Just an Average Day

Kazimir Pickens

I stride along the welcoming hall of my house. It's early morning, peaceful and quiet. I just woke up. My baggy football shirt and long shorts are warm and cozy. The floor is smooth, it feels exquisite on my feet.

I walk step by step like I have my entire life. My foot approaches a small hole in the ground. It hovers over the small floor service. Before I can stop it, my foot collides with the small dark crack. WHAM! My foot explodes with pain. Like a spider, the pain swiftly crawls up my shocked throbbing leg. I limp into the living room.

"What's wrong, baby?" says my mom, gently and kindly. The effect of her voice comforts me.

"I stubbed my toe," I reply

"Oooh, sorry," she adds.

I maneuver the green armchair behind the bookshelf. I sit down to examine my foot. My toe is purple, and it feels swollen to twice its normal size.

All of a sudden, I feel all the pain I have been holding in. All of the disappointments and worries of the last months link to this single feeling of pain.

This unwanted accident at the start of an average day is like the arrival of the coronavirus, when it reared its ugly head and changed everyone's lives. My family trip to Milan to finally meet relatives I've never seen was canceled. We were going to visit Paris and the Eiffel Tower, Barcelona too. School moved online for the last months of the year. We couldn't even meet in person for elementary school graduation. All of this linked to a single virus named COVID-19.

But then it comes to me, that no one I love has died. I'm healthy and with my family, and I have a roof over my head. I take a deep breath and calm down, like someone is pouring cool water on my head after basketball on a hot summer day.

I notice that my mouth is dry and bare. I haven't drunk any water in hours. It tastes unsatisfied, almost like it's disappointed.

My dad is cooking. It smells like sirloin steak and potatoes, one of my favorite meals. I realize that the pain in my toe has faded and

practically gone away. It feels healthy and strong. I get up and test my leg by putting my weight on it. It's as good as new.

Then I walk out to the kitchen without pain or sorrow. I see my mom hugging my dad. I see my sister sitting at the table playing with slime.

My dad says, "Hey, Mr. Kaz!"

Everyone smiles. At that exact moment I feel grateful and overjoyed, like nothing went wrong, like nothing bad or disappointing ever took place. I feel whole and safe. I know it's going to be all right.