

# Connor and his quest for the Coronavirus cure



*Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> September 2020*

*Dear diary, it's Connor. I'm going back to proper school tomorrow to start P3 and I don't need to go on mum's iPad anymore, or hear the screams of Ava's new baby sister on Zoom. I can't wait to see everyone again!*

It was finally the day I had been waiting for since March: my first day back to school! I told mum I couldn't wait to go in and she had a funny look on her face, her mouth opened as wide as a tennis ball! I escaped from mum, just missing her goodbye kiss, and bolted to the school door.



Mrs McFerran went through everything new we have to do this year and gave us a long speech showing us how to wash our hands. She kept singing happy birthday, but I still don't know who she was singing to.

I tried to listen but all I could think about was break time so I could finally get outside and see Jonny. Every word seemed to go on for what felt like another lockdown.

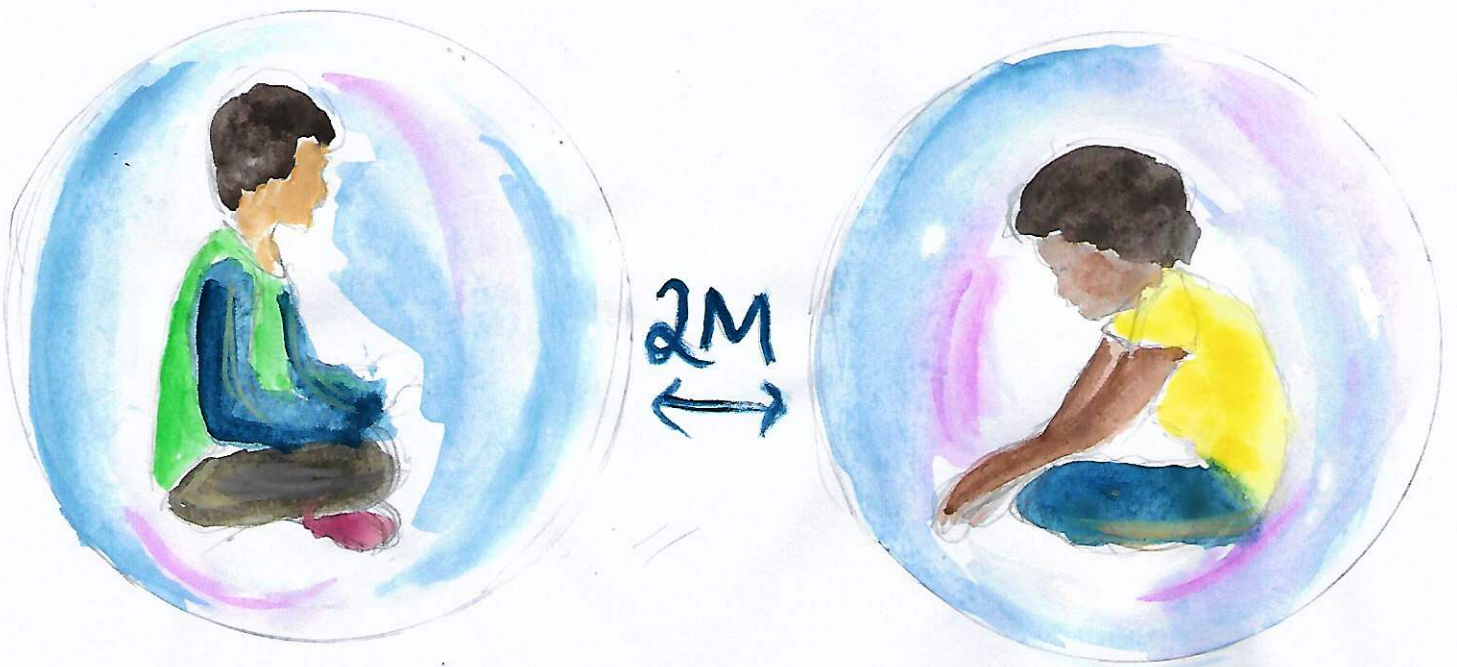
Then, all of a sudden, the bell screeched, the doors sprang open and we all fell into the sunlight of the playground...



Monday 7<sup>th</sup> September 2020

Dear diary,  
Worst day ever!

It was my first day back today and it could not have been worse. I have to be in a bubble with my class this year, but I didn't know that would mean Jonny and I couldn't play together anymore. I feel like a fish in a bowl with all the bubble talk, I just don't know how it will ever get better.



