difficult, due to my short attention span, but eventually I was able to adjust to it. It was definitely a challenge, since I knew, I would get distracted very easily in my home and it is very hard to stay on top of online work. I also danced at a local studio where I had to do hours of physical activity with a mask on. My classes, performances, graduation, and more were all interrupted in every aspect. For me, the time of Covid limited everything I did. My experience in the classroom was limited because I wasn’t always there and when I was, I was unable to see the full faces of my teachers and classmates that I had spent the past three years with. My final dance performances were limited because they were nearly canceled due to the proximity of seating and sizes/restrictions of venues. My graduation was limited because two of my best friends couldn’t attend to see me walk across the stage and accept my diploma. All of this was due to Covid. Clearly, my senior year didn’t live up to the expectations that I had planned for it. I didn’t get to attend the prom that I had always dreamed of, this is because Covid was during my junior and my senior year. The longevity of the virus is something that still frightens me because it started my junior year of high school and suddenly, I'm attending my freshman year of college. I worry that my life will never return back to normal. Not only did Covid impact me, but it impacted my family. My father was living in his worst nightmare, because his biggest fear is dying from a disease. My mother is a psychiatrist, and had to switch from in person to telework, which means that my family of four was trapped in our house. My grandmother is 88, which means if she were to get Covid, it would be a life-or-death situation. She is part of the reason why I wake up in the morning. She is truly my inspiration. While my parents were at work, my grandmother was the person who always took care of my sister and me. Not only was my immediate family being affected, so was my extended. My family is from the Philippines, meaning they don’t have access to healthcare as advanced as citizens in the United States. During the majority of the pandemic, my grandmother was living in the Philippines and we had no way to contact her. I lived every day constantly worried, wondering if she was safe and healthy on the other side of the world. I didn’t get to see her again until December 2020, which means she missed my birthday, and the first half of my senior year. All of my “final firsts” and traditions we usually do, like my last first day of school. Every day for school she would make me a delicious breakfast, and the first day was always the most special because I would take a first day of school picture every year in front of our back door with my mother, pets, and grandmother. As selfish as it may seem, she was the person I needed to see. Her finally making it to the US and moving in with us was the light at the end of the tunnel that I needed to see to get through this ongoing pandemic.