

COVID NINETEEN

i hear this voice, alias the free spirit inside of me, all the time. it is sizzling into my ear: "**C**ome **O**utside! there are ad**V**entures waiting for you, out there, **I**n the far beyond, in the **D**istance. come and discover them with me"

i guess it's natural that my free spirit wants to live, that i want to live, that i want to experience things. this year was supposed to be the year of my life, i should be out there, partying, admiring the stars while lying absolutely delighted in the fields. all of those experiences above include friends and new people i've met during the after hours;

but instead i'm in here. stuck in my four walls, that seem to be getting closer every single day. just like a prisoner. except for the fact that i didn't do anything wrong to be imprisoned.

my brain tells me –or is it one of my parents talking–I can't notice the difference anymore: "**N**o! stay **I**ndside! **N**othing that could kill you will be **E**ntering your body if you stay isolated."

i have always dreamed of being isolated, at least for a time, to gather my thoughts, to reflect my life, to write down my memoir. but in this dream i was fairly old and had already lived a satisfying life.

funny how your dreams can turn into nightmares.

right now i'm only sixteen, not even as old as the digits in the last part of my prisoner-guard's name, but i'm already starting to feel lonely, that kind of loneliness i imagine people in retirement houses must feel. there is facetime, skype and social media, i know, but they can't quite compensate a face-to-face conversation; i mean even the voice of the other party on your phone sounds robot-like.

the fact that this virus is a threat first hit me in february.

this awareness wasn't induced by my father telling me over and over again: "don't **T**ouch anyone! **E**! sit as far away from everyone as possible" (i didn't obey his orders and continued embracing my friends because i knew that they weren't at any high-risk-places during the holidays), it was induced by my math teacher, whom i highly respect and value for his precision, who did a weekly update of the corona-virus in his math lesson with us, with which it's exponential-like expansion was clearly visible.

since then i've tried to reduce my human contact as much as possible, but i hope that there'll be a solution soon, because frankly:

it is d**E**pressi**N**g.