**MY LIFE IN LOCKDOWN**

(23.3.2020)

The day Coronavirus started, I thought it wasn’t that big of a deal. Actually, up until now, I never truly knew what was happening. It was only later that I grasped that it *was* a big deal. Today, I am well aware of Coronavirus, and when I wake up, I’m used to doing what I normally do. I soon went downstairs to get my breakfast.

 My mum and dad were reminding me that we should not go outside, and we needed to be home-schooled. They told me that we’d have to be because of the news of the spreading of Covid-19. I didn’t really know what to say after that. I’m used to being relatively calm, so I just said ‘okay.’ However, I could tell that they were uneasy, on edge even. We spent the first day of lockdown doing ordinary online maths lessons which were quite simple, but when I’m at home, home is a place to rest, and take things easy. School was the work abode for me, *to* me. And if stupid Covid-19 wasn’t enough for everyone, there just so happened to be quarantine. Quarantine was bad. Think of your school bully, are they bad? Well, think of your school bully as Quarantine.

 We had to stay locked up in the enclosure of our houses for a few weeks. My brother was being too flamboyant, I could barely work in the environment I was living in. I needed to kaput my work. It was only when we were into a few weeks into quarantine was when I realised that my room looked like a graveyard devoid of joy.

 I was going insane by being trapped in this claustrophobic cage. I was practically losing pieces of my mind every second. I couldn’t tolerate lockdown any further. It was only a week or so later that we were allowed to go out of our house, once a day. Sure, we were allowed to go into our gardens, but once a day?! I was out of my mind. I needed help, we *all* needed help. And even worse, we weren’t allowed to see our friends or family. We had to stay two meters away from everyone who was over the age of 50. I spent most of my time in lockdown drawing stuff, watching You-Tube and nonsense.

We had to postpone our holiday over to next year. This was really annoying to me and my family. It was only a month or so later that we are slowly getting back to the normality of our lives. We are now allowed to stay one meter away from others (if we can’t stay any further away), not two. We are allowed to go back to school, but we have our own desks, with our own stationary and own everything. But soon enough we will be back to normal (hopefully) and no people will have Coronavirus. And, I hope you all despise Covid-19 as much as I do.