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Senior year was supposed to be the best year of my life. The year of Friday night basketball games, last-minute road trips, prom, and the long-awaited walk across the graduation stage. Instead, it became the year of canceled plans, virtual classes, and a silent ending to the story we had been writing since kindergarten.

March 2020 started like any other month. We joked about an extra-long spring break when the news first mentioned school closures. "Two weeks off? Sweet!" we laughed. But two weeks became a month. Then the rest of the school year disappeared.

Prom, the night we had all dreamed of since freshman year, was first "postponed," then quietly canceled. The dress I had in mind stayed in my phot album . No designer no dance , no date, no prom.

Graduation? That was a joke. No cap and gown, no walking across the stage to shake hands with the principal, no proud family cheering from the stands. Instead, we got a "virtual ceremony," a slideshow of our senior photos with our names read in monotone voices. It wasn't the same. It wasn't enough.

Instead of celebrating with friends, we sat at home, staring at screens, watching the world shut down around us. The memories we were supposed to make—senior pranks, yearbook signings, last goodbyes—were stolen, leaving nothing but a strange, hollow ending.

They called us the "Class of Covid," but we were more than that. We were a class that learned resilience in the face of disappointment, a class that lost so much but refused to let it define us. We may not have had the senior year we deserved, but we would always remember the one that was taken from us.