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# atxyz

## The Quaranteen Zine



# ATXyz

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by *Anonymous*



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### **Hello!**

Welcome to the first issue of ATXyz (the Austin Texas Youth Zine). We decided that Issue 01 had to be called: The Quaranteen Zine! This year has been hard on all of us for some reason or another. The Quaranteen Zine showcases the art and writing made by teenagers experiencing a global pandemic. We are so excited to say that this magazine will be submitted to the COVID-19 files at the Austin History Center! While reading and looking through this teen produced magazine, we hope you enjoy and appreciate the pieces of art and writing featured in The Quaranteen Zine.

# About The Editors

Nora Boumaraf

I'm 16 years old and a massive sports fan (which has been unfortunately ripped away by this pandemic). I also love old blues, jazz, and soul music.

Samya Chauhan

I'm 14 years old and I love to read, watch TV (one of my favorite shows being *New Girl*), and play outside.

Justin Gao

Hey! I'm a 15-year old teen who plays soccer and likes to listen to music and go hiking.

Siyona Jain

Hi! I'm 13 and I enjoy singing, playing soccer and basketball, art, music, and hanging out with friends!

Maya Kini

I'm 14 years old and I love to read, play games, watch TV, and play soccer. My favorite show is *Grey's Anatomy*

Estella Zhao

I'm 16 years old and have been dragged into so many different fandoms. I love reading and sharing what I've learned.

# Justin's Quarantine Routine

7:00 - 7:30: Wake up and get ready for the day!

I usually listen to some classical music just so that I am calm before the day starts.



7:30 - 8:00: Go on a short jog through the neighborhood.

I normally hate running but I find it relaxing to go jogging in the early morning.

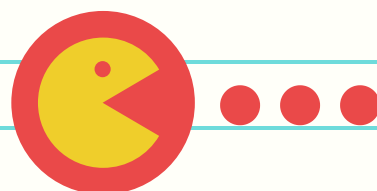
8:00 - 8:45: Shower and get ready for my internship with the City of Austin.



I usually take some time here to make a to-do list. This list helps keep me organized and on-schedule for the day.

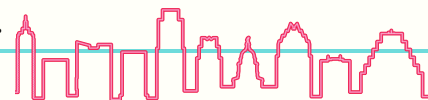


8:45 - 9:00: Eat a nutritious breakfast and brush teeth.



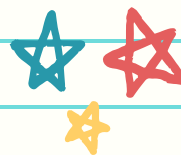
9:00 - 1:00: Internship with the City of Austin.

This internship is really enjoyable, and I would definitely recommend it to other teens who are looking for professional experience.



1:00 - 2:00: Do chores and help out around the house.

I think that if I take the time to do at least one chore every day, it will bring some consistency to my every day routine.



2:00 - 2:30: Read a book and relax.



I am currently reading a book on the history of the gene and it is incredibly fascinating.

2:30 - 3:30: Take a short nap  
Taking naps during the day helps me reduce some stress and relax.



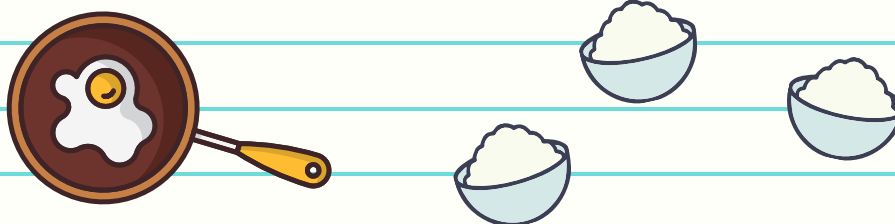
3:30 - 4:15: Make coffee and check social media  
I don't use social media a lot during the day when I am home, so I will take some time to check up on my friends



4:15 - 5:15: Go for a walk through the greenbelt.

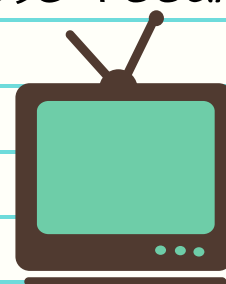


5:15 - 6:00: Help prepare dinner and learn a new recipe.  
My parents are excellent cooks, and I hope that I can be proficient in cooking also.



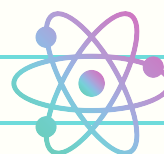
6:00 - 6:30: Eat dinner. We usually have Chinese food.

6:30 - 8:00: Watch some TV or Netflix



8:00 - 10:00: Study some chemistry and then go to sleep.

I find that learning right before I go to bed helps me retain information better.





# wishes

A POEM ANTHOLOGY  
BY ERIN HOUCHINS

*I started writing as a hobby in elementary school, and now I'm the president of a creative writing club. I hadn't written for myself in a while, and quarantine gave me a chance to do that. As quarantine progressed, I found that I could remember the things that I wished I could do through my writing.*

# bathtub

*a bathtub is a special place.  
you sit there in the hot water. sometimes it's colored.  
sometimes there's bubbles to distract you.  
sometimes you sit there for so long that the water goes  
cold.  
even still.  
it's a safer place than the rest of the world.*

*i sit.  
i think.  
i stare at the water and let the thoughts i have - the good  
the bad and everything in between - sink through my hands  
and trickle down with the water.*

*i let all the bad vibes go, and i let the negative trains of  
thought i got stuck on for too long drift into those warm  
healing waters. i watch as they swirl down the drain and  
hope they will stay down in the pipes this time even though  
i know they will be back again the next day like a stain that  
won't come out of my favorite blouse.*

