

My letter of hope

To whoever reads this,

Hello. I am a 24-year-old woman, writing a letter in April 2020. Out of hope. Just hope. Maybe false hope. You probably won't be able to reply to this letter. By the time someone finds this, I might be long dead. I just want you to know what the world is currently like. I wish I could know what the world is like in your time. 10,20 or 50 years into the future. I wish to know if there is hope for a future generation.

Tell me. Can you feel the rain falling on your face? Can you breathe in that refreshing autumn breeze, or feel the cold of white snow against your skin in winter, or even feel the heat radiating from the sun in summer? Do you get to go to school, or a workplace every morning? Visit relatives and friends on weekends and holidays? Can you...hug? Shake hands? Can you be closer than 5 or 6 feet apart? I hope you can. I hope things have changed. I hope the human race still exists. Why? Because right now, I can do none of those things.

I feel trapped inside the four walls of my house. Trapped like a parakeet in a cage. Why, you ask? This year,2020, something unendurable has taken place. A pandemic. Spreading all across the globe, affecting every continent but Antarctica. A deadly, treacherous, contagious virus. COVID-19. Hundreds and thousands of innocent beings, dropping dead. Loved ones, sick, dying and suddenly gone. And we can't go out to see them. We can't, no matter how much it breaks our hearts, we can't visit them and we can't see them for the last time. Because by doing that, we put ourselves at risk from the same fate. Family, people you have spent your lifetime with, and they're dead, gone like dust blown by the wind. Just like that. Coronavirus isn't the flu. No, it is more than just an illness. It's a serial killer, a murderer. Coronavirus has left families broken, bereft and desperate. It has left the world desperate. Some think the population will go drastically down. Extinction. Since when was human extinction ever something we had to worry about? But now it is.

Everyone wants to enjoy the sunshine. Everyone wants to breathe in fresh air. But we don't. We do everything in our power to resist that urge because the action of one affect many. Viruses spread rapidly over large distances at a rate you could never imagine. Going outside puts others at risk. The elderly. The weak, the ones with lung diseases, heart diseases. Those with weak immune systems. They are vulnerable. They could die. Because they're not as strong enough to fight it. No, this is not a pandemic. It's a world war no army knows how to fight. Guns, bombs - they are useless against something like this. World lockdown, quarantine. It's the only weapon we have. The only hope of saving the world.