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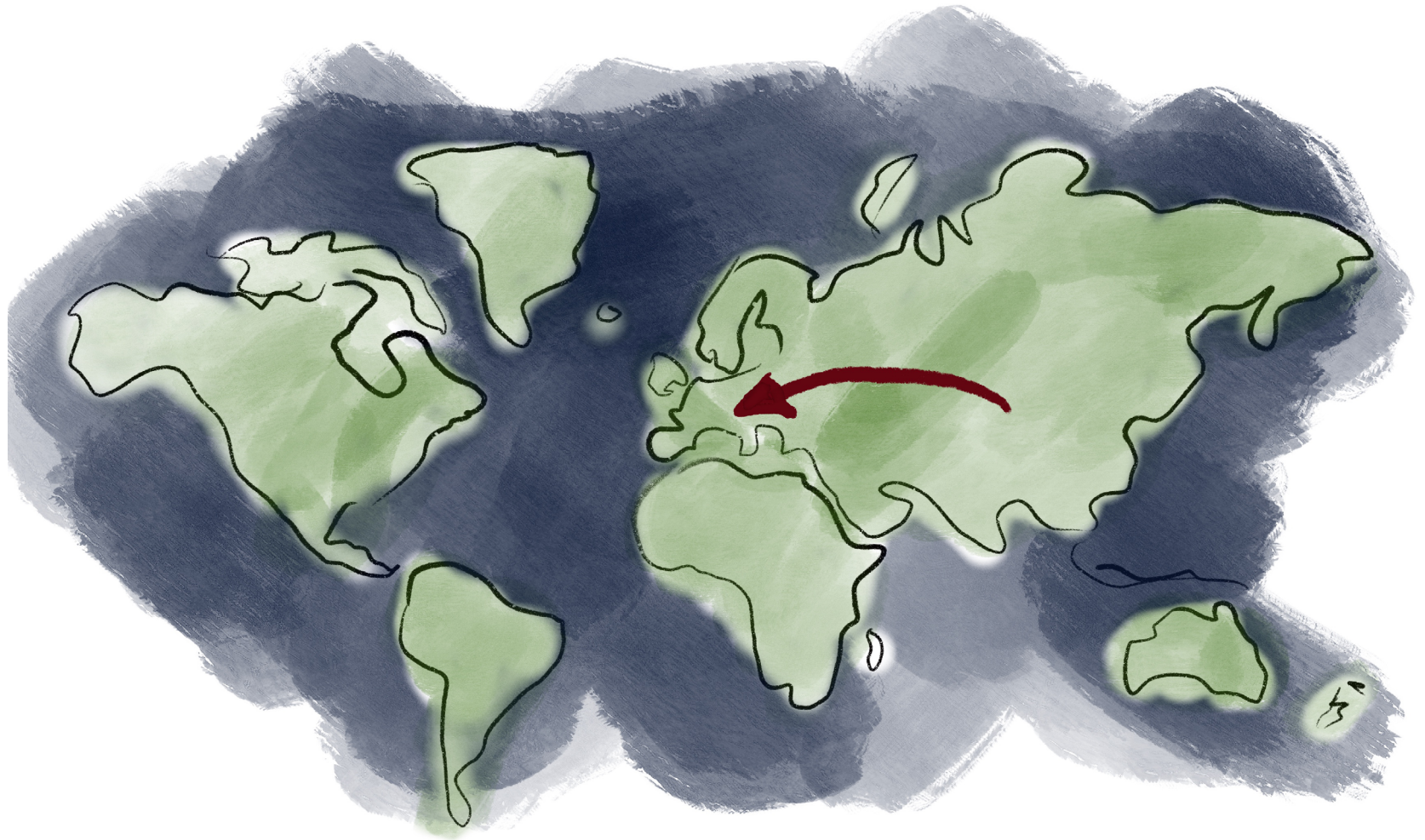
CAUTION

TRAPPED outside my HOME

a drawn reportage from Daniela E.

The first time hearing from the virus I was
not very interested: «It must be a really
bad illness in Asia.» Nobody thought,
including me, that this virus will come to
Switzerland one day. But it did. COVID-19
travelled around the world until Europe.

