Eid Celebration And My Life Experience

An essay untouched, toys all over the room, laundry still to be done. This was what coronavirus has done to my quarantine life, it felt fun at first but started going downhill after a few weeks. Before quarantine my life was pretty smooth, I was in school studying, we had just finished renovating the house. It was pretty normal, I was focused on studying for next year's exams and enjoying things that I done most, then all of a sudden everything went downhill.

24th of March was when lockdown started, I was really excited, there was no school all the homework was online now. I was really happy to have more family, I went out shopping with my parents, toilet paper, hand sanitiser, soap it was all out of stock. I remember before quarantine no one even thought of sanitising hands now all of a sudden it was probably the best-selling item in the country, I came home and made a cake with my little sister, my house was chaotic, my sibling running around my mum trying to stop them, my dad was just asleep most of the time. This first week of quarantine was fun, and it seemed like it would be like this for a while.

I got all my homework finished by the end of each week, the homework was given on iPads so it made it much easier to do rather than just plain old jotter work, this went on for the first two weeks but then after, my work ethic, went down. The homework kept piling up from doing homework went from not doing any homework at all this was not going on well, this wasn't the quarantine I had planned.

I log onto my iPad multiple times every day. I can't even remember what I've handed in and what I haven't. I had no clue on what was due, I don't even remember what week were on. I've got prelims in December and the final exams in April, I'm constantly anxious about how I will get all off this work done without proper learning, what will happen if I don't do good in the prelim, All these thoughts rushed through my head every day, I would always said to myself "I'll do it tomorrow" this kept going on for weeks but I still haven't completed anything.

Then came Ramadhan, The Islamic month where we fast for 30 days, but this Ramadhan we were stuck at home, the fasts felt longer, I was missing the mosque vibes, All the Muslim community gathering to break their fasts together, but this Ramadhan we were breaking our fasts in our houses, With the fasts feeling longer every day, Ramadhan came to an end. It was Eid, the first Eid of the year, but yet we were stuck at home, no family gatherings, no gifts, no hugs from all my aunties, it was then I realised that I missed the things that I took for granted, Families in other parts of the world who never even had food to break there fasts also with the burden of the coronavirus, I felt for the people who didn't even have family to celebrate Eid with. I was going to realise the true meaning of loss very soon, too soon to be exact.

A few days before Father's Day we got a call from my family in Pakistan that my grandfather was really ill, everyone was so worried. Then came Father's Day, we got the devastating news that my grandfather had passed away. The whole family was saddened, I could see the pain in my father's eyes with airports closed he couldn't go and see his father for the last time. It had been 5 years since my father had last saw my grandfather. He was really disheartened, everyone was. It only felt like quarantine was getting worse. I had only met my grandfather 3 times in my whole life, but it still felt like I had lost someone who I had a really deep connection

with.

Then came the second Eid of the year, it was nothing different to last Eid only this time we were allowed to go to the mosque, I wore my Eid clothes and went to the mosque, I saw my cousins for the first time in months, I saw my friends for the first time in months, It felt like I had not seen them for years, Then came the news, Schools would be opening on the 12th of August that’s when the real problems started. I’ve got so much school work to do.

The laundry isn't going to get done, the toys are still on the floor, my homework won't be finished. My friends tell me their going through the same, I can’t sleep, everything feels unfinished, Like the laundry, like my homework, my life feels like an essay untouched