

New Jersey Literacy Association 2021 Writing Contest



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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 dizzy 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?