

Once upon a time, there was a little coronavirus named Rona. Rona loved to make friends with people and play with them. She could make friends with one person and just a few days later be playing with two or three or four people they met together.

Rona's Uncle Donald told everyone it was ok to play with Rona because she was just like her cousin Mister Flu. He came every year to visit people and no one minded.

Rona romped and played. She could travel very fast and play in lots of fun places. Rona could jump through the air. She could even fly on airplanes.

One place she loved was called New York. It had fun subways to ride and crowded streets where she could play tag. And it had great places to eat and meet people. Sometimes she would even stay up past her bed time. Then she would sneak into clubs to play tag. "You're It!," she'd giggle.

Rona also loved to visit many other places. They had a big party in New Orleans called Mardi Gras. Rona had so much fun! She loved Detroit. She also went to Spring Break in Florida. She made lots of new friends on the beach.

"What a great traveler," said her grandfather, Mister Bat.

Then some grownups did mean things. Mister. Inslee, Mister Newsom, and Mister Cuomo said she had to stay in her room and not play. So did Ms. Whitmer. What meanies!

And the worst was Doctor Fauci. He said one day he was going to give her a big shot. Ouchies! That could really hurt.

Even Uncle Donald said it might be scary to play with Rona. Rona was very sad. She cried and cried.

But then Uncle Donald was nice again. He said Rona could come out and play again soon. He smiled.

Other people were nice too. Mr. DeSantis said she could go to church to meet people. He said she could even go play on the beach again. Mr. Abbot was also nice. His friends wore cowboy hats and had big shiny guns. He said she could start going to stores again real soon.

Rona was happy. She knew Uncle Donald only pretended to be mad at her. It was a game. But now he was her friend. He sent magic messages on his phone. "LIBERATE RONA!", he told everyone. Some people said messages were viral. But they were only play viruses, not real viruses like Rona.

Uncle Donald said the mean people like Ms. Whitmer had to stop their bad ways and be nicer to Rona. Rona wanted to hug Uncle Donald but he said she could only hug other people.

Uncle Donald could always make Rona smile. She wished he would stop talking to that mean Dr. Fauci. Then she could go out and play with people all the time!

Maybe she could come to your house and play, if you let her come in.

See Rona run and play. See Rona make new friends! Run, Rona, run!

THE END.