Saturday 11th April 2020

Dear diary,

The world has been shaken to its core since I last wrote. In late 2019, a virus called Covid-19 began to spread. It began in Wuhan, China. But now the virus has spread to all countries. And honestly, I'm really scared. I didn't care so much before, because I hadn't been affected by it yet. The virus began to change my life when I first heard my parents discussing what would happen if schools closed.

My mum is the headteacher of a primary school in Monsall, and my older sister Aimen teaches a year five class at a different primary school. They both talked a lot about setting up online schools over dinner. I listened intently to every conversation and updated my friends on information they had. We tried to figure out what was going on with our own school and when it would close. I didn't want my school to close. Sure, I wouldn't have to wake up early, but I would have to complete more work and I wouldn't be able to see my friends for who knows how long. On Friday 13th March, school closing was all anyone seemed to be talking about. I was unsure if I would even return to school the next week.

Friday 13th proved itself to be unlucky. I did go back to school on Monday and during form, my form tutor asked everyone if we had access to the internet at home and if we could set up teams. My friends and I all looked at each other, and we knew that we would be working from home within the week. I expected that school would shut down on the following Friday, so it was a surprise to me when a teacher came in on Tuesday.

I remember the event clearly- it was period five, art. I was sat with Aleeza, Zahra, Hamda, the two Sarahs and the new girl Omaima. I was asking Omaima about her old school while painting a donut and having a foot fight with one of the Sarahs under the table, when a teacher came in and began whispering to Mr. Reid. The teacher then told us that school would be closed the next day for year eight and nine. Everyone began cheering as the teacher left. I was the only one not smiling. My friends asked why I was upset, and I explained to them that if schools were closing soon other places would start closing, and before we knew it, we would all be in lockdown. Their faces fell immediately.

After school, I hugged Aleeza and Sarah before leaving to go to coding club. In the club I played Kahoot with Nevin, Josh, Hao, Romain and a few year sevens. I temporarily forgot about school closing. Sarah reappeared at four o'clock, when I was waiting for my mum with Nevin. We talked for a bit, until my mum's car appeared. I waved goodbye to them both as I got in the car. I didn't realize that would be the last day I saw Nevin, Aleeza and all my other friends for a few months at least.

The next morning, my mum told me that as she was a key worker I could go into school, so I did. There was only one other person with me, a boy in Mr. Turley's form. He didn't like to talk very much, so I stayed in the library for most of the day. The next day, Sarah came in too as her parents are key workers. The boy didn't come back, so it was just Sarah and me for the rest of the week. I last saw Sarah on Friday, and she texted me to say she is still going to school.

On Thursday night, I watched the news with my family. Boris Johnson told reporters that school would only be open to the children of key workers. My mum told me that as she would not be going back into work the next week, I wouldn't go back to school.

Friday was the last day that I left the house. Now everyone in the UK is in quarantine, allowed to leave their homes only in emergencies. The NHS said that we must stay six feet apart from people we don't live with and the elderly, as well as those with underlying health conditions, must never leave the house. As my mum has an autoimmune disease, she must stay inside. So do my elderly neighbors.

Last week, Jon from across the road bought our shopping. He works at Asda. He also bought shopping for Michael and Eileen who live next door, but their children were very rude to him and kept telling him to stay back. I hoped that this lockdown would mean that everyone made an attempt to help one another, but it isn't going as I expected. My other neighbor Margaret sent us a note this morning saying that we could use her brown bin if we needed to, so I guess it isn't all bad.

I wasn't worried for myself at first. I was scared that I could get coronavirus and pass it on to my parents and Aimen, but I knew the symptoms would not be as severe for me. But then I discovered that the youngest person in the UK to die from the virus was a healthy, thirteen-year-old boy, same age as me. Now I fear for my life. I make jokes about the virus with my friends, pretend that I'm not fazed my all that is going on around me, but if anything, I'm overthinking it. I was worrying about it last night and a thought occurred to me.

Could coronavirus end humanity once and for all?