You’re on a voyage in the thirteenth century, sailing across the tempestuous seas. What if, suddenly, you fell off the edge of the Earth?  
-Inspired by Chandani Latey, AB'93

The pressure-change from the fall put me to sleep.

When I awoke, I expected clouds and pearly gates, but found something quite different. The first thing I noticed was the shape of my bed. It wasn’t rectangular but was a perfect equilateral triangle. I then looked to the doorway. Again, a perfect equilateral triangle. So were the walls, the floor, the ceiling, everything I could see, all of it triangles.

I heard a voice: “The human’s awake!”

Before I could leave the triangle bed, I saw two figures enter the room. Both were triangles. They had triangle bodies, triangle legs, triangle arms, and triangle eyes. All the regular features, except that they were triangles.

“Oh, how are you darling?” We found you out cold in the yard yesterday, we do hope you’re alright,” the first said.

“Yeah we- ah-ah-ACUTE!” the other broke in.

“Bless you Tobias,” the first said.

“Yeah we found you all alone out there. Not to worry though, you’re in good triangles. Stay as long as you need,” Tobias continued.

Those first few weeks, settling in with the triangles, were great. They’re quite an interesting bunch. They often went on longwinded tangents, saw everything as a good sine, and no matter what we talked about, they always seemed to approach it from the right angle.

However, as with all things, novelty wears off over time. I would have been happy to have remained in triangle land had it not been for that cursed Pythagoras. For, every-single-time I would try to entertain them with a story from Earth, they’d sit there on their triangle bums with a glazed look over their triangle eyes, then, when they’d felt enough time had passed to be socially acceptable (enough time never did) they would interrupt, asking:

“Yes, but how does this relate to Pythagoras?”

Or

“When do you get to the part with Pythagoras?

I could not get through a single story without being asked about bloody Pythagoras!

To them, Pythagoras was some sort of cult hero and I began to feel like I was just a tool for them to get in-contact with him.

Feeling unappreciated, I left. Just as I had on Earth, I simply walked off the side of triangle land.

I awoke, this time with no expectations, as, at this point, to be blunt, I’d be stupid to have any. I awoke in a similar room, except that every surface, which was once a triangle, was now a square. Again, I was greeted by geometric figures (this time squares). And again, the first few weeks were filled with equilateral fun, however, just as before, I approached the same grievances.

They did not care to listen to my stories. They would only approach me to ask if my “kind” had found new properties about squares.

Like before, I left. And again, and again I ran into the same issue. Pentagon land, hexagon land, heptagon land… I could tell that no one genuinely cared for who I was but simply cared for the information I could provide.

Many lands deeper, I found that nothing would change. No matter how many times I fell from one land to the next, I would never approach a land in which I was respected in the way I wanted to be respected.

So, instead of walking off dodecagon land, I sat atop a dodecagon-shaped rock and thought. I thought about the triangles, the squares, the pentagons; did I ever listen to their stories? When taking a math test on Earth, did I ever stop to appreciate a single triangle just for him? Or did I, every time, simply use him as a means to an answer?

Have they not done, to me, the same here?

Am I not repeatedly used simply as a means to an answer?

This is my math purgatory.

Where I will remain until I find…

Until I find that the truth doesn’t lie in the answer.

No.

The truth does not lie in the answer, but in those exuberant, individual shapes with their sines and tangents and right angles and in me.

And in me.