

Anya – Age 16

March 25, 2020

Dear Future,

It's weird to think I am living through a time that will one day be learned about in classrooms. Covid-19 will be history, but right now, sitting in my dining room, this doesn't feel historical; it doesn't feel noteworthy. For me, Coronavirus has simply moved school to my house and restricted me from physically seeing my friends as much as I would like to. It has inspired comedic humor on social media platforms, and feelings of irritation towards family members who I am now forced to spend every minute of the day with. At most this pandemic is annoying. I know its a simple description but that's how I feel right now - annoyed. President Trump has declared this a crisis, and I wonder why I am aware of this "crisis" and still feeling completely unharmed. Am I just uninformed? Am I too young to feel scared by a sickness that I am told is not terminal for me? Perhaps I am just too naive to open my eyes and see the reason why the world is in a complete state of distress? I want to understand. A small part of me wants to feel the anxiety that my parents feel just so I can understand a little why Covid-19 has sent us all into disaster mode.

The adults have tried to make the transition from normal, to a little less normal, smooth. We've been on "lockdown" (and I put that in quotes because while it would be wise to stay inside, I have left my house every day of "quarantine"), for a couple of weeks now. I was supposed to get my license in the midst of this pandemic, but, unsurprisingly, the DMV's have closed. To keep practicing I have been going on drives. The other day I passed by a gun store. There was a line out the door. I saw it, with my own eyes. I saw first hand how this sickness is weighing on the mental health of my fellow citizens. And still, I felt no concern. I felt no fear of

the unknown, I simply felt confused. It was like the world was coming to an end, and all around me I felt the terror that was building inside of people, but I felt none myself. It was as if I was living in complete darkness, unaware of some terrible monster that was coming. The idea that others know something I don't, something harmful, should invoke fear. But it hasn't, because nothing has happened. A man in Wuhan, China, ate a cat that ate a bat that held a deadly disease. A deadly disease that has not killed anyone I know or love. A deadly disease that has inspired thoughts of violence, but not acts of violence. The Coronavirus has not scared me yet and until it does, it will continue to feel like an inconvenience rather than a consequential moment in time.