



**Museu da Pessoa**

*Uma história pode mudar seu jeito de ver o mundo.*

## **História**

### **A summary of thoughts**

#### **Tags**

- [fear](#)
- [society](#)

#### **História completa**

I am writing a diary post to reflect on how the pandemic affected me personally, but the issue is not personal and it may not even be the pandemic itself. It is the world that is radically changing for the worst. Like everyone else, I stayed home, I was careful not to get infected or infect anyone else and tried to do creative stuff to make the most of the free time I had in isolation. Being deprived of basic freedoms was certainly not easy for anyone. The toughest part is to watch the people closest to you (or even strangers) being scared, to watch the world changing and this time you are not allowed to do anything to stop that. What scares me most is not the pandemic, but the ways the system responded/s to it, the amount of working class people affected by it and the types of oppression it revived. What devastates me is that I did not get to give a hug (or millions of hugs) to my dad before he was gone. May the next generations change the world for the better.