The next morning came around and I dragged my bag through the school gates as my coat trailed through the puddles.

I waved to Jonny across the playground and started to advance towards him, but I was quickly ushered into my room by Mrs McFerran.



We had Science first and we made fuel for rockets by mixing different smelly things together to make it explode. It was pretty fun, but I couldn't stop thinking about how I can't see Jonny anymore.

Then, all at once, it finally hit me:

**I HAVE TO MAKE THE CURE FOR THE VIRUS!**

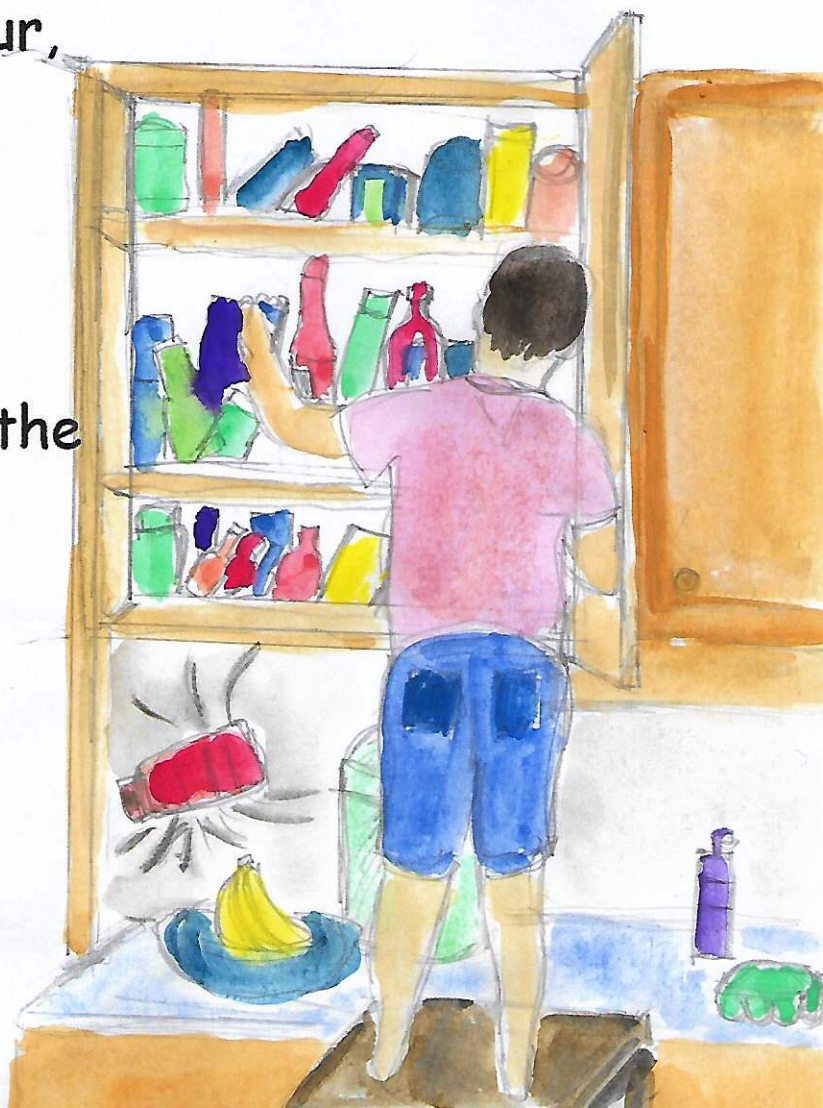


I got home and patiently waited for mum to leave the kitchen. She asked so many questions about how my day had been and what I had learnt, but a few one-word answers eventually made her give up and go upstairs.

I crept into the kitchen and carefully took a few things out of the fridge, starting with apple juice,  
eggs  
and mum's bottle of  
squirty stuff for her face.

Next I went to the emergency lockdown cupboard and carefully selected flour,  
brown sugar  
and tubs with  
strange names on them.

Finally, I made my way to the cleaning cupboard and dragged out a big blue bottle and some pink stuff and retreated to the garden.

