

Cori
1st Place
4th Grade, Covington School

Covid 19 hit us suddenly. It was a Friday at breakfast with my parents, my brother and sister. "We have made a decision to pull you guys out of school, because we have been hearing about a disease called Covid 19. Today is your last day for a couple weeks," they told us. My brother and I gaped at our parents, eyes wide. I was confused. My sister was frowning." But all my friends will still be going and I'll be left out!" she exclaimed. My parents looked at her sympathetically. I finished my breakfast and got ready for school.

At school, I noticed my friend Hannah was gone. Her parents had pulled her out too. My teacher kept filling a bag of schoolwork for me throughout the day, because she knew I was not coming back the next week. At recess I told all my friends it was my last day. I was going to miss them.

At lunch time, the worst news went out to our parents and teachers. School was going to be shut down because Covid was so bad! Our teachers tried to get everyone ready. Packing up bags, explaining what's happening, and telling us it was only for a couple of weeks. I had mixed emotions. I had already known I was not coming back the next week so I wasn't surprised but I felt sad that no one was going back to school.

At home, my siblings and I talked about what happened at school. My sister's play was canceled and she cried. We pestered our mom with questions and almost every answer was "I'm not sure." Later we learned all of our activities were canceled too. Soccer practice and games, dance lessons, and art class.

The next week, we started online school. At first it was fun because it was easy to get a snack and we had green butcher paper covering our dining table so we could write on it. I had a little spot next to my brother and my sister sat across the table. But then it became hard because we couldn't easily ask our teachers if we didn't understand what to do.

Every week we had to go pick up supplies from school in the car. The date to return to in-person school kept getting pushed back. Until finally they said we would not return until the next school year. Even then, summer was at home, everything was at home. Then, the next school year began at home.

And now, two years later, we are just starting to ease back into regular life. This changed my entire world. It is a big part of my life. Three school years from 2nd to 4th grade. It may not be my favorite part of my history, but it certainly is a big part of it.