

460 parole intro the party

2020 was a year to forget. The Coronavirus pandemic completely destroyed the world, physically and socially. The Italian slogan “everything will be ok” was a slight hope for the future, but everything wasn’t going fine. The amount of contaminated people was over the sky, many losses were suffered. But as it always happens, from the ashes of a colourful Fenix there is always rebirth, a light at the end of the tunnel.

Coronavirus was a dark moment in history but it was the best opportunity to create a new world. Inexplicably, following some science research, Covid-19 only attacked those people that were racist, misogynist and closed minded. These is no real reason why this happened, it just did. Maybe the world was offering us a second chance, a way to start over: reset and play. It is at the end of the pandemic that a group of extremely illuminated people in Italy decided that it was the time to strike, to change society, starting small and then getting to the world. This group of people were called The Party. Yes, a real party! With balloons, prosecco and appetizers! It was finally time to live life as it should have been lived: free of worries and differences. Having a real party was only the end celebration to the hard work The Party has done, establishing some guidelines rules to a New Italy. Yes only guidelines, because the people that survived only needed a remembrance of what the world should be, real laws don’t really apply here only because thankfully the surviving population already knows how an amazing society should be. Here is the main guideline: EVERYONE IS EQUAL. Please, don’t see it as a Marxist statement in which everyone should live in the same detached house with the same amount of money. The Party here is talking in a humanity heart way. In New Italy there are opportunities for everyone, equal gender pay, no discrimination, no violence, everyone is free to express their sexuality as they like. Now the concept of “being different” opposed to “being normal” doesn’t exist, everyone is what they want to be, no one will ever point a finger anymore.

Many years have passed since the day The Party won its unanimous election, with no competitors actually, but that day was amazing. I still remember it, I am reporting only now because at the time everyone was so into celebrating the moment that there was no time for journalists to report, everybody knew and everybody celebrated. We were all in the streets, waving rainbow flags, dancing, drinking good wine and eating the best food we ever had. The taste was amazing, everything tasted better because it was the taste of freedom, of a new life. When The Party won it didn’t have a name, it came after the night of joyful celebration of their victory.