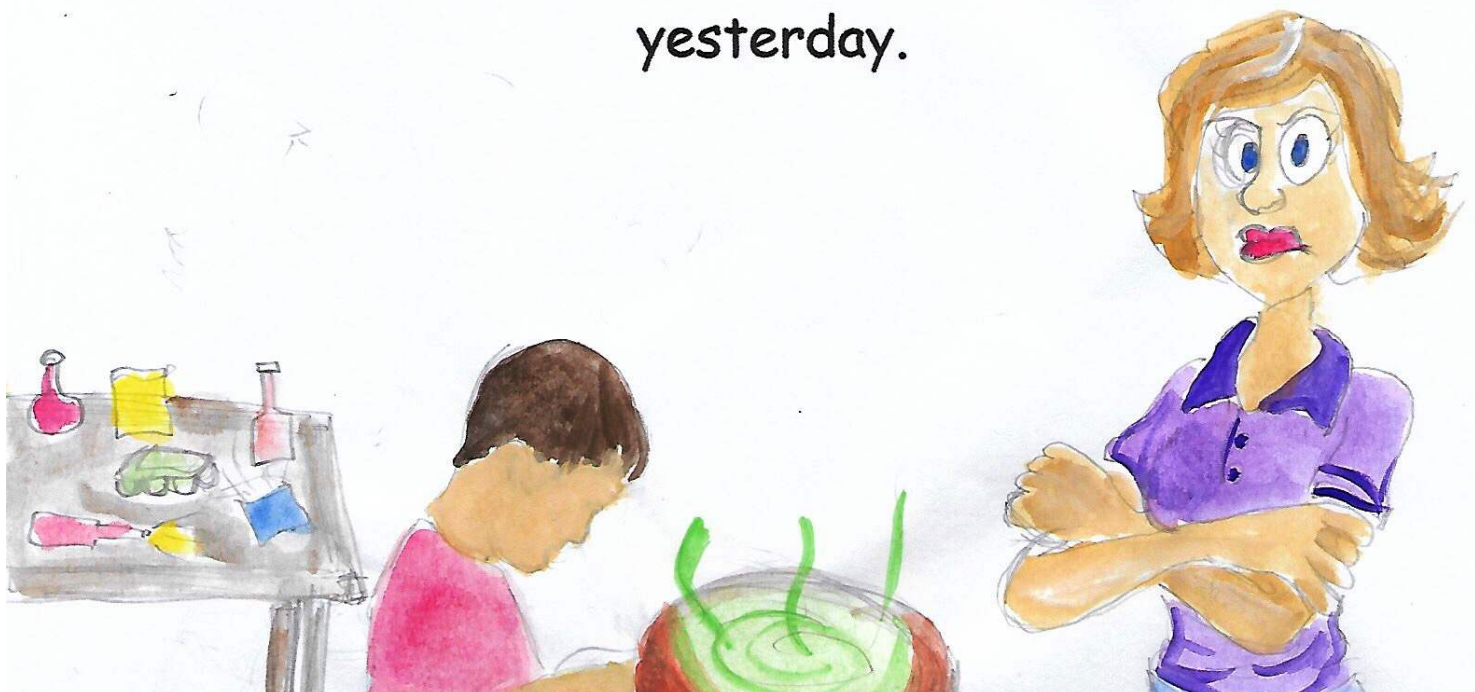


I got out one of the massive buckets from the garage and began to mix my ingredients together, one by one.

It smelt really bad: like when dad cooks or mum makes me stay out of kitchen to clean the floor, all at the same time. It didn't explode like the mixture in school though, so I decided I must have forgotten a few things.

I made a few return visits to the kitchen and by my fourth trip I began to wonder if Mum would be angry, but I *was* trying to save the world from the virus after all, so I decided that she would understand.

It still wasn't exploding, so I turned back towards the kitchen, ready for my next visit, and mum was standing staring at me with a slightly different look on her face than yesterday.





In an angry voice, she asked me what I was doing and where all the food had gone.

I calmly explained that I was making the cure for the virus and waited for her apology. It never came.

