

The small world around me

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I'm here, in a side room of my new house. I'm sitting in front of my personal computer. The world around me is very small. My "roommates" are my chair, a bed with mattress but without linen, a wardrobe, and three bedside tables – I wonder why the landlord decided to include three bedside tables. Of course, my computer on the desk completes the scene. My feet are wearing a pair of socks while my shoes lie on the side of them. A trace of a larger world comes through the window. Nevertheless, I imagine this window as a big TV screen: everything on it is a simple projection of an illusory world. The world around me is very small in spite of my Internet connection. Millions of people are just a click away but they would be mere signals on the monitor. How small is the world around me!

My shoes on my left look at me. Maybe, just maybe, they wonder why I put them away in spite of them being my best friends in this small world. Their vermilion colour highly contrasts with the light grey of the carpet. They are even smaller than this world – the world around me.

Behind me, the mattress lies on the bed. It is completely relaxed in its long siesta. The mattress becomes restless when I rest. It looks at the ceiling. Perhaps, it is wondering whether any other mattresses also exist. Poor thing, it cannot look through the window as I can. Because it lies on its back, the only thing it can see is the white ceiling. In few days, I will turn the mattress to keep its surface even. Then, it will get an opportunity to see the grey carpet behind the jail-like grid that the bed provides.

The three bedside tables do not look at the ceiling or me. They look at each other with poker faces. Perhaps they wonder which one is in excess. They might be playing cards to decide which one should leave the room. In this small world around me, things believe they are more important than me. They do not know I will decide about their destiny.

The wardrobe is silent. It does not look at the ceiling, the bedside tables or me. The wardrobe looks inside itself. It is the more selfish stuff in this world – the small one around me, of course. The wardrobe thinks about the strange order it has inside. It believes that this order makes it more intelligent than my computer. It is true that my computer is far more disordered than my wardrobe.

In front of me, my computer does not look at anything. Computers cannot see. My computer does not wonder about anything. It is so smart that it realizes that it is silly to think. All in all, we are very few in a small world. But most important, the world is not around my computer, my wardrobe, the three bedside tables, the mattress or my shoes. This is a small world around me.