*i look into the foggy mirror. there is still mascara under my  
eyes, and my hair is coming out of its clip and swirling in  
the back of my neck in dark heavy strands. the hot water of  
the bath makes my skin turn a blotchy red, and i can see my  
pulse pounding in my throat.*

*i breathe.  
i re center.  
i come back from whatever strange dimension the steaming  
bath waters take you to - where time slows down and  
movement is sluggish.*

# swimming pool

*it's hot outside. i ride my bike through the gravel path, and little stones hit my shins as they pop under the rubber tires. i scrunch my eyes and i feel my back start to sweat. the shade is a relief, but the heat still sinks into my bones, already making me tired.*

*the water in the pool is calm. i like coming here when there's not a bunch of people. it gets too rowdy with all the annoying little kids and their annoying talkative parents.*

*i set my bag down and take off my shirt. i let my feet rest on the hot pavement and i feel the sun soak into my cheeks and shoulders. i'm getting more freckles. i look at my friend as she pulls off her shirt and shakes out her braided hair.*

*i don't test the water. i just jump. disrupting the glossy surface as my body glides through it. i push off a wall, and launch across the pool. sometimes i just float on my back. i stare up at the cloudless blue sky with my ears under the water. the sounds around me are muffled and the water becomes calm again. sometimes i close my eyes and forget where i am.*

*we swim until our fingers are white and wrinkled. we drink canned sodas from a not so cool cooler and eat pizza that has been sitting out for too long. our still wet fingers make the crust soggy. our hair dries into clumpy chlorinated strands as the sun burns the tops of our heads.*

*we're almost too tired to ride our bikes back home. it's been hours, and the heat of the sun combined with swimming has exhausted us and made us sluggish. i'm almost too tired to even rinse off before i fall asleep on the couch with a movie playing in the distance.*



## beach sand

*i don't really like the beach.  
everything is covered in sand and you never know what's under your  
feet or what brushes your leg in the water  
laying on sand covered towels in the sun with no shade  
my friends wanted to tan  
but i don't tan  
i'm just getting more freckles on top of a healing sunburn*

*i reapply sunscreen  
it's scented and that smell always reminds me of summer band  
practice and pool parties  
i feel the sand clump on my shoulders  
i try and shakes those tiny white grains off my hands, but the sticky  
sweet smelling sunscreen keeps it there  
i rub my face anyways*

*we go into the ocean  
the taste of salt is jarring when a wave crashes into our torsos.  
i dip my hair into the salty water and let it lay flat on my back  
it's refreshing  
a break from the beaming sun*

*we splash around for a bit longer  
our fingers are starting to look like prunes when we decide to get out of  
the grey blue green water*

*they want to keeps tanning but i feel my skin start to burn  
we go inside across the burning white sand  
it sticks to our flip flops as we step onto the splintering board walk*

# summer

by erin houchins

*the hot sun beams down  
onto sunscreen covered necks and shoulders*

*bodies covered with small bathing suits and tank tops  
in every color of the rainbow*

*a day at the beach  
spent collecting broken shells and forgetting to put sunscreen on*

*shoulders and backs turning twenty shades of red  
and the cool kiss of pain relieving aloe*

*bees and wasps buzz around open soda cans  
sitting on the hot pavement next to a pool side chair*

*we buy snow cones and ice cream that melt too quickly  
and drips down our hands*

*we eat salt covered watermelon  
the juice coats our chins and we spit out the seeds*

*we mix lemonade with too much sugar  
and dye our hair with kool aid*

*the whole time goes by in the flash of a camera  
but at least we have the pictures to remember*

## lavalamp

*a lavalamp with purple water and yellow "lava" that turned orange when the light was on.*

*something popular in the 90's that i still had sitting on my nightstand. a prize i won from my old tutoring.*

*i hadn't turned it on in so long that it was all coated in a layer of dust. even the black cord coming out of the silver metal base.*

*i flipped the switch with my thumb. and the light came on (to my surprise). i hadn't used it in years.*

*i left my room and forgot about the lamp.*

*coming back to the orange glow was nice. watching the yellow change to orange as it floated to the top and back down was calming. the blobs smooshed past each other when they got too close. and little bubbles formed when you shook the top of the lamp.*

*i lay in bed that night. the lava lamp still glowing and casting a calm orange light on my walls. i watch those blobs move as i try to fall asleep.*

# Paper Ephemera

## AP EXAMS

May 21 - World History  
May 22 - Statistics

## Ephemera

any transitory written or printed matters that are not meant to be retained or preserved

## Ephemera

things that exist or are used or enjoyed for only a short time



### To-Do:

Organize Chem Binder  
Call Emmeline  
Do Laundry  
Play Piano  
Drink Water!!!

Check Gmail  
Chinese Lesson



### Watch Later:

- ~~My Hero Academia~~
- ~~The Half of It~~
- ~~Avatar: The Last Airbender~~
- ~~Joshua: Teenager vs Superpower~~
- ~~The Old Guard~~
- ~~Demon Slayer~~
- ~~The Clone Wars~~

## Introspective Quotes: Immigrant Identity

"Like every other child of immigrants here, first-generation or fifth-, my distance, my detachment, and my ignorance make me an American." - American, Indian by Jaswinder Bolina in the Paris Review

"...I feel all the parts of myself coming together: glad that a part of me is Chinese, a part of me American, and all of me is simply me."  
-Loveboat, Taipei by Abigail

"It strikes me how discombobulating it is to be in a place where so many of the faces look like mine, but where I clearly don't belong."  
- I Love You So Mochi by Sarah Kuhn

~~Statistics~~

~~Zoom @ 10:30~~

Chem Google Form ★★

~~DBQ Practice due Thursday~~

## Jam Times 🎵

Good Job - Alicia Keys  
OK - Elli Moore  
Luv U - (G)Idle  
Boys That Dance - Ieuan  
Match In The Rain  
- Alec Benjamin  
Go Tonight - The Mad Ones  
My Grand Plan  
- The Lightning Thief

The world is almost  
peaceful when you stop  
trying to understand

it. -ELIZABETH ACEVEDO  
"THE POET X"

Also the author of The Fire on  
High and Glap When You Land

## Neowise



## Wait for it

I am the one thing in  
life I can control  
I am inimitable  
I am an original  
I'm not falling behind  
or running late  
I'm not standing still  
I am lying in wait

"You  
cannot blame  
anyone else for  
what you do.  
You cannot blame  
your past for who  
you are. You are  
responsible for you.  
You make your own  
choices."

