

CHAPTER 1

The Basic Beginning

Covid-19. Mainly known as Corona, but I like to call it "the thing that ruined my life." Hello, my name is Arrionna Wright or Arri, and this is how I survived Covid-19.

It all started on a beautiful Friday, March 13th. I was getting ready for school when my dad called my mom and told her to keep us home. Though I wasn't complaining, I still asked my mom why we had to stay home.

"Mom, why did Dad say we have to stay home from school?",

"Well, he's worried about the new virus that was recently discovered. They're a lot of cases regarding it," she replied.

"YAY, NO SCHOOL BYE," my sister says, running out the door and heading to her room. After I left my mom's room, I started thinking, "Just how many cases were there? Where was the most infectious area, and how many lives were lost?"

My curiosity got the best of me, and I started researching the virus. Well, not researching, more like googling, but you get the point. Anyways, what I found made my eyes bulge out of my sockets. Over 1,000 deaths in just the first couple of months. The virus first popped up around November 2019 and was kept under wraps. Continuing deep into my research, my curiosity slowly became regret. The big, bright numbers that popped up in bold terrified me. 5,817, 385 cases. I remember learning about smallpox and yellow fever in school. Was covid like them?

I didn't want to keep thinking about it, so I left it in the back of my mind and continued enjoying my three-day weekend.

Over the weekend, I enjoyed doing things all kids would do if they didn't have school...sleep! Oh, yes, rest is excellent. I also binged watched my favorite show, raising Dion. Best show ever, by the way; even though they won't come out with a new season which to this day leaves me in surprise, I guess not all greatness is significantly cherished. The weekend passed quickly, considering I just slept and watched TV the entire time. Monday soon came along, and instead of a call from my dad, this time, I got a call from my school.

"Hello, students; due to Covid-19, the school will be out for two weeks".

Two weeks?! I exclaimed. Part of me was excited, two weeks of no work, staying up late, and more binge-watching of great t.v shows. Another aspect of me was returned to the remains of my distinct but efficient research. I was starting to think we were in a movie because of the back-to-back conflicts that seemed to arise constantly. Those two weeks given off turned into another two weeks, then a month, and eventually, the school was out for the rest of the year. My seventh-grade year was snatched just like that. I was kind of glad, though, because they say seventh-grade math is the hardest, and I already had a tough time with sixth-grade math, so I was completely fine not having to move a step up from it. The rest of March was slow. I was forced to sit in the house and tally up the walls. Every public place, even the parks, was shut down, which I never knew was possible. How did we get told to go outside and smell the fresh flowers to try to smell through our masks? On a positive note, I finished March with some much-needed good news. I was informed that I was the selected winner of a national essay contest I entered in February. Now I had no clue I had entered an essay contest; I thought it was an imperative essay we had to do for English, and I completely forgot my teacher had entered all our papers in the competition. I ensured

they had the right guy, well, girl, before getting too excited, but once it was confirmed, the screams began. I couldn't believe it; I mean, could you believe it?

I was a finalist in a national essay competition. It was extraordinary and unbelievable. I never thought my writing was even A+ material let alone national material. Unfortunately, I couldn't go on the trip to D.C. due to covid restrictions, but my certificate came in the mail to congratulate me for winning. The essay was on Youth violence. I was very passionate about this topic because it isn't discussed nowadays. Youth violence isn't necessarily always getting hit or in a fight. It can be drug abuse, bullying, or even mental health. I guess that's why it hit home for me. My parents were proud of me for writing about it and told me I had a unique writing talent and should abuse it. While I thought they were just saying that because they were my parents, I kept it as a back thought. Later than sooner, I found it accurate, but that's a story for later.