

Lenses and laughter

I look into her eyes. This student I've worked with for four years now and yet, I've never looked into her eyes. I've always sat next to her before. It's less confrontational, more inclusive, closer. But now I'm looking through lenses. The lens of the webcam, the lens of her glasses, the lens of a frightening, uncertain world.

She's not smiling. Not a trace of a laugh. We've always laughed before. Even when she was at her most stressed and the exam was imminent, we could find something to laugh about.

The exam stress has gone. The laughter has gone.