-TREVOR NOAH  
"BORN A  
CRIME"

Facetime  
Yuni and  
Nicole

## WORDS

**DEFENESTRATION**  
The act of bodily throwing  
someone out a window

**NEOPHYTE**  
a person who is new to a  
subject, belief, or skill

**SALIENT**  
worthy of note; the most  
notable or important

Outside :)



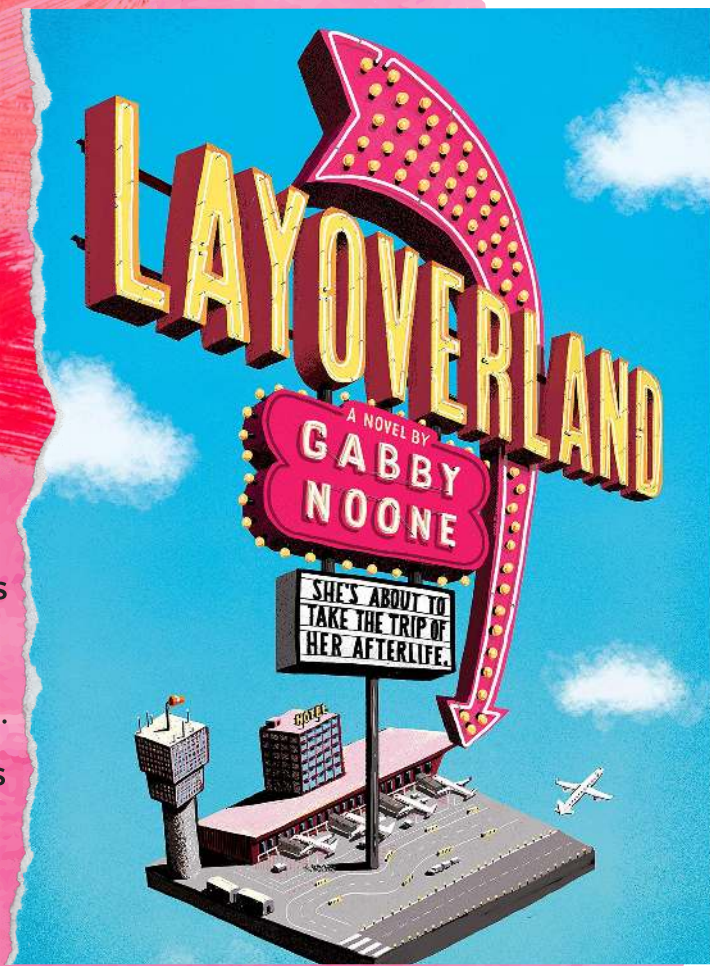
Created  
by Estella  
Zhao

2020

# BOOK REVIEW

Layoverland by Gabby Noone is a fun and flirty twist on the idea of the afterlife. In it, Beatrice Fox is a seventeen-year-old girl who dies unexpectedly in a car accident after probably ruining her sister's life. She is then transported to an airport, also known as Purgatory, where the dead swim in mediocracy and the food is encased in jello. At the airport, she is forced to help 5000 people figure out what's

keeping them from Heaven. Things get twisted when she is tasked with moving on Caleb, the boy who is the cause of her accident. However, she can't help but notice that Caleb is sort of cute, and nice, which will most definitely get in the way of her master plan of keeping him in Purgatory forever. This book is for fans of quirky teen romances with a twist. It's got some heartbreaking moments and some cute ones too. I would compare it to the show The Good Place because not only does it go off similar concepts but it has the same slapstick humor style. I will say, this book has fairly basic writing and the characters didn't get as in-depth and interesting as I wanted them too. For those reasons, I wouldn't recommend it to anybody who wants their entire world perspective changed. However, I would recommend it to somebody who wants an enjoyable, fluffy novel, perfect for beachside reading or just to take a break from something serious. Thanks for listening!



## VIDEO REVIEW BY HANNA LOU RATHOUZ

# quarantine crafts

Quarantine has meant a whole lot of boredom and a need for reusable masks. I took it upon myself to whip up some masks for my family and myself both out of necessity and to quell the boredom.



These masks, one crocheted and one sewn, are fully functional and served as a way for me to work on a project with a purpose while I stayed home.



June 21, 2020

Dear future me,

Hey. It's you from 2020. This year has arguably been the worst year. Quarantine is just one example of the many downsides the start of this decade has brought us. Spending so much time at home has made me learn a couple things that I hope I take with me in the future. I know most of the time older people (you) have advice for younger people (me), but there are a couple things that I've learned during this time period that I hope you remember and take with you for the next chapter of life.

## **1. Don't stress about things out of your control.**

Next year I'm starting high school and with all the uncertainty of how the school year will look next year, I'm feeling kind of nervous. I'm scared about having to meet new people online and starting a new chapter of my life virtually. With luck, school will not be bad at all! Additionally, I have a couple months left before school starts, so there is really no point in worrying about something that is out of my control. I also don't have control over when life will resume as normal, so my best bet is to make the best out of this situation.

