

My Covid-19 Story.

By- Tenzin Rangdol (TCV Selakui, Class XI)

It was on the 18th of February 2020, when I first heard about this coronavirus. We were on our way to Sainik School in a nearby Kushal Nagar town to appear for our board exam. I cursed at covid because we were asked to wear a mask which was making my ears look unusually big, letting my friends to make fun of it. They compare my ears to that of an elephant's.

It was only after a month that I learned about how drastically it is affecting my community and the world at large. However, in my hometown of Bylakuppe, the situation hasn't changed that much as there were only a few cases of covid. Only recently there was a slight spike in the infection cases. Throughout the pandemic, I've taken every precaution to avoid getting infected with the virus as my dad is a vulnerable patient with a pre-existing medical condition. This restriction of freedom didn't turn out so well for me. It completely changed my daily routine. When the nationwide lockdown was posed, I could neither go for a ride nor able to work out every day.

Usually, I'd be asleep just as I put my head on the pillow, but as there wasn't much to do I simply found it harder to sleep. Besides, being a binge racer didn't help and I would find myself up until 1 in the morning. I'd say for the first one and a half months I did everything that a typical teen would do.

It was around the end of April when I finally made myself a timetable. I wasn't able to follow it as I had planned but it did help me fine-tune my sleep pattern. Meanwhile, I learned that books can also be enjoyed for its indebted essence and emotions rather than mere language and communicational values. I also learned to cook a perfectly prepared dish. And with a newly constructed racket court in our staff quarter, I started playing racket with my brother, and some of the teachers. With this, I realized why many get ecstatic playing rackets.

With time, I heard so many shocking and painful stories of harassments and humiliation that people with covid-19 suffered. Some even committed suicide as a result of this suffering. It wasn't the virus that got them killed but the severe mental stress they got from the people around them. It opened my eyes to the sad realities of the world.

I heard people claiming that covid-19 had affected their lifestyles. But for us students, we simply wished that the school be resumed as a result of this extended lockdown break. This made me realized how uncertain our human mentalities are. For instance,

my very own best friend who normally never liked the idea of attending schools simply wished that the schools be reopened.

And then, my whole routine changed for good when the online classes started in mid-July. This wasn't very appealing as we didn't get to interact in person. Even though our teachers are trying their best to cope up with this whole new teaching process, sadly it cannot replace the usual classroom experiences. I miss the lively discussions I used to have with my classmates. But on the brighter side, I have much more free time where I get to help my parents with some minor household chores and comparatively, there is less homework.

In the end, I find my new lifestyle going pretty well but like everyone else around the world, I too wish this dreadful pandemic to be over soon and to get back to our normal self.