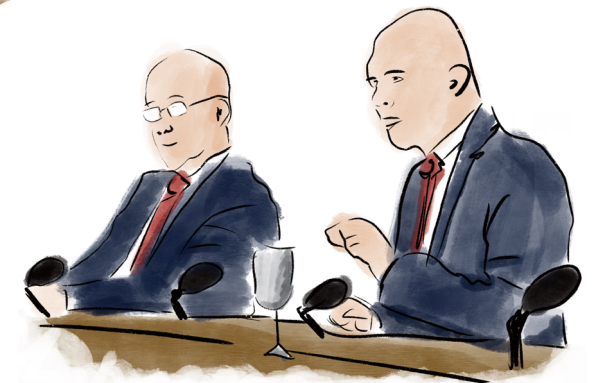As it got worse, the government shot
Switzerland down:

LOCKDOWN

Since the first press conference a lot of
Swiss people know now the familiar faces
from the federal council.

«Bleiben Sie zu Hause!»
Alain Berset

I took the lockdown as a chance to see my girlfriend in Lucerne more often, because she worked from home. One week after the lockdown, while I was shopping groceries in Lucerne without any tourist or other people in the city, my flatmate sent me a voice message.

She was tested positive for COVID-19!
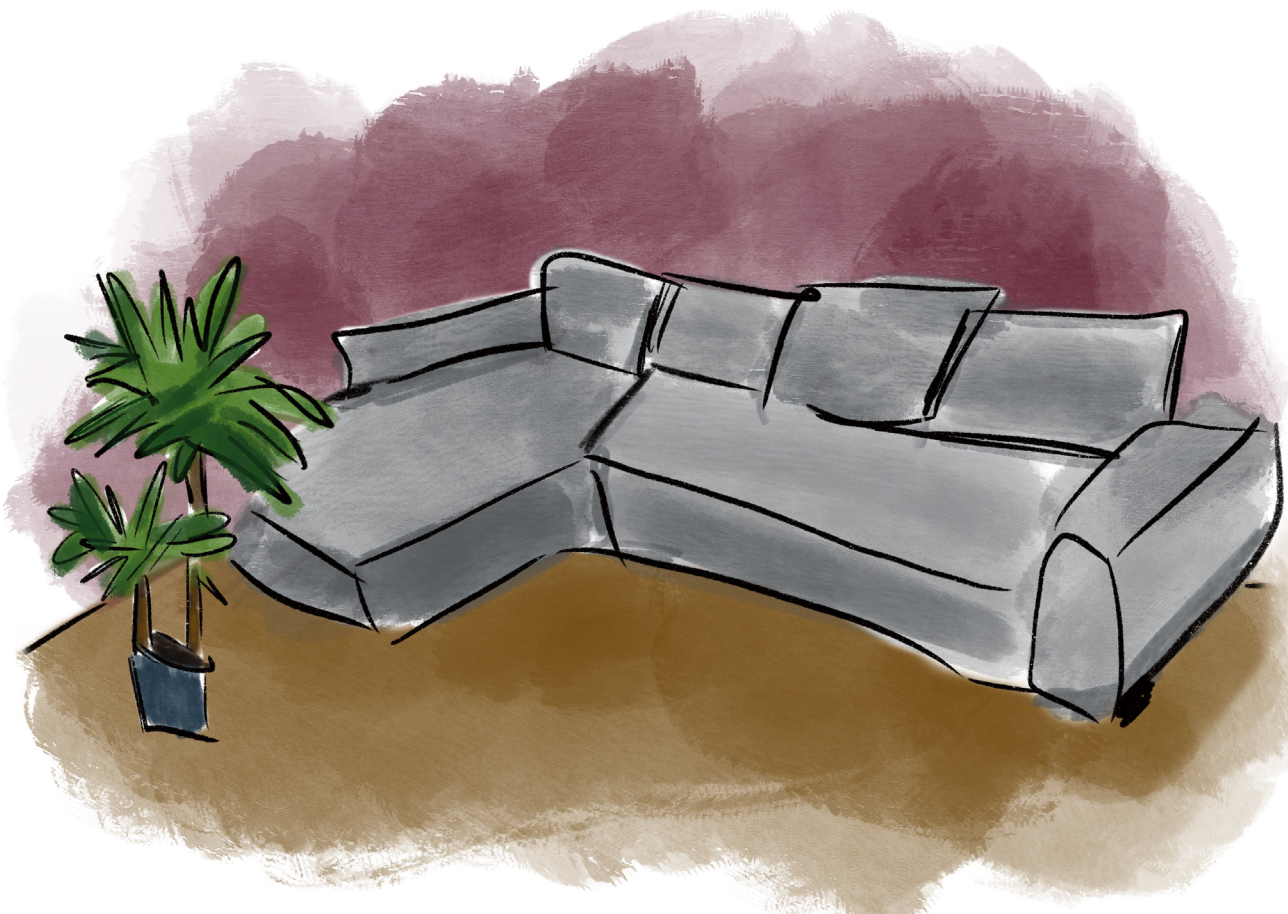
I couldn't believe it. How could this happen? Do I have it too? I hadn't seen her the past week, but before. Maybe she infected me. I didn't know.
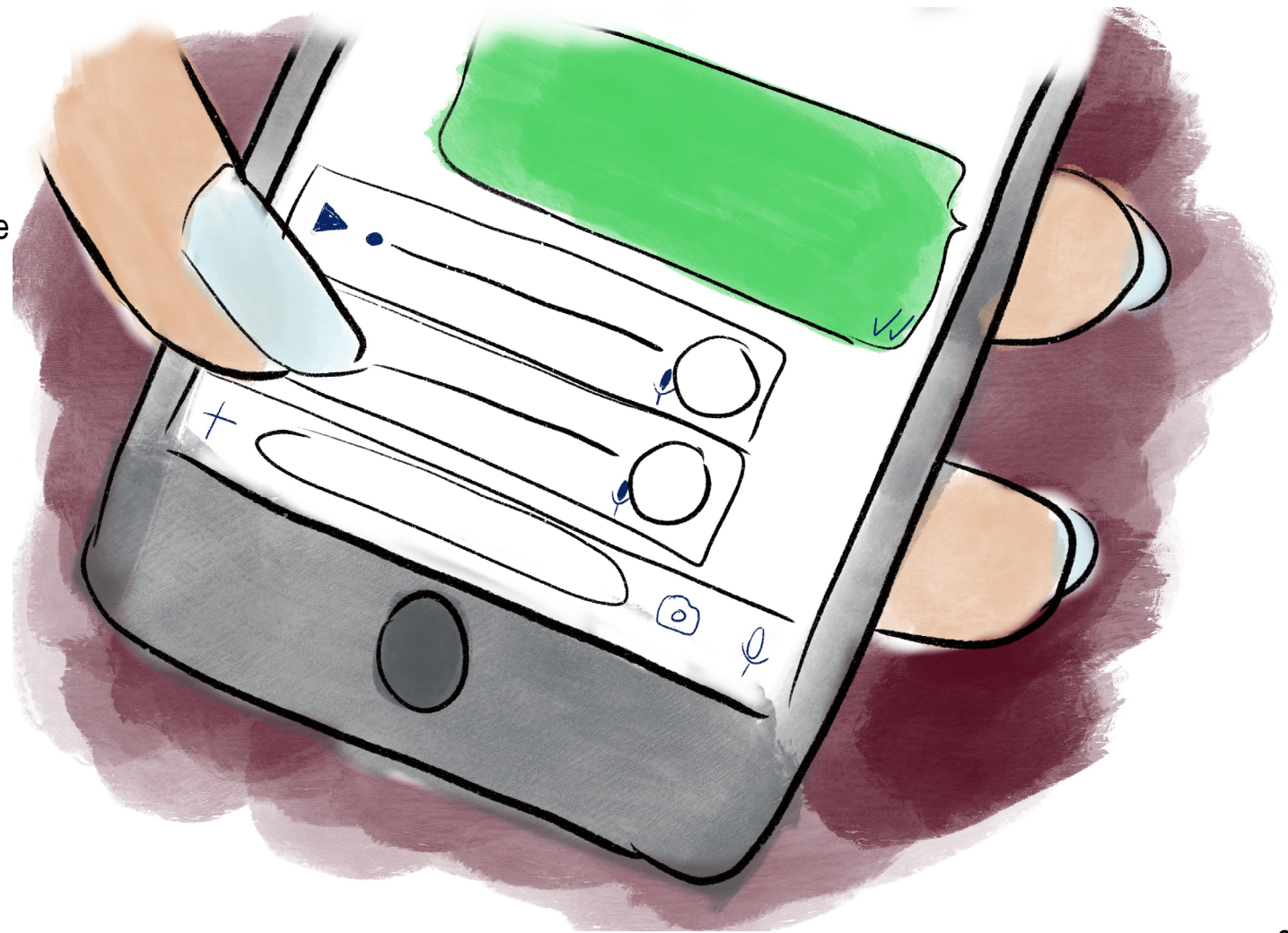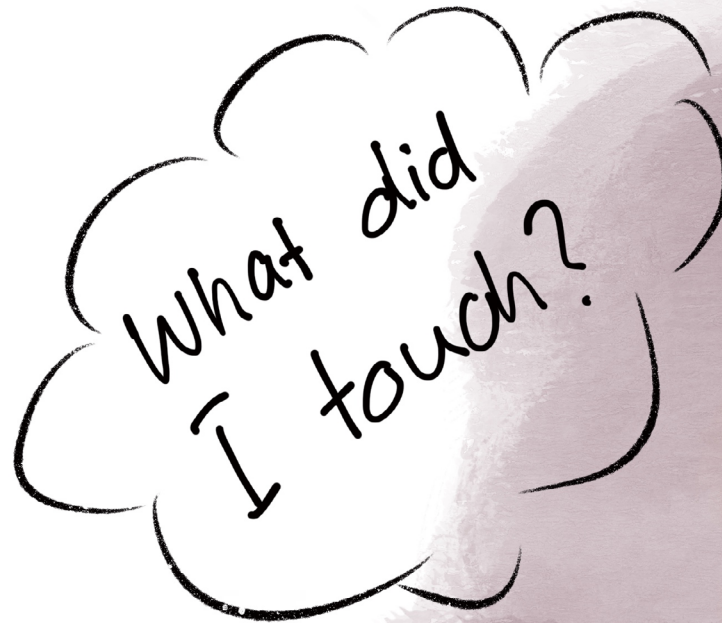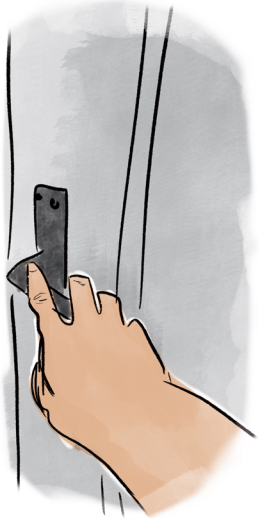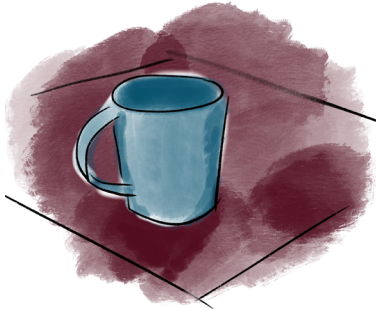
