The space

Today she was less happy than yesterday. She asked herself what she should do. She started walking while listening to an intriguing story. Parts of the story piqued her interest. As she listened, restless thoughts came to her mind. She recalled a student's compliment, which made her ponder. she asked if there were things beyond what humans normally do - painting, writing, teaching, singing, etc. Was there something else out there, beyond these activities? This question lingered in her mind.

While walking, she came across an old tree with roots surrounded by a cement circular planter. There were small plants growing around the tree in the planter. She also noticed strange idols and threads tied to the branches, common sights but somewhat odd to her. Examining her surroundings made her think about the space things occupy, not outer space but the inner space that allows existence. The idea of space itself seemed mystical, and stirred indescribable feelings. She wondered - what if space did not exist?

Her thoughts shifted to human emotions. She wondered if some emotions are more important than others or if all emotions have value. She pondered this because her feelings today opposed those from yesterday. But the notion of undiscovered possibilities still tugged at her heart. Would she ever find and explore the unknown, or die without unveiling hidden mysteries?

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