I come from a world that may not exist.

Staring down at the page in *1984*, my mind exploded violently with thoughts. I allowed myself, right along with Winston, to have my mind blown by the ideas suggested by O'Brien. Does the world not exist outside my own mind? Can it be manipulated by the will of dictators? Can the past really be changed?

In 8th grade, I had never before thought this deeply about my existence. "Mom, what is solipsism?" I argued with her explanation. "But I see the world; I see you! I know it exists. It has to." She continued explaining from a philosopher's point of view. Suddenly it clicked in my head. I immediately burst into tears.

The world I knew was falling apart. Was it possible that I was alone?

Over the next few weeks, I chewed the idea over in my mind. I discussed it with my friends to get their perspectives. They, like me, rejected the idea at first, and then soon devolved into a state of shocked recognition.

At one point, as I despaired over this unsolvable issue, I had a thought. The world feels real to me. Whether or not it is imagined, I can live as if the world was real. If the world never stops feeling like reality for my entire existence, it doesn't matter if it is real of not. The beauty of solipsism is that I can imagine whatever I want in the solace of my own mind. If that mind has the power to create a universe for me to live in, it has the power to believe in its own creation.

This realization gave me comfort to think freely, calmly and objectively about the issue, without getting too emotional. I learned to live in my world happily with the acceptance of the unsolved mysteries and all the endless possibilities.

Even though at this point, I think about the idea of solipsism more in the abstract than as an actual belief, I still recognize the possibility of it as much as any other possibility. Now, with this reading epiphany as the catalyst, I continue to be interested in philosophical dilemmas. This impossible world shaped my dreams by inspiring me to be open to new ideas, even radical ones that seem confusing or irrational at first, and excited to learn about them.

The world I come from may not exist, but I can still appreciate the wonders inside of it and enjoy the experience of learning.