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I was simply a new student going to school, which everyone would suppose is normal. However, this was a world of isolation and being distanced from your loved ones. We were forbidden to touch each other, hugs were out of the question, we couldn't see our new friends we had just made in our new school, we were forced into a small four-wall room, we lived in a mental asylum.

*Three months earlier...*

It was near the end of the first term of my first year at high school, I was overjoyed that term break was coming, but who would guess that it would be extended. Daniel Andrews, Victoria's Premier had just announced that there would be remote learning, me and my friends were pleased that we could enjoy being at home and having breaks whenever we wanted. Monday, the 23rd, the last day of school for the first term of school, I thought that I could finally have some free time, and do whatever I wanted to do whenever I wanted to. The first week of isolation was something that everyone was happy about, but the weeks went on and on and on, we were slowly losing track of what day it was. I would always look on my computer screen to know what the date and time was, it was the same process everyday, no one could tell the difference between days anymore.

*Three months later...*

I would get up by the same noise of alarm everyday, have breakfast, sit down at my desk to do the work given by the teacher, wash my hands every hour, sleep and repeat. That was the same process everyday that every student was forced to follow. The only thing keeping us students sane was our online classes we had with our classes, it was telling us that we have people wanting to be with us. We were never allowed to leave our homes, unless you had to go shopping, exercise or see a doctor, and my parents didn't want me to leave the house a lot, so I was trapped inside of my house. I always wondered if the world outside these walls would be different than before, I always waited for the day that I could run free on the concrete paths that would now be covered in weeds.

*A few weeks later...*

We are now back at school, we are able to meet our friends again, but we weren't able to show our happiness of meeting our friends, we were forced to stay 1.5 metres away from each other, meaning no hugs and high-fives. Whenever I had to walk in a building we had to walk on the left side so there would be less physical contact between people. There were hand sanitizers everywhere, my skin would always be dry from washing them and putting hand sanitizer. It didn't feel like school, it felt like a detention centre.