## **2. Make a list of things you need to accomplish.**

While you shouldn't stress about things out of your control, if you need to accomplish a list of things in the present my advice to you is to make a list. I've noticed that when I make a list of stuff to do it makes it easier to accomplish. The reason I'm including piece of advice, is because I'm not sure if I'll continue to do this. If for some reason I stopped doing this, I highly suggest you pick the habit up (it really helps)!



### **3. Try to dedicate some time to family and take occasional breaks.**

With so much free time, I've been playing outside almost every day, playing games with family, and taking time for myself to loosen up. Being productive all the time is hard and taking a break every once in a while is so helpful. It helps me refocus and get back to whatever I was doing. It may possibly help with procrastination issues in the future. Playing games with family is a great way to get some family time in once in a while. It also helps prevent future burnouts.

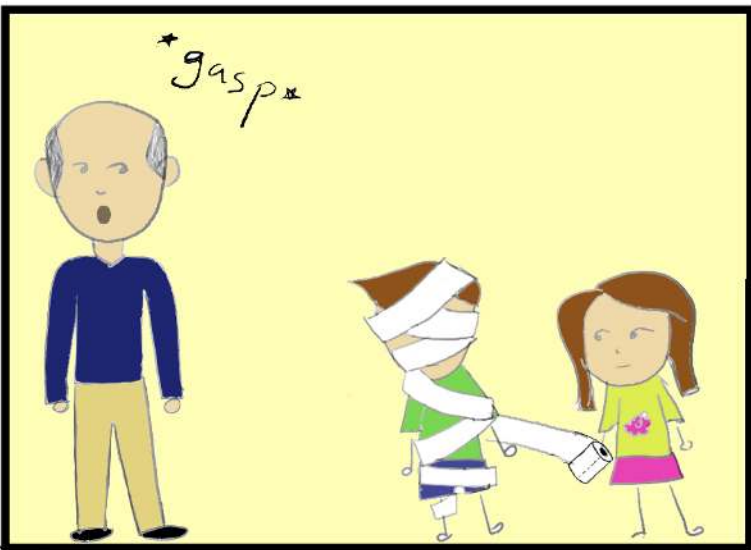
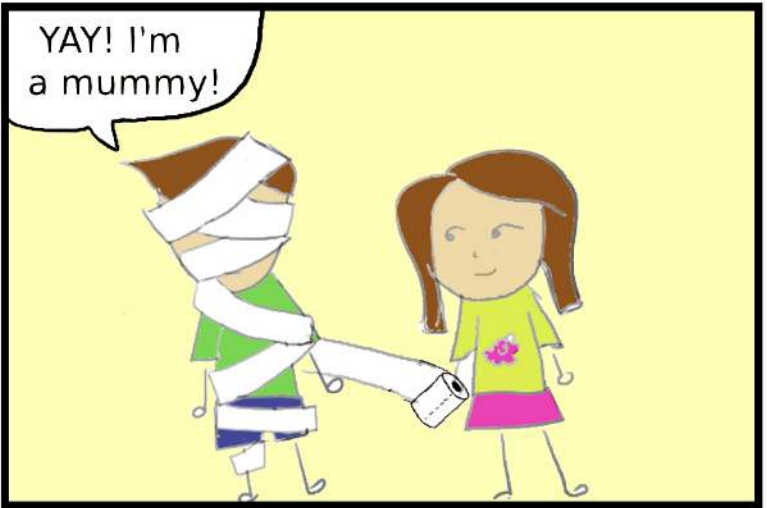
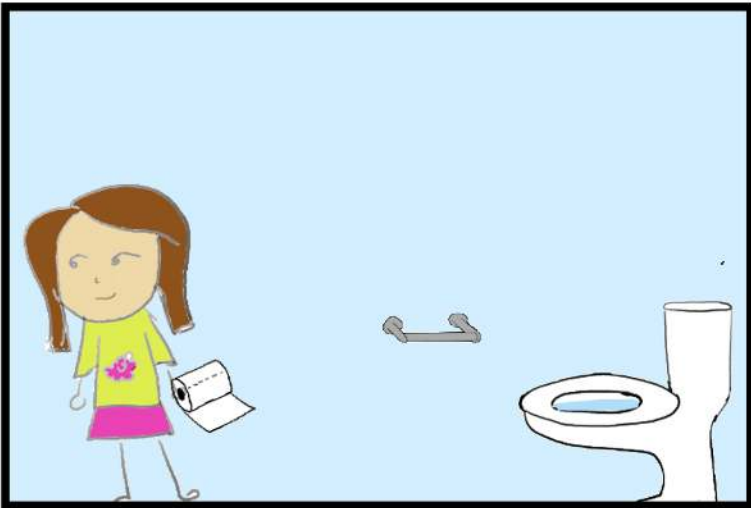
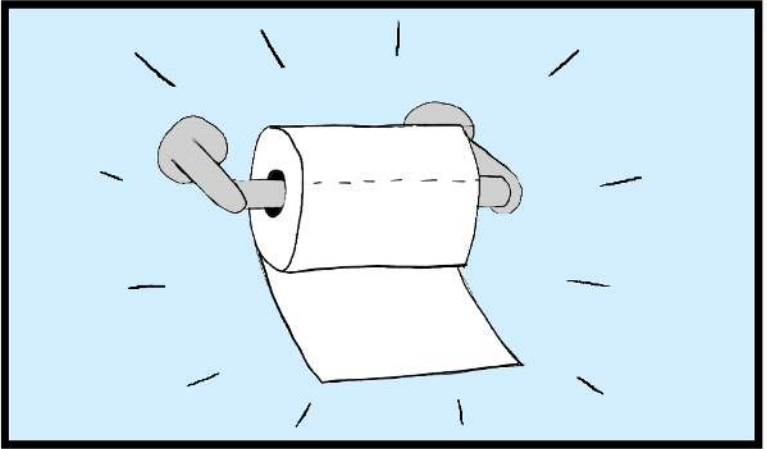
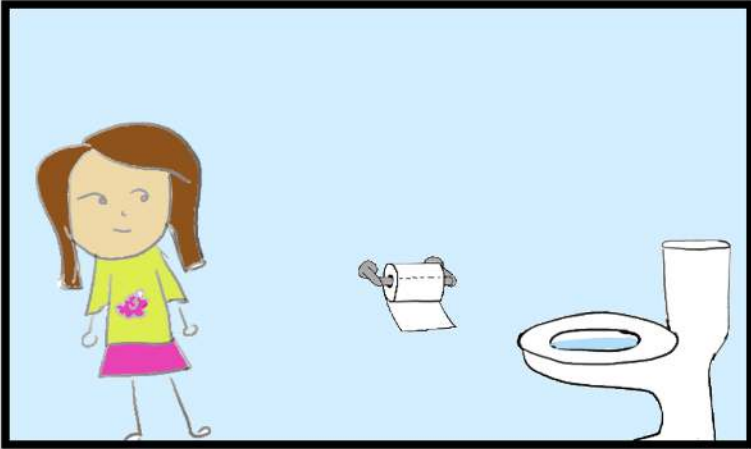
### **4. Have fun and take every opportunity to do so!**

