

Cassidy Thompson

The Year I Wish Could Be Forgotten

August 28, 2019, my first day of my senior year of high school. Everything that year would be perfect. I had an amazing group of friends, a parking spot, a free period at the end of the day to leave early, and an easy schedule. This was the year that I was going to make New Balance Track and Field Nationals for hammer throw. I knew where I wanted to go to college and my essay and application were already sent in. I could not wait for homecoming, prom, graduation, and senior trips. I had all the important stuff done so I could make the most out of my senior year. This was going to be the best year of my life, and there was nothing that could stop it.

September 5, 2019. My right wrist, my dominant side, had been bothering me a little from an injury I acquired in June, so I decided to go get it checked out. I figured it couldn't be too bad, as I was throwing and lifting all summer with what I convinced myself was minimal pain. It was probably just tendonitis or something like that. By stepping in the doctor's office that was the start of a downward spiral. They told me I needed to get another x-ray. I didn't think much of it at first because I got x-rays in June and there was no break, but I was a little nervous as the doctor was so adamant on getting more x-rays.

After I got the x-rays, I swore it took an eternity for the doctor to come back into the room. My dad and I were sitting there trying to be optimistic, but with each passing moment, our hopes began to fade away, as we knew what our fate would be.

When the doctor came back in, he had a grim look on his face. He told me the bone was broken and had been since I first injured it in June. I could barely believe it, but when he pulled up the x-rays there was no denying it. There was a hole right in the middle of the bone. We scheduled surgery and went on our way. I guess having a broken wrist isn't the worst that could happen. All it meant was that I needed a cast for a few months and surgery. I would be ready to compete by my spring track season, and that I had much more to look forward to!

October 4, 2019, the day of my surgery. I honestly wasn't even that nervous. I just knew that having surgery would make me better in the long term, even though there was quite a bit of suffering in the short term. I was more upset about how I had to miss the Homecoming dance, as it was the first of the many senior traditions to come. But that was okay! I still had Prom in the spring!

December 21, 2019, the first day of my indoor track and field season. Although I still couldn't throw on my dominant hand, I decided I would switch to my non-dominant to still have a fun senior season. I quickly realized that there was no way to have a fun season with the head coach I had. The coach would tell me I wasn't throwing far enough, and that I needed to be better. He was never happy for me when I hit a new personal record. Instead he just said that it needed to go further. Although he caused many tears, I just knew I needed to wait until outdoor when I could really show him that I could throw.

January 1, 2020. I spent the New Year celebrating with my friends and could not wait for what was to come. I was graduating in the spring and was heading to Springfield College in the fall. Nothing could go wrong!

February 4, 2020, four months after my surgery. I went into my doctor's office that day optimistic, but I left feeling crushed. I found out that my wrist would never heal and it would always cause me pain. It wasn't that bad because my doctor told me I could still do everything, but just know that pain might come with it. I left the appointment trying to be positive, excited to start throwing hammer in the upcoming outdoor season.

March 12, 2020. Coronavirus was a new term, and people were starting to freak out about it. NCAA had just cancelled all their winter tournaments. But that wasn't a big deal, there was no way this was going to affect my small town.

March 13, 2020. Of course, it was Friday the Thirteenth. But there was nothing that could go wrong. That's just a silly superstition.

We were sitting in the first period when the announcement came on the loudspeaker. We were going to have two weeks off school due to the Coronavirus. Everyone was a little nervous, but we didn't think that much of it. Plus other schools around us were shutting down for 2 weeks

too. It was just two weeks of vacation and then we would be back up and running to finish out our senior year.

Friday, March 20, 2020 the day my school announced they were going to start doing online learning. This wasn't that big of a deal because it was only temporary, and this whole quarantine thing was already starting to get boring anyway.

May 5, 2020. We had not been to school in person in almost two months. I had not seen any of my friends in a long time, and all hope was starting to be lost. We had already missed our senior trip, and we were not very hopeful about prom and graduation in the coming weeks. Our last shred of hope was lost when Governor Lamont made the announcement that we would not be going back to school for the remainder of that year. That meant no prom, no graduation, no chance to see friends, and no track and field nationals. I don't think I had ever cried so much in one day.

June 12, 2020. Our school decided to make the best out of the situation. We were given a graduation car parade and car ceremony. It wasn't normal by any means, but it was as close to closure as we could get, and it felt nice to get some recognition, even if we were the quarantined class of 2020.

Now, as I sit in my dorm room at Springfield College on October 22, 2020, I still have many unknowns in my future. Coronavirus is still greatly impacting my life. Not only did I miss so much, but I now have to wear a mask to do everything, even if it is just to go brush my teeth. Most of my classes are online, making social interaction difficult, but I am still glad that I am here. Right now, we have at least 11 cases on campus, with that number increasing greatly in the past week. The uprise in cases has shut down athletics and quarantined many students. Everyday they keep telling us something new for when sports can start again. As much as I am trying to stay hopeful, I feel like my last year is repeating itself all over again.