

When I awoke, my space was tall.

My world is a space, a box, an enclosed realm wherein I exist. I see yet I have no light. I breathe yet I have no air. I've never particularly wanted for space, content to exist within the space that is mine.

And then, I considered the possibility of my body moving. I faced the edge of my space in front of me and wondered what it might be like to move my head forward, to be able to look down beyond the edges of my existence and to see the whole my form.

For you see, my space had always been my size. A little wider than me, a little longer than me, and a little deeper than me. I was a physical form that did nothing but exist within my space, a space that was plentiful for existing. Yet once the thought appeared inside my mind, it consumed me. To use my eyes to behold my own shape, to see my form. When consciousness faded from me, I hoped to dream of what it would be like to move, to shift, to use my body.

When I woke, I found out.

My space had opened. I lay there, staring in amazement at the copious expanse. More room than I had ever known, ever imagined, ever dreamed. There it was. I tilted my head down and could see. I could see the full extension of my body, all the way down to my toes, wiggling as if delighted to be beheld by me.

My space was still as wide as me but now it was as tall as I was long. For a moment, my space seemed strangely unfamiliar. The great distance rendered alien to my eyes the surface that had existed right before my face. I raised my hand, an impossible act the night before and the lifetime before. I reached to touch the distant top, but as I reached, I saw my hands for the first time.

Only with darting glances around my shoulders had I seen my hands, and now, there they were, right in front of me. I moved fingers as I had moved toes, a chaotic dance of joyous movement before my eyes. I extended my hands as far as they would go, stretched straight out.

Through my arms, I looked down at my feet. Seeing my legs and not merely my toes, I willed them move. My right foot lifted up on my leg, becoming clear to me. I had never even seen my heel. I knew my knee existed only by internal sensation. Now, I could see myself. I could see the true wonder that was.

I lay there forever, exploring my body. Now with plentiful room in my space, I used my hands and eyes both to become fluent in the

sensations of touch. I could see so much now. My world was not observed by me but now included me.

Yet my eyes were constantly pulled towards the top of my space. With some hesitancy, I pushed myself up along the bottom of my space and pressed against the sides. My back felt the same against the side of my space as it did against the bottom. Now, my body was bent. My back was against the side of my space, while my legs were straight out before me. It was a dizzying reorientation, a movement I'd never imagined, known, or even been capable of.

I sat.

I was sitting.

I sat, looking at my space. My new space. It was my space, my space that I had always known but I didn't know it. It was different. It was as wide as it had always been, and just as long. Yet now it was tall. I moved my hands, wrapping them around my legs which I pulled up near me for the first time ever. I hugged my legs to me, smiling as I looked around at my space.

Time passed and I marveled at the wonder that was my space. I relished in the space that was so much more than before. The grand epicness of all the space above me was scarcely believable.

After day of wonderment passed and night of dreaming delight where I slept and awoke to find my space so grand, I finally did the impossible. I defied myself and the very bounds of the world. For when I awoke, I was still sitting. I looked around at my space, seeing that it was still the same size as it had been before I went to sleep. I looked across at the distant side of my space, then up at the top. With resolve and a quick breath, I pushed off the bottom side with my feet.

I stood up.

Against the very pull of gravity I rose onto my legs, onto my feet, and ascended higher than I had ever been before.

For a moment, the change dizzied me. I was so far away from my feet, much farther it seemed than when I was lying on the bottom. I had to steady myself against the side of my space. My head hovered just below the top. I stared up at it, familiar and delighted to see it again. For so long had it been right before me, and now I had been reunited with it. With a heady sense of enthusiasm, I pushed up with my toes, gently bumping the top of my head against it, making me smile yet even wider.

The far side loomed before me. As far away as I was tall, it spanned the vast distance of my space. I put my hands on the side of

my space as I took a deep breath. Putting my left foot forward, I stepped towards the other side.

I was where I had never been: in the middle. I was in the middle of my space. I looked back over my shoulder to see the side I had left behind. It seemed so far away, just like the side before me was so far away. I kept my hands on the sides that came to my shoulders and I stepped forward again.