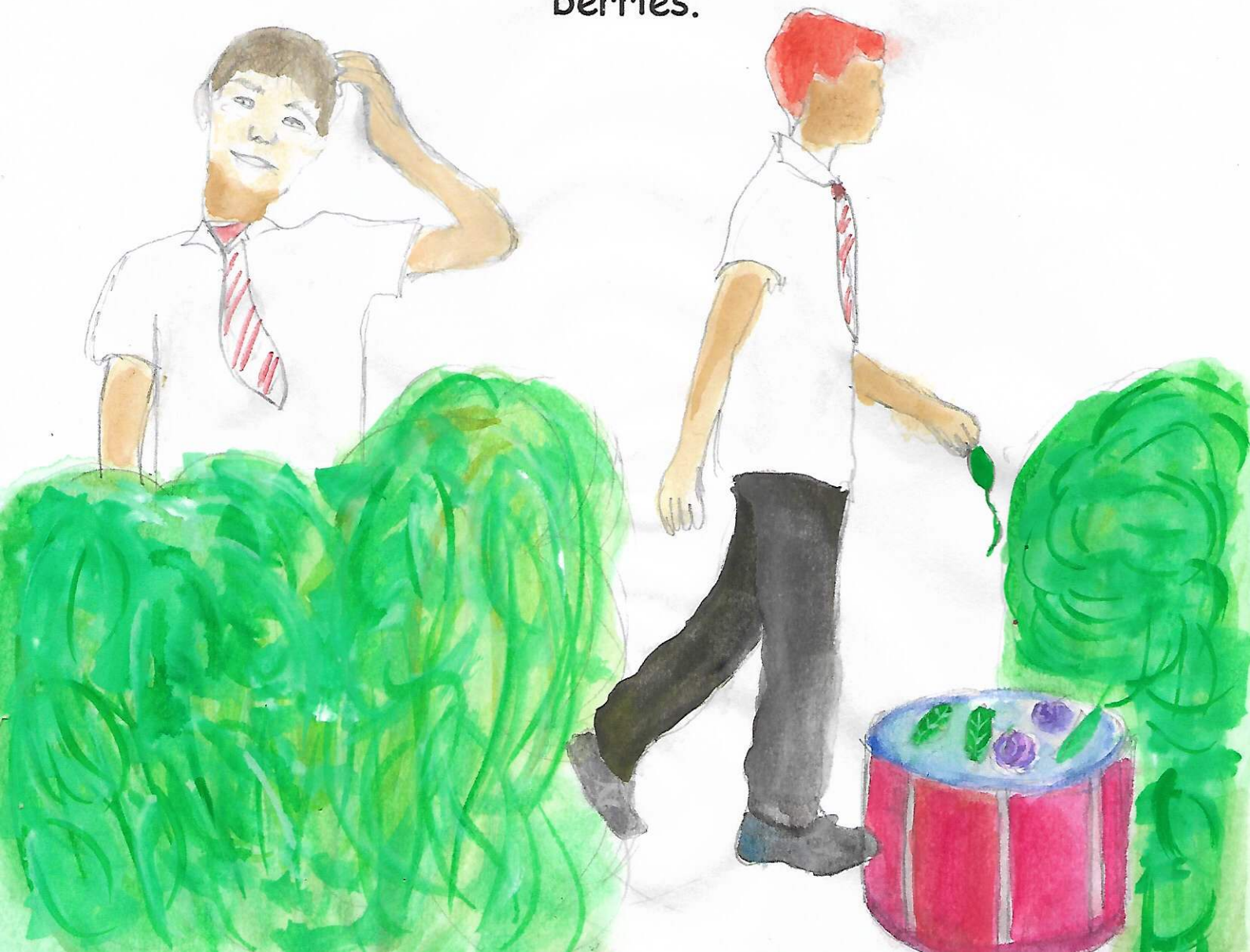
*Tuesday 8<sup>th</sup> September 2020*

*Dear diary, Mum did a big shop tonight and added locks to the cupboards, so I think I might have to give up on my quest for the cure. I wish this stupid virus would just go away, but Mum explained that I can trust the adults trying to make the cure and that this will all be over soon.*



The next morning in the playground I noticed the new boy was on his own. He had his back to me, and as I walked over to say hello, I realised he was mixing something in one of the new outdoor instruments. I thought it was a little strange, but I was too close to him to turn back.

"Hi, I'm Connor, what's your name?" I asked. Seeming a little distracted, he told me his name was Jayden as he ran back and forth between his concoction and the bushes, carrying handfuls of berries.



"So, what are you making?" I asked nervously. He paused for a moment and reluctantly whispered, "I'm trying to make a cure for the virus."

I couldn't believe my ears, but I could see that his cure looked even worse than mine. I started to share with him that I had tried to make the cure too, but that Mum had told me I didn't need to anymore because this won't last forever.

So, I didn't get to make my cure after all, but that's okay. I know, one day; Jonny and I will get to play together again.



6<sup>th</sup> September 2021

Dear diary, it was my first day of P4 today and the sums were a little bit more difficult than they were in P3. My new teacher seems nice though.

Best of all, they've found the cure!! Finally, Jonny, Jayden and I all played together at lunch.