This one's easy and probably my favorite. Over quarantine, I've found myself constantly thinking about what I could do instead of being stuck at home. I missed out on spring break and all summer plans were canceled. It's made me realize that I took advantage of past vacations. I definitely did not appreciate those vacations enough. So my advice to you, is to live in the moment and appreciate your surroundings whenever you can.

The start of this decade has already taught me a lot. While these are just some of the many lessons I've learned during quarantine, I hope that you already apply these things in your day-to-day life. If you don't yet, you should start ASAP. I promise it's a life changer.

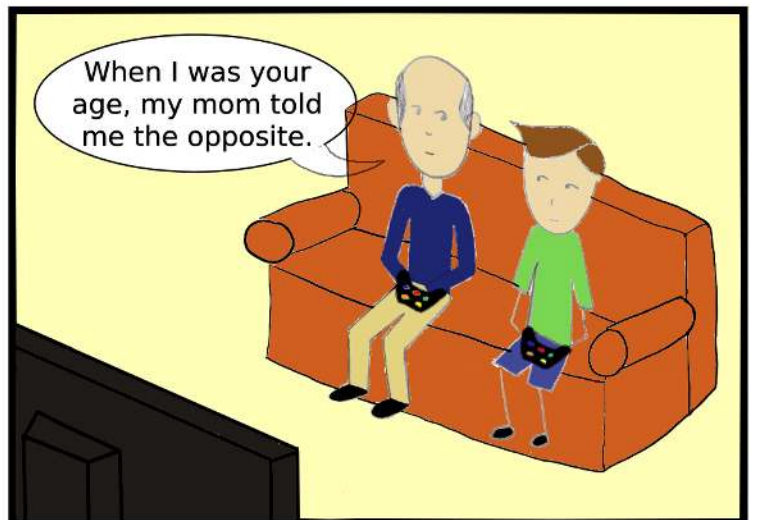
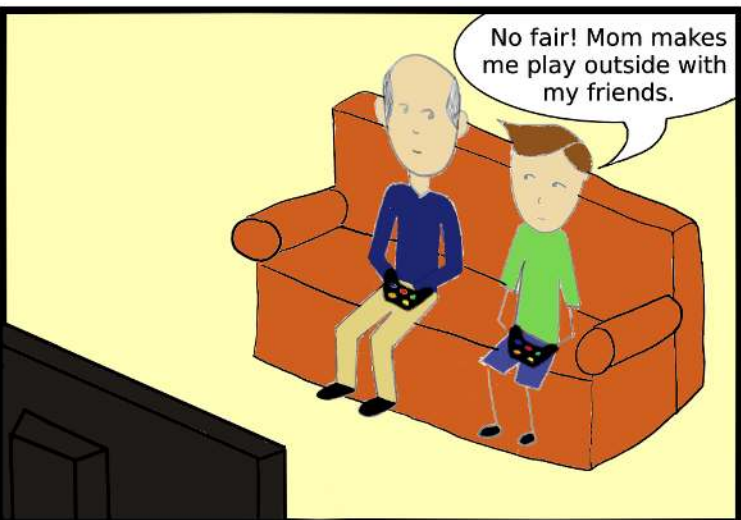
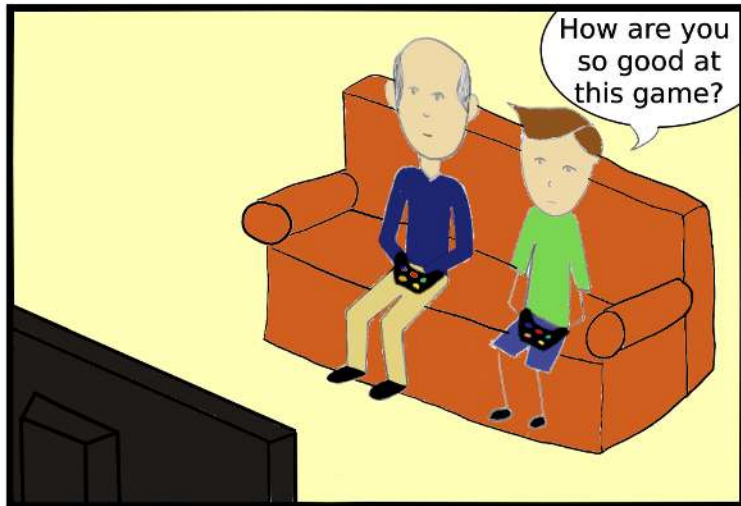
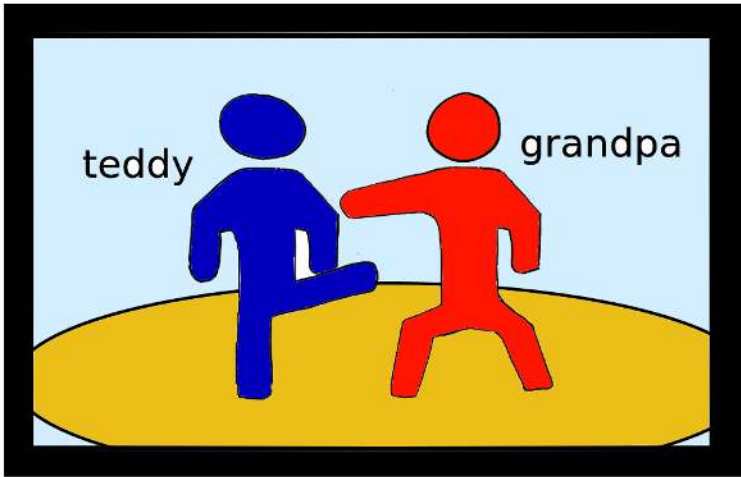
Love always,  
14 year old Samya

