

## Diary from Quarantine – 45 – *The last day of lockdown*

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This is my last daily diary. I will definitely write some updates later on, but this is the last day of quarantine in Italy.

Starting from tomorrow, we will slowly start to go out. Yesterday, I left the house for a few minutes and I noticed that the atmosphere is already changing, the air is more “electric”, and there are new vibes. People are timidly optimistic or at least curious to see what will happen, they smile under the masks and now you can go get an ice cream and eat it at home: it is just the most cautious form of takeaway, but the eyes of business owners going back to work are priceless.

This 57-day quarantine was a long journey that [started](#) in the darkest phase of the contagion.

I felt less lonely thanks to this chance to tell you about what I [miss](#) and how I [feel](#), and how [all of us](#) went through this pandemic with the same hopes and doubts, fear and desires.

We talked about the scars that will always mark our collective and individual memory, like losing the [generation](#) of our elderly, and about lighter topics, like how we spent our [time](#) at home and the wisdom of [children](#), who transform a corner of the living room in a castle and the kitchen table in a playground, because they know better than us that, to fight the virus, we had to stay home, distant but united.

I am not entitled to give any outlooks on how our future will look like. I can only wish to all of you to get out soon [to see the stars](#) and, one day, to come visit Italy and “*all its beauty with no navigation system*,” like one of my favorite [song](#) says.