

Kylene Harper

My life was amazing. I was babysitting, baking, and surrounded myself with friends and family. I didn't think life could get any better. But then it all changed and there was nothing I could do about it. Something you should know is that I hate change with my whole heart. So this was the worst thing to ever happen. Now, let's start from the beginning.

It all started in March, school got closed but I still had work to do. I got it all done and everything was fine. I missed my friends and family but other than that and masks everything was the same. Then my birthday rolled around and that's when it all hit. I didn't get to see any of my friends let alone family. I sat on my couch in front of my mom and brothers while my dad was at work and opened my presents by myself. That night while my family sang to me over the phone I wished for things to go back. I wanted badly for things to go back but it was only the start.

From that moment on things only went up and down up again and then right back down. Everything was so insane but that summer I ended up going on a trip with my best friend. It was the best three weeks of that year, I got rid of a log of fake friends and stuck with the one who always made me laugh and went through everything with me. We were always on facetime together, almost all day long and we went on a three week trip together. It was all at the beginning of covid and we had so much fun together. In Tennessee we went and saw waterfalls and almost went into a deep dark cave but she was too scared. Then in Georgia we went swimming and out to dinner and playing with two puppies all day. We had dance parties and were just living our best life. But a few weeks later everything started to go downhill.

My little brother was in close contact with someone who had covid. When we first found out it was extremely scary. It drove me crazy that my mom didn't make him quarantine. I had to after my trip and I was safer than he was. I was trapped in my room for two weeks and he could walk around like he pleased. But it was scary not knowing if he was sick or if anything was going to happen. My brothers and I are really close so I don't know what I would do if either of them would have gotten sick. But after a few weeks of only not seeing his friends we let him go out. And again life went on.

School was getting harder but I'm an 8th grade honor student working from home so that is understandable. I was going into school two days a week and then Wendsays [sic] were half days. My best friends and I would be on the phone

during outlast classes so we wouldn't go crazy. I was a little sad because her mom did not want us to hang out as much because covid was getting worse. But other than that life was pretty good. My lowest grade was a B+, my best friend was always by my side, and I still got to go out just not as I would like. Then something happened, it affected me a lot and still sometimes does. My family fell apart for a while. It was the worst thing to happen at this time.

My brother Kendrick got into some trouble and that's how it all started. See my older brother gets into trouble a lot. It was nothing new, he just didn't make the right choices, lied without realizing it, and was never that best at school. But we already knew all of that and still loved him, he's a people person how could we not. Kendrick always knew how to make you laugh or make the jokes at the best time. He graduated high school 2020 and was living at home until he earned enough money and started to work with my dad. All was great until one day he apparently had enough. My mom and dad were sitting with him telling he can't do this and that because of something he did. That was normal, he would be in trouble for a week and we would move on. Then he just started yelling back at my parents saying we treat him like trash and that he was leaving. With no phone or car he just left. I was worried but hopeful he would come back. I made sure he was safe at his best friend's house and a week later he came back. I was so happy, hurt but glad he was back. I hugged him with tears in my eyes and his exact words were "I will never leave again." Not much later he left again and it shattered my little brother and I. This time I was just angry. I had no clue why he did this to us again and I refused to talk to him until he got home. After another week or so he came home and at first I didn't talk to him. I am still hurt and we are still trying to get that friendship back.

It still was pretty bad but somehow manageable. My best friend and I started talking less and less. It was normal for us to not talk for a while and then catch up and be on the phone for hours but this time it was different. I hadn't heard from her in a few days and she was answering her phone. Then I got the worst text possible. My best friend was in the hospital. I didn't know what to do. All I could do was text her and then wait for her to text me back. I started to feel very lonely and I missed my best friends. Yes I have other friends but I have known her my whole life and have never been as close as someone as her. After a week or waiting and hoping she got home. I bought her a get well basket and soon as I could and just hugged when I saw her.

Covid made me go through too many emotions. Covid had made my life better but also terrible at the same time. I miss my old friends and how everything

used to be. I want to go back but I don't want anything to change. Life is still a mess but this is my story and I'm proud of it.