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My name is Vincent Bassolino and this was my Covid-19 experience. By mid-March right around St. Patrick's Day I got the email that my high school was getting shut down for two weeks for quarantine because someone contracted the virus from my school. That two weeks turned into the rest of the year, and for the second half of my senior year of high school I was doing online remote learning from home. I was in the pipe band at my school, and we weren't allowed to march in the St. Patrick's Day Parade in New York City. I was stuck at home, all the restaurants, movie theaters, and basically any public place closed down. The days started to get longer, and I felt like I was doing all I could at my house and was just getting more bored. The longer this pandemic was around everyone around me was getting more scared too; my family stopped watching the daily news network because it was just about where Covid-19 was and it was too depressing to watch. There was gloominess and dullness around everywhere. If someone got the virus at all or has been around another person that contracted the virus, they got looked at like a total outcast. If someone got it, they would have to quarantine away from everyone, including your family. If someone in a family contracted it, that person would have to stay in their room and barely have any physical contact with anyone. Living like that can really do some damage to a person's mental health. The gloominess didn't control me though, I still talked to all my friends virtually because it was our last months together in high school. I started to do different workouts and exercise, watched the sunsets, and found so many cool places near my house to just reflect and keep my mind at a balance. Even during the worst pandemic I was able to stay focused on my goals, and never lose sight of my mental health; the only thing I could control. The Covid-19 pandemic was and still is a horrible time to be living through.