*His Square*

A short story by Yerkebulan Imanbayev and Hamad AlShamsi

He opens his eyes, and immediately begins to see the world around him blur as he’s spinning uncontrollably.

*What is this??? Why can’t I stop?*

As if to answer his own question, he suddenly stops. His eyes are open, but for now it seems like that’s the only thing he can control.

*I don’t understand.*

He will soon find out that he does not need to.

*How do I make a step? And would that be a step or a spin?*

He tries his hardest to move forward. He feels a slight wobble in one of his wheels, grateful that he can at least move when he wants to. Another try, and just for a split second - maybe less (?) - he manages to move forward. His wheels spun, but he was in charge this time.

*Yes! Maybe if I try longer, I can move further! And…and maybe, I can get to where I want to go!*

He tries harder, and manages to create a bigger distance from where he was when he first opened his eyes. And then another try, further and further. Soon, he realizes that so little time has passed yet he has managed to move further than he ever thought possible.

*Okay, but I can’t always keep moving forward, can I? I need to learn how to turn.*

Now comes the hardest part. Not only does he need to learn how to control how he moves, he needs to control where he’s moving? That seems unfair. He musters up the courage and tries to push one of his wheels forward while keeping the other one still. Contradiction. And when he does…

*AHHHH!*

He starts spinning hectically, unable to stop himself, just like he did when he first woke up! Seems like we’re back to square, or might I say circle, one.

*Okay…okay. I can do this…*

Despite being born today, he knew that sometimes you need to fake it till you make it. Here it comes…here comes the moment he’s been preparing for - a controlled turn. Concentration. All of a sudden, he uses all the power left in his battery to turn exactly 90 degrees! No more, no less. What marvel is this?

*YES! Now I can move straight and turn in any direction I want!*

So there he goes now, moving straight, then turning, then straight, then turning. Some might call it a square. Some might call him a square. And what about it? At least it’s the square he knows.

His square.