

I pull my mask up my face and climb onto the bus, I sit down beside my one and only annoying brother. I grab my book and dive into the fictional world where masks and social distancing don't exist. I glance over at my brother and see he's also deep in the world of his fantasy book. The bus ride is nice, not because I like it because I get some quality reading time, the bus stops, and I stand up. I wait for my turn and get off this large, kid infested bus. I walk down the hall and see the door to our class room 109. I take a deep breath and walk in, our class is noisy, I take a seat quietly and unpack my things. Some more kids walk into the class and all eyes turn to them, in an uproar they are the main focus of the class. All the latest and greatest gets spit fired back and forth, like a whirl of words spinning around. Why is our class so loud and obnoxious?

Summer seems so far away right now!

The teacher walks in and the class quiets a little, the bell rings and class starts. The chatter turns to whispers and peeps, like little insects chirping away, quiet enough for some but not others. The teacher speaks and I wait for the class to be quiet and the lesson to begin, I catch little snippets of words here and there. The lesson comes and goes, every time I look someone isn't wearing a mask right or not at all, why can't people wear them properly? Do they want COVID to stay for more years? I sigh and go back to work, the lesson switches and again the class turns into another uproar of words, I watch people shout and wave their hands around as they speak. The next class comes and goes with relief, the colour groups get called and we get ready to breathe fresh, not stuffy air. We stumble outside and practically rip off our masks, they are annoying but save lives. We make our little friend groups, like different species living together but apart. Sometimes I feel like an alien invading the world with my presence, like the first day back to school after my absence.

The groups talk and laugh, gossiping and sharing things that happened, some stay close and others apart. The bell rings and it seems everyone's eyes dim, we file into a line and reluctantly put on our masks. It's so weird that our lives are in the hands of a piece of cloth, it's the barrier between health and sickness. Lunch comes, everyone is louder then, the groups are broken but the voices are not. I eat and watch people talk, and wait until the teacher leaves to move farther from their seats. It's like a moth to a flame, they are drawn together by nature, the teachers come and it's like the predator to the moth. Play by the rules, so everyone does until someone turns away. The greatest weakness is people you care for and love, without those you are empty.

Class starts again, we start the lesson and I look at the clock, most people watch the clock, they wait for gym or physical education as our teacher calls it. The time doesn't go faster by looking at it every five seconds, only slower. The drive to move makes kids restless and sometimes more motivated, like being told you have to jump so high to reach the reward. The time for gym comes and everyone moves to make a line, I go to the back and wait for everyone else to go, in the back you're away from the other people and the teacher.

Mask close off your face from the world, blocking emotions from people, it takes away from the person. You can't complete a puzzle without all the pieces, you can't see the person as a whole therefore not creating the full picture. I walk into the gym; it reminds me of all the fun people have in here as well as pain and drive to achieve. Again, most people take their masks off and the pieces slide into place, we sit and listen to the teacher eager to get up and move.

We start moving and people clump together again, there's a natural pull to clump and be with friends.

We walk back down the hall, all tired and ready to relax. Water gets drunk, people seem to be less talkative and more obedient. We pick up from where we left off and continue class, will we ever not wear masks and get to hug our friends ever again? Will we get to share food and school supplies? Questions bounce in my head unfocused from work. I question whether or not online school would be fun. Probably a pain in the behind. The bell rings and we repeat the same thing for outside time, I wonder whether we'll be in the same friend groups as the beginning of the year? Or whether I'll still like the same things? I flick the thoughts away and go back to talking and enjoying time with my friends.

Last block, after that the bus and home. Not so far away, every day I get off the bus and think about how school will go today. The answer I get after getting home. The last block is always the worst and better, closer to home but the loudest by far. Kids are excited for home and not being stuck behind a mask and social distancing. The bus ride home is nice, like usual the kids in front of us talk and one of them watches the trees go by and probably wishes to be off the bus faster and not with their younger brother. I on the other hand get caught up in a world not my own.

In life there are downfalls, you should always look on the bright side of them and hope they come true.