

In March 2020 it did not sink in right a way how big a deal coronavirus is. The first couple weeks of school shutdowns were nice, I had a horrible case of senioritis and really didn't mind being able to spend my days watching Netflix and playing video games. When things started to become not fun was when events started to be canceled. My first canceled event was the Chess State tournament. The chess team and I had wanted to give one last state title to our beloved Coach and teacher, Mr. White, who would likely be retiring after this year. At this point most of us figured that after a couple more weeks, maybe a month or two coronavirus would be under control and we could get back to our lives. As May approached things were only getting worse. I was starting to get really nervous because the Freestyle and Greco state tournament for wrestling was approaching, and for me this was more than just a tournament. When you place in this tournament you get your name up in the wrestling room at my high school and this was my last chance to get my name up there. It was about legacy. Legacy is a concept that has been talked about a lot in 2020. The legacy of coronavirus, the legacy of the Black Lives Matter protest, the legacy of the 2020 election, and the legacy of the people. How as a people we reacted to the largest crisis in a long time. The way we came together, or how we were pulled apart.

Graham Young