

Diary from Quarantine – 27 – *Two Cappuccinos*

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The worst time of the day is the morning, right after I wake up.

It is the worst because I know I am going to spend another day that will be exactly like yesterday but, most importantly, it is the worst because I miss the little things I used to do in the morning Before.

I miss spreading the windows wide open and getting ready for the new day by smelling the fresh, clean air outside.

As a matter of fact, the air has never been as fresh and clean as now, but it does not bring inside the energy and expectations of a normal day.

I miss the little things, like sneaking out of bed to go get my cappuccino.

I had two favorite places for my morning cappuccino. One is next to home, it is an indoor bakery and I go there if I want to talk with someone like Mrs. Marisol, an Ecuadorian lady with whom we had a daily race to see who was faster in paying the other person's breakfast.

She used to work as a home nurse for old people and, without a car, she had to take at least two buses a day, I wonder how she is doing, if she is ok.

The other place is slightly further. It is an outdoor big café and I go there if I want to sit outside by myself and sipping my cappuccino while organizing the work of the day. It makes me feel productive and focused.

That place used to be always open and was a sort of landmark for the entire neighborhood: we go there for coffee and brioche in the morning, workers visit it for an affordable and tasty lunch, and by six p.m. people can go back there for the best *aperitivo* in town.

I wonder how the owners are. It was the place where I first saw signs explaining the need for social distancing between customers, the first place that removed half of the tables for the same purpose, the place that stop letting people have coffee "al bancone" - at the counter.

I remember observing these changes with curiosity, a lifetime ago, two months ago.

I wonder how everybody is.