My life in lockdown

It was always going to happen. Didn’t know when, what year, if I’d be alive (I hoped not) but it happened. Too much pollution. It happened with the plague. Malaria. Diabetes. There was always going to be an extra disease, added to the devil’s armoury. Happy he was, sad we were. Some were sad. Some were mad. I, was mad. Taking away my freedom in this world of many uninhabitable planets.

 The first reports of covid. I dismissed it, unaware of the dangers ahead. The next reports. Deaths in other countries, more lock downs. Then, the third report. Deaths were going up in the U.K. stocks going mad in shops. All this rushing around. Didn’t like it. Just like the time I got trapped in an airport in France. I didn’t cope easily with that. Thoughts rushing through my head, unorganized, and messy. I hated it. I sensed a migraine being fed by these thoughts. I snapped. I thought about these thoughts (that’s the best way I can describe that) and the migraine went down. Up came anxiety. I tried to dismiss it, but it was growing. Growing at an unbearable rate. I had to act, but didn’t want to. So, (bearing in mind I was in Tesco’s when all this happened,) I asked my mum if I could get in the car. No. I asked again. No. I asked once again. “Okay, fine!” I rushed to the car, clutching the keys.

 It was like running away from an ever-hungry, giant, evil snake that tried to strike me. I looked forward at the exit, people staring at me like medusa. There was a queue at the exit blocking my path. The monster had caught me! I HAD to keep going; I dodged people while flying past them. I was like an ultra-fast worm tunnelling around fences and roots. At last I had got in the car, all safe.

 For about 30mins I waited in there, thinking about my life in the past, present, and the future. Finally, they came in, I got angry, like when you make the cyclops’ eye sting. “Why did you take so long?!” I questioned.

 “Be quiet you!” I went quiet. The alpha wolf had spoken. I heard something. Like a bag. Made of foil. And salt. Oh, and vinegar! Crisps. It was crisps. I knew my mum was about to throw them, I jumped up, and caught them.

 “Thanks.” I said, waiting for her to say…

 “‘s okay.” After a few minutes, they got in the car, starting to drive. My anxiety started to come down, which made me tired. I started drifting off….

 “Luca!!! Wake up!” My sister, Sophia woke a resting dragon. Up rose his head, breathed in and screamed:

 “WHAAAAAAAAT???!!!” my words were like fire, burning her eardrums, as well as my parents’ and she replied:

 “You were sleeping”

 “I KNOW! I AM TIRED”

…and that was just the beginning…

By luca Michal Wilkinson

-