

Student's Name

Professor's Name

Course Name and Number

Assignment Due Date

90 Days of Solitude

The morning of 7th February 2020 changed my life forever. What was supposed to be a routine day at work bore a never-ending nightmare that altered the course of my existence. When I got to work that morning, something felt off in the air. Usually, people would be cooped up at their desks, keyboards clicking away, with an occasional head popping up to nod good morning. This morning, people huddled in small groups, deep in whispered conversations. Surely, there could not be a piece of gossip, however juicy, that could have them behaving like this. Before I could find out what was up, my manager called me from her door. Everybody stopped and turned to stare as I made my way to her office. I soon found out why everyone was acting weird. Our company was laying off half its workforce. "David, unfortunately, Covid is killing us," my manager told me without keeping a straight face. She knew this would break me, but she had no choice. What she meant was that the company could not afford to pay us anymore.

I left her office with a heavy feeling in my chest. I was distraught. I felt numb. I could not even acknowledge the calls from my colleagues who wanted to know my fate. I was in no mood to talk. I left the building and went straight home. Having worked at that tech company for five years, I had no idea what to do with my life. I had settled so well into the 9 to 5 life, and being a creature of habit, I felt like my life had been turned upside down. I had heard many cases in the news where companies had laid people off due to Covid. Still, I never imagined I would be affected. Apart from not knowing what to do with my life, my biggest concern was how I would

pay my rent and bills and afford to eat every day. At the age of 32, surely going back to live with my parents was not an option.

Two weeks passed, and I could not stand being alone all day with nothing to do. No one was hiring. Even the food service jobs that were often looking for people were not hiring. My routine turned to waking up, checking my phone, going back to sleep, and waking up at noon. I had not told anybody that I had been laid off. Not my parents, siblings, or friends. I had avoided talking to them and intended to keep it that way. This meant that I was, by all definitions, alone. I had hoped to get a new job since I had sent out tons of applications, but no one had called me back. I felt useless and unwanted.

With no reason to get up in the morning, I spent more and more time in bed. Days turned to weeks and then to months. I was eating into my savings with no plan for the future. Two months down the line, I worked up the courage to call my mother and tell her what had happened. She was, surprisingly, unabashed by the news. “It happens,” she said, “You need to pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and decide what you want to do next.” She was not impressed by the applications I sent but insisted that I do something.

That day, I decided to try and find something to do with my life. Surely, there was a place for people like me in the pandemic. I went online to look for ideas on income-generating activities I could do. As luck would have it, I came across an article on setting up e-commerce shops. I was captivated by the idea. I researched it more and realized I could set up an online store and run it from the comfort of my home. Even better, I had the technical skills to set up a website, which meant I only needed to spend money on marketing and inventory. Fueled by this newfound goal, I immediately started to actualize the idea. I used my severance pay to get the

store up and running and to purchase inventory. I had discovered that sports gear had an ideal niche market that I could exploit.

Looking back, I was proud of what I had achieved three years later. I had successfully established an online store, generated a steady revenue stream, and built myself a career as an entrepreneur. The events of 7th February are now a blur. I could not help but be grateful for the blessing in disguise. Even though depressing, the 90 days cooped up in my house helped me develop a thick skin for the unprecedented. Who would have thought a pandemic could bring such refreshing change?



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