Thousand thoughts crossed my mind. Did she infect me? Am I positive too? Do I need to go to the hospital and take a test? What if I infected other people with the virus? But I didn't take a test and after two weeks I was sure, that I was healthy.

While my roommate was trapped in our flat I was kept outside of it. I couldn't go to my room with all my belongings. I stayed in Lucerne with my girlfriend which was really nice at the beginning. But soon I was sad. I did not have my own room. No space, where I could be by myself. The couch was my place/room.

My roommate was still sick and did not feel well. The second flatmate did groceries for her. Apart from that, she stayed all alone in the appartment. I felt really sorry for her and hoped she would get well soon. On the other hand I wanted to go back to Berne and my room.

For a change I visited my parents in Uri for one week. It is close to the nature and I went outside a lot. But I didn't feel good there either. I wished to go back.

I felt like a felon, travelling by an empty train and visiting my parents. The council advised Switzerland not to travel with public transport if it is not necessary. Well, for me it was necessary. I needed a change.

Luckily three weeks later, my flatmate got well and went to her parents in Zurich. Finally, I could go back home to Berne.

The city had completely changed since I was there last time. Nobody walking in the streets. No shops where open. Nearly no cars or bikes. A strange feeling to walk along the street to my flat.

Although it felt strange and I was alone I was really happy to be back in Berne.

Not where my beloved ones are but where I felt good and comfortable.

I was HOME.