I came right up against the side, my face pressing into it. I smiled. I laughed. I roared with hysterical delight. I had never seen this part of my space. It had been hidden by my body, my feet. And I had never traveled so. Stepping was fun! I looked back over my shoulder as I steadied myself with my hands. Stepping backwards with my left foot, I reversed my motions, taking two steps back towards the first side. With my second step, my heel banged against the side. I couldn't see where I was going.

I walked back to the front side that I had been facing. I looked over my shoulders at the rear side. As I turned my head, I noticed my body turned as well. I turned a bit more and my left foot turned with it. I turned around completely. Now the rear was the front and the front was become the rear.

I walked to the front, turned around, and walked to the rear that had become the front. Back and forth. Unendingly, did I walk. I had never felt so free. Yet my hands never left the sides. As I walked, I looked at the sides. I errantly wondered what it would be like if they were wider, if they were as wide as my space was tall and long.

Enormity awaited when I awoke next.

My space was terrifyingly massive. It was completely even on every side. It was as long as it was tall as it was wide. At first, I didn't even recognize it. At first, I shrieked in terror and panicked into the corner. I was horrified to find only two walls to lean against, no longer knowing the safety and comfort of a third. It was like my space had been ripped open.

Terror passed and calm renewed. For a moment, as I fathomed the gaping expanse that was now my space, I couldn't even tell which side was the front or the rear. I even had some trouble at times remembering which one was top and which was bottom.

I rose to my feet as I had done the day before. With a hand against my wall, I walked around the sides for a long time. My hands skimming the sides as I walked, feeling the smooth texture. I walked

forwards and backwards, to my right and to my left. It took me dozens of times before I finally left the sides behind.

It's not that I was afraid of falling. I had lived with my back on the bottom, I knew what it was like. And I knew that I could sit up or stand up again. But the sides would be so far away.

Eventually, my curiosity got the better of me. My bravery swelled and I did the impossible. I stood in the joining of what I thought was the front and one of the sides, and faced the rear and the other side. I took a deep breath and stepped forward with my left leg. The step felt no different, but all of a sudden I was away from the sides. My hands hovered in the air with nothing to touch. Such a dizzying sensation, to be free of contact.

I stood in the center for so long. I turned to my right and to my left. I turned around completely and back again. I became so lost in that space, in my space. The sides were so far away. I had turned so much, I forgot which one was really the front and which was the back and which two were the sides. Now, the only two sides I was touching were the bottom and the top. No others. And as I stood there, I looked up, staring at the top that remained over me.

When I woke up, the top was gone.

Lying in the middle of my space, I opened my eyes to see not some massive expanse far beyond my sight but genuine, unbridled infinity. The top of my space had disappeared. The four sides around me extended up away from the bottom side, rising up far into the distance until their forms disappeared from sight. No amount of straining could afford me a glimpse of if or where they converged. Their size scared me and I pushed up against one of the sides. I didn't know if it was the front or the rear or which side, but I pushed against it and stared up at where the top should have been.

As I stared into the infinite endlessness of my space now above me, there was something that I had never noticed before. Cold. The giant opening that had been formed by the top disappearing was colder than when the top had been there. Now, cold air drifted down onto me from where the top had been.

I rose unevenly onto my feet, my hand never leaving the side – front or back or side, I didn't know – and I stood up on my toes like I had before. As I feared, as my eyes had already told me, the top wasn't there to stop me. I defied gravity like never before, bouncing up with a push of my toes. For a brief instant, I left the bottom side

behind and I became taller than I normally was. But even with that sudden, brief height, the top was still gone.

I looked at where the top had been and the cold air that drifted down, then I looked at the four sides. I was scared.

When I awoke up, I was alone.

The sides were gone, just like the top was gone. Only the bottom side remained, and even it barely looked familiar to me. The space – what had once been my space – was now endless. There was only the bottom around me. So far and so wide, the space was everywhere. But the sides were nowhere to be seen. Cold air grabbed hold of me as I tried to find the sides. I walked. I stood on my toes and hopped, like when I looked for the top. I walked as fast as I could. I walked so fast that only one foot was on the bottom side at a time. But the sides were nowhere to be found.

I laid against the bottom, shivering in the cold. I huddled in close to myself. At least I had the bottom. I looked around the emptiness that was everywhere. I wondered where the top and the sides had gone. There had been no cold with them around. I thought about what it would be like to have them again.