

# Candidate Information

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## Submission Title

it's a good thing to know

## Submission Description

Covid-19 has made me rediscover the small things in my life- and how I've come to appreciate them.

## Title

It's a Good Thing to Know  
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Covid is the ruler of my days.

I feel trapped. I feel hurt by and around the world.

I'm not even sure how we got to this point. I know the cliche of the "apocalypse epidemic" has been overused in the preceding months, that's my general connotation to it. My life, right now, consists of staring at a screen, staring at another screen, and another, and then oh god, I don't have any effort to break the cycle. Then the cycle repeats. I know other kids have been feeling the same. We get up, we see the moon leaving at the start of a new day, and before you know it, it's back again. I'm thinking it was always this way.

"Ready?" a distant teacher calls, separate from my psyche.

I'm trying to convince myself I am. I haven't concentrated very well either. Other impending lectures and quizzes and test flood my senses.

In this new world, days are blurred.

Desk-life has become more central to me. I know every inch of my desk, the small things that are there, used to be and might be in the future. The candles, made cold by the night, wait for me to light them every morning. I feel the cool of my water bottle- waking me up to the muggy Florida winter days. The endless ways I could pile and rearrange my books over and over again hoping that one would turn out just right. The handcrafted candle holder with cracks that the wax bleeds through greets me during chemistry.

I know this desk. I know this seat. I know where I am.

It's a small comfort, but it means something to me.

Sometimes I'll distract myself out on the terrace with an iced tea and phone in hand. Feeling the sun, too, makes things feel normal.

Covid-19 feels like a baby that won't stop crying and you can see the mom refusing to feed it, staring in its eyes, grinning into the faces of the unfortunate. It's frustrating.

One good thing about this is that I've finally learned the streets of my suburb. I know which ones connect, the traffic (at what time), what neighbors usually walk their dogs and when, or what streets have the most decorations to look at on my bike rides. The 1-plot-wide dog park on the corner opened up a few months ago, and I've learned who frequents it. I know the historic houses, the tiny places to get away from the chaos, and the best place to watch the sunset. All of it, together, paints a picture in my mind.

I feel a wave of certainty overcome me when I am home. No surprising situations, no fumbling to put on my mask as the waiter steps closer, no fearing someone is too close to me and frantically trying to build up the courage to just say "please move further away, thank you" in the most polite way possible. My calico cat greets me at the doorway, her movements agile in anticipation of my arrival. She knows these streets as well as I do, exploring the mysteries of the night. I wonder if she ever is afraid.

I wonder if she takes the same comfort in knowing she has a home.

Things here don't change.

It's a good thing to know.

## Work 2



