

Grace Turner

The Corona Virus pandemic has completely changed my life in a million different ways; however, the hardest to handle has been my relationship with dance. Prior to this pandemic I spent endless hours in a massive studio with all my closest friends. Practices and rehearsals everyday was my break from the real world. No matter how bad a day I may have had, I would leave the studio late at night with a smile on my face. It has always brought me endless excitement and happiness. When the pandemic hit it was nearing the end of my senior year at the studio I had been dancing at since I was three. It felt like overnight my safe space was swept out from under my feet. It would be four whole months before I even stepped foot back in the building that felt like home. Instead of having a massive studio space, I was dancing in my bedroom over zoom. I was isolated from my friends and teachers, and it felt as though I could not grow or exceed at anything. I began to hate the walls of my bedroom. I felt trapped. My last season of competition with my team was taken away, and I put months of practice in to never even see the stage. Through those rough times I continued to tell myself it would be okay because soon I would be dancing in college. Never did I think the pandemic would effect my life for this long. Now taking my college dance classes on zoom in my apartment feels like a constant stressor. Once again, I feel trapped, and I am trying to conquer the struggles of freshman year through my computer screen. Not only does it feel like the world is lacking any real connection right now, but it is so hard to love dance like I used to. When you take away the community of a studio environment, and the connections through dancing with others, you only have your mind and your movement. Sometimes it simply does not feel like enough. It is hard to

look forward and see no near end to this new world. I look forward to the days when I am back in the studio, and all of these bad times turn into memories.