# QUARANTI



# THE TALES

by Siyona Jain



# EXIGENT CIRCUMSTANCES

*My experiences surrounding the intersection  
of school and a global pandemic*

BY ESTELLA ZHAO

**If you're a fan of detective thrillers, the phrase "exigent circumstances" may be familiar to you. Exigent circumstances allude to any strenuous situation in a criminal context that calls for immediate action. For example, searching without a warrant in a situation where it is clear that someone's life was on the line.**

Criminal matters aside, exigent circumstances can be loosely defined as any event that warrants immediate action. So is it a stretch to call the Corona Virus an exigent circumstance? I'm no expert, but Covid-19 brought about almost immediate shutdown of work and school. Drastic actions were taken to flatten the curve, and virtual learning became the norm.

Though I didn't know it then, the Friday before Spring Break would be the last proper school day of my Sophomore year. Though, in hindsight, calling it a proper school day is far from the truth. That Friday was odd. Unsettled. The district-wide decision to allow students to return home had most upperclassmen throwing in the towel and scrambling to leave. By 10 am, my second period class of thirty-something kids had been halved.

On the cusp of Spring Break, and with students leaving as soon as the opportunity presented itself, the vast majority of teachers declared a "free workday." With no new material to be learned, I turned to my personal haven--the library. I had checked out the maximum number of books for every major school holiday (10), and I wasn't about to stop now. Over the course of the day, I managed to devour "Someday We Will Fly" by Rachael DeWoskin, return it, and check out eight more. (Unfortunately, I was not able to check out ten books, as lugging around eight proved to be rather laborious)

Lunch was a sorry affair. Most everyone had left, calling parents or hitching rides with those that could drive. By the time I got to my last class (Chemistry), there were only five people in the room. I wandered the halls with a friend (no use staying in class if it wasn't required) and traipsed on over to my favorite teacher's classroom. I remember her jokingly telling all of us to leave so that she too could go home early. By the time the final bell rang, there wasn't the usual flood of students rushing to go home. After all, the majority of the school had already left! The bus ride home was remarkably fast. There was no need to battle the afterschool traffic (which, for the record, is horrendous). I remember

how benign that Friday felt. Not particularly good or bad. Everything hazily wrapped up in the anticipation of a week off from school.

**I read a lot.**

Almost too much. Spring Break was a rollercoaster, and I wasn't able to meet up with my friends. I turned to books and often found myself lost in conversation with them.

My birthday was in late March. Of course, by that time, virtually everyone was staying home. Everything was shut down. We canceled the party. It was a logical decision. I understood why we had to, but I was still disappointed. We ended up watching

1917. I usually love war films, but I left halfway through. I couldn't stomach it. The carnage, the violence, the anxiety of wartime seemed like a terribly warped mirror of my own resounding inner turmoil.

It quickly became apparent that we would not be returning to in-person classes. As a result, my entire family shifted to virtual work and school. The logistics of this quickly sorted itself out: my brother at the dining table, myself and my father in the study room, and my mother upstairs. My parents were besieged by conference calls and subsequently left us kids to our own devices. Teachers were tentatively sending out work, but it wasn't until April

