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Age 12
Entering 8th Grade

When news about a new Coronavirus appearing in China spread out to the world, many people seemed very concerned about the virus reaching our state. I think most of us in the state of Hawaii thought we were safe at that time. Boy were we wrong! Right before spring break, most of us expected things to operate normally. I had no plans to stay home longer than a regular summer break. And yet, here we were! The Coronavirus was deemed a pandemic by the WHO soon after it hit home.

Days later, the local news always talked about things like the pandemic, the death of George Floyd and the events it sent forth, and many other things. It is very ironic how we thought in 2019, this year was going to be a great year, like other years, but we get this instead, along with other tragedies.

Fun fact, while online schooling was still in session, one of my middle school teachers in the second semester, gave us the assignment to keep a diary during the pandemic. Surprisingly, I still do it even though school is already done. There is just one stressful problem. I fall behind schedule with daily entries, and I try to fill it in on different days (but I might resort to skipping days from now on).

Here is something I will never forget from this pandemic. To be clear, nobody in my family has the virus. So my dad had surgery on his right knee on Tuesday, July 28, 2020. Then yesterday, he went to therapy and came home a few hours later. Then it was dinnertime. We ate squid, fish, and rice. He took some medications right after and sat down to watch some TV. Soon, he said his chest was hurting. Mom panicked and asked me to research some solutions for chest pain. We made him drink a cup of warm water and put an ice pack on his chest as he lay down on his bed while Mom called 911. She also told my brother and me to stay outside the house and make sure our dog Cooper does not bark when help arrives. Moments later, a firetruck came over. The firemen called in an ambulance after coming into the house and asking Dad about the pain. I only knew because I looked through his bedroom window while standing on a chair outside. He then went to the hospital and Mom followed in her car. While my brother and I locked the doors and gates, we waited 3 hours for Mom to come home. Later, she came back home with Dad and said everything was fine. It was gastric acid reflux, and it was the food to blame (and not the medications). It made us all worried about Dad's safety either way. Times like these can be scary and worrisome. But I know that we will reflect on this time and remember the good that came out of it.