

Diary from Quarantine – 19 – “Bye Dad, Be Good”

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All of us will have two or three memories of the quarantine that are stronger than any other and will be stored in our internal “hardware” so they will never be deleted.

I got one of my hardware memories a couple of days ago while I was going to look for some masks nearby.

On the sidewalk, a couple of meters apart from each other, there were an old guy and a man in his late-thirties and the two were talking.

When I reached the spot where they were standing, the younger man was about to get back into his car and leave and I heard him saying: “*Ciao Pa’, fai il bravo*”: “*Bye dad, be good.*”

Instinctively, I turned and looked at him: we both had our masks on but, in a fraction of a second, we smiled at each other and, most importantly, we “*recognized*” what was going on. He knew I feel the same.

What was going on was a son worrying for his old father. The guy knew I feel in the same way, he knew millions of people feel in the same way all over the country, as the mortality rate of +65 individuals is high, too high.

“*Fai il bravo*” in Italian means something more than “*Be good*”, especially now.

It is a very informal recommendation loaded with new meanings: “I am worried for you, I am concerned that you do not stay home, I am scared of your usual stubbornness. But we are separated, so I cannot watch over you all the time and therefore I have to trust your cautiousness.”

Please, stubborn dads, stay safe, also because you know how annoying and pushy we are when we worry for you.

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