The pandemic itself was unexpected but what came with its dominance on our society was too. The pandemic started dominating in 2020 even though it started to spread in 2019 and I always saw it as something far yet so close. Far in the sense that there would not be a chance that me and my family would get it and close because it was also subconsciously a worry. I believed the effects of the pandemic and how bad covid-19 is but, because that pain was not personally inflicted on me, I did not have a deeper understanding of how serious it is. COVID-19 started affecting my life the second half of my first year of college. I was in the music building sitting with some friends and talking about news that COVID-19 might cause schools to shut down. Clueless as to where we would end up being today, we were only excited to have no class. We did have a sense of anxiety towards the idea of us getting the virus, but we considered it all talk. Coming home that day I see the news about classes possibly moving online and the first thing that popped up in my mind was how I would not have to physically go to bio lab. Classes continued and CUNY was still looking into how they would go about the semester, but one by one campuses started to close, and students were sent home. Although being online was nice I felt a sense of fear because I understood that a virus won't be easily eradicated even after the semester ends. COVID-19 mostly impacted my family. My grandparents lived above us, and we were not allowed to come close to them and had to stay 6 ft when speaking to them. We feared every time my father would come home at night from the subway that he got the virus but thankfully it never happened at the time. Summer went by without a single happy memory and caused me to reflect a lot on what my life has become. Sophomore year comes and we continue

to be online and COVID cases get worse. In the winter session after spring semester, I supposedly got covid after getting positive on a nose swab test but then came back negative 3 days later. I was so fearful of how my body would react but thankfully did not get affected too much. Later, in January 2021 my grandparents caught covid. I had hoped that everything would be ok because I could not imagine a scenario where they could possibly pass away. My grandmother suffered a lot but eventually got better and is now COVID free and vaccinated. My grandfather the first few days had normal symptoms and was able to do his day-to-day activities but later started to have a harder time breathing. He was taken to the intensive care unit and had to be intubated because he had a preexisting case of pneumonia. We could not visit him and had to call his cell hoping he would be awake to answer it. Days passed and breathing got more difficult for him. At the time hospitals were packed and visitors were not allowed. We can only speak through the hospital phone or the phone we gave him. He passed away with the doctors and nurses around him and later got a call from the hospital informing us that two people can come see him after he has passed. It was difficult coming to terms with the fact that my grandfather passed but I had to eventually accept the fact that he was gone. School continued to be online and, in the beginning, staying home weighed heavily on my mental state and took away a lot of the motivation I had coming into college, but I have been forced to find other things to keep myself better occupied mentally such as reading and taking time to physically get healthy. I can't say a lot of good has come out of COVID, but it has made me reflect on myself as an individual and think about the things I had taken advantage of.