

October 20th, 2021

The Floating Library

Pushing through the tall doors with all our might, my sister and I finally made it to what the kids in our neighborhood dubbed, The Floating Library. This library is like a spaceship, as it flies and moves through the skies, traveling from one country to another. It is a source of festivity, knowledge, and a representation of human ambition and dreams. It is a global project funded by many governments as a source of pride and to share knowledge with the world. The Floating Library welcomes all, or that's how it initially appears. The poor and the orphaned little children like us were only welcome after midnight when the library was docked. You see, all the fancy guests were tucked in bed by then, but that doesn't bother us! After all, the night was ours to explore away. We were illiterate, but that wasn't going to stop us. After all, everyone knew that the books of The Floating Library could narrate themselves and speak to the reader.

I clutched my sister's hand closely as we finally stepped into the magical library that we've been witnessing year after year glowing through the night sky. It was dark inside but only for a short moment, as the floor beneath us slowly illuminated blue, creating a path leading towards an archway. The walls spoke to us silently as we walked by. They narrated stories of animated cave paintings, mountain ranges, and underwater life.

Reaching the end of the archway, we were met by a large atrium space going from the ground up four stories high. Everything around us was made from glass giving the impression of books floating everywhere. There were spiraling lights dangling from the ceiling. Lights that created intricate patterns contrasting with the glass ceiling reflecting the night sky.

It was magical and ethereal.

In that moment, my sister pointed to a floating bubble containing a book. It was oddly mesmerizing to look at because we didn't understand what it was. As we observed, the transparent bubble floated upwards reaching one of the shelves on the third floor and slowly and quietly placed the book in its designated place. There were dozens of these crystalized bubbles floating around.

Slowly we realized that the library was alive, rearranging and reorganizing itself after a long day.

The library communicated with us, creating paths, narrating stories and then later showing us how to reach the books with no stairs, elevators or ladders. We floated upwards just like those books. All we had to do was direct our semi-circular bubble by touching the light signs on the floor. We floated upwards, downwards, left, and right. We were floating within The Floating Library.