

Diary of an Isolated Teen

March: schools in other states begin to switch over to virtual instruction. I don't think the virus will spread to New Jersey and that my school will shut down. However, some part of me does want my school to shut down. We'll see how things go.

A couple of days have passed, and I got the news that my district was closing. School is going to be so much easier, and we'll be back in no time. Ready to start relaxing!

Diary, I have recently been hit with a lot of curveballs. Teachers seem to think that we could get the same amount of work we completed in school at home. Unfortunately, this was not the case. I have more distractions at home. My sister is home alongside me, I do not have anywhere to do hours worth of work, like a desk, and my wife honestly does not compare. I still believed we would be going back to school.

My mom is being extra strict with the quarantine thing and is starting to become paranoid. I think she's acting dramatic. I'm not allowed to go out with her, and when she goes grocery shopping, we have to disinfect everything with alcohol. I've been getting bored, so I decided I am going to start picking up some hobbies.

April: School keeps adding weeks on to virtual instruction. All of my hobbies have failed after the first ten minutes. Exercise is Non-Existent. I have half done paintings taunting me every time I look across my room. However, hope has not died in me just yet.

It is still near impossible to find Lysol spray in stores. Weird. Every store required masks. It seems so unreal, so impersonal. Someone coughed in the store the other day. Everyone instantly

became uncomfortable. Schoolwork is taking up more of my time than when I was in the actual building.

I miss my friends more and more every day. I underestimated just how much social interaction I need to stay sane. However, it is okay, because I know we will be going back to school soon.

I'm beginning to get worried about my mom. She seems stressed out, and every day she comes home with stories from the hospital. "They have me delivering medicine on the floors that house corona patients." "Some of the people in the pharmacy have caught it and they're not telling us anything." This virus is starting to get too real.

May: The district sends out a notice that the rest of the 2019-2020 school year will be online.

The sadness that overcomes me is indescribable. My birthday approaches, and I feel a peak of loneliness. I remember trying to plan something with my friends before the quarantine hit.

Again, trying to stay optimistic, there is always the next year.

Protests and riots are breaking out and have been making me think a lot. The news about Breonna Taylor and George Floyd has me scared for my life. Anxiety and depression hit once again. My mom surprisingly allows me to attend a protest happening in my town, and I become overwhelmed with a feeling of pride.

June: Restaurants start to open back up for outside dining. The end of school but not the conclusion to all my problems. Corona cases are rising with the temperature, but people are not caring like they used to. People are starting to go on vacations and hang out with their friends more while I seem to be on the inside, looking out. I know what they are doing is not right, but I

am secretly jealous. My mom still has me on a very tight lockdown, and I have not had outside interactions in weeks. Other countries are beginning to lift their lockdowns, and the US is doing the exact opposite. New Jersey has the second-most cases in the state, and people are just moving in and out as if this isn't a problem. I feel trapped. Every day I wake up with more questions:

Why can't people stay inside for two weeks?

Why are the treatments and vaccines taking so long to develop?

Why can't the government implement stricter policies to make people social distance?

Why can't life get back to normal?