New Jersey Literacy Association
2021 Writing Contest

Grade 8 Honoree

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The Pandemic Through The Lense Of Rose Colored Glasses
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Millions of people, dead. Hospitals swarmed with sick patients. Masks and hand
sanitizers are becoming the new normal. Spray, wipe, clean, repeat. Even going to a grocery store
is a threat to our survival. People become afraid of people, every sneeze startles us, the world as
we know it is a bubble of infection. The Covid 19 pandemic is the villain we never saw coming.

I never thought that I would become one of these statistics, one of the millions affected
by this life-shattering infection. Even after taking so many precautions, Covid 19 just happened
to slither its way into my life. I never would have imagined that Monday, that it would be the last
time for weeks that I could play with my little sister, hang out with my friends, and tell my
parents about how my day went. Just before dinner, I felt a strange ringing in my left ear and my
throat was coarse, my voice breaking up. I had a premonition, but I wanted to prove myself
wrong. My mom took my temperature as I waited in apprehension. The heaviness in my head
makes me feel dizzier by the minute. My mom made a concerned face as she checked the
number on the thermometer. At that moment I knew. Something was wrong. I was quickly
ushered into my basement, with a mask in one hand, and a Tylenol in the other. That night I fell
asleep knowing that I would have to face my demons when I woke up.

The rest of the morning was a blur, I got tested at our local pharmacy and was given
sympathetic looks by all the nurses. I savored every minute of that car ride, it was probably the
last outside world contact I was going to have in a while. I retreated to my basement waiting
anxiously for my results. It was like the gut-wrenching feeling when you know you're going to
fail your math test, but you hope that a miracle occurs and your teacher accidentally forgets that
you forgot how to factor trinomials. As expected, I was Covid 19 positive. My white blood cells
were currently in battle, fighting for my very existence. The headache worsened and my cough
penetrated the bare walls of my guest room. How could I fight this by myself? Was I strong
enough to be alone for 14 days in an isolated room? As much fun as binge-watching Netflix is
with no parents to guard your screen time, loneliness was a feeling I couldn’t escape. I had taken
my loved ones for granted. Facetime calls and Zoom meetings would never make up for seeing
them in real life. Being alone gave me a lot of time to think, and I was able to self-reflect on this
pandemic and the crazy year I’d had. Some days were harder than others when my head felt as
heavy as my heart. While some days I could bear with the sickness and hoped that tomorrow
would be one day closer to beating this incorrigible virus. I counted days until days became 2
weeks, and 2 weeks became freedom.
My dad always told me that “adversity breeds determination”. My strong willingness and strength prevailed in this time of misfortune. Covid 19 helped me see the world through rose-colored glasses. I learned that every moment of my existence should be spent by living life to the fullest and valuing every human being who makes your day just a little brighter. Profound lessons, isn’t it?