

Time passes. I see the shadows grow from the windows, leaves rustling, the sound of an empty house. How did I get here? I have no consciousness of arriving, I can only remember living here. Why am I small compared to the others here? Why do they get to leave the house daily, while I long for the grass I watch through the glass? The glass shows me what others won't. People, vehicles, other living beings that survive and live.

I heard the sound of keys struggling to enter, and ran to greet my friend at the door. Lifted high up in their arms, seeing from above what I can only see when I leap. She carries me to her room, and I see it. A glass, a different glass. A glass that does not allow me to see through it, but that shows me further. She swaddles me in her arms, swaying me in front of the glass, and I realize that this glass reflects the room, my friend; this glass reflects *me*. A crystal image that is located in front of me, I can only presume that the small, gray figure *is* me.

She places me down, and I look. I stare for hours, watching as it reflects my every movement, hoping that at one point it will be wrong, that the figure in the glass is anything but *me*.

I am lifted again after hours, this time placed in a bed where I can still see the glass. The figure I saw in the glass was similar to the many I found outside through my usual glass-I must see them again, up close, speak with them rather than watch as I usually have.

Leaning on my main glass, it pushes enough to create a crevice, the more I fall through it the more it widens for me to leap through it. I fall through, landing in dirt that softens my landing; I had never landed such a large leap. I find my first critter, I cannot comprehend them, yet I understand through what I see. This whole time I had watched them as if they were aliens, but now I realize that I have been an alien within my own home, I had never been the same as the ones I live with. I can never eat on the same surface as they do, or sleep in their lifted beds.

I ran around the house, searching for entry, entering a dark hole. I lie, and wait, waiting for the other to come back like they always do, but this time it takes longer. There is a strange feeling in my stomach, something I had never felt before.

It is now pitch black, and I hear them yelling for me, seeing a bright light approach the whole, and from it, a large hand reaches for me. I am taken away from the darkness and brought back to my home, with my species, in my warm, lowered bed.