	Book Title	Author	Start Day	End Day	Genre
School Library	The Downstairs Girl	Stacey Lee	February, 2020	February, 2020	Historical Fiction
School Library	Someday We Will Fly	Rachel DeWoskin	February 2020	FRI - March 13, 2020	Historical Fiction
School Library	Frankly in Love	David Yoon	THUR - March 12, 2020	THUR - March 12, 2020	Romantic Fiction
School Library	The Secret Lives of Color	Kassia St. Clair	THUR - March 12, 2020	DNF - Returned	Nonfiction!!
School Library	Salt to The Sea	Ruta Sepetys	SUN - March 15, 2020	SUN - March 15, 2020	Historical Fiction
Reversed	Till Midnight	Aya Ling	TUE - March 17, 2020	TUE - March 17, 2020	Fantasy Romance
Retellings	The Beast and The Beauty	Aya Ling	TUE - March 17, 2020	TUE - March 17, 2020	Fantasy Romance
	The Cursed Prince	Aya Ling	TUE - March 17, 2020	WED - March 18, 2020	Fantasy Romance
Kindle Unlimited	The Mermaid's Sister	Carrie Anne Noble	WED - March 18, 2020	WED - March 18, 2020	Fantasy
Kindle Unlimited	Mock My Words: A Tale of D	Chandra Shekhar	WED - March 18, 2020	SAT - March 21, 2020	Realistic Fiction
School Library	Fountains of Silence	Ruta Sepetys	FRI - March 20, 2020	MON - March 23, 2020	Historical Fiction
School Library	How to Make Friends With tl	Kristeen Glasglow	THUR - March 26, 2020	THUR - March 26, 2020	Realistic Fiction
Kindle Unlimited	Our Dark Stars	Audrey Grey and Kn	MON - March 30, 2020	WED - April 1, 2020	Science Fiction
Kindle Unlimited	1984	George Orwell	WED - April 8, 2020	TUE - April 21, 2020	Dystopian Fiction
OverDrive	They Both Die at the End	Adam Silvera	TUE - April 21, 2020	WED - April 22, 2020	YA Fiction
Kindle Unlimited	Before You Say I Do	Clare Lydon	WED - April 22, 2020	SAT - April 25, 2020	Romatic Fiction
School Library	Grit: The Power of Passion e	Angela Duckworth	MON - April 27, 2020	THUR - April 7, 2020	Self-Help Book
OverDrive	Girl Mans Up	M-E Girard	SUN - May 10, 2020	TUE - May 12, 2020	YA Fiction
OverDrive	500 Words or Less	Juleah del Rosario	TUE - May 12, 2020	TUE - May 12, 2020	Book in Verse
School Library	Operation Mincemeat: The T	Ben Macintyre	THUR - May 14, 2020	MON - May 18, 2020	Biography
School Library	The Joy Luck Club	Amy Tan	TUE - May 19, 2020	TUE - May 26, 2020	Identity Fiction
OverDrive	Loveboat, Taipei	Abigail Hing Wen	THUR - May 21, 2020	FRI - May 22, 2020	YA Fiction

Spring Break afforded me the time to dig into my books. I was averaging a book a day, and it was at that time I started up a reading log.

# QuaranTeen Zine

---

that we were given graded assignments. Each week, an assignment was sent out. All assignments were graded as Pass/Incomplete. As such, most every subject was reduced to the bare minimum. IXL skill targets for Pre-Calculus, Google Forms and PowerPoint notes for chemistry. GoFormatives and Quizizz for Latin and Chinese. Recordings for Band.

AP subjects were the exception. With Collegeboard announcing that we would be taking the exams online, teachers and students alike rushed to understand the new exam rubric. The only rigorous school work came from my AP courses. Long practice DBQ's for AP World History and Free Response questions for Statistics. Every morning, from Monday to Thursday we had a daily half-hour Statistics Zoom meeting. It was so odd. My teacher, myself and my best friend were the only ones with cameras on.

That week in May passed in a blur of cram sessions and practice exams. For me, the specifics of virtual learning pale in comparison to the overwhelming feelings of boredom, panic, and relief when it was over.

During this time, between school and tangible responsibilities, I found plenty of time for myself. So much time, almost too much.

## **Now what?**

Despite being unable to meet face to face with my friends, I frequently find myself enjoying the time I spend alone. It's the mundane that suddenly becomes magical: reading a book in a day, practicing parallel parking with my Dad, eating the peaches that grow off the lithe tree in our front yard, and watching movies as a family. Playing the piano, not because I have to, but simply because I can. Revisiting pieces from years past and enjoying it far

more than when I initially learned them.

Of course, I'm not always productive. I find myself on my phone more. A lot more. There's simply so much to do on my handheld device. Every day starts to feel the same. The monotony monopolizes my time and motivations. There's this perpetual feeling that I was getting nothing done. The constant of testing drew closer and closer. That week was filled with cramming, generously interspersed with texting and phone time.

If I'm on my computer, I find myself checking my email. Incessantly. I read a lot, and I always have. I've been infatuated with the exploration of worlds and experiences that aren't my own ever since I discovered fiction.

While my hunger for words has never waned, I found that my tastes have. I've widened the personal possibilities of the written word. It was inevitable. After all, we live in an age of constant information. I branched out my reading material. Not just books but articles. So. Many. Articles. I read the New Yorker, the Washington Post, NPR, The Paris Review, National Geographic, ProPublica, The Guardian, need I go on?

The constant influx of news makes me feel unmoored. I miss people. I miss my friends. I miss being packed like sardines on a bus. I miss hugs and high-fives and slaps to the back. I miss cuddles. What I would give to have a group sleepover and a giant cuddle pile. An in-person conversation with a group of people that devolves into drunken giggles midway and leaves you heady. Satisfaction of the mind. Security in socialization. I miss that.

