

I'm made of morning summer air. I was raised on bánh mì and pho, and shaped by the Texan sun just as much as the stories of the one shining over Saigon. My mother's sharp and soft words shaped me, her own words affected by loss. And my father's plain and silly tongue jostled at me, affected by expectation.

I wonder, sometimes, how differently they would act if they were raised in a freer time. What if my mother's parents hadn't died so young? What if my father hadn't grown up with the stigmatized perception of femininity in men? Everything shapes us.

How are the youth affected by the pandemic now?

Isolation tears at us. Having no one around, or seeing the same faces every day, can change us. School had warped me more than my own parents did, a fact emphasized by the sudden lockdown I have found myself in. They love the expressive freedom I have.

What will be stigmatized now?

In the past it was acting outside of your "gender role," a broad term that applies to all personality, sexuality, and personal action, so what will it be? I believe the focus now, and previously, was upon politics. There will be hate against both of the main parties, Republicans and Democrats, and with the pandemic it has extended to how a person reacts to it.

Though I do like to steer clear of politics in my writing, I do think one thing needs to be said to the new generations, to hopefully shed some benevolent light on such a touchy topic for adults now. Both parties have their stereotypes, have their pros, and have their cons. You can agree with a party's economics, but not their beliefs in other topics.

But, sadly, I think the children of radical families will carry on both the silly, and blind pride in their party without actually considering what each party advocates for, and the childish dispute and disliking for the other party.

To think a lot of this, already in the lime-light, tensions have been emphasized by a major health-crisis. Children are going to think the health and self-care of a person is also based around politics.

I know a family whose parents are getting divorced due to abuse from one of them. The eldest child is trying to protect the younger ones, and the youngest is being manipulated by the abuser to believe the problems were caused by a family friend made during isolation. They had stepped in and stopped the pain.

This little kid, for until they learn the meaning of autonomy, will believe that all of this was caused by the lockdown. They will be fed poison, and might grow up believing that the good people are people like the abuser.

Isolation, as seen in works like *Dostoyevski's Notes from Underground*, cultivate a certain type of hatred that I loath to see in children now.

So, to them I say; be shaped by hope and not hatred.