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tcw digital Art



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# A Day In The Life

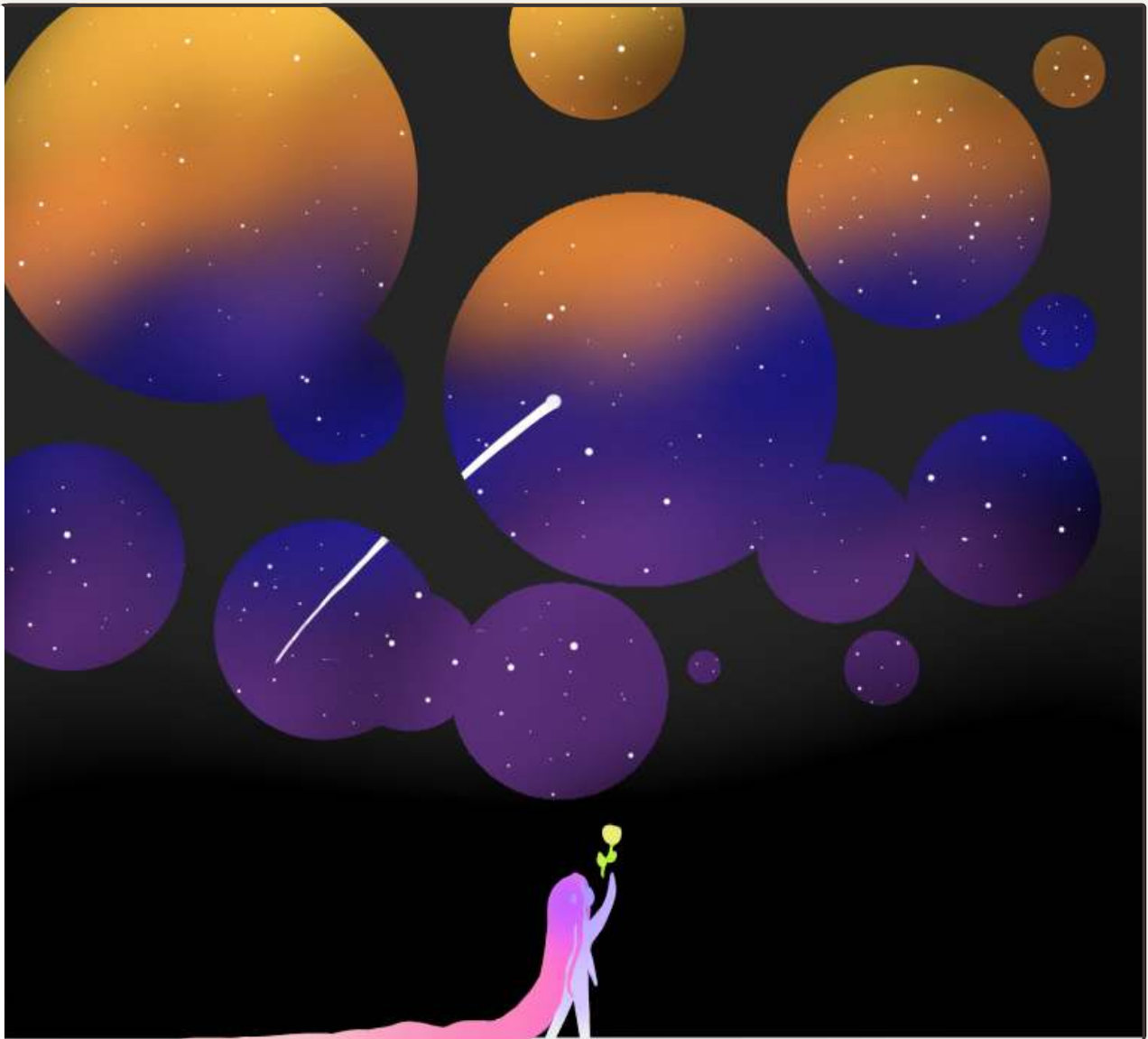
## friday 3/15

i woke up friday morning with a start. sunlight streamed through my room on me. this isn't right. i thought, it's not supposed to be light outside. the clock read 9:30. 2 hours past when i was supposed to be at school. what the hell? i immediately got out of bed, threw on a sweatshirt and ran downstairs. "mom? mom?? mom?!" i called frantically. i darted into the kitchen to find my brother and mom sitting at the table reading peacefully. "what happened? did i sleep in? why isn't anyone moving?" my mom turned to me. "good morning! school was cancelled due to the corona virus." i sat down, relieved. then i realized what she had just said. i was shocked. i had known about the virus, as it had been growing for a few weeks. but i had NOT expected it to affect us so soon. because they had closed the schools, that was the cue for my parents to start stocking up in bulk for anything we might need in case we were ordered to stay at home. we spent the day out shopping. and when i say shopping, i mean SHOPPING. first we hit the basic stores; central market, randall's, etc. they were out of a lot of items. my mom decided that the only place to go was costco. we show up and it is PACKED. the lines are longer than we have ever seen them before and we're astounded. as we are leaving costco, my dad calls and says that we should buy another freezer for all of the food we're planning on buying. we are now in full stock mode so we pull into the parking lot and go and buy a freezer. by the end of the day our house had been filled with enough food and supplies for months.

## tuesday 7/7

i woke up tuesday "morning" at 12:30 pm. not really morning, i guess. i laid there for a while willing myself to get up. finally, i get out of bed, gets dressed, and wash my face. i head downstairs to make myself a mix of breakfast and lunch. toast and mac and cheese. yum. i do some dishes and check for any other things that need to be done. once i've completed all my tasks, i read and write for a bit. i eventually get bored of that so i plop in front of the tv and settle down for some netflix. at 4:45 i grab all of my soccer stuff and have a taco for dinner. then i head out to my soccer training, which only consist of four girls and there is no physical contact whatsoever. i'm getting pretty used to this. after practice i hop in the shower and then go downstairs to play some games with my family. after most of them have gone to bed, i watch a bit more tv and then read until i get too tired. i go to sleep around 12 am.





# There's Still Hope

by Saron A



SIYONA JAIN





Liza Jain